

THE DAY THE WORLD SPLIT

SINCE it happened I can't ever go back to a state of—what would you call it?—innocence; although I'm sure I had no idea of the meaning of "innocence" until that day. I don't want to go back, of course, even though what happened left me with a kind of permanent pain, something like a psychological sacro-iliac slip. You know how a bad sacro-iliac feels—like being broken in two at the waist, yet you are somehow stuck together and able to drag both parts of you around. Well, that's how I feel in my mind and my feelings.

It was Alonzo who made it possible, of course. We were sitting in front of the fireplace late one night, a little after New Year's. I was agonizing about the condition of the world—you know, sitting on top of a nuclear time bomb, only nobody knows when the thing is set for—statesmen all getting in line and marching like a horde of lemmings straight for destruction—the few people who see what is going on sounding frantic but not having much influence. Oh, we talked about a lot of things like that. I kept wondering what it all could mean—that is, what are the rules, anyhow? Is it possible that some fuse-happy colonel could set the whole business off? Would forty or fifty million people have to die because this man flipped? How does the destruction of a planet, or half a planet, become possible? Is there some moral principle involved? Is anything or anybody keeping books on us?

I'd say to Alonzo something like this "Look, you know and I know that just about nobody among the common people here and in Russia wants war." All that old stuff, but what else can you say? I said: "I can't help but think that people get what they deserve, in some way or other, but for the life of me I can't see how so many millions could deserve being wiped out. But then, I don't believe in miracles, either. If somebody pushes

the button, somebody pushes the button, and the missiles are going to take off."

It makes you wonder what is *really* going on here, on earth. So I asked him about that, too.

Among his friends, Alonzo is famous for not answering questions people ask him, but I wasn't asking him anything so much as kind of thinking out loud. I guess I ought to say I was moaning out loud.

Well, Alonzo didn't say anything. We just sat there, staring at the fire. After a couple minutes a branch of eucalyptus we were burning reached the red coal stage all the way through and snapped apart. The fire kind of shook down into a big mass of blazing embers—an even orange red. I began to sit up and was about to go off to bed when Alonzo said, "Keep looking at the coals."

So I kept looking at the coals.

That was when it happened. So far as I am concerned, time stopped right then, and the world began to split.

Okay, so I hypnotized myself. Maybe there wasn't anything "out there." It doesn't matter much to me how it worked, although some day I'll have to figure that out, too. But the important thing was that what I saw followed the movement of my own mind—whatever I thought about, I saw *double*. Boy! I sure cleared up a lot of things! Well, for me, at any rate.

I don't know if I ought to try to tell you about the pictures, because it wasn't just the pictures. It was pictures with meanings, like words with music. You couldn't separate the pictures from the meanings.

All the things I've been puzzled about—I raced from one of them to another in my mind, and the pictures opened out like a flower and

changed like a kaleidoscope, except that they didn't change suddenly but modulated like a color organ.

The only thing it didn't work on was my friends. I couldn't X-ray them at all. Actually, I didn't want to, didn't try; it never occurred to me. My puzzles were pretty general. Afterward Alonzo told me if they hadn't been I wouldn't have been able to see anything.

Everybody I did look at was living in two worlds, or almost everybody. It was like going along with Vergil to see Heaven and Hell at the same time, with the same people in both places! I'd look at a crowd listening to a speech, and then the crowd would fade out and I'd see the same people in another setting—a quiet place of serenity—only here they weren't really "together" any more, unless you want to say that daisies are together in a summer field. And in this other place, the people had different degrees of being. It wasn't that some were children and some grown-up. Just that some were more real than others—more of them, that is, was there.

I don't know how to describe them. There was something somnambulistic about the scene, but without that sticky feeling you get from thinking about somnambulism. Then they were moving about, and the thing you noticed was the absolute grace of their motion. They weren't really dancing, and yet . . . if you've watched the spray shoot up, out and away from the bow of a boat, you'll know what I mean. The motion was never the same, never a mechanical repetition, and yet the patterns never radically changed. I kept thinking, "Nothing these people do can ever be ugly or harsh." Every image of nature I had ever cherished kept coming into my mind. I saw eternally changing cloud forms, the quiver of leaves in a breeze, the wonder of distances in a changing light.

I began to think I had entered some realm of perception where the evolutions of egoity were reflected in sensuous images. Sometimes two people would seem to come close together, as

though they were straining to "see" each other; sometimes they would move together in some kind of harmony—there seemed to be deliberation in everything, yet there was spontaneity, too.

One man I watched was thinking about something, I guess his conscience hurt—this was down below—and his face twisted up with pain. But the pain didn't get through in the other world, only a stream of delicate motion, like new life. It made me think of childbirth, so filled with suffering, so earthy, yet so filled with wonder if you think about what is happening.

