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NOTES ON WAR AND PEACE

THIS discussion presents three general ideas. The first is that war is wrong because all men are fundamentally the same. They are brothers. They do not need to kill one another in order to preserve or further the good life. The problem, here, is for men to become persuaded of this fact. An attempt is made to show that it is a fact.

The second idea is that war, once apparently a "normal" undertaking for men organized into tribes or states, has become a symptom of cultural psychosis. It is now an activity which cannot lead to rational ends. To pursue rational ends with war is therefore a form of psychotic behavior, a psychological sickness of the human race. We have need to find a treatment for this psychosis. The pacifist is one who attempts, as an amateur, the role of therapist. No one is more aware than he is of his non-professional limitations and his inadequacy in this role. Yet he must try. His mistakes are likely to be less costly than the immeasurable penalties imposed by war.

Finally, there is the idea of a substitute for war—nonviolent action. Whether or not this "moral equivalent of war" can be made to work on a large scale remains to be seen. What needs recognition, now, is that the idea is at least worth considering. In view of the destruction which another war would almost certainly bring, intelligent people ought to be looking for a substitute. Non-violence is such a substitute, and one that has a considerable record of success in resolving conflicts without material harm to the contestants. It is argued that the objections to investigating the possibilities of non-violent action are emotional, not rational. Such objections ought to be analyzed and overcome by people who take some responsibility for the future of the human race.

We start, then, with the proposition that the qualities which make some men (ourselves) human are the same qualities which make all men human. What are these qualities? To avoid long-drawn-out definition, we shall say simply, Man's intellectual and moral qualities. These vary, of course, in degree, but they are essentially the same in all human beings. To what extent have we "scientific evidence" for such a claim? The humanist historiographer, Frederick J. Teggart, has put together some generalizations on this point in his *Theory and Processes of History* (University of California Press, 1941, p. 298):

There is, in short, an important body of evidence which indicates the "psychic unity of mankind." A typical example may be found in the remarks of Stefansson on the Eskimo:

> "Commonly," he says, "primitive people are supposed to have certain mental qualities, designated as instinctive, through which they vastly excel us along certain lines, and to make up for this excellence they are supposed to be our inferiors in certain other mental characteristics. My own observations incline me to believe that there are no points in which they, as a race, are any more inferior to us than might be expected from the environment under which they have grown up from childhood; and neither have they any points of superiority over the white man, except those which are developed directly by the environment. Of course an Eskimo can find his way about in the wilderness better than the city dweller or the sailor, but he is likely to fall behind the white man of experience in just about the proportion you would expect, from knowing the greater advantage of training in logical thinking which the white man has had." Similarly, writing of the Sea Dyaks of Borneo, Gomes says: "Allowing for differences in environment, the consequent difference of similes the idea expressed in many Dyak proverbs is precisely similar to that of some well known among the English." "The radical fundamental thoughts and passions of mankind all over the world, in every age, are much the same."

> Judgments such as these may be found in the reports of observers in every part of the world, and the general view expressed is widely accepted by anthropologists. It is entirely possible that the obvious physical differences between men may be accompanied by corresponding psychical differences, but even if it be admitted that there are congenital differences in "races," and that the influences of these differences may ultimately become an important study, in our present state of ignorance these differences are negligible quantities, and man may be treated as an unchanging quantity. The opinion of anthropologists coincides, in general, with that of psychologists like McDougall, who thinks that the primary innate tendencies, which are the essential springs or motive powers of all thought and action, are common to men of every race and of every age. So investigators widely separated in their immediate interests reach the same conclusion, namely, that we have every reason to think that the mind of the savage and the mind of the civilized are fundamentally alike. "There can be no doubt," Boas states, "that in the main the mental characteristics of man are the same all over the world." "The working of the human mind," Gomme believes, "is on the same plane whatever and whenever it operates or has operated."

Being a social scientist, Dr. Teggart is unwilling to claim "absolute" authority for this assumption; he puts his qualifications thus:

> It must be admitted, however, that even this unanimity does not remove all possibility of question and debate, and as a consequence we accept Morgan's axiom of "the specific identity of the brain of all races of mankind," and Temple's "law of the constancy of human reasoning," not as self-evident or demonstrated truths, but as methodological assumptions set up for the purposes of a particular investigation. We delimit our field by taking man "as given," by assuming that all human groups have started from the same level, that in every group the same capacity for "advancement" has been present that man is, and has been, very much the same all the world over.

Here, we take Dr. Teggart's "methodological assumptions" and turn them into the moral ground for treating humanity as basically one. There are important ways, of course, in which humanity is not "one," but these create the problem to be solved or overcome; they do not make a reason for giving up the argument.

