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THE ANGER AND THE PAIN

JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN has done a novel based on the life of Arthur Rimbaud *(The Day on Fire,* Cardinal) which opens up large questions. Other books about similar men open up the same questions, of course, but the Ullman novel on Rimbaud's life is current and deeply moving. Of this French poet (1854-1891), *The Reader's Encyclopedia* says:

> Rimbaud was a striking and enigmatic personality, brought up in poverty and strict religious home training by a widowed mother. He was an industrious, quiet, and irreproachably mannered student in a provincial school until the age of fifteen, when suddenly, in savage rebellion, he turned to cruelty, perversion, and dissolute wanderings in Paris, Brussels, and London. He studied occult writings, especially Plato, the Cabbala, and Buddhist scriptures, to make himself a seer, believing the role of poetry to be one of mystic revelation, and deliberately debauched himself in order to reach a transcendent world through sin and suffering and "become god." . . . All of Rimbaud's known poetry was written before he was twenty years old; the remainder of his life he spent as a trader in Africa.

Ullman does not romanticize Rimbaud's weaknesses, but succeeds in putting together a heart-breaking story of a talented boy whose creative impulses were so dammed up by the prejudices and respectability of the French country town where he was born that he struck back at the amazed provincials in almost insane anger and bitterness. It is doubtful that the resources of psychoanalysis are sufficient to "explain" the twisted psyche of this youth; that is, his alienation is so far-reaching as to seem to need more than a bigoted, self-righteous mother and the *mores* of a nineteenth-century country town to drive him to the depths he sought with such intensity. Even the Bohemian society in which he took refuge in Paris rejected him for his "extreme" behavior.

But we speak of Ullman's version of Rimbaud not to "explain" him, nor to praise or condemn him. For those who want to know more about Rimbaud, the poet and man, New Directions has published two translations (Delmore Schwartz and Louise Varese) of his best known work, A *Season in Hell,* and Elisabeth Hanson has done a study of his life and works. (*My Poor Arthur,* Henry Holt, 1960.) Here, Rimbaud serves only to launch discussion of a human type—the man who sees intensely, and sometimes very much more clearly than his fellows; who suffers a terrible loneliness yet feels at the same time a terrible pride in his perceptions; who pours out his contempt for the world as it is, and pays the world's asking price for this unpalatable expression of human freedom. We might have chosen other men to set up this problem—Gauguin, perhaps, as a painter. Nechaev, as a political figure; or even Henry Miller, despite the fact that Miller is essentially a wholesome man who is Rabelaisian rather than afflicted by the corruptions which haunted Rimbaud. But Rimbaud serves best, perhaps, by being practically an archetype of the Hipster and the Beatnik, in some of his qualities.

Our present concern, then, is not with Rimbaud directly, but with an agonizing phase of his personal problem—the problem of seeing and not being understood, of seeing and having the vision rejected by one's fellows. It is possible, of course, to react in another way, without anger and bitterness. Whitman saw, but did not become enraged, and the great figures of religious history, the Buddhas and Christs, were immune to the typical human reactions to rejection. It is a little too easy, however, to invoke the classical images of Saviours in a problem of this sort and impractical, as well, since these beings have become traditional "absolutes" of human behavior, lifted beyond the expectations of performance by the ordinary man.

Given the actuality of the perception and insight of the genius or rare individual, the problem breaks itself down into certain common elements. There is the self-righteousness of the man who sees beyond his fellows, and the self-righteousness and complacency of the community which ignores or turns against him. These are basic ingredients arising from the mixed natures of human beings. But the problem is complicated, also, by collectivist social philosophies. The individual who deviates from the behavioral norms established by "the greatest good for the greatest number" conceptions of the social order finds an additional pressure against him. Not only does he offend against the prejudices of the members of the community, but he also will not fit into the *theory* of the Good Community, which violates the social theology. He is a twice-damned man.

The bitterness of the man of perception, we are obliged to say, comes from his egotism. He has his moments of seeing like a god, but he is only a half-god and cannot stand the intoxication of high places. Yet he suffers great provocations. It is not just the mediocrity, which perhaps he could bear, but the institutionalization of mediocrity, which adds pomp to stupidity. In modern times, when the artist has no recognized role except that of some sort of hireling, the pressure can become very great. The culture gives a man like Rimbaud no *reason* for patience and reconciliation with the dull minds he finds about him. Instead, in the arts, it is not difficult for him to discover the cult of self-worship, fully endowed with the pseudo-ethic of the coterie and with an æsthetic of the elite. Rimbaud and Verlaine freely acknowledged their genius to one another. And why not? you may say. They had it. And that is true enough. But the pity of all this is that it leads to the establishment of little subcultures with private definitions of roles and a hearty contempt for the clods—today, vulgarly known as "squares"—who remain on the outside.

