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WHAT IS HAPPENING IN INDIA?

INDIA is not an easy country for the Westerner to understand. We have all heard of Gandhi, and of Prime Minister Nehru, just as we have heard of the Himalaya Mountains and perhaps the Khyber Pass, but "hearing" of these great Indian leaders is not the same as understanding them. Actually, the average Westerner is likely to be more puzzled than enlightened if he tries to go beyond the newspaper headlines and to find out what, exactly, is happening in India, today.

How should one attempt to define what is happening in India, supposing he had reason to believe he actually *knew*? Should he—as the United States Ambassador to India, Chester Bowles, did—write an article telling how the Soviets and the Chinese are wooing Indian public opinion? Mr. Bowles' discussion of this situation in the April *Progressive* seems just and informed. He writes:

> It is in the villages of India that the great underlying issue that challenges us all will be hammered out. We have learned from experience that tanks and machine guns are not the most effective weapons in fighting Communism. Communism got its hold in China on the village level. It must be beaten in India on the village level by proving that free men working together can obtain more of the good things of life than can the victims of regimentation. The next five years may determine which system—free democratic government or Communist dictatorship—proves the more successful. If the Indian economy stagnates while China with its brutal methods succeeds in providing even moderately improved living standards for its masses—and whether we like it or not China has already made progress in that direction—the Communist appeal will become almost irresistible.

Mr. Bowles believes that winning the Indians for democracy will be easy if we (1) talk less to them about our material blessings and more about the great American tradition of freedom; (2) give greater financial aid to India; (3) remember that India is an Asiatic country.

It is necessary, we suppose, for Mr. Bowles to discuss India in terms of getting them firmly on "our side." That is what his readers are wondering about, and that is what he, as an American diplomat, is supposed to be interested in. So far as we know, Mr. Bowles is a well-intentioned man who is in the diplomatic service from a sense of duty and a desire to serve the public good. But he might have given a little more attention to the Indians as having ends of their own. Conceivably, other great decisions which lie ahead for India are more important than a choice, in the next five years, between Russia and the United States.

Having heard Mr. Bowles on India, let us now listen to an Indian on the well-intentioned Mr. Bowles and the country he represents. J. C. Kumarappa, editor of *Gram Udyog Patrika*, writes in the February issue of this organ of the All-India Village Industries Association:

> About a month ago an agreement was signed between the U.S.A. and India, by which a grant of 50 million dollars was made available for developmental purposes. The U.S.A. has been an octopus with financial tentacles in all other parts of the world. Britain specialized in political imperialism, while the American specialty is financial imperialism. Is this going to gag us on world questions? Let us beware of baits of all kinds, including "rural-urban development."
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> Not content with a contribution of a mere 50 million dollars, the American Ambassador, Mr. Chester Bowles, suggests an aid of 1000 millions to push forward the "progress" of India. American "experts" have already begun to come in.
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> There is danger in all this. The American penetration will bring commercialism and tractors. Basing our agriculture on crude oil and machines will deliver us body, soul and spirit into American hands. If we chafe at anything that the Americans dictate later, all that they will have to do to "bring us to our senses" is to stop crude oil supplies. Then we shall be starved into subjection. Prior to the last war some well-to-do cultivators had installed crude oil pump sets in some district places near Madras. Their economy was dislocated during the war, as they could

not get any supplies of the needed fuel. Some of them were even ruined by this handicap.

To base our economic order on things our country does not possess or produce, is suicidal. Let us profit by Japan's experience. Japan surrendered, not so much for fear of the Atom Bomb, but because they had no stock of petrol to carry on the war any longer. Hiroshima provided only an honourable excuse. Humble though our progress may be, let it be on our own legs. Any attempt to hasten the pace may be fatal. In the end any foreign aid of this magnitude, from which we cannot easily shake ourselves free, will prove a halter around our neck and jeopardize our newly found independence.

Confronted by this statement, Mr. Bowles would undoubtedly expostulate, "But Kumarappa represents only a small minority segment of Indian opinion—he is one of the leaders of the Gandhi extremists; Prime Minister Nehru *told* me. . . ." And Mr. Bowles would be technically right. But the ferment of ideas coming from the Gandhians who live and work on, although Gandhi died in 1948, is an important part of what is going on in India. The India of today is haunted by strange contradictions. Here is an incredibly proud people—having been the authentic motherland of several great civilizations, and the source of the profoundest philosophical thinking known to man are reason enough for this pride—who after a century of oppression and exploitation have suddenly become free, on their own, in a world of fiercely competing national economies and ideologies. Even if material wealth and power are not the greatest things in the world, material wealth and power have been the symbols of India's long subjection to a foreign imperialism. Imagine the temptation to seize these symbols, to say to the West: "We too are a people to be reckoned with. Now we are as great as you are, *in your terms!"* How could there fail to be this smouldering emotion beneath the surface throughout India, today? Then there is the further reaction of a proud people to the charge of "backwardness"—the insult of a book like *Mother India.*