I thought of wars—people have all kinds of ideas and feelings in war. This was pretty strange—so little got through. Sometimes it seemed as though the vital essence of the people up there was drawn back into the lower world, leaving only a kind of primary motion, an undiminshable rhythm of life. The killing and dying didn't seem to make as much difference as I had thought, although when people were at war the world above became more and more like a purely natural scene—that is, the people were less like people and more like an undifferentiated sea.

I visited around everywhere, churches, stock exchanges, dance halls, schools and colleges, and I went to a few foreign countries. Well, I saw that people didn't vary much in their activity in the upper world. Everywhere I went there were a few who had a good deal of their being in the place of serenity. I began to watch these more closely. The first thing I noticed was that it didn't matter much what they did on earth—what determined their degree of being above was the kind of dialogue they had with themselves, where they turned for help in decision and how they made up their minds. Actually, it didn't matter much how they thought about these things—that is, the *terms* of their thought didn't matter. It was the ethical quality they attached to the terms that counted. Only they didn't necessarily think about "ethics." I guess I'm reading something into what I saw, something that wasn't exactly there. The being in the serene place is always spontaneous. Nobody

enlarges the serene part of being by "figuring." It's a kind of flow of attention which creates tangibility up there.

Once—I've forgotten where it happened—I saw a kind of birth into the serene place. This man was doing something or other, and then, suddenly, he stopped. He let go. It was as though he got through, all through, with some kind of work. And then, in the serene place, he seemed to come through into conscious being more than all the others. It kind of frightened me. "What's he going to do now?" I wondered. I thought it would be like getting lost for him—I mean, waking up in a strange place. But it wasn't. He could see the way I could, and yet he seemed to be in a brown study, looking both outside and inside. I couldn't do that. He was moving, too, but now with a kind of certainty that seemed an epitome of all arts. I began to wish I could recognize this quality among the men on earth. I can't of course—there are too many distractions, too many theories. But it ought to be possible, I thought. Maybe Alonzo. . . . And then I decided I ought to mind my own business. I had my business and Alonzo had his, and they were different.

Of course, you have to make theories. You have to make theories unless you know. So I made a theory about how men have this inside life which I saw in the serene place, and how they are actually together up there, but can't see one another until they let go down here. But this letting go is both simple and complicated. You can't let go until you're really ready to let go—unless you mean it, that is. A lot of people try to fake it, mostly religious people, but all that happens to them is that they subtract from what being they already have up there, because they're pretending, and when you pretend you can't be spontaneous. You have to forget yourself to be yourself.

I haven't been able to do very much with this theory, except that I've grown pretty patient with other people. I look at a man, and instead of

seeing a man I see a being up there, cutting his own kind of figure-eights in space, and I wonder how he's getting on with his awakening. It's none of my business, of course; I just think about it casually. But it does make me patient.

Then there's the question of war. I didn't find out too much about the prospects for World War III. But I did stop being desperate. At least, I'm not as desperate as I was. Then, too, I am able to turn my imagination loose without so much trouble. I don't really know what everything is all about, but I can't get over the idea that people are working something out inside themselves, and that a lot of the time it doesn't have much to do with what they are busy with here, or think is important.

Alonzo isn't an awful lot of help to me. "You have to make your own vision," he says. Sure, I understand that, but it takes so long, I said.

I didn't keep after him. I've learned that much. But he could see I was wanting to talk about it, so one day he got going on the subject of my dream.

"First of all," he said, "you have to realize it was your dream. My dream would be different from yours. We wouldn't see the same things."

This upset me, because I was hoping he would explain some of the things I saw. "But if nobody sees the same thing," I said, "then what about religious revelation?" "People are not going to like the idea of having to see for themselves," I said. "They feel so incompetent."

"That's one reason why they don't have any visions of their own," he said. "And they feel incompetent because for centuries they've been telling stories about another man's vision," he said.

"You know what happens to most people who have visions," I said. "They put them away." Alonzo said, "That's a chance you take."

"But how," I said, "could anybody be unbalanced by seeing the kind of thing I saw?"

"Well," he said, "how do you know you saw all the worlds there are? Maybe there are more than two. Maybe there's a mixed-up world to see for mixed-up people."

"But how do you know when you're in a mixed-up world," I asked.

"Is this one mixed up?" he asked me.

"It sure is," I said.

"Well," he said, "how do you know?"

And that was the end of that.

So I got to thinking about what I would do if I *knew* all these things the way I think Alonzo knows them, and I decided that I would probably keep still about it the way Alonzo keeps still about it. Or, if I was good enough, I might write a Dante's *Inferno* or a Plato's *Republic* or something like that, to keep people thinking and wondering about which, after all, is the *real* world. Yes, that's what I might do.

