

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

THE day after the first Russian Sputnik rose into orbit, the New York *Times* editorialized: "Now we must rise out of our long childhood and play the part of wise, mature and humane men—all of us, all mankind, of whatever political or religious faith—or we shall surely die."

If, in the brief span of time since that editorial appeared, an objective observer had listened closely to the behavioral responses to Sputnik of many governmental leaders, media spokesmen, and other opinion-makers in the United States, he might have concluded—"we shall surely die."

In the Dec. 19 *Manchester Guardian*, a correspondent in the United States wrote of America's reaction to the "challenge" of Sputnik: "In this emergency," he said, "the stature of the scientist has risen enormously. Congress awaits his advice with almost deferential respect; the public has exalted him into a guardian of the nation's destiny."

How has the scientific community responded to this flattery? It has loved it! With a few splendid exceptions, there has been an absence of humility in scientists' statements. They have left the impression that all will be well if only their advice is quickly heeded, if science is given a big budget, and if the Defense Department revises its rather languid estimate of the importance of scientific research. If these men were not so nobly dedicated to the public cause, they could fairly be accused of intellectual arrogance. Many of them relish the power that has now come to them; and they lack the grace of spirit to lament the hideous necessity which has thrust this authority into their hands. Must a scientist also be a philosopher, before he realizes that Russia's scientific triumphs cannot be matched and mastered by a mere answering surge of American power? The answer must embody and express the full energies of American experience; and it is the failure of so many scientists to display this social wisdom, to rise above the splendid trappings of their special craft, that leaves one with a brooding sadness.

The *Manchester Guardian's* correspondent continues:

What of the press? One must speak frankly about one's own colleagues and own profession even at the risk of painful misunderstanding. When judged by the high and austere standards which glorify the American press, the present record must be accounted an inglorious and disappointing one. Did the American press raise its voice in constant warning over Russia's alarming growth in military and scientific power? It did not. . . . And now, without a touch of self-restraint, all too many papers are engaged in a loud-mouthed campaign as if their record were a model of infallible wisdom.

Fortunately, our "objective observer" would note that many, perhaps most, of the American people have not—at least yet—accepted all the millions of words, oral and written, which have come to us during the past few months as our leaders tried to patch together another burst facade. Too much has happened in the past two or three years for all of us to be entirely satisfied with the wisdom of these men who would be our leaders. The years of appealing only to our most primitive instincts of fear, hate and suspicion, of providing us with simplistic, black-white pictures of the world we live in, doesn't go down easily any more. The fragility of traditional diplomacy, military alliances, negotiation-from-strength, ideological claims and even totalitarian rule were revealed to all the world when, less than two years ago, Britain, France and Israel invaded Egypt (in this case the "good guys" were aggressors against the "bad guys") and, again, when the Hungarian communists rose against the Soviet rule. For a moment the curtain was held back and we got a glimpse of the terrible clutter behind the scenes. It took a great deal of VIP verbiage to make us forget what a mess the self-styled "realists" had made of things. The rise of Sputnik, then, last October, was simply an additional shock to our delusions, and helped to complete the realization

that the Official picture of the world was out of focus. The bad guys, we find, in spite of being totalitarian, are capable of scientific and technological advance; they have American "know-how," and they haven't had to steal it from us with nasty spies. And we, after being told for ten or twelve years that peace could only come if we negotiate from strength, were appalled to discover that the Soviets have strength and are going to negotiate from it.

Several years ago General MacArthur, in a moment of clarity, suggested that one of the fundamental difficulties in the world today, including the United States, is that the "leaders are the laggards." Now what does it really mean for the leaders to be laggards? It means that the people are prepared for great advances and fundamental changes in our tackling of the problems of war and peace, but that they cannot raise up a new leadership to give it direction. And it suggests a certain lack among the people as well as among the leaders.

It also suggests that many people, including our leaders, recognize—with one part of their minds—that the editorial writer of the *New York Times* is right when he calls for a new maturity in human and world affairs, but that there is another part of our minds which prevents us from acting with maturity, a primitive part which says "stick with the old and the tried; we can't take chances." In short, behaving maturely is a boot-strap operation which is easy to call for, but infinitely more difficult to carry out. We need help.

In part, we can help one another. Fairly mature people are less capable of mature behavior precisely when their total environment is inimical to good mental health—when their fears have been aroused unduly and indiscriminately; when their hostilities have been encouraged and channeled according to the Devil theory of evil; when their anxieties and insecurities have been stimulated by suspicions, often officially, if pathologically engendered. Our mental hospitals bulge with intelligent people, potentially capable

of mature behavior, whose mental health collapsed when their particular breakdown threshold was reached; when their peculiar personal inadequacies combined with a threatening environment to result in mental delusion.

