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FACTORS OF FREEDOM

IN recent years, psychological discoveries have been coming in waves, with intelligent public interest almost keeping pace with the advance of psychological investigation. As workers in this field have themselves remarked, this is an age of psychologism. "Why," asks Carl Jung in *Modern Man in Search of a Soul*, "is there suddenly so much interest in the human psyche as something to be experienced? This has not been the case for thousands of years." There are doubtless several answers to Jung's question. One might be that the conquest of the physical world by man is virtually complete, while the conquest of the psychological world and the psychic or emotional world has hardly begun. The search for self-understanding, as Jung remarks, is often "not much more than a groping about in Egyptian darkness." There is, however, the realization that these new worlds exist and need to be conquered; that, quite likely, we shall never be able to enjoy the proceeds of our physical achievement until some balance is arrived at with respect to psychological problems.

There is a vast amount of useful information in the new psychological literature. We learn more and more about ourselves from these books and articles. The difficulty, however, is that what we gain in exactitude, we lose in direction. If a man attempts to write about the most crucial problems of life, he must of necessity parade his ignorance—not *his* ignorance, of course, but the ignorance of his time, his age, his civilization. And ignorance, after all, is not an attractive commodity—unless, of course, it is the Socratic sort of ignorance, which is not really ignorance, but a genius for asking questions.

But ought not ignorance be made the occasion for discussing the great psychological problems? What could we better consider than the things we find most puzzling? For example, there is one psychological situation with which everyone is familiar—the problem of self-reliance. Everyone admires the self-reliant man. There is something magnetic about the assurance of a man who moves and speaks with an air of knowing what he is about. Almost invariably, such individuals are surrounded by others not so sure of themselves. Before expressing an opinion, they try to find out what *he* thinks on the subject. And "he," if he is a man of intelligence and consideration for others, is probably doing his best to make them formulate their own opinions.

The classical origin of this situation is of course the immemorial relationship between religious teacher and disciple. The teacher is a man who knows, in Ibsen's words, that "the strongest man of all is he who stands alone." The disciple is one who has heard this said, and would like to realize it in himself. But, he says, "I am not ready." And, doubtless, he is right. He is not entirely ready. Who is?

The problem of how to stand alone is one of the subtlest challenges which ever confront human beings. It is with us all the time, in hundreds of relationships, both vital and casual. We come under the influence of others. We cannot avoid doing this. Neither can we avoid affecting still others. Above all, we want to be free. Yet the yearning for freedom is often haunted by specters of insecurity, by the fear that when we have cut ourselves loose from the supposed or actual dominance of some other human being, we shall have no one to turn to in our hour of need. The thought of this kind of aloneness can be extremely frightening to those who have the habit of leaning psychologically on others. And yet, this habit of leaning seems to generate its own unhappy antidote—a kind of repressed resentment for the thralldom of being a "follower." It is really a secret distaste for oneself, this feeling, a grinding sense of dissatisfaction for not standing alone.

Something of this forlorn fate overtakes the people who move from church to sect to cult and, usually, back to church again. They want freedom, but they don't want to pay its asking price. They often possess the intellectual ability to criticize the weaknesses of these institutions, yet they are unable to live without some kind of institutional support. It is peculiarly painful torture that they suffer—self-imposed, no doubt, but nonetheless acute in its effects.

The old Brahminical system of "caste" was, we suspect, an attempt to put the various types of human

dependency on a systematic basis. Fundamentally, the castes were four: Brahmins (teachers), Kshatriyas (warriors, princes, administrators), Vaishyas (merchants, traders), and Sudras (workmen and servants). Each caste had particular duties through which the lessons peculiarly afforded by that caste might be learned. A sudra ought to learn conscientiousness, sobriety, obedience, while a merchant must acquire the virtues of honesty and generosity. The Brahmin was the teacher. Concerned with the things of the mind and the spirit, he was debarred from the acquisition of wealth. His property was not of this world, and he was, in a higher sense, the servant or "sudra" of all the other castes. The kshatriya was to be the embodiment of all the nobilities, entirely devoted to the welfare of the people, and assiduous in respect and devotion to the brahmin, who gave counsels of wisdom to the administrator. On paper, the system seems an excellent one, hedged in quite practical ways against corruption and the misuse of authority. The success of the system, of course, would depend upon the kind of people in the various castes. It is told in legends that the four castes once lived in idyllic harmony, in ages past. In those days, no doubt, the castes were not hereditary, but each man found his proper place in the scheme of things, much as the young man setting out in life in our free enterprise system is supposed to reach exactly the spot which personal merit warrants. The advantage of this kind of caste system over the free enterprise system is obviously that the caste idea relates to the whole of life, while free enterprise is concerned only with economic status. Resting upon a more profound conception of human nature, and involving a comprehensive theology or metaphysics, the caste system, however, when it became corrupt, became *really* corrupt. Throughout the modern epoch of Western liberalism, the caste system has been a synonym of social infamy and has evoked all the typical criticisms made of religious authoritarianism and of the "organic, theocratic State." The criticisms, no doubt, are deserved, but while we admit them it is worth while to notice what sort of problems this theocratic State set out to solve. We, being human, have the same problems, and, in the long run, our solution may not work out any better than that of the ancient brahmins.

