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AUTHORITY AND POWER

A POST-WAR novel by Gordon Merrick, *The Strumpet Wind* (1947), tells the story of a young American officer, assigned to intelligence because of his perfect command of French, who has the task of surprising and converting into a "double agent" a Frenchman who had collaborated with the Vichy government and was then radioing information to the Germans. The American does his counter-espionage work well, moving into the Frenchman's home to direct his new role of supplying misinformation to the Germans, now in retreat. Instinctively humane, the American officer finds himself growing fond of the Frenchman's family—his wife and children—who become devoted to him, also, as the months go by. Reluctantly, but inevitably, he comes to respect the qualities of even the Frenchman, beginning to understand how he became first a collaborator, then a spy who reported American troop movements to a contact in German intelligence. A narrow conception of duty and responsibility to political authority made the Frenchman loyal to Vichy, and other French agents employed by the Germans persuaded him to work with the Nazi intelligence system. But now, a captive of the Americans, he would, after serving their purposes as a double agent, be turned over to the French military authorities for trial and execution as a traitor. This fate was of course concealed from him, in order to obtain his full cooperation in deceiving the Germans.

What appalls the American officer, as he lives with the French family as a visiting "cousin," is his realization that only the Frenchman's limited understanding of duty and honor had made him do things that marked him as a traitor in the eyes of the French Resistance and of the Americans. He recognized in his temporary partner in deception of the Germans a man with qualities very like those of respected people at home in America. But this narrowly conscientious man, devoted to his family, now doing his best to please the Americans, would be summarily shot no matter how much he helped to break up the pattern of German espionage.

In a session with a close friend, an older man, the American officer reveals his pain, confiding to him the details of the situation. There is this interchange:

> "We're fighting Nazism, but these people aren't Nazis. They're damn nice. They're a lot better than average."
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> "Good God, you didn't expect the enemy to be composed entirely of monsters, did you? There're lots of nice people on the other side. Some very good friends of mine were on the wrong side in France."
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> "That's just it. If this sort of thing had happened in the States, I can imagine my father and a lot of my friends winding up in the same fix."
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> "I can too. But that doesn't make it right."
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> "Of course not. But it makes the whole thing such damn dirty hypocrisy. We have no right to judge these people."

The young man's friend now tries to explain how such dilemmas are created:

> "Statesmanship, world affairs, everything leads back to the individual. Start there. Man's relationship to man. Man's failure to fulfill the goodness in him is magnified and distorted in the state. We'll have conflict on a world scale as Long as you and I try to take advantage of our fellows. When we care enough about our neighbor to defend actively his right to a complete life, regardless of whether he's black, white or half-tone—that is to say, without prejudice—then the world will grow more agreeable. Not before. We're paying now for our carelessness of the individual. The individual failure to recognize an obligation to all men—that's the enemy we should seek out, in peace and in war."

But this broad analysis does not help, since the young American finds his own commanding

officer a much greater threat to the good of other human beings than the French double agent. "That's one of the worst things about war," his friend tells him. "You have to learn to make friends with evil." The older man, who tells the story, maintains that the Frenchman's acts of espionage were not so evil as what they implied—acceptance of the Nazi scheme of things. Later he muses:

> It seemed to me that any man so unaware of his fellow's well-being as to accept racism, the enslavement of workers and all the rest of the rightist, totalitarian doctrine, deserved anything that happened to him. Ignorance was no excuse. The world hadn't burst into conflict overnight. It had been every man's duty to choose sides in the tortured years that preceded the final catastrophe. His duty to himself, and his duty to his neighbors. But even as I spoke, I realized that I was condemning the vast majority of mankind. So few had made the imperative choice. And was it fair to expect people to choose, with the world so gripped by ignorance, prejudice, and powerful interests who strove to keep it so. . . . Mercanton's [the double agent's] crime was unimportant compared to the similar crimes of men in high places who had executed neat volte-faces as the war progressed, and still enjoyed the respect of the world. It was curious justice that permitted punishment of one and let the others go scot free.

Two ideas expressed here stand out in relief: one, that man's failure to fulfill the goodness in him is magnified and distorted by the imperatives of national interest; the other, that when judgments are made on the basis of these distortions, there is in effect condemnation of the vast majority of mankind. It was only historical accident, one could say, that the intelligence officer's father and friends were not in the "fix" of the French double agent. In the case of this young man, the war's ruthless partisanships and injustices could not suppress his moral sensibilities, but they could and did destroy him as a man, although this took time. His friend says at the end:

> He had tried to be friend, apologist, impartial judge, and executioner, all at the same time. The confusion of a whole civilization had stood in his way when he had tried to choose his role. As a result, he had been false to himself and to his victims on all counts. . . . There are so many like him, lost in a society which no longer seeks to join ethics to reality, unable to reconcile political attitudes with human responses.

