

THE NEW "REALITIES"

HOW do you characterize an age in the life of mankind? And after you have made the characterization, how do you justify it?

We say, for example, that the eighteenth century was a period of rising political self-consciousness. Principles rooted in a conception of man's nature and possibilities came to the foreground of human awareness in the West and were made the basis of the social contract. There had of course been earlier principles—principles descriptive of certain external differences among men. There was the difference in hereditary origin between those of noble birth and the common folk. Some men were born to power, others were not. Such differences were accepted as reflecting the natural order of things—justified as an expression of "divine" intentions—and social and political relationships embodying recognition of these differences had sanction in both tradition and law.

The eighteenth century broke with this tradition and made new laws. The revolutionary credo obtained its sanction, not from existing reality but from the longings in men's hearts—longings which were articulated in a new political philosophy. You could say that the revolutions of the eighteenth century sprang from subjective origins. The revolutionary leaders *felt* the equality of all men; they felt it in themselves and they felt it for others. This ideal had little ground in "objective" experience. It was contradicted on every hand by the status quo. But it had prime reality in human feeling and it captured the imagination of the age. Slowly but inevitably, it changed the structure of the social order. It made new definitions of good and evil. It created new aims in human life.

Looking back on the great changes in the organization of society since, say, 1750, it seems justifiable to say that the strongest force in human

history is man's idea of himself. Right or wrong, constructive or destructive, man's self-image eventually prevails, creating the conditions of his life and defining the opportunities for self-realization.

Certain questions arise. If you go to history books and read about the revolutions and revolts of the past, you get a strong impression of the division of people into the leaders and the led. It is as though a handful of men find themselves able to galvanize a larger number—but still not very many—into activity. The comparative lethargy of the mass remains, but seems to be slowly changed into a conformity with the new ideas. If these ideas turn out to be in harmony with deep-felt needs, they are accepted, and the arguments which press and support them eventually become popular attitudes. By such means new traditions are born. They are, we may say, "better" traditions. They are better because they embody the consequences of a revolutionary conception, but they are "traditional" because they gain acceptance through familiarity rather than reasoned examination.

It is necessary to ask: which is the most important consideration—the ideas which shape the traditions of an age, or the fact that they are "traditional"? The relativist historian could easily argue that the grip of tradition in any age makes the prevailing philosophy or ideology a reactionary affair. Years ago William Henry Chamberlin did a pretty good job of showing that Czarist tyranny found a new incarnation in Communist tyranny, that Soviet expansionism was repeating the earlier ambitions of Pan-Slavism. (*Russia's Iron Age*.) Dozens of books have been written to find antecedents of Nazism in German history and to deplore the famous "obedience" of the German people.

The claim has some merit. Radical historians are able to show survival of aristocratic tendencies in Federalist politics early in the nineteenth century, and the antipathies of the Israeli government toward non-Jewish residents present a curious contrast to the principles of a secular state. The claim has merit, but the evidence put forward is more in the nature of a qualification than a refutation of the fact that progress has taken place. This argument belongs with the familiar question, "Why does the Left always make the Revolution and the Right always write the Constitution?" The tendency of a revolutionary principle to lose its vigor and its original inspiration, as the society it brought to birth settles into a "going concern," is a fact of the human condition, not an important debater's point. It directs attention, not to the fallibilities of "human nature," but to another question which needs answering: What are the principles which are least likely to suffer decline from being adopted as the basis of a viable society?

How, for example, have *our* principles been vulnerable? Well, "Freedom," while an ideal still widely praised in American life, has none the less given scope to a great deal of nonsense concerning the "spiritual" value of Free Enterprise. In the forums of popular expression, freedom is mostly honored as the right to be acquisitive and to obtain distinction by having possessions which overshadow the possessions of others. This is really quite silly, and many men of wealth know better than this expression of "Americanism" in their behalf, *but they seldom contradict it*. Then, as manufacturers, builders, merchants and industrialists, they no doubt find themselves vastly irked by the bureaucratic controls which hamper their operations, and it is not necessary to accuse them of wanting to "exploit" the American worker or consumer to explain this attitude. The bureaucratic state is a form of social arthritis which afflicts the age. The trouble with the complaining businessmen is that they do not really understand the historical processes which made the modern welfare state

practically inevitable, nor are they prepared to take a hand in altering those processes for a better result.

Devotion to "freedom" is also made the excuse for closing out free discussion of unpopular political doctrines. An anti-authoritarian, decentralist socialist cannot obtain a general public hearing for his ideas, today, in the United States. No further evidence is needed of the fact that "freedom" has become a traditional rather than a living conception in our culture. The man who is a traditionalist from uncritical habit always fears rational analysis of his beliefs. He doesn't want his own unexamined assumptions examined by anyone else. So he declares that "the young" must be protected from subversive doctrines. Often, he cares very little for the young. He simply does not want to be shown wrong, himself. Ironically, he *might* be shown to be right, but he allows no opportunity for this vindication to take place. In fact, any kind of impartial reasoning—whether for or against his own views—tends to disturb the man whose beliefs are only habits.

