

A LONG, LONG TIME

THE present may be defined as a period in history when the rigid framework of old institutions frustrates the natural social evolution of the peoples of the world. The emerging sensitivities of the time are all but smothered by the demands which these institutions make upon our lives. As a result, the psychological life of countless people is invaded by the turmoil of conflicting loyalties and irreconcilable values. And in such an age, many men choose some "all-or-nothing" philosophy or party, simply to be free of these inner tensions. There is a kind of peace to be gained by returning to the arms of the Mother Church, by becoming a blindly believing Communist, or by embracing one or another of the brands of jingoism which afford their supporters unfettered emotional expression.

These tendencies, however, need not be regarded as the last expiring frenzy of a dying civilization, although there is a sense in which that is exactly what they are. They may also be recognized as premonitory symptoms of the birth of new attitudes of mind. A period of great psychological pressures and moral contradictions is always a time for the emergence of distinguished individuals—men and women who do the individual pioneering for the institutions of the future. A beneficent mass reaction to institutional decay is hardly to be expected, for mass action always seeks the line of least resistance, and in a time like the present, the line of least resistance leads directly to a blind defense of old habits and forms of behavior, or—to as blind and irrational destructiveness.

But constructive attitudes of mind are spreading, even if they give little promise, as yet, of gaining actual power. After all, the car of Juggernaut rolls on with a momentum accumulated over centuries, and while individual men may renounce war, a nation seldom

experiences a sudden illumination leading to an about-face in policy. We may recognize, however, that the momentum which arises from the past can eventually be exhausted. Very few men, today, add their strength to the military machine because their hearts are in it—rather, they do it from fear, in fear and often with loathing for what they regard as a desperate necessity.

It is fear, and not an eagerness for martial enterprise, which drives men to war, these days. Guided missiles are no substitutes for the pennants of medieval tourneys. Bacterial poisons can supply no *esprit de corps* to the fighters who may use them. Modern war, any way you look at it, is an obvious betrayal of the life-principle of all the world, and even the noblest patriotic sentiments cannot hide its absolute disaster. No normal man can go through modern war without experiencing intense self-disgust, in the sense of deep shame for a mankind that has learned no better way of settling differences.

We need, then, to consider how much of the evil of our time is inherited from old ways of doing things, while realizing that the good we attempt to do suffers from the common weakness of all small beginnings. We have, let us say, the good will to make world peace, but we have yet to replace our war-making institutions with peace-making institutions. Peace-making institutions must be powerful engines of faith—of belief in the capacity for peace of disciplined human beings. For, obviously, only disciplined human beings can live at peace.

It will take a long, long time to evolve institutions of this sort. It will take not only time, but a deeper philosophy of life than any currently popular credo, whether of the church or of the market place. Living institutions capable of

shaping the future are much more fundamental instruments of collective action than constitutions. They represent a temper of the mind.

There is no use, then, in looking at the present forms of group or collective action for encouraging signs. The future—any worth-while future, that is—will not be constructed by these, but out of those "unofficial" movements which are close to the positive beliefs of human beings, and it will be made out of the substance of common attitudes now being formed in the minds of the people of the world.

One result of the ceaseless activity of an intelligent minority of persons devoted to the idea of human equality has been the continuous if slow progress toward the doing of justice by the economically dominant white peoples of the world to other races. While it is far from being time to "brag" about racial equality in the United States, the fact is that American Negroes are increasingly taking their place as natural members of the American community. The stultifying self-consciousness which has long been characteristic of situations in which "whites" try to be "nice" to Negroes is not so prevalent as it used to be, as people learn to ignore differences in color.

This is a lesson which other countries learned many years ago—France, for example, and Brazil—but the United States has been the scene of immeasurable injustice to the Negroes, so that the psychological adjustment to intelligent "race relations"—and intelligence in matters of race means the ultimate disregard of racial differences—will come only as the result of persistent efforts.

Another favorable sign is the spread of the influence of the peace movement. The Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, for example, unites the women and mothers of the United States with women in many European and Asiatic countries. A century ago, there was hardly a peace organization in existence, and no international body that we know of. There were religious groups pledged to peace, but their

commitment—excepting, perhaps, the Quakers—was to "God" rather than to man, and salvation-seeking Christian sectarians have seldom been noted for their broad, humanitarian purposes. Today, there are at least two or three international associations of persons who are committed to peace in absolute personal terms. They exert a ceaseless influence through their speaking, writing, and, in some cases, civil disobedience, on behalf of peace. The hope of a warless world is a vividly real objective of unnumbered people who have grasped the peace ideal promulgated by these groups.