Cold war, psychological warfare, like war itself, is bad for mental health. It is delusive; it results not just in personal delusion but in what Edmond Taylor called institutional delusions. Taylor, who was a leader in the wartime OSS, the department of cloak-and-dagger, psychological warfare, wrote a book in 1946 which was a plea for insight into the destructive nature of psychological warfare upon both its targets and its users. Taylor's book, *Richer by Asia*, grew out of his experiences in Southeast Asia during World War II. It draws a contrast between his own group, the psychological warriors, and another group he found living and working in the area; a group which he described as consisting of some of the most sensible people he had ever met in a lifetime of travel in many parts of the world. Even this group of people he met in India were not entirely mature. But what impressed him was that they were engaged in a program of enquiry and action which was helping them to give up both personal and institutional delusions, to achieve greater maturity; whereas Taylor's activities and program were having a deleterious effect on him and those who worked with him. Who were these relatively mature people with the program that brought liberation from fear, hatred and suspicion? They were the Gandhian-led Indians engaged in a non-violent revolutionary struggle to achieve freedom for India.

Am I suggesting that the way to achieve the maturity necessary—in the words of the *New York Times* editorial—to "play the part of wise, mature and humane men" in order that we shall not all die, can and must be achieved through a consciously non-violent program? I am. The time has come to give serious consideration to alternatives to the traditional methods. Even some newspapermen recognize this; it was James

Reston of the New York *Times* who wrote: "For the first time in history reflective men have had to grapple with the pacifist's question: Can national interests and human values really be served by waging a war with atomic and hydrogen weapons?" Mr. Reston may be forgiven for his unhistorical observation that reflective men have to grapple with the pacifist's question for the first time in history. The important thing is that he had raised the question for himself and for others like him. The answer, of course, is obvious. Gandhi gave it some years before it occurred to Mr. Reston. Gandhi wrote:

There is no escape from the impending doom save through a bold unconditional acceptance of the non-violent method. Democracy and violence go ill together. The states that today are nominally democratic will either have to become frankly totalitarian or, if they are to become truly democratic, they must become courageously non-violent.

We know, then, both the question and the answer. Gandhi knew it; Mr. Reston knows it. Most of the so-called experts know it. "Can national interests and human values really be served by waging a war with atomic and hydrogen weapons?" The obvious answer is, "No." A more carefully-phrased answer, of course, would point out that "national interests" and "human values" are not necessarily the same, and are not necessarily served by the same means. One of the paradoxes of our time is that national interests and human interests and values are sometimes mutually exclusive: the national interests of a Great Power may be served by murder, torture, lies and hydrogen bombs; in the process, human needs and values may be ground into nothingness. One aspect of our contemporary problem is that some of our chief institutions, possessed of vast powers, are obsolescent in terms of their original purposes and usefulness: they tend to destroy men, to turn them into "things." In George Orwell's phrase, they are an instrument leading to "An endless pressing, pressing on the nerve of power . . . if you want a picture of the future,

imagine a boot stamping on a human face—forever."

During the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, one of the institutions that has become increasingly anti-human, increasingly an enemy of human value, is the national state. As Randolph Bourne saw in 1917, "War is the health of the State." Under the impact of the new national organizations of the state since the French Revolution, with the development of conscript armies and manpower—the Nation in Arms—ordinary men, citizens of these states, became increasingly viewed as instruments for state power, as means to national ends. Men were no longer ends in themselves.

In America this development lagged behind that of other parts of the world during our century of isolation, but rapidly caught up under the impact of World Wars I and II and the world-wide stimulus of the contemporary technological revolution that is changing the world and our societies more in five or ten years than they were changed previously in a hundred years, or five hundred. Little wonder that our institutions show wear and tear in human terms and can no longer, in their present form, serve human values and needs. Despite our best efforts, and the best efforts of the men who are our leaders, the fatal trend continues: the mid-twentieth century world sits precariously on the brink of an extinction brought on by an hypertrophy of violence, physical, social and psychological. As Lester Pearson, Canada's former Foreign Secretary, said in his Nobel peace prize acceptance speech on Dec. 11, "The grim fact is that we prepare for war like precocious giants and for peace like retarded pygmies."