This is a situation which can occur in extreme form only in the circumstances of a mass culture, where there is no conscious provision for the man of vision. The result is that the man of some vision, but not enough, becomes a captive of the unnatural compensations devised by others like himself. He offers sacrifices to strange gods.

Our society has no place of nurture for the merely half-gods. It twists them out of shape, then coldly criticizes them for being malformed, and when they fight back, it condemns them as anti-social. Only the very great can reach to something like full development without becoming embittered. Only the great-hearted are able to take to their bosoms the filth and the meanness of mankind without revolt. How many Gandhis, how many Schweitzers, do you see in the passage of a hundred years?

It is as though we are determined to give the half-great, the men with great talent but undisciplined natures, no chance to find themselves. The real fault, of course, is that we have no real theory of human development, but only historical doctrines in which "nations" are the significant entities, for whom the only gods are "economies" and "political systems" and such like notions.

We have reasoned conceptions of individuality, but only in political terms. Authentic reasoning about individuality is as out of fashion as metaphysics, and since human beings can no more do without conceptions of individuality and metaphysics than they can live without breathing, the emptiness is filled with secret, egotistical doctrines and clandestine theories. A society which gives open recognition only to political and scientific intellectuality turns over other and more important areas of thought to the astrologers and the soothsayers. A society which has no serious view of individual human excellence is a society where books by Ayn Rand can become best-sellers and win fanatical admiration on the part of a considerable number of readers. A society with hard, empirical doctrines about man, nature, evolution, and the good life, will develop hard, empirical

improvisations for the more important issues which have been neglected. And here you will have fashion, whim, and mysterious cults of self-indulgence, since there is no rigor for these matters in the land.

It is a fact of more than passing curiosity that the half-gods, the angry, alienated men, the men whose contempt is articulated with great skill, are often the victims of some kind of addiction. This happens, one may suppose, for a number of reasons. For one thing, the alienated man has no particular reason for avoiding a practice from which the majority draw back in fearful respectability. He has allowed the idea of the very freedom which he cherishes to become warped by his antagonism to the crowd. In a sense, he is like the American statesman who, by reacting to Communist declarations and actions in a stereotyped manner, allows our foreign policy to be made in the Kremlin. So he drinks absinthe, or takes drugs. He will turn his defeat into a *Götterdämmerung* of rebellion. The pseudo-virtues of the respectable are for him vices of hypocrisy. He will not be guilty of any of them. Then there is the strange magic of the narcotic itself, a nirvana of sense experience. How shall we understand this compulsive fascination? One way to put it is that the flights of fantasy produced by addiction supply a private universe without friction where the gamut of personal realization is played in a single key. It gives to the emotions an enormous satisfaction of the sort which comes, say, to the scientist's intelligence when by means of abstraction he puts together a formula which seems to cover all the facts of a given problem. Or it is like the false individuation of a rite which is gone through by the postulant as in a dream, the symbolic achievement then being taken as a substitute for the ordeal of reality. The fascination is *not* false. The symbolic fulfillment *is* there. But it is only symbolic. Drug addiction, you could say, is an artificially induced schizophrenic flight from reality. But the wonder of the psychological experience is real. Nature is a world of facsimiles, and why should there not be natural agents—drugs or chemicals—which produce nirvanas of the senses? The loop-the-loops, soaring cycles and epicycles of subjective imaginings seem to touch every tired and tortured nerve with the balm of resolution. It is this magical symmetry of the narcotically produced sensuous universe that seems to provide a vibrant substitute for the agonized longings and paling philosophy of the individual in the grip of addiction. What has been lost is the option of the creative spirit, but this has already been weakened by the seductive melancholy of self-defeat.

The man who comes back from narcotic addiction, struggling up the lonely path through fogs of discouragement, is often one who has experienced the core of the self-being with a rare intensity. There are pits of self-delusion into which he is not likely to fall again, whatever his remaining weaknesses and inadequacies. He has at least a touch of the twice-born quality. The elements of patience and compassion are basic endowments of his regenerated nature.

It is better, of course, to work your way to a reconciliation with life as it is by other means. Addiction is overt self-delusion, but not only narcotics-users are self-deluded. All the truly psychological religions are, in their technical content, analyses of the processes of self-delusion. The Orient is rich in systems of thought concerned with this wisdom, while the West has only the record of the Herculean discoveries of heroic individuals—Tolstoy's *Confession*, for example. Tolstoy's *Confession* ought to be read in its entirety—it is less than a hundred pages—but the gist of his discovery, there recorded, is that the evil he felt in the life around him, he finally decided, was actually in himself, and so, by deliberate decision, he set out to change himself.