The next proposition to be defended is that war is neither necessary nor desirable. To avert useless controversy, we stipulate that in some sense and to some degree wars have contributed to constructive change or growth in the past. Again, we make Dr. Teggart our advocate. In the conclusion of the volume quoted above, he writes:

> I have indicated that, throughout the past, human advancement has, to a marked degree, been dependent upon war. From this circumstance, many investigators have inferred that war is, in itself, a blessing—however greatly disguised. We may see, however, that this judgment is based upon observations which have not been pressed far enough to elicit a scientific explanation. War has been times without number, the antecedent of advance, but at other times, as when Buddhism was introduced into China, the same result has followed upon the acceptance of new ideas without the introductory formality of bitter strife. As long, indeed, as we continue to hold tenaciously to customary ideas and ways of doing things, so long must we live in anticipation of the conflict which this persistence must inevitably induce.
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> It requires no lengthy exposition to demonstrate that the ideas which lead to strife, civil or international, are not the products of the highest knowledge available, are not the verified results of scientific inquiry, but are "opinions" about matters which, at the moment, we do not fully understand. Among modern peoples, the most important of these opinions are concerned with the ordering of human affairs; and in this area all our "settlements" of the problems which confront us must continue to be temporary and uncertain compromises until we shall have come to apply the method of science in their solution. Science is not a body of beliefs and opinions, but a way or a method of dealing with problems. It has been said by a notable contemporary that men begin the search for truth with fancy, after that they argue, and at length they try to find out. Scientific method is the term we use for the orderly and systematic effort to find out. Hitherto, the most serious affairs of men have been decided upon the basis of argumentation, carried, not infrequently, to the uttermost limits of destruction and death. It should be possible to apply in this domain the method of finding out, and it has been my hope to contribute, in however tentative a manner, to this end.

This was published in 1941. Today, Teggart's sober judgment that "the ideas which lead to strife, civil or international, are not the products of the highest knowledge available," sounds like the understatement of the century. The task for men of his persuasion is no longer to compose careful studies of historical processes, in the hope of causing men to abandon war. What is now needed is some clear diagnosis in terms of psychopathology—for what other branch of science is competent to deal with a race of supposedly intelligent beings who persist, with almost total disregard of the consequences, in serious plans to settle their squabbles over markets, spheres of influence, and ideological systems by the use of weapons which could easily destroy half the world?

This is our central point. Given the proposition that the human race is made up of units which are fundamentally alike, alike in their capacities, alike in their best interests; and given the fact that war as we now know it, and as we now show a readiness to fight it, can accomplish nothing but the defeat of all rational human aims—then the inquiry into why men fight no longer comes under the heading of ordinary social science. They do not fight or plan to fight because they are intelligent men seeking intelligent solution for their problems. They fight because their intelligence has broken down; because they are in the grip of some dark obsession; because the combative impulses of the childhood of the race, having been coddled and indulged for too many centuries, are now taking over and manipulating the collective organism of mankind to commit acts of self-destruction.

No one who has been brushed even lightly by the passing wing of modern psychology can fail to feel the force of this argument. Here we are, men of the twentieth century, rich in the lore of the subconscious, schooled in the mechanisms of habit, instructed in the role of suppressed guilts, loaded with case histories of people whose self-contempt makes them wreck the lives of others—here we are, with all this knowledge about human relations, yet totally ignoring what we know, doing exactly what we shouldn't in relation to other peoples and nations, behaving with the arrogance and cruelty of small boys in grammar school—threatening, brandishing totally destructive arms, hoping to frighten other people into submission; doing things that intelligent individuals have known for generations will *never* work, and claiming all the while that our *ideals* make us do these things, when we don't really *want* to.

How much evidence do we need to support the claim that our behavior is sick, sick, *sick?*

We have for quotation a brief sampling from social psychology on behavior in our society, and as we use it there will be a sudden jump from a single instance to a rather broad conclusion. But the reader will recognize, we think, that the sample is not atypical, and the conclusion worth considering. The following is from an article by David Riesman on "The Concept of National Purpose," which appeared in the Council for Correspondence *Newsletter* for June:

> One of my students in a recent term paper described a can company where he had worked for the summer, where men on the assembly line were fantastically wasteful, often tossing hundreds of perfectly good cans onto the ground simply for the fun of it or out of boredom, or turning out many that were needlessly imperfect. In fact, although the plant lost money the strongly unionized men could not take seriously pleas that they be more careful, for they saw that the company as a whole was rich, they were not afraid for their jobs, they enjoyed showing their independence, and they had lost whatever they may once have possessed of what Veblen called the instinct of workmanship. Our whole society is full of such operations and we have in this country a reputation for efficiency only because other countries have in the past been even more wasteful or have concealed their waste less well. Such lower-level sabotage can deprive an organization or the society as a whole of the surplus and the maneuverability that will permit choice. By such erosions, businesses do go bankrupt and nations do undergo revolutions or disintegrate. It is partly as a desperate measure to prevent this that some of our elite have stressed the

concept of national purpose, as a way of making shapeless men shape up. . . .

