

## TOWARD SOCIAL AWARENESS

FOR those who have had great hopes for human progress from the application of scientific method in the social and psychological sciences, a certain bewilderment, if not disillusionment, is likely to result from the discovery that practitioners in these fields are often loyal and devoted servants of the status quo. Liberal spirits have the habit of supposing that only religious "adjusters" of man to his social environment are on the side of the big battalions. It is well known that the first estate usually functions to provide security and stability to the second, at the expense of the third. Whatever Paul meant when he said that "the powers that be are ordained of God," the existing powers are commonly conceded by the clergy to be just and righteous, requiring patient obedience. But the social world—the modern world, that is, which social scientists since Vico tell us is "the work of men"—surely its order and arrangements are not hallowed by the deity!

At a conference held at Asilomar last year by the Mental Health Society of Northern California, C. Wright Mills, Columbia sociologist, turned the spotlight on two groups of professional psychologists, showing their weakness as critics of the existing social order. "The perspectives and practices of mental hygienists and of industrial relations experts," he said, "have mainly to do with conformist orientation to a variety of milieux, rather than with critical orientation to the social structure as a whole or as to its major parts." Mr. Mills grows eloquent as he becomes specific, beginning with the practice of mental hygiene:

*Mental hygiene*, conceived not merely as the prevention of positive mental disorder and misery but as a source of advice concerning healthy styles of personal and family life, has frequently embodied the values of liberal capitalism, as influenced by the Protestant ethic and as prevailing in an individualist society held to be composed of open and mobile classes. Mental health has been defined in terms of

ideals for men who are not only *in* but also *of* and *for* such a structure. The normal or the healthy person is conceived as self-confidently (although moderately) ambitious and so equipped to play the game of competition—the facts of which, in turn, are offered as the reality which must be faced. His recreation should be wholesome in order that it may fit him for the serious business of life and in order that it not violate the canons of Protestant morality. He is held to be an individual responsible for his own destiny and one whose own individual happiness is an ultimate good. To function, to grow, to be rational within a pattern of specialized work, nicely adjusted to his talents, is held to be the prime end of life.

His emotions coincide with the requirements of the roles he plays—nothing spills over and everything is expressed. You can throw him into a world war, drag him through ten years of a world slump, catch him up in another four or five years of world slaughter, and still he remains nicely adjusted, taking into account the new, conserving what is healthy of the old. You can even expose him almost continuously to the mass means of distraction and entertainment—hot, jumping and blue—and in all his interpersonal relationships he will approximate that mask of equanimity, determination and cheerfulness which some psychiatrists so ably cultivate as the very image of the healthy, helpful man. For, you see, he has emotional stasis.

While Mr. Mills admits, before launching this emotionally restrained but verbally devastating tirade, that he intends to "caricature" the objects of his criticism, in order to sharpen his points, the picture does not seem especially extreme. There is page after page of this kind of writing, making a great temptation to quote, but there is one question which ought to be settled before proceeding further. How does Mr. Mills come by his astonishing objectivity in the midst of the almost seamless cultural delusions he is examining?

Normally, a man who attacks the psychosocial status quo with anything like Mr. Mills' uninhibited enthusiasm is either a revolutionist or

a cynic. Mr. Mills is neither. He is a professor who resides on an academic island in the midstream of American culture. There is a lot to be said for academic islands and the people who live on them. It is a part, although a weakening part, of the academic tradition that the university should give shelter, encouragement, and a platform to thinkers who have no stake in the existing social system. Not very many professors take full advantage of these opportunities, as Mills does, but the tradition remains and receives periodic revivification from people like Mills, Robert M. Hutchins, and a few others. All that the tradition requires of such people is that they practice their profession as impartially as they can.

The present, we may note in passing, could easily become the Great Day of the Professor. It is hardly the day of the revolutionist or partisan reformer, since no big theories of social progress now seem possible. An intelligent revolutionist can easily acquire penetration in social criticism, since he wants to *change* the existing order and has no reason to regard present arrangements with any tenderness. But these are days when intelligent revolutionists would have to give up their intelligence before trying to lead great movements. They need, instead, to search for a new focus of revolutionary theory. The questions potential revolutionists must ask themselves are: In what direction should we be going? Where shall we work? At present, so far as we can see, the intelligent revolutionist can only declare one unmistakable and irrefutable first principle: that the intentional program of any future revolution must begin and end without war. After this has been said, the focus dissolves into a blur of uncertainties.) So, we say that the intelligent revolutionist, these days, is or ought to be a theoretician.

Meanwhile, we have the professors, who have been licensed by our society to think critically without needing to conform, so long as they refrain from partisan politics.