There seems to be one important difference, however, between that fabled age and this. The theme of our time is equality rather than interdependence and docility. We have no crystal ball, we cannot say precisely why this should be so, but the fact of the matter seems to be that, in our age, human beings are invited by their social and moral milieu to find their natural place of cooperative function and self-reliance without any fixed institutional pattern to guide them. And this requirement or obligation creates special tensions which do not exist in a peacefully stratified society. The human beings are still different—they have different capacities and represent different levels of emotional and intellectual maturity and refinement—yet they must nevertheless work their way through to a practical understanding of the equalitarian ideal, which our intuition tells us is a sound principle and not to be neglected.

This, then, is the problem of self-reliance restated for modern man. He has to find his place and sphere of competence, but without self-deprecation. He has to learn to grade the decisions which lie before him, to realize that *some* decisions are entirely his own, and must remain his own, if he is not to abdicate from human dignity, while other decisions will require the help of wider experience.

It seems obvious that an analysis of this sort is inevitably subject to a multitude of confusions imposed by the prevailing religious environment. The crucial questions—the questions which every man ought to answer for himself—are precisely the questions most men have been content to have answered for them by religious dogmas. There is certainly no objection to some men attempting to answer the great questions—What, really, is the nature of man? Where did he come from? Where is he going? What is the best route? Are there penalties for losing one's way? Rewards for staying on the road?—but there are many objections to making the answers into dogmas. A dogma, by definition, is inaccessible to reason. It is supposed to replace reason wherever reason is inadequate. But this leaves man helpless in the matter of conflicting dogmas—a situation leading directly to religious wars. Hence it is best to reason about the questions, not only to avoid religious wars but in the hope of finding answers that can be understood.

Here, then, is the first requirement of genuine self-reliance: to brood upon the fundamental questions which life presents. For help in this reflection, we have

all the wealth of literature provided by men who wrote undogmatically on the great questions—starting, in the West, with Plato, and the end is not yet.

Fear, we suppose, is the greatest enemy of all of self-reliance. Why should men fear? They fear more than anything else to lose their identity, that sense of being themselves and no other. Yet the man who refuses to rely upon himself has only a pseudo-identity, and he will remain in this limbo of vague egoity until he works out a theory and feeling of selfhood which is invulnerable to attack. The value of metaphysics, in search of this sort, is plainly that metaphysics helps a man to learn to think of himself as independent of his environment. This may be important, for people who cannot separate the idea of themselves from their environment become intensely frightened when their environment is threatened. In 1929, at the time of the great stock market crash, there were a number of immediate suicides among stock brokers who had lost all their money. Many other men destroyed themselves within the next few months, and still others gave themselves up to hopeless despair. These men were not destroyed by the stock market crash. They were destroyed by the image of self they had created—an image dependent upon a certain degree of material plenty.

The illustrations of spurious dependency may easily be multiplied. But death, of course, is not the mark of failure. There have been men who died because of a *noble* conception of self. They would not separate themselves from their principles, and so they had to die. Equally good illustrations of self-reliance, however, are found in men who selected their principles after careful weighing, and then lived by them throughout their lives.

Of greatest importance is the recognition that everyone has the problem of self-reliance to face—that it is the eternal human situation which comes into play whenever a man lifts up his head from the daily round of practical affairs and tries to understand the wider meaning of his life. The problem also has its minor reflections within the realm of practical affairs, and in a thousand-and-one casual relationships. Most difficult to face is the almost primal feeling of personal inadequacy, which is denied only to the massively conceited and obtuse. We have to learn to make our peace with evolution—*human* evolution—and before this is possible, we have to become in some measure philosophers.

For what, after all, *is* human evolution? It cannot be altogether a *social* matter, for that would rest man's fate entirely with his environment—a proper Marxist view, perhaps, but no fit conclusion for anyone who feels that the individual human being is a moral agent. That it is partly a social matter goes without saying, but what else is it? Here, we are faced squarely with the old, old question: What is the meaning of this unitary consciousness, this feeling of beinghood, I call myself?