Inevitably, people subjected to autocratic control, allowed to work for their government, but never in high-ranking policy-making positions, tend to lose their sense of social responsibility. To be only "resisting"—forever objecting, resenting, secretly despising—and remembering past glories are not the best way to get ready for self-government. Fortunately, India did more than this—much more. The great *Samaj* movements of the nineteenth century helped Indians to feel the nobility of their cultural and philosophical heritage. The Indian National Congress—founded many years ago with, interestingly enough, the help of some intelligent Englishmen—stirred the sluggish spirit of the Indians to aroused social and political consciousness. There were outrages, such as the Amritsar Massacre, by the British, to weld Indian public opinion into a united front. And then, finally, came Gandhi, with his extraordinary moral sensibility, his love of his country, and his indomitable will. Gandhi touched—there is no other word for it—the *soul* of India. He awoke sleeping memories of ancient greatness. He went to the villages, where, as Chester Bowles has noted, the destiny of India is hammered out. Like Gautama Buddha who, nearly two thousand years before, had wandered over the peninsular continent from village to village, Gandhi went to and won the Indian masses. He did something that gifts of money or foreign assistance in technology can never do—he helped the Indian masses to rediscover the hidden sources of their self-respect, and, therefore, of moral power. Through Gandhi, India became capable of independence.

Gandhi, it may be said, was a moral genius. He became a moral genius by understanding the delusion of the West and the potential greatness of the East, and by seeing as clearly the vulnerability of the East, of India in particular, to the Western delusion. He spoke to the masses of the Indian people in terms they could understand. To Westerners, Gandhi often sounded like a "fanatic." This man, they said, is against railroads, hospitals, machinery, birth-control, modern medicine—practically everything good our civilization stands for. He goes around in a breechclout, and after having a fine education in European terms, he wants to throw it all away, not only for himself, but for his country, too!

It seems evident that the victim of the Western delusion cannot possibly understand Gandhi. Gandhi was not really against any "thing"; he was *for* human beings. He dealt with things according to their moral effects upon the Indian people—their effects in his time. He was fighting delusions, while the West, with its wonderful inventions and methods of prophylaxis, sanitation, and immunization, was fighting bacteria; with its mass production and technical genius was fighting for a "standard of living." Gandhi was not

against these things the West was fighting for, but he was *for* the things this battle of the West had been allowed to obscure. Mr. Kumarappa speaks for Gandhi, in this, although a little stridently, perhaps.

Obviously the West has its own legitimate greatness. It has produced the tools of a wonderful civilization. It has created the *possibility* of leisure for everyone in the world. It has announced, through its great political documents, the social meaning of profound philosophical ideas on the nature of man. But the West is seriously infected by the delusion that material progress represents the true destiny of man. The *search for enlightenment* is not a central theme of Western life. The drama of awakening to truth has not shaped the heart's longing of Western youth. The West is like a great caterpillar that wants to fly, but spends all its rich substance manufacturing mechanical wings instead of preparing a chrysalis for its rebirth as *psyche*—as a form evolved from within for natural flight.

Meanwhile the East feels and is affected by the tensions of the West. For now, whether we like it or not, whether we believe it or not, the world is *one*. No longer is there a private individual salvation for nations and races. The East and West—how can we doubt it?—are destined or doomed to grow together, either interdependently and cooperatively, or locked in the bitter embrace of rivalry and mutual rejection.

No longer is there any room for pride of race and origin—not while this great synthesis is taking place. The Eastern and the Western races are alike struggling against tremendous obstacles—obstacles both material and moral. *Where are we going?* This is the basic problem for both. Scores of little groups in the United States are giving profound study to this question. They are never heard of, or almost never, in other countries. To them, however, belongs the future. The Renaissance was once no more than a few "little groups" in the centers of European culture. Every great reform, as Emerson said, was once a private thought in one man's mind. There are groups in India, too—groups such as Mr. Kumarappa represents, and the several educational and other culture-renewing organizations founded by Gandhi or under his influence. Their fires may burn low, now that Gandhi is gone. India has been a land of personal leaders. Gandhi, perhaps, saw this, and was content to go, knowing that his work, if it could not survive as a Great Idea, could not, in the long run, survive at all. And this, perhaps, is what the East needs to learn from the West—that a great idea is more important than even a great man, for men become great only through adopting and living by great ideas.

