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THE FIELD OF SCIENCE

ON various occasions, MANAS articles have pointed out that a century or so ago, the enthusiasts of science very nearly all agreed that the mysteries of life and nature would sooner or later be all cleared up by scientific progress. Philosophy, as the love of and search for truth, was disparaged as little more than fruitless speculation, while the experimental approach was hailed as the way to the promised land. H. G. Wells was probably the last representative of this school of scientific optimism which dreamed in the grand manner about the great Scientific Utopia of the future.

Today, disillusionment has set in. Novelists who represent this change in the temper of expectation no longer look forward to a paradise of miraculous gadgets which have ended all human problems. Instead, they write books like Aldous Huxley's *Brave, New World,* and George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-four.* No longer do we find grandiloquent praise of science as the means by which the misery and unhappiness of mankind will be left behind by the triumphant march of discovery and invention. Further, very few scientists of today are willing to make any claims at all about the "knowledge" science makes possible. Instead, the great majority of men engaged in research speak the Positivist language of skepticism toward anything which is grandly termed "Knowledge." In illustration of this point of view, we have a letter from a reader who, commenting on "The Asylum of Mystery" (MANAS, June 3), has this to say:

> I do not think that it is the function of science to "understand the secrets of the universe or learn the ultimate structure of matter." Its function, as I see it, is to make valid predictions and, incidentally, to discover what classifications and generalizations are useful in making such predictions. Since models aid in thought, and since these classes are given names, this latter function leads to the illusion that the classes erected have necessarily some physical reality.
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> The question, "What causes two masses to attract each other?", is, to my mind, on a par with the question asked of a parent of my acquaintance: "What makes water wet?" He could, if asked by an adult, have answered that it was due to the dipole moment of water which causes it to be attracted to most substances. He would then have been asked for an explanation of the dipole moment, which could be answered by an explanation of the difference between hydrogen and oxygen atoms. As you can see, this can go on forever. I am led to the conclusion that such questions are unanswerable and hence meaningless in the scientific context.
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> I don't know if they are answerable in any context or whether "cause" really has any meaning when used in such a way. I believe I am paraphrasing Aristotle when I say that when a process is considered as a "thing," a mystery is erected which is beyond solution, and I personally find his "efficient cause" sufficient for my normal thinking.

This statement (by a practicing scientist) discloses nothing to quarrel about—representing, rather, a helpful candor—so long as we recognize that science, on this basis, is little more than an advanced form of technology. Perhaps this is all science, as usually conceived, should ever attempt to be, but there is no denying that, in the past, science has gained much prestige as a competitor of religion in the field of declaring what is knowledge and what is not.

We are far from sure what questions a representative body of scientists would agree upon as being capable of being answered in a "scientific context," but there should be no difficulty in establishing questions which science, as here defined, is incompetent to answer. For example, no scientist, *as* scientist, would discuss questions like the following: Is there any reason to think that a moral law of justice pervades the region of human experience? Would the

hypothesis that a world of mind or intelligence lies back of the world or universe of matter and force be a reasonable one to entertain? Does the Socratic contention that man is a soul living in the body, which may very likely survive the destruction of the body, have any supporting evidence, or is this notion, held by countless others besides Socrates, a groundless speculation?

We doubt if anyone trained in the modern disciplines of science would say that a scientific context exists suitable for examining these questions.

Are they, then, "unimportant" questions? Are they, as some might say, "unanswerable"? We should like to maintain that such questions may not be unanswerable, and, further, that they are well worth inquiring into, although, at the same time, insisting that the claim that answers may be possible need not indicate pretensions to *knowing* the answers.

When the great American socialist and reformer, Edward Bellamy, was twenty-four years old, he set down on paper his philosophy of life, naming it "The Religion of Solidarity." While there are similar and perhaps more impressive utterances which might be quoted, we select Bellamy's affirmation as near enough to a contemporary expression to convey the feeling that it was written by a man like ourselves. We do not pretend to say exactly what "knowledge" is, nor how it may be identified, yet offer a passage from Bellamy in evidence that he possessed a kind of insight rare among human beings:

> There is a conscious solidarity of the universe toward the intuition of which we must struggle, that it may become to us, not a logical abstraction, but a felt and living fact. As individuals we shall never be complete. The completest man lacks the completion of the rest of the universe. Part, then, with the feeling of the externality to the universe, which, coupled with the sense of utter ignorance and powerlessness, is so full of despair. Believe that your sympathy with infinite being, infinite extension, infinite variety, is a pledge or identity. Above all, disabuse your mind of the notion that this life is essentially incomplete and preliminary in its nature and destined to issue in some final state. For this notion there is no warrant in reason nor in proper interpretation of intuitions. Time is not a vestibule of eternity, but a part of it. We are now living our immortal lives. This present life is its own perfect consummation, its own reason and excuse. The life of infinite range that our intuitions promise us lies even now open round about us. The avenues leading to it, the vistas opening upon it, are those universal instincts that continually stir us, and if followed out would lead us thither. It is our own dull lack of faith that causes us to regard them as of no present but only of future significance, that places our heaven ever in some dim land of tomorrow, instead of all about us in the eternal present.
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> The individuality dies, the soul never. It is inconceivable how it could taste an immortality more perfect than it now enjoys. Nor can a life of wider scope be imagined than that the soul already takes hold of by its universal instincts, and which by the culture of those instincts is even now, more and infinitely more, realizable by us. But as the Christian believer strives that he may enter into the mystical kingdom of heaven, so also the infinite enlargement of life spoken of awaits only those who strive after it in a like spirit.

Fortunately, these paragraphs do not speak directly to the "questions" formulated above, thus avoiding any pretense at simple answers to them. Rather, Bellamy gives intimation of an order of inquiry, a level of conviction, through which the meanings implied by such questions might gain in intelligibility—and this, it seems to us, is the sort of knowledge which we are free to say is "real" and capable of being reached.

It was the flat, blue-print-like answers to such questions provided by popular theology which at first awakened deep distrust in all men possessed of any genuine wisdom, and which finally, by reaction, brought on agnostic disclaimers to knowledge of this sort, and ended in the positivistic denial that it is even possible.

What Bellamy is really arguing for, here, is the disciplined cultivation of the intuitions which come to us during quiet reflection. Conceivably, for a quest of this kind to have even a small opportunity of being undertaken, it was necessary, first, for the brash claims of popular religion to be

laughed out of court by scientists who, having found the way to *one kind* of knowledge, had grown very sure that “religious" knowledge is not to be had from the sources over which the preachers and interpreters of "revelation" claimed a monopoly. Further, the service of the Positivists may have been equally necessary, in order that the ground of intuitive inquiry might lie fallow for a while, and to give the dust of the science-versus-theology controversy time to settle.

But how, after all, can it be "proved" that questions about the soul and its possible relationships with the universe are important questions to consider? This is unsure ground. One who undertakes this argument is in the same position as Plato's philosopher, in the allegory of the Cave. Having been out in the sunlight, and accustomed his sight to the brilliance of the day's full glory, he returns to his fellows, still bondsmen to flickering shadows, wondering how he can convince them that a greater light shines outside. What shall he say? By some, no matter what he tells them, he will be taken for either a fool, a lunatic, or an impostor with a collection box up his sleeve, or an interest in the real estate of some fraudulent utopia beyond the cavern's walls. But he returns, taking his chances with the cynics, the pessimists, and those whose hearts are sour with the bitterness of lifetimes spent in semi-darkness.

He *might* speak like Bellamy at twenty-four, ruminating to himself, exhorting himself to reach beyond the horizons of enclosing circumstances and emotions. Bellamy writes as though he hears far-off voices crying out for gladness in the wider spaces of a more universal consciousness and existence. Suppose Bellamy could have revealed entire what his heart only whispered: he might then, perhaps, have written out a scripture like *The Bhagavad-Gita*, which has an astonishing chapter telling how the God, Krishna, lends for a few moments his supernal vision to Arjuna, his disciple; and telling how Arjuna, seeing all the universe at once—its infinite variety, infinite energy, infinite life—is overcome by withering fright at the spectacle. He could *not stand* the knowledge Krishna revealed to him.

What merit is there in noticing this? No more than the value of recognizing that transcendental knowledge, if it exists, is practically incommunicable in any direct fashion; and, again, supposing it to be possible, that those of us who, unlike Krishna, remain mortals, may approach it only through the indirection or reflection of allegory, doctrine, analogy, and symbol, being haunted, meanwhile, by the fear that our perceptions are faulty, our hopes cheated by illusions, our teachers equivocal, and our intuitions will-o'-the-wisps.

Is it then vain to talk of these matters? It may be, although we suspect not, since those who have made the greatest mark upon history—the founders of religions and the shapers of cultures—have often spoken both brightly and darkly of such things. Further, there is an invincible tendency in human beings to strive after the unknown, to have a commerce with the infinite—or, as Bellamy might say, to discover in the present moment a facet of the eternal, seizing an immortality which does not extend in time, as we ordinarily conceive it, but lives, instead, in the throb of universal life around us, to which we belong.

