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# THE MEANING OF WAR

WE have been absorbing a book which obliges the reader to incarnate again in the years of the second World War. The author is J. Glenn Gray, a teacher of philosophy who was inducted into the Army on May 8, 1941, served for four years as an agent of the Counter Intelligence Corps, and was discharged in October, 1945, as a second lieutenant. He participated in the Italian campaign, the invasion of southern France, and the campaign in middle Europe until the end of the war. The responsibility of his unit was the safeguarding of American troops against spies and saboteurs. During this term of service, the meaning of war to humans grew upon him. Years later, in 1959, he wrote *The Warriors—Reflections on Men in Battle*, first published by Harcourt, Brace and Co., and later (1967) it appeared as a Harper Torchbook with an Introduction by Hannah Arendt.

All human beings should read this book. It is not a pacifist tract but something far better than that. It tells how a man discovers what war does to all people. In December of 1944, from Alsace, he wrote to a friend:

> Perhaps even you cannot participate enough in this life over here to understand. You would have to see a fine, fine family broken, people you had learned to love, destroyed because of petty personal grudges. You would have to see people slapped and beaten because they might possibly be telling a lie or because certain sadistic impulses need to be satisfied. You would have to see old men and women on the roads with a few pitiful belongings in a driving rain, going they know not where, trying to find shelter and a little food in a scorched-earth area. Oh, you would have to see many things, Fred, to know why I should come to realize such a primitive truth as that I have only one alternative to death and that is to love, to care for people whom I as a natural man, want to strike down.
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> The time may not be far off, if it is not already here when millions of people will not want to live. It has been prophesied, and the prophesy is a true one. Today I talked with a young attractive woman with three children who told me she did not care what happened to her. She wanted to die. There was no theatricality about her at all. She was not suffering from any physical illness and she was not hungry. Separation from her husband, bombing, living in cellars no future—all of it had become too much for her. Always the same picture—*immer das gleiche Bild.*

Glenn Gray comments:

> This particular letter was written in Alsace, where fanatical SS troops had finally halted our division after its precipitous advance from the beaches of southern France. We had been committed to front lines well over a hundred days without rest, and it is easy to recall how tired we were. The fierce resistance at the borders of Germany made our days nasty and dangerous. Almost worse were the recriminations and persecutions among the unfortunate Alsatians of those thought to be pro-German. Shopkeepers were changing their signs as well as their language from German to French after having done the reverse in 1939; political opinions were not so easily reversed in a vengeful atmosphere where nearly everyone was suspect. Moreover, we had just come into this area from the Vosges Mountains, from which the Germans withdrew only after they had set fire to everything in order to deprive us of all shelter in the menacing winter temperatures soon to come. As a consequence, the roads were filled with refugees of all ages and conditions. Loaded with what they could carry on their backs, on bicycles, or on carts, men, women, and children streamed to the rear. . . .
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> The enemy was cruel, it was clear, yet this did not trouble me as deeply as did our own cruelty. Indeed, their brutality made fighting the Germans much easier, whereas ours weakened the will and confused the intellect. Though the scales were not at all equal in this contest, I felt responsibility for ours much more than for theirs. And the effect was cumulative. It had begun before my division had even reached the front in Italy at the beginning of 1944. Bivouacked some thirty miles to the rear I had watched hungry Italian women and children standing in February rains, holding crude cans with wire handles to collect leftover food from our mess. The American soldiers were generous and it was easy to notice that more food than usual was left in the mess kits, to find its way into the eagerly extended cans of

> the thin and shivering civilians. Rarely did they eat it on the spot, however tempted; their dependents in the village nearby were evidently uppermost in their thoughts. Inexperienced and fearful in a strange land, higher headquarters soon put out stern orders that all garbage was to be buried forthwith. Then began the hideous spectacle of unwilling soldiers forced to push back the women and children while garbage cans of food were dumped in freshly dug pits. Other soldiers hastily shoveled the wet dirt over the meat, bread, and vegetables.

Gray experienced months of this sort of military bureaucracy and was horrified to find himself "adjusting" to it. A few months later he wrote to a friend:

> One becomes incredibly hardened. Now I often despair of myself. I interrogate these "bastards," as we call them, sneeringly, insultingly, and sometimes take a cold delight in their cringing. I have declared that if ever I find one who will say: "I am, I was, and will remain a National Socialist and you can like it or not," I will clasp his hand and cry: "At last I have found a brave and honest, if an evil man. We don't want to arrest such a one as you." But I think I shall not find such a man.

Another sort of man it may become difficult to find is the decent professional military man. He is an instrument of the state and his highest obligation is fulfillment of orders.