Meanwhile, in the Orient, the tradition of freedom established in the political literature of the world is gaining new millions of followers, through the patriots of the various independence movements of Asia. In Indonesia, in particular, Thomas Paine is known as an inspirer of the Indonesian Revolution. President Sukarno, of the Indonesian Republic, was recently quoted as saying of the Indonesian struggle for independence: "I tried to synthesize the conceptions of Lincoln with the technique of India." More than a century ago, Joseph Mazzini, reading the literature of ancient Rome, found taking shape in his mind the luminous conception of a free and united Italy, and that vision became the dominating motive of his life. Today, in the Far East, and in Africa, men of other races are making similar discoveries and formulating to themselves the program of emancipation. The great impersonal ideals of ancient political thinkers and of the leaders of the French and American Revolutions have not died out, but have a perpetual and increasing life in the dawning determination that there shall be world freedom and world peace.

In the West, the failures and shortcomings of political self-government under the conditions provided by the Industrial Revolution have stirred countless individuals to intensive thinking. Even as they bend with the impositions and follies of the dominant institutions of the day, they plan and

execute new approaches to intelligent social and personal living. We are already on the verge of an individualist revolution in gardening and nutrition. The number of organic farmers is increasing, and shops to distribute natural foods appear wherever there are people enough to support them. Intentional community life is the objective of many young couples and families who seek a rural environment. While such movements have only the proportion of "seeds" to fully grown trees, when compared to the prevailing pattern of life, the one thing that may be reasonably expected of seeds is that they will grow.

Religion, too, is undergoing a change. The Western world passed from an Age of Dogma into an Age of Angry Atheism; the atheism was followed by cautious skepticism, and now, with the failures of both dogmatic religion and dogmatic materialism before us, an epoch of honest questioning and wondering seems to be beginning. In any event, there is widespread recognition of the need for Universalism in religion, and for responsibility in science, and while the "Failure-of-Nerve" aspect of the return to religion may be admitted, the return to serious metaphysical inquiry is rather evidence of new courage and imagination.

If we can persuade ourselves of the central thesis here proposed—that we are now growing up to a measure of moral maturity, but as captives of institutions that originated from the barbarous dogmas and nationalisms of an earlier age we may find some foundation for hoping that, some day, as our new ideas become stronger, and the institutional habits of the past lose their hypnotic power, we shall acquire habits both the opportunity and the capacity to make over our world. But it will take a long, long time.

Letter from **CENTRAL EUROPE**

VIENNA.—Franz Joseph, "the old Emperor," was born 120 years ago. He was not the last Habsburger, as his nephew, Karl, ruled from 1916 to 1918, but because Karl was little known and died soon, Franz Joseph is regarded as the last knight of Austria.

The Emperor bore the burden of responsibility for nearly 70 years. It was an age which started with the mail coach and ended with the aeroplane. During this space of time, a leader was expected to become a progressive politician, a clever economist and a careful socialist, all in one.

Early in life he married Elizabeth, Princess of Bavaria—the ideal beauty of Europe for many years. She became a restless traveller later on. It is said that she loathed court life altogether and particularly the Spanish Ceremony which figured as the etiquette of the Habsburgers since the Middle Ages.

The Emperor regarded himself as his first civil servant. He lived under a Spartan discipline—rose early and went to bed at nine o'clock every night like a soldier. He was a not-to-be-influenced judge of affairs put before him, and he stood among his ministers and officers, unmoved, in a pickereel-gray, military coat, stiff, noble and reserved.

He was respected by everybody, but looked upon as a man without natural sunshine of the heart. The respect was surmounted by compassion, for his son, the Crown Prince, committed suicide for practically unknown reasons, the Empress was stabbed to death by an Italia anarchist, and the Throne-Pretendent and his wife were shot at Serajevo.