These thoughts seem instinct with a grandeur which makes a man draw himself up, and breathe deeply, as it were, of the airs which pass from here to eternity and back again. They are not "our" thoughts, nor are they new, but have traveled with the minds of men since the beginning, or the beginning of what we know of man as a thinker.

It is as though human beings have always striven to break through some veil of self-deception, some maya of the senses, and to press into the outward field of vision the inchoate longings which rise in the heart. The human spirit rides and mounts as with the tempo of some celestial ride of the Valkyries or as the tide strikes against the abutted cliffs; or as, more subtly, the

sun each morning brings a new gleam to every pebble, blade of grass, and streamlet in the world.

How vague, how impalpable! as Lao-tse would say, yet how irresistible is this movement of the mind toward secrets which seem to violate the very laws of thought and all our common certainties.

There was Bellamy, a man tortured his whole life long by the thought of the cruelty and injustice all about him. His busy intellect formulated scores of theories, explanations—a conception of "guilt," which he recognized as the murderer of the fine in human beings; a series of social reforms and welfare measures which reads like the programs of human betterment adapted during the twentieth century. Intensely aware of the evil in the world, the contradictions and the seeming indifference of Nature to the pain which overtakes man, Bellamy never grew bitter, never became angry at any of his fellows. He left a heritage of practical brotherhood to his posterity. He was, perhaps, a prism through which the light of an inner inspiration was transformed into many particular rays of active intelligence, which thereupon went to work on the immediate problems of the world.

If this was not knowledge of the sort we are considering, it will surely do till something more clearly identifiable as knowledge comes along.

One may suspect, on looking back over these reflections, that there comes a time in such a man's life—whether Bellamy really reached it, we do not pretend to know—when his deepest intuitions, his noblest convictions, are somehow fused into a serene certainty—when he is, as the Brahmins say, "twice-born," or as the Greeks put it, "initiated" into the mysteries. Call it what you like, this transformation at least gives some explanation of the extraordinary lives of men like Buddha, Jesus, and several others. It is they, at any rate, who help to keep alive the idea of *knowledge*—which amounts, in modern terms, to the functional harmony of a free intelligence working in its environment, even though that environment be made up of unimaginable complexity, of all shades of good and evil, totems and shams, and the wreckage of human hopes. It is an adaptable intelligence which roots almost anywhere and supports itself with whatever nourishment happens to be available—as Gandhi, for one, worked, leaving behind the legacy of a pair of spectacles, a loin cloth, and a revolutionary idea which changed the lives of millions and brightened the hopes of many millions more.

How are we to know such things are possible? This final question defines the human situation. Is the inquiry “scientific"? Why not? If science, ideally, is the spirit of impartiality at work—the critical, assembling, and synthesizing intelligence—then surely a science of knowing about man as a knowing being is a distinct possibility. What are its laws? No one knew the laws of physics in the ninth and tenth centuries A.D., yet the laws existed, or what we have named as the laws of physics (a bow to the Positivists) existed, for all of that.

Perhaps, with religion stripped of its bland pretension that a "doctrine" is the same as knowledge, with science tempered by the humility of positivist criticism, we are ready to think anew about the larger meanings which religion misrepresented as "beliefs" and which science ignored as metaphysical nonsense.

This, at any rate, is what we should like to think, and have found no important reason, as yet, for not doing so.

Letter From **JAPAN**

TOKYO.—Is the American capacity to face criticism declining? It would certainly seem so, if the behavior of many Americans in Japan is any indication. Victory in war and the complete subservience of the Japanese people in accepting and carrying out the reforms handed down by the conquerors may have given a sense of superiority to the Americans who, until a year ago, ruled this nation with an absolute hand. Some such feeling seems to still persist.

It is, of course, dangerous to generalize. The attitude of a few must not be judged to represent the feelings of the majority of our American guests. And it would certainly be unfair to the numerous Americans here who are trying to cement this basis for lasting friendship between the American and Japanese peoples. But there are too many instances of Americans refusing to associate with the Japanese, putting on condescending manners when dealing with the people here, angrily denouncing those who would dare disagree with them and charging such critics with being arrogant—or Communists.

Perhaps this is but the sign of a growing sense of the United States' primary position on the international scene. Certainly, we can remember the time when the Japanese leaders and people were unwilling to listen to criticism. They were extremely sensitive, for the thought had been fostered that their nation, a leading world power, could do no wrong. The thought had prevailed that any unfavorable comment, however trivial, would jeopardize the national position. It was a feeling which went far beyond patriotism and national pride.