Well, what can be done about this? Is there a conception of man which would ensure against such corruptions of the idea of freedom?

Let us look further at the corruptions of this ideal. The virtuous defender of freedom commonly argues: "I am a free man. But you, with your lower standard of living, or your dirty habits, or your political heresies, seem bound and determined to take away my freedom. I, therefore, will put you down. I will render you unable to do these evil things. Then I will pursue my freedom according to my wont."

This may not be a sympathetic account of the defender of freedom, but it has a basis in fact. You can change the honorifics and the epithets, and make this declaration apply to many of the parties or ideological factions in the world. There are, of course, also honorable defenses of freedom which, until now, have involved putting down opponents on the field of battle. But it seems fair

to say that if the corruptions of the ideal of freedom had not taken place, the history of the past two hundred years would have been quite different. And how many million men have died during this period, honestly fighting for ideals which they did not know had suffered serious distortion in practice?

Where does the trouble lie? It lies in the nature of politics, which may be defined as the organization of both the good and evil forces in human nature, in behalf of the mixed ends of a single political group.

The moral susceptibilities of human beings have always been the pawns of politics. It is difficult to make men think, but easy to arouse their emotions. It is easy to stir their desires, magnify their fears, and fan their feeling of righteousness. And feeling leads to action much more directly than thought. Thought, moreover, has a built-in tendency to question, to strive for impartiality, whereas feeling, once it is in the ascendant, responds willingly to the absolutes of political decision. As the emotions of a political campaign rise, the grays of arguable questions dissolve into blacks and whites. Very like the heroes and blackguards of the cheap fiction which makes no demand upon mental capacities of the reader, political leaders become symbols of either right or wrong. Doubts or uncertainties never won an election. High principles may be at stake, and they may be named and described, but the problem of quickly gaining the support of the majority is solved only by the manipulation of traditional values. This is the use of the conditioned reflex to engineer consent.

The same pattern of control, more starkly simplified to extremes, stands revealed when a population is being prepared for war. The enemy becomes a beast. All the talents of clever men are devoted to proving him a beast. Even if there are rational grounds for prosecuting the war, these arguments soon give way to more effective emotional stimuli. The artist who draws an enemy soldier with fangs four inches long is not a

rationalist. The writer who advocates sterilization of all enemy males after the foreign nation has been defeated is not a rationalist. The psychologist who devises techniques of generating popular fury against a despicable foe is no longer an educator. The instructor of bayonet warfare or commando tactics makes no contribution to a humane way of life.

Even if it should be true that the war is just and necessary, a point is reached in the emotional polarization of the people when they can no longer comprehend what is just and what is not. We have arrived at a stage in human history when the organization of the forces of war requires a nation-wide emotional debauch.

Again, what can be done about this? The basis of the problem lies in an application of the ideals of the eighteenth century. There are some things, declared the revolutionary leader, which I will allow no man to do to me. I *take* my freedom from my oppressors, he said. I will build a free society and defend it against all evil comers, he predicted. This was eighteenth-century man's idea of himself. It is an idea which is proving both inadequate and unmanageable in the twentieth century.

The problem of the twentieth century is different from that of the eighteenth century in that the eighteenth-century revolutions can be described as local affairs. There was a *French* revolution and an *American* revolution. Men within a given nation or culture got together and made themselves free. This sort of revolutionary progress came by fits and starts, and it is still going on.

But getting rid of war itself is a different sort of problem. The solution, as everyone says, requires the cooperation of everybody. This is a problem for "mankind." But "mankind" is as yet only a planetary expression, not a name for the unified human race. The human race is not unified. It is divided into nations, and the people in the most powerful nations are clutching their freedoms and their self-images in one hand, and in

the other hold the detonators of an untold number of nuclear bombs.

Manifestly, then, "nations" do not have the solution for the central problem of the twentieth century. "Nations" cannot do anything to help "mankind." Nations, by their national being, by their embodiment of the ideals and hopes of national groups, are holding mankind apart.

To what or whom, then, may we look for help? Obviously, to individuals. For individuals also make up mankind.

When, for example, an individual adds to the principle of the eighteenth century—the principle that "There are some things I will allow no man to do to me"—another principle: "There are some things I will not allow myself to do to any other man," he adds to the hope for the world.

It comes down, as always, to the idea of the self. If a man's understanding of himself, of what he is potentially, and of what he regards as worthy actions for a human being, makes him unable to risk doing injustice or harm to another, then in him we have a conception of the self that can put an end to war. The State cannot put an end to war. The State has no "self-image," no human dignity, and is subject to no spontaneous restraint. The State is the shadow of the accumulated manipulations of tradition in behalf of the mixed ends of its national political organization. War is the *health* of the State.