Whatever answer we return to this question, it ought to be one which secures the feeling of human dignity in every walk of life which has a general usefulness to offer. If life is a school, then the school must be supported, and this means that function, as Tolstoy long ago discovered, is the source of self-respect. It is vain for a man to try to understand life unless he honors life, and he can hardly can hardly honor life while daily betraying it or treating any portion of it contemptuously or destructively. Here, doubtless, is the real clue to the foundations of self-reliance. Only the man who is useful can have a just opinion of himself, and only by just opinions can a man become free.

Letter from **INDIA**

EASILY the most outstanding event in India today, taking place silently, without any pomp or show, is the bloodless revolution which is being worked out in the economic field by Gandhiji's close disciples. Prominent among these few workers is Shri Vinoba Bhave, who has identified himself with this particular aspect of the all-comprehensive *Sarvodaya* (uplift of all) work.

Some little time ago, when the communist trouble was at its worst and nothing short of anarchy prevailed in the Telengana districts of Hyderabad (Deccan), Shri Vinoba Bhave undertook a tour of these districts with the sole object of bringing peace to the afflicted people. He straightaway spotted the cause of the success of the communists as due to the unequal distribution of landed property, and decided to appeal to the reasonableness of the rich *mirasdars* (landlords) to make some *bhoodan* (gift of land) to the landless. His tour, on foot, covering hundreds of miles with a *bhajan* party singing *Ramdhans* (the name of Lord Rama), brought great response.

The feeling that prevailed in those days among the people is graphically brought out by *Harijan* for Nov. 17: "They had already heard of Vinoba's visit to the distressed, but the latest form of the legend was that a devotee of God, a son of Gandhi, had come to distribute lands to the poor." In one village alone there was a gift of 90 acres of land, which meant "a permanent source of livelihood for ninety people." Hundreds of such villages were covered in his tour, with equal success.

Spurred by this success in the South, Shri Vinoba is now touring in North India in the Province of U.P., where the food-problem is most acute. His speech at Lalitpur, appealing to the masses and the classes alike, was indeed soul-stirring: "My object," he said, "cannot be achieved by obtaining a little *bhoodan* here and a little there. My object is to transform the whole society." He wanted U.P. "to give one crore (10,000,000) acres of land as their quota out of the five crores (50,000,000) acres which he has fixed as his target for all India."

Another equally ambitious scheme of Vinobaji's is his plan to bring about a rapprochement between workers and employers in the field of industry. Acharya Bhave, reports *The Times of India* (20th Nov.), said to the labourers of Kishenganj, that workers must not confine their demands to better wages and higher bonuses only; they should seek to transform the existing system. In his scheme of reform there would be no employers and consequently no employees. In his view, industrial enterprises should be regarded as some kind of trusts.

Lofty as these schemes of Vinobaji are, and despite appreciable results already achieved, one wonders how they can gain widespread success unless there is a permanent change of heart among both classes and masses—and this, indeed, will become possible only by promulgating Gandhian philosophy throughout the land. Perhaps making Gandhi's views a required study in schools and colleges in India would be a major step in this direction.

INDIAN CORRESPONDENT

REVIEW
BAD BOOKS AND GOOD BOOKS

WORKS of fiction, we have always held, must ultimately be judged according to the philosophy and psychology of the author. More simply, it is the author's attitude toward the experiences to which his fictional characters are subject, which imparts, or fails to impart, worthwhile inspiration or instruction. Literary style, the technique of effective drama, and the skillful handling of words and phrases are, on this view, but the media of the author's intentions: the *content of outlook* establishes the true qualitative differences between books.

Again, a clear distinction should be made between this "content" of a work of fiction and the characters or situations involved in the plot. Dostoevsky's novels are classic examples of the distinction. Dostoevsky often dealt with unhappy, uninspiring, or even depraved human beings, yet in a manner which enriched the reader's knowledge of his own psychological weaknesses and encouraged a determination to eradicate them. Many modern novels are but pseudo-Dostoevskian, supplying a plenty of depravity, but bereft of positive insights, hope, or compassion. In such instances we can say that we are confronted by such unrelieved sordidness that this quality itself *becomes* the content, something entirely untrue in the works of the great Russian.

Some such analysis is of great importance by way of indicating the necessity for getting behind the superficial qualities of books to their essential character—a matter almost as subtle and delicate as discovering the essential character of a man behind the appearance he presents to society. But unless we accomplish this penetration in literature we are in danger of condemning every author who uses language we do not approve, or who chooses characters we think we would not care to associate with. And there is the corollary danger of admiring the "taste" of an author whose language is polite, but whose message is misleading or even degrading.