How a society descends to such depths is a matter for historical study, for socio-moral analysis; the more immediate question is: With what kind of thinking, through what preparation, could young men like this tragic victim of his times save themselves from what seems, in the end, a course of inevitable self-degradation? It was "duty" that led the Frenchman into traitorous paths, and it was duty, again, that impaled the young American upon the blades of his own conscience: but in both cases the duty or moral authority they followed was in indistinguishable alliance with ruthless *power*. Neither of these men would have been broken on the wheel of conflicting roles if compelling moral obligation had not gained definition from the all-powerful state.

So, a further question arises: Can moral intelligence exercise its authority without any linkage with power? Are we able to imagine human associations in which the function of power is either non-existent or carefully reduced to a minimum?

Neither the Frenchman nor the American was able to separate moral authority from coercive power—the power of the state. Both, we are obliged to say, were so conditioned by their times as to be unable to *think* in terms of a life of moral decision independent of political and military necessity.

It is now twenty-five years since these dilemmas were made into a novel, and during this quarter of a century the state-created distortions of the failure of men to be truly moral persons, persons whose goodness accepts no political mutilations, have grown to monumental proportions. And, little by little, people are at last beginning to question the identification of authority with power. No doubt the familiar claim that what is needed is power in the hands of the

right people will continue to be heard for many years; but at the same time there are more and more of those who regard power as essentially alien to moral responsibility. Gandhi was such a man. He counselled his followers to reject any sort of power, should it be offered to them. Vinoba, like Gandhi, pointed out that if the Sarvodaya workers of India were to take political office, they would be subject to the same disabling limitations as the politicians, losing their freedom to act wholly in accord with their own moral insight.

In *Harper's* for September, William Irwin Thompson, author of *At the Edge of History*, considers the need of modern man to recognize the transcendent importance of preserving moral authority independent of power. He identifies American habits of mind which stand in the way:

> The separation of authority from power is not easily understood in terms of American culture. We want our Presidents to be Abraham Lincolns and think that the only place for a great man is in the *White* House. So used are we to the notion that wealth and power is what civilization is all about that when an Einstein used his uncashed check from Princeton for a bookmark, the incident became a legend: not of wisdom but of how stupid the most intelligent man in the world could be. The legend confirmed the average American in his conviction that the wise guys weren't smart enough to come in out of the rain. And when Ralph Nader refused to use his victory over General Motors as a base for a campaign for political office, many felt that he was missing his chance.
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> In hoping to create or maintain a civilization in the wake of the devastation of industrialization, conservatives like Nader are eager to build institutions of authority, respect, and higher values. Nader's life of voluntary poverty would confirm Ivan Illich's prediction about the neo-Benedictine way of life of the new elites. By giving up wealth and power, the cultural leader is emphasizing that a culture is more than a social structure. Gandhi never became President of India; Confucius never became Emperor of China. When Americans want Nader to run for President they show how difficult it is for them to conceive of any human culture separate from the politics of wealth and power. Europe had a civilization before the Industrial Revolution, America did not, so it is small wonder that the limits to our cultural imagination are set by industrial institutions like the university. It is also small wonder that it takes Europeans like Paolo Soleri or Ivan Illich to remind us that in healthy cultures prophet and king are not one and the same man.
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> The separation of authority from power is the most important feature of the individual as institution, for in working without the powerful resources of existing institutions, the individual is trying to create new cultural sources of authority. If Nader were a Senator, if Illich were a professor, if Soleri were a director of an architectural firm, each would lose his most critical freedom in achieving the power to act. In the collision of values between good and evil, authority and power, freedom and necessity, there is a scattering of values in which morality cannot be isolated into any one political position.

Mr. Thompson goes to history to show that the union of authority and power invariably wears away at the moral integrity of the authority, until, finally, only the power remains as its sanction. He recalls the burning of Giordano Bruno, in 1600, martyr to the temporal power of the Roman Church, as signifying this decline:

> When the Church robed itself in Inquisitional power, it robbed itself of its spiritual authority. For a time in American civilization, the university was the institution of wisdom and authority, but when in World War II the government led the university into research in weapons and behavioral science controls, it destroyed its authority by giving it power. But because all things are bound together in chains of action and reaction, the very postwar technology that created the multiversity also created the new informational culture in which the individual could walk out of the ivy corridors of power.