This is not an entirely satisfactory situation for a vigorous human being, as Mr. Mills makes clear in his discussion. One has the feeling that Mr. Mills is a considerably frustrated man—not frustrated in weakness, but frustrated in strength, which is the right kind of frustration to suffer. There is so little that he or anyone who agrees with him can do beyond adding self-conscious comprehension of the captivity of modern man. Mills, however, has the distinction of being able to write very clearly about the human situation within the social situation. Having described the "conformist orientation" of the mental hygiene movement, he turns his attention to the industrial relations experts:

The literature of "human relations in industry" may also be analyzed with an eye to its underlying ideology and political limitations. By and large, industrial psychologists have worked for business and have assumed the management point of view; they have tended to ignore the political implications of their work and they have seldom examined the values which their opinions and activities involve.

In this literature—and I speak mainly of the works of the Harvard school which still dominates the field—managers are typically referred to as intelligent or unintelligent, rational or irrational, knowledgeable or ignorant. Workmen, in contrast, are typically referred to as happy or unhappy, efficient or inefficient, of good morale or bad morale. These terms may be picked up in a formula—which seems to me to govern most of this work and in fact to summarize its wisdom: To make the workers happy, efficient, and cooperative, we need only make the managers intelligent, rational, and knowledgeable.

It is a formula of an interpersonal sort which constitutes a rather crude psychologizing of the structure of modern industry; it rests upon the classic formula of a natural harmony of interests within capitalist institutions—a harmony which is interfered with by the emotionality of human relations, as revealed especially in the unintelligence of managers and the unhappy irrationality of workmen.

The problems of "human relations in industry" are set up from the standpoint of The Company and Its Purposes and are seen as primarily due to misunderstanding and lack of open communication. The answer, of more "cooperation," really means

obedience accompanied by talk. In one fifteen-year study of human relations in a large industry (executed during the "thirties" when union membership increased some 25%) one finds no analysis of unions. Class and power are neglected as facts of industrial life; they are sponged up into status or prestige. This is one of the major ways of psychologizing all problems, for of all dimensions of stratification, status is the most directly relevant psychologically. Yet the neglect of explicit power does not mean that manipulation is neglected; in fact, much of what is called counselling is really manipulation. And there is in this literature, a notion of industrial stability, which is pre-bureaucratic to say the least, consisting of false and contrived human islands within the managed and inhuman framework of modern industry.

The concept of morale reveals clearly the kind of values at work here, and the restriction of focus to milieu. As it is typically used, morale, subjectively considered, seems to mean a willingness to do the work at hand, to do it with good cheer and even enjoy doing it. Objectively considered, morale means that the work is done effectively: the most work done in the least time with the least trouble and for the least money. Morale thus has to do with cheerful obedience on the part of the worker, resulting in efficient prosecution of the work at hand, as judged by the management.

One thing that is fairly evident about the work of men like Mills is that it cannot be understood except by those who are willing to wonder about the basic validity of the society in which they live. To wonder in this way frightens most of us. Many people, if they think at all about questions of social order, think in order to arrive at opinions which will permit them to stop thinking. They look for the "right" order and the "proper" social relationships. Having done this, they can then get on with the more important business of life, which is to reach the goals of achievement that the "right" society prescribes.

It would doubtless be a mistake to sneer at such people and say that they are "wrong," but it would be just as great a mistake to admit that the security they seek in this way can be found. Such security does not really exist, in any long-term sense, for human beings. The supposition that it does has led to endless wars, oppressions, and persecutions.

There is a great need, therefore, to build into society—and especially every modern society—some avenue of escape from conformity, some evidence, even if symbolic, that the conventional goals may some day be discovered to be illusory. The society which lacks any avenue of escape or such symbols of a higher form of freedom or self realization is a closed system representing a kind of death to all that is truly human. The tribal society which is confined to a single pattern of relationships by rigid taboos is one illustration of this death. The totalitarian society with its intellectualization and politicalization of taboos is another.

The good society—*any* good society—always has planted in it somewhere the seed of disrespect for the ordinary, the usual, the conventional. It often becomes the role of some group or class to embody this disrespect or indifference. In ancient China, the flowering of this seed among scholars led to contempt for the soldier—who was, after all, the symbol of imperial power and authority. In India, the yogi lived outside the rules of ordinary society. Ultimately, he was casteless, and could not be influenced by any of the pressures which affected the behavior of those who lived according to India's theocratic tradition. The Jews have had their Messiahs who broke with convention. Such deviations seem more difficult to find during the West's middle ages. The troubadours, perhaps, were a bondless company who embodied the "radical" thinking of their time. Mystics and occasional heretics may qualify, too, but they paid a price for their freedom. Western theocracy was a "closed system" which permitted no lawful escape from authority. The Renaissance was an authentic break-through of the spirit of freedom, beginning the cycle of individualism in Western history, leading, eventually, to the conventionalization of the very idea of freedom in the new political forms which the West produced. Today, the artist, the writer, the intellectual, and the professor are to some extent the preservers of the idea of freedom from orthodoxy and social constraint, although

these members of our society are now numerous enough to have formed their own styles of petty orthodoxy and various orders of calculated adjustment to the over-arching pattern of an industrial, technological civilization.