Defeat, however, has made the Japanese people extremely humble. They not only invite criticism but they also look down upon many of the fine things in their country of which they might be justly proud. This latter tendency, of course, is undesirable and the pendulum is gradually swinging back. Of all the things which have come of Japan's defeat in war, this feeling of humility is perhaps the most important. One hopes that it will be carefully preserved to the right degree. And, incidentally, the ability to stand criticism from others is one of the starting points of democracy.

On the other hand, as representatives of a great world power, our American guests would do well to welcome whatever criticisms the Japanese people may voice. It would be extremely unfortunate if the critics should give rise to the angry feeling that the Japanese people are becoming arrogant once again or that they are all anti-American and followers of the Communist doctrine. Excepting the minority which is maliciously inclined, the Japanese people are sympathetic to the American position in the so-called "cold war." A great deal of the criticism of Americans and American ways stems from the desire to improve American-Japanese relations.

The time has come for Americans and Japanese alike to learn to live together as equals. That alone is the real basis for friendly relations.

Victory in the late war will prove a great loss to the American people if they have lost their capacity to take criticism; and the Japanese people will have derived great benefits if they can retain the feeling of humility which war defeat has brought them.

JAPANESE CORRESPONDENT

REVIEW
PLAYER PIANO

KURT VONNEGUT'S novel of this title makes provocative prophecy of the psychic debilitation which may take place in an over technologized society. *Player Piano,* however, is not a duplication of Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-four,* save in depicting an over-riding mechanization which effectively emasculates all spontaneous human values. While *Nineteen Eighty-four* struck with a horrifying, dramatic impact, *Player Piano* presents the reader with what seem no more than logical extensions of attitudes familiar in our own society. The leading characters are not "dehumanized," although, for the sake of convenience, they appear more as types than as persons, indicating what Vonnegut feels will result from continuing in the direction we are now moving.

No dreaded authority terrorizes the population in *Player Piano.* The real rulers are simply "know-how" and machinery. The highly trained men who manage this American economy of the future are well-meaning individuals who regard themselves as public benefactors—tomorrow's Rotarian types. The trouble is that the People have very little left to do beyond cashing their monthly pay checks. The Machines have taken over, and each year sees a new classification of labor eliminated. There are automatic conductors, automatic ticket sellers, whole plants run by vacuum-type devices with the work of thousands of men proceeding by the principle on which turret lathes now operate. A vast digital computer, far surpassing the accuracy of human statisticians, accurately predicts how many units of every commodity will need to be produced each year. This information is relayed to the automatic factories, which then produce sonic laundry machines, electronic ovens, television sets, and automobiles for the "happy" population.

But the People aren't happy. Unless a citizen is able to obtain a certificate attesting his superior I.Q. and special aptitude for mechanical engineering, he is relegated to the army or to a WPA-type of labor force known as "The Reconstruction and Reclamation Corps." The "Reeks and Wrecks," as they are called, outdo the WPA, however, by virtue of having so many men at hand that every chuckhole in the highway is usually surrounded by eighty or more able-bodied men with shovels. But while the People have everything they are supposed to want at home, they, themselves, as persons, tend to feel superfluous. No longer having any work in which they can take pride, they rapidly lose their capacity for self-esteem. Naturally enough, in Vonnegut's story, life eventually turns sour, and finally there comes a revolution, yet when the revolution against the machines takes place the result is a fiasco *precisely because* long years of subservience to a mechanized social order have robbed the People of even an elemental genius for rebellion.

A recent *Scientific American* was exclusively devoted to Cybernetics—a word for the "science of machines," coined, we believe, by Norbert Wiener. If readers of *Player Piano* also read this issue of *SA,* they will discover that nearly everything in Vonnegut's society is already existent, at least in some experimental stage. Fantastic computers, both analogue and digital, are making predictions for industry—and even predictions for election returns. These machines have a “memory” for statistics far more effective than that of the greatest living brain, and can handle calculations incredibly faster than could a whole corps of expert mathematicians.

Vonnegut's title seems apt. There is nothing menacing about a player piano, just as there is nothing overtly threatening about the society he makes it represent. Player pianos give a kind of music, and are even interesting to watch perform—for a moment or two. The only trouble is that the tunes come out the same way every time, without the human touch. A player piano or a recording, we say, is "canned," and does not satisfy music-lovers. Vonnegut's society is

interesting to watch from a comfortable distance, and it also produces a certain type of beautiful music, the music of mechanized efficiency. Citizens are well informed, but they are also dull and uncreative. Marvelously designed audiovisual education comes to your children right at home, via television, with the most personable actors in the world hired to give high school and collegiate instruction concerning the very latest advances in knowledge—but the joy of learning, the human contact between understanding teacher and aspiring pupil, has disappeared along with other more easily dispensable characteristics of the old society.