> As an "arm" and not the "head" of the state, the professional soldier often prides himself on being nonpolitical. This frees him, he feels, to act in war without regard for consequences other than the military. Responsibility must be clearly defined and portioned out; it is always a matter for angry puzzlement on his part that such definition and apportionment are rarely possible in actual combat. As a specialist in warfare, he wants none of the half-light and dubiety of morals and politics in his profession. He desires to be under orders and to know what is expected of him all the time. Since war is so much simpler if played according to rules, he yearns for the security and stability of formal principles in fighting. . . . Though he will show a courageous enemy no mercy in combat so long as that foe possesses destructive power, the military man is likely to cherish for him respect and even admiration. Consequently, when he is captured and disarmed, the impulse of the victor is to be magnanimous and friendly. Sensible rules require, according to this code, humane treatment of a surrendering enemy, who a few minutes before was intent upon destroying your life and who probably succeeded in blasting life and limbs from numerous soldiers under your command. Such reasoning appears to be crystal clear to a professional mind. The enemy was simply doing his duty, as you are expected to do yours. The more damage he has wreaked, the greater your pride in finally subduing him. . . .
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> Actually, many a professional soldier cherishes human sympathy for his opponent even before the decisive battle but he dare not give it rein lest it incapacitate him for his destructive mission. . . . Though loyalty is ingrained in him by his professional code and cannot be easily dislodged he may discover in himself, if he is reflective, more genuine respect for the enemy he is annihilating than for a great number of those he is risking his life to protect.

But war itself has changed radically in character. The weapons are no longer the weapons of chivalry. Increasingly, as Gray says, "we cannot fight without an image of the enemy as totally evil, for whom any mercy or sympathy is incongruous, if not traitorous." Under such circumstances, psychological preparation for war becomes most important. So it was in getting ready for the war with Japan, when Japanese men were portrayed in posters as wholly vicious and animal-like, making the killing of them reasonable and good.

> If soldiers are completely taken in by this image, it is hard to grasp what their reactions must be when as occupation troops they mingle with the pacified and friendly "enemy." Either they keep detached the wartime image and the peacetime reality, which is what often happens apparently, or they experience in moments when memories intrude, hidden doubts and regrets at previous cruelty. The enemy could not have changed, they must reason, so quickly from a beast to a likeable human being. Thus, the conclusion is nearly forced upon them that they have been previously blinded by fear and hatred and the propaganda of their own government. Rarely does the veteran need to take the blame on himself to any great extent, since the psychical cost is too great.

The soldier, Gray says, is not sickened by the suffering and dying so much as he is by "the brutalization of the emotions and the corruptions of the heart which prolonged fighting brings." He wrote in his diary:

> I know that I hate my work in this war, that the war itself is slowly attempting to destroy all that I hold jealously as my own. When I read tonight in the *Voekischer Beobachter,* which was captured on a prisoner, the words of a German soldier's diary, that he had lost his "Ich," his personality in the long years of this war, I shuddered. He spoke for me. . . . Formerly I had tried to be mild and kind, now I interrogate the miserable civilians and take pride in sternness and indifference to their pleas. Perhaps the worst that can be said is that I am becoming a soldier.

Another diary entry:

> How tired of this war I have got so quickly. It breaks my heart to see these Italian homes broken up, miserable people, shivering and naked, torn from all they have in this world. Where is the end?
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> How I feel about Allied occupation of Italy is difficult to say. When I see, as yesterday, an American soldier walking down the street holding the hands of two Italian children who in turn held two others by the hand, I feel that all will yet be well. But when I hear how 5th CIC in Mondragone is dominated by a cigar-smoking agent who constantly yells: "Hit the f---- bum in the mouth," and "throw the guinea in the clink," and similar expressions, I grow doubtful.

Questions about guilt and responsibility pervade this book. If the enemy is a beast or a devil, who can feel responsible for killing him? Gray writes:

> In World War II the number of civilians who lost their lives exceeded the number of soldiers killed in combat. At all events, the possibilities of the individual involving himself in guilt are immeasurably wider than specific deeds that he might commit against the armed foe. In the thousand chances of warfare, nearly every combat soldier has failed to support his comrades at a critical moment; through sins of omission or commission, he has been responsible for the death of those he did not intend to kill. Through folly or fear, nearly every officer has exposed his own men to needless destruction at one time or another. . .
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> The sober fact appears to be that the great majority of veterans, not to speak of those who helped to put the weapons and ammunitions in their hands, are able to free themselves of responsibility with ease after the event, and frequently while they are performing it. Many a pilot or artilleryman who has destroyed untold numbers of terrified noncombatants never felt any need for repentance or regret. . . . So are we made, we human creatures! Frequently, we are shocked to discover how little our former enemies regret their deeds and repent their errors. Americans in Germany after World War II, for instance, feel aggrieved that the German populace does not feel more responsibility for having visited Hitler upon the world. The Germans, for their part, resent the fact that few Americans appear to regret the bombing of German cities into rubble and the burning and crushing of helpless women and children. It appears to be symptomatic of a certain modern mentality to marvel at the absence of guilt consciousness in others while accepting its own innocence as a matter of course.

