

JUSTICE TO MARX?

A READER raises a problem which can hardly be solved, although there should be a value in trying to see *why* it cannot be solved. The problem turns on the role in history of Karl Marx. The issue concerns the extent to which Marx should be held accountable for the things done in his name. The MANAS review of Robert L. Heilbroner's *The Future as History* (Oct. 5) precipitated the following comment from our reader:

I have somehow got the feeling that contributors to MANAS are determined that Marx was invariably mistaken, or misguided, and should under no circumstances be allowed to "get away" with any credit. If an author quotes Marx favorably, a MANAS writer diligently seeks for a fly in the Marxian ointment, and sometimes finds more flies than ointment.

So, Dr. Heilbroner first notes the "importance" of Marx and his "vision" of the future trend of events, and then, supported by an intervening sentence of the reviewer's, shoots off into a development which contradicts Marx, but which, we are left to assume, is a natural consequence of Marx's failure. That, boiled down, is what it amounts to. It is the same old story; everything called "socialism" or "communism" as associated with Russia is "Marxist," especially if it seems undesirable to the "free" peoples of Europe and the U.S.A. Yet the facts are as available to MANAS or Heilbroner as they are to me and to the public at large; all that is necessary is a little genuine research by free minds, ready to accept the facts regardless of their pleasantness or otherwise.

Lenin was a Jacobin; he boasted of it. The Russian revolution was a bourgeois revolution without the bourgeoisie, Lenin stated this himself, and Trotsky endorsed it; so did Zinoviev. The "dictatorship of the proletariat," such as it was, did not last even months, and as soon as Lenin and the Bolshevik Party got control, the slogan was changed—on Lenin's orders—from "All power to the Soviets" to "All power to the Communist Party." And it has remained so ever since. The "Stalinist" purges were started by Lenin, not by Stalin as a "new" policy.

Neither Lenin nor Trotsky was a genuine Marxist; they used the terminology just as the Church used the Scriptures to justify the Inquisition; the "Leninist Institute" took its cue from Lenin himself and "edited" Marx to suit the policy. There is no Marxism in Russia; there has not been. There is no socialism in Russia, nor has there been. It is State capitalism, or, if you like, bureaucratic collectivism. And yet, with the history freely available, and Lenin's own writings common property on the open market (Trotsky's also), there is still a determined effort to throw all blame upon Marx, in spite of the obvious fact that his teachings have been and are being flouted daily. Whether people accept Marx, or like his doctrines, is secondary in this connection, the least that is due being that those who condemn or spurn Marx shall first know and understand *what* they condemn or spurn; this, surely, is mere decency.

So I vigorously object, not to your opinions of Marx, but to the continual attributing to Marx and Marxism of things, events, and policies that are *not* Marx or Marxism, and are often exactly opposed.

It was G. K. Chesterton, as we recall, who said: "Christianity has not been tried and found wanting; it has never been tried." This reader has a similar view of Karl Marx. There are several possibilities in this connection. It is possible, for example, that our reader is right in implying that had Marx been able to have his way in the Russian Revolution, instead of Lenin, things would have gone differently. But we don't see how anyone can be sure of what Marx would have done, in such a position, faced by the exigencies of a practical revolutionary situation. On the other hand, there is probably no doubt but that our reader is right in saying that Lenin and Trotsky departed from Marx's teachings. Another possibility is that there were gaps or defects in Marx's revolutionary theory, obliging far-reaching improvisations by anyone attempting to put his ideas into effect. Again, we don't see how this question can be settled at all. So there are at least two questions which cannot be settled, both of

them bearing on the issue of Marx's responsibility for the course of the Russian revolution and what happened after. Our correspondent, again, is probably right in insisting that it is unjust to blame Marx for all the evils or presumed evils in Communist political practice.

But since these questions cannot be laid to rest, it may be of interest to examine into Marx's *intentions*, as giving evidence of his moral attitude. Our correspondent seems principally concerned with defending Marx as a revolutionary and a human being. This makes Marx's vision of the future of particular importance.

Fortunately, Dwight Macdonald has put together in a few paragraphs what seem extremely pertinent quotations from Marx on the question of his purposes. While quotations may be no substitute for the direct research advocated by our correspondent, these passages should be helpful at the outset. In the section, "The Question of Marxism," in his book, *The Root Is Man* (Cunningham Press, Alhambra, Calif., 1953), Macdonald writes:

Marxism is the most profound expression of what has been the dominant theme in Western culture since the 18th century: the belief that the advance of science, with the resulting increase of man's mastery over nature, is the climax of a historical pattern of Progress. If we have come to question this pattern, before we can find any *new* roads, we must first reject the magnificent system which Marx elaborated on its basis. A break with the whole cultural tradition is involved, and Marxism looms up as the last and greatest systematic defense of that tradition. We who reject Marxism are indebted to Marx for the very fact that the boldness and intellectual grandeur of his work make it possible for us to formulate more clearly our own position in the process of distinguishing it from his; this is the service which any great thinker renders to his critics. I know of no better way to come to the heart of our modern dilemma than by showing the defects of the Marxian solution.