Even without all the contributing causes, the fantastic uses of contemporary science and technology, geared primarily for the genocidal, suicidal destruction of war, lead us to fear as well as welcome scientific advance. As one observer recently wrote,

It is all very well to say that scientific work is morally neutral and can be put to either good or bad use, but when one knows in advance the kind of use to which it is likely to be put, a response of fear and dread has an authenticity that no political analyst can afford to disregard. "What new way of murder will the rulers of the world now devise?"—this is the first spontaneous human response. And it is right.

But even more. So rapid is the revolutionary transformation of the world under the impact of the new science and technology that a whole new series of dangers now faces men and their governments. One example is sufficient. The world's population is burgeoning at a geometrical rate; in China alone there are a million new babies a month. Within the next generation we shall have to deal with this population growth in a fresh and humane way, or it will become the source of new misery and violence for men everywhere. In short, we are living in the midst of one of the profoundest revolutions in human history. (How often have we heard these words, or something like them; but when will we wake up to their meaning?) In study after study, in pronouncement after pronouncement, we have been told of this revolution that is transforming our world and our lives; then, after the analyses, come the proposals and the programs. And what are they? "We'll keep on doing what we're doing, only more so." War is now suicidal, genocidal, futile and insane; therefore we shall prepare for war. There is no defense against the ultimate weapon; therefore we will build an anti-missile missile.

We know we must prevent war, but we fail utterly to see the necessity of altering our fundamental practices and behavior—practices and behavior which always result in war.

James Reston—a favorite newspaper correspondent of mine, as you can see—recently discovered Quincy Wright's monumental study of war. Mr. Reston concluded from it:

The whole history of this century testifies to man's appalling inability to prevent the outbreak of armed conflict. There have been sixteen localized wars since the end of the last World War, including Korea, Indochina and Suez. Israel and the Arab

states have been in a state of war for a decade. Most of France's army is tied down today in North Africa. Since 1896, the peoples of the world have scarcely known a single year without some kind of armed conflict. Nothing since the 12th century compares with the monstrous record of wars, rebellions, massacres and pogroms in the 20th. The European nations alone fought seventy-four wars in the first 30 years of this century, lasting in sum total 297 years.

Mr. Reston gives us this melancholy report as a part of a plea for the acceptance of the doctrine of limited war. For the only choice, according to Mr. Reston, lies in accepting—and adhering to—limited war as an alternative to all-out thermo-nuclear war. One cannot help but have sympathy for Mr. Reston's hopes. Limited wars, from a human point of view, are certainly preferable to final and total cataclysm. One trouble, of course, is that limited wars don't always stay that way. World Wars I and II were both "limited wars" at the start; but somebody, or some somebodies, miscalculated. Quincy Wright's catalog of modern wars and their frequency illustrates not the desirability of limited war, but that limited wars in our time tend to become major wars, and finally world wars; it shows that the tempo of wars has been increasing and that nations have been tending more and more into a totalitarian pattern—to the detriment of human values. Unlike the conclusion Mr. Reston draws from Quincy Wright's study—after a quick perusal between newspaper deadlines—Mr. Wright decided that nationalism is doing us in. That national states are the chief culprits in our time, and that they must be transformed, or we are lost. This led him to become, not an adherent of limited war, but of world government. It led him to advocate taking away from national states certain of their powers and claims over the lives of human beings. Mr. Wright sees a revolutionary process that demands a revolutionary response. Patching up the old framework and mechanism is not sufficient.

The U.S. Army psychologists recently completed a study of the American soldiers who were prisoners of the Chinese in Korea. They discovered that the amazingly bad showing of

American prisoners, their acquiescence to Chinese brainwashing, was not due to torture (there was almost no torture), but due largely to the fact that these young Americans had few if any convictions about themselves or the world in which they had lived; and that almost all of them had a price. They could be bought. And they were. A few crusts, a shower bath, a willingness to attend indoctrination sessions; their price was low.

William H. Whyte has recently published a study of what he calls the Organization Man. These not-so-young men, he discovered, also have a price. A place in the organization, a decent salary, a home in suburbia, one wife, two children, a dog and a cat, and they are yours for life or for death. They'll do whatever the organization is doing, they belong to it. If it manufactures automobiles, they'll praise high tail-fins; if it turns out ads, they'll smoke Camels, eat Wheaties and wear Maiden Form bras; if it makes H-bombs and guided missiles, they'll swallow hard and go ahead. These men have paid the price.