Now it happens that in the twentieth century, just such an idea of the self is gradually becoming manifest. That is, it is being given expression by individuals, and by individuals in behalf of groups. Here is the voice of Albert Luthuli, leader of the African National Congress:

If friendships make a man rich, then I am rich indeed. I grieve over the ban which, until May, 1964, cuts me off from my many friends in all parts of South Africa. But I grieve more deeply for the men and women—their number is not known—whose desire for sanity in South Africa, whose insistence on no more than our human dignity, has led to banishment, deportation and gaol, while their

families suffer poverty and acute distress. I have no illusions. Their number will grow.

But the struggle goes on, bans, banishments, deportations, gaol or not. We do not struggle with guns and violence, and the Supremacist's array of weapons is powerless against the spirit. The struggle goes on as much in gaol as out of it, and every time cruel men injure or kill defenceless ones, they lose ground. The Supremacist illusion is that this is a battle of numbers, a battle of race, a battle of modern armaments against primitives. It is not. It is right against wrong, good against evil, the espousal of what is twisted, distorted and maimed against the yearning for health. They rejoice in what hurts the weak man's mind and body. They embrace what hurts their own soul. . . .

Elsewhere, Luthuli wrote "Nationalist laws seek to degrade us. We do not consent. They degrade the men who frame them. They injure us—that is something different." In an introduction to Luthuli's recently published book, *Let My People Go* (McGraw-Hill, 1962, \$5.95), Charles Hooper writes:

Unchallenged at the head of the African National Congress, for the roughest and most heart-breaking ten years of South African political life hitherto, stood Albert John Luthuli. Placed there by the vote of his own Congress, and accepted by organisations of other races willing to cooperate, the ex-chief deposed by Dr. Verwoerd became head of something more than a mission reserve. He became, his stature and influence growing yearly, leader of the real opposition, embracing South Africans of all complexion. As far as there is, or ever has been, an embodiment of the multi-racial resistance to apartheid and supremacy, it is to be found in Chief Luthuli. . . .

Compassion is a part of Chief Luthuli's habitual way of looking at people. Its obverse is a sense of comedy, an unquenchable delight in people. Yet, for all the ease of his rich, joyous laughter, and his quick pity, there is a detachment about people, too: not from them, but about them whether friend or foe. It is as though something in him holds aloof, subject to neither the sudden partisanship of the emotions, nor to bitterness and resentment. About the policy, the act of cruelty or the vicious law, he is ruthless and can be formidably angry; but he refuses to assault the personalities of the men behind these things.

It may be that it is this detachment, coupled with his gifts of imagination, which accounts for Chief Luthuli's extraordinary power of entering the minds and emotions of other people. He is capable of understanding the Africaner dilemma with far greater clarity than most of their English-speaking fellow-whites; and the quaint, backward-looking Englishry of Natal is more explicable to Luthuli than it is to Dr. Verwoerd. His imagination falters only when the mental state of his opponents enters the world of shadows: "I can understand and disagree with the man who says, 'I want five farms.' But I cannot grasp what is in his mind when he says, 'I would rather murder or be shot than surrender *one* of them'."

Yet Chief Luthuli's perception of the maladies which ail South Africans of various races does not deflect him. For instance, the fact that white South Africans see in the idea of universal adult suffrage a terrifying threat evokes in him the desire to reassure them; but he continues, with a kind of serene assurance, to demand universal adult suffrage regardless of race.

Well, some readers may say, Chief Luthuli is manifestly an extraordinary man—an *exceptional* man and leader. And isn't that the point? He is exceptional. One needs no more than this description of him to demonstrate this. Yet you are talking about "historical trends."

True, Luthuli embodies qualities rare in men of any nation or race. But he is not entirely alone. You can find men with this spirit in India, in the United States, in Britain, and possibly in Russia. (See Harrison Salisbury's unusual novel, *The Northern Palmyra Affair* [Harper and Dell].) The thing that ought to be recognized is that there is no other direction in which authentic idealism can now go.

What man, in his right mind, will maintain that the fulfillment of human aspiration must now involve an incidental slaughter of innocents counted by millions?

Yet the identification of future human good with the fortunes of the modern nation-state and with the use of present-day military technology compels this assumption. This "bitter necessity" sort of thinking haunts all the righteous pretensions of the large nations which now have

nuclear weapons, and it erodes the morality of the smaller and new nations which seem determined to remain dissatisfied and insecure until they get them. Could there be a greater impoverishment of the social imagination? Can you picture the men who invented the social form of the nation-state—men in whom nationalism was a constructive force and an ideal of freedom—now resting content with the practical "nuclear" necessities of national survival? Can you hear Tom Paine basing a defense of the bombing of Hiroshima on his conception of the Rights of Man? Would Jefferson express comfort upon learning that the nation he helped to shape was now made secure by a mobile task force of Polaris submarines? Do you really think you could get John Locke and Montesquieu to argue the theology of first and second strike in nuclear engagements?

