

DIALOGUES AND FRUSTRATIONS

MINDFUL of the counsel of Supreme Court Justice Douglas that a restoration of the dialogue about national affairs is the first requirement of social health in the United States, we keep watching for signs of actual communication between people of opposite views. So far, none has appeared. All that we have been able to accumulate is a couple of blow-by-blow accounts of the failure of communication. These seem worth repeating, and we do so through the courtesy of two local publications—the *Dixon Gayer Newsletter*, published twice a month at 541 East Road, La Habra, Calif., and *The Los Angeles Free Press*, published weekly (8226 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 46).

In his issue of last Aug. 15, Mr. Gayer describes an encounter with a group of members of the John Birch Society, just after an organizational meeting of the Pasadena (White) Citizens Council. Following is his account of the interchange:

That they admitted to membership in the John Birch Society is significant only to the extent that in this, in their segregationist beliefs, and in their other arguments, they continually professed patriotism for the United States and implied that they weren't so sure of *our* loyalty. [A Negro companion was with Mr. Gayer.]

In fact, they were totally convinced of the disloyalty of the bulk of the Supreme Court, the "liberal" establishment, and many of our nation's prominent legislators and organizational people.

On this high note of "I proclaim my own loyalty, but I'm not so sure of thou," one of the self-styled patriots suddenly blurted out:

"Why, with the Supreme Court making the laws for this lousy country. . . ."

The rest of his statement was lost to me as I asked, incredulously, ". . . this *lousy* country?"

"I mean the lousy laws," he corrected himself.

"But you said, '. . . this lousy country,'" I insisted.

"Well, the lousy laws they are making have made this a lousy country," he protested.

"If you're a patriot, I don't want to be one," I told him. "You question my loyalty and then you call this a *lousy* country. I don't consider it a lousy country in any sense of the word. There may be laws I don't like, but it's still a *great* country. . . ."

"Not the way it's going," he snorted.

"It has the highest living standard in the world. Its opportunity for education is unequalled—even with all its faults. You can't tell me of a single 'freedom' which you are denied, yet you argue that your freedoms are being taken away from you. It's the country where opportunity is unlimited; where the individual is king . . . and you tell me it's a *lousy* country!"

"Ahhh, nuts! You're such an idiot you don't even know what's happening. You wait.

"This civil rights thing will boomerang on you one of these days soon and then you'll understand what I'm saying."

He walked away disgustedly to engage a more reasonable man in argument.

Mr. Gayer adds some comment:

The dichotomy of today's self-styled patriot, be he Bircher or some other breed of ultra-conservative, and the issue which outrages moderates and liberals today, is the "patriot's" belief that this has indeed become a lousy country. He sees himself as the victim of a dastardly plot stemming from Kremlin control of the Presidency. He suspects the motives of recent presidents. He is certain that the Supreme Court is under orders from Russia.

The State Department is shot through with Communists. Education and the churches are putty in the hands of the National Education Association, the Parent Teachers Association, and the National Council of Churches.

The "press," including newspapers, magazines, radio and television is disloyal and even, at times, treasonous.

The Negro has been won over by the Communists, and those who hold civil rights and human rights more dear than property rights are either communist agitators or dupes.

The self-styled "patriot" is "fed up" with where this country has gone and where it is going. He mistrusts his government, his schools, his churches.

Indeed, while he salutes his country's flag, pledges allegiance to his republic, and scorns his country, today, he is the most dedicated and loyal of patriots.

But he's not sure of thou. And why?

Because you are unwilling to believe that your President is working to destroy his nation. Because you respect the decisions of your Supreme Court, whether you agree with those decisions or not. . . . Because you watch all politicians and civil servants with as wary an eye as seems prudent, but you find no massive plot to overthrow and destroy. Because you work toward the betterment of your schools, but you respect their basic honesty and integrity. . . .

Putting off discussion until later, we turn to the report of another sort of encounter. It appears in the *Los Angeles Free Press* of Nov. 26 and was contributed, we are able to say, by the man described in the closing paragraphs of the MANAS lead article for Nov. 18. He writes:

On the morning of the 31st of October, after getting a haircut, I viewed myself in the mirror and thought, "your eyes are too close together." My wife and I had decided to attend the 80th birthday party for Norman Thomas at the Chalon Mart so I put on my two Goldwater buttons and carried a tape recorder into the dining hall, wondering how it would feel to be the lonely conservative among five hundred liberals and socialists.

After the speeches I circulated at random and walked up to a lady whom I asked: "Don't you believe that Norman Thomas and Goldwater have a lot in common as moralists?" Her eyes fastened on my Goldwater campaign button, her face freezing as she said, "Are you nuts or something? Your eyes are too close together!"

Falling into my Republican role with gusto, while trying hard to be cordial and positive, I held the

microphone up to her and said, "Would you care to comment on the size and shape of my head?"

Moving on, I stopped an intense-looking man, saying, "I'm covering this occasion for KPFK and the *Los Angeles Free Press*. Do you feel that such liberal-socialist gatherings can help to defeat or deter Senator Goldwater?" Looking at the microphone, then at my Goldwater-Miller button, rage rose into his face as he said, "I don't want to talk to you. You can't learn anything. Reactionaries never learn!"

