

GANDHI'S TRUTH

[The popularity and extensive review of Erik Erikson's book of this title makes appropriate some publication—or rather republication—of extracts from Gandhi's voluminous works. The selections here offered are from two booklets issued by the Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad 14, India. The first section is a portion of one of the chapters of Gandhi's paraphrase of John Ruskin's *Unto This Last*, which he put into Gujarati for Indian readers and which was later put into English again by Valji Govindji Desai. The second section is from *Industrialize—and Perish!*, compiled out of Gandhi's writings by R. K. Prabhu. The third section, drawn from the same compilation, provides Gandhi's conception of the village as the foundation of all social reform.

Something should be added about the importance to Gandhi of Ruskin's book. He first read *Unto This Last* in South Africa, during a railway journey from Johannesburg to Durban. He said: "I could not get any sleep that night. I determined to change my life in accordance with the ideals of the book. . . . I translated it later into Gujarati, entitling it *Sarvodaya*" (Welfare of All).]

THE flowing of streams is in one respect a perfect image of the action of wealth. Where the land falls, the water flows. So wealth must go where it is required. But the disposition and administration of rivers can be altered by human forethought. Whether the stream shall be a curse or a blessing depends upon man's labour and administering intelligence. For centuries districts of the world, rich in soil and favoured in climate, have lain desert under the rage of their own rivers; not only desert, but plague-struck. The stream which, rightly directed, would have flowed in soft irrigation from field to field—would have purified the air, given food to man and beast, and carried their burdens for them on its bosom—now overwhelms the plain and poisons the wind; its breath pestilence, and its work famine. In like manner human laws can guide the flow of wealth. This the leading trench and limiting mound can do

so thoroughly that it shall become water of life—the riches of the hand of wisdom; or on the contrary, by leaving it to its own lawless flow, they may make it the last and deadliest of national plagues: water of Marah—the water which feeds the roots of all evil.

The necessity of these laws of distribution or restraint is curiously overlooked in the ordinary economist's definition of his own "science." He calls it the "science of getting rich." But there are many sciences as well as many arts of getting rich. Poisoning people of large estates was one employed largely in the middle ages, adulteration of food of people of small estates is one employed largely now. All these come under the general head of sciences or arts of getting rich.

So the economist in calling his science the science of getting rich must attach some ideas of limitation to its character. Let us assume that he means his science to be the science of "getting rich by legal or just means." In this definition is the word "just" or "legal" finally to stand? For it is possible that proceedings may be legal which are by no means just. If therefore we leave at last only the word "just" in that place of our definition, it follows that in order to grow rich scientifically, we must grow rich justly; and therefore know what is just. It is the privilege of the fishes, as it is of rats and wolves, to live by the laws of demand and supply; but it is the distinction of humanity to live by those of right.

We have to examine then what are the laws of justice respecting payment of labour.

Money payment, as stated in my last paper, consists radically in a promise to some person working for us, that for the time and labour he spends in our service today we will give or procure equivalent time and labour in his service at any future time when he may demand it.

If we promise to give him less labour than he has given us, we under-pay him. If we promise to give him more labour than he has given us, we over-pay him.

In practice, when two men are ready to do the work and only one man wants to have it done, the two men underbid each other for it; and the one who gets it to do is under-paid. But when two men want the work done and there is only one man ready to do it, the two men who want it done overbid each other, and the workman is over-paid. The central principle of right or just payment lies between these two points of injustice.

Inasmuch as labour rightly directed is fruitful just as seed is, the fruit (or "interest" as it is called) of the labour first given, or "advanced," ought to be taken into account and balanced by an additional quantity of labour in the subsequent repayment. Therefore the typical form of bargain will be: If you give me an hour today, I will give you an hour and five minutes on demand. If you give me a pound of bread today, I will give you seventeen ounces on demand and so on.

Now if two men are ready to do the work and if I employ one who offers to work at half price he will be half-starved while the other man will be left out of employment. Even if I pay due wages to the workman chosen by me, the other man will be unemployed. But then my workman will not have to starve, and I shall have made a just use of my money. If I pay due wages to my man, I shall not be able to amass unnecessary riches, to waste money on luxuries and to add to the mass of poverty in the world. The workman who receives due wages from me will act justly to his subordinates. Thus the stream of justice will not dry up, but gather strength as it flows onward. And the nation with such a sense of justice will be happy and prosperous.