One of the great difficulties and tragedies in this revolutionary time in which men's lives and institutions are being transformed, is that the Western world has turned up so few revolutionaries. Symptomatic of the problem is the recent book, *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*, written by Henry A. Kissinger, but representative also of eighteen months of work and cogitation by a committee of thirty-five prominent men brought together by the Council on Foreign Relations. Who were these men? They included some military experts (Hanson Baldwin, for example), several military men (generals, that is, including Bedell Smith and James Gavin), civic-minded business men (as Thomas K. Finletter), a scattering of scientists and a couple of scholarly foreign affairs experts. From their long labors, Mr. Kissinger brought forth the mouse of the doctrine of Limited War. Like drowning men snatching for straws, they tried to salvage war—in some form—from its monumental ruins. In more than 430 pages, with

bibliography, we have a discussion of war, foreign policy and future possibilities, but not a word about peace.

And there is one thing more, revelatory of the whole; early in their discussions they agreed and accepted the thesis that America is a status quo power, a power dedicated to trying to keep things essentially as they are in the midst of the world's profoundest revolution!

Is there any wonder these men fail to talk of peace? They are preparing the funeral shroud of mankind; they are the harbingers of death. And they're wrong, wrong, wrong.

What we need to recognize, of course, is not that these men are evil but simply that they are products of the status quo and that they are victims, along with many others, of the virus of psychological warfare which has so distorted men's view of the world and their roles in it. These men can analyze and describe the revolution in which we live, but they are incapable by experience, habit and present motivation to give the kind of leadership necessary to bring about a humanly hopeful resolution of some of the chief dangers and conflicts. One of the difficulties in the world is that the reins of power are in the hands of the old men, and they won't let go. Yet they are the ones least capable of new, imaginative and daring methods and institutions. Churchill, Dulles, Eisenhower, Adenauer, Macmillan, yes even Krushchev (63), Bulganin: These old soldiers won't even fade away.

What are we to do? First of all, it seems to me, we must face up to our own analyses. Is it true that war cannot advance human values? If so, then the overriding problem is to search out and devise the alternative to war. Second is it true that we are in the midst of a profound revolution? If so, then we must become revolutionaries in the best sense: those who recognize the roots of problems, the needs of people and the necessity of not trying to dam up a great human, social and technological flood without responding to the problems and needs

that produced the flood. We must master the revolution and transform it into an instrument for good and for human benefit; we must ameliorate its excesses and canalize its energies constructively into new institutions capable of functioning for human and social good in one overcrowded world. We must work to make the revolution a humane and non-violent one in all its aspects.

Accepting this to be so, then how and where do we start? We start now with ourselves; with a new and critical inventory of our personal capacities and convictions. We start by recognizing our personal responsibility for the kind of world we live in, and for our social responsibility in that world. The first step must be to bring our own fears under some control; if possible to overcome them. And there is a very old formula that may help; some of you will recognize it as not being entirely alien to the Western tradition: it is that "perfect love casteth out fear." This claim may not be 100 per cent accurate, but I can promise you this: it will help.

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REVIEW

HYMNS AND HYPOCRISIES

ALL of us, we suppose, harbor entrenched prejudices, and one of ours—quite clearly revealed—is annoyance at the religious piety which so often emerges when the subject of war is discussed. Save for an occasional erratic outbreak on the part of extremist elements, the representatives of religion in the Eastern world will not bless either wars or the implements of war. And we have noted that the Western habit of appealing to a vengeful Spirit, a God who can take sides, has seemed most peculiar to the people of India.

It is in this mood that Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan recently discussed the world situation before some American religious leaders in New York City. According to an account by Morris Kaplan (*New York Times*, March 22), Dr. Radhakrishnan pointed out that traditional Christianity has always managed to bury, in a deep hole of obscurantism, the condemnation of violence set forth in the Biblical utterance—"All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword." The philosopher-diplomat, now India's Vice President, went on to predict a time when orthodox religions, as we presently know them, will cease to exist. The religion of the future, he said, will be "rational, ethical and spiritual," without room for the tendency to judge, condemn or dogmatize.

From present evidence, it seems likely that many young Christians will increasingly protest the sort of religion which has proved itself so useless in averting the catastrophe of war. An Associated Press dispatch from Bromwich, England, gives indication that the young people of that locale have "had it," so far as "hymns" are concerned—just as many adult Britishers have let the present home government know that they are not in favor of installing American nuclear launching sites on English soil. The A.P. story relates:

The school organ played the introduction to a hymn at an assembly of 100 students—but only the teachers sang.

From sullen rows of teenagers came only the whispered chant: "Sumab . . . Sumab . . . Sumab."

The singing of the teachers faltered and then stopped. Sumab had won.

Sumab, the initials stand for "Students Underground Movement Against Bull," was founded in the city of West Bromwich, a suburb of Birmingham.

Educational authorities are worried because Sumab may spread to other cities.