How was I to find my way out of the Republican Forest of darkest ignorance if Socialist-Democrats refused to speak and share their wisdom, was a mystery to me. He raved on: "You're hopeless like all Goldwater people. I wouldn't help you if I could!"

Terribly alone, condemned as a political and moral leper, my eye caught sight of a kindly-looking man who had been sitting with the labor delegation. I said to him: "Sir, the workers in Barry Goldwater's store recently gave him a medal to show their esteem for him as a model employer. The record shows that he gave them a five-day week before any other retailer in Phoenix, as well as pension and profit-sharing plans. Why do you labor leaders vilify him so?"

Benevolence left his face, replaced by righteous indignation. "Young man," he said, "I've spent over forty years of my life exposing men like him, and you have the nerve to come here and tell me, a man who has been beaten, humiliated, and smeared by Republicans, that Goldwater's a friend of the worker."

"It's Goldwater who has been smeared," I insisted. "Why Barry has been a charter member of the ACLU and the NAACP in Phoenix. How can liberals slander him so? Lyndon Johnson is a typical, cynical, radical-ADA catspaw, while Barry is a concerned, conscientious conservative, with deep moral motivations." "Young man," he countered, "I have nothing further to say to you. Good night!"

Filled with severe emotional conflict from teasing that brave, old labor leader, I sought out my next victim, a blonde woman several tables away. "Madame," I asked, "don't you think Barry Goldwater would make a good president?" For a moment she had an unbelieving expression, but her eye caught the mark of the leper on my lapel. Indignation filled her face as she said: "Goldwater was a drop-out. How can you Republicans back a drop-out for president?" Well armed with facts from *Human Affairs*, I shot back, "Some of our best presidents were drop-outs, Lincoln for one."

Retreating quickly, thoroughly embarrassed for supporting a drop-out, I sought refuge and comfort with my wife. Drawing me aside, she pointed to a woman standing nearby, and said, "That woman stopped me, warning me to avoid you at all costs, because your manner is so sinister. So please leave me alone. I don't want these people to know we're together."

The question of who is responsible for debasing the currency of the political dialogue, to the point where after a few sentences there is a resort to epithets, is too far-reaching—or, one might say, too "controversial"—for examination here. All that seems certain is that the question will not be answered by any kind of partisanship. More to the point is the conclusion reached by Ignazio Silone, in *Bread and Wine*, where he makes his protagonist, Spina, realize that his revolutionary tracts are far over the heads of the Italian peasantry. These people, he found, no longer trusted their next-door neighbors, so how could they grasp the abstractions of social analysis? He moved, in his next volume, *The Seed Beneath the Snow* (third of the trilogy which began with *Fontamara*), to the position that words no longer meant anything. Only acts of unexpected brotherhood, acts of the utmost simplicity, such as cutting wood for a widow's stove, or ploughing her fields, could restore the faith of people in one another.

There is a moral, here, for people who find themselves utterly discouraged by the breakdown of the socio-political dialogue. The debasement of speech has not gone as far, perhaps, as it had in Silone's Italian villages, but the capital of mutual trust is exceedingly low, these days, and it seems obvious that it cannot be restored without tapping new resources. The political arena is a place where human beings meet with their minds dressed in threadbare slogans. There the dialogue about the good society has as little likelihood of being resumed as there is hope for peace among nations as a result of challenging directly the idea of national sovereignty. Peace will not come from the confrontation of fateful abstractions which accept no identity but *national* identity for human

beings. Peace is nothing but the political generalization of intelligent human relations. It cannot exist without those relations.

For illustration of how efforts to create such relations might work, we take from the December American Friends Service Committee *Reporter* (published monthly in Pasadena, California, P.O. Box 991), a portion of the Secretary's Letter which describes the activity of a young man who recently joined the staff of the New England AFSC. The Secretary, Edwin A. Sanders, tells his story:

Not long ago he was in the Navy. Here he had been assigned the job of assembling nuclear bombs. It wasn't a very safe occupation and it certainly didn't seem to him to be the right way to spend his life. He was stationed in New England and had been involved somewhat in the Committee for Nonviolent Action (CNVA) demonstrations at the Polaris Missile Base.

He went to the Navy and said, "I'm convinced that this thing I'm doing is wrong," and got out of the Navy before his enlistment was up. Then he returned to CNVA and joined in the demonstrations! Last year on Armed Services Day, they were going to demonstrate against the Polaris at the Boston Navy Yard and leaflets were prepared for distribution which advocated using the Navy Yard for building up the fishing fleet of New England.

This young man was of a peculiarly practical turn of mind and he thought, "If we are going to ask the Navy to do this drastic thing, we ought to find out if it is possible or not!"

He called up the Navy captain who was in charge of the engineering end of Boston's Navy Yard, and asked: "Does it make any sense to you to transfer the Navy Yard? Or to use it to build up the New England fishing fleet?" The captain replied, "Yes, we're well equipped for that," and they had a long talk about it.