I do not think that a monolithic national purpose will stave off the erosion of individual and group purposes in our society as a whole, although it may cover over such erosion for a time. . . .

In Budd Schulberg's novel, *What Makes Sammy Run?,* when Sammy gets to the top of the heap in Hollywood, he finds himself lost: there is no one to be mad at, no one to nut down, no one to deny him things. Some Americans would like the United States to act like Sammy, discovering, in the ever useful Communist adversary, those thwartings and frustrations and denials that can give life meaning again. The grandiosity of "winning" is a mean-spirited goal for a diverse people. Indeed, it is curious that the Right Wing, which seeks to cut down the national power to the size of the Articles of Confederation, is at the same time eager to inflate the national power to deal with alleged subversion at home and Godless Communists abroad: the latter aim allows the Administration to dispose of the national product by a dumping operation. The President himself . . . has sought to set goals of wider range. Yet the fundamental paradox remains about the nature of goals for a huge, rich country, whose solidarities cannot be those of a poor small one: if the nation itself is not transcended by the search for larger and more inclusive units of solidarity, it becomes an idol. In this sense it is too small a vehicle for our aspirations as in other perspectives it is too large.

We have all these wheels and all these muscles, but we don't know where to go and what to do with them. . . . Unfortunately, there's always war.

This brings us to the role of the pacifist. The attempt to tell what a pacifist is and why he thinks and behaves as he does recalls the saying of Archilochus about the Hedgehog and the Fox: The Fox, he knows many little things; the Hedgehog knows One Big Thing. The pacifist, heavily burdened by the weight of his One Big Thing, is about the most incompetent man in the world—incompetent, that is, to do what he sets out to do: put an end to war. With the possible exception of Gandhi, all pacifists have been incompetent in this sense, and Gandhi was not a man who felt he had any great claim to "success." The pacifist attempts to compensate for what seems to him a course of national madness. Being a single individual, or member of a small group, he is forever undertaking "symbolic" forms of action. He also tries to make his diagnosis palatable. He tries to call men to their senses. He knows, or thinks he knows, his One Big Thing—that war is wrong, futile, self-defeating, insane—but he does not know all the little things that will have to get done before the world is ready to abandon war. He cannot know all these little things, because they represent a process of recovery for all the world from the madness of war. So, in his deep conviction, and despite his deep ignorance, he does what he can. He suspects that Gandhi, with his broad social reform of a Constructive Program, was on the right track, but not even India really accepted Gandhi's program, and how will a few pacifists get something like that going in the West?

Why can't the pacifist be a "normal" man, like other people? His only reply to this question is that the times are not "normal." For reasons based upon evidence that he does his best to present, the pacifist is convinced that going off to war has become practically the same as going out to get drunk. The world, the pacifist has come to believe, has grown chronically warlike in the same way that a man who goes on too many drunks becomes an alcoholic.

There are of course lots of reasons why modern man is disinclined to give up war. War, like drink, is a familiar escape from other problems. It has the sanction of strong national traditions. But there are also reasons bearing the semblance of common sense. Some of these are given by Gene Sharp in a recent article in *Bhoodan* (April 23, 1963). Under the title, "The Need for a Substitute for War," Mr. Sharp says:

Even in an age of missiles and hydrogen bombs, which can mean—and people know it—not defence of anything but extermination of almost everything, people still cling to war. They are able to do this because to most persons the present weapons are

simply an extension of the earlier forms of war. If they know that these weapons cannot be used in any rational conflict, they believe that somehow their very existence will prevent the conflict from turning into war, and thus prevent their way of life from being taken from them. The insanity of their actual use for humanitarian or political ends is thus veiled, disguised, ignored, masked, etc., by saying that nuclear weapons are only a "deterrent" to prevent war and enemy conquest. They thus keep people from feeling entirely helpless in the face of international dangers. However inadequately and with whatever tragic blindness, the feeling of impotency that would follow the renunciation of war without replacing it with a substitute means of struggle for crisis is thus avoided So long as there is a felt need for such a means of struggle and so long as people see no substitute adequate to take the place of war, there is little chance of war being renounced. It is questionable whether even nuclear weapons can change this.

In a subsequent issue of *Bhoodan* (May 4), Mr. Sharp concludes:

> Because a substitute technique of struggle is needed, the solution is not to be found in the area of negotiations, and conciliation, nor in that of international organization and constitutional arrangements. . . . The answer must lie in a peaceful counterpart of war, "war without violence" by which people can, in face of threats, defend liberty, their way of life and humanitarian values when all other hopes have failed. Is there, then, a sociopolitical equivalent of war?
>
> The field of possible substitutes for war is thus drastically narrowed, as far as I can see, to one: non-violent action. . . . It is not without significance that the emergence of non-violent action to political prominence has occurred in the same half-century as the extreme developments in political violence, the totalitarian state and weapons of annihilation. Can the former be the answer to the latter? In answering this, one must first admit that in the tragic world in which we live there is no easy way out of our crisis. Once the condition has become so serious, there is no way of coping with the evils which nuclear weapons and the Hitler and Stalin regimes symbolize which does not risk at least and most likely involve suffering. Also, there is no technique of action which can guarantee success, especially quickly, in all situations. . . .