A few weeks ago our review of *From Here to Eternity* called forth comments of a diametrically opposite nature from a few communicative readers. Some felt that the sordid environmental setting, including houses of prostitution, the profane and obscene language, and the prison brutality were the actual *content* of Jones' novel. Others felt that the true content of Jones' work was something far different, that the author was both compassionate and idealistic. These latter inclined toward the attitude ably expressed by Joseph Henry Jackson in an essay for the Los Angeles *Times* on the widely respected UCLA Librarian, Lawrence Clark Powell:

> Mr. Powell's broad view of Rabelais, of D. H. Lawrence, of Casanova's *Memoirs*, of *Ulysses*, for example, derives from a balanced mind to which the ordinary definitions of "obscenity" mean little, a mind that can quite well survive the "shock" of encountering a proscribed word in print, and retain the poise to discover what the author's purpose was, outside of such details.

Mr. Jones' novel was a Book-of-the-Month selection, and, since we were unwilling to label it one of the "bad" books, we feel under some slight obligation to indicate just what we think a "bad" book is. BoM has provided us with an excellent opportunity in its October selection of *The Blessing*, by Nancy Mitford. Miss Mitford has produced something which some critics have termed a "good, light novel," and we can at least agree to its being well and easily constructed. Yet these qualities, apart from what we have chosen to define as essential content, mean nothing whatever. The theme of *The Blessing* is marital infidelity in particular, and continental promiscuity in general. Our chief reason for thinking that this is a book to be deplored arises from the fact that none of Miss Mitford's characters ever seeks or hopes to find any incentive for living beyond that of sensual enjoyment. With never an ungenteel expression, Miss Mitford explains, condones and approves biological hedonism.

Clifton Fadiman's BoM review of *The Blessing* seems to us extraordinarily superficial, in the same manner as Miss Mitford's own writing. The attitudes Fadiman expresses are possible only when one is willing to praise a book which neither records any

upward-and-onward aspirations in its characters, nor involves any human experiences of depth. Fadiman reports:

> Good light novels, as your judges know to their sorrow, are hard to come by. Here is one: don't miss it. To be sure, there is not much chance that anybody, as a consequence of reading *The Blessing*, will feel himself to be a better man or woman. The irresponsible Miss Mitford has written an incorrigibly worldly novel about irretrievably worldly people. Not only do her characters not wish to reform themselves, but Miss Mitford does not wish to reform them either. A pretty how-d'ye-do!
>
> The fun lies, of course, in the contrast between Grace's conservative moral universe and that of the continental Charles-Edouard. Her husband belongs to that small but still vigorous French society—the sons and grandsons of the characters in Marcel Proust—which is fashionable in the sense not that it follows fashion, but that it makes it. And this it does without reference to the opinions or prejudices of other social groups, obeying only the laws of its own desire for amusement, modified by the dictates of a tyrannical tradition of etiquette and breeding.
>
> The rock on which Charles-Edouard and Grace split, naturally, is their differing view of the nature and importance of infidelity. This somewhat risky subject is handled by Miss Mitford with a frankness that is never offensive, because the peccadilloes of Charles-Edouard are described with such outrageous comicality and charm. It is shameful to confess that though one knows that Charles-Edouard is *bad* and Grace is *good*, one is happy when, after much quarreling and separation, these two are reunited—on terms, one fears, to be laid down by the unalterably French husband.
>
> *The Blessing* is an extraordinary combination of satire and high jinks. Miss Mitford is out to have as much fun as possible, and to extract from the spectacle of impropriety as much comedy as the traffic will bear. The result is just a trifle gamey, perhaps; but if the reader will check a few prepossessions at the title page, he will find *The Blessing* almost continuously delightful.

The interesting thing to us about Mr. Fadiman's review is that we find it an excellent summary of Miss Mitford's own form of sophistication, thus enabling us to deplore both completely at the same time. The impact of *The Blessing* is unquestionably one which glamorizes and propagandizes casual sexual adventure, and is to be deplored for the reason that no intimate involvements can be both superficial and worth initiating; no "art," so far as we can see, and no "comedy" can alter this fact.

Though we had no thought of mentioning *From Here to Eternity* again, when *The Blessing* arrived, the comparison suggested by the two books seemed almost notable. Mr. Fadiman, who is obviously a very sophisticated fellow, is "delighted" with Miss Mitford, whereas we, who were not exactly delighted with Jones, feel that none of the sensual experiences of his characters are even implicitly glorified or advocated. Some of Jones' men and women are trying to fight their way upstream; Miss Mitford's characters simply want to drift, and she tells us plainly that only immature fools think there is a better way. However engaging in their witticisms, these characters are a thoroughly decadent lot, and we will have none of them. Jones' characters, on the contrary, give evidence of a dissatisfaction with the lack of depth in their adventures, wish for a higher basis for inter-relationships, and find their greatest happiness in love that at least partially transcends biology.

