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FROM ITS OWN ASHES

LAST fall some peace-minded Americans, mostly Quakers, joined forces to support the voyage of the *Golden Rule,* a thirty-foot ketch which Skipper Albert Bigelow and his crew were determined to sail into the Eniwetok nuclear weapons testing zone, in defiance of the AEC ruling that this region of open sea was off-limits to all unauthorized persons. While formerly a naval officer, Bigelow was now of the view that the testing of nuclear weapons is a crime against mankind. Other forms of protest proving, as he felt, ineffectual, he and his associates decided to make another kind of "test": they would sail right into the area at a time when a series of blasts was scheduled. This act, they hoped, would accomplish several things. It would challenge the right of the United States Government to bar the course of vessels through a certain region of open sea. It would dramatize the objection to nuclear testing felt by many American citizens. It would be an object lesson to all the world, in the sense that these men were willing to risk, at worst, death by explosion, or at the least, prosecution for violating the AEC ruling.

There was a lot of publicity regarding the projected voyage of the *Golden Rule,* much of it reasonably favorable to the pacifist mariners. Mr. Bigelow was interviewed on television and radio programs. The press reported more or less accurately the intentions of the voyage. Millions, it is fair to say, became aware of this effort to affect the policy of the United States Government.

The rest of the story of the *Golden Rule* can be made brief. Twice the ketch set sail from Honolulu Harbor on its voyage of protest. The first attempt was stopped by the U.S. Coast Guard and a Federal injunction was issued against the boat's departure. The men set out a second time, ignoring the injunction. They were brought back, arrested, tried, found guilty, and given sixty days in jail.

Well, what do you think about a thing like that? The first line of cleavage, in thinking about the voyage of the *Golden Rule,* would come from your opinion on nuclear testing. If you think it is unfortunate, but necessary, you have only to consider what sort of rights belong to those who disagree, to the point of being under a moral compulsion to take some kind of action. In this case, you may conclude that the Government did just the right thing.

But if you are disturbed by the testing program, there are other considerations. You can have your say to your Congressman; you can write to the President and to the chairman of the AEC, and take such other steps as are available to exhaust what are called the "legal remedies" for the situation. Mr. Bigelow and his associates and supporters, be it noted, say that they did all this.

You can choose to bear the guilt of participation in the acts of the Government in respect to nuclear testing. Most of the opponents of the testing program are doing just that. But if you feel that the guilt is unbearable, you may be obliged to do something further—something "illegal," as a means of demonstrating the extreme importance the matter has for you. So then you pick a law which seems to stand in symbolic relation to the governmental policy you are determined to protest, and you break that law. It may be a law requiring you to seek shelter in an air raid drill conducted by the Civil Defense authorities. It may be a law prohibiting entry to the Nevada testing grounds. Fifteen or twenty people broke such a law in August of 1957 and were arrested and sent to jail. Or it may be a law or Federal regulation like the one challenged by the *Golden Rule.*

So you break a law and get arrested, and then the American people start trying to figure out what they think about this odd behavior. The reactions of many people are going to be based upon an almost instinctive placing of themselves in your shoes. So, on the whole, people are going to ignore it as something they do not quite understand, and which therefore makes them feel a little uncomfortable. But then, what "most people" do, in a passive way, may not be very important. There will be those who will feel more than a little uncomfortable, as though the sailors of the *Golden Rule* were pushing them about. The people in this group are obliged to think for a while, before they are able to set the hardly begun voyage to Eniwetok aside and turn to other matters. They will say that "of course" it would be a good thing to stop the tests. But what a *curious* approach to the problem! A little foolish, don't you think? Everyone knows the Government will have to stop them. What else can the Government do? And do you really *accomplish* anything by such methods? The conversation wanders when you ask, "Well, what else could they do, if they wanted to do something?" After all, it is admitted that the ordinary means of suasion available to individual citizens seem to have no influence whatever.

It becomes evident that acts such as the voyage of the *Golden Rule* reflect at least two basic intentions. First, there is the feeling on the part of the protesters that they must in conscience dissociate themselves as much as possible from what is done in their name—their name as citizens—by the United States Government. Then there is the desire that other people will see some point in the action they have taken, and perhaps sympathize, at least understand why they did it. There is the further possibility that actions of this sort will be more widely considered as alternatives to silent acquiescence. Both these objectives can have some realization without dispelling the uncomfortable feeling; in fact the feeling, instead of being vague, may now take on the quality of self-reproach. This could be called the "second-time-around" reaction. It is a reaction which is probably more typically American than what might be expected in other parts of the world. On the whole, Americans are pretty single-minded on the subject of Right and Wrong. They are used to having the True religion and the Best political system. It is difficult for them to accommodate their minds to several different ways of being "right" or "moral." So the voyage of the *Golden Rule* is bound to leave many Americans in a puzzled state. It is hard to say that it was "wrong," but then, on the other hand, how can you say that it was "right"?