Meanwhile, our sympathies may go out to Mr. Nehru, a man who typifies to an extraordinary degree the first steps, at least, of synthesis between East and West. He moves, it seems, not as Gandhi moved—by a great and powerful intuition of the heart's need—but more as a public, a population, moves, straining after meanings with its mind. What, he seems to be asking, is synthesis at the rational level? He can no more abandon his people to their own devices, because they will not follow Gandhi on the testimony of their hearts alone, than he can follow Gandhi on the testimony of *his* heart alone. He is trying to work with the West, and perhaps this means he must accept, or accept vulnerability to, a portion of the West's delusions. A public man cannot retire into the forest. A public man, unless he is what the Hindus call an *Avatar*, is almost inevitably involved in some of the limitations of those whom he would serve—perhaps to show how to work out of them.

And so we ask, again, without much of an answer—What is happening in India? If we knew what is happening, *here*, doubtless our answer about India would be more complete.

Letter from **JAPAN**

TOKYO.—Over recent months, complaints have been heard in increasing numbers over the influx of "war" toys on the counters of the toy shops. Guns, tanks, battleships, warplanes and swords have made their reappearance in great amounts after an absence during about six postwar years. Housewives, in particular, are alarmed at this trend, for they see the revival of the warlike spirit as their children play soldiers, "samurai" and the like. Shopkeepers and toy makers disavow responsibility, pointing out they are only catering to the popular demand.

Signs of a possible return to the military past are not limited to toys. Motion pictures with feudalistic themes and replete with sword play are extremely popular with the masses. War novels and memoirs are also widely read. Shrines dedicated to military "heroes" and the soldiers who died in war are regaining popularity.

At higher levels, preparations are being made for rearmament with the blessing of the occupying powers of the West. The establishment of the 75,000-man National Police Reserve immediately after the outbreak of the Korean war in mid-1950 and the depurge of thousands of ex-servicemen who would be useful additions to the NPR have strengthened the feeling among the people that Japanese rearmament has become a definite policy of both the United States and Japan. The NPR is soon to be increased to an "army" of about 180,000 troops. The so-called Marine Safety Force is also set for expansion as an embryo navy. The United States-Japan Security Treaty is based upon the understanding that the American security forces to be stationed in Japan will defend the Japanese nation only until she is able to protect herself.

The Japanese Peace Treaty, moreover, makes no mention of placing limitations upon Japan's armaments, despite the fact that the highly publicized "war renunciation" Constitution in which Japan gave up all rights to the possession of "war potentials" was inspired by the United States. More recently, the ban on the production of arms and munitions as well as airplanes was lifted by order of the Occupation authorities.

The need of the democracies to arm Japan to stem the expanding influence of the communist nations in Asia is understandable. And the vast majority of the Japanese will want to side with the West against the Soviets, who have remained Japan's greatest source of fear.

But the tempo toward rearmament is such that thinking people cannot help but become alarmed over the possibilities that materialistic and ultra-nationalistic elements, in the background until now, will seize this opportunity to rise to power. Another matter of concern is that the armed forces which Japan now is apparently destined to possess will either invite attack from the communists or will be used in a conflict not directly related to the defense of the Japanese homeland. It could easily be argued that the dispatch of Japanese troops abroad is essential to Japan's defense, and Japan would be involved in another war.

The years of peace have been pleasant as the war years were unpleasant, despite the tremendous task of postwar rehabilitation which required no end of work and sweat. Now the people are fearful of bearing again the heavy load of armaments and of becoming a party to a war.

The prospects are all the more dreadful when one considers that a nation which applauded and welcomed so vociferously the "war renunciation" clause of the Constitution only a short time ago could with encouragement and direction very easily swing toward the other extreme.

The outlook for the future is ominous. Our hope is that such things as the wide sale of "war toys" are not swinging the scales once more to a ready acceptance of the bearing of arms. What has happened to the ideal expressed only a few years ago that an unarmed Japan with the Constitutional ban on armaments would become the beacon light for all peace-loving peoples? The pressure of events is making the people who conceived the ideal of a perpetually neutral Japan eat their words.

JAPANESE CORRESPONDENT

REVIEW
LOOKING BACKWARD

PIONEER days are always a pleasant theme for the novelist, and they become particularly attractive to present-day authors—and readers—who find our own time so lacking in the pioneer spirit, so overtaken by attitudes which are the opposite of the pioneer spirit. The clean, fresh feeling gained from a well-appointed literary incarnation in the past gives scope to the growing nostalgia for an uncomplicated, natural, and productive existence. To watch the forest give way to the cabin, the field, the settlement, the school; to dwell, if only in memory, in the soft autumn sunlight, the infinitely fecund spring, the austere winter with its purifying whiteness—these symbols of a life which is not unnerved by man-made ugliness bring a longed-for serenity to the reader.