We thus find that the economists are wrong in thinking that competition is good for a nation. Competition only enables the purchaser to obtain his labour unjustly cheap, with the result that the

rich grow richer and the poor poorer. In the long run it can only lead the nation to ruin. A workman should receive a just wage according to his ability. Even then there will be competition of a sort, but the people will be happy and skilful, because they will not have to underbid one another, but to acquire new skills in order to secure employment. This is the secret of the attractiveness of government services in which salaries are fixed according to the gradation of posts. The candidate for it does not offer to work with a lower salary but only claims that he is abler than his competitors. The same is the case in the army and in the navy, where there is little corruption. But in trade and manufacture there is oppressive competition, which results in fraud, chicanery and theft. Rotten goods are manufactured. The manufacturer, the labourer, the consumer,—each is mindful of his own interest. This poisons all human intercourse. Labourers starve and go on strike. Manufacturers become rogues and consumers too neglect the ethical aspect of their own conduct. One injustice leads to many others, and in the end the employer, the operative and the customer are all unhappy and go to rack and ruin. The very wealth of the people acts among them as a curse.

Nothing in history has been so disgraceful in human intellect as the acceptance among us of the common doctrines of economics as a science. I know no previous instance in history of a nation's establishing a systematic disobedience to the first principles of its professed religion.

The writings which we (verbally) esteem as divine not only denounce the love of money as the source of evil, and as an idolatry abhorred of the deity, but declare mammon service to be the accurate and irreconcilable opposite of God's service; and whenever they speak of riches absolute and poverty absolute, declare woe to the rich and blessing to the poor.

True economics is the economics of justice. People will be happy in so far as they learn to do justice and be righteous. All else is not only vain

but leads straight to destruction. To teach the people to get rich by hook or by crook is to do them an immense disservice.

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A socialist holding a brief for machinery asked Gandhiji if the village industries movement was not meant to oust all machinery.

"Is not this wheel a machine?" was the counter-question that Gandhi, who was just then spinning, gave in reply.

"I do not mean this machine, but I mean bigger machinery."

"Do you mean Singer's sewing machine? That too is protected by the village industries movement, and for that matter any machinery which does not deprive masses of men of the opportunity to labour, but which helps the individual and adds to his efficiency, and which a man can handle at will without being its slave."

"But what about the great inventions? You would have nothing to do with electricity?"

"Who said so? If we could have electricity in every village home, I should not mind villagers plying their implements and tools with the help of electricity. But then the village communities or the State would own power houses, just as they have their grazing pastures. But where there is no electricity and no machinery, what are idle hands to do? Will you give them work, or would you have their owners cut them down for want of work?"

"I would prize every invention of science made for the benefit of all. There is a difference between invention and invention. I should not care for the asphyxiating gases capable of killing masses of men at a time. The heavy machinery for work of public utility which cannot be undertaken by human labour has its inevitable place, but all that would be owned by the State and used entirely for the benefit of the people. I can have no consideration for machinery which is meant either to enrich the few at the expense of the

many, or without cause to displace the useful labour of many.

"But even you as a socialist would not be in favour of an indiscriminate use of machinery. Take printing presses. They will go on. Take surgical instruments. How can one make them with one's hands? Heavy machinery would be needed for them. But there is no machinery for the cure of idleness but this," said Gandhiji pointing to his spinning wheel. "I can work it whilst I am carrying on this conversation with you, and am adding a little to the wealth of the country. This machine no one can oust."

The spinning wheel represents to me the hope of the masses. The masses lost their freedom such as it was, with the loss of the Charkha. The Charkha supplemented the agriculture of the villagers and gave it dignity. It was the friend and solace of the widow. It kept the villagers from idleness. For the Charkha included all the anterior and posterior industries—ginning, carding, warping, sizing, dyeing and weaving. These in their turn kept the village carpenter and blacksmith busy. The Charkha enabled the seven hundred thousand villages to become self-contained. With the exit of the Charkha went the other village industries, such as the oil press. Nothing took the place of these industries. Therefore the villages were drained of their varied occupations and their creative talent and what little wealth these brought them.

The analogy of the other countries in which too village handicrafts were destroyed will not serve us because, whereas the villagers there had some compensating advantages, India's villagers had practically none. The industrialized countries of the West were exploiting other nations. India is herself an exploited country. Hence, if the villagers are to come into their own, the most natural thing that suggests itself is the revival of the Charkha and all it means.

This revival cannot take place without an army of selfless Indians of intelligence and patriotism working with a single mind in the

villages to spread the message of the Charkha and bring a ray of hope and light into their lustreless eyes. This is a mighty effort at co-operation and adult education of the correct type. It brings about a silent and sure revolution like the silent but sure and life-giving revolution of the Charkha.