After the end of World War I and the destruction of the monarchy, comparatively little was said or published about Franz Joseph. He had no real friends, and the mass of the Austrian population was eagerly looking forward to the blessings of a republic, which they had never experienced. But when these blessings did not appear, the figure of the dead monarch came to the foreground. Many recognized for the first time how difficult it must

have been to govern this multi-colored Empire, with what *finesse* Franz Joseph had, after all, accomplished the transition from an absolute monarchy to a limited one, and how he had suffered extreme personal misfortunes without sign of complaint.

Particularly during recent months has Franz Joseph been remembered. The difficulties of present attempts to form a union of the rest of Europe have renewed admiration of the Emperor's diplomatic skill in steering this "league of nations" through half a century, without a rifle's shot or a gun's thunder. He wisely governed a body which in the nineteenth century afforded a united parliament, one currency, passport-free travel, work for everybody, and a guarantee for the protection of the individual.

During the last 30 years of his life, Franz Joseph was befriended by Katharina Schrat. As she came from a good middle-class family and being an actress of high standing, there can be no comparison between her and, for instance, the Pompadour, the La Valliere, or Cleo de Merode. Although there existed a deep and loving friendship between her and the Emperor, there was no unfaithfulness to the Empress, who knew Katharina and was fond of her. His letters to this friend, however, show what nobody has known up to this day—that Franz Joseph possessed a loving heart, romantic longings and deep human feeling. He acted to Katharina as the most chivalrous gentleman. It is typical that he only once treated her as an entire stranger: when she asked him to side with her in a difference which she had with the director of the Imperial Theaters.

Since the present difficulties seem to demonstrate that the Emperor was, in certain aspects, far ahead of his time, and since his letters have not only proved his untouchable correctness, but his deep human feelings, also, a light has started to radiate around him.

And if there is a moral in all this, it might be that even an Emperor, standing at the center of world-wide happenings, can easily appear in history under an entirely false representation.

CENTRAL EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT

REVIEW

PHILOSOPHY IN FICTION

THE above title comes to unspectacular birth, accompanied by the oppressive knowledge that it possesses little attraction. Habit bids us beware of dullness, whenever the philosophical aspects of anything are mentioned. So we start handicapped by knowing that it is always necessary to perform some sort of contortion within our own minds in order to perceive that the pursuit of philosophy is nothing more—as if anything could be more—than the quest for a more enlightening and enlivening understanding.

But conscious evaluation of æsthetic experience is not necessarily a signature on the death-warrant of enjoyment. Both art and metaphysical speculations are, alike, extensions of ourselves. Part of our prejudice against philosophy, though, is excusable. Most of our pedantic philosophers have "extended themselves" only through the courtesy of abstractions. Such people fail to convince us they are breathing—or that they ever breathed. The philosopher who loves classification more than living falls short of penetrating the secret vitality of emotional, or intuitive, experience.

But, conversely, every aesthete has a philosophy, whether he knows it or not. If he claims to scorn metaphysics, he is, as F. H. Bradley once wrote, simply "a brother metaphysician with a rival theory of first principles." To phrase the same idea a little differently, we can admit a high degree of truth in W. Macneile Dixon's assertion that, "All philosophies are in the end personal. You can no more escape your philosophy than you can escape your own shadow, for it also is a reflection of yourself." (We perhaps need to qualify Dixon's statement with the thought that, in another sense, every philosophy is also an attempt to be something *more* than "personal." Consciously sought philosophy always involves an estimate of truth, and to make such an estimate possible we must contrive to step outside our personal predilections and examine them in perspective.)

An interesting point of departure in a search for philosophy in modern fiction is provided by an article in the current *Antioch Review* by James T. Farrell. Farrell has been called variously a Determinist, a Materialist and Naturalist, of which designations he prefers the last—"in a Deweyian sense." What he means by "in a Deweyian sense" is that though his novels (the Studs Lonigan series, etc.) have dwelt almost exclusively on the sordid and morbid portrayals of one or another "lost generation," his intent is not really to encourage pessimism.

Mr. Farrell obviously wishes to be bracketed with Emile Zola as a novelist, and he quotes Claude Bernard, physiologist contemporary of Zola, in defense of them both. Both Zola and himself, intimates Farrell, are worthy contributors to the *Science of the Emotions*. Zola, for instance, deliberately set himself in opposition to the idealistic novelists who clung to traditional religious prejudices "under the pretense that the unknown is nobler and more beautiful than the known." And here is Bernard, as called to speak by Farrell:

You will never reach fully fruitful and luminous generalizations on the phenomena of life until you have experimented yourself and stirred up in the hospital, the ampitheatre, the laboratory, the fetid and palpitating source of life. If it were necessary for me to give a comparison which would explain my sentiments on the science of life, I should say that it is a superb salon, flooded with light which you can only reach by passing through a long and nauseating kitchen.