Then there is the courage of men and women and children, and along with courage, we are reminded of the astonishing resourcefulness of the pioneer. Today, we go to a world's fair, an industrial exposition, or a "home of tomorrow" exhibit to marvel at human resourcefulness. In the pioneer days, every home was itself an exposition, and every householder an inventor on his own. We hunger for the possession of these qualities, once again, and books about the people who turned a wilderness into a smiling land import something of their lives into the present. Our own vague imaginings are refurbished with the literal, day-to-day accomplishments of those whom we envy, although with the melancholy thought that, for us, these things can never be.

They can, of course. They can, if we are willing to resolve to be wiser, more ingenious, and of even greater imagination than our pioneer forefathers. We live in another sort of wilderness, suffering the ravages of a psychological climate and squalls and storms of ungoverned mass emotions and fears. It will be even more difficult, perhaps, for the would-be contemporary "pioneer" to let go of the solid land of conventional security than it was for the colonist to leave his native Europe for America, or for Africa or Australia; and while in the great centuries of colonizing, there were ships of passage and ventures and projects already organized, in which a man, or a man and his family, could join, no such clarity of decision is possible, today. No one, or at least very few, know where the "new lands" lie. Their boundaries are matters of controversy, their very existence doubted.

Meanwhile, currently appearing tales of pioneering seem a fictional counterpart of the recent discovery by anthropologists of the glories of "primitive" culture. It is a kind of movement in the mind, a current in the hopes of men, this return to the past for the "lost secret" of innocence, for yesterday's manly virtue and the omni-competence of the frontier woman. But the writers of these tales are faced with a special difficulty created by the new social consciousness of our time—a consciousness which hardly existed in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Even the popular arts designed for mass entertainment are increasingly obliged to take cognizance of the brotherhood of man and the evils of race prejudice. Today we are in the midst of this transition, so that while the Apache chief, Cochise, wins the admiration of every movie-goer in the film version of *Blood Brother*, the same audience may soon be invited to enjoy an old-style frontier movie which glories in the successful slaughter of the "red varmints." It seems inevitable, however, that the portrayal of the American Indians as a kind of "plague" which afflicted the brave and true settlers of the West will last only a little longer, and that pictures of the "Cochise" type will eventually replace then entirely.

In serious novels, this trend is naturally more pronounced. During the past five years, several, at least, of the stories of colonization have struck the note of racial equality, if only in the more or less private reflections of the leading characters.

One such book, Eleanor Dark's *The Timeless Land* (Macmillan), dealing with the settlement of English convicts along the shores of Botany Bay, has three themes of human integrity, and of these three, the character of the Australian natives makes the strongest bid for the reader's sympathy. The note of understanding and respect for these people is struck at the beginning, for the story opens with a view of European ships in the bay, as seen through native eyes. There is an interesting reversal, in this story, of the familiar emphasis found in earlier accounts of the invasion of a land belonging to a primitive people by a more sophisticated or "progressive" race. Years ago, the "noble savage" would receive his just due, but only as a curiously admirable relic of a species of men without our advantages. Eleanor Dark, however, who was born in Australia, tells her story with something of this combination of pity and admiration for the fine qualities of Governor Phillip, the rather remarkable man who led the expedition and established the colony successfully. But there is no sentimentality in *The Timeless Land*—only a moving sympathy for human beings, whether white or black, convict or free.

By describing the inward reflections of her characters, Mrs. Dark develops the various moral perspectives through which, actually, her real story is told. A friendly native, held for a time in captivity by the Governor, wonders about the basis of the white men's "tribal" life. Whatever it was, it puzzled him:

> It was quite clear that the more possessions a man had, the nobler he was assumed to be, and the greater was the authority he wielded over his fellows. The Be-anga [Governor], for instance, had more possessions than anyone. His fine dwelling was full of them. . . .The despised ones [convicts], on the other hand, had almost no possessions. Their coverings were miserable, their dwellings inferior, and it appeared that even the things they drank from and the plates upon which they took their food were not theirs, but merely lent them by the Be-anga. They had no weapons at all. How was a man a man without weapons? . . .
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> Yes, it was clear that the Be-anga, because he had many possessions, might command, and the others, because they had few, or none, must obey. And the less they had the more harshly were they ordered, and the more continuously they toiled. . . .The Bereewolgal [English] were welcome to their Law, whatever it was; he was content with his own. . . There was nothing but the Law which could keep a man's heart at peace—Was that the reason why the white men were so full of unrest? For there was no peace in their camp, no lasting joyousness. It was as though, being one tribe, they were yet enemies—not for a moment or two, settling their disputes as men should with weapons or a trial of strength, but obsessed by a veiled mistrust of each other. There was an element of confusion somewhere; there was a deep and terrible sense of unhappiness. Many times when he had sat with them at their table, sharing their food, he had been conscious of it. It was as if every man were two men, one smiling and confident, and the other imprisoned behind those smiles and that confidence, haunted, despairing, as a man might be who knew that the bone was being pointed at him and that he was doomed to die.