There are, of course, some perils in civil disobedience. India has discovered cause for embarrassment in what some Indians regard as a too enthusiastic application of popular revolt along "Gandhian" lines. Gandhi's demonstration of the power of non-violent resistance has indeed armed the masses with power, and, once the method is understood, it can easily be turned to trivial or unworthy purposes. The spectacle of a government which was in some measure placed in power by non-violent techniques of gaining independence, now having to deal with popular uprisings in which the same techniques are used against the government, has its humorous aspects; but the problem of order remains. There is also the possibility that the Government *deserves* to be embarrassed in this way. What we are trying to say is that civil disobedience is a serious matter; if it should become "easy," social chaos might easily result.

So, on this ground, one could argue that the Government is by no means the offender in the matter of the *Golden Rule.* The Government, one might say, has its rules—not especially golden ones—and must abide by them. The man who pursues a course of civil disobedience is not appealing to the impersonal entity of the State, but, over the head of the State to the people at large. It is a way of engaging the attention of the public and asserting the need for reform— a reform which only the people at large can bring

about. The civilly disobedient breaker of the law says, in effect, "I am willing to suffer the penalties of what I do, which, within the meaning of the law, are not unjust, in order that you and I—all of us—may thoroughly realize what bad laws we have made for ourselves. I am trying to break through the shell of your indifference to this matter, regardless of the cost to myself." It is a way of speaking in painful italics, so that one's voice is heard.

This, it seems to us, is the essential meaning of civil disobedience, as illustrated by the voyage of the *Golden Rule*. Qualifications, however, may apply. For example, the protest may be as much against a way of administration of law as against the law itself. Or the law offended against may be held to be without ground in the Constitution. But these are more or less details. The Government, legally or not, is doing what the great majority expects it to do. So the appeal remains an appeal over the heads of the constituted authorities. The legal questions are important only as they contribute to the force of the moral appeal.

To look at the matter in another way: the sailors of the *Golden Rule* are saying that an ordinary, business-as-usual life is no longer possible for them. They are trying to take a little piece out of the world of the future, as they see it, and to show it to the rest of us. This, they say, is a sample of the kind of a world we want to live in—a world in which nobody is restrained from going anywhere he wants, in which the project of getting the know-how to use nuclear weapons with the greatest possible effect cannot be so important as to allow a great nation to destroy the time-honored freedom of the seas.

They might add that there are other ways of looking at the world of the future, but that this is *their* way—theirs, because they know how to sail a ketch, and because it is the best way they know of to attract the attention of other people to how they feel.

One thing more: They might plead ignorance on exactly how to get the kind of a world they want. They might say that they have no blueprints, but that they are sure how *not* to get it—how to absolutely prevent anyone from being able to move in the right direction. The sure-fire way to block this world of the future is to go on testing nuclear weapons. So they bought a boat and sailed for Eniwetok.

It is, some may say, a pretty simple-minded "solution." The *Golden Rule* crew might answer back that the world has a lot of simple-minded people in it, that sailing toward Eniwetok is about the most harmless kind of simple-mindedness you could come up with. And there is not much danger, as yet, of a rash of civil disobedience breaking out in the United States, to upset the normal processes of government. Such actions, if they became popular, *might* upset the normal processes of making war, and in this lies the basis for instinctive distrust of all such ventures on the part of those who fear that the nation may be made unready to fight a war. After all, there are rules for war, just as there are rules for peace. The most important rule for a successful war, in these times, is solidly massed public opinion to back the decisions of the Government and the Military. And this is just what you cannot have if civil disobedience gets popular.

Now it seems entirely possible that there will be no end to war until we develop this sort of resistance to the rules of successful war-making. So it is not so much a question of whether or not you think this particular demonstration was a "good idea," but of whether you think the time has come to challenge the power of the modern nation-state and to return the right of decision about war and peace to individuals. The latter question is of course academic. "Individuals" cannot "choose" war. They can choose only the acts of which individuals are individually capable. Modern war is not among these acts.

"So act, that what you do may be taken by everyone else as a standard of behavior." The

Kantian Categorical Imperative says something like that.

Shortly after the *Golden Rule* was stopped for the second time by the U.S. Coast Guard, another ketch, this one fifty feet long, floated into the Honolulu yacht harbor. It was the *Phoenix,* manned by Earle L. Reynolds, an anthropologist, his wife Barbara, his son Ted (nineteen), his daughter Jessica (fourteen), and Nick Mikami, friend and fellow yachtsman from Hiroshima. Mr. Reynolds, skipper and owner of the *Phoenix,* his family and Nick Mikami, had been sailing around the world for nearly four years— covering about 50,000 miles in all. He had come into Honolulu for repairs, on the way back to Hiroshima, where the long voyage had begun in 1954. In the harbor the Reynolds saw the *Golden Rule.* In Honolulu they heard its story.