Mr. Thompson believes that with this now virtually universal identification of authority with power, a great reaction and change is coming over human attitudes, which, in the long run, will usher in a new age of the imaginative and daring individual. The moral energy which once poured into building the institutions of the present will flow through other channels—individuals. The vision of human beings finds new outlets, for today, after a generation of multiplying frustrations and betrayals of the sort Gordon

Merrick portrays in *The Strumpet Wind,* the political and corporate structures of the past are no longer regarded as avenues for vital human expression. Writing, not about the massive external dimensions of present-day institutions, but about the human energies which once animated their growth, Mr. Thompson says:

> The institutional ceremonial robes of officer, clergyman, professor, and businessman no longer held attraction; careers lost their private meaning in a world of temporary and interchangeable roles in corporate systems. Since the corporation could not reverse this trend without abandoning its success the ideology of business began to fail as an explanation of what capitalism is all about.

For the ingenious and improvising young, the old patterns of enterprise became mere utilities, almost junk piles of old but still handy devices, to be turned to new purposes. Just as the church, once a powerful political institution, turned into a romantic and artistic element of tradition, leading to the Gothic revival of nineteenth-century England, so capitalism is now being "destructured" by individuals who will *use* its facilities and tools for effecting cultural change. Thompson makes this comment: "Given the problems of pollution and the principle that all things must grow or stagnate, it becomes clear that because General Motors cannot grow but, at best, can only hope to hold its own in social circumstances highly unfavorable to the automobile, its future looks much dimmer than Ralph Nader's." Further:

> . . . romantic, artistic capitalism has now become a radical instrument for effecting cultural change. To work for cultural change *within* SUNY, SDS, or HEW is to be facing in the wrong historical direction. Universities, revolutions, and government agencies are filled with experts, and experts are right only about what has been and not what can be. Expert mathematicians proved with an elegant formula that no machine could ever fly, but two bicycle repairmen went into the air anyway.

Mr. Thompson is particularly interested in the planners, reformers, and critics who seek to restore social conditions under which the integrities of the individual have opportunity to flower. He speaks often of Ivan Illich, now and then of Jacques Ellul and Marshall McLuhan, and his *Harper's* article explores the implications of Paolo Soleri's arcological designs for urban living, but he sees many of their plans and objectives as an attempt to recreate the monastic havens of the high Middle Ages, when the monastery schools were a means of preserving civilization. Essential elements, he believes, are missing from these broadly Catholic social ideals. And the earliest of the monastery schools were "the very antithesis of the secular city or urban, Roman bureaucracy," the best of them representing "an anarchist kind of Christianity that went back to an era when authority and power were kept separate in the figures of Christ and Caesar, and not bent together in the empire of the papacy." While honoring the intent of some of these reformers, especially Illich, whom he sees as "a Tolstoyan aristocrat in search of his long-lost peasants," determined to work for a civilization "in which wealth has no charisma," Thompson has little enthusiasm for a deliberate return to medieval horizons. Other, more liberating currents are in the air, and should be recognized and understood:

> The Church has become a museum, and the university, which Plato founded, has ended up in Plato's cave. The best of the teachers and students are dissatisfied, the worst are happy in their expertise—an expertise on the shadows cast upon the wall. Clearly, it is time to move outside what Soleri calls the secular city and the learning center in search of a different kind of light.

Soleri's plan for creating better appointed caves, even if cleansed of corruption and error, is not the answer. The project is to resolve to live in the light. Thompson has a Platonic version of this "therapeutic leap":

> To move outside the cave one must change his consciousness as well. For Plato, the initiate, the real cave was the sensory consciousness rooted in the body; if one moved in space, but did not move his consciousness as well, he simply traveled on the surface of a sphere in futile search of the center. But if one withdrew his consciousness from the roots of

> the nerves into the trunk of the spine and then upward to the brain, he moved out of the cave and mounted to a vision of "the Good." Then as one moved from the surface of the sphere to the center, he discovered that at the central axis of the world, he could move into another kind of space in which, as that other Pythagorean, Nicholas of Cusa, said, "the circumference is nowhere and the center is everywhere."

The point here is that re-creative plans for the environment, however well conceived, will not work unless there is also re-creation on the part of individuals—self-transformation as well as environmental reform. Thompson speaks of the new emphasis on personal transformation in the new religions, regarding this as a discipline which enables human beings to *use* their environments freely instead of being confined by them. Without this sort of psychological liberation, the environmental planners, he maintains, may unknowingly contribute to further steps of human collectivization—setting up conditions which "would be welcomed by all the Skinners and Delgados who are waiting to move us out of freedom and dignity into a new psycho-civilized society."