The presence of the convicts, sullen, desperate, resentful, brings an unavoidable justice to the comparison of the "superior" white man's civilization with the black man's ways. Mrs. Dark returns to the comparison again and again. Here are the thoughts of a child of convict parents—a child who is adopted by the natives:

> He did not know how to describe the difference which he felt so strongly between the two environments which he had known in this land. He was sufficiently enslaved by the prejudices of his race to accept it as a fact that white people were immeasurably superior to black people; that to have clothes, even though they were only the ragged slops of the convicts, was better than to go naked; that to live in a hut, even of wattle and daub, was better than to live in a bark shelter, that to wrap oneself in a blanket even swarming with vermin, was better than to sleep upon the skins of possums. Yet in the native camp there had been happiness such as he had never known before. Gaiety, laughter, games and joking were not sporadic, tainted with bitterness and cruelty, or ugly with obscenity as he had always known them, but constant, warm and spontaneous, as if life were one long delight. Sometimes, as he had gathered even during his short sojourn among them, there was pain and privation to be borne, but he knew, though

> his knowledge became confusion when he tried to speak of it, that there these things were not a succession of brutal humiliations, but opportunities for endurance, tests of strength. He had seen death there, too, as he had seen it at the settlement—death by violence, for a breaker of the law. He had been present on the outskirts of the crowd, a solemn-eyed child of four, when Barrett was hanged, and his memory still thrust at him sometimes a picture of men, grey-faced with fear, their arms bound behind them, dragged to the tree like animals to slaughter. He did not know why his nerves shrank from this memory and not from the memory of a black man, also surrounded by implacable hostility, condemned but not humiliated, unfettered, his shield on his arm, defending his body with skill and courage from the spears of his executioners, falling at last as he might have fallen in battle. . . .

Mrs. Dark's comparisons are wholly just. All through her book, the question rises with increasing insistence: *Why* has Western man, with all his manifest talents, his intellectual power, his extraordinary skills, his indomitable drive, so degraded himself and his fellows? Great historical and psychological mysteries lie hidden in this question.

COMMENTARY
THE PSYCHOLOGICAL VOCABULARY

EVER since the impact of Freud, which became especially noticeable during the 1920's, the vocabulary of the serious thinker and writer has grown rapidly by the addition of psychological perspectives and terms. "Complex," "introvert" and "extrovert," "inferiority complex," and "neurotic" are some of the more familiar words acquired from psychoanalytical sources. The analysts and psychiatrists are making discoveries about the nature of man, and these are seized upon by essayists and novelists.

The fact that these discoveries are not new—not wholly new, at any rate as noted in this week's discussion of "Anxiety" (Frontiers), does not diminish their importance, but rather points to their fundamental character. The finding of meanings in ancient religious treatises which parallel the modern interpretation of anxiety is similar to Dr. Carl Jung's astonishing discovery that the symbols of medieval alchemy were closely related to the images he found emerging from the "unconscious" of his patients—images symbolic of their inner struggles.

We need to recognize, therefore, that our modern psychologists are actually penetrating some of the basic mysteries of man's psychic life. And, like all true discoverers, many of them are becoming men with missions—men with something to say, who insist upon being heard.

A word, however, as to their terms. Take "anxiety," for example. As the Frontiers article shows, this word seems to be acquiring a moral tone almost opposite to its former, non-professional significance. An anxious man, in years gone by, was a man who fretted, who refused to "cooperate with the inevitable," who wasted his emotional substance in useless fears. Now "anxiety" has acquired a more profound significance—or, at least, it is made to include the possibility of profound significance. Centuries ago, a writer would have used some other word than anxiety to convey this meaning—some word signifying the positive daring of the human soul, its willingness to accept uncertainty and risk. But this meaning now emerges in a culture which has no disciplined vocabulary for attitudes of "soul," so that terms for its description are borrowed from the skeptical credos of science, and the "negative" vocabulary of abnormal psychology.

It will be interesting to watch the evolution of a new vocabulary of positive psychological values—to see which of the ancient words are revived, which of the modern words gain new meanings, and which are discharged from duty altogether.