Mr. Sharp wants governments to underwrite research in non-violent defense, as a substitute for military action. This sort of investigation, it could be argued, is urgently required, in view of the inflexibility of nuclear weapons and the general agreement, even by the heads of states, that another war would be an irreparable disaster.

The difficulty, here, of course, lies in the strong hold of national and military tradition on politicians and soldierly men, and in the inability of people generally to imagine themselves without the last resort of lethal violence to fall back upon in a crisis. As Gene Sharp puts it: "Whatever the disadvantages of war, people in many societies and historical periods have widely believed it to be the only alternative to impotence and passive submission in the face of threats to that which they have cherished." This, one may say, is a deep emotional conviction. It is not the same as pathological "hostility" or "aggressiveness," but a feeling which for thousands of years has been identified with strength of character and the masculine virtue of those who are determined to defend their hearths and homes.

So now we have a strange and anomalous situation: Analysis of war and of the modern machines of war points to the conclusion that military operations can no longer be pursued to rational ends—war, in short, is an insane undertaking; but, on the other hand, analysis of the emotions which justify war show that they are rooted in qualities which men have always admired and sought to develop— as the marks of courage, full manhood, and self-sacrificing heroism. How, then, can we say that war in our time has become a *psychosis?*

We can say it for the reason that cultural madness is not the same as individual loss of reason. For the individual sufferer of a mental ill, the break with reality is within himself. In an entire society, the problem is more complex. Men who give typical evidence of normality are able to pursue what seem balanced lives in "satisfactory" adjustment to a massive cultural delusion—not

they, but the implicit assumptions of their psycho-emotional environment, disclose the symptoms of aberration. *They* do not *see* the madness of war, and consequently they cannot *feel* the impending horror of nuclear conflict. Instead, the idea of not fighting fills them with anticipations of intolerable trauma.

It is partly for this reason that the pacifist feels it necessary to be absolutely uncompromising in his rejection of war. Someone has to begin to establish "reality" for the idea of human life without violence or the tools of violence. Someone has to be willing to demonstrate that the power to kill other people is not required by human beings. There has to be some kind of example of intelligent, constructive lives lived without resort to military action. Even if suffering the brand of alienation, the charge of cowardice, the ugly imputation of not caring about one's native land, is the price the pacifist must pay—a price which, except for moral geniuses, will take away from him some of his own "normality"—he is willing to pay it, not because he feels especially qualified for leadership, or in any way superior to his fellows, but because he has become convinced that any compromise with war is bound to cater to the cultural psychosis. For the pacifist to indulge in toleration of "small" or limited wars, or in the intellectualized play of war games in the name of peace-making, would be like inviting an alcoholic to your home to talk over the desirability of giving up drink, and at the same time setting out on the table a full line of light wines and beers for him to sample.

Peaceful men are peaceful men, not men who talk volubly about multi-lateral disarmament but wear nuclear stilettos up their sleeves. If you want to make peace, you can't start out by devoting all your attention to the "exceptions" you are going to allow. So long as this remains the temper of the great powers, the full reserve of popular emotion will remain connected to the impulse to war, and peace will have no more reality for the lives of the people than Sunday morning religion.

What are the factors of persuasion which the pacifist has to work with? Apart from the horrors of nuclear war— which are really not so persuasive, since they appeal mainly to fear and the biological urge to survival—the primary motive that leads to peace is the longing in nearly all people for the brotherhood of man. This motive must become stronger, less vulnerable to the abstractions and personifications which support distrust and angry condemnation. And the first step toward brotherhood lies in recognition of the common humanity of all races and nations. We need this recognition at many levels of interchange. We need it in terms of cultural anthropology, as declared by Dr. Teggart and other scientists; we need it in terms of the arts and the humanities, as experienced through cultural interchange with other countries; and we need it in miscellaneous human relations—by free travel in other lands, by exchanging students, and by as many non-political contacts as we are able to arrange. We need to learn to regard national boundaries as no more than conveniences of administration, and to erase from our minds their role as barriers which isolate species of mankind.

There are no separate species of mankind. There is only Man. All men *are* brothers. These people whom we once thought of killing have hopes like ours, desires like ours, mothers and fathers, children and babies like ours. If we grasp this idea and work on it—work on it as if our lives depended upon it—we should not find it difficult to make peace; indeed, if we could make this assumption in the emotional plexi of our being, we should no longer need to speak of "making peace"; we would wake up some morning and find it the habit of our lives—*fait accompli.*

REVIEW
THE INDIAN WITHIN US

HAL BORLAND'S *When the Legends Die* is a novel reminiscent of Edwin Corle's *People on the Earth.* Both writers are sensitive to the gap between a close-to-nature psychology and that of the twentieth-century Westerner. Mr. Borland's theme is suggested by the simple saying:

> When the legends die, the dreams end.
> When the dreams end, there is no more greatness.