The philosopher has the advantage over everyone in his nonconforming tendencies, since the philosopher, alone among men, knows why he does not conform. When he rejects the habits of his less reflective fellows, he does it in order to preserve his individuality—in order, that is, to establish the conditions of human freedom, insofar as he can, in his personal life. But even the "masses" give evidence of an intuitive longing for another kind of existence, although it may take the form of a rebellious saturnalia presided over by the King of Fools. The modern students of psychodynamics could probably supply us with many illustrations of emotional outbursts on the part of entire populations whose lives have been too successfully entangled in the tiresome and unimaginative routines of acquisitive culture.

In this paper, "Work Milieu and Social Structure," however, C. Wright Mills is intent upon disclosing the extent to which modern man is enclosed by the multifarious patterns of his economic activity:

More and more people are becoming aware of their private lives as a series of traps. The more aware they are, however vaguely, of ideals that transcend their immediate milieus, the more trapped they feel. In their everyday lives, what ordinary men and women are directly aware of, and what they try to do, are limited by the horizon of the day-to-day worlds in which they live. Most people never transcend these boundaries of their jobs and families and local communities. In the other milieus which they encounter, they are and they remain visitors. They feel that their private lives are beset by traps because they sense or they know that they cannot solve their personal problems within the private situations in which they live. And in this they are quite correct.

Take unemployment. When one man in a city of 100,000 is unemployed, that is a personal problem, and we look for the solution in the character of the man, his skills and his immediate opportunities. But

when 15 million men are unemployed, when there is the cumulative chaos of *structural* employment, that is a public problem, and we may not hope to find the solution within the range of opportunities open to any one individual. The structure of objective opportunity has collapsed. Both the correct statement and the range of possible solutions of such a problem involve the economic and political structure of society and not merely the personal situation and character of a scatter of individuals.

Or take war. The personal problem of war, when it occurs, is how to survive it, or how to die in it gracefully, how to make money out of it, how to climb into the higher safety of the military, apparatus, or how to contribute to its winning—in short, to find a milieu and live with the war within the milieu.

The political problem of war, if we want to stop it, is how can we? Or, if we want it to go on or to start up again, how can we? And, in each case, so far as our problem is stated politically, we must spell out the "we" into a group or a party or class that we conceive as an instrument that may influence the decisions involved.

Regardless of our personal problem and its solution, or of our political idea of the matter, the intellectual problem of war is how to use the war as issue and as fact in order to expand our awareness of the nature of the world of our time and in doing this we confront such problems as what are the causes of war, and what types of men does it throw up into command of others, and so on. The same is true of all problems of milieu or structure.

Mills demands several specific realizations of his readers. First, he asks them to recognize that the mental hygienist deludes both himself and his patients if he fails to distinguish between ills which have a personal origin and ills which, while they manifest in personal disorder, have their origin in the *social structure*. He requires the same distinction to be made by the industrial relations experts. They, no more than the mental hygienists, can permit themselves to regard the standards and ideals of the modern industrial system as above criticism. Finally, these workers in mental health and in industrial relations must also admit to themselves their relative impotence in respect to the social and industrial system. This is their cross, and, as responsible intellectuals and

professionals, they must be willing to bear it in full self-consciousness and without compromise.

To the professionals working in this field, Mills said directly:

The tension between understanding and power is of course part of the situation of all intellectuals who would take an active stand in a world run by crackpot realists and subject to blind drift. But this tension can lead beyond pathos: it can become a challenge. There is, understandably nowadays, a tendency to view the structure of our epoch in terms of catastrophe and apocalypse. We live in times and in a nation demanding—according to our vision of man—structural modifications of revolutionary character, but also in a time when we do not in fact see an adequate way of making these modifications. We do not want to compromise our larger visions nor deceive ourselves about the true limits of our possible action. But what we *have* to do, if we would act at all, is to act *as if* what we *can* do is important, even if we are not always certain that it is. . . .