CHILDREN
. . . and Ourselves

DELINQUENTS IN THE MAKING contains a certain amount of thought-provoking material presented by Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck, who are, according to Harper & Brothers, the publishers, "generally acknowledged to be the foremost research team in criminological study today." (The book is simplified and condensed from *Unravelling Juvenile Delinquency*, a lengthy tome full of technical and statistical data.) The subjects studied were one thousand "boys ranging in age from eleven to seventeen":

> 500 delinquents and an equal number of non-delinquents were painstakingly selected and paired according to similarity of age, family background, general intelligence, and environment. The goal of this study was to determine what led half of this group toward a career of crime while their opposites were growing up to be law-abiding citizens.

A now familiar and always welcome theme occurs early in *Delinquents in the Making*—the argument that criminals, young or old, are mostly people a great deal like ourselves. In a chapter entitled, "Meet Frankie and Jimmy," the Gluecks give twelve pages of comparative study of two children, listing intelligence quotients, broken-home and alcoholism factors, income-bracket similarity, etc., without revealing which of the two is "delinquent." (A delinquent is defined as one who would be a habitual criminal if judged by adult standards.) In the "Frankie and Jimmy" comparison, the reader is impressed not only by what our best penologists, such as Wardens Duffy, Lawes, and Kenyon Scudder have told us—that there is often but a hair's line of difference between a "responsible" person and a criminal—but also by the many specific similarities of habit and temperament. The reader is frequently asked if he can guess which of the boys is the "good" one, which the "bad" one, and when the answer is finally disclosed it is evident being "right" in this selection could be little more than "luck."

We are particularly interested in the Gluecks' discussion of the vital role which the adventurous spirit may play in creating delinquent tendencies. While our routinized society leaves little opportunity for constructive adventuring, there is always the *desire* to penetrate into the unknown, to abandon the trodden highways of thought and deed, and this spirit has often led to new vitality for a community or a culture. We recall a science-fiction story which describes the birth of a beautiful civilization as men finally conquer their slavery to "the rabbit-warren existence of cities." When the people really *mastered* the machines they had invented, the cities were deserted except for the machinery which kept plugging away with minimal supervision. Men went back to a more natural, decentralized and agrarian mode of life, actually preferring to depend *less* on the machines at the very time when the latter had reached virtual perfection. Such a "dream society," obviously, would be more sparsely populated by juvenile delinquents, for the urge to adventurous living would have its scope in the out-of-doors, and the challenges of field and stream would once more return. Interestingly, the Gluecks discovered that a high proportion of juvenile delinquents were possessed of excellent bodily capacity, being "muscular" or "adventurous" physical types with vital energy in excess of the outlets available to them. The Gluecks conclude from such facts that the typical delinquent is also typically a valuable potential contributor to society. His thirst for adventure is an antidote to cultural and individual stagnation or apathy, and if this aptitude plus characteristic physical exuberance were better directed, our society might be stronger and more dynamic for the addition.

If we compare the Gluecks' discussion of the "agressiveness" and the "excessive thirst for adventure" of delinquents with a later discussion of their dislike of "supervised recreation," we can perhaps see just how badly we need some psychological equivalent of the decentralized society of the fiction writer's dream:

> There are three times as many delinquents as controls who are markedly aggressive. While this trait was found to exist in relatively small numbers, it is one that may well play an important role in the antisocial behavior of some of the delinquents.
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> Another tendency which, if not properly harnessed and canalized, not infrequently gets boys into conflict with the law is an excessive *thirst for adventure,* change, excitement, or risk. This is characteristic of a great many more delinquents than of boys who rarely get into trouble (55%: 18%). Obviously, if turned into harmless or socially constructive channels, this very adventuresomeness could be a desirable emotional mechanism. (Chap. XII.)
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> There is strong evidence that the delinquents disliked the confinement of playgrounds, supervised recreations, or attendance at clubs or other centers which they rarely joined of their own desire. Finally, they were more neglectful of church attendance than the nondelinquents.
>
> Here we have a series of behavior manifestations that unquestionably suggest that settlement houses, school community centers, church centers, boys' clubs, and other agencies must take into account the preferences of these adventure-thirsty boys who dislike intensive supervision and tend to turn to delinquency as a congenial way of life. There is obviously a crying social need for coping with this problem. (Chap. XVI.)

Our criticism of *Delinquents in the Making* begins with what seem various errors of omission. The passages quoted, for instance, are the only ones we could find which even implied the obvious neurotic conditions of modern society. Yet psychologists, with, we think, ample justification, have held neuroticism accountable for mental disorders of innumerable kinds. As Karen Horney has pointed out so effectively, the neurotic—and most delinquents are neurotic—is a true "stepchild of our culture," reflecting the cultural, religious and political contradictions and confusions of our age.