They became interested. Before the four-year voyage, Reynolds had been studying the effects of radiation on the survivors of Hiroshima for the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission. In his article in the *Nation* for Nov. 15, he doesn't go into details about how his interest in the *Golden Rule* arose, but one may suspect that he knew more than most people about the effects of fall-out and atomic radiation. At any rate, Reynolds and his family informed themselves as fully as possible about the adventure of the *Golden Rule.* They studied the laws governing the functions, rights, and duties of the AEC; they consulted international law and the constitutionality of nuclear weapons-testing on the high seas; they examined the commitments of the U.S. Government to the people of the Marshall Islands. Reynolds brought himself up to date on scientific research concerned with the effect of nuclear radiation on man (he had been away at sea since 1954). He continues in the *Nation:*

> I will not enter into a lengthy discussion of our findings, but will make this capsule summary of our conclusions: first, the AEC has for years misled and misinformed the American public on the effects and dangers of radiation fallout; second, the second regulation of AEC prohibiting entry into the nuclear-test zone is, on several counts, illegal; third, the testing of nuclear weapons is in this area unconstitutional; fourth, our treatment of the natives of the Marshall Islands, where these tests have been held, has very clearly violated the conditions under which we were given trusteeship in this area.
>
> Acting on our knowledge, we expressed our opinions as individual citizens. We wrote to the local newspapers, and to the several hundred people on our round-the-world sailing list. We cabled Lewis Strauss, then head of AEC, and his only boss, the President. From each we received the same answer: a mimeograph release, sweetly soothing in style.
>
> Gradually the conviction grew, amongst all of us on board the *Phoenix,* that we must do more than talk. We must seriously consider carrying on the work that the men of the *Golden Rule* had begun. And yet, it was difficult for us to come to this decision. None of us was politically minded, and none of us had strong religious convictions. We were all, I think it is fair to say, law-abiding citizens, and we found it personally distasteful and even repugnant to consider breaking a law—even one we considered to be illegal.
>
> On the other hand, we all felt strongly that the men of the *Golden Rule* were both morally and legally right in making their protest. Such a protest was taken on their own personal responsibility and at their own risk. They were mature Americans of high moral character. Their entry into the nuclear-test zone involved no threat of injury to any other person, and no violation of military "security."
>
> We decided to sail. . . .

Sail they did, and they reached and entered the testing area. After some warnings which they ignored, a Coast Guard ship stopped them and Reynolds was arrested and brought to Kwajalein, an atoll under the control of the Navy. Reynolds was flown to Honolulu, tried, convicted, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment, with eighteen months of probation. The story of his trial is almost as important as anything else in this affair and well worth reading in the *Nation.* Reynolds has of course appealed.

It is especially interesting that Reynolds and his family don't regard themselves as being "politically minded." Politically minded people, very likely, would not have made the voyage.

Well, what sort of people would do a thing like that? The Reynolds weren't particularly "religious," either. As for the children, they wanted to go along. Ted was now twenty and a navigator who had sailed a ship around the world. He could make his own decisions. The daughter, Jessica, chose to sail. Reynolds explained: "My wife and I agreed that it was entirely appropriate for children to be permitted to fight for the world of which they are the inheritors."

There is nothing, apparently, eccentric about the Reynolds. They seem to be a family of self-reliant Americans, literate, conscientious, competent and accomplished. Mr. Reynolds' article in the *Nation* is without any rhetorical flourishes. The trip is described in a matter-of-fact-way— the way a man might tell about deciding to go to Chicago to take a job he was interested in doing.

There doesn't seem to be much more to be said. You could wonder what is going to happen next. Is somebody else going to get himself a boat and sail toward Eniwetok? Is doing things like this going to take on the character of a ball game? They used to report the war in Korea like a ball game. Is the Government likely to "get tough" with such people? Are there some more people like Reynolds, holding down chairs in anthropology? Are there any other former naval commanders like Bert Bigelow? It might even be that a time will come when a great many people will be *really* puzzled about the Right and Wrong of such goings-on.

REVIEW
WAR AND THE IMAGE OF THE HERO

THE hero, as even the most amateur psychologist should know, is not so much a man who meets extreme odds with extreme bravery as he is an inspiring legend. The hero, at least in part, is a creation of literature and the arts, and it is in the transmission and the dramatization of the transcendental deed that the hero comes alive for later generations. It is not necessary, even, for the heroic image to have origins in specific fact; Ulysses was but one of thousands who grew from folk tale to literature as the projection of creative imagination. One can certainly say that without the "real" hero, the man who literally dares and does, there would be no heroic tradition, but our point is that literature, in one form or another, has created as well as transmitted the story of those men who have risen beyond the expected to the truly unusual.