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Independence must begin at the bottom. Thus, every village will be a republic or Panchayat having full powers. It follows, therefore, that every village has to be self-sustained and capable of managing its affairs even to the extent of defending itself against the whole world. It will be trained and prepared to perish in the attempt to defend itself against any onslaught from without. Thus, ultimately, it is the individual who is the unit. This does not exclude dependence on and willing help from neighbours or from the world. It will be free and voluntary play of mutual forces. Such a society is necessarily cultured in which every man and woman knows what he or she wants and, what is more, knows that no one should want anything that others cannot have with equal labour.

The society must naturally be based on truth and nonviolence which, in my opinion, are not possible without a living belief in God meaning a self-existent, all-knowing Living Force in which inheres every other force known to the world, and which depends on none and which will live when all other forces may conceivably perish or cease to act. I am unable to account for my life without belief in this all-embracing Living Light.

In this structure composed of innumerable villages, there will be ever-widening, never-ascending circles. Life will not be a pyramid with the apex sustained by the bottom. But it will be an oceanic circle whose centre will be the individual always ready to perish for the village, the latter ready to perish for the circle of villages, till at last the whole becomes one life composed of individuals, never aggressive in their arrogance but ever humble, sharing the majesty of the oceanic circle of which they are integral units.

Therefore, the outermost circumference will not wield power to crush the inner circle but will give strength to all within and derive its own strength from it. I may be taunted with the retort that this is all Utopian and, therefore, not worth a single thought. If Euclid's point, though incapable of being drawn by human agency, has an imperishable value, my picture has its own for mankind to live. Let India live for this true picture, though never realizable in its completeness. We must have a proper picture of what we want, before we can have something approaching it. If there ever is to be a republic of every village in India, then I claim verity for my picture in which the last is equal to the first or, in other words, no one is to be first and none the last.

In this picture every religion has its full and equal place. We are all leaves of a majestic tree whose trunk cannot be shaken off its roots which are deep down in the bowels of the earth. The mightiest wind cannot move it.

In this there is no room for machines that would displace human labour and that would concentrate power in a few hands. Labour has its unique place in a cultured human family. Every machine that helps every individual has a place.

An ideal Indian village will be so constructed as to lend itself to perfect sanitation. It will have cottages with sufficient light and ventilation, built of a material obtainable within a radius of five miles of it. The cottages will have courtyards enabling householders to plant vegetables for domestic use and to house their cattle. The village lanes and streets will be free of all avoidable dust. It will have wells according to its needs and accessible to all. It will have houses of worship for all, also a common meeting place, a village common for grazing its cattle, a co-operative dairy, primary and secondary schools in which industrial education will be the central fact, and it will have Panchayats for settling disputes. It will produce its own grains, vegetables and fruit, and its own Khadi. This is roughly my idea

of a model village. . . . I am convinced that the villagers can, under intelligent guidance, double the village income as distinguished from individual income. There are in our villages inexhaustible resources not for commercial purposes in every case but certainly for local purposes in almost every case. The greatest tragedy is the hopeless unwillingness of the villagers to better their lot.

The villagers should develop such a high degree of skill that articles prepared by them should command a ready market outside. When our villages are fully developed there will be no dearth in them of men with a high degree of skill and artistic talent. There will be village poets, village artists, village architects, linguists and research workers. In short, there will be nothing in life worth having which will not be had in the villages. Today the villages are dung heaps. Tomorrow they will be like tiny gardens of Eden where dwell highly intelligent folk whom no one can deceive or exploit.

The reconstruction of villages along these lines should begin now. The reconstruction of the villages should not be organized on a temporary but permanent basis.

REVIEW

AFRICAN TALE

A SPONTANEOUS, humanizing, and wholly natural warmth flows through the lives of the characters in *When the Rain Clouds Gather* (Simon & Schuster, 1968; and Bantam), a novel of life in an African village by Bessie Head. This African writer may make the reader painfully aware of the absence of this quality in the work of Western authors. It is not entirely missing, of course, but finds only shy expression against the grain of the times. The inhibiting factor is doubtless the weight of negation and failure in Western culture. Two books noticed here recently—Elizabeth Ogilvie's *The Seasons Hereafter* and *Children at the Gate* by Lynne Reid Banks—illustrated the repressive odds against natural decencies in the denials of custom and shallow intellectual attitudes. These barriers to a natural life had to be worn away before the inner character of the two women could emerge.

Is mental health, one wonders, really easier to achieve in an African village? In the case of Bessie Head's story, the explanation of a "primitive" setting misses the point. The "insight" we imagine belongs only to sophisticated Western peoples is amply present among the villagers, but without the cynicism and moral impotence that devitalize it in our literature. A broader analysis is needed to illuminate this question. In one of his papers, A. H. Maslow observes:

Holism is obviously true—after all, the cosmos is one and interrelated; any society is one and interrelated; any person is one and interrelated, etc.—and yet the holistic outlook has a hard time being implemented and being used as it should be, as a way of looking at the world. I have become recently more and more inclined to think that the atomistic way of thinking is a form of mild psychopathology, or is at least one aspect of the syndrome of cognitive immaturity. The holistic way of thinking and seeing seems to come quite naturally and automatically to healthier, self-actualizing people, and seems to be extraordinarily difficult for less evolved, less mature, less healthy people.