REVIEW

J. JONES, THE PACIFIST?

WE have been reading the "avant garde" quarterly, *Paris Review*, for some time, lately paying particular attention to the lengthy interviews with contemporary authors. The most interesting of these, in our opinion, is the interview with James Jones, presented in the Autumn-Winter issue for 1958-59. Jones, who wrote *From Here to Eternity*, can be provocative and disarming in conversation as well as on paper. The following is from the *Paris Review*:

Interviewer: There is so much physical violence in your novels.

Jones: Yes, that's true: there is. But then physical violence does exist in life and theoretically a man ought to be able to protect himself against it. I mean that the perfect ideal would be that a man, who is essentially non-violent, would be able to defend himself against any form of violence. But this is very rare in life. But this raises one of the most important themes in *Eternity*, why Prewitt does not shoot back at the MPs who kill him as he tries to get back to his unit after his murder of Fatso Judson. You see, when Prewitt kills Fatso he is carrying the theory of vengeance by violence to its final logical end. But the thing is that Fatso doesn't even know why he is being killed; and when Prewitt sees that, he realizes what a fruitless thing he has done. Then at the end, when he does not fire on the men who are going to kill him, it was because he has accepted the ultimate logical end of passive resistance, which is death.

Interviewer: Are you a pacifist?

Jones: Well, I would like to be. . . . There're so many young guys, you know—young Americans and, yes young men everywhere—a whole generation of people younger than me who have grown up feeling inadequate as men because they haven't been able to fight in a war and find out whether they are brave or not. Because it is in an effort to prove this bravery that we fight—in wars or in bars—whereas if a man were truly brave he wouldn't have to be always proving it to himself. So therefore I am forced to consider bravery suspect, and ridiculous, and dangerous. Because if there are enough young men like that who feel strongly enough about it, they can almost bring on a war, even when none of them want it, and are in fact struggling against having one.

(And as far as modern war is concerned I am a pacifist. Hell, it isn't even war anymore, as far as that goes. It's an industry, a big business complex.) And it's a ridiculous thing because this bravery myth is something those young men should be able to laugh at. Of course the older men like me, their big brothers, and uncles, and maybe even their fathers, we don't help them any. Even those of us who don't openly brag. Because all the time we are talking about how scared we were in the war, we are implying tacitly that we were brave enough to stay. Whereas in actual fact we stayed because we were afraid of being laughed at, or thrown in jail, or *shot*, as far as that goes.

On the interesting subject of comparison between his two novels, *Eternity* and *Some Came Running*, Jones sounds a bit confused—but perhaps he is simply puzzling over a basic problem in contemporary literature. Jones feels that *Some Came Running* is a better book for the reason that in it he was trying to write about people "as they really are"—trying to restrain his tendency to romanticize or heroize. He puts it quite frankly. "I have always had the feeling," he says, "that each character I've created has been made into a better human being than he or she would really have been under any set of circumstances, or than the more or less model was in real life." But Jones is not sure that "realism" is the only way of conveying the intent of the author; he still wonders "if you can create a hero—I don't like that word—a *protagonist* without romanticizing him at all. I think he might be almost unintelligible."

Since we like the heroic sort of "romanticism" which appeared in portions of *Eternity*, we should like to encourage Mr. Jones to consider some things said by Arthur Miller during an interview published in the July issue of *Encounter*. Mr. Miller, whom Jones admires, builds up a good case for "romanticizing the hero" by calling attention to the impoverishment of modern writing in general. He finds the same tendency in plays and novels alike:

I think the point has come where a cliché about personal difficulties has developed into a general principle, one which I was not even aware of years

ago, and which goes through a lot of plays. A kind of shorthand has been unconsciously developed between authors and audiences. A lot of these plays deal with the inability of people to communicate with each other; those I have in mind have to do with the conflict between extremely neurotic younger people and older people, but they are fundamentally falsified. There is something being left out. There is something specious about the theme. It is being portrayed purely in its own terms. The point of view in the plays is limited to that of the oppressed younger person. While sympathy may be shown for the older generation, there is no wisdom, because there is no basis of identification with the older generation. One explanation may be that there has been a collapse of a basic sense of authority in every field—and yet at the same time Authority takes on greater and greater pretensions for itself. My quarrel is that this is such a constricted viewpoint. . . .

I have become, I must confess, rather jaded with the whole attitude. I am not criticising the art with which these plays are rendered, but their limitations are becoming aesthetically ugly.