You have as thinkers to transcend the milieu in which you work and continually to try to grasp the structural trends of your epoch. You have as thinkers to debunk, with all the force and irony at your command, those who do not see this need and are theoretically sunk in one milieu or another. You have as thinkers continually to refresh your knowledge of great historic trends and your awareness of great ideals for man, in order that you may feel secure that your limited powers to act and to advise might be used to the optimum.

We have no space for Mills' specific counsels concerning the practice of psychology in relation to the personal troubles of workers, but these are of the same high caliber, with the added value of direct application to particular problems. Mills, it seems to us, is one of the few men of our time who have wholly grasped the significance of Vico's utterance that the social world is the work of men, and have wholly accepted the high responsibilities of this perception.

## *REVIEW*

### **HOLIDAY WITH HOLLIDAY**

THIS is not exactly a MANAS recommendation. But a reading of James Myers' *Doc Holliday*, saga of one of America's most famous Western gunmen, brought to light some passages both excellent and fascinating. More than once your reviewer has wandered around for a while in speculations about the appeal of "Western" literature in general, usually making the point that complete self-reliance and utter fearlessness are never-failing provocatives of admiration. And then there are the guns. Guns are terrible things, but, in the old West, they were also great equalizers. Men weak of limb were, until the advent of personal side-arms, at a perpetual disadvantage when it came to the matter of defending themselves—or rescuing damsels in distress. But size didn't help among those who wore six-shooters; if anything, a big, broad man was at a disadvantage, presenting a better target. So, while a number of little men with the complexes sometimes attendant were given a power they did not deserve, at least the criterion of manhood shifted—from physical to psychological strength. Unflinching nerve rather than the burly arm became the desideratum.

Doc Holliday has appeal for a number of reasons. Dying from consumption, he came West with an inordinately frail physique—only to accomplish feats of daring and endurance which astound even today. And in the untamed land, in an atmosphere of uninterrupted derring-do, he considerably extended his life-expectancy. Of the twenty or so men who earnestly desired to terminate Doc's career, sixteen were singularly unsuccessful, being dispatched with consummate skill. Doc was originally a young man of culture, a Georgia gentleman turned dental surgeon. As for what he became, and why we thought of mentioning his name in these pages, we turn the pen over to Mr. Myers, his most interesting biographer:

The story of John Henry Holliday does not add up to stock biographical fare. He was martyr to no cause and served no nation. He was far from being the victim of social oppression or the world's neglect. He created neither empires, business corporations nor

works of art. His life was not such as to mark him a model for future generations.

He is allowed to have been one of the coolest killers ever to snatch gun from hiding. He was a gambler of enough parts to make two. He was a con man to match tricks with old George Peele or Simon Suggs, and equally deft at dodging the passes which the law often made in his direction. He drank enough liquor to earn a place on John Barleycorn's calendar of saints.

For these and other reasons it has been freely remarked of him that he was not a good man. It is not the purpose of the ensuing chronicle either to refute or press such a charge against this Southern dentist turned Western adventurer. It is rather the plan here to report what it is still possible to learn about an invalid whose name grew to be a byword for frontier prowess during the 1870s and '80s.

In line with this aim it is fitting to state that if he was not a good man, he was yet a man who was good at a number of things. The list includes a duke's mixture of characteristics as well as his assortment of skills. As to some of his bents, it might be conceded that they let criticism in the front door. Others must be reckoned admirable.

He was, for instance, good at making his own way under circumstances that would have excused dependence. He was good at following his own course, unswayed by public attitudes. He was good at keeping faith with such friends as he saw fit to make. He was good both at keeping his own counsel and respecting the privacy of others. He was good at accepting facts without flinching. He was good at facing death, both as an ever-present threat to a victim of consumption and a special menace in the many gun and knife fights in which he engaged.

By contrast, he was not good at winning the regard of society's moral leaders, wherever found. Many not so marked for grace shared this distaste for him, generating a hatred which has filtered down through a couple of succeeding generations. Among divers other things, these said that he was not good at distinguishing between his own and another's property. That case will be tried in subsequent chapters as well as the remaining evidence allows. Meanwhile it is enough to say that he was never at any time good at keeping out of hot water.

Some asserted that he sought it as his natural element, and this may have been so. At any rate he was up to his ears in it for most of the fifteen years he spent in Texas, Oklahoma, Wyoming, New Mexico,

Arizona, South Dakota and Colorado. By the time he finally had to wait and face death with his hands down, he had achieved what many a more ambitious man had vainly attempted. Thousands of once celebrated names have all but faded from the record, but the West has not forgotten Doc Holliday.