So then he went to the union official who was in charge of the Yard unions and found that he was even more excited about the proposal. Both the captain and the union man were aware of the questions which had been raised in a public way about whether the Yard should be shut down.

One thing and another led this young man to a full-fledged investigation of the fishing industry, its needs in New England, its present condition, the

resources of the sea and ways to develop them. And he has come up with some strong convictions about the need for sea explorations rather than space explorations.

In the course of this, he has made the rounds of that widely-known "Highway 128" which encircles Boston, housing a defense-related research organization. He has talked to a number of their research departments and found them looking for other ways to use their facilities and a broader base than weaponry for their operations. He has talked to the Federal Reserve Bank—for new research requires new money. And he has gotten a lot of people interested—until they are on the verge of supporting a full-fledged research proposal for the full-fledged examination of the potential of a new fishing and sea developmental program in New England. . . .

When are we going to turn over those many West Coast research facilities which are not committed to defense and military contracts to new economic development? How long must we wait for new explorations into the use of such equipment and facilities for solving the social needs and problems of our growing populations?

Well, we are not suggesting by means of these various quotations that there is no use at all in attempting a political dialogue; those who are good at this sort of thing will surely continue, in any event, and there are doubtless better illustrations of it than the ones we have selected. But our samples, we submit, are more representative of the casual encounters that take place around the country than any well-planned or well-rehearsed "debate" which might be staged by people who are anxious to restore a normal political life to the United States. Our point is that, in the present, we do not really have the resources for a normal political life, and "political people" can themselves do little to remedy this situation.

What these reports call us to is an enrichment of the common life, not a more devoted and conscientious politicalization of it. (We hope our quotations do not precipitate a mail bearing carefully compiled improvements of the political criticisms, or replies to criticisms, occurring in them. Admitted that an editor in his own columns

can always have the better of an antagonist; admitted, also, that the man who wore Goldwater buttons to a Norman Thomas birthday party took a somewhat unfair advantage of his liberal victims: if these conclusions are regarded as important, then our use of the quotations has been a total failure.) The view proposed here is that people are making little or no effort to do together the many non-political things they can do together—things which, if they could be accomplished, would drain off the emotionalism and self-righteousness from political controversy. The action of the young Quaker is at least one illustration of such activity.

Well, what is there here that you can "get your teeth into"? Very little, perhaps. Our great misfortune is that proposals which sound like teething rings for modern man are without exception invitations to work on some plan for manipulating other people into better behavior habits, or a more "constructive" or cooperative frame of mind. We want either to *make* people do differently, or find a way to trick them into it.

What commonly happens when the political means—the means available as a time-honored and "legitimate" kind of manipulation—breaks down? People often become desperate—desperate and bitterly angry. It does not take a very long memory to recall how those supremely "rational" political theorists, the Communists, used to relapse into extreme abuse of opponents who could not be manipulated or otherwise persuaded to conform. A Communist excommunication was (still is) every bit as violent, as filled with the billingsgate of total rejection, as any theological condemnation. Every theory of *total* control has to have some kind of "outer darkness" for people who cannot be made to fit in. Such frenzy develops wherever there is total reliance on politics. Mr. Gayer, who seems able to keep track of such things, reports a "stop Kennedy" campaign by a self-styled "conservative" who in May of 1963 cried out for a "prairie fire of resistance" to the then President, since, as he explained, "Kennedy cannot be

defeated by armed resistance—he has all the guns and soldiers!" Here, comments Mr. Gayer, was a "cold and, in retrospect, shattering implication that violence was not beneath consideration."

If it be pleaded that such wild exhortations are not characteristic of the American scene, we have the memory of a youthful President, shot down in a public place, to still any brash claim to political health in the United States. There is a sense in which every victim of political violence—or political figure marked for violence by a sick mind—is a sacrifice to the exaggerated importance of political power. Not just the man who pulls the trigger—or throws the bomb—is responsible; everyone who contributes to the substitution of the myth of political power for deeper sources of human good is responsible. If politics be a science, it is in large part, and especially today, the science of compensating for the common ills of ignorance, moral indifference, and accumulating wrongs. Why should it be so unpopular to admit and recognize the fact that no man was ever improved in character by a legislative act? Why is it not everywhere published that there is an enormous difference between the public guarantees of justice and elementary decency in the relations of men with one another—which are within the competence of politics—and the essential qualities of the good life?

We shall be told—and there is some truth in it—that the will to justice and the desire to do decently in behalf of others are so scarce that they must be reinforced by stern laws, and that these laws must be zealously applied by watchful guardians.

Well, if that is the fact, why hide it? Why turn the means of coping with human failure into a specious promise of Utopia? The man who hopes to complete his plan for a Utopia by setting down laws writes with the hand of a policeman on his shoulder.

Law is not only, of course, the tool of compulsion. It is also the instrument of order, a

way of publicizing matters of common consent. But these two roles differ as much as night from day. Politics, alas, is today the method we have chosen for externalizing our inward confusion and the contradictions in our lives. And because politics is a *public* thing, its failures do not shame us as individuals. By this means we become its creatures.