Marxism is not simply, or even primarily, an interpretation of history. It is a guide to political action. The worst fate that can befall a philosophy of action is for it to become ambiguous. This is what happened to Marxism. Its ambiguity stems from the

fact that Marx's ethical aims have not been realized—quite the contrary!—while the historical process by which he thought they would be realized has to a large extent worked out as he predicted it would. It is possible to reach opposite conclusions, on the basis of Marxism, about Soviet Russia, depending upon whether one emphasizes Marx's ethical values or his idea of the historical process. Since Marx himself made the process significant rather than the values, the Stalinists would seem to have a somewhat better claim to be the "real" Marxists than their more ethically minded opponents. But the point is not which is "really" the Marxist view; the point is that each view may be maintained, on the basis of Marx's thought, with a good deal of reason. There is an ambiguity here, fatal to a philosophy conceived as a basis for action, which was not apparent during Marx's lifetime, when history seemed to be going his way, but which is all too clear now that history is going contrary to socialist values.

Marx's vision of a good society was essentially the same as that of the anarchists, the Utopian socialists, and the great 18th-century liberals—also as that of those today whom I call "Radicals." The same theme runs through his writings from beginning to end. The *Communist Manifesto* (1848): "an association in which the free development of each is the condition for the free development of all." *Capital*, Vol. I (1867): "a society in which the full and free development of every individual becomes the ruling principle . . . production by freely associated men." The *Critique of the Gotha Program* (1875) gives us the most explicit and famous formulation:

"In a higher phase of communist society, after the enslaving-subordination of individuals under division of labor, and therewith also the antithesis between mental and physical labor, has vanished; after labor, from a means of life, has become the prime necessity of life; after the productive forces have also increased with the all-round development of the individual, and all the springs of cooperative wealth flow more abundantly—only then can the narrow horizon of bourgeois right be fully left behind and society inscribe on its banners: from each according to his ability, to each according to his needs."

The political seal of this future society would be the elimination of all forms of coercion, i.e., the withering away of the State. Some critics of Marx, in particular certain anarchists whose sectarian intemperance matches that of certain Marxists, make him an ideological apologist for the State. There is

indeed a potential towards Statism in Marx, but it lies not in Marx's values, but . . . in his "historical" method of thinking about those values. From the splendid polemic against Hegel's *Philosophy of Law* in 1844 to the Gotha Critique thirty years later, Marx consistently criticised Statism from the standpoint of human liberation. As a moralist Marx viewed the individual as the End and society as the Means.

Our correspondent, we suspect, will not be especially pleased by what Macdonald has to say about Marx, whether in criticism or praise, but then we are not really sure of what he objected to in our review of the Heilbroner book. Dr. Heilbroner points out that Marx believed "history" to be on the side of the Communist revolution; and then he says that "the very object lesson of Russia . . . has given the *coup de grace* to the optimism of the rest of Europe." Perhaps our reader is of the view that, had it not been for Lenin and Trotsky, followed by Stalin, Marx's faith in the law of progress might have been vindicated. But if these three could torpedo the law of progress, it was not much of a law. As we understand it, dialectical materialism is concerned with an impersonal explanation of historical processes, so that both Dr. Heilbroner and our correspondent can be quite right without contradicting one another. Heilbroner did not, at any rate, single out Lenin and argue that he was executing the commands of Marx, thereby condemning Marx for Leninism and Stalinism.

Heilbroner's point, it seems to us, was rather directed at the Marxian metaphysic of Progress. Macdonald also writes on this aspect of Marx's theories:

The belief in Progress is central to Marx's thought, although his more sophisticated followers today, for understandable reasons, say as little as possible about it. . . . The process on which Marx banked so heavily is being brought about from the top, not the bottom, and is directed toward nationalism and war. The result is not the liberation of the masses but their even more complete enslavement, not the coming of the Kingdom of Freedom but the creation of an even more crushing Kingdom of Necessity. The external process is

working out, but the inner spirit is the reverse of what Marx expected.

Macdonald now turns to the judgment which seems about the only important one to make:

The weakness of Marxism seems to be precisely its most distinctive contribution to socialist thinking: the expectation that external, materialistic factors (such as changes in class and property relationships) will bring about certain desired results with "iron necessity." Ends, values, cannot be safely treated only as functions of materialistic factors but must be defined and communicated in their own terms. Even that concept of change, the essence of his dialectical method, which Marx thought was intrinsically progressive, has become ambiguous. One is attracted to his "critical and revolutionary" spirit which "lets nothing impose on it"—and yet one cannot but recall that the Nazis were revolutionaries in their own way, who considered nothing sacrosanct, who let nothing impose on them, and whose only principle was a willingness to change anything at any time. This problem of how one roots one's values . . . seems to me to be the heart of "the question of Marxism."