What is the "holistic" way of looking at the world?

There is a beautiful scene in *When Rain Clouds Gather*, the meeting of Makhaya, a young African who had recently served two years in a South African prison, with a woman of the village where he had found refuge. At her invitation he had come to see her. "I am surprised," she said, "you visit an ugly old woman." "But you called me," he said teasingly. "Besides, I've visited many types of women but none have looked as lovely as you." The import of the encounter between the old woman and the young man develops slowly. Makhaya sees an African dialect version of the Bible on her table and asks, "Are you religious, Mama?"

Mma-Millipede looked at him with an alert glance. "If you mean, am I good, I can right away say no, no, no," she said. "Goodness is impossible to achieve. I am searching for a faith, without which I cannot live."

Makhaya kept quiet because he did not immediately grasp the meaning of this.

"What is faith, Mama?" he asked curiously.

"It is an understanding of life," she said gently.

He looked at her for a moment and then placed one long black arm on the table and pulled up the sweater sleeve which was the same pitch black coloring as the skin on his arm.

"Do you mean this too?" he asked, quietly. "Do you know who I am? I am Makhaya, the Black Dog, and as such I am tossed about by life. Life is only torture and torment to me and not something I care to understand."

"What is a Black Dog?" she asked abruptly.

Now came a torrent of words from a man who knew from childhood what it meant to be seen only as an object, a thing to be laughed at, intimidated, and *used*. The old woman of the village had never heard such hatred, nor could she understand it.

. . . she had lived all her life inside this black skin with a quiet and unruffled dignity.

"You are not a Black Dog, my own sweetheart," she said in despair. "I have never seen such a handsome man as you in my life before. You must not be fooled by those who think they are laughing. I don't know these people but my search for a faith has taught me that life is a fire in which each burns until it is time to close the shop."

Makhaya began to feel the tough reality at the center of the old woman.

"Maybe you are right, Mama," he said. "Maybe I blame the whole world for my own private troubles."

She saw in his face, for all his rage, an unconscious expression of innocence and trust. "You are a good man, my son," she said.

"What makes you see good in everything?" he asked, amused.

"It is because of the great burden of life," she said quietly. "You must learn only one thing. You must, never, never put anyone away from you as not being your brother. Because of this great burden, no one can be put away from you."

It was the first of all that she had said, that immediately touched the depth of his own life. Makhaya understood anything that appealed to his generosity because, in the depths of him, he was a lover of his fellow men. Yet the savagery and greed of these fellow men had set him to flight. At the same time the experiences of all forms of twisted, perverted viciousness had knocked out of him most of these evils. The problem was to control this desire for flight, for, in turn, it became an act of hatred against all mankind.

"Who is my brother, Mama?" he asked.

"It is each person who is alive on the earth," she said.

Now the problem of evil is before him. *How* can men who are liars, hypocrites, and brutes be seen as his brothers?

"I don't think I quite understand you," he said. "I don't think I accept the other man as my brother. You know what is going on in Golema Mmidi? Well, the same thing is going on wherever there are poor people. Chief Matenge is one lout, cheat, dog, swine. But Matenges everywhere get themselves into a position over the poor. I hate the swine. Sometimes I don't know what I feel about the poor, except that I, being poor too, say I've had enough of swine. I say

I've had enough of those tin gods called white men, too. I want to see them blown up but I've run away, not because they are my brother, but because a crowd is going to do the blowing up. I don't like crowds. I'd like to kill if I had to but I'm not sure what I'm killing when I'm in a crowd. I'm not sure of anything any more, least of all who my brother is."

The old woman searched her experience for an answer to this desperate, wild-hearted man. So much of what he had endured lay beyond her horizon. Yet the reply she found seemed the only one possible:

"Maybe I don't see life in a big way," she said apologetically. "But people who err against human life like our chief and the white man do so only because they are more blind than others to the mystery of life. Sometime life will catch up with them and put them away for good or change them. It's not the white man who makes life but a deeper mystery over which he has no control. Whether good or bad, each man is helpless before life. This struck my heart with pity. Since I see all this with my own eyes, I could not add to the burden by causing sorrow to others. I could only help. That is why I cannot put anyone away from me as not being my brother."