That his life is, nevertheless, worth repeating may be doubted—but only by people who hold that history is properly a study of social and economic forces. Contradicting them and not begging their pardon, history is also a study of men; and in the history of America's West Doc has the distinction of playing a unique part.

One consideration which comes to mind in pondering "Doc's" fascination is that everyone, somewhere deep within, wishes to refute the thought that a man must be "either-or," a man of thought or a man of action. We don't really like specialists, though we abide and even praise them when it is to our apparent advantage. (We also frequently become of their number, and secretly dislike this, too.) One reason why fiction of indifferent literary quality succeeds is because it so often plays upon this yearning for a heroic image, a man capable of anything, on any plane of endeavor. We want, really, to be philosophers and men of action at the same time. We want roughhouse with our culture and culture with our roughhouse, which simply means, perhaps, that human beings as yet are far from mature, and admit to the fact in this way. A whole human being is what we want to become, and whoever unites conventionally opposite characteristics symbolizes something of this attainment. Thus we pay the homage of special attention.

Myers speaks of Doc's "bitter determination to hold his own among as hardy a tribe of desperadoes as the world has ever seen; he was blue blood fallen from grace. Allied to the foregoing is the fact that he was a professional man and, by all accounts, one whose mental attainments went beyond the ordinary. Lastly, he had a raffish sense of humor, giving him a dimension that many of his compeers were utterly without. Commentators are fond of remarking that this or that fellow was a product of his times. To some degree that is true of everyone, but in the case of complex personalities it is often hard to say

whether the life made the man or the man made the life. The people who are typical of a given period would probably be typical of any period, and most of the rest wind up trying to blend with the scenery. Chameleonism is a principle of life to which not many are heretic, but having acquired them, Doc was one of the rare birds who stuck to his different feathers."

Ah, the pleasures which sometimes accrue to the opportunistic reviewer! Not only can one enjoy reading about a desperado, and writing about him in the name of "philosophy," but also, in this case, it is possible to smuggle in a quotation from a favorite book, Macneile Dixon's *Human Situation*—the best excuse, in summary, for taking up a bit of space with John Henry Holliday:

How false it is to suppose that human beings desire unending ease, unthreatened safety, that their *summum bonum* is cushioned comfort, a folding of the hands to sleep. That way madness lies. What is left to occupy their interest and attention? They desire rather difficulties, such is their nature, difficulties to elicit their powers, to keep them alert and wakeful. They wish to be alive. In the absence of resistance to desires, desires decay, and an intolerable, an appalling tedium invades the soul. Whose lives do we read with interest and admiration? The lives of men lapped in comfort from the cradle to the grave? Or of those who in the face of odds have accomplished their ends, good or bad? When the soul of man rises to its full stature, with what disdain does it regard the sweetmeats and the confectionery. In their anxiety for human welfare, in their collectivist schemes, the sentimentalists have overlooked the individual man. Every man desires to be his own architect, and the creator of his own design, the sentimentalist himself among the rest. And the last and greatest insult you can offer to the human race is to regard it as a herd of cattle to be driven to your selected pasture. You deprive the individual of his last rag of self-respect, the most precious of his possessions, himself.

## *COMMENTARY*

### **REPORT FROM THE PUBLISHERS**

MANY readers will remember the "Letter from a Friend" appearing in MANAS for April 13, 1955, in which the writer, Raymond Rogers, of Fullerton, Calif., recounted the development of his interest in this weekly and declared his intention of doing whatever he could think of to help MANAS grow in circulation. There was a quality of thought and feeling in this letter which brought a warming response from other readers. There were also some contributions of money to help with the financial support of the paper.

We have made no careful statistical study, but we do know that our circulation has been growing ever since Mr. Rogers' letter was published. Before that we had been in a somewhat stagnant period, so far as gaining new readers was concerned. To put the matter precisely, during our fiscal year, from Nov. 1, 1954 to Oct. 31, 1955, the total paid circulation of MANAS increased by a fraction less than 19 per cent, with the bulk of the growth coming after April.

Of course, when you start out a year with a modest number of paid subscribers, it doesn't take very many new ones to make the percentage soar, but you have to begin somewhere, and we are well pleased by the record for the year.

So, we thank Mr. Rogers for all he has done, and particularly for getting the ball rolling (which ball is still rolling, for we still get letters mentioning his "Letter from a Friend" ), and we thank all other readers and friends for their help as well.

We might remark, here, that the letters we get from readers supply a great deal of the life-blood of encouragement to the editors. Some make particular suggestions, others offer material for comment or notice, and still others send in articles or letters from abroad. We may note, also, that the level of appreciative expression from readers, received from week to week—sometimes as a brief note sent in with a subscription renewal—is

the best evidence we have that the articles and reviews are contributing something of what we have hoped they would.