In the terms of this paragraph, we see that criticism of Marx, or Marxism, is hardly "personal," but is rather criticism of an age. What Macdonald says of the stature of Marx may certainly stand as a tribute to one of the most powerful intellects that age produced. Perhaps there was more indignation and anger at injustice than love in Marx; we do not know; he was certainly a prophet for the materialists, and perhaps a better one than they, on the whole, deserved.

But whatever opinions we finally form on these questions, one thing ought not to be overlooked. The revolutionary movement of the nineteenth century, which so changed the face of the twentieth, offered a channel for the expression of human solidarity and the hope of justice that captured the imagination of countless men. If the movement went sour, this is no reason to ignore the need for such a channel. If this need continues to be ignored, worse things than Communism might happen to the world.

REVIEW

TWO EMPTY SHRINES

A TOO-EAGER nose for "trends" is probably a weakness of this Department, but readers may be tolerant if there is an occasional admission of the fault. The present temptation we indulge is to find evidence of a recrudescence—recrudescence rather than renaissance—of mystical religion. Two books, both novels, are the bearers of the "trend," which are identified in this way because of the temper of the writers in approaching their subject, rather than because of the subject itself.

The subject is "religious experience." The books are William E. Barrett's *The Empty Shrine* (Doubleday, 1958, and Cardinal) and Cecil Hemley's *The Experience* (Horizon, 1960). It would be difficult to find two books more unlike, save for a technical resemblance in content. Yet we suspect a common motive in the authors. Both are modest, cautious explorations of the Unknown. Neither is unfaithful to the prevailing sense of human possibility in the present—which means that both have a kind of wondering honesty about them. There is no religious propaganda in them, nor any anti-religious propaganda. Both are perceptive novels about human beings who live in the present.

The Empty Shrine confronts a worldly-wise journalist whose cherished wife died at Lourdes (no miracle) with a young Catholic girl who in childhood had "seen" an appearance of a "white lady" (whom a neurotic neighbor declared to be the Virgin Mary). The journalist came to scoff (he had in process a book exposing all miracles, especially the advertised ones), but remained, not to pray, but to muse and to question mostly himself.

The Experience concerns the almost consciously shallow lives of sophisticated New Yorkers (this book recalls somewhat Warren Miller's *The Way We Live Now*) and what happens to one of them when he has, or thinks he has, some kind of religious experience. The narrator is

a forty-year-old attorney, a moderately successful man who is puzzled, frustrated, and finally moved by the "experience" of his partner. The difficulty with this book is the lack of dignity in the characters. They don't seem to respect anything except their own sophistication, and they don't think much of that, either. Yet, being human, they have wondering moments and despairing longings. They are "saved," you could say, by the compassion of the author. You don't ever find out what the "experience" was, for which you are grateful, since it is plainly meant to be symbolic. What is important is the behavior of the people who are touched by it. The closing paragraphs give the mood of the book:

"My former partner," I will explain to those who ask concerning the picture on my office wall.

"Oh, you had a partner," the individual will answer. "I didn't know."

It will not take long for George to be forgotten. I shall have a partner no longer. This is a commonplace. But how many men have been partners with a saint? It is a curious destiny. One that makes you think. The Roman centurions who knew Paul as Saul of Tarsus must have felt as I do. No doubt when Paul was introduced into the conversation, they too were embarrassed. "Yes, the fellow had a vision on the road and he ceased being employable."

But I will not go even that far. "My former partner," I shall say, and change the subject. Most of my clients will respect my reticence; most of them will doubtless assume that he is dead. But for me he will be alive. I will think of him in a log cabin near the ocean meditating on Being and Non-Being. So, at least, I imagine his regimen. Each morning he will rise from peaceful sleep to salute the great golden orb that rises in the east. He will wash himself in the surf and then be ready for his daily routine. I do not wish to be vulgar about it, but what is the business of a saint? Why is it significant that George live in the wilderness? But then, why is it important that I live here? The point is I have not had an experience, and so as always I return to the same question, and as ever I remain without an answer. Oh my saint, my Saint Chameleon, what will the western sunsets say?

About at this point might come a scornful note to the effect that George's "experience," on

the evidence supplied, could have hardly been a *true* religious experience. But this book is not a critical study of religious experience; it is a portrait of the somewhat barren milieu in which some kind of psychic disturbance overtook a complacent, rich attorney, which he found reason to identify as religious. Who knows enough, the author asks, to be *sure* about what happened to him? At any rate, we learn how the rich attorney behaved, although we never get inside of him at all. The book is both behavioristic and existential in method. Its truth is in clues, not in readings from any gospel. Behind it all is the feeling that, now, today, such people, with their affluent, aimless lives, are likely to turn in this direction. The bars are down. We are not sure of anything—belief or unbelief—and so are also ill-equipped to shout out judgments.