Vonnegut introduces an anachronistic figure in the story—the visiting "Shah of Bratpuhr." The Shah had been invited to America to learn how he might reorganize the social life of his six million people. The President of the United States meets him (Presidents are now only figureheads—this one having formerly been a star in a popular television show) and assures the Shah that the United States will be glad to furnish engineers to convert the Bratpuhrian economy. But the Shah is not interested. Despite all the disease and confusion prevalent in the land of his birth, he doesn't want to make this trade in "ways of living."

The Shah is proudly incapable of speaking English, and has to be accompanied by an interpreter; even less does he speak the "language of temperament" prevalent in America. As the Shah watches numbers of "average men" leaning on shovels beside roadways, he seems unable to agree that this is a happy citizenry, or that the mechanization has been good for the People. For the Shah, this sort of citizen is "Takaru"—Bratpuhrian for slave—and no amount of explanation from our diplomatic corps can change the Shah's opinion.

Finally, the Bratpuhrian ruler has one question to which no one can give a satisfactory answer. After he has been shown the average citizen's home, with its multitudinous mechanical advantages, and after he is asked to share the managerial enthusiasm for the happy result, he asks, "But, what are people *for?"*

We have space for one quotation from this book. Dr. Paul Proteus, an unaccountably discontented engineer in the higher echelons, has sneaked across to the other side of the tracks to see what the common folk are like. He finds himself involved in a conversation with an ex-clergyman, who philosophizes on the changes which have taken place in American life. Dr. Lasher, the retired minister, says:

> "When I had a congregation before the war, I used to tell them that the life of their spirit in relation to God was the biggest thing in their lives, and that their part in the economy was nothing by comparison. Now, you people have engineered them out of their part in the economy, in the market place, and they're finding out—most of them—that what's left is just about zero. A good bit short of enough, anyway. My glass is empty."
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> Lasher sighed. "What do you expect?" he said. "For generations they've been built up to worship competition and the market, productivity and economic usefulness, and the envy of their fellow men—and boom! it's all yanked out from under them. They can't participate, can't be useful any more. Their whole culture has been shot to hell. My glass is empty."
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> "I just had it filled again," said Finnerty.
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> "Oh, so you did." Lasher sipped thoughtfully. "These displaced people need something, and the clergy can't give it to them—or it's impossible for them to take what the clergy offers. The clergy says it's enough, and so does the Bible. The people say it isn't enough, and I suspect they're right."
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> "If they were so fond of the old system, how come they were so cantankerous about their jobs when they had them?" said Paul.
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> "Oh, this business we've got now—it's been going on for a long time now, not just since the last war. Maybe the actual jobs weren't being taken from the people, but the sense of participation, the sense of importance was. Go to the library sometime and take a look at magazines and newspapers clear back as far as World War II. Even then there was a lot of talk about know-how winning the war of production—*know-how,* not people, not the *mediocre* people

> running most of the machines. And the hell of it was that it was pretty much true. Even then, half the people or more didn't understand much about the machines they worked at or the things they were making. They were participating in the economy all right, but not in a way that was very satisfying to the ego. And then there was all this let's-not-shoot-Father-Christmas advertising."
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> "How's that?" said Paul.
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> "You know—those ads about the American system, meaning managers and engineers, that made America great. When you finished one, you'd think the managers and engineers had given America everything: forests, rivers, minerals, mountains, oil—the works.
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> "Strange business," said Lasher. "This crusading spirit of the managers and engineers, the idea of designing and manufacturing and distributing being sort of a holy war: all that folklore was cooked up by public relations and advertising men hired by managers and engineers to make big business popular in the old days, which it certainly wasn't in the beginning. Now, the engineers and managers believe with all their hearts the glorious things their forebears hired people to say about them. Yesterday's snow job becomes today's sermon.

Ortega's *Revolt of the Masses*, we seem to recall, has similar passages. Ortega proposes that the "mass man" finally comes to believe that the world is his simply by virtue of his numbers. And when mass-minded men of this persuasion become rulers or managers, as they so often do, the monotone of mediocrity acquires official sanction.

COMMENTARY
A DIFFICULT REQUIREMENT

WHEN Reginald Reynolds says (quoted in Frontiers) that to understand the trouble in present-day Africa, "you have to be able to feel what it is like to be an African," he asks a great deal of the average American, or average Britisher—or average anybody who has had no first-hand experience of colonialism. Westerners wonder, sometimes, about the obvious resentment exhibited toward them by so many Asians. But suppose, as someone suggested, that the major cities of the United States all had signs giving road directions in, say, Japanese, as well as in English—what would be the reaction of the typical Westerner? Or suppose that if a Chinese committed some crime while in the United States, he could not be tried in American courts, but only in special Chinese courts established here by the Chinese Government: How would we like that? Yet the Chinese were for generations obliged to put up with this sort of policy, imposed upon them by Europeans.