Another criticism: The Gluecks discuss delinquency as though it were largely a technical problem, enlarging matter-of-factly about a "system of prognosis" which they attempt to formulate. We must confess, then, to feeling a bit hostile to the rather mechanical approach suggested in the final chapter:

> The principle of prognostic instruments is simple. Just as insurance companies determine the amount of premium to charge in different classes of life insurance by correlating such factors as age, health, occupation, and the like with actual longevity of different classes of persons in thousands of cases, so it is feasible to predict with reasonable accuracy the chances that a child presenting certain traits and characteristics will be a delinquent or a nondelinquent.

Perhaps our dislike for this and similar passages arises only because we don't want to have our own child "gone over by the experts," being fearful of what the "prognostic" instruments might reveal! Yet, bias aside, it seems to us that even the intelligence-testing technique is questionable, at least in its effects upon the attitudes of teachers and children, and that when similar testing methods are applied to ferret out "delinquent propensities," *preoccupation with the possibilities of crime might actually increase.*

What we really need is more activities which are both adventurous and constructive, in which case the energy left for crime would be considerably reduced. With less crime, there might be less fear, and more understanding, of criminals—and when criminals are not feared and hated, their rehabilitation is eased a thousandfold.

FRONTIERS

The Function of "Anxiety"

THE usage of phrases and systems of terminology seems to pass through two stages. First, everyone delights in the use of new terms, perhaps in the hope that an enlarged vocabulary will somehow mean an enlarged understanding. Then, as psychological and philosophical problems can never be solved by anything so simple as a terminology, annoyance with the "new language" is likely to appear. Western culture seems somewhere in between these two reactions in respect to psychoanalytic and psychiatric terminology. Words such as "complex" and "neurosis" have become dulled by repetition, and at times they are also vaguely irritating.

This was once the way with words like "soul" and "immortality." Largely because of associated dogmas, these terms were regarded by the rebellious spirits of science as devices to make men dependent upon an outside power; and, the rebels declared, we must stop thinking about some foreign part of us (such as the "soul") which God is said to have created, and which He controls and will control even after death. But the words "soul" and "immortality" had another meaning. For Platonic philosophers they meant freedom and self-reliance, since the Platonic philosophers had a very different idea of "God." And so it is presently, we think, with some of the terms of modern psychology. Used according to a certain set of associations, they imply man to be weak and helpless, but another use of the same terms proclaims man's native strength and potential greatness.

It becomes useful, therefore, to look into Prof. Rollo May's *The Meaning of Anxiety* (Ronald Press, 1950), which explores a much neglected aspect of the "anxiety" concept. Prof. May finds that the story of man's enlightenment has been the story of tensions between conflicting standards, and, for the matter of that, the story of conflicting values within man's own nature. The great dramas of the past, May reminds us, had much to do with "anxiety," and the literature of the modern age (Auden, Wolfe, Camus, Kafka, and Hesse) reflects the same preoccupation, for *"anxiety" is not only a factor in neurotic development, but also a factor in the development of the character of the hero*. A quotation from Kierkegaard's *The Concept of Dread* establishes this for Prof. May:

> I would say that learning to know anxiety is an adventure which every man has to affront if he would not go to perdition either by not having known anxiety or by sinking under it. He therefore who has learned rightly to be anxious has learned the most important thing.

Here is an approach which makes some of the obscurities of Eastern scriptures more intelligible. Westerners, for instance, have often wondered why *The Bhagavad-Gita* should be considered a *religious* text, when it deals with fratricidal warfare in which the disciple is urged by conscience to volunteer. The reason, clearly, is not because literal warfare was held in higher esteem by the Hindus than by Westerners! It is rather, according to May's analysis, that advance *into* life is always superior to retreat *from* life. However, in his enthusiasm for this positive meaning he finds in "anxiety," Prof. May neglects to say that anxiety may and should be conquered. This conquering comes through assertion of will, which is also acceptance of difficult struggle. A certain sensitivity to pain, in other words, a certain tautness of the psychic bow, is a stage in self-development. The calmness, the peace, and "equal-mindedness" of the *Gita* come *afterward.*

Kierkegaard, we suspect, is doubtful that man can ever know anything *but* anxiety, and the close alliance of this view with a morbid emphasis on man's weakness and sinfulness should raise a few of our mental hackles. May, too, seems often to forget the need for *winning* the battle against "anxiety." The distinctive value of May's book, it seems to us, is in his evidence for the view that anxiety is *functional.* He states:

> . . . the capacity to experience a gap between expectations and reality, and, with it, the capacity to bring one's expectations into reality, are the characteristics of all creative endeavor. Our discussion now comes full circle: we see that man's creative abilities and his susceptibility to anxiety are two sides of the same capacity. . . . But there is a radical distinction between the neurotic and the healthy manifestations of this capacity. In neurotic anxiety, the cleavage between expectations and reality is in the form of a *contradiction*; expectation and reality cannot be brought together, and since nobody can bear a constant experience of such cleavage, the individual engages in a neurotic distortion of reality.