And this, finally, is the conclusion of Mr. Barrett's once eagerly agnostic reporter who visits the island in the mouth of the St. Lawrence where lives the girl, now grown, who "saw" the Virgin Mary. *The Empty Shrine* becomes good reading by gentle insinuation of its depth. Mr. Barrett provides a richly detailed picture of life on the island, and of its deeply rooted Catholic culture. The profound piety of the people and their wholly unquestioned beliefs do not offend even the free-thinking opponent of sacerdotal religion, probably because they are untouched by the passage of recent centuries and live by an almost medieval adaptation to the raw realities of earth and sea.

The reader soon gains an affection for these people. It is as though they belong to another planet, or at least in another age. They are intensely human, with their full allotment of imperfections. What gives pleasure to the reader is their wonderful immunity to the distempers of the present. The old priest who watches over his small flock on the island is a compassionate but urbane man with a profound knowledge of human nature. His role is more that of a sage than a priest, although he gives no impression of being a gentle "heretic." The only heretic on the island is

Louis-Charles Rivaud, father of the girl who had the "experience." While there is no particular sympathy between him and the priest, the two men respect each other, doing their best to shield the child from exploitation by miracle-mongers. The reporter comes to the island when Valérie, Rivaud's daughter, is a beautiful young woman. He does not explain his purpose, which is to "expose" her vision, but says he is writing a book, and that life on the island provides a suitable isolation. The story develops around the fact that he falls in love with Valérie. At one point, she discusses him with her father:

"What do you think of the American now?" she said.

"A good man, but young. There is a tragedy in him somewhere that has derailed him. I can feel another man inside of him. Can you?"

"Yes, that is true."

Valérie had not put words to her own impressions, but she nodded quickly, recognizing in her father's summation an unvoiced thought of her own. Her mind moved into that thought. The idea of another man within the man she knew was intriguing.

"It is not easy for him here," her father said. "He is a writer of big affairs, which are often ridiculous. In those affairs a farmer is a statistic. This young man has met his statistic *vis à vis* and he does not recognize him."

Valérie waited. Her father liked to discuss people and theorize about them. . . .

"The Catholic Church is an abstraction to him," Louis-Charles said. "He has regarded it as something that the people had before they had science, something that bears the same relation to his world of affairs as does the privy to modern plumbing."

"That is a crude comparison."

"It is exact. He is crudely civilized. Suddenly the Catholic Church is all around him. It unnerves him."

"He did not seem unnerved to me."

"Nevertheless, he is. He has a purpose on the island. I do not know it, nor care. It is his concern. He cannot accomplish it. He understands facts and

does not comprehend the truth behind facts. That limits him."

Louis-Charles Rivaud was suddenly drowsy, as he so often was with his evening drink. "This American conceives truth to be a liquid," he said sleepily, "which one pours into the jug of the mind. His mind is a good jug, but truth will not take the shape of his container because it has a form of its own." He blinked and nodded, then opened his eyes wide. "On the other hand," he said, "I like this American. He is honest—I respect his mind."

The months he spends on the island do not win the reporter, Keller Barkley, to religion. He is not "converted," or anything like that. He does learn, however, that there are depths in people and in life that his glib agnosticism can neither account for nor even perceive. He measures his own manhood against that of the islanders and does not come away proud. At the end, he has his own sort of "experience," not religious, yet which opens his eyes to a wider view. He burns the manuscript of his book, having found its flaw, and leaves the island much richer than he came. His encounter with the islanders at least broke up his own stereotypes, and while he could not adopt theirs, he did become more free in mind, which was best of all.

What these books together reveal is the abandonment of fixed preconceptions on the part of the authors. One, *The Empty Shrine*, is a carefully written novel, traditional in form, with many excellences and delights for the reader. The other, *The Experience*, has a slightly "beat" mood and a noticeable indifference to detail and scenic effects. It is a less "substantial" work, lacking the warmth of Mr. Barrett, and yet it is probably as faithful in its way to its characters and their somewhat bleak lives as is the other novel. The lack of the development of the character of "George" is no doubt intentional—who, after all, knows about these things, and how can such mysteries be explained? To a large extent, the people around us are façades going through the motions of life—façades to themselves as well as to others. Mr. Hemley feels the pathos of this situation and gets it into his book. The

"experience" is a little man's attempt to break out of his trap. It does not seem to amount to much . . . and yet, and yet. . . .

COMMENTARY

THE ONE POLITICAL VIRTUE

CARL EWALD will undoubtedly capture the attention and affection of readers this time we reprint him (see "Children"), just as he did more than eleven years ago, when we offered extracts from his *My Little Boy*. What is it about this man which so fascinates and engrosses? Obviously, it is his acute perception of *value*. His musing honesty goes straight to the heart.