The plot revolves around a reservation family, forced to go into hiding when another Indian is killed in a feudal struggle. In a mountain fastness the "old ways" are rediscovered—the bow and arrow, the chants of respect for the seasons and for the creatures that must be killed for food—and the pantheistic feeling of being at one with all that lives. The five-year-old boy loses both his parents in the course of five years, but has learned the lessons of woodcraft so well that he grows strong and self-reliant alone on his mountain. The mood of the first two chapters is conveyed by the following passages, which describe the initial journey away from "civilization":

> The star that was the hunter with a pack on his back was down near the horizon, making the big circle the stars made every night, the circle, the roundness. It was good to know the roundness, the completeness again, not the sharp squareness of houses and streets.
>
> Twice more they stopped to rest. The boy's legs were weary. She carried him in her arms for a little way but he protested. He was not a baby.
>
> They made packs of their things and they moved to the south side of the mountain where the sun would shine when the short days came. He had found where an old slide had taken down a whole grove of lodgepole pines. He said, "I am going to make a house of those poles."
>
> She said, "I do not want a house. I want a lodge that is round like the day and the sun and the path of the stars. I want a lodge that is like the good things that have no end."
>
> He said, "You still think of the old days."

Yet it is inevitable that the Boy will be swept up in the white man's plans for the Indian, forced to go to school, to conform and to forget his birthright. The emissary who comes to take him to school is an old, sad, sly, ambivalent, chief. Blue Elk wears squeaky shoes and a hard hat. He maneuvers his people for profit, but his heart is sometimes receptive to the magic of the legends and traditions:

> Blue Elk said, "The old days are gone. . . . Your mother told you this. I tell you the old days are gone. There is an end to the old days."
>
> The boy shook his head. "How can there be an end?" he asked. "There is the roundness." He made the gesture for the circle, the no-end.
>
> Blue Elk said, "There is the roundness. But today is gone. The day before today is gone."
>
> The boy made the no-end sign again. "It is like the sun, and the darkness. It is like the trunk of the aspen. It is like the basket," and his finger made the circle, the coil of the basket.
>
> Blue Elk stared at the fire. Finally he said, "We know these things. You know. I know." He glanced at the boy, whose face was intent. "Some of our people do not know. They have forgotten."
>
> The boy made no answer.
>
> Blue Elk said, "There is a song for remembering. Do you know that song?"
>
> "I know that song." The boy began to sing it. His voice was young, but the song was old, old as his people. He sang it, and it was a part of him.
>
> "They should hear these songs." Blue Elk believed this as he said it. *It is good for a people to change but it is not good for them to forget.* He said this to himself, believing it, but he did not say this aloud. Then he remembered the agent, who might give him five dollars if he brought the boy to Ignacio. It had been a long journey here to the lodge. It was worth more than the five dollars the preacher had given him. Then he remembered that the preacher had said he felt responsible for the boy because he had baptized him. He told himself he must do this thing. He said, "Tomorrow we will go to Ignacio."

In the wilderness the Boy had won an identity and a name, but in the white man's school he loses both; he feels intensely his enforced alienation

from the life of the lodge his father had built. It strikes us that the spiritual crisis of such an Indian is, in more ways than one, also the spiritual crisis of technological man. Indications are certainly to be found in frequent references to "the search for identity," the "need for autonomy," etc. So, the man of our time can, if he lets himself, feel an empathy for the clearly-definable plight of the Indian. A passage from Edwin Corle's *People on the Earth* tells of another Boy—this time a Navajo instead of a Ute—who runs away from a school in the night:

> Suddenly he was running across the mesa. In the darkness he fell headlong over some bushes and sprawled in some cactus and the spines cut his face and his arms and he lay there panting and gasping and not minding the pain. He dug his fingers into the rough earth and with every move the spines bit him more deeply. He defied the agony and he beat his fists on the earth and tried to crawl on in spite of everything, asking himself over and over again, "What am I? What am I? *What am I?"*

The Indians of Asia, too, were born to pantheism. Revelations of the meaning of "pantheism" in a great culture were the theme of Edmond Taylor's *Richer by Asia:*

> Our psychological adjustment to biological destiny depends upon the feelings that we have about our biological neighbors, the other animals, and the whole scheme of nature.
>
> Perhaps, as the Hindus and Buddhists believe, man diminishes himself when he takes the lives of other creatures. Certainly he impoverishes himself by being unaware of them. I think that the reason why the jungle was always a magical place for me, an animist grove and at times a pantheist temple, was because I discovered in it, more vividly than I had in the Western countryside, the biological background of the drama of human life, which our present urban culture tends to push out of consciousness. This discovery could not be a systematic one, it was a series of flashes of awareness. . . .
>
> The same men who discovered the law of karma could not be expected to discover how the atom can be split, or *vice versa.* The backwardness of any people is merely the field of activity in which it has not specialized. The strength of one cultural group is always the weakness of another. No single man, community, or culture can realize all the human capabilities or formulate all the possible human values.