What we need—to come to the point—is a cultural matrix which has some sympathy and has made some provision for men like Rimbaud. At present we have a society which aims at the destruction of the half-gods; if it does not single them out and drive them into some underworld of

alienation, it withers them with indifference. It is not a matter of having reclamation wards for ill-fed and disillusioned geniuses. Nor will little societies for the protection of gifted or precocious children from the levels of the deadly average be of much use. What is needed is a philosophy of human achievement that is something more than a tired echo of the formula of the Renaissance Man.

Nobody can sit down and "write out" such a philosophy. In the West, at any rate, it has to be forged. What seems apparent from the way things are going in this direction is that this need is slowly being recognized as a stark necessity by the men directly concerned with the deep-rooted psycho1ogical sickness of our time. In the hierarchical societies of the distant past, a wide range of roles were culturally defined, with built-in goals for human aspiration set before the young as a natural part of their psychological environment. We have done away with the hierarchical society and have made an end of its finally corrupt institutions, but we have done nothing to implement by other means certain of its most important functions—functions which reflected basic intuitions about the nature of man.

Why did we destroy the old, hierarchical institutions? We destroyed them because they interfered with the flowering of free individuality; that is, because they presumed to *direct* the emergence of individuality, which, as we see it, is a contradiction in terms. But when rights, powers and privileges are taken away from institutions and handed to the individual, the individual must learn to enrich himself in ways that serve the entire community. This, after all, was a central purpose of the hierarchical order. And now we must learn to do by individual insight what was once a controlled and culturally directed process. We have to find by basic intuition and personally evolved philosophy the focus that the great theocratic systems failed to maintain.

But how do you develop these qualities in the social community? Not, surely, by exhortation. This would be no more effective than preaching at the younger generation, urging its members to accept "responsibility" and to recreate, by sheer act of will, a temper of national purpose which the "private enterprise" of their forefathers has so subdivided that there is nothing left of it at all. You begin, not with laws and ultimatums, but the carefully nurtured vision of a handful of individuals who are able to raise the level of perception to a new elevation. You begin with a concept of man and the good of man which creates *room* for human individuality. And you work as an individual with other individuals to generate and spread a breathing atmosphere for individual human excellence.

You do not ask a subsidy from the state. You do not write letters to your Congressman, explaining to him the essences of human life and the need for a public appropriation in behalf of the truths of the spirit. You do not make your efforts contingent upon a comfortable grant from one of the great, philanthropic foundations whose funds are dedicated to the improvement of mankind by corporate charter. You remember that Rimbaud had no charter, that Van Gogh found it necessary to go hungry, that Whitman became a nurse during the Civil War, that Pythagoras had to *pay* his first pupil to take instruction. You work, as others are working, to change the basic polarity of the cultural community by investing, without expectation of either reward or recognition, the full capital of your strength.

Sixty-three years ago, an aging Scot and itinerant scholar named Thomas Davidson answered the complaint of a young man who said he was too tired to study at night, and had no one to teach him. Davidson was speaking before a working-class audience at Cooper Union in New York, on the problems handed to the twentieth by the nineteenth century. He pointed out to the questioner that his problem was not personal, but the general situation of working-class people, and that he, Davidson, could hardly solve it. However, he went on to say:

> But one thing I can do for you, of a practical sort. I cannot procure for you shorter hours, or make you less tired at night. I cannot supply you with home conveniences or with books; but one thing I can and will do if you care to have me. If you will organize a club of people who are really in earnest and who will work with all their might, I will devote one evening a week to it.

This was the beginning of the school which became known as Breadwinners' College, of the lower East Side of New York, and it lasted eight years. A small thing, as educational institutions go, but some of America's most distinguished citizens came out of it. Morris R. Cohen, philosopher and teacher of philosophy, was one. Something of the quality that was transmitted by Davidson, and was continued by his pupils, is suggested by Dr. Cohen:

> It is romantic foolishness to expect that man can by his own puny efforts make a heaven of earth. But to wear out our lives in the pursuit of worthy though imperfectly attainable ideals is the essence of human dignity.

It must be admitted that the problem of reversing the trend of psychological collectivism is much more difficult to solve than the one Davidson dealt with. The young men he offered to help knew something about what they wanted. Our young men, save for a small minority, experience only fragmentary longings and have no clear conception of what they are after. Yet their need is great.

Perhaps the strongest contribution to a new spirit, these days, comes in the work of men who insist upon being themselves, who are unable to think and write except out of the truths they can feel for themselves. How else can you explain something like a Henry Miller Society, or the devotion of so many of the thinking young to Kenneth Patchen? Miller a writer, Patchen a poet, know what they want to say, and say it. For the many who do not know what they want, and much less how to say it, this quality has the glow of the Philosopher's Stone. Whatever else they have done, these men have thrown off the smothering blanket of psychological collectivism and say their words with the unmediated intensity of the human spirit. And they have, in their separate ways, the tenderness of unabashed hearts.