One of those subscribers who happened to approve of the Jones review provided us with a useful comment on this point. After paraphrasing H. L. Mencken's observation that "to some people the word obscene is obscene," she continues:

> Many people objected to *The Naked and the Dead* because of four-letter words which I didn't notice while reading the book nor can I now recall any of them. However, such objections recall to mind a passage in *Raintree County:* "The immense profanity of the soldier seemed strangely unprofane. It expresses his enormous disgust with the inhumanity of his life."

COMMENTARY
DEPARTMENT OF LAGGARD JUSTICE

ON July 2, 1948, President Truman signed Public Law 886, providing for the reimbursement of persons of Japanese ancestry who suffered financial losses incident to their evacuation to internment camps during the war. (See Frontiers.) It is fair to assume that Congress passed this law in recognition of the great injustice of the evacuation of some 110,000 persons—60 per cent of whom were citizens of the United States.

According to the estimate of Leonard Bloom and Ruth Riemer *(Removal and Return*, University of California Press), Japanese Americans lost a total of $367,486,000 in income and property, due to the evacuation. Public Law 886, however, makes no provision for income losses. Actual claims filed under this law aggregated $131,949,176, representing a total of some 24,000 claims. A period of eighteen months was allowed for the filing of claims—until January 3, 1950. Although claim forms were made available, no instructions were supplied.

By the end of 1949, twenty claims had been approved for payment, in amounts totalling approximately $6,800. During 1950, 210 claims were processed, seventy-three of which were rejected as postmarked after the application deadline, and 136 claims, totalling $62,000, were approved for payment. Later figures on payments have not yet been made available. It seems worth noting that the payment of these claims is taking place about nine years after the evacuation, in inflated dollars which are worth barely more than half the 1942 dollars.

Fortunately, a new law sponsored by the Japanese American Citizens League now permits claimants to ask for a compromise settlement of either $2,500 or three fourths of their claims—whichever is the lesser amount. There are 13,915 claims of $2,500 or less, amounting to a total of $18,648,336, so that, at the present rate of Congressional appropriation, several years will be occupied in settling these claims. The claims for larger amounts, totalling more than $100,000,000, will remain to be settled by the method previously provided. No one can tell how long it will take for them to be processed.

Current reports indicate that Japanese Americans feel that the Department of Justice is anxious to speed the program, at least on the basis of the compromise settlement of $2,500, which is a notable improvement over the earlier record of the Claims Division. Almost anything, of course, would be an improvement.

CHILDREN
. . . and Ourselves

THE two chief trends of a "subversive" character in education in the United States are clearly those tending toward political indoctrination and toward "thought control." And while both developments obviously share the same family tree as to psychological origin, each is bad enough of itself to deserve separate consideration.

As we have noted before, the threat of "thought-control" is represented by the close liaison between the Department of Defense and the Federal Office of Education (see MANAS for April 4), with consequent indication of "officially approved" history texts to come. Next, the military subsidies of many colleges are bound to lead to deprecation, or even removal, of strongly anti-military political science teachers. Also, in the thought-control category, belong such significant catastrophes as the ban of the *Nation* from New York public school libraries and the enforcement of various loyalty oaths which in some cases amount to actual "screening" techniques. The right of dissent is in danger, and whether the dissenting human target fired upon is a publicly controversial figure such as Owen Lattimore, or some unassuming secondary school teacher, the principles involved are the same.

A gradual change in attitude toward "indoctrination" as an educational technique is worthy of comment. All save the Catholic educators used to shudder at the very word. Then, as the United States moved closer to complete mobilization for national defense, arbitrary indoctrination began to be practiced, though never admitted and frankly labelled as such. Now, however, with some educators whose ideological fervor and excitement have mounted with the years, the question is being seriously asked: "Is indoctrination always *necessarily* bad?" One drastic, unashamed example is furnished in a document signed by a Superintendent of Schools in the State of Indiana, a portion of which merits analysis:

> It now appears necessary for the schools in the United States to indoctrinate American youth for American Democracy. We need to do this for self-protection, in order to combat the influences both at home and abroad that are trying to undermine our form of government. Those people who are charged with the responsibility of directing the work of the public schools realize their responsibility in giving greater emphasis to the teaching of Democracy.
>
> There are many common misunderstandings of words and terms relating to types of government. Direct instruction in our schools is needed to clear up these misconceptions. Boys and girls in American schools should understand the American meaning of these words and terms. They should discredit definitions and descriptions used by foreign governments of such words as Social Revolution, Communism, Fascism, Totalitarianism, Police State, Dictatorship, Welfare State, Bureaucracy, Conservatives, Liberals, Capitalism, Socialism, Communal Enterprise, and propaganda.
>
> In our present confused world, it is essential in America that we teach our young people that American Democracy is the best government in the world and that we explain why it is the best. They should know that the United States uses private enterprise while Russia uses socialism combined with dictatorship. Then, our young people must be taught that our nation disapproves of the Russian system in all of its aspects.

The foregoing served recently as appropriate inspiration for the caustic pen of Bertrand Russell. We feel that some of his remarks can hardly be improved upon. He writes:

> I learn from this document that "it now appears necessary for the schools in the United States to indoctrinate American youth for American Democracy"; that is to say, since indoctrinating the youth is an evil, and since it is practiced elsewhere, it must also be practiced in the United States. "We need to do this for self-protection," the document continues; that is to say, we must surrender everything that makes defence worth while before the defence begins. . . .
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> The last of the words which this document considers that foreigners misinterpret is the word "propaganda." I am surprised at this, for I have

> found throughout the world a complete and absolute unanimity in the meaning assigned to the word "propaganda": "propaganda" means, always and everywhere, advocacy of opinions not held by the speaker. The education authorities of the state in question will, I am sure, agree that the indoctrination which they advocate is not "propaganda." It is not "propaganda" because it is teaching doctrines with which they agree. This is also the view taken in Russian schools. If one were to suggest that "propaganda," in so far as it is harmful, consists in indoctrination by other than rational means, one would be liquidated in Russia and regarded as a fellow-traveller in the United States. Perhaps on this basis these two great countries could reach an agreement *(Manchester Guardian,* Nov. 1.)

Likewise the *Christian Century* (Nov. 14), as is its useful habit, manages a few licks against indoctrination as inspired by militarization, using the title of one of Rogers' and Hammerstein's "South Pacific" songs, a verse of which sings as follows:

> You've got to be taught before it's too late,
> Before you are six or seven or eight,
> To hate all the people your relatives hate.
> You've got to be carefully taught.

At least Bertrand Russell and the *Christian Century* are around and on the job, representative of the vigorous "antibodies" trying to discourage the spreading mental illness of political indoctrination. Diagnosis of the illness, however, takes us back into the labyrinth of national thought-patterns. Here, the remarks of a foreign educator, Peter F. Wiener, in a letter to the New York *Herald Tribune* (Nov. 7) seem particularly good:

> Since the American teacher is requested and expected to teach mainly facts and to impart a knowledge of facts at the expense of independence of mind, he has a natural though most regrettable tendency to teach all problems as factual ones to which there is a definite and clear answer as to what is correct and what is false.
>
> This is the main point I have been trying to make. American education with its over-emphasis on the teaching of facts produces too many teachers who are inclined to develop a "right or wrong"—or "black or white"—mentality. That the result of their own teaching and outlook boomerangs against them now in the political field is one of the sad ironies of educational history.

In considering "trends," it is always necessary to look behind the more obvious pressures to the soil of mental habitude. Here is seen the development of generalized attitudes of mind through cultural conditioning. Respect for the principles embodied in the Bill of Rights is made difficult by continual educational emphasis on the "factual" realities of international disagreement, armament statistics, etc. Many educators have realized this well enough and are wondering how to vitalize a transcendental ethic which can make cleavage to "principles" once again seem more important than threats of altered circumstance.

We note that Bertrand Russell at least made an attempt along this line in a *Herald Tribune* forum on American education. His words are welcome: "What I should put in the place of an ethic in the old sense is encouragement and opportunity for all the impulses that are creative and expansive."

FRONTIERS

The Story of a Garden

WE in the United States—probably it would be more correct to say, we of the modern world—are far from being a civilized people as yet. A civilized human being, to give the term its full meaning, is a person who will not tolerate obvious injustice, least of all injustice to others, and when injustice has taken place, he will do his best in act or protest to see that the wrong is righted. In particular, a civilized human being will not accept "excuses" for injustice. He will not, for example, shrug his shoulders when he hears of the impersonal crimes which always accompany war. He will require justice of himself, regardless of what other people do, and the barbarisms committed by public authority will be just as reprehensible in his eyes as the offenses of felons—more reprehensible in fact, for what is done in the name of the people attaches its guilt to *all* the people, despite the fact that many or most of "the people" take the view that when the government acts, *nobody* is responsible. It is this view which supports the claim that very few people of the modern world are really civilized.