REVIEW

A VIEW OF THE NATION

THE contents of the *Nation* for Nov. 23 move us once again to say that there is hardly a better way to obtain a symmetrical view of the state of the world, as well as of the nation, than by the regular reading of this weekly magazine. In evidence, we offer quotations from various places in this issue, beginning with an editorial on the gradual diminution of capital punishment. The most recent step in this direction was Oregon's vote to abolish the death penalty—by, the *Nation* writer notes, "an overwhelming 60.7 per cent (about the same as President Johnson's share of the popular vote)." Oregon tried abolition once before, in 1914, but reinstated capital punishment in 1921. The editorial continues:

By all indications this time the death penalty will be outlawed in Oregon for good—the whole trend is that way, and not only in the United States. Capital punishment has been abolished in most of the countries of Western Europe and Latin America, and a plank in the Labour Party's platform calls for abolition in England.

In the United States last year there were twenty-one executions; that may be twenty-one too many, but the figure compares favorably with 1962's forty-seven. Most of the 1963 executions were in Texas, New York, Ohio, Georgia, Mississippi and Arizona. The lead in executions changes from year to year, but the most consistently bloodthirsty states are California and Texas, with California well out in front. Since it achieved statehood, it has executed 500 persons, 190 men and four women in the gas chamber alone. But the chamber has now stood idle for twenty-two months. Forty-five men are in the death row of San Quentin, but it is doubtful that any of them will be executed. California is not forthright like Oregon but a kind of *de facto* repeal seems to have taken place. . . .

American public opinion is swinging more and more against capital punishment. The Biblical injunction dies hard, but a technique has evolved for evading it [see "And the Penalty Is (Sometimes) Death" by Ralph Slovenko, current issue, *Antioch Review*]. The murderer is sentenced to death, but he is not executed. Often the courts intervene, but even when they do not prevent the carrying out of the

sentence, the warden of the prison often has the power to stay the sentence. (If however, the man in death row has been made notorious by the press, if, as with Chessman, his name has become a byword, then he must hang, or burn or strangle on the cyanide fumes.) All he need do is raise a doubt as to the prisoner's sanity. If the murderer was not insane when he committed the crime, he may become insane while awaiting execution, or he may feign insanity. Executions are a nuisance and a hazard for wardens who are in charge of large communities that are difficult enough to keep in order without the stress of executions. Therefore the psychiatrists are called in and, as Dr. Menninger says, "I don't think we psychiatrists are very interested in acting as assistant to the executioner." But it would be more honest to do it Oregon's way.

There are three letters in this issue concerned with U.S. policy in Vietnam. One correspondent recalls "America's Dirty War," an article by Chandler Davidson in the *Nation* for Nov. 2, and quotes his own letter of protest to the President: "The atrocities that are being committed against the peasants and the torture of prisoners in this vicious war in Vietnam will leave a legacy of hate there for all Americans. Also, it is axiomatic that brutal and inhuman actions react against those who countenance and support such behavior. We shall 'reap the *whirlwind*'." Another letter, signed by George Anthony Palmer, reads:

After the publication of Henri Alleg's *The Question*, a group of French intellectuals signed a manifesto which advocated desertion from the army rather than participation in the Algerian war. There then appeared in the *Nation* (perhaps as a paid advertisement) a plea for American support of French dissenters signed by a group of American intellectuals.

Mr. Davidson makes it quite clear that the Vietnam war is "dirty," and that our actions are no more defensible than those of France in Algeria.

I am not suggesting that the American writers who were so enthusiastic in their support of . . . the French manifesto now issue a similar plea for desertion by American soldiers being sent to Vietnam, but I should like to point out that the failure to do so raises some interesting questions about:

(1) The position and influence of the American intellectual compared to the French;

(2) possible reactions of the American Government toward radical dissenters who throw monkey wrenches into the war gears;

(3) the degree to which public ideology overrides private morality;

(4) a re-examination of our judgments at Nuremberg in regard to the role of individual conscience.

The third letter, by Thoman Amneus, quotes the following from the *New York Times* (Oct. 25):

Evidence shows that the Vietcong are well supplied with modern drugs, including anti-biotics, and their facilities include large base hospitals and medical training centers.

Government forces say they know the exact sites of several of the hospitals. Some U.S. officials are mystified at Saigon's apparent reluctance to take military action to put these hospitals out of operation. They say this would provide a major psychological setback to Communist troops risking danger in combat.

Mr. Amneus makes this comment:

If the moral sensibilities of our officials have sunk to a level so low that such acts are considered desirable, it is imperative that we take a serious look at ourselves and at our position in Southeast Asia.

A notice of Dick Gregory's book, *Nigger*, is both serious and delightful. The reviewer, Peter de Lissovoy, tells how Gregory learned as a child to defend himself with his humor. As the skinniest kid on the block, "the poorest, and the one without a Daddy," he was picked on a lot:

. . . Sometimes the big guys would come after me. A guy twice my size would grab me and push me against a wall and be all ready to knock my face in. I'd roll my eyes and look down at his feet.