We have had enough and more than enough of defining the elements of human good in institutional terms. The good we now must have and learn to honor is a good which has no existence for the statistics of "progress." If we want to help our young men of talent to resist the inversions of protest by debauchery, we ought to present them with an environment which is not debauched in another way—debauched less honestly by the egotisms of successful acquisitiveness and the vulgarity of conspicuous waste. As it is now, we expect them to become entire Christs before we will so much as nod to them when they pass in the street.

REVIEW
TWO GOOD NOVELS

HOWARD FAST is still, as he has always been, a writer capable of deeply-felt affirmation as well as of fiery protest. As a Communist, his books always contained considerably more than the Marxist point of view—so consistently that we have always felt it obvious that the decades of Mr. Fast's Communist alliance were prompted by a sincere humanitarianism, however misguided. His latest story, *The Winston Affair* (Bantam), is by no means his best, from the standpoint of literary criticism, but it does make clear that Fast is a natural Clarence Darrow with a pen. The hero of *The Winston Affair* is an infantry officer who, since his West Point days, had intended to specialize in military law, and who is assigned to defend a psychotic murderer in a court-martial. Barney Adams' program of defense becomes a contest of law with prejudice and politics, a defense of all of that in human understanding which strives to raise itself above the eye-for-an-eye school of justice.

Captain Adams' father was a general, his forefathers all military men. Adams turned to military law because "for him, the court of military law was not simply and merely the judicial process of the armed forces; it was the leaven of civilization thrust tentatively into that ancient instrument of death and destruction, the soldiery. It was the paradox out of which man's hope creeps and explores." And so it becomes a matter of deep compulsion for Adams to defy his general's request that the defense of this particular murderer be merely a token one—a request made because the victim was a British non-com in a theater of war where Anglo-American relations were considerably strained. All testimony which would help to establish Lt. Winston's insanity has been suppressed and Adams not only has to sacrifice his own prospects for advancement by digging out this evidence, but must also persuade two medical officers, similarly endangered by pressure from the Brass, to assist him.

The following paragraphs describe his arguments with a psychiatrist, a major, whose opinion as to Lt. Winston's insanity has been disregarded. Why, Major Kaufman wants to know, is Adams asking him to disobey orders and force a report before the court-martial?

> "Because a man is going to be condemned to death—who should not be condemned to death. That is why."
>
> "I see. To save Charles Winston. You want me to help destroy myself to help save Winston. Is that it?"
>
> "If you put it that way—yes, that's it."
>
> "Of course. And it makes sense to you, I suppose. Winston, whose twisted life process revolved around a maniacal hatred of Jews, who is a decaying cesspool of every vile chauvinism and hatred ever invented; Winston, who spat in my face and called me a kike and a sheeny—this Winston, whose soul is warped and corroded beyond repair, whose mind is decaying and dying, who is a self-confessed murderer—this is the man you want me to help you save, even at the price of myself. Yes?"
>
> "Yes."
>
> "I suppose you have thought this through in your own mind, Captain?"
>
> "I've tried. Not entirely. But I seem to have found one thing that I can put my finger on."
>
> "And what is that?" Kaufman asked coldly.
>
> "That Winston is sick—and that his sickness is the world's sickness. Is the answer execution, Major Kaufman? Perhaps it is—and perhaps we are executing the world."

Fast, no longer a Communist, may be now a true-blue American, in the best sense. In the end both Kaufman and Adams have blighted their careers, but they have also frustrated the political machinations of their general and his staff officers. It is Mr. Fast's intention to let his readers grasp the fact that sometimes the most significant victories can be won in no other way—and that individual conscience will always be more important than external military or political success. In one of the closing paragraphs, Major Kaufman, now banished to a remote outpost,

writes Adams concerning the former's last interview with the general:

> He said this and that and then came to the heart of the matter—what devil drove Barney Adams?
>
> Why ask me, I wanted to know—and he said words to the effect of my being a psychiatrist and therefore under some obligation to understand why men did the things they do. Well, I replied that the approach was fallacious. You were not sick, and therefore no more my problem than his. But I offered a guess—a poor one, I suppose. I said that a thoughtful soldier can suffer a particular agony of his own, and that it becomes almost an implacable necessity to balance killing with some rational purpose.
>
> I don't know whether he saw what I meant, although your Kempton is far from a fool. He replied that whatever his own feelings were concerning one Barney Adams, he refused to believe that you would not defend your country—whether or not you believed in your country's cause.
>
> I had no quarrel with that. I only wondered—aloud—whether under such circumstances you could also defend Barney Adams.

The Winston Affair will never become as well known as *The Caine Mutiny*, which may be regretted, for this is the book that *The Caine Mutiny* ought to have been.

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Garson Kanin is a writer with a wide range of talents, able to fascinate and instruct painlessly at the same time. *Blow Up a Storm* (Random House and Pocket Books) is a story about modern music which brings the average reader closer to a feeling of the meaning of "jazz" than anything we have seen since Dorothy Baker's *Young Man with a Horn.* It is almost impossible to find "representative passages"—or unrepresentative, but excellent, ones—for the book is tightly written and must be taken as a whole.