Mr. Borland's Boy becomes a hard-bitten bronc-rider on the rodeo circuit. He accumulates some money, considerable fame, but after being nearly crushed to death in Madison Square Garden he returns to the land of the old legends. He knows he must find, again, the "roundness" of life:

> It had been a long journey, he thought, the long and lonely journey a man must make when he is lost and searching for himself, particularly one who denies his own past, refuses to face his own identity. There was no question now of who he was. The All-Mother's words, in the vision, stated it beyond denial: "He is my son." He was a Ute, an Indian, a man of his own beginnings, and nothing would ever change that. He had tried to change it, following Blue Elk's way, and he had tried, following Red Dillon's way. He had tried, following the way of Tom Black. And still he had to find the way back to himself, to learn that none of their ways could erase the simple truth of the chipmunk's stripes, the ties that bind man to the truth of his own being, his small part of the enduring roundness.
>
> He went out into the evening and up the slopes a little way to a big rock where he could see Horse Mountain and Bald Mountain and the whole tumbled range of mountains. He sat there and watched the shadows darken in the valleys, and when the sun had set he whispered the chant to the evening. It was an old chant, a very old one, and he sang it not to the evening but to himself, to be sure he had not forgotten the words, to be sure he would never again forget.

COMMENTARY
PACIFIST TOUR DE FORCE?

A CRITICAL view of this week's lead article (other readers may be more severe) raises one objection that seems worth mentioning. It has to do with the idea of "nonviolent direct action" as a substitute for war.

While we appreciate Gene Sharp's aims and the need for considering the psychological realities on which his proposal is based, its literal application seems difficult to imagine. Possibly, this reaction arises because nonviolent action is indicated in last-ditch situations, when all conciliatory measures have failed, and one has the feeling that the end of war, when it comes, will not have been the result of specific nonviolent campaigns but because, eventually, people can no longer be blinded to the senselessness and futility of enterprises in collective killing.

War, in short, will be done with because the people, by some kind of basic human growth—even some kind of psychic "mutation"—will have made so many constructive engagements of their time and energy that the last-ditch confrontations which precipitate war no longer occur. War comes when men cherish values which bring them into unresolvable conflict. If those values are replaced by others which establish genuine human relationships between groups, there will be no occasion for war.

This is not to minimize the importance of thinking about nonviolence. But, as Richard Gregg has pointed out, a nonviolent program is an implication, not a basic premise, of a broadly constructive way of life. For the implication to have meaning—for it to be more than a peacemaker's "gimmick"—it must arise spontaneously as an attitude of mind in the people who put it to work. This is almost the same as saying that, when nonviolent attitudes are really achieved by a measurable number of the world's population, they will no longer be needed.

Almost, but not quite. Today, nonviolent action is proposed by the pacifist minority as a salutary means of swinging public attention to the need for a dramatic abandonment of the methods of war.

It is admittedly difficult for many people to accept the logic of nonviolence, just as it is difficult for the man who feels deathly sick to comprehend the logic of health. His psychological organism is polarized in another direction. Sick people do, however, get well. They get well, even though their struggle is sometimes accompanied by contradictory and apparently unnatural feelings. In the case of psychological ills, there is often need for some kind of *tour de force*—a desperate climb to higher ground, with a blind disregard of opposing barriers. Nonviolent action, it may be, is the pacifist's *tour de force*.

CHILDREN
. . . and Ourselves
WOMAN'S SEARCH FOR IDENTITY

BETTY FRIEDAN'S *The Feminine Mystique* (Norton, 1963) is a challenging book which reaches beyond the familiar confines of the problem of the feminine psyche, beyond "sexual" issues, to philosophy. The focus, however, is on the semi-commercial conditioning regarding woman's "proper role" which has been so apparent during the past fifteen years. The blunt fact, says Mrs. Friedan, is that the *function* of being "a suburban housewife" cannot truly "fulfill" anyone. If a comparatively well-to-do mother of three feels vaguely frustrated, or becomes neurotically depressed, this is not apt to be because of a personal problem in her marriage, nor is she likely to need analysis. Mrs. Friedan writes:

> It is my thesis that the core of the problem for women today is not sexual but a problem of identity—a stunting or evasion of growth that is perpetuated by the feminine mystique. It is my thesis that as the Victorian culture did not permit women to accept or gratify their basic sexual needs, our culture does not permit women to accept or gratify their basic need to grow and fulfill their potentialities as human beings, a need which is not solely defined by their sexual role.