In an article for *Dissent* (summer), "The Hero as a Symbol," David Bazelon adds to the case for heroic interpretation:

Great heroes remain vital as symbols if we can understand and forgive them for their errors and excesses. The hero by his very essence is a distortion; he has risen above a time and a place, a set of circumstances which put an iron limit on what one can do or be without distortion. A hero is an artist in life, his work of art is his career, and like the artist he emphasizes and selects, he distorts the material of life in favor of a fuller expression.

That is particularly the reason why we should be inspired by heroes, but never imitate them. And learn from their errors as well as their magnificence.

So far as we can see, Jones knows how to give us a hero for whom we feel a natural attraction, but whose characteristics by no means lend themselves to simple imitation. In any case, Jones, as much or more than any contemporary novelist, seems interested in philosophical evaluation of his own intentions and of the characters of his protagonists.

COMMENTARY

WHAT HAPPENED IN KERALA

WHEN our Indian correspondent in Madras, C.V.G., responded to our letter of inquiry concerning the accuracy of the report on the disturbance in Kerala, he enclosed a draft of an article he had just completed on this subject. In this article he pointed out that the literate citizens of Kerala who voted the Communists into power did so in the mistaken hope that they would get needed reforms while retaining the forms of parliamentary democracy and the political independence of administrative agencies. They got some of the reforms, but soon realized how indifferent the Communists are to democratic principles. C.V.G. says:

The West can have no grasp of the significance of Communism for India and other backward countries unless Westerners realize that the educated man in India and the Indian masses live in worlds far apart—planets apart would be a more suitable expression. To the educated man, the masses seem to belong to some kind of underworld—they are a race of "sub-men," to borrow from George Orwell's *Down and Out in Paris and London*. In Kerala, Orwell might have seen the rule of Communism as the sudden ascendancy of this underworld over him. When an official in Kerala, drawn from the educated classes, was told what he should do by the leader of a party cell, this direction came to him from riff-raff that till the other day had not dared come within yards of him, and when the Government made the official understand that this riff-raff was his *boss*, he was appalled by the enormity of what had happened. He felt the Revolution physically. The past he knew and liked was gone. He woke from this dream to the Communist day—or, more correctly—night.

C.V.G. points out that it would be a mistake to assume from the hue and cry of the opposition parties in Kerala that the entire community was in revolt against the Communists.

Of the letter from Pakistan, C.V.G. writes:

It was indeed a fresh breeze. Many will think the letter controversial and you are sure to receive some hot mail by printing it. But I find nothing to object to in what is said about the Kerala situation. I believe it is telling the truth. However much we may

dislike Communism, it will be wise to realize that the very poor people—who are after all the majority in Kerala and also in the rest of India—stand to benefit from Communism. They are not frightened if Communism threatens to destroy democracy, not having at any time known the blessings of democracy. The poor did benefit to some extent in Kerala from Communist rule. . . .

Letter from **PAKISTAN**

[This letter is from a Pakistanee college professor and his American wife, both of whom teach sociology in a Pakistan university. Upon reading it, we wondered about what was said concerning Kerala, as will most MANAS readers, so we sent it to our regular Indian correspondent for comment. His reply is quoted in this week's editorial. It will be obvious that this letter from Pakistan was written before the Communist government of Kerala was removed from power, in July, by the action of the President of the Republic of India.—Editors.]

LAHORE.—We live in this small world of the university and college. The martial law administrators have so far shown great efficiency in posting reduced prices for articles of common consumption, in getting many streets repaired and cleaned, and in creating an atmosphere of great urgency. (We were at last able to get smoking tobacco after almost getting used to dry leaves!) The papers report that the men at the helm of affairs are trying desperately to clean up the mess. Whatever else might be said for and against martial law, people are almost unanimously happy to be rid of the thoroughly corrupt politicians who had brought the country to the verge of total ruin—very close to the state in which Russia and China were prior to their respective revolutions. This sort of situation is sociologically unpredictable except in a very vague manner. Under such circumstances faith moves in and reinforces the hope that no human condition is beyond remedy if only the people involved respond to the challenge of the situation at the right time, in the right way. If Pakistanees did not pay much for their freedom, they have not had much by way of freedom either, so far.

People have asked us about what communism is like in Kerala. Here are some impressions:

The present communist leadership has more to offer than any other party, particularly, more than the Congress Party. The leadership of the Congress Party is known to be inept, and crooked.

It is alleged to have tried—unsuccessfully—to bribe some of the elected communist MP's to change sides. The Congress is split into three sections, corresponding to the three states (two states and one district) that now make up Kerala (Cochin, Travancore, and British Malabar). These sections of the Congress Party are at dagger-points. In contrast to this, the Communist Government leadership is respected as able and clean, particularly Mr. Namboodiripad, the Chief Minister.