Makhaya smiled wryly. He had not heard anything like this before, and he hadn't expected to hear it from an old woman in the Botswana bush. He hadn't expected anyone to tell him that generosity of mind and soul was real, and Mma-Millipede sustained this precious quality at a pitch too intense for him to endure. He could give up almost anything, and hatred might fall away from him like old scabs, but he would never stop putting people away from him. He would never let them rampage through his soul because, unlike Mma-Millipede, he had no God to clear up the trouble. He had only his own self, Makhaya, Black Dog, and that was all he trusted not to let him down. He stood up soon after that, with all Mma-Millipede's treasures in his pocket. He was never to know how to thank her for confirming his view that everything in life depended upon generosity. The relationship between them from then on was to be one of continuous give and take, and who took and who gave and when and how was never counted up.

There are many such passages in *When Rain Clouds Gather*, embedded in the action of the story. There are no sudden reconstructions of character, yet changes occur, in both individuals

and the social situation. Many threads of meaning familiar to MANAS readers have presence in this book. The theme of intermediate technology is a natural discovery of the people working for agricultural reform. A rather extraordinary Englishman helps Makhaya to break the stereotype of all white men as bad, selfish people.

The book is satisfying reading. It speaks clearly to the longings of Westerners for an unabashed idealism that refuses to be withered by the compulsive failures of Western history. Best of all is the solution that comes to Makhaya for the turbulent contradiction in his feelings, although he remains unaware that elements of balance lie in his future. The invention of the author, here, suggests a rare grasp of the forces which work through and shape human life.

COMMENTARY

GANDHI'S "NONVIOLENCE"

A REVIEW by S. Gopal of *Gandhi's Truth* in the April *Scientific American* asserts the following:

. . . Gandhi was never a total pacifist. There were many shades and nuances to his belief in nonviolence. His commitment to this principle had nothing to do with religion, Hindu or Jain. The fact that he often expressed himself in Hindu terms and proclaimed that he stood in the mainstream of Hindu tradition should not obscure the truth. Gandhi was a pragmatic revolutionary to whom nonviolence was a political expedient and not a doctrinal value.

Anyone familiar with Gandhi's expressions concerning what nonviolence meant to him and what he hoped of it can hardly avoid regarding this statement as not merely an obscuration of the truth, but an inversion of it. The idea of nonviolence was at the heart of Gandhi's religion, as a passage in this week's lead article (see page seven) shows beyond dispute. Gandhi did, however, reject nonviolence as a substitute for courage. The "shades" in his belief had to do with the varying motives of human beings, not with Gandhi's central convictions on the subject. S. Gopal recalls that in 1918 Gandhi recruited for the British army, but neglects to give Gandhi's explanation, which was:

As a citizen not then, and not even now, a reformer leading an agitation against the institution of war, I had to advise and lead men who believed in war but who from cowardice or from base motives, or from anger against the British Government refrained from enlisting. I did not hesitate to advise them that so long as they believed in war and professed loyalty to the British constitution they were in duty bound to support it by enlistment. . . . If there was a national government, whilst I should not take any direct part in any war I can conceive occasions where it would be my duty to vote for the military training of those who wish to take it. For I know that all its members do not believe in nonviolence to the extent I do. It is not possible to make a person or a society nonviolent by compulsion.

Gandhi did not believe that nonviolence could succeed without its inner attitude—the nonviolent man's "truth." As he put it:

The fact is that nonviolence does not work in the same way as violence. It works in the opposite way. An armed man naturally relies upon his arms. A man who is intentionally unarmed relies upon the unseen force called God by poets, but called the unknown by scientists. But that which is unknown is not necessarily non-existent. God is the Force among all forces known and unknown. Nonviolence without reliance upon that Force is poor stuff to be thrown into the dust.

Asked about the scarcity of true *satyagrahis* or nonviolent persons in India, Gandhi said that "twenty-two years are nothing in the training of a nation for the development of nonviolent strength." And speaking of the Free India of the future, he said:

What policy the National Government will adopt I cannot say. I may not even survive it, much as I would love to. If I do, I would advise the adoption of nonviolence to the utmost possible and that will be India's great contribution to the peace of the world and the establishment of a new world order. I expect that with the existence of so many martial races in India, all of whom will have a voice in the government of the day, the national policy will incline towards militarism of a modified character. I shall certainly hope that all the effort of the past twenty-two years to show the efficacy of nonviolence as a political force will not have gone in vain and a strong party representing true nonviolence will exist in the country.