"Baby, you better kill me quick. If you don't, I'm gonna steal those cool shoes you wearin'."

Now who could beat up a guy who said that?

Gregory uses his humor in the same way when he talks about race to white audiences:

. . . A white man will come to a Negro club, so hung up in this race problem, so nervous and afraid of the neighborhood and the people that anything the

comic says to relieve his tension will absolutely knock him out. . . . I've seen a white man in a Negro club jump up and say "Excuse me" to a Negro waitress who just spilled a drink in his lap. . . . But in *their* neighborhood, some of them are going to feel sorry for me because I'm a Negro, and some of them are going to hate me because I'm a Negro. Those who feel sorry might laugh a little at first. But they can't respect someone they pity, and eventually they'll stop laughing. Those who hate me aren't going to laugh at all.

I've got to hit them fast, before they can think, just the way I hit those kids back in St. Louis who picked on me because I was raggedy and had no Daddy. . . . I've got to make jokes about myself before I make jokes about them and their society—that way they can't hate me. Comedy is friendly relations. . . .

"The civil rights movement," the reviewer says, "is creating heroes in a society whose herolessness is celebrated in a hundred novels." And Gregory, he adds, "has made large sacrifices—one of a small but important group of celebrities who have given of their time and stature." (Another *Nation* article deals with the *milieu* from which more of these heroes may emerge—the summer Freedom Schools in the South—but we are saving this article for a possible reprint almost entire. It is too good just to quote from.) In his section on Architecture, Walter McQuade quotes from the comment of Adolph A. Berle at a three-day symposium concerned with the pattern of life in New York:

The blunt fact is that in New York, one of the most prosperous places in the world, our resident gets less for his money than perhaps anywhere else in the world. Not that he pays more for the goods and services that he buys—prices are the same. The difficulty is that some elements of these services—quiet, repose, the familiar meeting of friends, serenity of life in a group that he knows and that knows him, even elementary needs like clean air—are not available at all, or at any price. Anyone who has recently visited Great Britain, or the Netherlands, let alone Scandinavia, can bear witness to the fact that an urban resident there may be poorer than here, but he has many things we, with all our wealth, cannot get. We are rapidly creating a city in which everyone suffers the privations of poverty no matter how well off he is or how good an income he may have. . . .

Then, in a review by Kenneth Rexroth of *The Complete Poems of D. H. Lawrence*, there is this provocative (and doubtless partly unjust) passage:

Like Yeats, Stephan George, T. S. Eliot, Unamuno, Ezra Pound, von Hoffmansthal, Lawrence was a dedicated spokesman for what Joseph Freeman thirty years ago called the fascist unconscious. Note the "f" is in lower case. Lawrence did not live to see the horrors of Nazism, but the Nibelungen *geist* that haunted Frieda's relatives aroused in him only amused contempt, as did the more trivial popinjay antics of Mussolini's minions. Nevertheless, Lawrence was anti-humane, anti-humanist and anti-humanitarian, like most of the leading poets of the international community of the first half of the twentieth century. In Europe the exponents of humanism were proved frauds by the First World War. In America where by a historical accident they were given the chance to act personally in committees, they were proved malevolent frauds by the Sacco-Vanzetti case. But this does not mean that humanism is a fraud. Nor does it excuse an anti-humane way of life. Lawrence once remarked that the beastliness of man to man increased in proportion to membership in the S.P.C.A. and the perfection of painless dentistry. This is probably true, but it does not excuse Ernest Hemingway's attendance at bullfights.

The elements of a basic problem of modern civilization are implied here—a problem which will probably not be understood until more people adopt the conceptions of individual and social responsibility advocated by Henry David Thoreau. This is a question to which we shall have to return. Meanwhile, we suggest regular reading of the *Nation*. Subscription is \$10 a year; address—333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.

COMMENTARY

UNAMUNO

THE identification by Kenneth Rexroth, in the passage quoted in this week's Review, of Miguel de Unamuno as one who participated in the "fascist unconscious" needs some critical attention. We are at a disadvantage in coming to Unamuno's defense since we have read little directly in his writings. The impulse arose, we suppose, from knowing something of the people who admire Unamuno—Simone Weil, for one, and Ortega y Gasset, for another. However, since this year—1964—happens to be the centenary anniversary of Unamuno's birth, the magazine *Iberica*, "dedicated to the free Spain of the future," printed an article on Unamuno in its Sept. 15 issue, and provided extracts from two of his essays.

What becomes apparent from this material is Unamuno's undeviating allegiance to his principles, throughout the ups and downs of recent Spanish history. He was, above all, Guillermo de Torre says, "a vital and palpitating consciousness, a man unattached to any political or social creed, even less to any party." Unamuno once declared, "*Yo no soy hombre de partido, soy un hombre entero*"—"I am not a party [or divided] man; I am a whole man." He advocated "liberalism" as a *method*, saying:

Among the unmethodical, catastrophic solutions of the dictatorships, whether of the proletariat, the plutocracy—or bankocracy—liberalism represents method, or, if you like, free examination, discussion.