For many soldiers, escape from the pangs of conscience comes easily in what Gray calls "the comforting anonymity of the crowd." And in most cases the soldier did not choose to be in the army—he was conscripted. His terrible activities are therefore hardly his own. "Better to let the conscience sleep, to do as the others are doing, and the future will bring what it will." Yet this, as Gray says, "misses all the subtle ways in which guilt is incurred in conflict and made present to the conscience of the minority."

> It is a crucial moment in a soldier's life when he is ordered to perform a deed that he finds completely at variance with his own notion of right and good. Probably for the first time, he discovers that an act someone else thinks to be necessary is for him criminal. His whole being rouses itself in protest, and he may well be forced to choose in this moment of awareness of his freedom an act involving his own life or death. He feels himself caught in a situation that he is powerless to change yet cannot himself be part of.

There were actually German soldiers who deserted to serve in the French Resistance because they could no longer stand what they were required to do by the Germans. Gray relates:

> In the Netherlands, the Dutch tell of a German soldier who was a member of an execution squad ordered to shoot innocent hostages. Suddenly he stepped out of rank and refused to participate in the execution. On the spot he was charged with treason by the officer in charge and was placed with the hostages, where he was promptly executed by his comrades. In such an act the soldier has abandoned once and for all the security of the group and exposed himself to the ultimate demands of freedom. He

> responded in the crucial moment to the voice of conscience and was no longer driven by external commands.

What effect did his decision have on the other members of the squad and on the officer in charge? No one can tell, yet a quality of manhood did become evident. And as Gray says: "Were it not for the revelation of nobility in mankind, we could scarcely endure reading the literature of combat." The issue of war is the issue of turning human beings into obedient machines.

When Gray's division entered the first towns of Alsace he became involved in a somewhat similar situation. Young Alsatian men began appearing on the streets after they deserted from the German army. The Alsatians had protected them from the Gestapo. Some of them had earlier participated in the war against Germany and were now "Germans" only because Alsace was made part of Germany in 1940. Then these men were conscripted into the German army, intending to desert at the first opportunity. They now greeted Gray's division with enthusiasm, offering to help in intelligence work.

> But the colonel had noticed the appearance of young men on the streets here in contrast to France, where male youth had been conspicuously absent. He called our detachment by telephone and demanded an explanation. With our briefing, the captain gave him the facts of the situation. The colonel's response was immediate: "Do they have discharge papers from the German Army?" It was explained to him that deserters were never supplied with discharge papers, that being contrary to the usage of the German Army. His conclusion was breath-taking. In that case, these men were prisoners of war, and we were to round them up and ship them in prisoner trucks through regular channels to the huge camps in France. The colonel insisted on quick action. Our captain, who was sympathetic to us but afraid of the colonel, begged us to arrest the deserters the next day as ordered.

Gray and a colleague who spoke German decided not to obey. After three days the two men were threatened with courtmartial.

> If I did not refuse to become a party to the arrest of innocent, wronged men, I could not refuse to do anything that this or any other colonel ordered. I felt myself to be at the end of a tether. . .
>
> Fortunately, things turned out in a very different fashion from the expected. The colonel decided to call up army headquarters and report our insubordination before taking further action. He chanced to reach an intelligence officer who knew us both slightly, and this officer wanted to know why we persisted in disobeying orders. This the colonel had never stopped to determine, but when he did communicate the cause, Army Intelligence found our reasons good and within a day or two sent through an order that all Alsatian deserters were to be left with their families and in no case to be transported anywhere with German prisoners of war.

Toward the close of the war Gray's division came upon a concentration camp without inmates and guards. The prisoners had been taken into Germany's interior where American troops released them from freight cars. There was every sort of prisoner—anti-Nazis, Jews, captured soldiers, and a few professional criminals who, the inmates said, were worse than the Nazi guards. Gray relates:

> I noticed at once that all the others rallied around one man, who was praised extravagantly as one who had held them together against guards and internal traitors, had preserved their courage and dignity, and become a natural leader over the long months and years. When Frenchmen, of whom there were many of education and position in the camp, lauded this man, I was astonished to learn that he was a German, a political prisoner of long standing. I spent several hours in conversation with him and discovered a man in whom deprivation had accomplished that rare thing, a cleansing of all hatred and revenge from his heart, leaving him almost uncannily sane and wise. At my request, he outlined his ideas of what should happen in post-war Germany and Europe, and I was overwhelmed by the moderation of his proposals for punishing our political foes as by the practicality of his positive economic and governmental programs. Here was that man among ten thousand, more accurately perhaps, among a million, who had used dreadful experiences, as means for advancement of his knowledge and compassion.