By this roundabout route we come to another consideration of the war novels of past and present—to the moot question of whether, in some far-off day when the psychological maturity of humankind may preclude actual war, "war-stories" will not still be read for both inspiring and instructive purposes. At least we can imagine that this might be the case, for the behavior of human beings in extreme situations provides a psychological study—including a kind of personal insight—which we would be much poorer without. So while today the facts and causes of World Wars I and II are already buried among the dead leaves of history, while the battle techniques and situations are obsolete, the stories founded on those times afford an intimate sense of courage, pathos, frustration, and Nemesis.

In the present, the trend has been definitely toward complication of the hero's role in wartime. A good illustration is provided by *Paths of Glory*, which, even in its movie version, disabuses audiences of any notion that the hero in recent wars could proceed along a clearly marked path to a glorious goal. In this book, as in many others, the hero emerges in unlikely men at unlikely times, and completely passes by those who, by virtue of favorable circumstances, could enter tradition as the fighting leaders of their men. A novel by an Englishman, Humphrey Slater, originally published as *The Malefactor* and now issued by Signet under the title of *Soldiers Three*, is a treatment in something of a similar mood. For the "Malefactor," a private who shoots his superior officer on the field of battle, becomes the bearer of the heroic tradition. Arrested and on the way to confinement, he and his small escort are overwhelmed by the explosion of a German attack and, in the days that follow, the murderer, "Albert Hoylake," becomes the natural leader, protector and savior of his captors. Before the story ends, Hoylake has organized the lines of battle in a minor but important engagement, won the respect of men far his seniors in the field who know nothing of his crime, and managed a skillful evacuation at Dunkirk.

What Mr. Slater has in mind is quite obvious—to use the novel to show that modern war is a strange crucible and that, in evaluation of human ability and integrity, the familiar rules are just as likely to miss as to apply. This is an interesting story, told largely in the reserved English manner, which, by making heroism less obvious, ends by making it more impressive. The senior officers who weaken to the pressure of the same dangers which show valor in Hoylake are not particularly cowardly or despicable men; they are simply trained and conditioned to link their military actions to pattern, while Hoylake is something else again and verges, at times, on being magnificent.

James Garrett's *And Save Them for Pallbearers* is the story of the Nemesis of war rather than its heroism, yet how can one be fully comprehended without the other? In this passage, a sensitive and intelligent officer, one Captain Crawford, comes face to face with the enemy he had been hating for so long:

He gazed at the sere slopes of Able-Nan and smiled grimly. The Wehrmacht was up there waiting . . . crouched in muddy holes . . . the rapists of Europe.

The Thompson submachine gun became an organ of passionate hatred in Crawford's hands. The Company began to overrun the German positions, and flushed the Wehrmacht from hiding. Crawford stopped firing and stared as a German with wide, pleading eyes set in a dirt-smeared face came from his hole as shiftily as fog from a Louisiana bayou and grew taller until his eyes were on a level with Crawford's. This was his enemy! This dirty, ragged skeleton with the face of hung-over death. This sallow child with gaunt cheeks and willow-drab hair. The German stood uncertainly in front of Crawford, his hands clasped together on top of his head, crushing his green field cap beneath them. His greatcoat was open and Crawford saw the man's tattered uniform. Crawford shook his head sadly and gestured the soldier rearward with his submachine-gun barrel.

Crawford's witnessing of the violent deaths of some of the bravest of his men, while the weakest manage to live on, helped him realize how enmeshed in an uncontrollable destiny is the life of any man who becomes part of a chain of command. A man he respects, a "private-to-sergeant-back-to-private" firebrand called Donatti, feels the same pressure of an unchosen destiny. He accepts the challenge with fierceness and only a little bitterness, but he is fully aware that he is not being allowed to live the life of a human being who makes his own choices. Donatti reflects:

A chain of command had always existed, a hand that extended directly from SHAEF to his Squad. It was a gentle but insistent hand. It pushed. It pointed. It said, "You." And before you knew it, you walked into the hell of German fire, the hand a continuous pressure on your back. Donatti knew the hand had tapped him on the shoulder. He had felt its fingers in England before D-Day, and Charlie Company had been in the first wave.

He was willing to give the hand quite a lot. He would gladly concede the Division, the Regiment even, and perhaps the Battalion—but not the Company. The Company was three rifle platoons, a weapons platoon, and some assorted characters belonging to Company Headquarters. When the hand touched the Company, it tickled Donatti's ribs. But it was not he who conceded the Company anyway—it was Flaggler, just as Mayberry had conceded the Battalion; Taffee, the Regiment; Stepenson, the Division, and so on, all the long road back to SHAEF where Eisenhower must have conceded the AEF, and further yet to where Roosevelt conceded the United States. Had God, he wondered, conceded the earth?