Questions of this sort will not of course change the minds of the managers of our society. They have been rationalizing the morality of the national interest for too long a period, and the argument from the inadequacy of old or familiar methods is never effective with men whose entire careers are devoted to making the old methods work. All that the argument from failure can ever do is loosen up peoples' thinking, making them uncertain and vulnerable to the aggressions of men whose reliance on force and violence is uninhibited by doubts or self-questionings.

The historical changes that will bring about the future await a positive inspiration from within. And this, we think, will come from men whose rich sense of being human will give the new direction. The basic consideration, the revolutionary discovery of the twentieth century, lies in a deeper realization of the self—in intuitive and instinctive commitment to courses of action which are consistent with the higher possibilities of man. If "nations" can no longer provide the field for these courses of action the men in whom this inspiration rises will create other forms of human association. It is really ridiculous to suppose that military equipment, no matter how

destructive, can stand in the way of the inventiveness and the authentic progress of determined human beings.

This new spirit of being human is everywhere in the air. It stands in the wings of history, awaiting its entrance cues. It moves in the hearts of men who can speak and of those who must for a time remain silent. For such men, war and the tools of war are irrelevant to human destiny. Not states, but human beings, are the embodiment of human values. Nothing that is against man can be undertaken by human beings who are awakened to these values. States which attack human beings are against man. This is beginning to be seen and understood in different lands in different ways, and in varying degree. The young Soviet poet, Yevgeny Yevtushenko, for example, says in his *Precocious Autobiography*:

Now that ten years have gone by, I realize that Stalin's greatest crime was not the arrests and the shootings he ordered. His greatest crime was the corruption of the human spirit. Of course Stalin never himself preached anti-Semitism as a theory, but the theory was inherent in his practice. Neither did Stalin in theory preach careerism, servility, spying, cruelty, bigotry, or hypocrisy. But these too were implicit in Stalin's practice. This is why some people, such as the poet K, began to think and act in an anti-Communist way though they regarded themselves as the most orthodox of Communists.

I came to realize that those who speak in the name of communism but in reality pervert its meaning are among its most dangerous enemies, perhaps even more dangerous than its enemies in the West.

In another part of his book, Yevtushenko writes:

In Finland, when enraged hoodlums tried to wreck the Youth Festival, I wrote the poem "Snot-nosed Fascism," which, translated into several languages, was handed around to the delegations and became ammunition.

"You'll have to forgive me if I didn't have a very good opinion of you up to now," a Komsomol official in our delegation said apologetically, "I never thought you would write a poem like that. . . . Not you. Why

don't you concentrate on international themes? That bit about bourgeois ideology was really good. . . ."

He was naïve. He didn't understand that I have won the moral right to talk about what is wrong abroad only because I speak just as openly about whatever I see to be wrong in my own country; otherwise I would lose my self-respect.

Ed Lazar, a young American who is participating in the Delhi-Peking Friendship March, said recently in an article in *Sarvodaya*:

It is the duty of each of us to be individually responsible for our own actions and for the acts of our government. The ultimate choice between violent and non-violent means can be made by each of us—I can't force someone to use nonviolent methods if he doesn't agree with them. But I don't feel that anyone has the right, whether in the name of defence or not, to kill thousands or millions of men, women and children, most of whom are civilians interested in living peaceful lives; and this destruction is what modern war means—defensive and offensive become blurred into mutual crime and slaughter. It is a contradiction in terms to think that both violent and non-violent efforts can be supported at the same time. . . . It's too easy in our world for politicians and others to have an "enemy" who is a "barbarian" and thus to close peoples' eyes to local injustice. In this manner the attempted solution of the real problems of India, such as poverty, land reform, violence caused by caste and religious prejudice, bureaucratic corruption, etc., are pushed into the background as energies turn to war preparations. China also certainly needs its energies for providing basic necessities for the Chinese people, rather than maintaining a huge army and developing atomic weapons. One of the problems of defending freedom with weapons is that it is a self-defeating process; in the course of taking part in an arms race, freedom decreases.

This kind of thinking is dropping its seeds in the seams and fissures of present-day social organization, bearing evidence of the realization that what makes a man is the kind of life *he lives himself*, and not only what he demands of others in the way of his "rights" and well-being. The dignity of man depends, first, upon a quality of life, and this includes a reverence for other life and lives. The social forms of the human community will eventually have to adapt to such thinking.