A striking instance of this sort of barbarism is given in the story of the Hagiwara family, distinguished residents of San Francisco for half a century—that is, until 1942. Early in the 1890's Baron Makoto Hagiwara, a member of the Japanese aristocracy, decided to make his home in San Francisco. A man of cultivation and broad background, Baron Hagiwara wished to contribute something of the culture of his native country to the city of San Francisco. At that time, John McLaren, designer of the Golden Gate Park and the first San Francisco Park Superintendent, was struggling to transform twelve hundred acres of barren sand dunes into a park. When Hagiwara offered to lay out a traditional Japanese Tea Garden in an area comprising four acres of this region, McLaren was greatly pleased with the idea, and the Baron returned to Japan to secure Japanese shrubbery and other exotic plants unknown in this country. He set to work on the Garden in 1895, having brought with him a skilled Japanese gardener who had been in the service of the Hagiwara family for generations, and other craftsmen.

The Japanese garden, it may be noted, is an exquisite horticultural development representing centuries of evolution and refinement. To plan and create a Japanese garden is no casual undertaking, but involves close attention to symbolism. It amounts to a kind of living sculpture, in which the materials used are the dynamic elements of nature. "In a correctly planned garden," it has been said, "a Japanese can read an entire legend or trace the folklore of the country. The correct placing of flowering cherry, wisteria, and pine trees is always according to pattern, and the location of lanterns and shrines follows established rules." Often a tea garden does not attain its maturity and full beauty for twenty years, and only endless labor joined with almost incredible care and devotion can make this possible. Thus the installation of a tea garden is more of a rite than an enterprise in landscaping, and Baron Hagiwara entered upon his project in this spirit. By "gentleman's agreement" with John McLaren, the Hagiwara family was to continue the care of the garden, as its gift to the people of San Francisco. Some mention was made by McLaren of compensation for the exceptional expenses involved in establishing the garden, but nothing was ever done about this.

The tea garden soon became a favorite place of quietude and repose for the people of San Francisco. Visitors, too, exclaimed at its beauty. When George Bernard Shaw first saw it, he asked to be left alone to enjoy the contemplative mood it engendered for the rest of the day. The Hagiwaras built their home in the garden, becoming in fact public servants without remuneration of the people of San Francisco. While a small stipend was derived by them from serving tea to visitors to the garden, no other sales were permitted in the "concession," in order to preserve the non-commercial atmosphere of the place. Although, for several years, the Department of Parks took over the tea serving—in the hope, apparently, of realizing some income—the city's losses on the operation caused this responsibility to be returned to the Hagiwaras, who were from the

beginning, without interruption, in complete charge of the garden.

Baron Hagiwara died in 1925, leaving the care of the garden to his children. Part of the "gentleman's agreement" between the Baron and Mr. McLaren was that the arrangement should continue for ninety-nine years, with succeeding generations of Hagiwaras in this country maintaining and adding to the garden. While Mr. McLaren had said that the Park would meet the costs of these improvements, no reimbursement of this sort was ever forthcoming, although the Park authorities on some occasions supplied the materials for repairs.

In October, 1940, by action of the Park Commissioners, the orally agreed-upon ninety-nine-year lease was cancelled and the Hagiwaras—Madame Goro Hagiwara, widow of the Baron's son, and her children, Madame Sumiko (Hagiwara) Nagata, Haruko Hagiwara, and George Hagiwara—were informed that they now occupied their home on the basis of month-to-month tenancy. Their attorney (also attorney for the President of the Board of Park Commissioners), told them that the cancellation was "just a matter of form," and that they had nothing to worry about. At this time the family was paying the Park $50 a month as a "fee" for the concession of the tea garden. Meanwhile, all the maintenance work, gardeners' wages, supplies, the bronze, copper, and porcelain ornaments, the singing birds, ornamental fowl, fish, trained and dwarfed shrubs, and other plants were supplied by the Hagiwara family without cost to the city. It has been estimated that the Japanese Tea Garden, representing virtually half a century of effort, involved a private investment of $700,000.