This was a man, perhaps, who would know how to put an end to war. What is necessary in order for people to be ready to learn from such men?

# *REVIEW*
## IRREPRESSIBLE VISION

EDWARD HOFFMAN'S *The Right to Be Human: A Biography of Abraham Maslow*, published this year by Jeremy Tarcher (at $19.95) is a book that all admirers and lovers of Abe Maslow will welcome and enjoy. We say "lovers" as well as admirers because anyone who comes to read first one and then all of Maslow's books is likely to love him as well as learn from him. A good book to begin with would be *Toward a Psychology of Being*, which makes clear both the hard-headedness and the vision of the writer. It first came out in the middle 60's. After that it won't matter much what you read next—all Maslow's books are important.

His life work was to formulate a psychology of health. He found that the psychological theories of the past were largely based on sickness of one sort or another. He said in 1946:

> Certainly a visitor from Mars descending upon a colony of birth-injured cripples, dwarfs, (and) hunchbacks . . . could not deduce what they *should* have been. But then let us *not* study cripples, but the closest thing we can get to whole, healthy men. In them, we find qualitative differences, a different system of motivation, emotion, value, thinking and perceiving. In a certain sense, only the saints *are* mankind. All the rest are cripples.

A little later he said:

> The notion I am working toward is of some ideal of human nature, closely approximated in reality by a few "self-actualized" people. Everybody else is sick in greater or lesser degree, it is true, but these degrees are much less important than we have thought. . . . There seems no *intrinsic* reason why everyone shouldn't be this way (self-actualizing). Apparently, every baby has possibilities for self-actualization, but most get it knocked out of them. . . . I think of the self-actualizing man not as an ordinary man with something added, but rather as the ordinary man with nothing taken away. The average man is a human being with dampened and inhibited powers.

What is the self-actualizing human? It is a human whose best and highest qualities come to the surface and prevail in his behavior. There are only few such people and Maslow spent his life looking for them and studying those he found. As Hoffman says:

> By studying unhealthy individuals, he implied, we simply cannot gain insight into higher or non-neurotic human experience of the universe. "Do we see the real concrete world, or do we see our own system of rubrics, motives, expectations and abstractions, which we have projected onto the real world? Or, to put it very bluntly, do we see or are we blind?"

Perhaps the most interesting thing that Hoffman's book reveals is that Maslow's capacity to see couldn't be knocked out of him. He had a miserable childhood, a very difficult mother, yet his determination to grow and to understand triumphed over every obstacle. He had no formal Jewish education, making the bar mitzvah ritual empty for him, since he had to memorize the words he did not understand. As he later related:

> And then, in the middle of the speech, as I started talking about the blessing of my dear mother—you were supposed to turn to your mother and say, "My dear mother, to whom I owe my life, and to whom I owe my upbringing," and "to whom I owe this, that, and the other thing," and "How I love you for it"—I burst into tears and fled, just ran away, because the whole thing was so hypocritical I couldn't stand it.

Then his mother said to the assembled relatives about this thirteen-year-old boy, "You see! He loves me so much he can't even express the words!"

In his high school years Maslow became an omniverous reader. As he studied American history, Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln became his heroes, and he grew to be an admirer of Eugene Debs and Norman Thomas. While a student at the College of the City of New York, he spoke of his developing mind as a "deeply analyzing instrument." "There is," he said, "latent power within me." Later it was found that he had an I.Q. of 195. While he was studying law at the request of his father, he was dismayed by the almost total absence of moral considerations in the

class discussion of legal cases which "seemed to deal only with evil men, and with the sins of mankind." Before long he announced to his parents' surprise that he was quitting law school. He transferred to Cornell where he shared a room with his cousin Will. He was unhappy there and enrolled again at City College. He was deeply in love with his first cousin, Bertha, and glad that she felt the same way. "She," Hoffman says "was the first and remained the only woman he ever dated." In 1928 he decided to transfer to the University of Wisconsin. He now resolved to become a psychologist, having been inspired by John B. Watson's behaviorism. There is irony here, since after his first child was born he began to think that behaviorism was ridiculous.