This is a story of some intelligent men and women who find in jazz a level of existence which reaches beyond commonplace concerns. Since we must pick at least one sample passage, here are some paragraphs in which the narrator and a girl discuss a Negro drummer. "Slug," the drummer, is nearly impossible to live or work with as a human being, but his feeling for rhythm is so extraordinary that the reader suspects that such manifestations may be echoes of a buried greatness. A giant of a man, now wasted by illness and on the road to death, Slug moves towards his greatest work in percussion:

> It is probably a mistake to think of a man's body, mind, and spirit as separate elements; continuing research reveals more and more that they are inextricably interwoven. Still, Slug's mind cleared and grew sharp, his spirit soared, while his body wasted away. Edmonde and I went to hear him play his middle session one day during the third week. He had his record player blaring and was drumming with some of the best musicians in the world. He smiled as we came in, and boffed out a pleasant, excited greeting on his snare, adding a few rim shots by way of exclamation points. He did not speak, nor did we. He played, we listened. I hear him now, across time. I have heard many drummers since, a number of them outstanding—first-rate jazz drummers being more numerous than players of any other instrument—but never one like Slug. His style was as singular as his face.
>
> And he had taste—which means that, among other things, he knew or felt the most attractive possible tempo for any number as soon as we had played it through once or, at most, twice. Often he would have us riding a ballad ("What Is This Thing Called Love?") and sometimes would turn a jump tune ("A Shine on Your Shoes") into a slow stomp. In these matters, his judgment was never at fault.
>
> He saw and felt and heard rhythm in all things and, although he had heard thousands of hours of music, the inspiration for his own came from nature and people and from the world about him.
>
> "Listen that!" he would often shout, calling attention to a previously unnoticed sound. Then he would imitate it and laugh. One of his favorite places was the zoo in Central Park—the movement of the animals, the noises they made, the sounds of the birds, were a source of constant interest to him.
>
> Once, walking away from the zoo with him on a bursting spring day, I pointed admiringly to a great flowering oak tree. He studied it for a time, and said, "A fine tree. Fine. Know why? Because that tree got *rhythm!"*

Rhythm, to Slug, was form and tempo and balance and design and order and logic and love. He found rhythm in the changing and recurring seasons, in a girl's walk, and in a bunch of bananas. . . .

"How can he stick it?"

"Because," Edmonde explained, "what he does is not with his body—principally—but with his—ah! the word."

"Say it in French."

"I don't know it in French, as well."

"Spirit?" I suggested. She shook her head and looked for the word on the ceiling. I kept trying. "Soul? Unconscious? Talent? Gift? How about the overself?"

She looked at me and asked, "What is that?"

"Search me. I read it somewhere."

"May*be*. All these things together. And more. Is why he can perform so with a broken body."

I was beginning to follow. "Go ahead," I urged.

"Music," said Edmonde, "is a thing of the spirit, not of the mind."

COMMENTARY

SINS OF THE PSYCHE

WE have heard a great deal about the sins of the flesh, but little about the sins of the psyche, mainly because the people who have the most to say against the sins of the flesh are usually the chief offenders in the sins of the psyche.

A man of any perception eventually realizes how much he blurs his vision with self-indulgence. He coarsens the very instruments of sight, and while he may not do what he should, he at least *knows* what he ought not to do. The man who indulges the weaknesses of the psyche attacks his nature at another level. He deceives himself. He models the good life on the only behavior of which he is capable, or to which he has become accustomed, and condemns all those who fail to live as he does and value what he values.

But self-righteousness is an attitude of some subtlety. If a man obtains his security from being very much like the people around him, he participates in the cultural complacency of his time. Another kind of self-righteousness arises from being *not* like the common majority. And then there is the heavily emotional sort of creative ability, which leaves no room for appreciation of the work of others.

The only people who honestly overcome self-righteousness are the ones who take some delight in the entire human race, who find a reason for joy in any man of courage and ability. The arts are not all, but they are precious for what they represent—the spontaneous capacity of human beings to act in behalf of perceptions which are their own. Ultimately, the arts celebrate transcendental verities, constant values, and universal meanings. The artist, by being wholly himself, goes far beyond himself, and thus becomes a type of the true capacities of all men. It is this, no doubt, which gives him his vanity, but this, also, which at last supplies vanity's cure

How can it be made plain that the true values of human life are beyond all laws and legislation, all politics and all economics? Today, the best of men, through their allegiance to freedom and justice, have submitted to the politicalization of thought, and have let all concepts of good and justice be reduced to concepts of jurisprudence. They could hardly do more to repress the qualities of genius and inhibit the higher processes of human development.