This is the substance of Mr. Farrell's apologia. The point of greatest interest, at least to us, is that we might easily have placed Mr. Farrell among the last to be concerned with a search for philosophical justification. But here he is, the Studs Lonigan man, disavowing the appellation of pessimist for both Zola and himself! Two footnotes in the *Antioch Review* are particularly interesting on this point:

In passing, let me say that despite his determinism, despite the character of many of his novels, Zola was fundamentally an optimist: Zola was a man who probably declared: "The truth is on the march." The man who boldly assumes that the truth is on the march cannot be such a die-hard pessimist.

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Recently, a reader asked me why my character Danny O'Neill, of my tetralogy, escaped from his environment, and did not end as did Studs Lonigan. On reflection, the only answer I could give was this one: Danny O'Neill was a character who determined and who chose to change. Frequently, at least, defeat and disintegration, when described, appear as though inevitable, and thus determined: to the contrary, growth and change do not at all seem inevitable, and, in fact, even seem to be so inexplicable as to appear fortuitous or accidental.

If we attempt any sort of evaluation of the philosophies brewing in the minds of "modern" novelists, we may find ourselves experimenting with the hypothesis that some sort of regeneration of idealism is here discernible, in the least orthodox quarters. In any case, it appears that men such as Somerset Maugham, William Saroyan, and Farrell, have either lately felt a genuine internal prompting to a more affirmative attitude towards man's lot, or else they are asking themselves questions beyond the novelist's "normal" realm of inquiry. The latter, of course, includes the question, "Do people enjoy reading what I write?" But this can be answered very simply on the basis of breadth of distribution and compounded royalties. A further question, philosophically psychological, is, "Why do people enjoy what I write, and can that enjoyment serve an educative or progressive function?"

It is not our intention, here, to register unreserved admiration of any of the authors mentioned, least of all Farrell. But the Affirmative note in recent productions of all these men is growing, and needs to be evaluated—even if our only justification for such an evaluation is that affirmation makes people happier than negation.

Somerset Maugham's greatest novel is commonly thought to be *Of Human Bondage*, while one of his most recent, *Catalina*, received little approbation in literary circles. Yet, anyone who undertakes a comparison of the two will discover that *Catalina* is full of "affirmations." Destructive Nemesis no longer haunts the characters, and Mr. Maugham even intimates, however whimsically, that there may be untainted beauty and joy in the lives of many people. Two of Saroyan's later novels are so excessively affirmative in support of the "Life-can-

be-beautiful" thesis that they are floridly sentimental. Saroyan, of course, has always had a penchant in this direction, but it is notable that instead of covering it with stylized sophistication he has proceeded further and yet further in the direction of telling people that they ought to be happy and unafraid, and *can* be happy and unafraid.

When we arrive at a consideration of John Steinbeck, another "Realist," we presume, we must carefully skirt the tendency to categorize. Steinbeck is neither an extremist in morbidity nor an extremist in sentiment. The transition of his writing has been simply from muddled mysticism and inept style to an artistry which has retained the essentials of his mysticism while eliminating the obscurity. He has always been philosophical and evaluative.

We would hesitate thus to champion the Realists were it not for the fact that they seem at present to be consciously amenable to this sort of defense. If Farrell, for instance, wants to be considered "affirmative" at this late date, then anything is possible, and we might as well expect the best. In any case, it does not do us harm, and may do us much good, to reason that any type of transformation in the style and emphasis of popular literature may be an indication of significant evolutionary shifts in social and personal attitudes. A neglected field of sociology might someday be labelled "Social Study through Fiction."

COMMENTARY

HEALTH MEASURE

WE hardly expected that, within a few days, there would come to us information tending to confirm the observations made here last week concerning the importance of medical freedom. Through the courtesy of a reader, we have a clipping from the Cincinnati *Post* of Sept. 5, in which it is reported that doctors are now wary of the use of diphtheria and whooping cough vaccines. These vaccinations, it seems, increase the susceptibility of children to poliomyelitis. Tonsil operations, too, may cause polio infections to be more severe.