At Wisconsin Maslow studied dominance and sexuality in primates. Hoffman provides this comment:

> Through sentimental eyes in later years, Maslow tended to look back with pure affection upon his "hard-nosed" experimental training under Harlow and others. In reality he often felt frustrated by the lack of a broad intellectualism among psychology faculty and peers at Wisconsin. He loved philosophy, especially Spinoza and Socrates, and he was passionate about ideas; most of his colleagues seemed little concerned with such matters. . . . He also disliked the high-pressure, publish-or-perish professorial attitude at Wisconsin toward scientific discovery. Of course, this orientation to empirical research was, and has remained, dominant in virtually every major university and discipline throughout the country. Perhaps somewhat naively, then, Maslow complained in his diary:
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> "The emphasis here is all on getting ahead. Getting ahead is synonymous with doing one piffling experiment after another and publishing as a result one piffling paper after another. . . . Two articles are good, four are twice as good. It's all very mathematical apparently. There is a direct relationship between number of articles published and your "goodness" as a psychologist.

Shortly after returning to New York to teach at Brooklyn College, Maslow came into contact with Max Wertheimer and Ruth Benedict. Of them he wrote:

> My investigations on self-actualization were not planned to be research and did not start out as research. They started out as the effort of a young intellectual to try to understand two of his teachers whom he loved, adored, and admired and who were very, very wonderful people. It was a kind of high-IQ devotion. I could not be content simply to adore, but sought to understand why these two people were so different from the run-of-the-mill people in the world. These two people were Ruth Benedict and Max Wertheimer. They were my teachers after I came with a Ph.D. from the West to New York City, and they were most remarkable human beings. My training in psychology equipped me not at all for understanding them. It was as if they were not quite people but something more than people. My own investigation began as a prescientific or nonscientific activity. I made descriptions and notes on Max Wertheimer, and I made notes on Ruth Benedict. When I tried to understand them, think about them, and write about them in my journal and my notes, I realized in one wonderful moment that their two patterns could be generalized. I was talking about a kind of person, not about two noncomparable individuals. There was wonderful excitement in that. I tried to see whether this pattern could be found elsewhere, and I did find it elsewhere, in one person after another.

These people, whom he called self-actualizers, were, he said, without one single exception, "involved in a cause outside their own skin, in something outside themselves."

> They are devoted, working at something, something which is very precious to them—some calling or vocation in the old sense, the priestly sense. They are working at something which fate has called them to somehow and which they work at and which they love, so that the work-joy dichotomy in them disappears. . . .
>
> What does one do when he self-actualizes? . . . *First*, self-actualization means experiencing fully, vividly, selflessly, with full concentration and total absorption. . . . A human being is not a *tabula rasa*, not a lump of day or Plasticine. He is something which is already there, at least a "cartilaginous" structure of some kind. A human being is, at minimum, his temperament, his biochemical balances, and so on. There is a self, and what I have sometimes referred to as "listening to the impulse voices" means letting the self emerge.

Young people, Maslow found, seldom experience self-actualization.

> The youngsters have learned to reduce the person to the concrete object and to refuse to see what might be or to refuse to see him in his symbolic values or to refuse to see him or her eternally. Our kids have desacralized sex, for example. Sex is nothing, it is a natural thing, and they have made it so natural that it has lost its poetic qualities in many instances, which means that it has lost practically everything. Self-actualization means giving up this defense mechanism and learning or being taught to resacralize.

While the examples of Ruth Benedict and Max Wertheimer had given him the foundation of a psychology of health, he was inevitably led to wonder why such people were so few. Hoffman speaks of this:

> It was not until he began to read biographies of great historical figures, especially of saints and sages, that his intellectual outlook decisively shifted. Maslow started to turn his prior question on its head: the issue was no longer "'What makes for a genius like Beethoven?" but "Why aren't we *all* Beethovens?"

This was the question which Maslow pursued with driving energy throughout the rest of his life. Hoffman's book is valuable in that it fills in the blanks for the reader of Maslow's works, giving his career unity and inspiration for others.

# *COMMENTARY*
## WHY AREN'T WE ALL GENIUSES?

THE present-day reader who dips into Glenn Gray's book, *The Warriors*, is likely to be astonished at the depth of feeling aroused by what took place in Europe some forty-five years ago. There are few if any books like this one. There are few if any soldiers who find out about themselves what Glenn Gray discovered, and fewer still who write their discoveries down. Human decencies come into evidence during war, but are almost inevitably brushed aside by the managers of the "system," who "go by the book," ignoring the deepest impulses of human beings. And those impulses are buried as deeply as the food ("garbage") that might have fed countless human beings. As Gray's text says, "soldiers hastily shoveled the wet dirt over the meat, bread, and vegetables." Why? Because an officer ordered them to.

So, also, with the young Alsatians who deserted from the German Army as soon as they could, only to be threatened with POW status in France.