REVIEW
MINDS DON'T AGE

OUR title is doubtless inaccurate. It should suggest that minds don't always age along with bodies. This, at any rate, is the conclusion that may grow in the mind of the reader of *Embers of the World,* an Occasional Paper published in 1970 by the Santa Barbara Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions ($2.25). The Paper—really a book—is mostly an interview with Scott Buchanan by Harris Wofford, Jr., who now heads an experimental college in Old Westbury, Long Island, New York. Wofford was a friend and admirer of Mr. Buchanan, and conducted this series of interviews shortly before the latter's death in 1968. Several others participate in the discussions, among them Stringfellow Barr, who with Scott Buchanan undertook the reorganization of the curriculum of St. John's College, at Annapolis, in 1937.

There are several reasons for giving attention to this book, but the one that seems most important is the light it throws on how men of the caliber of these two were able to free themselves of the dead weight of institutional pressures. It *is* possible, at least in relation to *some* institutions, for *some* men to insist upon putting first things first and to live their lives according to their own priorities. As the book is mainly a memorial to Scott Buchanan as a teacher, as a Socratic, as a man endlessly provocative to the life of the mind, Stringfellow Barr's contributions are largely reminiscent of Buchanan's role as an educator. Barr first met Buchanan at Oxford, where both were Rhodes Scholars, and found himself enormously stimulated by his challenging questions. "When I came to know Plato better," he said, "I realized Scott was the most Socratic man I had known." (The second most Socratic man he had known, he added, was Alexander Mieklejohn.)

In the mid-1930's, Robert M. Hutchins, then President of the University of Chicago, persuaded Buchanan and Barr to serve on his Committee on the Liberal Arts, a body devoted to study and reform of the undergraduate curriculum in the United States. A major result of the work of this committee was the resuscitation of St. John's College, in Maryland, a school first established in 1696 by the General Assembly of the Maryland Colony. This college, like many others, had been weakened by the "elective system," under which, in Buchanan's somewhat sardonic prose, "the American undergraduate wandered in a maze of scheduled 'offerings,' choosing those courses which were easiest or which were taught by men he liked or which came at a convenient hour of the morning or which seemed likely in some way to increase his chances of getting rich in later life." The Board of St. John's, growing sensible of this decline, asked for help from Mr. Hutchins' Committee on the Liberal Arts. This led to the decision by four members to try to restore to St. John's "the liberal education which its Charter calls for." To carry out this intention, Barr became President of St. John's and Buchanan the Dean.

Barr tells how reading the dialogues of Plato and Euclid's elements of geometry in Buchanan's seminar in Chicago swung him toward the experiment at St. John's:

> These two books had such a profound effect on me that when St. John's came up I think it's truthful to say that if I hadn't read those two books I wouldn't have done it. I accepted the presidency of St. John's because I felt if those books could do that for me they could do it for the dumbest freshman in America. They had so much dynamite in them, intellectually.

The seminar discussions were a part of this effect, of course. It means a great deal to read such books along with others.

The story of how St. John's "officers" were chosen is worth repeating:

> When Scott and I finally, more or less, halfway promised to go to St. John's nobody had ever discussed who the president would be. In fact, I wouldn't have been so interested in St. John's if Richard Cleveland, who was the moving spirit of the

> Board, hadn't talked in Baltimore with us for a whole day without ever mentioning who would be president. This excited me. We were talking about what the College should do and Scott and I were advising them, not talking about accepting jobs, although everybody in the room knew that this might occur—but it wasn't relevant: we were talking about the program.
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> Once Dick Cleveland made up his mind that the program made sense, he asked us whether we'd consider coming, one of us to serve as president. Scott said, "Well, that'll have to be you." Then I said, "I beg to disagree. That would be absurd because the program would be yours. I'm not competent to do that. It would be better for the person handling the program to be president." And he said, "I couldn't do that because I don't answer my mail." And I said, "Yes, but that's on principle, not accidental. You don't believe in answering mail." And he said, "No, I don't, but everybody else believes in it, and you would answer it." . . .
>
> Yes, that was true. I laughed, and I said, "Well, I'll accept the presidency on condition—and only on condition—that you will be dean." And he said, "Oh, my God, I don't want to be a dean." I said, "Well, I just finished telling you I don't want to be a college president. And I've told you on what terms I'll go." So he said, "All right." And we went.

At a later session held in 1968 on Scott Buchanan's birthday—his seventy-third and last—there was discussion of St. John's "great books" curriculum. Barr remarked that it "was taken more as a declaration of war by academia than as a search." Buchanan commented:

> The war was already going on, headed by Hutchins against John Dewey, but it's true it was a war. Anyone in the elective system is in a war always, a sort of guerrilla war, one against the other.

Barr rejoined:

> It would have been a war anyway, Scott, because doing just what we did was a very offensive critique of what colleges were doing.