The Congress hasn't been playing fair. The recent student disturbances are an example. During the pre-freedom days, students were organized by Congress for political purposes. Congress still uses them, now in order to bring down the present government. A student issue was exploited with this in mind. The strike started on the issue of an increase of half an anna (two thirds of a cent) fare on a certain ferry. (Students get a fare concession on public transport—more concession since the communists took over.) The Roman Catholic church also supported the strike, since it has many educational institutions, and the present government has a bill that is aimed at control of education by the government. (Other states, too, are contemplating such bills.) So over a very small issue, the students damaged buses and beat up bus drivers.

Fear of the police has decreased in Kerala. In the subcontinent generally, the police are feared because they use torture and respond to provocation severely. (Here in Lahore, people would rather be charged with contempt of court than accept a summons to "go to the fort," which means generally that you will be tortured.) During the student strike in Kerala, the strikers acted quite delinquently; yet the police refrained from beating the students. By such methods they have won more of the peoples' confidence.

The Church fails to keep pace with changing times and the rising discontent. Malabar is a very religious place. The most conservative Hindus and one of the most conservative and oldest

groups of Christians live here. The evening is filled with sounds of worship. One hears the hymns being sung in the Christian homes during family prayers against the boom-boom-boom of cannons fired in the Hindu temple each time a sacrifice is offered. Why, then, should communism pick such a place to seek power in India?

The communists do not yet dare to be against religion in Kerala. They get much of their money from rich Christians, who either sort of smell where power lies or give them money because of indignation—a sort of irritated rebellion against things that aren't moving, and thus causing suffering.

CHILDREN ... and Ourselves CHILD AND COSMOS

KEES BOEKE, founder of the internationally known Werkplaats Children's Community, in the Netherlands, is author of *Cosmic View* (John Day, 1957), one of the most remarkable educational attempts regarding the broad perspectives of physics that we have ever seen. An introduction by Arthur H. Compton throws light on Mr. Boeke's intent, which is to disclose to the young the close relationship between the problems of philosophy—including ethics—and the world of physical phenomena. Mr. Compton writes:

What are we? Where do we live? Who are our neighbors? Children and grown-ups, we all ask these questions.

The answers that Kees Boeke gives are only the beginning of the story, but that beginning is straightforward and clear. The author shows us a series of pictures of a little girl as seen from different distances. Around her are the things that form her world. We see her also as it were from within, showing the parts she is made of. These various views present one school child in an immense range of perspectives. We begin to understand how big things are and how we are related to them.

It is not easy to do what the author has done so well, to tell accurately and in simple language what the world is like. Here is a reliable framework, to which further knowledge can be added. In describing this framework, the author has gone as far as the present state of our knowledge permits.

As Mr. Boeke unfolds his idea, we discover that years of effort and experimentation preceded this 48-page volume. *Cosmic View* consists primarily of forty pictures drawn to scale, comparing the image of a school child with the dimensions of objects of varying sizes, from galaxies to atoms. The first pictures show the diminishing physical proportion of a child sitting in a chair, as the range of observation changes from 10 centimeters to 3 meters, to 500, to 5,000, etc.—until our vision is lifted so far above the earth that the sun and its thirty-seven neighboring

satellites occupy a square smaller than that containing the original image of the child.

Mr. Boeke reverses the process, so that the final drawing gives us—on an opposite scale—the nucleus of the sodium atom. Borrowing from Mr. Boeke's foreword and from its concluding page, we gain a clearer idea of this attempt to produce a "sense of scale":

At school we are introduced to many different spheres of existence, but they are often not connected with each other, so that we are in danger of collecting a large number of images without realizing that they all join together in one great whole. It is therefore important in our education to find the means of developing a wider and more connected view of our world and a truly cosmic view of the universe and our place in it.

This book presents a series of forty pictures composed so that they may help to develop this wider view. They really give a series of views as seen during an imaginary and fantastic journey through space—a journey in one direction, straight upward from the place where it begins. Although these views are as true to reality as they can be made with our present knowledge, they portray a wonderland as full of marvels as that which Alice saw in her dreams. . . .

Our journey ends at the nucleus of the atom, that mysterious, utterly small, and incredibly powerful center of energy which only recently has unveiled some of its mighty secrets to mankind. Whereas at the end of our first journey we stood in awe before the imposing greatness of the dimensions of the universe, and felt as nothing in comparison to their immensity, the conditions are now completely different. True, we feel as much awe and reverence when we attempt to think of the miracles of dynamic power that are hidden in these domains of the smallest existing entities, but our own dimensions are now indescribably colossal compared with what we see.

Thus on the scale of the last drawing, the height of the little girl would be about 15,000 million kilometers, that is, more than the diameter of the solar system! If we add the thought that man is beginning to control and use these limitless nuclear powers, it is clear that unthinkable possibilities are within his reach. When we thus think in cosmic terms, we realise that man, if he is to become really human, must combine in his being the greatest humility with the most careful and considerate use of the cosmic powers that are at his disposal.