While this is far from being a condemnation of vaccine therapy in general, it at least shows that there are effects of these particular types of vaccination which have been unknown and unforeseen for generations—"officially" unknown, that is—and lends considerable force to the arguments of those who have maintained that vaccination should never be a *compulsory* health measure. Last week, discussing the drive of the American Medical Association against socialized medicine, we pointed out that medicine could easily become political and even compulsory medicine. The legislation in various states concerning vaccination is an excellent illustration of this possibility. Public health officers have demanded compulsory vaccination with a great show of "scientific" righteousness, and parents unwilling to have their children vaccinated have been subjected to numerous pressures by public school officials. It now appears that such parents may have been right—right, at least, in their contention that the doctors did not know all there was to know about the effects of vaccination. The Science Service dispatch relates:

Preliminary studies in Britain and Australia indicate that the incidence rate is higher and children are more likely to come down with a crippling form of polio if they have just been vaccinated against whooping cough or diphtheria, or both. . . . The theory of the vaccine inoculations seems to be that the shock of such vaccinations may stimulate the latent virus into action. It was found that in many cases

there was paralysis in the leg or area where the inoculation shots were injected.

These reports must be fairly convincing, for the conservative *AMA Journal* states editorially that "it might be advisable to postpone diphtheria and-or pertussis [whooping cough] immunizations during a poliomyelitis epidemic." The next step, it might be added, would be to undertake a large-scale study of the after-effects of vaccinations of all types, over a long period of years.

CHILDREN ... and Ourselves

HAVING at hand a simple and brief biography of Gandhi, we are moved to suggest that of all the "heroes" whose lives may serve to inspire coming generations, Gandhi may reasonably lay claim to first mention. The compelling drama of his life lies in its proof that the fire of moral aspiration, burning brightly and clearly enough in one mind and heart, can remold the thinking, and finally the societal conditions, of millions of people.

The essence of all hopefulness for the amelioration of the conditions of mankind must, of course, stem from a faith that basic improvement is possible; either we have great hopes and dreams about the future of mankind, or we are cynics. And great hopes and dreams, not cynicism, shape the natural attitude of children.

Any biography of Gandhi will be educationally valuable, for the dominant accomplishments of his life cannot be hidden by even the most reserved treatment. It is pleasing to note, however, that the present volume, *Gandhi, Fighter Without a Sword*, by Jeanette Eaton (William Morrow & Co., New York, 1950), was constructed for young people by someone who sensed youth's capacity to deeply appreciate the stirring incidents of Gandhi's life. While the narrative is chiefly involved with the drama of an almost unique political history, even the youngest reader will be able to discern that Gandhi's methods of obtaining political victory were on an entirely different level from that of most political maneuvering. For Gandhi was one of those most remarkable radicals who actually believed that *truth carries its own force*, and can ultimately prevail with this strength alone, in even the most complex situations. How to invoke this power? The secret is a simple one, which Gandhi could explain in simple terms, as he did at the outset of his "fighting" career in South Africa:

If one really gets hold of a truth, one must apply it to daily life and to all dealings with other people. Then it is a living truth.

The first truth Gandhi sought to teach was that of unity based on spiritual dignity. He saw the pressing need for unity among poorly situated Indians in Pretoria—a unity which would erase all difference of a religious or class-status variety. He felt, then, as always, that there could be another day of destiny for the once great Indian people, but that it could arrive only through the sacrifices that each individual and each group would be willing to make for the benefit of all. Thus we see in Gandhi's later career that his fight in India against untouchability and against religious divisiveness was just as uninterruptedly vigorous as the struggle to remove the British from their dictatorial position in Indian affairs.

It was while still a young man that Gandhi became thoroughly convinced of the power of non-violence. Having decided, in Pretoria, to disobey all regulations which he felt violated the integrity of his own people, and having consequently been brutally manhandled by a policeman who was ignorant of his eminence, Gandhi also saw the transformation on the face of that policeman when he was forgiven with equanimity.

The phrase *Satyagraha* came to life in South Africa. It combines two Indian words, *Sat*, meaning truth, and *Agraha* meaning firmness. It meant, and still means, that a man who declares for the principles of *Satyagraha* must be willing both to live and, if necessary, to die, for any truth in which he believes. All his strength should go into the *conviction*, however, none of his energy being spared for protective or belligerent action.