But Buchanan regarded St. John's program as a *search*, and long after, speaking to a group of St. John's students and faculty, he asked them, "Why do you have the same curriculum now that we had thirty years ago?" He said he regarded the great books as a kind of scaffolding for finding out what and how to teach. The great books, he said, "are a living thing."

On how they function in the curriculum, Barr said:

> One of the chief reasons for calling the very good books "great" is that they are apparently able to bring the intellectual process to life and have done so repeatedly in many historic contexts, although not in identical ways. They are in dialogue with every generation that wants to talk with them, since they talk so much better than most books do. And that is why my friend Shakespeare is a great writer, not merely a nice one. Every time you go to a Shakespeare play you are amazed at how much you missed the last time you saw it. In the meantime you have had some experience that enables you to know what he is saying on this point. It is their power to multiply real dialectical relations between human minds that makes you keep coming back to more or less the same group of books.

After this everyone in the discussion began defending the great books against the claim that they were for an elite readership only. Buchanan said:

> A really good book is very much more intelligible than a second-rate book. But you have to put in another thing: when people are reading great stuff constantly, they learn that even if they don't understand certain portions, if they keep reading they will. A child learns to talk by listening to people do it. You can do it even if at first you don't get it. And I know any number of people reading the great books who say I don't get anything out of it, I don't know what he is talking about—and then slowly it comes.

Wofford added:

> I had the same experience in Ethiopia. One of our Peace Corps teachers challenged me, "I dare you to come down and try teaching Plato to my twelfth grade class, to kids coming out of the *Mercato* (the market place)." I said, "Fine, I'll do the *Apology* and *Crito."* About a month later he came back and said, "You don't need to come. I tried it and it worked—it worked very well."

And Barr told of an acquaintance who—

> wanted to know why I wouldn't rather learn face-to-face instead of with a book, and I objected that some of the people I knew best and liked most had been dead for a couple of thousand years and I was

> unwilling to give them up to be eyeball to eyeball, belly to belly, with people who happen to have warm bodies.

The dialogues in this book come to an end with consideration of the claim of Ivan Karamazov's Grand Inquisitor that people must be benevolently fooled if they are to have any hope of happiness. A liberal education in the sense that Barr and Buchanan tried to provide it gave the students freedom to reach their own decisions, but with that freedom came the pain of having no benign "authority" to settle difficult points. This brought a final comment from Scott Buchanan:

> It seems to me in this world at present there's no promise of happiness to many people. Happiness would be the life of a hero, and I mean this in the very real sense of a hero—not just one who becomes famous, but a person who's willing to pay the price for a certain kind of integrity and rationality and honesty, and he probably won't be very happy in the ordinary sense. He may be very happy in the extraordinary sense. That is, he's maintained his soul. He still has it whole.

Asked about colleges which try to point people in this direction, he said:

> We used to say at St. John's that we were preparing people to be misfits, and we meant that in a very broad sense. Perhaps misfits in the universe for the time being. This is strong and some would say very cruel doctrine: ascetic and very puritan. But I think the world at present is asking for something like that. You can't get along without it certainly, not for any long time. If there's any of it left in the world, it better be preserved and brought into action.

COMMENTARY
COLLISION AND SCATTERING

IN *A Bar of Shadow* (Morrow, 1956), a war story by Laurens van der Post, the same moral tensions as are found in *The Strumpet Wind* grip the reader. Here, too, the reader sees that in "the collision of values between good and evil, authority and power," there is "a scattering of values in which morality cannot be isolated into any one political position." The principal figure in van der Post's tale is a Japanese sergeant who rules a prisoner-of-war camp of captured British soldiers. A cruel discipline is maintained by the Japanese, although, as the English officer who tells the story comes to realize, underneath is a spartan code of duty which the sergeant applies equally to himself. Yet by Western standards he is a "war criminal" and after the Japanese defeat is brought to England for trial and condemned to death. An hour before his execution, the Englishman visits his cell, finding the little sergeant calm, but puzzled: "I do not mind dying, only, only, only, why must I die for the reason you give?" He says:

> "I have punished you and killed your people, but I punished you no more than I would have done if you were Japanese in my charge who had behaved in the same way. I was kinder to you, in fact, than I would have been to my own people, kinder to you than many others. I was more lenient, believe it or not, than army rules and rulers demanded. If I had not been so severe and strict you would all have collapsed in your spirit and died because your way of thinking was so wrong and your disgrace so great. . . ."