In 1906, after discussing patriotism and militarism, he told his audience: "I have not come to bring you a program; I do not care for what are called concrete solutions." He mistrusted democracy, but was vehement in his opposition to monarchic dynasties. His attacks on Alfonso involved him in numerous prosecutions, yet he would accept no pardons. "They know," he said, "that I would protest, and would say in public that the little canaille of an Alfonso has nothing for

which to pardon me, while I have much to pardon him."

After Primo de Rivera seized power, Unamuno and Ortega edited a publication, *Free Leafs*, in Paris. When he returned, in 1930, to Spain and resumed his chair in the University of Salamanca, which had been taken from him in 1914, he maintained:

. . . the Republic is not for Republicans only; the republic is for everyone. . . . if he were different, instead of being as he is, there would be room in the Republic for the King, too; but as he is, there is no room.

An expression of his last days was: "You will conquer, but you will not convince."

CHILDREN ... and Ourselves ADULT EDUCATION

THE most comprehensive summary of the adult education scene we know of originated in some research by Dr. Samuel Gould, on which he reported in an address before the American Association of University Women (later printed in the Association of American Colleges *Bulletin* for 1955) .

Dr. Gould begins:

If I were to characterize the past history of adult education in America, and most of its present, I would say that it has always had the words but rarely the music. The music in this case is the spirit with which adult education should be permeated and the concept by which it should be developed. The spirit is identified by a creative urge which has its impact upon people searching for a finer life and for individual maturity. The concept is that of education as a continuing process, a never-ending process in life.

Of past attempts to extend learning beyond college matriculation, it should be noted that the largest proportion of adult education courses have been in the skill or vocational areas and to prepare immigrants for citizenship. Particularly to meet the latter need, adult education programs have gained a modest place in public school system budgets. A second emphasis has been upon the avocation or "hobby" courses designed for community service and "relaxation of the mind." Dr. Gould is chiefly concerned, however, with spreading the idea that "adult education must reach into the humanities as a resource and must turn itself to the task which is inherent in a democracy, the task of seeing to it that people are whole men rather than half men."

As budgets show, and as all members of the teaching profession are aware, the race with Russia in technological training of the young has assumed a fearful priority since the first sputnik made its appearance. But this development also led to a less publicized revival of the "humanities"

to mature the concept of the "whole man"—the responsible, knowledgeable, philosophically inclined citizen. Dr. Gould is by no means the only one who believes that the "struggle with Russia" can be truly won or resolved only in men's minds and hearts.

The late Lyman Bryson, author of *The Next America*, has an excellent paragraph concerning the increase in recognition of the potential of the mature individual:

The ground swell of new energy is mostly below the surface and thus escapes the notice of conventional observers. But in deep layers of living everywhere, notably now in the colleges and villages of the Middle West and fundamentally everywhere, a cultural revolution has begun. It is not like anything known before because it is on such a scale of participation that past standards do not apply. If it succeeds, it will be the creation, by its own members, of a national community in which energy is more and more shifted from material and practical anxieties to the doing of things for the sake of greater human experience. It will be the recapture, by a whole free people, of the primitive wisdom that industrialism has almost destroyed. In this new phase, wisdom will use industry as the servant of a better life. We shall be doing things for their own sake, which means for the developing experience they give, for the demands they make on personalities for greater power and sensitiveness. And it is part of our recovered wisdom to know that we live not to pile up comfort nor ornaments, but for the quality of experience itself.

The points emphasized by Dr. Gould are introduced by a statement of his own conviction:

There is no terminal point to the exploration of any area of subject matter unless we so specify and emphasize, which is what we do so frequently and perhaps unwittingly. I should think that every course ought to wind up in such a flurry of unanswered questions and with so many glances at faraway vistas that a never-ending curiosity could be stimulated.

Dr. Gould makes an exploratory proposal:

I wonder what would happen, for example, if students were enrolled in college not for four or five years but for fifteen or twenty. They would still receive their diplomas of achievement at the normal time, but it would continue to be the college's responsibility to give guidance to their future cultural

activities. Do you visualize, as a graduate, what value there would be in regular bulletins describing cultural opportunities in your geographic area recommending and reviewing books, indicating significant trends in the contemporary scene? Or do you visualize being able to turn to the college for critical analyses and help on creative work done independently after graduation? Or still again, do you visualize the possibility of having members of the faculty periodically visit metropolitan centers near your home to hold seminars in their subject areas? Such approaches do not seem to me beyond the realm of possibility and I should like to see them tried out someday. Would this not be another way to erase the present lines of demarcation between formal and informal learning and to emphasize the continuing nature of education?

The import of this direction of thought is that both high school and college personnel indulge in wishful thinking if they consider it sufficient simply to point out that graduates should "go on" to further learning. In Dr. Gould's opinion, strong community backing is needed to make lifetime education a practical objective:

There are the possibilities of developing a *full* community college concept, a college sponsored by the community and available to all age and intellectual levels as well as to all types of interests. It is conceivable and even desirable that children of elementary school age, for instance, should take work in music, art, handicraft or any other subject matter within such an organizational framework, quite apart from their regular school work. In communities where colleges and universities already exist, it could well be their responsibility to assume leadership in creating the community college.