Few Americans or British, moreover, realize that the Western invasion of China began a little over a century ago, with what is known as the Opium War. The British were raising opium in India and selling it in China. The Chinese Emperor finally issued a decree against the importation of opium, ordering the confiscation of a quantity of the drug landed in China by a British vessel. The order was carried out, to the incalculable indignation of the entire British Empire, which thereupon made aggressive war upon the Chinese, and with devastating effect, since the Chinese had no modern weapons. Thus the honor of the Union Jack was restored, even though, during the war, Chinese mothers threw their children down wells, and jumped in after them, for fear of what the "foreign devils" would do to them.

That was a long time ago, and the record of colonialism is not completely black, but we suspect that *any* sort of colonialism—even the most benevolent variety—would be fiercely condemned and bitterly resisted by, say, the British, if applied to their little island. What is difficult for Westerners to recognize is that peoples who have lived for centuries under colonial dominion have the same love of freedom as their conquerors—a feeling which, even though long suppressed, is bound to find expression, peacefully, if this is possible, explosively, if necessary.

The fact of the matter is that any Westerner who learns "to feel what it is like to be an African" may expect to antagonize the great majority of his fellows who lack this rare talent. For he will forever be insisting that there is no inhumanity so hard to bear as the bland indifference of the well-fed, no cruelty so persistent as the casual ignorance which cannot be penetrated by the reformer's cry.

Surely, the West can make no claim to having achieved genuine civilization, so long as so large a portion of the world's population remains the victim of countless inherited injustices.

CHILDREN
. . . and Ourselves

WHILE Bernard MacFadden may seem to some to be one of the more ridiculous personalities of our time, his aged sprightliness and strength are reminders that most adults give up the battle against physical age much sooner than they need to. Our concern with this subject, however, is not primarily because we are æsthetically offended by idleness-deformed bodies of either parents or children, but because a poorly trained and poorly cared-for physical instrument is apt to have a detrimental psychological influence upon its owner, young or old.

A passage from Justice William O. Douglas' Asian travelogue, *Beyond the High Himalayas,* will illustrate this point. In one of the later chapters, Douglas describes an encounter with four Tibetans returning through a high mountain pass from a 240-mile shopping trip. A woman, probably in her forties, was carrying an 80-pound pack—and *had* carried it for some 300 miles, with 200 more to go. Another, older, woman was managing a mere 40 pounds, the lighter load being a concession to her age, which Douglas estimated as approximately eighty years. Douglas writes: "I particularly marvelled at the old lady, for I knew that she could probably outwalk me. My food was more nourishing, more appetizing than that of these Ladakhis. My down sleeping bag, laid on a U.S. Air Force air mattress was warmer and much more comfortable than theirs. And yet they could outdistance me, or anyone in my camp, for that matter. They were hardened to the trail; and even the old lady was as tough as nails. They had precious little, but they lived to the utmost of it." Douglas then reflected:

> It seemed to me that civilization had made us soft and flabby. We were fat and weak in our protective environment. We had become so engrossed in living a life of case that we had sacrificed our health and vigor. If we had the endurance of this old Ladakhi lady, there would be a profound effect on the spirit as well as on the flesh. Then we would regain our adventuresome spirit; then we would want to live boldly and dangerously; then we would not be caught up in the great drive for security. Security? What security has this old lady of Ladakh? What is security? Is not the greatest security the strength of the spirit?

What could octogenarian ladies of the West say to this? Joseph Wood Krutch once remarked that we have reached an epoch wherein, due to television, the hardy individual who hikes from a parking lot to football stadium qualifies as a full-fledged athlete! The majority now sit by their sets at home, so that the well-known effeteness of those who participate in sports only as spectators increases several more degrees. Perhaps the professional athlete is rather praiseworthy. He at least possesses—a rarity in our times—a lithe and eager body.