This is the twentieth century, but they keep on fighting the battle of the eighteenth century, as though there were nothing else good to do. If the twentieth century goes down as a political failure, it will be because men who should know better have neglected trans-political truths and values.

CHILDREN
. . . and Ourselves
CORRESPONDENCE AND NOTES

OUR discussion of the contrasting—but perhaps complementary—values of permissiveness and discipline was followed (last week) by a review of A. S. Neill's latest volume, *Summerhill: A Radical Approach to Child Rearing* A previous correspondent had feared that our praise of certain aspects of the "Outward Bound" school movement in England indicated a failure to appreciate Neill, but last week's remarks about *Summerhill* made it evident that such fears are entirely groundless. In the meantime, a current correspondent, a new subscriber, writes concerning the need for synthesis between discipline and permissiveness. He says:

> Editors: I was much in accord with your thoughts in Children and Ourselves and, both as a graduate student of education and as a parent of three children, have been considering some of your very points myself. My wife and I are strongly in accord with the correspondent who favored Neill's non-authoritarian approach but we have been wondering if it is *enough.* Free development of the individual is surely our basic building block, but would seem to need the complementary aspects of working with others and facing absolute needs (as those of the old-fashioned farm). Separating the function of authority from "its permanent embodiment in a particular person" would seem a valuable step in setting up a workable structure for personal freedom *with* interpersonal responsibility.

Interestingly enough, immediately after reading the foregoing, we received a review copy of Bruno Bettelheim's *The Informed Heart* (The Free Press, 1961). Anyone familiar with Bettelheim's work knows that it is impossible to carry sympathetic permissiveness further than it is carried at the Sonia Shankman Orthogenic School (under Dr. Bettelheim's direction) yet, in a chapter titled, "The Concordance of Opposites," Dr. Bettelheim shows why too much freedom and too little sense of order may place an unfair and unnatural strain upon the young. He explains:

> What happens, for example, when this very freedom we give our infants to crawl around in the crib, play pen, or on the floor of our living rooms is unexpectedly and severely curbed in isolated but significant situations? This occurs typically when the infant is held down firmly for cleaning or diapering, and later when he is suddenly confined in the high chair at feeding time. Such sudden change from a great freedom to move about to utter restraint asks for a very complex adjustment to the environment. The infant must achieve an inner permission to move about freely and an inner inhibition of random movements. This is a much more complicated lesson than accepting, once and for all, that movement is restricted, as it is for the infant in swaddling clothes.
>
> Thus modern infant rearing practices do not pose a simple dichotomy between motility-and-insecurity versus immobility-and-security. According to theories derived from psychoanalysis, life is supposedly easier and pleasanter for infants when restraint is removed. In reality what the infant gets, along with the new freedom, is the need to adjust to opposite types of behavior and an opposite set of inner commands. And this likely as not, when he is much too young to master such complicated shifts in behavior and hence to succeed in personality development. It is premature for two reasons: first, because it expects the infant to make subtle distinctions so soon, and second, because the parent must appear too early in contradictory attitudes, when a uniform picture of him might still be needed for deeper security, or stronger identification.

* * *

Evidence that the pacifists concerned with peace education through the agency of "Acts for Peace" are truly educative rather than doctrinaire is provided by a recently issued "Discussion Outline." This material is an attempt to assist interested parents or teachers in saying something worthwhile to the child who asks, "What is war?" A portion of the Outline reads:

> In a world dominated by organization for war, talk of war is always present. Children hear it. While they may not phrase the question in these specific terms, children wonder about war.
>
> For example, schools throughout the country hold civil defense drills in which children are asked to hide under their desks "in case of disaster." A child may well wonder why. School children carry

home the cards which their parents are to fill out detailing their wishes for the child's evacuation in case of enemy attack. Again, a child may well wonder why. Newspapers, radio, and TV are constantly filled with news of conflict, implied or actual—"Russia has another first," "New missile base for state," the newscasts say. A child may well wonder, "What does this all mean?" Since so many parents participated in World War II or the Korean War, questions may arise when these experiences are mentioned.

As with all questions a child asks, we cannot be sure how the subject will arise, but in today's troubled world, we can be sure that it *will* arise.

The purpose of this discussion is to explore this important question which our children are asking. We want to answer a child's questions about war in a way which will aid the child in dealing with the facts of a world organized for war, but we do not want to reinforce passive acceptance of such a world. We want to lay the groundwork for a peaceful world.