Among the advantages of community colleges developed along the lines I have described are those of breaking down the artificial barriers which exist today between formal education and adulthood. A center for educational and cultural pursuits can be created with which the citizen can identify himself all through life. The boy or girl who has terminated schooling at the eighth grade or after high school, the married woman whose children are grown up and who suddenly feels a great lack of purpose in her life, the men and women over 65 who have retired from their work and are desperately in need of new interests, the college or university graduate who needs to continue his intellectual development at the same time as he moves ahead in his chosen profession—all

these and others could find hours of mental stimulation in a community college.

This emphasis upon the "local community" should not be regarded, we think, as undue stress. By observation and through experience, Dr. Gould is convinced that neither national nor regional programs are sufficient to bring about a cultural democracy. The local community must take the initiative. Dr. Gould concludes:

The methods and the solutions lie in our own hands, not in those of a government. We do not have to wait to be told what "line" to follow, whether it be the "line" of coalition or temporary cooperation or division, nor need we worry that the "line" will suddenly change and we shall have to backpedal furiously while awaiting further orders. We need only assure ourselves constantly that we are dealers in the truth and that we search for the truth wherever the wisdom of the ages indicates that it exists and is known. We need only assure ourselves that we are concerned with the creation of whole men—not half men—men whose acquisition of knowledge makes them more considerate and kindly toward their fellow mortals the world over and strengthens their belief in and reverence of a divine power. Education, continuing education, education as a life-time process, is the way toward such creation.

FRONTIERS "Animal Machines"

THE first scientific study of concentration camps, published during the war, was Bruno Bettelheim's paper, "Behavior in Extreme Situations," which appeared in the *Journal of Abnormal Psychology* for October, 1943, and was reprinted in Dwight Macdonald's *Politics* for August, 1944. The reader of this article, after sustaining the shock of recognizing that these anti-human enormities were being performed by human beings—by people who grew up in a supposedly civilized country, on other human beings who once were their countrymen and perhaps their neighbors—was led to wonder what had happened in the past, and would happen in the future, to a society where such things went on. In 1945, in "The Responsibilities of Peoples," Macdonald dealt searchingly, if inconclusively, with such questions. Then, years later, in his introduction to Alleg's *The Question*, Jean-Paul Sartre wrote:

During the war, . . . we looked at the German soldiers who walked about with an inoffensive air and said to ourselves from time to time: "These are men who, in spite of everything, resemble us. How can they do what they are doing?" And we were proud because we did not understand.

But then, in 1958 in Algeria, he pointed out, there was "regular and systematic torture." And the old Nazi torture center in Paris, on the rue Lauriston, where Frenchmen had been made to cry out by the Nazis, fifteen years later was a place where Algerians were made to cry out by Frenchmen. Sartre comments:

Plunged into stupor, the French have uncovered a terrible fact. If nothing protects a nation against itself, neither its past, its integrity, nor its laws—if fifteen years are enough to change victims into executioners—it means that the occasion alone will decide. According to the circumstances, anyone, anytime, will become either the victim or the executioner.

To move from this almost incredible assay of the moral qualities of contemporary human beings to a discussion of Ruth Harrison's *Animal*

Machines (Vincent Stuart, Ltd., London, 1964, 21S), which is in some measure a British parallel to Rachel Carson's *Silent Spring*, may seem to some readers too big a jump. The torture of human beings, it might be said, bears no relation to the mistreatment, or even the utilitarian torture, of animals. If this is an apparently reasonable reaction, then we need an intermediate step—one supplied by a passage in Edmond Taylor's *Richer by Asia* (Houghton Mifflin, 1947). To illustrate the extreme differences among men in their moral attitudes toward animal life, and toward even the substance of the planet, Taylor wrote:

If India had been in a position to speak with authority at the time of the American atomic-warfare tests at Bikini atoll, we would have heard, not only through the Indian press but from the official diplomatic sounding boards of the world, a message of great importance to us. We would have learned that without quite committing a social crime, we were following a pattern of crime, and were guilty of national blasphemy, not of a grave offense against Russia or even against peace, but against the dignity of man and the harmony of nature.

We did not feel—even those of us who strongly disapproved of the Bikini tests—that we were committing a really serious offense against peace, therefore the deep feeling of guilt we had seemed slightly superstitious to us, and we brushed it out of our minds falling into an unnatural apathy. The Indians could have explained to us why our guilt was real and not superstitious, why Bikini, though it lacked the element of sadism, constituted the same basic blasphemy which is what really shocked us the most in the shower-baths, the gas-chambers and the crematoriums of Belsen, in Goering's grotesque experiments with frozen prisoners and naked gypsies, in the researches of Nazi medicine aimed at discovering the ideal poisons for injecting through the eardrums of children. The Indians would have told us that our blasphemy, like the Nazi ones, arose from an idolatrous worship of the techniques of science divorced from any ethical goals, that the man-made cataclysm of Bikini was a black mass of physics as the German experiments were a black mass of medicine, that it was a mob-insurrection against the pantheistic sense of citizenship in nature, which we share with the Hindus in our hearts, but consider a childish foible.