The first chapter of *The Feminine Mystique* is titled "The Problem that Has No Name," and things told Mrs. Friedan in conversations with apparently successful wives give the clue. One woman said:

> I've tried everything women are supposed to do—hobbies, gardening, pickling, canning, being very social with my neighbors, joining committees, running PTA teas. I can do it all, and I like it, but it doesn't leave you anything to think about— any feeling of who you are. I never had any career ambitions. All I wanted was to get married and have four children. I love the kids and Bob and my home. There's no problem you can even put a name to. But I'm desperate. I begin to feel I have no personality. I'm a server of food and a putter-on of pants and a bedmaker, somebody who can be called on when you want something. But who am I?

A twenty-three-year-old mother in blue jeans said:

> I ask myself why I'm so dissatisfied. I've got my health, fine children, a lovely new home, enough money. My husband has a real future as an electronics engineer. He doesn't have any of these feelings. He says maybe I need a vacation, let's go to New York for a weekend. But that isn't it. I always had this idea we should do something together. I can't sit down and read a book alone. If the children are napping and I have one hour to myself I just walk through the house waiting for them to wake up. I don't make a move until I know where the rest of the crowd is going. It's as if ever since you were a little girl, there's always been somebody or something that will take care of your life: your parents, or college, or falling in love, or having a child, or moving to a new house. Then you wake up one morning and there's nothing to look forward to.

These women are having to cope with an acute manifestation of a crisis in our culture. Mrs. Friedan writes:

> The identity crisis in men and women cannot be solved by one generation for the next; in our rapidly changing society, it must be faced continually, solved only to be faced again in the span of a single lifetime. A life plan must be open to change, as new possibilities open, in society and in oneself. No woman in America today who starts her search for identity can be sure where it will take her. No woman starts that search today without struggle, conflict, and taking her courage in her hands. But the women I met, who were moving on that unknown road, did not regret the pains, the efforts, the risks.

We are reminded, here, of some of the ideas in *Educating Our Daughters* (1950), by Lynn White, Jr., president of Mills College. Dr. White called attention to the unfortunate fact that the only break in the tradition of a double standard in education, practiced since the Middle Ages, has been in the fad of careerism for females. Very few women will fulfill themselves, argued Dr. White, unless they fulfill that part of their biological destiny which involves the production and rearing of children. A competition with the male in industry, as a motivation, may be simply imitation, and, as Emerson has said, "imitation is suicide." But a genuine "career"—a life-long interest

beyond interpersonal relationship—*is* a different and natural calling.

If Dr. White is right, and we think he is, women encounter serious disadvantages in trying to obtain a lifetime education, because they are socially conditioned to think of college as a brief incident rather than a time of building capacities for future endeavor. And while women are inescapably dissimilar from men in one respect—men can't bear children—there remains a fundamental and "metaphysical" equality. Further, it might be well to revise our whole theory of the education of women so that a significant intellectual phase of development for women could take place *after* a period of child-rearing, when their energies are naturally freed from absorbing personal responsibilities.

Worse things could happen than to have mothers attending school with their sons and daughters: it is not then too late for the majority of women to extend or continue training for useful and enjoyable work outside of family duties.

Dr. White makes strong recommendations for women's "part-time-work" and "part-time" education in the years following the interval of child-bearing and nurture:

> The real problem is not that of combining a career with a family, but rather of keeping alive vocational skills and contacts during the child-rearing years so that when the children have left the home and the really liberating effects of our modern technology of housekeeping have made themselves felt, a woman may find a new outlet for her intelligence and energies.

This is the best suggestion we can think of to pass along to people of high school and college age. Those who believe in basic Equality of the Sexes must work toward conditions where such equality can have practical meaning. But women, like other people, will have to achieve liberation for themselves. The concluding paragraphs of *The Feminine Mystique* state the challenge:

> If women do not put forth, finally, that effort to become all that they have it in them to become, they will forfeit their own humanity. A woman today who has no goal, no purpose, no ambition patterning her days into the future, making her stretch and grow beyond that small score of years in which her body can fill its biological function, is committing a kind of suicide. For that future half a century after the childbearing years are over is a fact that an American woman cannot deny. Nor can she deny that as a housewife the world is indeed rushing past her door while she just sits and watches. The terror she feels is real, if she has no place in that world.

FRONTIERS

Philosophy and Progress

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR is a fine and important magazine because its contributions (therefore its editors) maintain a firm hold on the principle of the autonomy of human intelligence. That is, you never pick up the magazine without finding in it a series of enlightening perspectives on common practice in various fields of endeavor—the object, quite plainly, being to set the practice right, or at least improve it. Nor is this, as such words might imply, a disclosure that *Scholar* writers are confident of their infallibility. The idea is rather to keep *open* questions that ought to be kept open, and to open up anew questions that have been mistakenly thought closed. You turn away from an issue of the *American Scholar*—if you take the time to read through all its pages—with a certain pride in the temper of learning in the United States, as represented by the Phi Beta Kappa society (which publishes the magazine), and a clear agreement with its subtitle "A Quarterly for Independent Thinkers." And you also turn away with a mind provoked in numerous directions, filled with material for serious reflection, and with a melancholy regret that it is not required reading for all statesmen, editorial writers, and publishers of every description.