While scanning *Portrait of a Desert People* by Walter Collins O'Kane, a recent volume about the Hopi Indians, we were again impressed by their fine tradition of physical hardihood which has survived a thousand years among the inhabitants of old Oraibi. Once, in visiting this spot, with the special intention of meeting a distinguished chief, we headed across six miles of rocky road in our automobile. Shortly after starting we saw a figure running easily and gracefully across the mesas to intercept us. It was the chief, then eighty years old, come to save us the trip. His mind retained real vigor for the discussion of tribal affairs, and there is little doubt that the condition of his body had considerable to do with his youthfulness of spirit. He was also able to participate with enjoyment in the ceremonial race which the Hopis run each year from the lowlands to the mesa tops—again a distance of some six miles. The Hopis have very little "age-consciousness," being universally aware of an important truth—that fitness alone determines real age, and that the man or woman who lives simply and vigorously, may, barring some sort of wasting disease, continue to be an effective and creative force in the community until the time of death. It is for these reasons that most

of the Hopis do not even know how old they are, and don't care.

There is genuine aesthetic appeal in this sort of physical fitness, extending far beyond the obvious matter of the ugliness which soon overtakes the untrained and uncared-for body of whatever age. As Douglas put it, this is simply a matter of "living to the utmost of what a person has." Is it too much to say that those who do less than this are rendered in some degree incapable of appreciating the maximum of truth, goodness and beauty around them?

Our civilization has gone so far in succumbing to flabbiness that we are bound to have a certain number of MacFaddens and muscle-worshippers for vicarious compensation. Movie stars with impressive torsos are always at a premium and "beef cake" as well as "cheese cake" adorns the lurid covers of many popular paper-bound 25-cent books. Here, doubtless, is compensatory worship of physical appearance which undoubtedly caters more to wishful thinking and escapism than to programs for establishing a better standard for one's own physique. But it is not the appearance of the body that one should be primarily concerned with, but rather the persistent disciplines which keep the body an effective instrument for what we want to do.

The Hopis have always emphasized the virtue of endurance of both body and mind. In the old days, at least, the children started running long distances at six or seven years of age. Thus they early learned something of persistence, and a great deal of how to judge correctly their own reserves of stamina. There is little doubt, moreover, that these qualities have an important correlation with the excellent emotional control the Hopis possess, and with their long tradition of pacific means to settle arguments.

As we may have before remarked, the United States, in contrast with other and smaller countries, has made a rather poor showing in marathon running and other distance sports. While our Olympic athletes churn to many victories in the shorter events, our best runners are unable to place among the first twenty in distance competition. There's something to think about here. The Greeks, who "invented" the marathon, were known for their philosophical capacity. One does not necessarily acquire such things by running twenty-six miles, but the sort of physical training which encourages sustained effort over a long period is apt to be most appreciated by those who also appreciate philosophical deliberation.

Of course, there are always a few individuals who, having once trained their bodies to supreme fitness, and possessing remarkable hereditary qualities, can eschew all formal exercise and yet retain fine physical condition. Yet we have known only one person who fully managed this, and we are sure that most of us would have delusions of physical grandeur if we thought ourselves similarly endowed.

Now, after having stated our argument with what we hope is a fair logic, we are obliged to admit that any recommendation of a particular sort of physical activity sounds a little faddist or fetishist. This is probably because only faddists are persistently vocal about their beliefs, and because it is a rather obvious sort of delusion to believe that one is able to become a better person from simply a rigorous physical regime. For these reasons we are particularly grateful to justice Douglas' concluding remarks, but there is one other criticism which might be aimed this way, arising from a natural dislike of having anyone tell another how "self-disciplined" he should be. "Self-discipline," and for that matter the word "endurance," too, sound grimly stoical. The capacity to endure—how dull and uninviting! Yet "endurance" need not be regarded as a virtue in itself. It is rather a means by which other aspects of life can be enjoyed and appreciated to the full.

FRONTIERS

Counter-Terror In Kenya

A PUBLICATION like MANAS is bound to value and appreciate a publication like the British *Peace News (*issued weekly at 3 Blackstock Road, London N. 4). Openly pacifist, *Peace News* is naturally without any stake in the interests and possessions which most men hope to preserve through war, and is therefore willing and eager to discuss facts and situations which are widely neglected in conventional newspapers and magazines.

Like many of the works of the British, *Peace News* is distinguished by its matter-of-fact common sense. Having adopted the "radical" view that war is a crime against mankind and should be abandoned—abandoned by individuals, even if not by nations—*Peace News* sounds like other liberal publications, save for the fact that its ardors are always *for* human beings, never against any particular group or nation, although it is particularly apt in exposing the deceptions and evasions of officialdom, and the apologetics of war.