What is the human significance of these expanded and contracted drawings? As Mr. Boeke says: "We all, children and grownups alike, are inclined to live in our own little world, in our immediate surroundings, or at any rate with our attention concentrated on those things with which we are directly in touch." He continues:

We tend to forget how vast are the ranges of existing reality which our eyes cannot directly see, and our attitudes may become narrow and provincial. We need to develop a wider outlook, to see ourselves in our relative position in the great and mysterious universe in which we have been born and live. . . .

It is an urgent need that we all, children and grown ups alike, be educated in this spirit and toward this goal. Learning to live together in mutual respect and with the definite aim to further the happiness of all, without privilege for any, is a clear duty for mankind, and it is imperative that education shall be brought onto this plane.

In this education the development of a cosmic view is an important and necessary element; and to develop such a wide, all-embracing view, the expedition we have made in these "forty jumps through the universe" may help just a little. If so, let us hope that many will make it!

A brief description of this volume is far from satisfactory, but perhaps enough has been said to show that this remarkable school teacher contrives to bring—into any classroom or home—something of the psychological expansiveness which human beings experience during rare moments of solitary "star-gazing." As the publisher justly remarks: "This unique book takes you on a graphic journey through the universe, to the edge of infinity in one direction and to the nucleus of the atom in the other. In this awesome journey to the ends of the universe, you have learned an immense amount about its structure and the beings and things that occupy it, and all about the relationships of things to each other, in their various scales of dimension, with a vividness that words cannot express."

Cosmic View contains some helpful suggestions from Dr. Compton to teachers who may see in Boeke's presentation a useful

introduction to modern physics—and, as we have said, to "far-reaching" philosophy.

This sort of book fills a serious need in the education of small children. In other times, other comparisons were the means of providing to the young a sense of proportion. Today, with the almost universal preoccupation with the physical world, Mr. Boeke's volume should afford to youngsters a practical orientation.

FRONTIERS The New People?

The fact that we set fire to the buildings and building materials at the Penrhos Bombing Range is not in dispute. We ourselves were the first to give the Authorities warning of the fire, and we proclaimed to them our responsibility. Yet we hold the conviction that our action was in no wise criminal, and that it was an act forced upon us, that it was done in obedience to conscience and to the moral law, and that the responsibility for any loss due to our act is the responsibility of the English Government.

SAUNDERS LEWIS, 1936

FIRST we read the science-fiction yarn, *Doomsday Eve* by Robert Moore Williams, and wondered if his "new people" would ever come into existence; then we read the second volume of the late Reginald Reynolds' collection of the works of British pamphleteers and found that they are already here! Well, in a manner of speaking.

Doomsday Eve, like most science-fiction stories, is somewhat mixed up. Morally, it has everything—you can eat your cake and have it, too, although at the cost of consistency. The year is 2020, and the war between the East and the West is still going on. There have been technological improvements, of course, but it is still war and it is still hell.

The hero of this story is an American intelligence officer, Kurt Zen, who is assigned to find one of the "new people" for questioning. His investigation begins somewhere in the mountains between British Columbia and the United States, where a resourceful leader of Communist guerillas has holed up and cannot be dislodged.

Evidence of the new people began to appear soon after an American super-scientist, Jal Jonner, was reported missing. The distinguishing quality of the new people was that they could do minor miracles. War heroes on the brink of death would have their lives saved, and then, after the publicity about their escape was out, they would disappear. It seemed as though America's elite fighting men were being picked off by a mysterious salvation

corps. In one case a beautiful woman appeared by the side of a submarine commander and guided his craft through a maze of depth charges and past a series of uncharted shoals to safety. In another, a little man dressed in a loin cloth, "a miniature Moses, white beard, glittering eye, and everything else," showed up in a satellite pursued by a rocket torpedo and, contrary to the laws of motion, landed the satellite without harm to its occupant, an American military observer. Then "Moses" faded from view, leaving the beneficiary of his services to the embarrassments of telling what had happened to a Government board of inquiry.

Not only the Americans had reports to make on the humanitarian exploits of the new people. The Asian fighting men told similar tales, so that you couldn't be sure what side the new people were on, if any.

Well, Zen finds some of the new people comfortably ensconced in a series of caverns in the mountains. Jal Jonner, who was supposed to have died, is their venerable leader and teacher. He and the others of his group will have nothing to do with war. In their hideout in the mountains they pursue a regimen something like what you would expect from a science-fiction version of Shaw's *Back to Methuselah*. It is an idyll haunted, however, by the apparent determination of the rest of the world to commit suicide. Jonner doesn't know what to do about this, so he is trying to pick up new people wherever he can find them, hoping, eventually, that they will be numerous enough to establish a new kind of civilization. He spirits them off into the mountains by a special kind of psycho-kinesis.