This issue of MANAS presents an odd juxtaposition of contents. What could be more remote from the controversies of politics than Ewald's delighting remembrances, or the probings of the novelists considered in Review? Meanwhile our lead article affords brief review of a phase of political philosophy. Who, after reading Ewald, could fail to wonder why there is so much bother about politics, when the essences of life, so clear to the Danish writer, are wholly untouched by the political approach.

But revolution and political reform, comes the rejoinder, are necessary if all men are to have opportunity to enjoy perceptions of the sort in which Ewald revels. Perhaps so. Or certainly so. Yet when men imagine that politics has any way of guaranteeing the quality of human life, they fall into a delusion far worse than the apathy of the politically indifferent. For the politically indifferent person offends only by a mild passivity, while the aggressive campaigner for a political Utopia, who promises a fundamental change in the quality of life from a change in political relationships, is falsifying the nature of both politics and life.

Politics can do nothing for people who do not care about justice. One can easily understand why Plato proposed that a special caste of men, to be known as the Guardians, be entrusted with all political responsibility in his *Republic*. Yet it would not really work, of course. Plato's plan would not, as we say, be "democratic."

But that was beside the point, for Plato. He was, we think, calling attention to the spirit in which men ought to undertake the political function. In a democracy, all men are guardians, so that in one sense his argument holds good. We believe this argument rhetorically, but we do not believe it actually. We do not believe that a high quality of life is necessary to the proper function of self-government. We believe, instead, in the Miracle of the System. Having the Best System in the World, we are bound to have the Best and Most Democratic Government in the World, and be—as a result, of course, and not from our quality as human beings—the Best People in the World.

Look at the magnificent objectives claimed by Marx as the historical consequences-to-be of the Communist Revolution. The perfect system was to produce "a society in which the full and free development of every individual becomes the ruling principle." And so on. Who could quarrel with these high-flung ideals? But, as Macdonald notes, "The process on which Marx banked so heavily is being brought about from the top, not the bottom, and is directed toward nationalism and war."

But *our* system, someone will say, makes for freedom. It is not run "from the top," but from somewhere in the middle. Look at the recent election in the United States. The people did what was for many the unexpected. *They* decided to have a change.

Well, they did decide for a change, and we shall see, in the years to come, how much of a change they got.

But, again, this is not really our point. We are not belittling the political system of the United States but arguing against its ruination. That ruin will come, if Americans persist in supposing that a political system can determine the quality of the people, and not the other way around. Through an almost unfortunate prosperity, Americans have embraced the belief that the acquisition of private property is an ingredient of political virtue. But

there is only one true political virtue—and that is Justice. The acquisition of property may proceed justly or it may proceed unjustly. Of itself, acquisition—or, as we name it, "Free Enterprise"—can sanctify no political system. To argue persuasively that it can is to blunt the moral perceptions of an entire nation of people.

Free enterprise seems to be on the side of political freedom for the reason that coerced behavior is never free, while voluntary actions *may* be the seed of freedom.

But to mistake the right to private acquisition and private economic power for the moral qualities which make for freedom and justice in a political society is to create a delusion that must in the end destroy free enterprise, since a deceived population will eventually turn into an angry and then a rebellious population. You cannot forever dull the moral instincts of human beings with this plausible materialism. Eventually, they will revolt.

One delusion is not much better than another. Macdonald's criticism of Marxism—"Ends, values, cannot be safely treated only as functions of materialistic factors but must be defined and communicated in their own terms"—is a criticism which has application to us, also.

CHILDREN ... and Ourselves MY BIG GIRL

[Readers of long standing may recall a series of extracts from Carl Ewald's book *My Little Boy*, reprinted here in translation from the Danish by permission of the publishers of *The Woollcott Reader* (MANAS II, Nos. 5, 6, 7, 38). We now have some hitherto untranslated material by Ewald, put into English by Beth Bolling, of Philadelphia, and printed here with the permission of the author's son in Denmark. Several sequences taken from this book, *My Big Girl*, seem especially in harmony with the scope of "Children . . . and Ourselves." In the following, Ewald speaks as an older man, conscious of the ebb of his life, and increasingly sensible of the transitions in the focus of his awareness.]

OF COURSE, she was born to us many years ago. She said amusing things when she was little. As her legs have grown longer, so have her dresses, and so on, and so on.

That isn't what I want to tell you. That a man begets children, and that they grow up and get along, that is all quite common. In a way it really doesn't concern him, even if he does have to smoke cheaper cigars. But for me something wondrous has happened. There have been several women in my life, as in the life of every man who has lived. My big girl is one of them. I became conscious of her one day which I shall never forget. She was in my study and all of a sudden, I *saw* her. She gave me life and happiness just at the time when the wellsprings of my life as a man threatened to dry up. But first I must tell you of that day. . . .

I am hanging up my hat and coat to sit down at my usual window in the café. In the street the traffic passes back and forth. It is the army of the business people who are invading the city. There is an interim of an hour, then, before it starts all over again. Every morning I look at this scene from the window, while I wait for my coffee and my newspapers. For many years this has been the gateway to my day, however else it has shaped up.