May shows how we may regard all *growth* as dependent upon "anxiety," in the same sense that all growth is dependent upon freedom or "possibility." Placidity, for instance, does not lead the child to realms of new learning. He must dare the mysterious and the prodigious:

> We can understand Kierkegaard's ideas on the relation between guilt and anxiety only by emphasizing that he is always speaking of anxiety in its relation to creativity. Because it is possible to create—creating one's self, willing to be one's self, as well as creating in all the innumerable daily activities (and these are two phases of the same process)—one has anxiety. One would have no anxiety if there were no possibility whatever. Now creating, actualizing one's possibilities, always involves negative as well as positive aspects. It always involves destroying the status quo, destroying old patterns within oneself, progressively destroying what one has clung to from childhood on, and creating new and original forms and ways of living.

This recalls to mind an article in an Indian publication, *The Aryan Path* (February, 1952). This essay by an Englishman turned Buddhist monk explains why Buddhism begins, psychologically, with the fact of suffering and pain, and why this is, for our present humanity, the point of attack for philosophical investigation. Freud, for example, has said in his *General Introduction to Psychoanalysis*: "One thing is certain, that the problem of anxiety is a nodal point, linking up all kinds of most important questions; a riddle, of which the solution must cast a flood of light upon our whole mental life."

"Where Buddhism Begins and Why it Begins There," the *Aryan Path* article, also throws light on Freud's interest in Buddhist psychological treatises, and helps to explain why others, such as Erich Fromm and Joseph Campbell, devote considerable attention to Buddhist teachings. As the *Aryan Path* article puts it:

> Although philosophers may themselves be unaware of the fact, all philosophizing begins with the experience of pain, even though philosophical systems may not do so. Buddhism solves the problem of where philosophical exposition is to begin by identifying the psychological starting-point of philosophical activity itself with the logical starting-point of philosophical exposition. Philosophy and religion must begin with pain because that is where philosophizing begins. In fact, it is where all the most important activities of life begin.
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> There was never any flower of human achievement but some great sorrow lay at its root. The discovery of this fact, so fearfully obvious yet so flagrantly ignored, together with the recognition of all the momentous consequences which stem therefrom, was a stroke of philosophical genius of the first magnitude, and one which could certainly never have been achieved save by cognition of an altogether supernormal kind, it being the first work of nothing less than Enlightenment Itself to proclaim to the world the Noble Truth of the Universality of Suffering. . . .
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> Suffering is important not for its own sake, but only because it is a sign that we are not living as we ought to live. Buddhism does not encourage morbid obsession with suffering as though it were the be-all and end-all of existence. What we really have to get rid of is not suffering but the imperfection which suffering warns us is there, and in the course of getting rid of imperfection and attaining perfection we may have to accept, paradoxically enough, the experience of suffering as indispensable to the achievement of final success.

To readers of the recent volume, *Lincoln and His Generals*, by T. H. Williams, some interesting correlations may occur. *Nothing* can be written about Lincoln without showing the role which "suffering" and "anxiety" played in his life. One reviewer, for instance, refers to the Civil War president's trials as "a burden in loneliness and doubt." Has any great man not "borne burdens of

loneliness and doubt," and can capacity for happiness exist in greater degree than capacity for pain?

From one point of view, the desire to "eliminate" anxiety amounts to wanting to evade the challenge of growth and of learning. To wish to *escape* from anxiety itself, in fact, can induce the worst anxiety-result of all—that of hostility towards those who apparently impede our escape, whereas if we place the problem of anxiety on the philosophical level we may see that *advance* in life rather than *protection* from life should be regarded as the goal of man. As Prof. May puts it:

> A person is subjectively prepared to confront unavoidable anxiety constructively when he is convinced (consciously or unconsciously) that the values to be gained in moving ahead are greater than those to be gained by escape. We have pointed out in earlier parts of this study that anxiety arises when the values the individuality identifies with his existence are threatened. The converse of this statement may now be made: the individual confronts anxiety-creating experiences and moves ahead without succumbing to them because the values he identifies with his existence are stronger than the threat.