The sergeant is executed, but the Englishman thinks of a seventeen-year-old Japanese boy saying goodbye to life when he joined the Emperor's army, totally enwrapped in his ancestral traditions. He had been wholly true to his own light and to himself. The Englishman muses:

> "He may have done wrong for the right reasons, but how could it be squared by us now doing right in the wrong way? No punishment I could think of could restore the past, could be more futile and more calculated even to give the discredited past a new lease of life in the present than this sort of uncomprehending and uncomprehended vengeance!"

The American naval authority, Admiral Mahan, wrote: "The province of force in human affairs is to give moral ideas time to take root." The proposition once seemed plausible, but its assumptions now grow more incredible every day.

CHILDREN
. . . and Ourselves
A BOY LEARNS A SECRET

ONE of the loveliest children's stories we have ever read is Ann Nolan Clark's *Secret of the Andes* (Viking, 1960). It is, we have been told, quite well known, and the number of printings it has been through is evidence of this. Not being specialists in children's books, we missed it, and now have the pleasure of making a report.

It is a tale, we suppose, for ten-year-olds, but people five times as old will respond to its appeal. The meaning of this story is in the resonances it sets going in the reader. For us, it called to mind how Socrates awakened in Meno's servant boy the memories of his inward being, showing that teaching is indeed a "leading out," a reanimation of what already exists inside. There is hardly anyone who has not felt himself bursting with inexpressible longings, the possessor of mysteries he cannot explain. This idea of the recovery of lost wonder seems to be an *innate* idea, and its appropriate projection in a story for the young can bring lasting enrichment to the reader.

Mrs. Clark knows much about Indians, having taught Indian children in both North and South America for a large part of her life. It was natural for her to write about a boy descended from the Incas, and to embody in him those ancestral memories—reminiscences, some would say—which made him know there were high duties for him to perform. This sense of having something important to do, a path or calling to discover, is spontaneously present in many children—and should be, perhaps, in all—but the feeling suffers obscuration from the pressures and preoccupations of the day. In some, however, this longing is never lost, and in a few it is understood and made the beacon of a life's activity.

Will the world's Great Age truly begin anew, and will the Golden Years return? Shelley thought so, and hardly a people endowed with a mythic literature is without the tradition of a great rebirth of former splendors. In Mrs. Clark's story, Cusi, the Indian boy who lives high in the Andes, becomes the bearer of this tradition. In telling it, the author is never too literal or factual; rather she makes her sense of this longing speak to the longing in the reader, trusting that the cipher will be understood.

Cusi, a boy of ten or twelve, shares a hidden valley with a herd of llamas and his old friend and guardian, Chuto. Cusi knows nothing of the world. He has seen other Indians only from afar. He is skilled in the care and shearing of the llamas, and in the craft of survival in that moun-tainous country. He can also spin the delicate llama wool. Who is Cusi? His golden earplugs suggest an Inca lineage, but of this he knows only strange feelings of destiny. An Indian minstrel comes to stay with them, recognizes the symbol of the earplugs, and sings to Cusi a hymn to the Sun and of the Beginning of All Things. Now that another man is there, one who can watch over the llamas, Chuto is able to take Cusi to the Salt Pits, for it is time to begin the boy's exposure to the world. What will he do? How will he react? But Cusi is already in the grip of the minstrel's songs of ancient Inca glory. He learns of the "Temple of the Sun built at Cuzco and still standing there, crowned with the pride and the years of the ages." When the minstrel chants the story of the last Inca, of his murder by the Spanish invaders, and relates how ten thousand llamas carrying his ransom then disappear from the earth, Cusi interrupts, crying, "No, no, no." Ten thousand llamas cannot disappear. "They are here," he said, "being taken care of."

Chuto, astonished, grows stern. "Who told you that?" The boy cannot tell. And Chuto says to him softly, "We are the Keepers. Waiting."

Now the inside growing up of Cusi begins, in counterpoint to the experiences which come to him. The minstrel tells him of the people who are on the outside, who both know and don't know of their ancient allegiances. They are inconstant men

of undecided mind. But Cusi must see them, learn more about these people.

On the way to the Salt Pits Cusi and Chuto meet other Indians, and one trail takes them to a stairway of hewn steps which leads to a stone building at the top of a terrace. In Cusi's language the place is called Condor's Nest. An old Indian there recognizes Cusi as a "Chosen One." Another place they visit is the ruins of the Sacred Baths of the Incas, where Cusi sits on a high throne carved in the rock. Chuto points out the way to Cuzco from the Baths.

They gather salt at the salt pits and barter with their yarn. Cusi sees a truck which amazes him, and Chuto explains how it runs. Cusi meets a Spanish boy, but cannot speak with him, and wishes to know Spanish. Later Chuto promises to teach him. Then they go back to their hidden valley.