Jonner, who is now known as West, has a magic screen which he can focus anywhere in the world. He shows Zen a view of a super-bomb the men of the Asian Federation are constructing—a bomb big enough to devastate a whole continent. Zen is wild. Jonner is holding him in a friendly sort of custody and Zen wants to be turned loose to alert the American general staff. West won't let him go.

"You have tears in your eyes, colonel," West said.

"You're out of your mind," Zen retorted. But he knew the craggy man was speaking the truth. He swallowed harder. "We've got the Asians cold. We'll know every move they make in advance." He exulted as he realized again how much this meant.

"I have always known every move they made in advance," West answered.

"We'll have them on their knees in—huh? What was that you just said? What was that?" Desperation appeared in the colonel's voice.

West repeated his words.

"Then why didn't you warn us? Why did you let so many of us die unnecessarily?"

West did not answer.

The silence in the room grew deeper. Cold had begun to appear in the air. On the screen the silent figures continued busily engaged in the building of their bomb.

"Don't you realize that your failure to report what you know is high treason?" Zen continued.

The silence grew. West sat as solid and immobile as a mountain. . . .

"Don't you hear me?" Zen said.

"I hear you," West answered. "Your loyalty to your country does you credit, colonel. It is to be expected from a person in your stage of development. However, you seem to have forgotten that I am not a citizen of your country. Or perhaps you did not know this?"

"Not a citizen?" Zen said. "But this mountain exists in America. I don't know whether it is actually on Canadian ground or lies in the United States, but this does not matter. By mutual treaty, the countries have become one nation. A citizen of one is automatically a citizen of the other."

"True, colonel." West did not attempt to explain this.

"Then what country do you claim to belong to?" Zen felt his voice falter as he tried to grasp what lay back of this very strange man. "You talk like an American."

"I was born here."

"Then you are a citizen."

"No. I resigned my citizenship. As to my real country, it is a far land. I am sure you have no knowledge of it. My loyalty, colonel, is not to any nation on the face of the globe, but is to—growth, to the new people who will come into existence one day."

As West spoke, the cold that was freezing Zen's spine suddenly disappeared and was replaced by a sudden deep warmth. The words seemed to touch some hidden spring of warmth within him.

"My loyalty is to the future, to the growing tip of the life force, to what the human race will become, not to what is today. Only the future has meaning, colonel, and to the building of that future I have dedicated my life."

The argument between these two lasts for several pages, being ended by the sudden appearance of the Communist guerillas, who take them all prisoner for a while. But before this disaster occurs, the discussion reaches a point awkward for Colonel Zen:

"I beg you, let me report this to the high command," Zen said, making one last plea.

"In reply, I want to ask one question," West answered. "What would happen to the people here, and to me, if I revealed the existence of this instrument?"

"You would be a hero," Zen said promptly, and he knew he was lying as he spoke. "Your people would be protected."

"I dislike calling you a liar, colonel, but that is exactly what you are," West answered. "We would all be taken care of, as long as all of us did exactly what the high command wanted. The instant I tried to do anything else, my actions would be called treason and I would be considered a traitor. My equipment would be confiscated, *for the convenience of the government,* and I would be lucky if I did not face a firing squad. Tell me honestly, colonel, would not this happen?" For the first time West's words had a tinge of anger in them. Or was it sorrow? . . .

Well, to be brief, after the encounter with the Asian guerillas Zen is able to persuade West to allow him to attempt to destroy the monster missile the Communists are constructing. So, with the aid of the special talents of the new people, Zen accomplishes this mission with a

minimum of bloodshed, although the dramatic act of sabotage takes place out in space, after the bomb has been launched, so that no one is hurt by it, and Zen and his girl friend are snatched ("teleported"?) from death's jaws by West's magic, just before it blows. Zen, no doubt, after this exploit, graduates into being one of the new people.

The weak part of this story comes when West confesses he doesn't know how to "fight," having lost this talent through his long devotion to the arts of peace, and invites Zen to do the necessary. So the quavering sage and the indomitable barbarian combine to save the world.

The Saunders Lewis episode, which took place in 1936, had at least a morally logical ending, even if it didn't save the world. But it did save Wales for a time from a desecration the Welsh found so abhorrent in 1936; and in 1951, when the second volume of *British Pamphleteers* was published (by Allan Wingate, London), a strong popular resistance movement against the project still existed in Wales.