We notice some delightful writing along the same line by Ignazio Silone in the March issue of *Encounter*—in a short story titled "The Welcoming Committee." Silone speaks on the subject of war and priestcraft. When an important dignitary is to be welcomed to the village of Cisterna, Don Franco, the priest, wishes to promote a war memorial:

"Before we proceed to draw up our list of petitions," he said, "I venture to suggest that there is one particularly urgent need to which we should give top priority. If the inherent dignity of Cisterna is to be commensurate with its new prestige, we must see to it that the village is provided, as speedily as possible and of course out of government funds, with a war memorial of its own. I trust," he concluded, "that there are no dissenting voices on this point."

The first dissenting voice to be raised was that of the old councillor.

"One-third of the population is living in caves and shacks," he remarked mildly.

Don Franco had foreseen this objection and was ready for counter-attack.

"The cult of the dead," he affirmed in a ponderous tone, "is the hallmark of a civilisation. The higher the civilisation, the greater the importance assigned to it. Don't you think it's a disgrace that Cisterna should still be without a war memorial? It's a state of affairs that we ought to feel continually preying on our minds."

"I haven't seen a monument like the one you're talking about in any of the other villages around here," the old councillor said.

"All the more reason for Cisterna to take the shine out of them," Don Franco retorted in triumph. "Their envy will be the crowning tribute to our superior Status."

"Quite a persuasive argument, that," the clerk conceded with a titter.

"We're being asked to erect a war memorial," one of the younger councillors put in. "All right, but for which war? Is it for the war of liberation?"

The mayor's jaw dropped, and he looked questioningly at Don Franco.

"I don't propose to let myself be drawn into controversy," the priest said curtly.

"But we can't erect a war memorial," the councillor insisted, "without telling people which war it's meant to be for."

"I did anticipate that difficulty," the priest admitted after a moment's embarrassment. "I've been thinking that in order to get it we might resort to allegory. What would you say to a marble statue of Glory embracing Sacrifice?"

With one voice, the three councillors demanded: "What sacrifice?"

"The abstract idea of Sacrifice," Don Franco lashed back, mottled with vexation. "The Idea—the Concept, that is. The Idea covers everything."

"The abstract idea of Sacrifice," one may come to feel, is very nearly the most nefarious concept ever introduced into Western culture, because, usually, it has nothing to do with self-denial in the interests of spiritual perception, but rather insists that one must give up the integrity of his personal life to serve the god of war. In giving one's life for one's country, the sacrificial act is not *performed*; it has simply been *ordained*. The greatest tragedy of modern war is that the average soldier, in whatever army, has no personal knowledge of the men whose destruction his efforts are being organized to promote, nor any personal knowledge of why war should be either imminent or in progress.

A short time ago we encountered a young man whose decision to resign his commission in the United States Navy was prompted by this sort of reflection. As he put it, though he had been

rather thoughtlessly preparing to receive a commission throughout four years of ROTC training at Yale University, his time of swearing into service as an officer was also the time when he began to swear himself out—for, he remarked, it was as if he were visited by a strange vision at the precise time he found himself promising to do whatever he was told to do in the interests of American military supremacy. The vision was a vision of towns in a foreign land being blown apart, people mangled and hurtled into the air from the force of atomic explosions. Preparing for this was not, he decided, a way in which he wished to spend his life. No doubt the world needed much sacrifice, but it did not need the sacrifice of his individual judgment, or his individual goodwill, and, least of all, the sacrifice of other people's lives.

This young man's name is John Ingersoll, who is currently traveling the country in an endeavor to find out how many other members of his generation are similarly troubled, how many feel that spending a portion of their lives in the armed services is not for them. Through contacts established by the War Resisters League, the non-sectarian organization of Pacifists, Mr. Ingersoll has been able to pose his pertinent questions to high school assemblies and to discuss the issues of war and peace with interested segments of student bodies in a number of colleges. Apparently Mr. Ingersoll has won respect wherever he has traveled, with young women as well as young men displaying vital interest. In Virginia, two hundred of the three hundred girls enrolled in Sweetbriar College for Girls spent an entire evening listening to Mr. Ingersoll's point of view, posing questions and expressing their feelings. Mr. Ingersoll does not seek to "convert" anyone to pacifism. He knows that he came to his own decision along a lonely road, and that a man is sure of his decision only when he travels this route. He does feel, however, that thousands of young men and women have secret thoughts which parallel his own, and that some latent area of expression may be encouraged by encountering one who

forthrightly brings these questions out into the open. Mr. Ingersoll does not claim to have a theory or a program to allay the woes of the world, but his demeanor indicates that he has found a way out of his own woes and frustrations. He doesn't think that politics or economics, or religions or world governments, will bring the solution. The only solution, he affirms, comes from individuals speaking to individuals. And we are inclined to think the same thing.