It was in the death camps that the prisoners discovered the total unimportance of nationality when they found that a German had been cleansed of "all hatred and revenge from his heart" and had become over years a natural leader of all the prisoners. "Here was that man among ten thousand, more accurately, among a million, who had used dreadful experiences as means for advancement of his knowledge and compassion."

There is a natural sequence from Glenn Gray's book to Edward Hoffman's life of Maslow. His discovery of self-actualizing human beings, described in the next column, could be called an "accident" save for the fact that Maslow was sensitive to the human qualities of Max Wertheimer and Ruth Benedict, whereas the thousands of other students they contacted were not aroused in the same way that he was. So it was by no means an accident so far as he was concerned. As he said:

> When I tried to understand them, think about them, and write about them in my journal and my notes, I realized in one wonderful moment that their two patterns could be generalized. I was talking about a kind of person, not about two noncomparable individuals. There was wonderful excitement in that. I tried to see whether this pattern would be found elsewhere, and I did find it elsewhere, in one person after another.

Then, as Hoffman says, after reading the lives of great historical figures, of saints and sages, Maslow reversed his question. It was no longer, "What makes for a genius like Beethoven?" but "Why aren't we *all* Beethovens?" This change in the question brought Maslow's philosophy to maturity. He began to wonder, how does one let the inner self emerge? What causes the inner voices to speak? There is no direct answer to this question, yet a reading of Maslow's books brings an answer of a sort. To get it, one needs to read his books.

# CHILDREN
## . . . and Ourselves
### A CHEROKEE BOYHOOD

LITTLE TREE was a Cherokee lad whose mother and father died when he was five and he went to live with his grandfather and grandmother. The tale. of his upbringing is told by Forrest Carter in *The Education of Little Tree* (University of New Mexico Press, $10.95 in paperback). It is a story every child should know, by what means depending upon the wisdom of the parents. Granpa, six feet four, was half Cherokee, Granma full blood.

After his mother's funeral, who died last, the boy's grandparents came to get him and took the bus to go home. The time was the 1930s. As a grown-up Little Tree tells the story. They were the last to board the bus.

> "Where's your tickets?" the bus driver said real loud and everybody in the bus set up to take notice of us. This didn't bother Granpa one bit. He told the bus driver we stood ready to pay, and Granma whispered from behind me for Granpa to tell where we were going. Granpa told him.
>
> The bus driver told Granpa how much it was and while Granpa counted out the money real careful—for the light wasn't good to count by—the bus driver turned around to the crowd in the bus and lifted his right hand and said *"How!"* and laughed, and all the people laughed. I felt better about it, knowing they was friendly and didn't take offense because we didn't have a ticket.

It was late at night when they got off the bus and started walking a rutted road toward the mountains.

> Granma began to hum a tune behind me and I knew it was Indian, and needed no words for its meaning to be clear, and it made me feel safe. . . .
>
> We crossed a foot log over the spring branch and there was the cabin, logged and set back under big trees with the mountain at its back and a porch running clear across the front.
>
> The cabin had a wide hall separating the rooms. The hall was open at both ends. Some people call it a "gallery," but mountain folks call it a "dogtrot," because the hounds trotted through there. On one side was a big room for cooking, eating and settin', and across the dogtrot on the other side were two ,bedrooms. One was Granpa and Granma's. The other was to be mine. . . . I knew I was Little Tree, and I was happy that they loved and wanted me. And so I slept and I did not cry.

The next day Granma began to make him some moccasins.

> It had taken Granma, sitting in the rocker that creaked with her slight weight as she worked and hummed, while the pine knots spluttered in the fireplace, a week of evenings to make the boot moccasins. With a hook knife, she had cut the deer leather and made the strips that she wove around the edges. When she had finished, she soaked the moccasins in water and I put them on wet and walked them dry, back and forth across the floor, until they fitted soft and giving, light as air.

The next day he and Granpa trapped turkeys. They needed three but caught six, so Granpa tied their legs and laid them out on the ground. "They're all about the same age . . . ye can tell bv the thickness of the combs. We need only three so now ye choose, Little Tree."

> I walked around them, flopping on the ground. I squatted and studied them, and walked around them again. I had to be careful. I got down on my hands and knees and crawled among them, until I had pulled out the three smallest I could find.
>
> Granpa said nothing. He pulled the throngs from the legs of the others and they took to wing, beating down the side of the mountain. He slung two of the turkeys over his shoulder.
>
> "Can ye carry the other?" he asked.
>
> "Yes sir," I said, not sure that I had done right. A slow grin broke Granpa's bony face. "If ye was not Little Tree . . . I would call ye Little Hawk."
>
> I followed Granpa down the trail. The turkey was heavy, but it felt good over my shoulder. The sun had tilted toward the farther mountain and drifted through the branches of the trees beside the trail, making burnt gold patterns where we walked. The wind had died in that late afternoon of winter, and I heard Granpa, ahead of me, humming a tune. I would have liked to live that time forever . . . for I knew I had pleased Granpa. I had learned The Way.