As Gandhi's "political" career evolves, the reader is able to see how well titled is Jeanette Eaton's volume. Gandhi was, above all, a *fighter*, one who carried on against every combination of seemingly impossible odds, cool in adversity and resourceful during every moment of his many campaigns. He spoke out boldly in the face of

threats and displeasure; nor did he hesitate to castigate his own followers when they became aggrieved, emotional, or filled with animosity. Once a riot took place in Allahabad while the movement for Indian independence was progressing. Gandhi halted entirely the mechanism of what appeared to be a successful revolution, stopped a winning campaign of civil disobedience, *because a few had disregarded* his prerequisite of nonviolence. He felt they did not deserve success, unless courageous enough to trust to *Sat* alone.

It is popularly thought that Gandhi's free-India movement was non-violent only because it could not have succeeded in any other manner. Even if this were true, we might note, in passing, that this would hardly be an indictment of non-violence; many of our most praiseworthy inventions have come from the impulses of necessity. But it is plain to those who know enough of the Gandhi story—and this can be said of any young readers of Jeanette Eaton's book—that the secret of nonviolent success was not so much an historical situation as it was the superlative courage in the heart of a man.

Gandhi is an irresistible force, a legendary sort of hero, in which aspiring youths can believe. Years spent in prison, and the many more years during which he constantly suffered malicious abuse, failed to scratch the surface of his faith or energy. He dared to tell even the people he might expediently have tried to please that they were guilty of wrongdoing. At the same time, he never hesitated to assume full responsibility for any wrongs committed in the name of his movement, however diametrically opposed such actions might be to the doctrines he had preached and lived. Once, when influential and wealthy Hindus initially rallied to his support in founding a "free-India" community, Gandhi discovered that they rapidly withdrew their enthusiasm when he invited Untouchables to live with others of higher caste. His comment to anxious compatriots who wondered whether it might not be wise to ask the

Untouchables to leave, was: "Doubtless we shall all have to become Untouchables. Our principles have to be practiced, not just announced."

Fighter Without a Sword by no means tells the whole of the Gandhi story. The cornerstone which Gandhi laid for a great new educational structure through his work at Sevagram is not even mentioned, nor the deeds of humble heroism in his old age, as when he undertook a solitary pilgrimage across the burning roads of rural India simply to renew a feeling of direct contact with simple village people.

The name Gandhi commands more respect in the world today than any other name that could be mentioned. The youth of all nations will benefit from coming to learn the reasons why that respect has been earned. They need to learn this, not just because Gandhi was a great man, or the greatest man of his time, but because he stands for the noblest sort of cause, and indicates the nature of the reward which can come to anyone who holds a deep conviction throughout adversity. Gandhi was always victorious, because he made each moment of living a moment of constructive accomplishment.

If we doubt that Gandhi's life can be important to our children, it is possible to find out from experimentation, after we have come to be familiar with that life ourselves.

FRONTIERS

The Missing Factor

THE growing popularity of "marriage clinics" and "personal relations" counselling is sometimes taken as evidence that the present generation of young people is endeavoring to face the problems of life with foresight and maturity. And if the divorce rate in America—as high as half the marriage rate in some areas—be taken into account, there is certainly some excuse for the numerous books, magazine articles and university courses which are intended to provide orientation for prospective partners in marriage. One may wonder, however, just how much "good" all this writing and speaking about the problems of personal relations can do, so long as one or two questions remain undiscussed.

The late Kurt Lewin, for example, for years psychologist at MIT, has a chapter, "The Background of Conflict in Marriage," in his recently published book, *Resolving Social Conflicts*, in which there is much clarifying analysis and studied "objectivity," but very little mention of the part played in a successful marriage by the basic lifemotives of the persons involved. According to Dr. Lewin, there are four outstanding causes for conflicts in marriage, which occur when (1) basic needs are unsatisfied, (2) there is insufficient freedom, (3) an "outer barrier" prevents escape from tension, and (4) husband and wife have contradictory goals. The chapter discusses these sources of difficulty with excellent common sense, but the practical counsel is limited to a single paragraph toward the end:

Being married presupposes the relinquishing of a certain amount of freedom. This may be done in two ways: one may sacrifice one's freedom for the sake of marriage, and resign oneself to frustration, or one may make the marriage so much a part of one's own life that the goals of the other partner become to a high degree one's own goals. It is clear that in the latter case, it is not quite correct to speak of a sacrifice: the meaning of the "limitation of one's freedom" is now considerably different.