At the end of *And Save Them for Pallbearers,* Garrett reflects on the mood of "Nemesis" which characterizes this well-written book:

Sam Crawford, marching ahead of the skirmish line, thought of what had transpired since D-Day—the battles hardships and death that had been their daily lot, of the smashed pacts, ideals and nations that were like carpets upon which armies now marched, of the inscrutable future that would be compounded from thousands of dark, grisly firefights; of the many awful sacrifices, like Donatti's; of all the master battle plans that had been paid for only by the deaths of too many men who were now rotted carcasses in flowerless graveyards—.

COMMENTARY
MAN'S UNIQUE TASK

NATURALLY, we like to come across statements such as those made by Dr. Frankl and quoted on the opposite page, in "Children . . . and Ourselves." They sound as though they were lifted from MANAS, or as if MANAS writers have been paraphrasing Dr. Frankl for a long time. There's no harm in setting the passage off in quotation again:

> In my opinion, man is dominated neither by the will-to-pleasure nor the will-to-power, but what I call man's *will-to-meaning*, that is to say, his deep-seated striving and struggle for a higher and ultimate meaning to his existence.

Nothing seems so important as this quest for meaning. The trouble with writing about it is that you soon get to a point where you are repeating yourself. You can say it once, but then you have to stop.

This is the case with all "ultimate" ideas. The best philosophers have always been wary of getting wordy concerning final questions. We gather that Eastern metaphysicians preferred to allow a simple pronoun, *That*, to do duty for the name of the highest reality—*That* thou art.

Wrestling with this problem, you soon come to appreciate the value of symbolism and dramatic forms. Rather than vulgarize the ideal, the ancients cloaked it in mysterious symbols. There was the Holy Grail, which could be found only by the pure in heart, and even then, seen only as a radiance. It was itself beyond sight. There was the Word, not the utterable, but the *unutterable* word. Men have always accepted such symbols and have usually known better than to ask that they be given a literal explanation. Meanings of this sort have to be filled in gradually, and by the heart rather than the intellect.

Olive Schreiner's story of the Hunter, in *Dreams*, is a moving example of this form. The hunter climbs and climbs, seeking the great white bird. The mountain path grows steep and narrow—always steeper and narrower. Slowly, the hunter's energy wanes. The chill of the height weakens his body. He struggles on, drawn by faint shadows of a great flying creature above him. His spirit is indomitable, but his body fails. In the end, toward the mountain top, he falls in deathly exhaustion. The quest is over. He has failed. Yet as he dies, a white feather floats gently from somewhere in the sky and comes to rest on his breast.

The story needs no commentary. It needs only to be told again and again.

It is certain, at any rate, that all great literature is haunted by the element of the incommensurable. The foreground of the story may have all the romance you like, plenty of adventure and of derring-do, but the secret of the heart's yearning, although never quite exposed, has need to bring on the ferment which reveals, finally, the true role of man. The good novel never tells all, but by hiding what cannot be disclosed makes the reader know that it is there. Always remains the feeling that the truth disclosed gains its power from the truth undisclosed. It is the writers who think themselves able to explain *everything* that give you the feeling of being sold out, along with the writer's characters.

Every man has his own way of giving expression to his "will-to-meaning." The contributor of the discussion in this week's Frontiers tells with more self-consciousness than most people achieve of the way he has found, or is working toward. Then, last week, there was the account of the agony and the triumph of Henri Alleg, the man who found that meaning, for him, meant to refuse to betray his comrades. Reflecting on Alleg's ordeal, one may wonder if his pain has not been a vicarious atonement for the failure of many of the rest of us to ponder the meaning of our lives. Surely, a world in which torture shadows an entire epoch is a world in which men have neglected for too long to think about the meaning of their lives. "What threatens man is the alleged meaninglessness of his life." The torturing of some men by others is only a symptom.

Or, we might take it as a warning.

CHILDREN
. . . and Ourselves

SYMPOSIUM ON EDUCATION AND PHILOSOPHY: I

Two fundamental problems, deriving from our present cultural situation, seem to confront the modern educator. In the first place, being dedicated to the belief that the greatest number should receive the most education we can supply, we must, perforce, deal with many children and parents who know little of the ideal aims of education. The teacher, therefore, is going to find himself teaching children who don't particularly want to be taught, or teaching them familiarity with certain cultural symbols in which they are not presently interested.

The second basic problem of education is occasioned by the recognition, on the part of those who are scholars or natural intellects, that what the Rockefeller Report has called "the pursuit of excellence" is vitally important.

Educators whose circumstances oblige them to devote their energies mainly to the first problem will quite likely resent the criticism of the philosophers and idealists who point out that education without the emergence of synthesizing understanding, will not aid citizens to think through the matters of principle necessarily involved in social and political affairs. And yet the "idealists" are quite right.