But Gandhi felt that totally committed leaders could accomplish much:

The nonviolent message does not require so many for transmission. The example of a few true men or women if they have fully imbibed the spirit of nonviolence is bound to infect the whole mass in the end. This was just what I experienced in the beginning of the movement. I found that people actually believed that in my heart of hearts I favoured violence even when I preached nonviolence. That was the way they had been trained to read and interpret the utterances of the leaders. But when they realized that I meant what I said, they did observe nonviolence indeed under the most trying circumstances. . . . As for nonviolence in thought,

God alone is judge. But this much is certain, that nonviolence in action cannot be sustained unless it goes hand in hand with nonviolence in thought.

In behalf of Gandhi's advocacy of nonviolence as a "technique," little more than the following can be found:

I admit that there is "a doubtful proportion of full believers" in my "theory of nonviolence." But it should not be forgotten that I have also said that for my movement I do not at all need believers in the theory of nonviolence, full or imperfect. It is enough if the people carry out the rules.

Yet to this should be added:

Freedom of four hundred million people through purely nonviolent effort is not to be gained without learning the virtue of iron discipline—not imposed from without, but sprung naturally from within. Without the requisite discipline nonviolence can be only a veneer.

CHILDREN ... and Ourselves THE BEHAVIORIST MODEL

THE most noticeable trait of present-day champions of behaviorism is their supreme self-confidence. Only they, it seems, think they know how to fix up education, society, and the world. They have their collection of facts—including some interesting and impressive ones—and what they say they are ready to do, right now, is more than slightly disturbing.

In *Psychology Today* for April, James V. McConnell, a professor of psychology at the University of Michigan, tells how he trains flatworms to find the right way through a maze. They don't find it, of course; *he* finds it, and then makes them follow it by stimulus/response techniques. Little electric shocks administered at the right moment bring the correct behavior, which supplies the foundation for Dr. McConnell's rule: "In effect, we have but two means of educating people or rats or flatworms—we can either reward them for doing the right thing or punish them for doing the wrong thing." He then describes the application of this rule by a Los Angeles psychologist to an autistic child given to serious self-mutilation. The child was eleven years old and had been confined for seven years in a mental hospital, where he was tied to a bed to keep him from gnawing off his fingers. A cattle-prod cured the boy of self-destructive biting in thirty seconds, enabling the psychologist to begin the more difficult task of teaching the child to talk. Years of love and affection from kindly nurses had had no effect on this boy, but a little pain, carefully administered, apparently gave him a new start. Dr. McConnell has other evidence, equally melodramatic, leading on the last page of his discussion to the following:

It is axiomatic in the behavioral sciences that the more you control an organism's environment, the more you can control its behavior. It goes without saying that the only way you can gain complete

control over a person's behavior is to gain complete control over his environment.

Dr. McConnell then says:

I believe that the day has come when we can combine sensory deprivation with drugs, hypnosis and astute manipulation of reward and punishment to gain almost absolute control over an individual's behavior. It should be possible then to achieve a very rapid and highly effective type of positive brainwashing that would allow us to make dramatic changes in a person's behavior and personality. I foresee the day when we could convert the worst criminal into a decent, respectable citizen in a matter of a few months—or perhaps even less time than that. The danger is, of course, that we could also do the opposite: we could change any decent, respectable citizen into a criminal.

One recalls, here, William Sargant's frightening book, *Battle for the Mind*, which begins with an account of Pavlov's experiments, not to mention Dostoevsky's Grand Inquisitor and Solzhenitsyn's *The First Circle*. Dr. McConnell is so very sure:

Somehow we've got to learn how to *force* people to love one another, to *force* them to want to behave properly. I speak of psychological force. Punishment must be used as precisely and as dispassionately as a surgeon's scalpel if it is to be effective.

He concludes by suggesting what "must" be done:

We must begin by drafting new laws that will be as consonant as possible with all the human-behavior data that scientists have gathered. We should try to regulate human conduct by offering rewards for good behavior whenever possible instead of threatening punishment for breaches of the law. We should reshape our society so that we all would be trained from birth to want to do what society wants us to do. We have the techniques now to do it. Only by using them can we hope to maximize human potentiality. Of course, we cannot give up punishment entirely, but we can use it sparingly, intelligently, as a means of shaping people's behavior rather than as a means of releasing our own aggressive tendencies.

Two basic questions arise from considering this argument. First, what is it that the behaviorists really know how to do? Second, who

is competent to define the larger social objectives spoken of by Dr. McConnell?

In answer to the first question, it may be said: Behaviorists know how to condition flatworms, rats, and people into behaving according to simple models of "correct" behavior. There will be little argument about many such models. It is *good* to stop biting yourself. It is *good* to brush your teeth in the morning, to comb your hair, to get to school or work on time. There are countless little things that people learn to do by imitating others, following acceptable models, but there remains the problem of what to do when you reach the plateau of orderly personal behavior and want to go on from there. Then you discover that there are no indisputably correct models. *God is dead!* And you have learned no way of living but doing what He said.