But a not untypical letter, alas, received from a new subscriber in Canada, has this concluding paragraph:

MANAS is the finest magazine I have ever read. I am sorry to say that I know of no one who would read it.

Well, he must have tried.



## CHILDREN and Ourselves

LITTLE men—which means, in this case, men with little minds, and not children—evidence uniform dislike of novel ideas. Minds running on a small gauge track are only interested in equipment which fits, and whatever concepts cannot be thus contained will be seen as threats to one's personal rail system. It has long been our contention, here, that no one can be a good teacher, or a good parent, unless always ready—within his own consciousness—for the reception of new ideas, even if the implications of some of them demand complete refurnishing of the mind.

Talk to any teacher who shows a bit of genius in his calling, and ask him whether he has ever found himself inwardly contradicting the main currents of everything he had said and thought before. The best teachers have done this, probably more than once—in fact passed through whole psychological rebirths, brought on by dissatisfaction with what they were teaching and how they were teaching it. The present writer recalls in particular three professors who, in passing through this process, were wondrously aware of it—and these became and are the best teachers he has known. In all three instances the transformation began with the crushing thought that, for ten years or so—whatever the time spent in university work—nothing had been taught at all; that is, nothing worth mentioning. At the point of this horrid realization, the teacher has two alternatives (short of suicide): the first, to quit teaching, and to stay out of teaching until he finds genuine inspiration; the second, to wrestle with philosophical and psychological issues long enough and hard enough to find out exactly what *was* wrong with previous offerings to students.

Of the three men we have in mind, one passed through the terrifying process of "psychological rebirth" several times—possibly an indication that he had considerably speeded up the process of his own evolution as a man. He would quit teaching

entirely, tackle writing jobs which were specific in their requirements, and thus did not oblige him to stand before a class and say, at least by the implications of his presence there: "Lo, I am worthy to be your teacher, for I am a rather wise man." Feeling neither worthy nor wise, but simply confused and dissatisfied with himself, the classroom situation seemed fraudulent. So, after confessing something of his dilemma to the students of his classes—and perhaps teaching them more of the meaning of humility and honesty by this means than they could have otherwise learned in years—he would depart. And then, in comparative solitude, came the revelations, the doubts and self-questionings which finally brought to light the inadequacies of former views and objectives. Theoretically, such a thing can happen overnight, though it is extremely unlikely. But whether the process of acquiring a new mental incarnation—one that fits the bigger man that the teacher has already in some sense become—takes ten hours or ten years, one is truly ready for pupils all the time it is going on. Thus our first example, we think, was mistaken in thinking he should stop teaching until he found clarity. Quite possibly, it is when passing through such periods of self-questioning that the most significant contributions to young minds may be made.

The second professor stayed with his calling and his pupils. Keeping most of his inner lack of confidence to himself, he expressed the emergence of a "new view" by dropping all "political" alignments—both as to nation and to faculty. Since he was determined to question all the simple "truths" he had believed before, he realized that the institutional view must itself be challenged. No longer could he afford to hobnob with others on the basis of common beliefs, for "common" beliefs had ceased to be in any way comforting. He realized that he and most of his colleagues had for years been what Bruno Bettelheim calls "cases of institutionalization," and that one must ignore the blandishments of group opinion in order to find himself. Here the independent spirit encounters a sort of chain reaction, which further

enhances the opportunities for self-education; once he begins to separate himself from institutionalized opinion, he learns more and more about what institutional opinion is like, since the reactions of some of his formerly friendly colleagues may include every form of disapproval, ranging from puzzled suspicion to active hostility. After all, just who does he think he is, making himself conspicuous by so much independence?

The third professor made himself an active troublemaker on the campus. Again and again he told his students that they were learning virtually nothing in college, because the courses were unimaginative and because no one ever learns unless creative imagination is stimulated. He suggested that they stop taking notes and begin to think. He suggested that they think critically, but not in order to become critics—rather to arrive at some views and visions of their own. And if those views were strongly at variance with whatever professor or textbook suggested, so much the better. Yes, and, crime of crimes, he sought to ruin faith in the value of the textbook itself. When asked to give "special lectures" on various occasions, by faculty committeemen who had long considered him "sound and steady," he was apt to come forth with whatever part of his personal dilemma was then giving him the greatest concern. All in all, he was the sort of fellow who is destined to have a hard time securing promotion, but also, the sort who doesn't care to think of teaching and promotion or "tenure" in the same breath.