The *Saturday Review's* "Accent on Education" issue (Sept. 13) illustrates both points of view. The lead article, titled "Report from the Grass-Roots," by Robert Lewis Shayon, begins with an expression of sympathy for teachers who don't have time to worry about philosophy or "high-level" culture. When Shayon was preparing for a radio series to be produced under the joint auspices of the National Association of Education Broadcasters and the Educational TV and Radio Center, he interviewed a well-known professor whom he describes as "in the vanguard of critics claiming that our public schools fail to devote themselves exclusively to serious intellectual training." The professor was asked what would happen if, as he recommended, the "intellectually unfit" were weeded out early during the educational process. What would happen to the "non-verbal" young people? "Let them dig ditches," the professor is reported to have replied. But while Shayon has apparently always been inclined to champion the tough intellectual disciplines, his investigation of conditions actually prevailing in many schools throughout the country led him to see the predicament in a different light. As he left the professor's study he mused:

> I thought of those primary-grade children that I had talked to in a school in Flint, Michigan, the General Motors city. One very shy, slow and halting-spoken six-year-old boy was of a southern family recently up from the cotton fields. The parents both worked on an assembly-line. They had eleven children. The six-year-old was chronically late to school. No one in his family bothered to wake him in the morning. He came to class regularly unfed. Flint has an aggressive, enlightened community school program. The boy's undernourished condition was discovered in a medical checkup, and he was assigned to a group of 75 other children who are given breakfast every weekday morning at school because otherwise they would go hungry.
>
> The odds were already heavily against this child in our highly verbalized teaching and testing conditions.

Another comment on the demand for high academic standards is supplied by an irate superintendent of schools in the deep South. "Toughen it up, toughen it up," she said. "That's all I've heard for forty years!"

On the other hand, there can be no doubt that the ultimate aim of education is the same today as it was when formulated by Plato—the discovery of the Whole Man. In the same issue of the *Saturday Review* Dr. Viktor E. Frankl, of the Medical Faculty of the University of Vienna, turns to a basic consideration: The standardization and routinization of contemporary society—accelerated by the onrush of automation—creates

a sort of gilded cage for the average person. Dr. Frankl writes:

> Freudian Psychoanalysis has introduced into psychological research what is called the Pleasure Principle, or, as we might also term it, the will-to-pleasure as a motivating factor in life. Adlerian Psychology, on the other hand, stresses the role played by the will-to-power. But in my opinion man is dominated neither by the will-to-pleasure nor by the will-to-power, but what I call man's *will-to-meaning,* that is to say, his deep-seated striving and struggle for a higher and ultimate meaning to his existence. This is his mission in life—his unique task—for there is a personal task waiting for each personality to be realized exclusively by him and by him alone. Psychotherapy and, above all, education need a concept of man in steady search for meaning.
>
> What threatens contemporary man is the alleged meaninglessness of life. When does this so often latent vacuum become manifest? In the state of boredom. Boredom is nowadays giving us more problems to solve than want. For the Second Industrial Revolution—automation—will probably lead to an enormous increase of leisure hours and many will not know what to do with all that free time. We need only think of Sunday Neurosis—that kind of depression which afflicts people who become conscious of the lack of content in their lives when the rush of the busy week stops.
>
> There is nothing in the world, I dare say, which helps man so efficiently to survive and keep healthy as the knowledge of a life task. Thus, we can understand the wisdom in the words of Nietzche: "He who knows a Why of living surmounts almost every How." In these words I see a motto for all education.

The *Saturday Review,* in this issue, prints communications from articulate foreign graduate students and teachers abroad. One correspondent, Herbert Butterfield, of Peterhouse College, Cambridge, suggests that American education is largely lacking in the intellectual "drive" which often arises in the English student during the one or two years just preceding graduation. This "drive" is connected with the respect accorded the well-educated in the English tradition—a respect related to the belief that the well-educated man can turn to the performance of "good citizenship" with enthusiasm. Butterfield concludes: "I wonder what would happen if the virtues of an American education could be combined with that peculiar 'drive' which is often imparted to the English student in his last years at school. The greatest thing that a teacher can do for a student is not to teach him—not to transfer information from his own mind into the student's mind—but to communicate to him that 'drive' which carries him forward on a process of autonomous self-education. If this could be added to American education in the later years of school life the result would be very remarkable indeed."

FRONTIERS
Shaping Ideas

[This article is made from the letter of a young Englishman to a group of friends who have in common with him the ideal of the re-creation of modern society. We print it here to show how great moral ideas spread across the world, take hold, and shape the lives of human beings.—Editors.]

SEVERAL of you have put down on paper your ideas about life, and more specifically what should be the basis of a Sarvodaya group, and I have even encouraged others to do this, so it is high time that I tried to do likewise. In any case this should help me to get my own ideas straight. Suffice to say that the main formative influence was coming across in my early teens the works of Edward Carpenter, especially *Towards Democracy* and *The Art of Creation.* These did not make me a pacifist, but they sowed the seeds which perhaps made my later pacifism inevitable. Their influence is probably much more pervasive than I am aware. The direct cause of deciding to leave Her Majesty's army was the reading of *The Power of Nonviolence* by Richard Gregg. Huxley's *Ends and Means*, which I read soon after, consolidated and clarified my ideas. About eight years ago, while in France, I was given a booklet by Wilfred Wellock, with which I felt very much in harmony. Indeed, I find little with which to disagree in his later *Orchard Lea Papers*, which seem to me to sum up his whole philosophy. Other seminal books were Kropotkin's *Mutual Aid* and Huxley's *Perennial Philosophy.* There have been plenty of other influences on my thinking of course, including during the last few years the speeches and writings of Vinoba and Jayaprakash, but I think those mentioned have been the formative ones.