In introducing a child to an anti-war position must you take a stand for total non-violence? Here it is of prime importance to take one step at a time. Those of us who have accepted the pattern of organization for war without question have taken the first step when we realize there are specific ways in which we can work toward a peaceful world. Our position and that of our children will be most sound if we take a step at a time, rather than seeking to solve the whole problem of all violent conflict at once. We will not become saints overnight, nor most of us in a lifetime. Neither we nor our children need feel we have irrevocably failed should we or they respond to individual conflict situations in violent ways. If we remain aware and our children become aware that conflict can be dealt with in nonviolent ways and attempt to employ these methods when possible, we have taken another important step. Each child and each adult advising him needs to find his own strength through numerous practical situations. It is, in any case, important to distinguish a total commitment to non-violence and an antiwar position. The difference between the use of force which is personal, discriminate, limited, proportionate, and controlled, and war which involves none of these limitations is a difference in kind. Some of us set a goal of commitment to non-violence in all areas of our life. All of us want to help change a situation in which most men accept war as something that must be and is right.

Copies of this discussion outline may be obtained at a cost of three cents each from Acts for Peace, 1730 Grove St., Berkeley 9, California.

FRONTIERS

The Case for Sanity

As I write this review of Norman Cousins' *In Place of Folly,* published by Harper in a special paper back edition ($1.50) for the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, I also have before me the front page of today's paper. The government of Southern Korea—our side—has seized power in a nearly bloodless coup that leaves it to us to shed blood if we want to get the opposition out. Meanwhile, our "weakness" in dealing with Cuba and Laos has caused Thailand to worry over continuing U.S. ties. On the same page there is another story that tells of the billions the Soviets are spending on bomb shelters, in contrast to our millions. The U.S. attitude seems to be that shelters leak a little anyway and that it would be cheaper to die of slow radiation than to survive for a while from fire and blast. On the face of this, it would appear that the CD people who arrest objectors for not running for the nearest hole during a test are being hypocritical for the sake of what they call "morale." If the charade of Civil Defense against the Bomb were exposed for what it is, some really thoughtful defense might be given consideration.

On the editorial page of the same paper Drew Pearson has a column on his recent visit to the central missile detecting station in Colorado Springs. He was allowed to see what was visible on the radar screen at the time, and then a test was run for him so that he could also see what would happen in case of an attack. A Russian fishing trawler was actually near Norfolk and another craft with heavy electronic equipment was also in evidence. If either of these had made a false move, it is probable that something less severe than the bomb would have been used against them. But at the same time there were also several unidentified aircraft and whoever was responsible for evaluating the danger of their location and destination could, if the chain of command had been made touchy by recent events, have given orders to turn loose enough missiles to destroy half the world. Pearson saw such an attack simulated on the screen. There was only a nineteen-minute warning, and neither we nor Russia have effective means to stop the weapons that would be hurled against us, in such an attack.

Massive retaliation has to be the war plan of the day so long as we go on as we do.

At 3:15 P.M., on October 5 last year, Air Marshal Slemon of the Canadian Royal Air Force was in charge of the Ballistic Missile Early Warning System at Thule, Greenland, when the warning, "Massive ICBM attack is under way," appeared on the board. Just as he was about to give order for retaliation he remembered hearing that Khrushchev was in New York and quickly verified this fact. So, you could argue, only through this quick thinking were two nations spared. Whatever is to be said about nuclear weapons being a deterrent to war, they will never be a deterrent to mistakes that can never be mended. As today's press indicates, the mistakes may just as well be diplomatic as technical, or they may be the fault of an intelligence service that has led us to believe in delusions of omnipotence. In any case, nuclear warfare magnifies all our mistakes, and there is always the chance that a nuclear attack may be used as an eraser of errors of command.

The material above was taken from one day's newspaper that is not much different from another day's—something people have learned to live with without too much discomfort. Imagine then what has been noted and studied by Norman Cousins, who has kept a day-to-day diary of the nuclear age as he tried to fight off our day-by-day threat of destruction with his vigilant and vital pen. Every man and woman capable of thought should read *In Place of Folly,* and in so doing may find a role in combating folly. In no other age has man had the chance he now has to mobilize his morality and find a constant application for it. The future of mankind is more than ever the responsibility of every thinking and sensitive individual; protest should be instinctive and it

should rise above ideologies. This much Cousins' book makes clear on a primary level.

In a final chapter Norman Cousins says:

> The enemy is not solely the unfettered sovereign national state, violating the natural rights of man and jeopardizing his natural environment.
>
> Nor is the enemy an atomic muscled totalitarian power with a world ideology.
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> The enemy is many people. He is a man whose concern about the world is that it stay in one piece during his life time. He is invariably up to his hip in success and regards his good fortune not as a challenge to get close to the real problems of his age but as proof of the correctness of everything he does. Nothing is less important to him than the shape of things to come or the needs of the next generation. Talk of the legacy of the past or of human destiny leaves him cold. Historically, he is the disconnected man. Hence, when he thinks about the world at all, it is usually in terms of his hope that the atomic fireworks can be postponed fifteen or twenty years. He is an enemy because he is detached from the kind of concern for the rights of unborn legions that will enable the world itself to become connected and whole.
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> The enemy is a man who not only believes in his own helplessness but actually worships it. His main article of faith is that there are mammoth forces at work which the individual cannot comprehend, much less alter or direct and so he expends vast energies in attempting to convince other people that there is nothing that they can do. He is an enemy because of the proximity of helplessness to hopelessness.
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> The enemy is the man who has a total willingness to delegate his worries about the world to officialdom. . . . It is now necessary to tame the national sovereignties and create a design of a whole. If this is to be done it can be done not by the national sovereignties themselves but by insistent acts of the public will.