People trained entirely according to an I-like-it/I-don't-like-it axis will be people set afloat in rudderless boats when confronted with decisions requiring independent value-judgments. They won't have any idea of what it means to think for themselves. Indeed, as Prof. McConnell would have us believe, they don't have any "selves"!

As for the social goals of the behaviorist path to salvation, these, it seems clear, will be set by "society." A somewhat regal "we"—this can only mean the scientific fraternity, or more specifically the S/R Behavioral Scientists—will reshape "society so that we all would be trained from birth to want to do what society wants us to do."

But "society," other psychologists tell us, is itself "schizophrenic." *Who speaks for society?* There are of course elementary things that practically everyone can agree upon, but these are probably least important when it comes to the education of human beings. In Dr. McConnell's Utopia, for example, who could think of pointing to the radical reality arrived at by Ortega:

. . . giving the name of "society" to a collectivity is a euphemism that falsifies our vision of collective "life." So-called "society" is never what the name promises. It is always at the same time, to one or

another degree, *dis-society*, repulsion between individuals. Since on the other hand it claims to be the opposite, we must radically open ourselves to the conviction that society is a reality that is *constitutively* sick defective—strictly, it is a never-ending struggle between its genuinely social elements and behaviors and its dissociative or antisocial elements and behaviors.

In other words, adequate models along the lines of Dr. McConnell's socializing program simply do not exist—not, at any rate, in the unambiguous and consistent form that behaviorist technique requires.

What, finally, is the sanction for letting the behaviorists take charge? We are offered this argument:

Many cling to the old-fashioned belief that each of us builds up his personality logically and by free will. This is as patently incorrect as the belief that the world is flat. No one owns his own personality. Your ego, or individuality, was forced on you by your genetic constitution and by the society into which you were born. You had no say about what kind of personality you acquired, and there's no reason to believe you should have the right to refuse to acquire a new personality if your old one is antisocial.

At some point, however, a person begins to need to have a "say." This is the point at which he begins to be a *human* being—to make some decisions about himself, to differentiate himself from the animals. Well, as McConnell remarks early in his article; "I've spent a good many years training flatworms in my laboratory, which is why I'm so knowledgeable about *human* behavior, of course." You eventually realize that this is not meant as a joke.

Originally, we planned to contrast this case for Behaviorism with some things said by Jerome Bruner in the *Saturday Review* for April 18. But Mr. Bruner deserves more space than we have left, and discussion of his article must be put off to another time.

FRONTIERS Leavening Social Science

To what extent can the utopian longings which animate social movements be served by "objective" social science? Can there be any real union between the language of men seeking fulfillment and the knowledge if it is "knowledge"—of scholars who habitually regard men as "objects"?

These are questions brought into focus by the idea of "intentional community." Does the development of an *intentional* community require some sort of objectivity for the purposes of conscious growth, self-criticism, and redirection? Interestingly enough, there is at least the beginning of a literature suggesting a balance between subjective resolve and the practice of disciplined observation. What may at first appear to be merely the "contamination" of scientific method might even grow into a new kind of social science—a discipline which takes visionary commitment as the base of its investigation.

A recent study of the Kibbutzim by Naphali Golomb and Daniel Katz, published by the Ruppin Institute in Israel, seems a good illustration of this possibility, even though its style is weighted on the side of "objectivity." This pamphlet begins:

The kibbutz system furnishes a new model of community life which emphasizes both the integrated group and the integrated individual. It is a way of life which includes within the framework of its community the full personality and avoids the fragmentation of the individual, which is characteristic of most organized societies. It is a total-inclusion system in which members live, raise children, work and produce, and grow old and die. A kibbutz is in fact a micro-cosmos society. It is a community which strives with considerable success to integrate technological achievements with social achievements. The discrepancy between technical advance and social progress is the crucial dilemma of modern industrial society. The kibbutz system has been evaluated in the past in two ways: *subjectively* in comparing the ideals of its members with their perception of its functioning, and *objectively* in applying social structural concepts to its mode of operation and attainments. The first approach, followed by kibbutz people themselves and their allied researchers, assumes as the criterion of success

the degree to which the idealistic goals of the movement have been met. This strategy of research tends to emphasize the frustrations and dissatisfactions of kibbutz members because there are always discrepancies between ideals and realities, even in a utopian society. Moreover, it ignores the significance of the inevitable adaptation process of the kibbutzim in relation to other societies in the same historical period, with respect to the realization of humanistic values stemming from the French Revolution: freedom, equality and fraternity. In practice, this has meant anthropological and case studies, generally at one point in time. The other form has been sociological and has utilized conventional descriptive categories derived from formal structural analysis. Often, its assumptions are those of closed-system theory.