Sarvodaya for me is the word which sums up this whole approach, and before I go further I had better make another attempt at translating this into reasonable language. My reasons for suggesting "Commonwelfare" earlier this year were these. "Sarvodaya," as you know, was coined by Gandhi from *Unto this Last* and is a compound of two Sanskrit words meaning "all-rising." "Commonwelfare" I hit on because it is a close translation, it avoids the use of a phrase, and is also a compound and coined word. I still feel "common" is the right rendering of *"Sarva,"* as it not only means "general," "of all," "total," but has undertones of "vulgar," "bottom dog," "lowest of the low." "Welfare" I am not so happy about. Apart from your objections it has too many connotations with "Welfare State." The other day I lit upon a similar word which may meet these objections—"Commonweal." At any rate it is the best I can do, until we come across something better.

It was my intention to continue by expressing what is involved in Commonweal, but I now realise that this would be trying to build the walls before there are any foundations. Before discussing the good society, I must try to explain why I am concerned about these social, economic, and political relationships, and why, unlike some fundamentalist Christians, and also, in a higher sense, some great spiritual teachers and mystics, I do not leave this nether world to its fate and concentrate on the well-being of my individual soul. The question, "What is the purpose of man?", precedes "What is the purpose of society?", and the question of life's purpose is basic to everything else. Well, I have no idea what this latter is, and doubt if it can be put into three-dimensional language (Ramana Maharshi found that silence was the only way), but I do believe with all my being that my individual life can only have meaning within the great scheme of life, whatever its purpose. Until now evolution has been mainly physical, but it seems to me that the purpose of *homo sapiens* is to forward this evolution in a spiritual direction. The good society will therefore be the one that assists, or rather does not hinder, this purpose. To quote Gandhi, "The end to be sought is human happiness combined with full mental and moral (spiritual) growth." I have little doubt that the mystics, *gnani yogis*, and other spiritual giants are the real

pioneers of the race. I myself was attracted to this path, to the exclusion of concern for others' growth. (For the blind cannot lead the blind.) However, not being a person of great spiritual depth—and perhaps from mental sloth—I felt that this way was not for me, that my particular *dharma* lay in working with others for the betterment of society and the elimination of those evils—poverty, hunger, lack of self-respect, narrowness and selfishness, reliance on authority and the state—which are making the very mention of religion and spiritual growth a mockery for the great majority of our kind. Indeed, I suspect that only in this field (of nonviolent social revolution) lies my own spiritual growth. A few years ago I tried to formulate these basic beliefs, and I feel extremely diffident about putting down this "affirmation." Until now I have communicated it to only three people who were very close to me, but as it expresses the whole basis of my thought and feelings, I don't see how I can omit it.

> Life is one coherent whole; and I am one with it, I am one with the sun and the stars, the sea and the soil, the trees and animals; I am one with all mankind. To the all-sustaining spirit of this whole I open my heart, and surrender myself completely.
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> I am one with the whole; knowing this I am fearless; nothing can harm the spirit within that is my real self; I remain courageous, calm, and cheerful in all circumstances.
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> I am one with the whole; knowing this I follow truth, regardless of the consequences. I am sincere in all my dealings. Above all I am sincere with myself.
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> I am one with the whole; knowing this I cannot bear ill-will to anyone nor recognise any barrier between myself and others; people everywhere, you are my brothers and sisters, and I love you all.
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> I am one with the whole; knowing this I am as nothing— a speck of life fulfilling some tiny aspect of the divine plan; yet in this role I am happy and content, for life is a whole, and I am one with it.

(N.B. Of course I am far from being fearless, truthful and non-violent. "Knowing this" I am so, but invariably I forget.)

You may think all this unnecessarily metaphysical. My apologies, but that is the way I tick. Having made an attempt, albeit sketchy, at the basis, I now feel I can have a go at the superstructure, of which Commonweal forms an integral part.

Commonweal involves an approach to life, Gandhian if you will, but is no blueprint for creating better men; nor is it an end in itself, but a means of providing the most favourable environment for the spiritual growth of the individual. Very many details will vary according to the particular country and environment, and the particular idiosyncrasies of the individual. (No doubt some of mine have crept into this.) It does seem to me however that there are certain essential aspects about which the members of any group based on Commonweal should agree. These seem to divide naturally into two sorts, those which the individual tries to implement in his own life by self-discipline, and those which should be accepted as necessary characteristics of a Commonweal society. For these personal principles it seems to me that no leader, not even a Gandhi, can be the authority, but only the individual conscience.