When Ingersoll tried to resign from the Navy he ran into all sorts of difficulty, as might be expected. For a naval officer to announce that he had suddenly become a conscientious objector seemed to his superiors to fall only slightly short of a declaration that he was now preparing to walk on water. So he was shunted around for a while, interviewed by Navy psychiatrists (yes, they have them, too), and adjudged to be "seriously ill." Finally, he was pronounced unfit for service—which he certainly was—and allowed to go his way.

COMMENTARY

THE ROLE OF PSYCHOLOGY

CONCERNING the article by Prof. A. H. Maslow, printed in two parts under the title, "The Mission of the Psychologist," a reader writes:

Rather than subsuming men of good will under the banner of psychology, would it not have been better for Maslow to say, or for you (the always-anonymous editors) to point out, that if the world is to be saved (brought to fulfillment), it will be done only by its men of good will.

Psychology is *one* of the tools or means that men of good will may call upon. The discouraging thing is when good will becomes the tool of the psychologist.

You may say in your editorial that Maslow represents a new psychology, as against the old "value-ignoring" kind, but the same arrogance exists, the same psychology-will-save-the-world condescension permeates the article. The redemption of psychology requires humility to atone for the *hubris* of the past.

In different epochs, it seems to us, the redeeming or innovating genius of men flows through different channels. Right now, the field of psychological studies seems, to Dr. Maslow and to us (if we may presume to join with him), to hold more potential vision for mankind than any other field. To say this is something more than arrogance. And it is our impression that Dr. Maslow is far from an arrogant man. A man who is convinced of the importance of his work need not be made arrogant by that conviction and his declaration of it.

Let us note: "By psychologists [wrote Dr. Maslow] I mean all sorts of people, not just professors of psychology. I mean to include all the people who are interested in developing a truer, a clearer, a more empirical conception of human nature, and only such people. That excludes many professors of psychology and many psychiatrists. I would include some sociologists, anthropologists, educators, philosophers, artists, publicists, linguists, business men—anybody who is pointed in this direction; practically anybody

who has taken upon his own shoulders this task that I consider so great and so important a task."

As for "humility": "Since psychology is in its infancy as a science, and so little is known—so pitifully little—(only the psychologist knows how little this is) by comparison with what we need to know and since the weight of responsibility is so heavy on the shoulders of the psychologist, a good psychologist should be a humble man."

Why in this epoch, should psychology be of such transcendent importance? It is important because of the general human failure to accept responsibility, because of the indignities which men heap upon other men and upon themselves. We need to rise out of this ignominy, we need to acquire some genuine self-respect and some sense of purpose in our lives. We cannot do this without a profounder appreciation of the human self and a greater vision of what we ought to be about in this world.

Psychology is important, in this epoch, because it now seems to be the most direct route to serious philosophy—philosophy which means regeneration and "salvation."

It is our impression that psychology has for some years now been making contributions of this sort, and may be expected to make more. That we call the men who are making this contribution "psychologists" may be only an accident of cultural history. But while their sun is high in the heavens, let us honor them for what they do.

CHILDREN ... and Ourselves

A LONG mislaid letter from a correspondent recently came to light, and since it deals with the perennially important matter of good children's books, we hasten to put it into print:

EDITORS: I think we have been fairly successful in developing good reading habits in our children (9, 10 and 13½) with little or no help from public school teachers or librarians. Our greatest aids have been reading aloud; long hours in libraries poring over books; two books on children and reading by Annis Duff, the *Bequest of Wings* and the *Longer Flight*; the Shady Hill School (Cambridge, Mass.) Reading Lists for Grades III through IX (free).

Some years ago the *Horn Book* (a periodical) issued an invaluable list of books for children. It includes books by Beatrix Potter, Leslie Brooks, Marjorie Flack, Margaret Wise Brown, Robert McCloskey, Dr. Suess, and others. We found these excellent for the 2- to 4-year-old, but by 5 the child is ready to listen to such books as *Treasure Island* and *Pickwick Papers* (until the trial).

It is just this very interest that led our children, sometime during the third grade (second for the girl), to finish the more absorbing books themselves. After that they were off on their own, for reading to themselves. We still guide them by keeping a special book shelf at home with ten to twenty library books always on it. (How happy libraries are these days to have one "bring up the circulation" in this manner!) The formula of "read aloud and finish themselves" still works even with the 13½ year old who now reads almost exclusively "adult" books.