Now the time arrives for another stage in Cusi's initiation. An Amauta, a wise one wearing earplugs like Cusi's, comes to the valley. He stays a long time, teaching Cusi the secrets of the past, of the great Incas and their deeds. But still the boy does not know who *he* is, and what he is to do. Yet he faithfully learns all the lore and skills of the Inca people. He masters the quipu cord, as both calculator and record-keeper. He learns the symbolism of color, the lore of herbal medicine, the secrets of the stars. He is tested and the Amauta is pleased.

Next for Cusi is a pilgrimage to Cuzco, alone. But before he goes he follows an old path which takes him to a narrow canyon, first of natural rock, but soon of smoothcut stone. This canyon hall brings him to stone steps. Descending, Cusi finds a ruined temple of white marble, with, again, a massive stone seat; and nearby, on a stone altar, he sees a pair of golden sandals, too small for him to wear. They are perfect, as though they had just been put there, and for him. Cusi takes the treasure, wrapping it in his poncho.

Chuto, when shown the sandals, is content that Cusi must now go to Cuzco. He tells the boy, adding, "Somewhere along the way you will find what you desire."

On the next day Cusi set out, taking with him seven llamas loaded with wool. As he walked, he thought with longing of how nice it would be to have a "family" of his own. He would look for a family in Cuzco, he decided. A day or two later he reached a fork in the trail. Taking the little used branch, he came to a high stone wall, and there an Indian told him he was expected. Within were streets, and Cusi was conducted to an old Indian who said nothing but indicated a stone block for Cusi's seat. Then a beautiful woman entered, wearing gold sandals. Both seemed to know him, and they explained that he was in a town of the Ancient People. They knew about Chuto and his caring for Cusi, and they explained to the boy that he would learn what he needed to know about himself at the right time. They spoke wisely to him and encouraged him. Cusi slept with his llamas and set out for Cuzco on the next day. In his ears rang the greeting to the sun he had first heard Chuto sing, for the people of the ancient town sang it, too. Cusi's feeling of who he was and of his destiny was growing within him.

He comes to the gate of Cuzco at dusk, but is denied entry because of his llamas, which are not permitted in the city overnight. An Indian appeared, offering to escort Cusi and his llamas into the city the next day. So Cusi again slept with his herd.

So the story goes, with Cusi finding representatives of a network of helpers, friends, instructors, guardians, all of whom seem intent and watching over his growth to maturity. It is as though they are there, partly because Cusi is fearless, and partly because he will need them, and partly because he knows that he can trust them. These elements in him generate their presence. In Cuzco Cusi visits the places and buildings he had heard about from the Amauta. He saw the Temple of the Sun Maidens and the Street of the

Seven Snakes, and in the central plaza watched men of many races throng streets surrounded by tall, modern buildings. At the marketplace Cusi traded his wool for things he and Chuto needed for living in the valley, then exchanged a wisp of wool for delicious sugar cane. The bartering done, the Indian guide says he will take the llamas. Cusi agrees, and the shepherd boy wonders if he will find a family. He does, of course—a happy family with many children—and for the rest of the day Cusi enjoys their company. But in the end he knows that his family is in the mountains—it is Chuto and the llamas.

These events are really the signs and symbols of Cusi's growing up. He goes back to the valley, meeting other friends on the way. They know of his training, of his future responsibilities, and they delight in the manhood that is emerging from his years as a child. He has not been told very much, but his self-confidence grows. So that when he returns to the valley, and the Secret of the Andes is revealed to him—and also the secret of his father, his mother, and of Chuto and the others—it is as though he hardly needed to be told. But he did, of course. He was still partly a boy, although he had the strength of a man when he returned to the valley where the secret was kept. Yet it was a secret only from his mind, not from his heart. And he was told, but its understanding had been forged by himself.

FRONTIERS

Measurements of a Finite Planet

IN response to the demand from both teachers and students, John McHale, long associated with Buckminster Fuller's World Resources Inventory project, and now director of the Center of Integrative Studies, State University of New York, Binghamton, N.Y., has reorganized and issued a second edition of *World Facts and Trends* (Collier Books, 1972, $2.95), a comprehensive compilation and discussion of the major realities and issues underlying the ecological crisis. Readers who wonder if the problems of man's relationships with nature have been unduly exaggerated would do well to read this volume carefully, since the author is not given to over-statement. Practically everything he says seems fully justified by supporting facts. The value of this work, however, is not merely in its documentation—something Mr. McHale supplies with ease—but in the precise and effective generalizations he makes from the facts presented.