All three of these professors frightened some of their students, confused others, were taken by still others as "good for laughs." But anyone who realized how much could be learned from a teacher who is a genuine searcher after truth benefited immensely. The professor and these students became friends, recognizing that they were kindred searchers, and with the way thus prepared, the ideal work of the university began to proceed. We once recited the case of the teacher who, when fired because he declined to sign a loyalty oath, continued with his students even

though he was not paid for it, and continued as long as he could. In this instance, with the formal "University" no longer a third party, learning undoubtedly increased a thousandfold, since neither teacher nor student could expect any reward from the teaching-learning process save that carried within their own minds and hearts.

Two of the three professors had children, and lucky children they were. For only the man who is not afraid of novelty, of change in ideas, exists naturally at the imaginative level of the child. With such a father, life for children is, as it should be, an adventure—a continual adventure of the mind. The magic of living and the magic of learning become one, and the young learn the most important thing of all at the very beginning—that there is no "thus far and no farther shalt thou go" to the growth of human understanding. The child's instinct for novelty, for the unusual, and for daring, is met by an equal enthusiasm, plus some knowledge of what varieties of novelty are most worth pursuing. Of course, very young children know nothing of the philosophical and social issues confronted by such a parent. But they don't need to in order to realize deep communion with a man who is a good teacher because he has never forgotten how to learn, himself.

These three men, then, in our opinion, are among the few genuine defenders of "the sacred traditions of America's Founding Fathers," principally because their interest is not in traditions but in truth, wherever it be found.

## *FRONTIERS*

### American Dilemma

IN the *Saturday Evening Post* for Feb. 4, Joseph and Stewart Alsop, respected team of columnists on international affairs, present the thinking of those who are calling for an aggressive, anti-Soviet foreign policy for the United States. What they say may be "old stuff" for some Americans, and it may be of doubtful validity for others, but this Department has never seen the case for "boldness" in foreign affairs more clearly or persuasively put. Here, in relatively few words, are the needs of the United States as a secure military power—secure, that is, in terms of what security is possible in a world which contemplates the use of atomic weapons.

The value of the article is in showing what is involved for the American people to obtain this sort of security. If they insist upon it, they must insist upon the conditions which this article outlines.

The Alsops dramatize the issues by pinpointing the "soft" areas in both the Far East and Near East where the communists stand a chance of winning their struggle for political control. For text they take a sentence from the London *Economist*, descriptive of the apparent program of the Soviet drive for power: "Country after country is to be pushed or pulled into the [communist] orbit until freedom is finally extinguished."

Then there is the question, "Well, suppose they are; how can these events many thousands of miles away affect us?" The Alsops' answer to this question defines the policy they recommend for the United States.

Suppose, for example, that Malaya succumbs to communist domination; or that the great rice plantations of Southeast Asia can be controlled by the communists; or that the oil fields of the Near East are cut off as a source of petroleum supply for the United States.

The masters of the rice bowl are in a position, say the Alsops, to starve millions of Indians, should they choose to use food as a weapon to compel alliances. If Malaya is lost to the British Empire, a full sixteen per cent of the total income of Great Britain will disappear with control of British holdings in tin and rubber. Still more will go with the commercial and banking interests of Singapore. Then, if British oil wells in the Arab states are lost as well, a total of about forty per cent of Britain's entire income is no longer available. As the Alsops put it: "In other words, 40 per cent of Britain's life-blood comes from the principal target areas of the Kremlin's pushing program."

Little short of complete upheaval in Britain could be expected to result from the loss of these territories. Manifestly, Britain would no longer be a world power. Even another political revolution in Britain could easily occur, leading to a denial to the United States of the Strategic Air Command bases in East Anglia. These bases are already unpopular with some British leaders. Aneurin Bevan, for example, has long objected to them. The Alsops reasonably suggest that if Britain should deny us bases, other European countries will follow Britain's lead. And what then will happen to the anti-communist policies of West Germany and Japan?

Finally, with the loss of overseas bases, the striking power of the American Strategic Air Command (SAC) "will be cut by a crippling 80 per cent," the Alsops report. After explaining how this works by giving technical details of SAC's armament of bombers, they point out that in these circumstances, the United States could no longer administer a "knockout blow" to the Soviets. They conclude:

In this rather simple manner, therefore, the Kremlin can win the cold war—and the world. The pushing program deals Britain a deadly wound in her Achilles' heel, which is her dependence for economic survival on the remnants of her empire. The wound to Britain in turn exposes our Achilles' heel, which is SAC's dependence on its overseas bases. And so the

hoped-for moment comes when the air-atomic balance, which is the present mainspring of history, is broken at last in the Kremlin's favor; when we can hurt the Soviet Union, but can no longer destroy it; and when the Soviets meanwhile can utterly destroy the United States. It may be as easy as that, and who can doubt what the result will be, if that moment which the masters of the Kremlin hope for comes indeed?