Today it is all different. I feel it but do not know why. There is a haze surrounding my thoughts, and those down in the street walk in that haze. I think: why are they walking down there? I wonder why I am sitting here. The gateway to my day is closed. A vague, indeterminate sense of unease rises in me.

I take the train and then walk, far and for a long time.: It is autumn—good weather for walking. Nor am I without aim.

I walk to a place I know where I have had good times and bad times, a place which is a piece of myself, and where I am myself and alone with myself. Quickly I stride through the woods, going faster the nearer I come to this beloved place. The dead leaves rustle around my feet, the dying ones dancing silently in the air wherever I look.

It is a good thing that my place is far away from my everyday trek. Walking in the fresh air quiets me down inside. There is so much I must get away from before I can come face to face with what has happened to me. Purely superficial thoughts and events—little things which get blown up and get in the way of the main issue—people who mean nothing to me, but still hook into me and bore me with their talk. It seems as though they are on my trail and persecute me. I walk faster and sense how they give me up, little by little. Now there is nothing but the rustling of the leaves around my feet and their silent dance through the air. At last I am at my destination.

I am alone.

I suck in the smoke from my cigar, I blow it out and watch until it dissipates in the air. I wonder what time it is and forget to find out. I laugh out loud at the doctor who has warned me against smoking. No philosophy, no religion affects the soul in nearly as mellowing and maturing a way as does tobacco. It is a complete riddle to me how people who don't smoke get along through the stress and strain of life.

But not for long do I sit there smiling to myself. There is something oddly insistent and penetrating in the wind around my feet. What has happened to me is that I have grown old. I sit there, reminiscing, among the falling leaves. And what is worse: I understand.

I rise and walk among the falling leaves. I sense how old and bitter I've become. I feel ashamed and cannot get rid of my feeling.

It is evening and dark in the woods. It's not pleasant any more. The leaves are still falling; they seem to whisper through the silence and give me the feeling of being surrounded by ghosts. The darkness seems inhabited. A deer leaps through the rustling leaves. Another sticks his head out as if to ask me with eyes full of wonder if I am not human and if I am not going home.

Certainly I am human. And I *am* going home. I don't leap through the woods, free as a deer impelled by its instincts. My happiness does not depend upon food and mate alone. I am rather more complicated. If the threads in my fabric are broken I cannot fall back on Nature and become a good animal again. I must repent, patch up, and go on the best I can. I find out where I am and walk toward the station. I could walk to the end of the world tonight. Then I stand still to listen.

High up in the air I hear a rush of life and movement as if from an echo of a violent storm far away. The birds are starting to go south. I can't see them, but the sound tells me the whole story. There is so much unease and anxiety in them, so much power. If I were to travel—I bang my cane hard into the ground and walk on. Where would I go?

Well—if I were a gambler—a soldier of fortune who could take hire wherever the fight beckons. But I am a homespun Dane—and desperately so. And I am old. To travel one must be young and free and have large eyes. One must believe about every place one sees that *this* is the place, about every girl that this is *Her*. . . .

I am in town again. On my way home I pass by the union building. The light is on in the meeting hall; the sound of voices and applause reaches the street. I remember that there is a meeting tonight. I have in my pocket an urgent note to come and support the board of directors. It is important to prevent the impatient young elements from a domination which could become fateful to the development of the organization at this time, when everything depends on a cool-headed attitude.

That is the way it goes. I don't know why I go in. But I do. Soon after, I stand inside the door of the hall where I have spent so many lively hours. The hall is filled to the breaking point. The battle is on and emotions are running high. The man on the speaker's platform is waging a mighty battle for moderation. I look at him and listen, as I have done so many times before. He is a handsome and immaculate eel. All his life he has done what he does now—wiggled his way from yesterday's standpoint toward today's standpoint, without compromising the standpoint of tomorrow.

Only rarely does he look toward the younger people over on the left of the hall; and consistently he interrupts whatever comes from over there. With them he is done for. He speaks to the older people who mostly are sitting down. He is their man. He is telling them what they ought to do and why. They understand him and reward him with their generous applause. There they sit—my comrades from old times. I can name almost all of them, as well as their deeds. More or less grey, bald, pot-bellied, representative. They are all there. They sit with a dinner smile on their faces and peer inquisitively and indignantly at the younger elements, who have not eaten too much and thus are more noisy.

It is exactly the same scene as thirty years ago. Then we stood over on the left, scornful and protesting. And a different group of pot-bellied conservatives sat in the front rows. Quietly I leave the place. There is one small lit candle in my

grey day. I could be worse off. If I *am* finished and done for, at least no one will find me among the potbellied who put out the candles.