The book has not quite a hundred pages and is amply provided with charts. It begins by noting the impact of change, enormously accelerated in recent years, then presents four sections: Man and the Biosphere, Environ Systems, Human Systems, and a final part which examines, as indicators of trends, present conditions in cities, housing, and education. In his examination of the effects of change, after speaking of the agricultural and industrial revolutions, Mr. McHale turns to the Ecological Revolution of the past hundred years, during which "various successive and overlapping strands of the industrial-social-electro-chemical and electronic revolutions have been developed, placing man and his systems at magnitudes capable of large-scale interference with the overall ecological balance of the earth." He then says:

> More people now require more not only in quantity, but in far greater diversity and material quality than was ever dreamed of in any previous period. To keep pace with growing requirements, man has measurably extracted more materials, metals, minerals, and fuels from the earth and atmosphere in the past century than in all previous history.
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> This increase in human numbers and in the concomitant extraction and use of the huge amounts of materials and energy has also been accompanied by the massively accumulating by-products of these processes—the effluents and wastes which poison the air, overburden the lakes and rivers, and pollute the oceans and shores. Where more power also means destructive power, we have the added menace of radioactive and other fallout from testing the "overkill" weapons which are now sufficient in quantity to destroy each living being many times over. . . .
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> The question is now being asked: at which point could the explosive growth of the human species and its increased scale of "intrusions" into the biosphere overwhelm the natural checks and balances? How long can the earth sustain such growth, absorb its by-products and ecological changes, and still remain a viable habitat for human life?

In this book, Mr. McHale assembles the data available for beginning to work out an answer to this question. He invites acceptance of all this evidence as "strongly indicative that we are indeed approaching the most critical juncture in human affairs in all history."

He makes it plain that there are not likely to be any simple, mechanistic answers. After noting the increases in world food supply brought by new strains of high-yield grains, he points to the corresponding increases in pesticides and chemical fertilizers, noting that by the production of these fertilizers—

> . . . we also, indirectly, destroy crops through by-products of the increased industrial activities used to provide more efficient agricultural usage. Each calorie of food produced in a highly mechanized agriculture requires roughly an equivalent calorie of fuel to power tractors, harvesters, processing and transportation. Such fuels are mainly the fossil fuels—which contribute to the aerial pollutants which directly and indirectly decrease crop yield. In addition, to make each ton of nitrogenous fertilizer, we use in direct and related industrial practice, one million tons of steel and five million tons of coal or fuel equivalent.

The web of side-effects is only now beginning to be recognized:

> These linkages and adverse consequences are often tenuous and so indirectly related that they remain concealed until they reach dangerous proportions; e.g., the DDT spread on a bean field may destroy a nearby hive of honey bees and thereby prevent pollination of a fruit orchard a half-mile away, raising the price of fruit 50 miles away. Such micro-examples may be found in multiple forms in many other sectors of our agri-industrial undertakings. DDT, because of its cumulative nature and recent emergence into public view, is a convenient indicator of a chemical weapon against pests, the original estimates of whose immediate and extremely valuable benefits did not include due investment into assessing the deleterious, long-term and large-scale consequences. So far we have released about 1,000 million pounds into the environment, and continue to use over 100 million pounds per year with a total world annual production of 1,300 million pounds. The chain of its successive concentration in the food cycle is only now partially established after many years of use and its larger consequential effects are only now being measured; e.g., minute amounts have been found to reduce photosynthesis in marine plants by as much as 75 per cent. Similar questioning now goes on about other products such as mercury, lead, etc., whose large-scale introduction and use has not been adequately conceptualized or monitored.

These are only small samples of Mr. McHale's critical analysis, which moves through all the major areas of present-day ecological concern.

It should be said that this author is no enemy of technology. He believes that, intelligently managed, the skills of technology could overcome pollution and bring a balanced use of the resources of the earth. Already, he maintains, the extraordinary development of transnational or multinational enterprises shows the potential of cooperation, since the technical success of these corporations is dependent upon people of many lands all working together. Mr. McHale remarks: "We may well reflect, in terms of real world control, that if all access to such transnationally sustained networks such as telecommunications, airlines, world weather, and health information, etc., were cut off, no developed nation could survive for more than a few days." Such realities emphasize for him the laggard policies of the nation-states, which cling to old ideas of sovereign autonomy in an age when all the world has become interdependent.

Certain things may be left out of this book, such as the idea of fostering goals involving much less consumption, and the need to develop a philosophic foundation for *want*ing the kind of a life which harmonizes well with the health of the planet, but the questions Mr. McHale asks at the end of the section on Human Systems, beginning with—"What are the optimal conditions for human society on earth?"—clearly point to inquiry in these directions. He must be aware of this. Meanwhile, *World Facts and Trends* sets the problem in terms which dramatize the need for far-reaching changes in human attitudes.