Other enemies Cousins lists are the men of government who are afraid of not seeming to be tough enough, and the clergy—dispensers of balm rather than awakeners of conscience.

Not listed as enemies in this chapter are the nuclear scientists and the huge electrical firms who employ men who have been convicted of multi-million-dollar swindles in the name of free enterprise, in defense of which we may have to hurl the first bomb. In the face of such evidence, it is difficult to believe that these firms wouldn't lobby for nuclear testing. Even the unions that provide labor for such plants must look to them for a living.

At one place in *In Place of Folly* it is pointed out that a great deal of thought is now being given to attacking industrial nations with CBR—Chemical, Biological and Radiological warfare—so that both the civilian and the armed populace might be killed or conquered while the industrial plants would be left intact. Apparently this is morally reasonable to the men who make such plans. At least such planning makes one think of credit cards on immorality for the right people, automation without labor trouble, and a forgetfulness that not even Madison Avenue can reach an incinerated consumer. The aim must be to preserve the commercial shrines, and appropriate shrines they will be if the great powers continue on their present course.

A strange side-effect of the appearance of nuclear weapons has been the new tolerance of other murderous devices—our highly refined chemical and biological weapons. In short, we now have a full menu of death. GB or GA gas, depending which side you are on, is a sort of super insecticide—a DDT for humans. It would preserve the industrial establishment and cultural monuments. If it is desired that a conquered people be kept around as slaves, they could be sprayed with lysergic acid and a pleasant state of non-violence would be induced. This is probably looked at with suspicion, since it might demoralize the invading army.

The menu of biological weapons is equally diverse. Here we have death in a form that centuries of science have slowly learned to combat. The most noble accomplishments of the healing arts can now be obliterated over night. Leroy D. Fothergill, Special Advisor to the U.S. Army Laboratory, said of biological warfare on April 6, 1960:

> The overt means of decimation is aerosol spray in a biological cloud that is invisible, odorless and tasteless. It permeates most structures, searches out and infects all targets permeable and breathing. It establishes new foci of contagious disease in animals, insects, birds and people, and contaminates hospitals, food supplies, water, milk, kitchens, restaurants, warehouses. The infection of an entire continent by biological clouds is possible under proper meteorological conditions .
>
> Covert means of decimation through saboteurs are almost endlessly imaginable and nearly as endlessly *practical.*

An age in which a man could make a report on a weapon like this and even call it *"endlessly practical"* has passed beyond folly. What could be protected that would warrant such measures; what ideology could be enforced that wouldn't itself die of such an act? *In Place of Folly* is sordid and morbid in some places, for we have to face such realities if the world of the present is going to live with any self-respect, or indeed any life at all.

It has seemed to me to be unfortunate that TV should have arrived with the nuclear age. Most of the people who visit our homes on the TV screen come bearing our commitments for us, even in the commercials that represent "righteous consuming," which in turn commit us to materialistic values. The good guys and the bad guys help allay the anxiety that our credit buying has gotten us into, and then, as a sort of a super bonus, they allay our anxieties about the state of the world. More time is devoted to the life and death struggles of a cowboy defending justice in a cowtown of the 1860's than is given to the threat of chemical, biological, and nuclear warfare of today. It's a Walter Mitty game where we've sent our lives off into dreams and live at the one or two tolerable removes from reality.

In Place of Folly is such a comprehensive and thoughtful book that a review can only hint at its value. For me to have added reflections of my own may be presumptuous, but it does indicate that the book can set a reader thinking. It will be interesting to see if it reaches the best-seller list and how long it remains there. That will be a measure of the hope left for the world.

Never before has death been so continuously close as it is now to the mass of men. Those whom we feel we cannot reach will release that death, but many will try to stay the hand on the trigger simply to delay their death at the cost of the future. Others will be hedonistic and live it up while they can. Still others, I hope, will be like a professor friend of mine who was told annually that he had but a year to live and yet kept on living. "Perhaps," he said, "no professor should ever have over a year to live. If he does his concern with tenure and security is apt to make him forget his responsibility to today, tomorrow, and the truth."

One thing that cropped out in the news in the last month struck me with both force and hope. The only non-technical comment made by Russia's astronaut, Major Gagarin, and by our astronaut, Commander Shepard, was that when they looked out of their vehicles at the earth and sky, both exclaimed, "It's beautiful."

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