The results of these two research approaches have been of interest, but their cutting edge for attacking kibbutzim problems has not been apparent. Kibbutz members themselves raise questions about the applicability and relevance of much of such past research to the understanding of the kibbutz system and the dynamic issues of kibbutz life. The sociological conceptions emphasize social structural variables of a descriptive character and minimize motivational and personality considerations based upon more explanatory propositions. Yet the kibbutz system is a small system based upon voluntarism, informality, face-to-face interaction, and direct democracy. There are no formal sanctions for coercing people, and there are no material incentives for maximizing individual effort. The branch teams in farm and factory are autonomous groups. The complex network of vertical and horizontal committees cutting across the community is maintained by shared expectations and norms and by the referent power of leaders and sub-groups. The main social forces shaping the social realities of the kibbutz are the group forces of a social-psychological character. The motivational dynamics of the individual in the system are crucial. Hence an approach which accepts motivational forces as *givens* or *constants* is inadequate for a study of the kibbutzim.

What is needed, then, for better understanding of the kibbutz is a theoretical attack designed to deal with the integration of the individual into his group and his community, to study motivational and cognitive processes and interpersonal relations—in brief, a social psychological approach.

That is what the authors of this pamphlet, *The Kibbutzim as Open Social Systems*, undertake to provide, and succeed pretty well in doing.

That the members of the 225 kibbutzim in Israel constitute four per cent of the country's population, yet farm 32 per cent of the arable land, gives some idea of their importance to Israeli society. They are responsible for a third of the gross national farm product and seven per cent of the gross industrial national product. A study by Seymour Melman showed that in a comparison matching six traditional factories with six kibbutz factories, the kibbutz plants were superior in productivity and in profit as a per cent of capital invested. Kibbutz farm operations are more efficient than those in the private sector, according to official statistics. Of the 120 members of the Israeli parliament, fifteen are from kibbutzim, and six of the country's twenty-one ministers are kibbutz members. The authors say: "This strategic position in Israeli society has never been used by the kibbutzim to give less and to take more, but often to give more and take less. Their power has not been used as a force inconsistent with democratic values." Further:

In the cultural revival of Israel, kibbutz people are taking active roles in all forms of the arts. One will find in the kibbutz population many more poets, authors, painters and sculptors, dancers, and amateur musicians per capita than in Israeli society. The kibbutz creative culture is one of the important fountains of the Hebrew culture renaissance.

Everyone does bread labor in the kibbutzim, but those with artistic and intellectual interests and talents are not denied expression:

Individuals will be allowed to substitute, for primary or service labor, time spent in cultural pursuits or preparation for such pursuits. For example, a writer, a painter, a sculptor may be given half-time off from his regular work to pursue his specialty. The exact amount of time from his world role and its distribution will be worked out on the basis of community and individual needs.

Copies of this valuable 60-page study may be obtained by writing to the Ruppin Institute, Emek Heser, Israel.

Another social science work showing the leavening recognition of subjective reality is Sugata Dasgupta's volume, *Social Work and Social Change*, published by Porter Sargent, II Beacon Street, Boston, in 1968 (\$6.95). The author, who is joint director of the Gandhian Institute of Studies, brings to the subject of village restoration the spirit of Gandhi's conception of constructive work, which is made to inform sociological conceptions. Some idea of the temper of this book is conveyed by a passage in the Introduction by Erazim V. Kohak:

An individual's identity is constituted not only by his past but also by his aims and goals. The same is true of communities: the cohesion of a community is based not only on a common *ethos* but also on a common *eros*, common striving, common ideals. Again, it does not matter whether we are dealing with a community of three men joined together by the common aim of starting a stalled Volkswagen or a nation united in a determination to realize an alleged manifest destiny. . . . ultimately *ethos* and *eros* are the principles of cohesion and criteria of participation in the life of a community.

Describing the approach followed in one branch of the work on which he reports, Prof. Dasgupta says in his first chapter:

The village worker was to be made aware that he was not there to establish his line of thinking or his way of working or to "organize" or "establish" or "impose" anything. He was there to ensure that any action taken was the action of the community itself. Talking together and planning together was to develop silently into "acting" together; and perpetuation of this "togetherness" into institutional shapes and forms would be, it was presumed, the greatest guarantee for meeting the needs of the community by the efforts of its own members, on a permanent basis.

The circumstances of the Indian village and the Israeli kibbutz are very different; what is the same in both these examples of the new spirit in social science is the recognition of the primary reality of vision.