Is there any sense in military preparedness which is not preparation for the *worst* that can happen? We suspect that only a half-baked expert could be satisfied by half-measures. A military man must assume that the enemy will be as ruthless as he can, and prepare to meet the worst possible situation.

There is considerable irony in the fact that the very peoples of the East to whom we may urge this chain of consequences as excuse for the policy of "containment" are probably psychologically unable to listen to the story with much sympathy. How can any newly freed Asian be impressed with the idea that his last hope of freedom depends upon preserving the remnants of the British Empire? Instead, he will probably be very suspicious of a "freedom" that has this requirement. Can you blame him?

A thoughtful anti-war commentator, if he went at it thoroughly, could doubtless prove on paper that the West, if it is to win the "cold war" of containment of the Soviets, will have to do things which will lose for the West the psychological war for Asia, and possibly for Africa, too. This is certainly the case if the conditions of military security for the United States are as the Alsops describe.

It is entirely possible, of course, that other commentators will have other views, proposing less desperate possibilities. We have not outlined the contentions of the Alsops in order to suggest the "inevitable" course of history, but to show the *kind* of thinking that seems to be behind the major decisions of American policy; and to show, as well, the *kind* of America that will have to come into permanent existence to give those decisions

any hope of long-term success. This latter America is a military power which is obliged by reason of strategic necessity to preserve the political status quo of any area where vital bases are located, in far-off regions of the world, and exercise whatever police power is required to maintain the capacity to destroy (at least in theory) a major enemy power with a single decisive blow. It is difficult to see how any practicable theory of military defense—if "defense" is practicable at all, in atomic war—can do with anything less.

What do the Russians think about all this? There is probably no subject of greater futility to write about than what the Russians are "thinking," these days, since, even if it could be told, it would probably be too confusing or contradictory to be understood, and who would believe it, anyhow? But if we had to take anyone's word on this subject, we should probably incline to accept the judgment of Supreme Court Justice Douglas, who recently returned from a tour of the U.S.S.R. What Justice Douglas says is not exactly encouraging. Speaking last month before the faculty and students of the California Institute of Technology, he said that he found no evidence of discontent among the Russian people. He was particularly impressed by the "tremendous strides" made by the Soviets in agriculture and industry. "The Russian economy," he said, "is not about to fall apart; the Russians are not about to starve." In his opinion, the Russians are eager to dispense with some of the economic burdens imposed upon them by heavy military armament, and for this reason he thinks their recent peace overtures are "sincere." Commenting on the stability of the Soviet country, he said that "The police state has effectively eliminated its most likely detractors," and he added that "There is so much evil in Communism that it is hard to realize that the Communist system can produce something not totally bad." The Los Angeles *Times* (Feb. 1) report of his address continues:

He [Justice Douglas] warned, however, that the basic Soviet strategy remains unchanged from the

days of Stalin and that Russia's policy of internationalism will go forward under the Kremlin leaders.

Russia is bound to exert tremendous influence in the economic and political development of Asia, Justice Douglas added.

"You must remember that Khrushchev and Bulganin are talking to a traditionally Socialist audience when they set out to sell the Soviet system in Asia," he said.

"In the game of power politics, Russia can point to the Soviet system which they have made work for them, and while we would not think much of it by our standards, still it looks pretty good in comparison with the standards of Asia's traditional feudal economy."

It is the contention of Justice Douglas that peaceful coexistence of the nations of the world is the only remaining possibility since the advent of thermal nuclear warfare. The great powers which will shape the future, he believes, are the United States, Russia, Germany, India, and China.

Perhaps we could say that the Alsops represent the best informed opinion behind the policies of the United States which grow out of the past—grow from the assumption that existing political alignments and power blocs ought if possible to be preserved; while Supreme Court Justice Douglas attempts to anticipate the decisive political forces of the future, proposing a policy which will accommodate those changes in the balance of power which he regards as inevitable.

Neither alternative will seem attractive to the average American, the one seeming an almost inevitable invitation to war—sooner or later; the other, involving the sacrifice of existing, if diminishing, military advantages in the hope of a "peaceful coexistence" with a great power which is admittedly determined to propagandize and work for world communism. One conclusion that may be possible to draw from consideration of this dilemma is that the time may have arrived to attempt to define "security" in nonmilitary terms. The ground for this possibility is that, sooner or later, a non-military definition of security will have

to be accepted by all the world. If it can be accepted sooner, rather than later, unimaginable bloodshed and destruction may be avoided.