Granpa wasn't much of a farmer but he had a trade—whiskey-making.

> When you bring up whiskey-making, most folks outside the mountains give it a bad name. But their judgments are allowed at on what big-city criminals do. Big-city criminals hire fellas to run off whiskey, not caring what kind of whiskey it is, just so they run a lot of it—and fast. Such men will use potash or lye to "turn" their mash quick and give their whiskey a good "bead." They'll run their whiskey through sheet iron or tin or truck radiators, which has all kinds of poisons and can kill a man. . . .
>
> Granpa's still was back up in the Narrows where the spring branch run out of the creek. It was set back in laurels and honeysuckle so thick a bird couldn't find it. . . . It was a little still as stills go, but we didn't need a big one. Granpa only made one run a month, which always come out to eleven gallons. We sold nine gallons to Mr. Jenkins, who run the store at the crossroads, at two dollars a gallon which you can see was a lot of money for our corn.
>
> It bought all the necessaries and put a little money back besides, and Granma kept that in a tobacco sack stuffed down in a fruit jar. Granma said I had a share in it, for I was working hard and learning the trade too.

Twice a week, on Saturday and Sunday nights, Granma lit the coal oil lamp and read to Granpa and Little Tree. Once a month he and Granpa went to the store to buy the coal oil, which Little Tree carried back to the cabin.

> When we went, we always carried a list of books made out by Granma, and Granpa presented the list to the librarian, and turned in the books that Granma had sent back. She didn't know the names of modern authors, I don't suppose, because the list always had the name of Mr. Shakespeare (anything we hadn't read by him, for she didn't know the titles) . . . .
>
> We kept the dictionary checked out all the time, as I had to learn five words a week, starting at the front which caused me considerable trouble, since I had to try to make up sentences in my talk through the week using the words. This is hard, when all the words you learn for the week start with A, or B if you're into the B's.
>
> But there were other books; one was *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* . . . and there were authors like Shelley and Byron that Granma hadn't known about, but the librarian sent them along.
>
> When Granma read about Macbeth, I could see the castle and the witches taking shape in the shadow, alive on the cabin walls, and I'd edge closer to Granpas's rocker. He'd stop rocking when Granma got to the stabbings and the blood and all. Granpa said none of it would come about if Lady Macbeth had minded doing what a woman was supposed to do and kept her nose out of the business that rightly ought to have been done by Mr. Macbeth, and besides, she wasn't much of a lady, and he couldn't figure out why she was called such, anyhow.

Meanwhile, some busybodies in the area decided that two ancient Indian grandparents were not the proper people to be bringing up a six or seven year old boy and they brought a paper which said that Little Tree was to be put in an orphanage. Well, they came and got the boy who, as he left, said to Granpa, "I'll more than likely be back directly." At the orphanage he was put in a grade of school, run by a big fat lady.

> One time she held up a picture that showed a deer herd coming out of a spring branch. They was jumping on one another and it looked like they was pushing to get out of the water. She asked if anybody knew what they was doing. . . .
>
> I said I seen right off they was mating; for it was buck deer that was jumping the does; also, I could tell by the bushes and trees that it was the time of year when they done their mating.
>
> The fat lady was totally stumped. She opened her mouth, but didn't say anything. . . . She grabbed me by the neck and commenced to shake me. Her face got red and she commenced to holler, "I should have *known*—we *all* should have known . . . filth . . . filth . . . would come out of you . . . .you . . . little *bastard!"*

She took him to the Reverend who ran the place, who whipped him until he bled and told him he would have no supper for a week. He wrote Granpa what had happened and Grandpa came for him and they both went home. Later the orphanage people signed papers releasing Little Tree to go home. Which he had done.

# *FRONTIERS*

## The Drama of Energy Efficiency

WORLDWATCH Paper No. 82, issued earlier this year, deals with energy efficiency, a subject whose importance can be realized only by reading the paper in its entirety. The writers, Christopher Flavin and Alan B. Durning, conclude:

> Energy efficiency improvements are by nature fragmented and often unglamorous: Thicker insulation and ceramic auto parts are not perhaps as intrinsically captivating as nuclear fusion or orbiting solar collectors. But infatuation with grandiose energy supply options helped get us into our current predicament; focusing on the mundane may be the only way to get out. Indeed, perhaps no other endeavor is as vital to the goal of fostering sustainable societies. Without improved efficiency, it is only a question of which will collapse first: the global economy or its ecological support systems. With greater energy efficiency, we stand at least a fighting chance.