Then came Pearl Harbor. An abrupt "notice to quit" was served upon the Hagiwara family by the Park Commissioners. Three days were allowed the family to vacate their home, to dismantle, pack, and arrange for storage of the art treasures of the Garden. Appeals of the family to allow a Caucasian to assume management of the Garden were denied by the authorities. The Hagiwaras wanted none of the income from the Tea House—asking only that the people of San Francisco be enabled to continue to enjoy the garden and its pleasant facilities. The answer was a flat refusal. Under these frustrating circumstances, the family sustained great losses. Precious heirlooms were lost, irreparably damaged, or stolen. Delicate and rare plants had to be uprooted and transported. All the best dwarf pines and many cherry and plum trees died shortly after leaving the tea garden. There were thousands of tea cups, pots, trays, mats, stools, tables, and other articles to pack and crate with no time to arrange for their sale. All that was left behind was declared "abandoned" by the Park Commission and confiscated, for such disposal as the Commissioners saw fit to make. A person close to the situation declared that barely one fifteenth of the original value of the Hagiwara holdings in their home and the Garden was salvaged, and this only temporarily, for what the Hagiwaras stored was lost during their confinement in internment camps. The human losses were in proportion. All the resources of the family had been placed in the Garden. Goro Hagiwara had even gone to Japan in 1920 to raise funds to improve the Garden. In 1949, at the time of the eviction, the ten members of the family, including children and grandchildren of Baron Hagiwara, immediate relatives and household dependents, were practically penniless, their last savings having been used to cover the costs of removing and storing some of the family possessions in Marin County. By far the greater part of their assets was left in the ground, for the Park Commission refused permission for removal of anything set in the earth deeper than eighteen inches.

Sumiko Hagiwara, who died last year in a public hospital in San Francisco from the combined effects of her family disaster and the years of internment, wrote of the final departure from the Tea Garden:

> "On the morning of May the twentieth, 1942, a crest-fallen group stood in front of the closed entrance gate of the Japanese Tea Garden, their home over forty-eight years past. The quiet of the park shrouded in mist added a note of sadness to their leave-taking. This heavy-hearted group was waiting for a vehicle which would take them to a new destination, under the custody of the U.S. Army. Both aged and young were without speech. They looked worn and lost; no one moved about or looked back to see the closed

> gate, for they wanted to carry away with them a lastingly memory of happier days. Only the silent stepping stones witnessed this termination of a long-kept promise, and bade farewell to the Hagiwara family through the mist of Golden Gate Park."

After the family's departure, the Park Commissioners ordered the beautiful Moat Shrine torn down and burned, and caused the Hagiwara home to be demolished. Despite the appeal of the family that the Garden be left intact, forty-two truckloads of plants were removed. The Garden, what was left of it, now became an "Oriental" Garden, or a "Chinese" Garden. The San Francisco volume of the American Guide Series retains all the Japanese terms in describing the features of the Garden, yet calls it "Oriental" and refers to "Chinese girls" in native costume. (It may be a problem, by the time of the next edition of the guide-book, to find an "Oriental" people not disqualified by American foreign policy to staff the garden and serve the tea.)

In 1947, after his release from a concentration camp, George Hagiwara applied to the Park Commission for permission to operate and maintain the garden. This was refused. His sister, Sumiko, has died; another sister, Haroko, is clerking in a store, while his mother lives in San Francisco in reduced circumstances. On last report, George Hagiwara had given up hope of returning to his lifework, but was endeavoring to establish the right of the Japanese-American community in San Francisco to rebuild the Tea Garden.

So far, this is the end of the story. The Hagiwaras have not been indemnified at all for their losses due to the wartime evacuation. It is difficult to see how they *can* be indemnified, for the losses, although considerable in money, involve much more than can be repaid by any agency except ashamed and generous human hearts.

Early this year, a man with this kind of a heart went to San Francisco to see what could be done to obtain even a small measure of justice for the remaining Hagiwaras. He interviewed twenty-one "leading citizens," not one of whom was willing to help, unless *someone else* would act first—and each "someone else" found another to wait upon. The result was that no one did anything.

The Hagiwaras are not unique, of course. Some hundred thousand persons of Japanese origin—more than half of them citizens of the United States—suffered similar personal disaster. The keynote of the relocation policy was set by General De Witt, who declared:

> "A Jap is a Jap. . . . It makes no difference whether he is an American citizen or not he is still a Japanese. . . .The Japanese race is an enemy race and while many second and third generation Japanese born on United States soil, possessed of United States citizenship, have become 'Americanized,' the racial strains are undiluted. . . . we must worry about the Japanese all the time until he is wiped off the map." (Quoted by Judge Denman, Chief Justice of the Ninth Circuit of the U.S. Court of Appeals, in his 1949 decision on the Renunciants case.)

But the Hagiwaras are distinguished by a record of public service which has few parallels anywhere. As a San Francisco columnist, Herb Caen, put it, "The story of what the Hagiwaras did for San Francisco, and what San Francisco did to the Hagiwaras, is not a pretty one."

Thus the case for the proposition that we are not a civilized people.