A Miss Haviland wrote an article that is reprinted by Campbell & Hall, 989 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Mass. (5 cents). In it she lists what I consider "musts" in good reading for children. It is really astonishing how many of these books cannot be found even in a good-sized library. I am sure this is due to the emphasis of teachers and librarians on the "Information Please" type of book. (Even those Westerns you have twice written about I have failed to locate in three libraries—except *The Last Hunt*.)

I wonder if those of us who would like to borrow, but cannot afford to buy too many books, couldn't put our heads together and think up some way of getting all the best books (children) in every

category under one roof and then get them passed around via the mails.

I believe in "lists" if they are not concerned with special publishers or are not of the "best books of the year" variety. It is surprising how few stand up over even a period of five years. I would rather wait to see if a book appears on the Shady Hill List.

Perhaps most of our readers have employed the method suggested by our correspondent—that of starting a book with a youngster and allowing him to continue it on his own. One value of this method lies in the fact that parents are apt to be much more particular in their choice if each book is to become something of a joint project. As for the suggestion that good reading lists might be exchanged by interested MANAS readers, we shall be glad to continue publishing them when they appear, or otherwise make them available to those readers who have expressed interest.

This seems an appropriate time to say something more about a Beacon Press volume titled *Poems to Grow On*, a compilation from numerous, often obscure, sources. This is, by all odds, the best book of its sort we have seen, and the price of \$3.50 is hardly high for a volume so well put together. Even three-year-olds will enjoy looking at the illustrations while these poems are read to them. Gobin Stair is the designer and illustrator. We quote Beacon Press:

Mr. Stair wanted to make each page a new adventure for the child, who is assumed to be looking on while an adult reads aloud or reads for himself. Some of the drawings are realistic, some exaggerated—the bugs, for instance, are purposely fantastic. But *aren't* bugs fantastic? In the drawings are variety, humor, delicacy of interpretation, the unusual angle, and, above all, freshness and wonder. We know of no other book which has been conceived, written, illustrated, designed, and manufactured in quite this way. We believe it to be unique.

As for the poems themselves, there are those which tell of a child's thoughts about himself and his family; poems which enter the secret world of a child's imagination; and poems which express his deepest wonderings. There are poems on every phase of nature as it is seen through the eyes of a child; poems on the weather, the seasons; poems about birds

and animals and bugs; about the sun, moon, and stars. Each one is directly related to the way a child actually does feel about these things.

Poems to Grow On is compiled by Jean McKee Thompson, who pleases us greatly by her refusal to impose conventional conceptions of God upon children. To do so, she seems to be saying, is to imply that the mystery and sacredness of all life is somehow up above "looking down" on us. To develop a natural and genuine sense of religion, on the contrary, the child simply needs to expand his sense of wonderment. If he must get around to calling something God, let him do it on his own and in his own time and way. So far as we were able to note, not a single poem so much as mentions the formal deity. In her foreword, Mrs. Thompson explains why:

Religion has been defined as "man's response to wonder." In children, the capacity for wonder is very great. Poets seem especially sensitive to this feeling of wonder in children.

How meaningful a child's wonder is if it is based on his own experiences—if after "It took at least a morning of working in the sun" to build a sandpile town, he thinks: "How long it must have taken before the World got done!" Many of his wonderings are questions that no one can answer: "How do little carrot seeds know the way to grow?"

Perhaps the poets may not think of this as being religion, but it is the stuff from which religion is made.

For those of us who want our children to develop their own religion, poetry fills a need which nothing else can. This book is presented in the hope that it will help heighten children's spiritual awareness of themselves, other people, and the world. Their own lives, and their religion, will be greatly enriched by such an awareness.

We have chosen for quotation one out of the many poems, large and small, which appear in these 112 pages. It is called "Talking in Their Sleep":

"You think I am dead,"
The apple tree said,
"Because I have never a leaf to show—
Because I stoop,
And my branches droop,

And the dull grey mosses over me grow!
But I'm alive in trunk and shoot,
The buds of May
I fold away—
But I pity the withered grass at my root!"

"You think I am dead,"
The quick grass said,
"Because I have parted with stem and blade,
But under the ground I am safe and sound
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.
I'm all alive and ready to shoot,
Should the spring of the year
Come dancing here—
But I pity the flower without branch or root!"

"You think I am dead,"
A soft voice said,
"Because not a branch or root I own !
I never have died
But close I hide,
In a plummy seed that the wind has sown.
Patient I wait through the long winter hours;
You will see me again—
I shall laugh at you then,
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers !"