The average reader is always surprised to learn that "Since 1973, the world has saved far more energy through improved efficiency than it has gained from all new sources." The market economies alone saved more than the combined use of Africa, Latin America, and South Asia. According to a 1987 report of the International Agency, "Investment in energy conservation at the margin provides a better return than investment in energy supply." The authors of this paper say:

> If energy efficiency is an economic opportunity for the nineties, it is little less than an environmental necessity. Improved efficiency means that less fuels are burned, reducing urban air-pollution as well as acid rain. Improved energy efficiency is vital to any long-range effort to solve air-pollution problems, particularly in the heavily polluted cities of Eastern Europe and the Third World. It is also the only means available to significantly reduce carbon dioxide emissions from fossil fuel combustion that threaten to permanently alter the earth's climate.

No one, or almost no one, back in the seventies anticipated how much fuel could be saved by energy efficiency. A study made by the Ford Foundation in 1974 predicted a 20 per cent increase in energy use by 1987. But the Worldwatch paper points out: "Since that report was published, the U.S. economy has expanded by over 35 per cent but energy use has actually fallen." The authors go on to say:

> Only rarely have so many forecasters been so dead wrong. Indeed, analysts not only underestimated the potential for greater efficiency, they overestimated the world's ability to live with the side effects of high levels of energy use. They assumed, for example, that world energy consumption could more than double by the year 2000 without debilitating price increases. The Organization of Petroleum-Exporting Countries (OPEC) was expected to be pumping at least three times as much oil as it does now, unhindered by tanker wars or a revolutionary regime in Teheran. Nuclear power was believed capable of supplying at least five times as much energy as it does today, unaffected by billion-dollar cost overruns or accidents in Pennsylvania or the Ukraine.

The reports on gains in efficiency are impressive.

> Process and equipment advances make the average Japanese paper plant or steel mill 30-50 per cent more efficient than it was a decade ago. A new American office building has about the same lighting levels and temperatures as older ones but uses less than half as much electricity. Even large luxury cars now get 20-25 miles per gallon, comparable to much smaller cars built in the mid-seventies.
>
> In 1986, the United States used 10 per cent of its gross national product to pay the national fuel bill, but Japan used only 4 per cent. The difference was $200 billion that the United States did not have available to invest in other areas. As a result, the average Japanese product has an automatic cost advantage of about 5 per cent in the U.S. market. Japan is not only richer for its efficiency, it has also positioned itself to dominate the world market for many high-efficiency technologies.

Energy efficiency, the reader finds, is much more than lowered thermostats and restricted driving. It affects every aspect of industrial and urban structures and a wide range of technologies. "Energy efficiency is about getting the same, or better, services from less energy by substituting

ingenuity for brute force. After all, people want light and heat, not electricity and gas."

While the supply and distribution of energy is "big business," the application of inventive intelligence in its use requires no large organization. And the areas where such change and innovation are called for are almost endless.

> Energy efficiency can be a new weapon in the air pollution wars, complementing flue-gas scrubbers and catalytic converters. Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Poland, and others could stem the damage to their forests by improving their industrial efficiency. Rome could attack the cause of much of the population's respiratory disease and slow the deterioration of its ancient ruins by doubling the fuel efficiency of its cars. A 1987 study by the American Council for an Energy-Efficient Economy concludes that increased efficiency could help widen the scope and improve the cost-effectiveness of acid rain control programs.

Already there are numerous methods of energy efficiency waiting to be installed.

> The most important feature of efficient new commercial buildings is "intelligence." In existing structures, inflexible energy systems that do not respond to outdoor temperatures often waste energy cooling air in winter and warming it in summer. "Smart buildings" monitor both outdoor and indoor temperatures, sunlight, and the location of people—sending heat, cooled air, and light where they are most needed. Analysts at Lawrence Berkeley Laboratory calculate that Los Angeles homes could halve their air-conditioning bills just by hanging the controls on air conditioners to measure outdoor temperatures and substitute ventilation for cooling when possible.

Since resourceful individuals develop means for energy efficiency, there are many interesting achievements reported in this Worldwatch Paper. For example:

> One effective means of promoting energy efficiency is through utility sponsorship, an approach that has been tried in several areas of the United States. One successful, if small, program is run by the city-owned utility of Osage, Iowa. Since 1974, Osage has invested heavily in energy efficiency by funding extensive energy audits of almost half the town's residents. These audits, combined with peer pressure to encourage participation, have led to weatherization of hundreds of homes. As a result, Osage has managed to cut electric demand growth to zero through 1985, defer planned construction programs, and cut electric rates five times in four years. The lower electricity bills have helped Osage to attract new industry.