It does not matter that explicit formulations of the new idea of the self come from only a handful of people. Every great reform, as Emerson said, was once an idea in a single man's mind. The genius of the revolutions of the eighteenth century was a brooding silence fifty years before, a few premonitory cries in 1750, but a rising tempest twenty-five years later. It does not matter that there are no final "blue-prints" for a warless, peaceful society, nor that the plans for the control of "evil men" and "tyrannical ideologies" are not yet drawn up. The mood of a mankind released from fear and the malevolences stirred by the separatist sense of national identity will not require the guarantees now sought after with such anxiety. No more than in the eighteenth century, will the new men, in the twentieth, be able to *hear* the voices of the past. They will be building a new world out of the daring in their hearts.

REVIEW CRITICS OF SCIENCE

SOMEWHAT like the *genie* who was at first honored for his miraculous gifts, but finally hated and feared for the control he gained over those whom he served, modern science is now becoming the object of severe criticism. In an address marking the beginning of the academic year at Williams College, Walter Gropius, the famous architect and teacher who founded the Bauhaus school, said that "the vast development of science has thrown us out of balance." After reviewing fifty years of industrial development he said:

Instead of striving for leadership through moral initiative, modern man has developed a kind of Gallup poll mentality, a mechanistic conception of relying on quantity instead of quality and yielding to expediency instead of building a new faith. . . . Science has overshadowed other components which are indispensable to the harmony of life. What we obviously need is a reorientation on the cultural level. . . .

This is the century of science; the artist is only a luxury member of society. True art is doomed to languish as long as science is supposed to have the only answers for our-predominantly materialistic period.

From his viewpoint of a designer, Mr. Gropius said:

We are stigmatized by an irrelevant slip-cover civilization as things stand now, and our sense of duty turns into a timid and insipid attitude which too often accepts imitative cosmetic treatment as a substitute for creatively conceived design which would grow from the very bones of a building, or of an industrial product.

This is strong language, and, coming from so distinguished a man, it should not pass unnoticed. While the *New York Times* (Sept. 23) report of his address does not say so, it seems clear that Mr. Gropius assigns major responsibility to science for the reason that the modern world accepts from science its ideas of "reality," of knowledge, and shapes its conceptions of value from the goals which science pursues and is capable of reaching.

No doubt Mr. Gropius will arouse spokesmen of science to defend their profession, their method of attacking problems, and to point to science's record of service to the human race. What needs to be recognized, and no doubt will be, is that an argument about the merits and demerits of science is practically the same as an argument about religion. If a critic makes some uncomplimentary remarks about the role of the Christian churches in modern life, he is likely to be told to read the Sermon on the Mount, and to bow his head. Likewise, when science is called "materialistic," dozens of witnesses can be called for a contrary view. An enormous collection of quotations from great scientists could be put together to show their humane, philosophical, and even mystical leanings. Then there is the argument from *The Method*, which shows that science is the impersonal tool of the serious investigator of Nature's secrets. Under development, this argument goes further, proposing that the scientist is really no more than a loyal, if astonishingly skilled, employee of the body politic. He will do what you want done, and if you don't like the completed project, the responsibility is yours, not his.

But whatever the argument the defenders of science put together, the fact remains that the methodological assumptions of science were turned by many of its practitioners into philosophical assumptions. The fact remains that the only coherent and disciplined notion of reality our civilization affords, as a broad, cultural outlook, has been borrowed practically entire from science and scientific literature, and that the strictures of Mr. Gropius apply to the modern world precisely as he voiced them. It is not unreasonable to ask the scientists to accept major responsibility for the conditions he describes. They have had the initiative for shaping our world-view, just as, in an earlier age, the Church exercised a similar influence.

Another version of this indictment is presented by Robert M. Hutchins in a recent

"Occasional Paper" on the role of science and technology in the free society, published by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions. In Mr. Hutchins' portion of this paper (titled *Science, Scientists, and Politics*), he says:

Scientists are the victims of an education and a way of academic life created by their misinterpreters and propagandists. These misinterpreters have propagandized an entirely inconsecutive chain of consecutive propositions: The pursuit of truth, they say, is the collection of facts. Facts can be experimentally verified. Thus, the only method of seeking truth is the scientific method. The only knowledge is scientific knowledge, and anything else is guesswork or superstition. . . .

Seduced by the fact formula, the medical school at the University of Chicago set out on a perfectly sincere, although somewhat misguided campaign against liberal education. There are countless facts in medicine. A medical school must fill its students with these facts or they will fall behind. This meant that there was no time to teach anything else. The medical school strongly recommended that the whole freshman and sophomore years be abolished—the junior and senior years had already gone—and that the entire curriculum be devoted to science and medicine. I can conscientiously say that any Senior in the University of Chicago medical school knew more facts about medicine than any professor in a German university.

The consequences of this line of educational endeavor are clear enough. Everybody specializes. There can be no academic community because scientists cannot talk to one another. . . . Scientists cannot talk to anyone else because there isn't anyone else worth talking to. Hence, university life offers no remedy for the defects of their education.