An excellent example of *Peace News* journalism is found in the June 26 issue, in Reginald Reynolds' report of his visit to Kenya. No other writer, or publication, so far as we know, has put into print for general world consumption the facts assembled in this article, which is titled, "The White Mau Mau." He starts out with some statistics:

> Official figures can sometimes be interesting. I invite your attention to the following statistics, from the Tanganyika *Standard* (April 25) and the *Central African Post* of Lusaka (June 12). Both are European papers. They give the casualties in the Kenya disturbances from the declaration of the "State of Emergency" in October, 1952:

KILLED BY MAU MAU

	Up to April 23 "According to Official Records"	Up to June 3 "Latest Official Figures"
Africans	450	411
Europeans	10	17
Asians	4	4

KILLED BY FORCES IN ANTI-MAU MAU OPERATIONS

Africans	595	848

> While the number of Asians killed by Mau Mau has remained static, seven more Europeans were killed between April 23 and June 3; but in that same period 39 Africans were apparently brought to life again, so that the total killed by Mau Mau during those five weeks must have been a minus quantity of 32.
>
> From such unreliable statistics it is difficult to draw conclusions; but both murder budgets indicate the same general and agreed conclusions:
>
> (1) The number of Africans said to have been killed by Mau Mau vastly exceeds the number of European victims;
>
> (2) The number of Africans killed by the forces of law and order admittedly exceeds—apparently on an increasing scale—the number of African casualties debited to Mau Mau.

Mr. Reynolds' article is largely devoted to why these Africans are being killed by "the forces of law and order." He explains that he limits his discussion to evidences of a “white Mau Mau" for the reason that the Black Mau Mau has already been widely publicized.

It is Mr. Reynolds' view that the British in Kenya have launched a counter-terror policy. Some months ago a member of the Kenya Legislative Council said that the Government should take a hundred of "the rascals" and hang some of them, sending the survivors home to their villages to tell what they had seen. There is much going on, Reynolds says, to suggest that this sort of policy is being unofficially applied, especially by the Kenya Police Reserve. Further:

> European settlers and settlers' sons, with arms and a very free hand to use them.... are the object of more terror today than the Mau Mau itself. The terror is called "White Mau Mau" by many Africans.
>
> Under the shadow of this double terror it is hard to get the truth about anything in the Kikuya country. I was frequently warned of the danger I could bring to Kikuyas by meeting them openly. When, through the help of friends, I eventually did meet them, I heard innumerable stories of police brutality.

Perhaps the most revealing incident in Mr. Reynolds' report is his meeting and talk with an English attorney who had been practicing law in Nairobi, but who was driven from Kenya by official action. This attorney, Peter Evans—by no means a radical or a "trouble-maker" (he even defended hotel proprietors who maintained the "color bar")—had come upon some cases of alleged murder of Africans. While working on the others, he took the evidence of one case to the Governor of Kenya, asking for a full inquiry. The result was that the Governor ordered Evans to leave Kenya. The charge against him was of course unrelated to the fact that he was working on three or four cases of alleged murder by the Kenya police. It seems that Evans was overheard saying to an African named Odede, one of the few African members of the Kenya Legislative Council, that it was a pity that the Luo people (Odede's tribe, of Central Nyanza) were now working for the Europeans who had driven them from their homes. This remark was termed "sedition" and Evans was expelled from Kenya, and Odede was interned simply for listening to such an idea. Evans went to Tanganyika, but was soon ordered to leave there, also, although Mr. Reynolds met him in Tanganyika before this order came through. It was in Tanganyika that Reynolds had opportunity to examine the cases Evans had prepared. Of the one presented to the Governor of Kenya, Reynolds says: "It is about as complete and damning as any evidence can be."

Other lawyers in Kenya know the facts of the white Mau Mau policy of terror, yet are powerless to do anything about it. They would only meet Evans' fate. Reynolds calls for a full judicial inquiry by a commission appointed in London, as the only hope of disclosing the full truth about what is going on in Kenya.

We should like to close with some of Mr. Reynolds' opening paragraphs, revealing the spirit of his writing and of the publication, *Peace News.*

> To understand Mau Mau you have to know something of the history of the country: you have to be able to feel what it is like to be an African, treated as an inferior in your own country, confined to the smallest of inadequate small-holdings while one European is granted thousands of acres.
>
> I am not concerned here with the arguments to justify this state of affairs: I am only concerned at the moment with the way you or I would look at it—or an African.
>
> Now turn to the European settler. He firmly believes in his superiority. His great interests, too, are at stake. Both are challenged. It is war—ruthless, like all wars today, sparing none.
>
> He feels as some people felt in Britain—and in Germany—when they looked at the murder done by bombs. He is not likely to remain a reasonable person. If you doubt that, read the letters which many Europeans write to Kenya papers or listen to casual conversations. Hatred, fear, self-interest and the desire for revenge are the worst enemies of reason....
>
> It is not a question of blaming and accusing: it is a question of understanding and facing something.