I have as fine living quarters as a man could have. My house lies peacefully and alone, hidden away under large, dark linden trees. Morning and night the factory whistles sound off around me, lest I forget where life is lived and how. My neighbors are people for whom politics always means bread, circuses, and often brandy. The sun shines on the roses in my garden. Many a quiet night the silence is pierced by some brawl from Skid Row. And the birds sing every morning outside my window. Yes—a home for the ageing—built in the midst of the new time which waits impatiently to tear it down, to build a new factory or military camp in its place.

I feel an odd, sad longing to get home as fast as possible. All of a sudden there is nothing more important in the whole world and I rush through the empty streets.

They are asleep at home now. But the lamp is lit in my study, as always wherever I am in the world—or there would be no light where I was. There is a fire in the stove, too, and the window is open. The leaves from the linden tree float through the open window and arrange themselves on the floor. Those leaves—the master's leaves, they are called in our house. I dismissed a maid once, because I was unable to teach her to leave those leaves alone. I wonder how many there are tonight. I noticed this morning how thin the crown of that tree looked. Soon there will be no more leaves falling.

Now I am close and stand there looking at the house. I know each and every muffled sound in this old place. I know what's behind this window, and that one. It is as if I can hear them sleep in there—those who are so close to me—see their dreams through this silent night. Many an evening I came home and sat under this roof with my family, or alone in my beautiful, quiet study and looked at the linden leaves as they descended

on the floor and made the room twice as beautiful and twice as quiet.

Tonight I am tired as never before. Still, I feel as though I have no right to rest here in my own world, where nobody knows, as yet, that the man who is now returning is other than the one who left this morning. I do not even know how I shall wake up from this night—how I shall fall asleep during coming evenings. Cautiously I put the key into the lock so as not to wake anybody up. I hang up my coat, put out the light in the hall. The three steps up to the door of my study are like a mountain climb. I open the door and close it again behind me.

In the easy chair by the open window sits my big girl. She is asleep. Her hair hangs down over her shoulders for the night. A linden leaf clings to it and moves quietly up and down in the draft. She looks so small as she crouches in the big chair. She probably is cold. Now a leaf descends on her hand—she doesn't move. She has something to talk with me about; she wanted to wait for me; then she fell asleep. I step toward her to awaken her—then I stop abruptly, as Saul on the road to Damascus. I don't know right away what it is, but I stare and stare. I have a hard time suppressing a yell, and now I don't want to wake her up—not for anything in the world. A terrible fear hits me. Perhaps she is dead. I bend over her, want to touch her. She is breathing soundly and easily. She smiles in her dreams.

Then I sit down as quietly and as close to her as I can. I look at her as if I had never seen her before. As suddenly as it came, the heavy mood of the day has been lifted from my soul. My head swims and I feel bewildered. My thoughts tumble over each other. Everything seems different all of a sudden. I want desperately to be alone for awhile.

Here is the life which I thought had waned and was slipping away from me, the new life which I had felt I was going to view from the bench in the park. It is right here—begotten by me and delivered into my own hands. Here is the

task which is mine—not a neat and safe little routine task, but a joyful, happy piece of work worthy of a man, needing a man for its discharge.

I look at her. She sleeps soundly and has no idea that I sit here thanking God that she IS. She is so young. There is so much in store for her, and she shall have it from my hands. Never shall she need to lie her way toward the truth, to stand alone when she needs friends. Never shall she be pursued by a friend when she must walk alone. Wonderful it will be to lead her to the dance. I shall show her where the green pastures are and kindle her courage toward happiness. I shall tell her that I, too, was young once, that she is young now and thus richer, stronger and better than I. We shall laugh together and cry as well. Fearlessly we shall call a spade a spade. We shall go together toward that which is worthy of our devotion. And we are going to have fun chasing the wolves out of their sheep's clothing. I shall help keep her speech clean and her emotions pure. I shall lead her away from the duck pond and carry her over the gutter but, happily, throw her out into the strongest current. I shall give her the sun.

I look at her as she sits there. And suddenly I laugh aloud at the thought of the misery of this day. She wakes up and stands before me.

"Dad—is it you—what time is it?"

She looks at me, puzzled for a moment. Then her eyes clear up and she throws her arms around my neck.

"Dad—don't be angry because I waited up for you—there is something I want to tell you."

She sits on my knee and talks. I hear nothing—only her voice which is so quiet and so sweet. When she is finished, I kiss her goodnight. Fine! It will be all right. Now she needs to get to bed.—Tomorrow.

I listen for her steps on the stairs and hear her close her door. Then I go up to our mother and wake her with a kiss.

"Thank you for my big girl," I say.

She smiles, half asleep. Perhaps she thinks that's what the child has talked about. But that doesn't matter.

I go down to my study again, indulge in a good stretch and feel that I am a man. No longer do I envy. Then I sit down in the chair where she sat. I sit there all night while the linden leaves keep coming through the window and my soul is singing.