The propagandists and misinterpreters of science have set the tone for the whole learned world in the United States. Their slogan is, "If you can't count it, it doesn't count." The influence of this slogan is felt in literature, philosophy, languages, and of course in the social sciences. The most striking feature of social science today is the total absence of theory. Its greatest modern achievement is the public opinion poll. . . .

Those who live their lives without theory are technicians, or mechanics. As a result there is no significant contemporary social science. Politics is viewed as power because power can be observed and

measured. Power is something real. Therefore, using the misinterpreters' logic, it is *all* that is real about politics or political science. . . .

One reason why many scientists will be indignant at what Mr. Hutchins says about them is that they are unable or unwilling to recognize that Mr. Hutchins keeps on trying to see things whole, while they are trained and determined to see things only in parts; accordingly, they will hear only what seems to them his rhetorical generality, and the truth which gains impact from the generality they will ignore.

There are good things to be said about science; both Mr. Gropius and Mr. Hutchins say some of them; but what we need now is not a nicely balanced report card on Science, but a generation of scientists who see that the universe is not a model of their specialty; that philosophy is more than the after-thoughts of physicists and biologists who feel the need of poetic relief from "reality." There are exceptional men, of course, to whom all these criticisms do not apply. But we always have exceptional men; Mr. Gropius and Mr. Hutchins are after the rank and file.

COMMENTARY

A NEGLECTED LABORATORY

RECENT events in Birmingham, Chicago, Cambridge, New York City, and Washington (and elsewhere) outline, in the Negro people's thrust for full citizenship, a radical change in human behavior. In the face of bombings, murder, police brutality, and city, state, and federal governmental inaction, the great majority of Negro men, women, and children (what children are these brave!) have pursued their objectives without violence. They are giving the lie to the tottering inevitability that one is either persecutor or persecuted, manipulator or manipulated.

Birmingham is not only a laboratory for studies leading to a better understanding of non-violence; it is the graveyard of bigotry and hatred. The totalitarian mind, the puppets of hate, will have to be studied concomitantly. But the disasters of a hate-filled sea have been well recorded for millenniums. The relatively new phenomenon is non-violence; it should be studied for its own sake, but also as a lens to focus on more familiar processes leading to war.

If we begin with Gandhi's *satyagraha*, we will have to begin again with Martin Luther King's brave children. Questions will have to be asked that penetrate to the vitals of human motivation, responsibility, and vulnerability.

When is non-violence an expression of the personal rejection of hate? When is it love? How many human beings (raised within the boundaries of a Negro's existence in places like Birmingham) can change their "natural" reactions to years of hate-stimulating irritations, deprivations, and persecutions into, if not love, not-hate for their tormentors? If they are able to do this, what part in this remarkable transformation does the ideal of freedom, the ideal of personal growth, play? What makes them forego violence, having been the objects of violence? Do they know, in a special way, that their reactions of hate, even if apparently legitimate, would be self-destructive?

A non-violent act, no matter how much it may seem not to be, and no matter how much we do not

want it to be, may be an act of hatred. It may be the passive hatred of the masochist. It may be more "violent" than the fury of the most hysterical lyncher. Masochism is violence delayed, deflected inward; a masochist is a sadist temporarily unemployed waiting for his power-ship to come in.

But if this were a description of the non-violence in the contemporary Negro civil rights movement, then one might reasonably predict that by now the passive hatred would be establishing islands of authoritarian control and devising procedures for revenge. But the Black Muslims are not leading the Negroes in this country. Millions of black (and white) people last month gathered in Washington to present their protest in the form of a celebration, not a riot.

The Negro drive for freedom has created a laboratory of human relations which we will ignore only at our great loss. Right now—at the scene of conflict and courage, tragedy and transcendence—there should be teams of trained professionals (psychologists, psychiatrists, sociologists, anthropologists, and writers) collecting data and impressions, taking interviews and psychological biopsies. This is no job for the Ph.D. candidate trying to find a topic for a thesis. The people in these teams would have to be concerned and involved; scientific objectivity would be clearly a matter of taking personal risks, of using one's subjectivity, but not being used by it. In many instances, the men and women attracted to such a study would probably be well suited to conduct it.

Such an intensive, wide-ranging, and in-the-field study might lead to contemporary formulations of behavior which is neither active nor passive hatred—a third way for human beings to act and react to each other and themselves. This way would be an elaboration for our time of an old theme: love in its many forms, in forms to fill out an empty world, waiting entrapped in the hearts of all mankind.