A letter which concludes the contents of the Spring 1963 issue is itself a kind of "survey" of previous issues. The writer, Elliott Krefetz, begins by proposing that there was really no excuse for the famous "War between Science and Religion," for the reason that "when Science and Religion do what they are supposed to do and don't go sticking their noses in each other's business, they don't conflict." Proceeding, he cites three contributors to previous issues of *American Scholar:*

> Mr. Krutch may have started off to say something like this about the War between Science and the Humanities, but I am not sure. At any rate, Science loses this nonexistent war because it "teaches us a great deal about things that are not really very important." Mr. Taylor . . . says "Science wins because it does not "claim to do the impossible."
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> . . . Mr. Gilson's letter in the same issue says Science wins because (1) we can never progress by using philosophy; (2) we cannot even argue since the argument would be subjective.
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> Is not Man part of the universe, and when Man learns a little about the universe does he not learn a little about himself?
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> Is this not important?
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> What is the criterion used to evaluate importance? Is there any "proof" that we are not just forcing our own order on what is in reality chaos and that, therefore, the task of science is not indeed impossible? The main thing that has been "learned" by Science today is that we are farther from knowing all about everything than we thought we were at the turn of the century or at any time before.
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> Is this more progress than that made by philosophy? (Even Socrates knew he did not know anything.) Are not all measurements, reasonings and results in the last analysis subjective? I know of two men who attacked the problem of the formation of a particular meteor stream. Their results were diametrically opposite. They both got their Ph.D.'s. Lack of information? Might not philosophy also be suffering from this same defect or does someone claim we know all about Man in any respect? And if information is lacking, whether in science or philosophy, is not the only way a result can be obtained by a value judgment?

This is a paring-down operation on both the contestants in the argument between Science and Philosophy, and it is also a begging of the question regarding the difference between the two. The argument, of course, should and must continue, but Mr. Krefetz's shakedown of the issues helps to clear the air, so that a new beginning can be made. Yet he does, after all, reveal himself as a partisan of philosophy when he says that the "main thing" disclosed by Science, today, is our extraordinary ignorance. What sort of ignorance? Surely, he means ignorance of things which are "important," since the factual accumulations of scientific findings in the various and multiplying fields of research are notorious in their defiance of organization and assimilation.

His point must be that we do not know how to use profitably or intelligently all this "knowledge" we now possess. This is certainly a "value judgment." Yet no doubt he is right in suggesting that "information is lacking." The question is, what sort?

A related dilemma is exhibited by the comparison of other items in this issue of the *Scholar*. The reviewer of Robert Heilbroner's *The Great Ascent* (of the "underdeveloped" nations) summarizes:

> The attempt of more than one hundred nations and their two billion peoples to make the Great Ascent, Mr. Heilbroner says, "towers over any previous enterprise of man." This is no mere struggle against poverty. "The social, political and economic institutions of the future are being shaped for the great majority of mankind."

Commenting elsewhere on the same book, another writer observes:

> The most powerful sections of Robert Heilbroner's new book on the undeveloped world, *The Great Ascent*, are concerned to demonstrate that the dynamics of the "development revolution" are those of human dislocation. "The great social transformation of development," writes this respected economist, "is apt to be marked not by rising expectations but by a loss of traditional expectations, not by enjoyable gains but by a new awareness of deprivation."

Added to this problem of "progress," there is another, examined in a quotation from W. H. Auden, who wrote:

> The relation of a poet, or any artist, to society and politics is, except in Africa or still backward semifeudal countries [the exception need not be made any longer], more difficult than it has ever been because, while he cannot but approve of the importance of everybody getting enough food to eat and enough leisure, this problem has nothing whatever to do with art, which is concerned with *singular persons*, as they are alone and as they are in their personal relations. Since these interests are not the predominant ones in his society; indeed, in so far as it thinks about them at all, it is with suspicion and latent hostility—it secretly or openly thinks that the claim that one is a singular person, or a demand for privacy, is putting on airs, a claim to be superior to other folk—every artist feels himself at odds with modern civilization.

What have we here? Is the expected failure of the revolution of rising expectations to satisfy those expectations a matter for scientists or philosophers to consider? What is being left out of the equations of the planners? Do we need "values" or "more information"? Some wise composition of both?

And is the problem of the artist who is "at odds with modern civilization" related to similar omissions on the part of established societies?

A simple analysis might argue that the mistake is in both cases a fundamental one: People have supposed that the good life is made up of things you can count, when this is precisely not so. Science/Philosophy, Politics/Maturity— there are some resolutions and priorities to be determined here.