FRONTIERS "The Peace Game"

WALTER MILLIS' article of this title in the Sept. 24 *Saturday Review* is another solidly worth-while contribution from the Fund for the Republic's Center for Study of Democratic Institutions. Mr. Millis, an *SR* editor-at-large, is known for *Arms and Men* and several studies of the second World War. In the present article he undertakes to consider realistically the problems we would encounter if a stable peace were actually achieved, hoping by this means to evaluate agencies now devoted to military preparedness, defense, and the prosecution of war itself. Mr. Millis writes:

The problem of a "just and lasting peace" simply cannot be met or resolved by the classic concepts of the war system—the concepts of "defense," "aggression," "victory," "defeat," "freedom," "slavery," or "world domination" which we continue to bring to it. Is it possible to develop and apply to the field of international relations a new conceptual system under which the problem will become manageable? Let us begin by assuming that war has actually been abolished and that the nations have by voluntary agreement disarmed themselves totally, down to police-force level. Adopting this assumption, we shall make an attempt to establish institutional and conceptual systems which would be consistent with it. The institution of war, while obviously approaching the point of no return, serves many functions which to us seem indispensable. But by initially assuming a world which has abolished war, one can more clearly put the question of just what those functions are; how in such a world they would in fact be discharged; how such a world would operate; what systems of ideas and institutions would yield a viable international life under the assumed state.

The various complications involved in a "transition to peace" need to be considered in context, although it is to be noted that Mr. Millis sets out to prove the practicability of a complete reorganization of society on a peace basis. Of greatest interest here are his closing paragraphs:

One of the great imperial systems already stands officially committed to the abolition of war, through the device of total disarmament to police-force level.

The power is the Soviet Union, and the commitment was stated in the Khrushchev proposal of 1959. But the proposal was brushed off by the West (and, it would seem, by China) as not even having been intended for serious consideration. The reasons for the Western reaction, at least, are obvious. It was considered to be a trap, much as were previous Russian proposals of the same kind—the invitation to universal disarmament advanced by the Bolsheviks after 1918 and the Czar's summons to an arms "holiday" at the Hague Conference in 1899. But one cannot help wondering what really serious diplomacy might have been able to do with the Khrushchev offer. It does not seem so impossible for Western diplomacy to take the proposal seriously, to probe into its exact meaning, to ask just how, assuming it were accepted in the West, the Russians themselves would expect to resolve the power issues remaining. What sacrifices would the Russians be prepared to make, in terms of power or prestige, for those they demand of the West? Such an inquiry would have no immediate results today. But the relative success of the purely technical conferences on the banning of nuclear tests or the peaceful applications of atomic energy suggest that here is an approach which might lead to real and useful consequences. At worst it would get us away from the barren business (indulged in equally by both sides) of devising disarmament proposals on the theory that if accepted they won't really cost us anything, and if rejected they will "prove" that the other side "doesn't really want disarmament" and is therefore the guilty party. This is a game at which the Russians have always been considerably more adept than we; and at best it is utterly futile. If we could bring the Russians into a serious consideration of the way in which a totally disarmed world could be expected to operate, we would not have solved the global problem, but we would be nearer to it than we shall ever get by any number of disarmament conferences or addresses in the U.N.

It is the hope of this inquiry to turn attention toward possible efforts of this kind. A warless world seems to be viable; its attainment, while immeasurably difficult, does not seem to be impossible, given a continuation of the educative, organizational, unifying social forces already at large

Apparently, Mr. Millis believes that we can "stand" peace, if we ever get it. But how make the transition from a war-thinking world to a peace-thinking world?

Some remarks recently addressed to the California Library Association by Linus Pauling were directed to this point. As the *Los Angeles Times* for Oct. 6 put it: "It is his [Pauling's] hope that understanding the evolution of the mind will some day force the way to a world of peace and morality. The scientist said he believed that there is no limit to the capabilities of man to understand himself and to solve his problems in a rational way."

But every revolution, as the historian, Carl Becker, was fond of repeating, must be accomplished in men's minds before they make it the work of their hands. Our educators have a tremendous work cut out for them—work which cannot be brought to fruition without the sacrifices which the upholding of controversial points of view necessarily entails. Everyone has to learn to teach "social studies"—but the concept of this field must be enlarged to include all the areas presently dominated by national and ideological stereotypes. Perception of this fact is gradually being clarified by idealistic educators, as indicated by the recent publication of the thirtieth *Yearbook* of the National Council for Social Studies. For instance, according to a report on this publication in the *New York Post* (June 2), the social studies teacher of 1980 *may* become a "missionary of democracy," if he is "sophisticated enough to take on pressure groups that accuse him of 'undermining loyalty' and tough enough to fight for his own ideas." The *Post* quotes Jean D. Grambs, of the University of Maryland:

The social studies teacher, circa 1980, will be so educated as to be of the culture, but not tied down to it. Only the liberated person can attempt to lead others toward the free life. He will be enough of a rebel to question, and enough of a conservative to provide security and support. . . . The so-called "taboo" areas will be penetrated more deeply than ever before.