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CHILDREN

. . . and Ourselves

MAN, MORALS, AND EDUCATION

FREDERICK MAYER'S brief volume of this title (College and University Press, New Haven, 1962) manages a rather difficult accomplishment—the affirming of psychological and philosophical convictions without sounding ponderous. Save for his discussion of the ideas of five spokesmen of enlightenment in education and life, Prof. Mayer simply speaks in aphorisms. This approach seems right for stimulating free discussion and evaluation in the classroom, and should also work in graduate seminars in education. The same affirmations are easily stepped down for discussion at the grade school level. We don't know quite how they would be used in junior high—perhaps under that vague title, "Social Studies." In any case, here are some passages from the opening chapter of *Man, Morals, and Education*:

We are uprooted in an age without precedent.

The issue we face as individuals is not life or death but isolation or involvement, stagnation or creativity.

Most human beings are guided not by love or hatred but by vague resentments.

The life of many men is one of noisy futility sustained by faith in climactic miracles.

The test of an individual lies in his reaction to aloneness.

Virtue without imagination is a constant danger in civilization. A sense of duty divorced from humanitarianism leads to the creation of an authoritarian personality.

Love can fill only part of our being, while hatred can become a holy cause which fills our entire being.

True love reaches toward infinity. It immortalizes the moment and it anticipates eternity. When we love in this manner, we transcend all selfishness and all pettiness. This mystical condition does not usually last very long, but while it continues it ennobles all aspects of human existence.

It is easier to die heroically than to live with charity.

Anyone, of course, can say these things, and many people have, but it is interesting that Prof. Mayer has turned to such simple affirmations after writing twenty books on education. (*A History of Educational Thought* was a choice of the Educators Book Club in 1960.) The next-to-last paragraph quoted above is also a capsule development of a theme which finds frequent expression in MANAS—that psychology, philosophy, religion and education cannot be regarded as "specialties."

Turning to the area of religion, Prof. Mayer provides a focus for discussion when he says that "the function of religion in civilization is to give us a sense of limitation, so that we realize our insufficiency," adding, however, that when an *institution* defines the limitations of the individual, a tyranny over the mind is inevitably established. The constructive sense of "limitation" has to do with recognizing our inability to make final judgments. But religions have specialized in final judgments. "God" very often becomes simply the projection of the power to judge and condemn. As Prof. Mayer points out: "Many of us still believe in a God of fear whose justice is merciless and who is constantly conspiring against mankind. It is strange that so often in history man has developed a sadistic concept of God and has pictured a deity with inferior moral traits and wit an inferior concept of morality."

Well, this is not so strange, really. As Erich Fromm has shown, too "strong" a God makes too weak a man; weak men are always fearful, and persecute in their terror.

Religion in a true sense is something quite different from the psychological enormities practiced in its name. Here, we think, is one of Prof. Mayer's best paragraphs:

Religion is basically an institutionalized matter, it is expressed in churches, in organized doctrines, and the believer is encouraged by the faith of like-minded persons. Philosophy, on the other hand, is an

individual enterprise, for the disciple spirit is an obstacle in the fearless quest for truth. Yet there is also a basic similarity between authentic religion and authentic philosophy. Both go beyond the realm of appearance; both despise easy solutions and ready-made formulas; both involve intellectual and emotional turmoil.

A static religion produces dogma and a static philosophy produces doctrine, but "authentic" religion and philosophy are at one in requiring respect for perennially transformed truth. Prof. Mayer shows how this attitude manifests:

Existential thinkers like Sartre, Heidegger, and Jaspers, express the belief that no institution can coerce man. Science, according to these thinkers, expresses only a superficial reality. It reduces life to a causal relationship, but man is a qualitative fact and not determined by the causal matrix. In its atheistic form, existentialism recognizes no dogma, no revelation, no infallible book, and no God. Man is isolated in the universe. This may give him at first a sense of anguish and dread, but in the end it will be the source of his deliverance. Does it not imply that he is autonomous? Does it not mean that he must make his own decisions and create his own values?

To Jefferson freedom did not imply irresponsibility or state control, rather the development of individual creativity. In education and politics we should never forget that our ultimate concern lies not with standards or external authority but with the *living* individual.

Tolstoy, with an entirely different background, and his own peculiarities of soul-searching and personal living, seems both "existentialist" and Jeffersonian. Tolstoy's influence simply does not die out, and the imprint of his ideas upon Gandhi is but one of many examples of continuing Tolstoyan inspiration. To quote Mayer:

The love that he [Tolstoy] advocated does not respect barriers of race, religion, or nationality. His religion is designed not for the West only, but also for the East. His constant search, his accomplishments, and his frailties make him a brother to human struggles everywhere. Above all, Tolstoy is important today because the New World society requires a transformation of existing values, a genuine educational reformation.

The last illustrative figure chosen by Prof. Mayer is Albert Camus:

Camus reminds modern man that while life often may be disenchanting, virtue may not be compensated, and all occasions are fleeting and transitory, we need not despair. Camus feels that man can have a real renaissance if he learns to love nature and appreciate himself, if he realizes the bonds which unite him with all those who are suffering, and if he overcomes the dark forces lurking in his own heart.