Nationalism being a fairly unpleasant idea, these days, we confess to some embarrassment upon learning for the first time of the extreme virtue of the Welsh Nationalist movement, the objectives of which seem nothing but admirable. Saunders Lewis, the author of the pamphlet, had been for ten years president of the Welsh Nationalist Party. He was also editor of the party organ, *Y Ddraig Goch*, and held or had held various posts high in the cultural life of Wales. His address at his trial before the Caernavon assizes, on Oct. 13, 1936, was made into the pamphlet, *Why We Burnt the Bombing School*. Although he and the other defendants proudly admitted what they had done, the jury failed to convict them. The three men involved were Mr. Lewis, the Rev. Lewis Valentine, and Mr. D. J. Williams, a Welsh schoolmaster. To the jury, Mr. Lewis said:

When all democratic and peaceful methods of persuasion had failed to obtain even a hearing for our

case against the Bombing Range, and when we saw clearly the whole future of Welsh tradition threatened as never before in history, we determined that even then we would invoke only the process of law, and that a jury from the Welsh people should pronounce on the right and wrong of our behavior. We ourselves public men in Wales, and leaders of the Welsh Nationalist Party, fired these buildings and timbers. We ourselves reported the fire to the police. We have given the police all the help we could to prepare the case against us. Is that the conduct of men acting "feloniously and maliciously"? I submit that we are in this dock of our own will, not only for the sake of Wales, but also for the sake of peace and unviolent, charitable relations now and in the future between Wales and England.

It is charged against us that our action was "unlawful." I propose to meet that charge by developing an argument in four stages. First I shall show you with what horror the building of a Bombing Range in Llyn was regarded by us and by a great number of people in every part of Wales. Secondly, how patiently and with what labour and at what sacrifice we tried and exhausted every possible way of legitimate persuasion to prevent the building of the Bombing Range. Thirdly, how differently the protests and remonstrances of Wales and Welsh public men were treated by the English Government, compared with similar protests, though less seriously grounded protests, made in England in the same period. Fourthly, I shall try to put before you the dilemma and the conflict of obedience in which the Government's cruelty placed the leaders of the crusade against the Bombing Range, and the limits of the rights of the English State when it transgresses the moral law and acts in violation of the rights of the Welsh nation.

It is apparent that Llyn, the site of the bombing range to be, was sacred ground to the Welsh. In this region were structures revered by Welsh tradition, and one of these, a farmhouse, was torn down by the contractors erecting the Bombing School. Of this building, Mr. Lewis wrote:

That house was one of the most historic in Llyn. It was a resting-place for the Welsh Pilgrims of the Isle of Saints, Ynys Enlli, in the Middle Ages. It had associations with Own Glyndwr. It belonged to the story of Welsh literature. It was a thing of hallowed and secular majesty. It was taken down and utterly destroyed a week before we burnt on its fields the

timbers of the vandals who destroyed it. And I claim that the people who ought to be in this dock are the people responsible for the destruction of Penyberth Farmhouse. Moreover, that destruction of Penyberth House is, in the view of most competent Welsh observers, typical and symbolic. The development of the Bombing Range at Llyn into the inevitable arsenal it will become will destroy this essential home of Welsh Culture, idiom and literature. It will shatter the spiritual basis of the Welsh nation.

For those of us who, alas, did not even know that a Welsh nation existed, this passionate appeal is a wondrous thing. Mr. Lewis writes from the depths of his heart and what he says is grained with the consciousness of generations of Welshmen who have felt as he feels.

He concluded his appeal:

If you find us guilty you proclaim the effective end of Christian principles governing the life of Wales.

On the other hand, if you find us not guilty you declare your conviction as judges in this matter that the moral law is supreme; you declare that the moral law is binding on Governments just as it is on private citizens.

You declare that "Necessity of State" gives no right to set morality aside, and you declare that justice, not material force, must rule in the affairs of nations.

We hold with unshakeable conviction that the burning of the monstrous Bombing Range in Llyn was an act forced on us for the defence of Welsh civilization, for the defence of Christian principles, for the maintenance of the Law of God in Wales. Nothing else was possible for us. . . .

The jury at Caernavon, as said before, would not convict these consecrated arsonists, and the English, somewhat alarmed, removed the prisoners to Old Bailey where a second trial was held. There the three Welsh leaders refused to plead and suffered sentences of nine months each.

But what is of enduring interest in this incident is the fact that when there is general understanding of a moral issue, brave men can defy the State with such approval from their community that a jury will not convict them.

Public opinion, therefore, is itself a great moral force, when it exists. Perhaps the day will come when a similar public opinion will prevail in behalf of the moral rights of all mankind. In such an atmosphere, it will be difficult for judges to impose jail sentences upon pacifists whose offense lies in non-violent protest against bombing installations which are potential destroyers of the entire world.