Certain "childish foibles" in the eating habits of Western man are examined by Ruth Harrison in *Animal Machines*, mainly to show what they lead to in the treatment of food animals. Take for example the notion, not shared by butchers, that veal of high quality should be as "white" as possible. Good, efficient production of white veal creates for "bobby" (male) calves the following depressing life-story. When they are born into this vale of tears, they are often separated from their mother either at birth or a few weeks later, and are sometimes slaughtered without being fed. Their carcasses are used in meat pies and for canned goods. Calves destined to increase the supply of quality veal get a three-months respite. These are "weaned" at birth and fed on a milk substitute solution which is guaranteed to produce a "mild anemia" in them, since an adequate blood supply would discolor the meat. (In the old days, farmers used to "bleed" the calves by nicking a vein in their necks every two weeks.) There is still a tendency to house veal calves in semi-darkness, on the theory that this helps to keep the meat pale. Of course, the animals must not exert themselves or become in any way vigorous. Reporting on her visits to these English meat factories, Mrs. Harrison writes:

Another farm had the calves standing in a row on a slatted platform, their heads held between two vertical wooden bars so that they could slide up and down and nothing else. They could slide down to a lying position, but their necks would still be relentlessly held, they would have only that one position of rest throughout their lives. It reminded me forcibly of a row of stocks. These calves were indescribably dirty and were obviously suffering badly from the flies milling around them. They were shying up with their back legs, but of course could do little to alleviate their misery.

The idea is to force-feed the calves with milk substitutes in a quantity about twice their normal intake, and to keep them hot so they will sweat and drink more of this fluid. They of course get no water, which keeps them drinking the liquid fodder. "Rapid food conversion" of the calf's body requires virtual immobility, which also

inhibits "muscle pigment," thus preserving the whiteness of the meat. The object, according to Mrs. Harrison's research, is to nourish the veal calves just enough to keep them from dropping dead (which sometimes happens, anyhow) before they are ready to be slaughtered. The chewing of cud is also prevented, since this would have a tendency to make the calves normal. Their hunger for iron often gets so acute that they lick their own urine on the floor. This is prevented by chaining their heads up. "Whoever told you that veal calf rearing entails no losses was lying," a farmer exclaimed to Mrs. Harrison. He added: "We have great trouble in keeping them alive."

From the pitiful case of the under-nourished and under-nourishing veal calf, Mrs. Harrison passes to other production lines. The boxes in which hens are kept, these days, remind you of the hut the Japanese soldiers put Alec Guinness in for punishment, in *The Bridge Over the River Kwai*. From birth to death, laying hens' feet never touch the ground. They just sit there and lay in a bright electric light which keeps them awake and busy at their trade. The poultry men even play music to them. Eggs so produced are of course second rate. According to one piece of research, the rarefied diet of the battery-house hen produces eggs lacking in an essential vitamin (B12), compared to eggs laid by free-ranging, yard-type hens which enjoy a natural, diversified diet. An Oxford nutritionist, Hugh Sinclair, found that battery eggs when hatched turned into chicks with arteriosclerosis, while eggs from free-ranging hens did not.

Then there are the pigs, whose dirty habits, it turns out, are entirely man-made. While our space, like that of the pigs raised under scientific conditions, is limited, we have room to quote an animal husbandry expert who counsels that "pigs were kept to make money, as carcasses, and one should not get over-sentimental about them." He is talking about conditions like the following:

The pigs are kept in semi-darkness. A 15-watt red bulb gives enough light for the pigs to see where

to eat but not enough to allow fighting. Temperature and ventilation control coupled with semi-darkness ensures that the meal is not wasted in unnecessary energy.

From the evidence of human indifference to animal welfare, and equal indifference to human nutrition, and of the increasing chemical distortions of animal metabolism in the interest of quicker production, you might argue a variety of conclusions. You could point out that the food so produced produces weak human bodies. (Not even rats can be healthy on this sort of diet. They get sick, often with cancer.) You cannot avoid the fact that scientific production of animal food products makes the modern farm a monstrous place, painful to visit, embarrassing to think about. Mrs. Harrison has photographs, however, which leave you no choice. You might even make up your mind to go vegetarian. Finally, you may be led to think long thoughts about the content of ugliness and inhumanity behind so many of the patterns of the technologized way of life we are all constrained to adopt, and begin to despise the deceits in the neat and cheery packages of meat you find waiting for you at the super-market. You wonder, vaguely, if there is anything to the "superstition" that people become like the animals whose flesh they eat, and whether it is time to follow the example of the Masai and institute some ritual lion-hunting for our young men, as a means of changing these disgusting *mores*, and establishing some kind of decent, competitive relationship with the animal kingdom, so long as we continue to eat its members.