One could wish that Dr. Lewin had devoted some space to the consideration of "goals," for here, obviously, is the key to his abstractly stated "solution." The relative importance of "goals" and what people regard as a "successful marriage" ought to be examined. What if one member of the partnership regards the goals of the other member as not worth adopting? How much "adjustment" to the goals or needs of another is justified? Are there both good and bad reasons for not wanting to adjust?

Obviously, such questions cannot be answered at all without reference to some broad philosophy of life, in which the role of marriage has a loosely if not exactly definable place. Why get married at all—or must marriage be accepted as something which people do because of deep, irrational drives, then having to make the best of it afterward?

Most of the books and articles that we have seen on this subject take the fact of marriage for granted, in terms of conventional clichés, or as though marriage is somehow an end in itself. But marriage is an end in itself only in the sense that instincts may be said to be ends in themselves. It is true that a questioning of the purpose of a marriage, after it has been made, may often be an unpalatable and unflattering inquiry. People frequently marry not for the best of motives, just as they join churches or political parties not for the best of motives. But a serious book on the problems of marriage has no business to ignore these questions.

Fortunately, marriages which began with insufficient or hardly admirable motives often grow better ones. Marriage obviously fulfills the laws of nature at a certain level of human existence. But if that were the only level of human life, there would be no more frustrated marriages among humans than there are among the birds and the bees. Marriage is a mating, but it is something more—what more?

It is here that the clichés begin. Marriage is companionship, it is partnership, it is the basis of

the family life. Perhaps it is unkind to speak of these relationships as "clichés." Yet that is what they become, unless they are considered within the framework of some larger life-purpose. A racketeer, a drug-peddler, a fomenter of wars and a betrayer of nations can have a fine family life, on these terms. He can share his wealth and power with generosity and great good nature with his wife and other members of his family.

In short, it is difficult to imagine a worthy marriage which is not subordinate to some worthy life-purpose. The lack of worthy life-purposes, in fact, seems to be what is wrong, not only with modern marriage, but with nearly every other personal and social relationship of modern civilization.

What are we here for, anyway? To find companions, to have children? The white ants do that, and much more efficiently, with far less confusion, we understand. Is it for power and glory? If so, then those who think so fought on the wrong side during the last war, because that is what Hitler and his Nazi supporters were fighting for. Is it for the acquisition of wealth and an ever-higher standard of living? There is a party with this platform in every country in the world, and those who think this had better join it.

There is no reason for us to be ashamed to say it. The fulfillment of life arises from understanding—from *knowledge*, and any motive which obstructs the growth of understanding is an anti-human motive, leading to some one of the by-paths which, in our lucid moments, we want very much to avoid. Marriage is for procreation, but it is also for growth in understanding—it is this because every human activity, if it serves our basic life-goal, is for growth in understanding.

Ages ago, human beings learned from childhood—from their parents, their neighbors and their teachers—that their lives are rooted in the profound mission of self-consciousness. There are heights to reach, horizons to search, seas to cross and treasures to discover. The myth of the timeless quest is still with us in echoing traditions.

The Youth must seek his fortune, the Prince must find his Princess, the Knight-Errant must joust with a worthy foe. The Kingdom of Arjuna must be regained, Sita restored to Rama's hearth and throne.

Universal tradition ever hints of high destiny. Either there is loyal waiting in faithfulness, or high courage and daring. But always there are duties to be performed, *dharma* to be fulfilled. From some unfathomable distance in the past, this challenge rings faintly to us, like a secret reminiscence of the soul, and we wish that we had lived ages ago, or ages hence—in any time except the present, when all that a man can see before him is to fit himself into some niche of an economic and social system which has been carefully designed, by the most expert statisticians, to prevent anything unexpected from disturbing the monotonous status quo. The system doesn't work, of course, so that we cannot even enjoy the mess of pottage for which we have sold our dreams.