FRONTIERS

A Scientific Religion

LAST month, MANAS printed two articles which attempted to deal with the role of Science in our culture. They were written mostly in response to communications from readers, but also took account of what seem to be prevailing attitudes on the part of the interpreters of science, if not scientists themselves. We now have a letter which comments broadly on one of these articles. Its writer takes the view that there should be a strict differentiation between, on the one hand, the theory and practice of science, and on the other, philosophical judgments which are made to issue from scientific assumptions.

The following is a clear statement of some of the issues involved:

Editors: Having just read your article on "Science and Human Freedom" (MANAS, April 9), I wonder if your choice of the word "complaint" (against "Science") is not a bit unfortunate. Do you complain against a body of knowledge and a method of obtaining that knowledge, when, in the strict sense of the word, science makes no pretense of dealing with human values? I think science is necessarily still deterministic because in application it cannot escape strict causality. This is true, I think, in spite of Heisenberg's principle of indeterminacy.

Is it not best to leave science to its own field? When scientists deal with human values, they are something more than scientists. Le Comte du Noüy wrote a book that is neither good science nor good religion because he attempted to mix incompatibles and to twist fact and theory to his own ends. Jeans, Eddington, Einstein and many other great scientists were more than scientists. I think they knew where to draw the line between science and philosophy, but in their science they adhered strictly to the scientific method.

Is not your complaint really against attempts to make "Science" the complete and final explanation of everything, including man? I doubt that psychology and especially psychiatry are true sciences. They attempt to use the scientific method as far as possible, but they cannot escape human values. When they try to do the latter we have men like Skinner who try to be scientific in the strict sense. Hence they have to

ignore human values. The fault is not with "Science," but with the failure to acknowledge the limitations of "Science."

Although there may be scientists who think otherwise, it seems to me that, in the strict sense of the word, there is no place for freedom in science. If one tries to make a philosophy or way of life out of science, one ends up with sheer, stark pessimism. But that does not mean that I complain about the scientific method. It has its place in our lives and I doubt that you would wish to see it abandoned.

The contention of this writer, with which we can hardly disagree, is that science must never be stretched into a total philosophy of life. The burden of two MANAS articles of last month, "Science and Human Freedom" (April 9), and "Facts, Things, and Persons" (April 16), was that precisely this has happened. Our criticism, therefore, in the view of this writer, should have been wholly directed at the *misuse* of science, and not at science itself.

We thought we made this distinction. However, it is certainly the case that for several generations, in both the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, a body of intellectual and emotional attitudes has grown up around the idea of science, and that these attitudes, for a large number of people, constitute a "total" philosophy which is called by them "scientific," or said to be founded on "scientific fact." This so-called "scientific philosophy," with which may be equated the assumptions of Materialism, or mechanistic determinism, has had an enormous influence on modern thought and, in the nineteenth century, provided the foundations of a great revolutionary political movement.

It is these assumptions, loosely named "scientific," which we have been calling into question, and not the disciplined approach to problems of research which the practicing scientist applies within his limited field.

Two things more need to be said. First, it seems important to recognize the validity of the human longing to *have* a total philosophy, and, therefore, the powerful motive which causes men

to turn scientific assumptions into philosophical assumptions. It hardly needs pointing out that if the religion of the West had been more hospitable to the scientific spirit, when it was a newcomer on the historical scene, science might not have developed so many polemical (which here means "materialistic" or "anti-religious") defenses, and thus become a rival of both philosophy and religion.

The second thing to be considered is the possibility that there *may* be a kind of science which could deal with the non-deterministic aspects of life. That we have had no experience of this kind of science is plain enough. Our correspondent is of the view that "there is no place for freedom in science."

But if science is essentially a rigorous examination of the facts and experiences in human life, why not such an examination of the agencies of freedom and the acts of free agents? This, as we understand the term, would be a science of religion.

The determination of whether a science of this sort is possible, we suppose, rests with the philosophy of science. It is the business of the philosophy of science to define the fields of scientific investigation and to propose the methods which are appropriate for use in the fields in question. It is unlikely, for example, that the techniques of physiology would be much of a help in defining the areas of freedom or in identifying the sort of "entity" which might be said to enjoy some sort of "freedom." Indeed, it is unlikely that any known or familiar brand of science can be turned to an investigation of this character.

Manifestly, certain admissions or stipulations will have to be made before such a science is even conceivable—the stipulation, at least in hypothesis, that there is in some sense a "reality" or aspect of reality which may be called "free," and that free action or decision may be perceived and possibly "studied"—however obscure, at first approach, this entire subject may appear to be.