Camus is thus one of the great liberators of modern man. He shows that man can find himself only through an awareness of others and through an identification with humanity. He indicates that man must not abandon his freedom and escape to an absolute authority. Camus shows that man as a rebel must be eternally restless, for his is a state of "agonized serenity."

FRONTIERS

No Casual Encounter

YOUR article, "Are We All Hibakusha?", generated a need in me to try to describe my experiences with a *Hibakusha*.

Last April it was my personal responsibility to look after and protect a Hiroshima survivor who was coming from Japan to go with a group of American women to Rome to show support of Pope John's encyclical, *Pacem in Terris*. I had previously met two survivors and, feeling rather keenly about the subject of Hiroshima, I thought I could handle the situation. However, my best of intentions were soon dashed. I found I had little or no experience with the Oriental mind, and the language barrier was tremendous.

This young woman was a librarian by profession. It took a bit of time for us to gather that libraries were her passion—that the trip was for her mostly a chance to see more libraries. We were thrown off balance when she seemed not very interested in Hiroshima.

But for two weeks we had to try to tolerate one another and to understand why the other did this or that.

It was not hard to see that Yoko must have been a very beautiful girl of seventeen when the bomb hit. She is now forever scarred. It took me time to realize the depth of the scars, to know that each time she looked into the mirror, the face she saw was not the one God had originally bestowed upon her. On the day of the audience with Pope John, Yoko dressed in a magnificent white kimono and wore an obi woven of beautiful metallic yarn. All eyes were upon her and the Pope nodded and smiled. How she must have wished for her original beauty!

Barbara Reynolds says that Americans seem to want to know, "Do the Japanese in Hiroshima hate us?" They want to be told that the Japanese do not. At the same time we expect them to. What sort of human giants we think they are I

don't know, but I do know that we expect too much. They are ordinary people like you and me and have the same ordinary feelings, likes and dislikes. The difference lies in what has happened to them. It has been their lot to remind the world of the greatest of scientific failings . . . the atom bomb. Some of them don't want to be in that niche in life; Yoko didn't.

If she was frustrated in wondering where she stood, I was a mass of confusion. I couldn't tell what she wanted.

When I look back on the whole experience I see that Yoko possibly attached herself to me as a child might to the nearest relative or Mother figure—a symbol against which she could unleash her wildest angers and hates. I had to adjust to this assault upon my personal self. Why was I so upset by pure, unadulterated hate? I understood the intellectual reasons for it, but I was devastated. My good intentions were swept away like so many pieces of confetti. I had expected that loving-kindness would erase all such negative emotions. What had happened? What had gone wrong? After a while I recognized the hate for what it was. As a child will sometimes scream at its mother, "I hate you," Yoko was expressing directly her feelings of confusion and frustration, her deep-seated resentments and the knowledge that all of us, most of all I, had had something to do with why she was on exhibit as a "survivor" . . .

Over the months since our return to our homes many letters have gone back and forth among the American women. We wanted to know what each one of us understood about Yoko and what had gone wrong. Piece by piece, we were able to put together the puzzle. (It has not been possible to get Yoko's direct impression of us.) It was like a modern *Rashomon* . . . all stories with some truth and all stories different, as seen through the eyes of each woman. . . .

I have a strong impression that Americans do not want to hear any more horror stories—that the terror of Hiroshima will not reach their ears. William Mathes quotes from a broadcast by the

men who dropped the bomb on Hiroshima. When you read it you cannot believe what you have read—the nationalism, inhumanity, and the callous replies. They are victims of impersonal war. They were not given a human experience to impress them with the futility of war. For instance, after World War II a Vermont woodsman told my husband that the only man he had killed he had run into in the jungles of the South Pacific—a Japanese soldier who was squatting and going to the toilet. He shot him in the back and the Japanese never knew what had hit him. The Vermonter knew this personal kind of war . . . he had killed another human being doing a very human thing; he never shot another man.

Jamaica, Vermont

These men who bombed Hiroshima were made Hibakusha on that day. Their lack of questioning, with the exception of Eatherly and Bevins, only points to the inhumanity of modern war. You press a button and it's all over.

I wonder how many Americans who heard that broadcast recognized the casual inhumanity of most American thought and speech mirrored in such remarks as: ~

"We have always been noted for letting the other guy take the first pass at us and then we clean their clock."

"Really, I never felt at all sorry for them or pitied them. They started it and we helped to end it."

I think that the only way we can reach into the great sea of humanity is to speak to personal humanness: Appeal to the latent good in men and ask that they help with projects to build again a decent life for those Hiroshimans who remain . . . regardless of where the blame lies. This action is needed not only in relation to Hiroshima, but on a large scale in our own country, in the South, the Southwest (Indians), and for the depressed people in the slums of huge cities. We have got to get to helping each other.

VIRGINIA NAEVE