They are: fearlessness; truth; nonviolence; spirit of service; simplicity and the elimination of unnecessary luxuries; identification with the bottom dog, and the preparedness to do his manual work; regarding this body as an instrument of service rather than pleasure; reverence for all religions and all approaches to "God"; elimination of prejudice— social, sexual, class, national, and religious; (and may I add a sense of humour, please?).

Fearlessness I put first deliberately because only a person with courage can be truthful, and truth next because only a truthful person can be really nonviolent. Nonviolence when confronted with social or other wrongs may have to express itself as nonviolent resistance, with the emphasis always on the first rather than the second word. Further elaboration is perhaps unnecessary here.

To my mind the characteristics which a Commonweal group would try gradually to implement in present-day society are these; trusteeship; decentralisation of economic and political power; self-sufficiency in essentials (*i.e.*, food and clothing); communal ownership; "from each according to his ability, to each according to his need"; meaningful work; balance of industry and agriculture. *Trusteeship* is a far more revolutionary concept than might seem, far more than anything in Communism. It undermines the whole idea of individual ownership, and involves an attitude of being the steward, for society and for life itself, not only of one's material possessions, but of the body, the mind and the talents thereof. Trusteeship obviously tends toward communal ownership as in a family. (I had better add though that this does not imply that a Commonweal group should immediately take the plunge into Communal ownership. I think this would be a mistake in the early stages.)

Decentralization and self-sufficiency. "The economic constitution should be such that no one under it should suffer from want of food and clothing. In other words everybody should be able to get sufficient work to enable him to make the two ends meet. And this ideal can be universally realised only if the means of production of the elementary necessaries of life remain in control of the masses." Note that this self-sufficiency is in *essentials* (food, clothing and shelter). There are certain industries which cannot be decentralised to any extent, including those of steel, cement, shipbuilding, machine tools and railways. This also applies to services such as the post office. Mary and I have had some discussion on the virtues of national self-sufficiency versus national interdependence in essentials in promoting a peaceful world. There is no doubt in my own mind that at the present stage in man's spiritual growth the latter makes for friction and war. And even if man were a much more evolved animal than he is there would still be a danger of natural catastrophe throwing a spanner into the complex economic works. Self-sufficiency in essentials for this country obviously means a complete economic revolution, from dependence on industry and world markets to a balance of agriculture and industry (which is not possible with our present population). Again, I have come across no better analysis than that of Wilfred Wellock. As I understand it there can only be true democracy if political power is decentralised in such a way that the individual can feel a sense of responsibility, that his opinion matters to the community in which he lives. For me therefore *representative* democracy is no democracy. Decentralization of power lends ideally to anarchy, and "the withering away of the state" of dialectical materialism. In this sense I am an anarchist. But man is not yet ready for this happy development, and in the forseeable future there will be need for some sort of centralized state with a minimum of power (which must surely be on a world basis), for the purpose of *coordination.*

Meaningful work. Commonweal, as I understand it, is fundamentally opposed to the modern Socialist ideal of minimum hours of work and maximum wages and leisure, regardless of how disintegrating of the personality the work may be. One's work will always have an important influence on one's personality, and it should have such interest that the distinction between work and leisure becomes blurred. Both Kropotkin and Wellock have gone into this question with great insight.

The above, then, are to my mind essential aspects of Sarvodaya, or Commonweal. In brief: truth, nonviolence, trusteeship, decentralisation, for I believe the other items are implicit in these four.

Organic farming I consider to be another vital aspect of the good society, but I do not include it separately, as I consider it an extension of the trusteeship attitude to the soil.

There are other aspects of great importance, and perhaps vital in particular circumstances, but which meseems are not of universal application. I am thinking of such items of Gandhi's programme

as *Khadi, Swadeshi,* use of Vernaculars, and celibacy of ashram members. The fight against untouchability, of such importance in India, finds its application in this country in the fight against racial prejudice. Vegetarianism is another aspect of great importance, at any rate to me, but which I cannot feel is an *essential* aspect of Commonweal. It is my belief that the members of a Commonweal society would eventually be led to adopt a vegetarian diet as being more in harmony with a nonviolent life and with an attitude of trusteeship towards other species, but it is the *attitude* that is important here, regardless of what one eats.

Well, there you are. I have made an attempt to put down my basic ideas about Sarvodaya. At present I do not feel there is sufficient unity of approach among possible centre members: more discussion is necessary, and this is offered as a contribution to that discussion. There are plenty of other points about the life of a Commonweal group which I have not touched on: education, finance, leadership, place in the local community, worship, economic viability, study programme. But I think you will agree that this letter is quite long enough and that these points will be better left to the future.