We have no great work to do, nothing of our own. That is why we seek careers in romance, or as professional patchers-up of romances; that is why we draw diagrams of the "freedom" a married person needs, in order to be happily married, when the happiness comes, not from the freedom, but from how it is employed. Some day, perhaps, it will be possible to say, without raising any contemptuous objections, that no man is frustrated or "unhappy," except from living with himself. But in that day, we shall have grown far more independent, and interdependent, than we are now, and shall have a greater consciousness of what we are about, and what our life-purposes are.

Has it Occurred to Us?

WITH the psyche being analyzed on every hand, modern man occasionally has the feeling that his "own self" no longer exists, having been replaced by a more serviceable product designed to give easy access to visiting investigators for this Report and that. Our mechanical age being what it is, we must not be surprised to hear, some day, that psychologists have perfected a "zipper" for the mind, the better to equip the human sample for cooperation with examining experts. Individuality, we gather, is a myth of ignorance, uniqueness is an unimportant delusion, and self-knowledge comes to the man only by courtesy of the proper authorities—the tabulating geniuses who have a premium on "the facts."

Has it occurred to us that this situation constitutes a more disastrous Cold War than the official slander and mutual vilification practiced by national governments? What, in fact, will it profit a nation to grind its heel into the necks of its enemies, if its people are individually vanquished in the struggle for self-respect and self-determination?

As the psychology of being "analyzed" rather than of self-analysis grows in prestige, honesty begins to mean the death of reticence, wisdom is a cynical distrust of human capacities, and tolerance becomes the smug assumption that the flesh is weak and the spirit weaker still. The outlook for the human race is dull, and we are listless about the future, since we know so well the exact limits of human development....

Yet great men are with us still. Heroes of the past have not diminished in stature, despite the perversely enlightened scholarship which has blazoned their petty idiosyncrasies across their portraits for the consolation of lesser men. True, great men are not all of a piece—but, by the same token, neither are little men. Delicate perception shares lodging with unkind prejudice, selfless faith with unwarranted mistrust. Sympathy emanates from the same man who, again, will surprise us with harsh intolerance. The subtlest appreciation of honor does not prevent us from once more betraying our sense of justice. What is man, that he is such a mixture?

The observant human being is aware that no sooner does man calm the tempest in one quarter, than volcanic eruptions begin in another. The mind is "finally settled"—only to break ranks again in an unforeseen manner. We achieve calm, but even as we begin to savor its peace a new struggle is preparing. Generations of the past, like our distraught contemporaries, probably had a fervent

wish for psychological security, for the safety of sameness in mental life. Yet we do not admire the spiritual Milquetoasts. Instead, we doff the hat to the tightrope walkers who dared the inner immensities on high wires of thought and imagination. Their lives may not have escaped suffering, but certainly they never belittled themselves by the puny self-pity which nowadays is so often mistaken for genuine sorrow.

Tragedy is that which inspires pity and compassion, and these feelings, in turn, inspire us to try to help *others*. Yet this help is not proffered sentimentally, for that would be to demean a fellow man. What often moves us to attempt an escape from our own difficulties is not a noble quality, but fear and lack of faith. Even so, the impulse to effect escape for others whose situation is a trial—is not compassion, but disparagement of their courage and strength. We have a truism about how great men suffer, and we invariably pay tribute to one who meets all events, favorable and unfavorable, with a balanced, perceptive, and fathoming mind. Shall we, then, so far forget the basis of our admiration for the great man as to require of ourselves no such firmness of fibre? Further, shall we not hope that another, in trial time, will stand on his own powers and muster the resources *from within* for his fight—whatever it is?

No question but that we need psychoanalysis—if practised in and on ourselves. No question but that we should examine our thoughts and feelings, our actions, successes and failures—but if we do not do the examining—ourselves—we can make no improvement in our way of life. The aim of self-analysis is not simply to declare after the fact: the time to know the exact nature of an action, to decide about the character of our feelings, and to judge the validity of our thoughts, is before these gain utterance, before they "happen," through our actions, to other people. No one can stand by at that crucial moment of decision. Of what use *then* is what someone else would say or think?

Has it occurred to us that psychoanalysis, superficially adopted, will leave us even more insecure than it finds us? Why wait for an expert to persuade us to deal objectively and thoroughly with ourselves? Has it occurred to us that only self-analysis can deliver up our responsibility toward others whom we affect?