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WITHOUT RAISING HIS VOICE

A FRENCH dramatic critic's observation about the producer of a new Japanese film, *The Children of Hiroshima*, makes us reflect anew about the relationship between art and life, or even art and politics. The critic's remark is repeated by Alexander Werth in the *Nation* for June 19, where the *Nation's* Paris correspondent presents his own impressions of this unusual film, which is not, incidentally, to be shown in the United States, probably because the producers feared that it might "offend Americans." It is a pity that Americans have a reputation for being so touchy about the atom bomb, for while the prize-winning *Rashomon* which toured the United States gave evidence of Japanese skill and artistry in movie-making, *The Children of Hiroshima* apparently touches far deeper chords of human understanding. Werth says:

> . . . heaven knows, there is nothing in the least anti-American about it. It is simply the most moving human document I know—apart from Hersey's book about Hiroshima against atomic war as such, quite regardless of whether the bombs are made in the United States, in Russia, in Germany, in Japan, or anywhere else. . . . if I were the world's dictator, I would make this film compulsory education for all mankind.

Most of the film deals with a time eight or nine years after the bombing. It is the story of a young school teacher's visit to Hiroshima. The bomb is hardly seen, but the shadow of past and future atomic war haunts the story. The French critic said of *The Children of Hiroshima:*

> This young teacher's seemingly commonplace excursion is really a descent into the seven circles of hell, a journey to the far end of horror. The producer's great art was to say all this without raising his voice. If understatement is the mark of classic art, this is indeed a classic masterpiece.

Werth speaks of it as an "infinitely sad film." Hiroshima is a city surrounded by natural loveliness, but a kind of living death has descended upon the human community—the memory of 200,000 people, obliterated in a few seconds, sight of the crippled, the maimed, and the blinded who remain, the tragedy of young couples who are sterile, and of children affected by the "bomb illness."

It is a role of art to give focus to the emotions, and the focus must provide just proportions, which is what the French reviewer meant when he said that the producer conveyed the meaning of Hiroshima "without raising his voice." Art should never need argument. The artist removes irrelevant obstructions between the spectator and an aspect of reality, and the reality stands revealed by his "work of art."

The musings inevitable from such considerations recall to mind the case of the little girl who fell into a deep, abandoned well in a California town. An entire nation felt the taut sufferings of the parents while they waited, impotent, for the sad news that their child had died. While the element of suspense was undoubtedly the chief reason for dramatic coverage of the tragedy by the nation's press, the fact that reporting the plight of the child in detail would make no occasion for mass self-reproach on the part of readers was surely a contributing factor. There were no terrible moral implications, save for the obvious comment that open wells should be properly covered.

But the continuing tragedy of Hiroshima—continuing in physiological after-effects, and in psychic anticipations of further atomic bombings—is a searching challenge to the world, which perhaps explains the neglect of the human drama of the bombing of the Japanese cities. The little girl at the bottom of the well could be

mourned without a feeling of moral responsibility, but not the victims of Hiroshima.

Volumes could be written along these lines, but they could hardly provide the focus of feeling that a motion picture like *The Children of Hiroshima* is said to achieve. For art, unlike sermons and jeremiads, does not accuse. At least, not directly. Instead, it moves us to make our own discoveries. Even Werth, veteran liberal journalist, is caused to confess: "I have met scarcely any Japanese in my life, and what perhaps surprised me most about the film was the still, sad music of humanity that pervades every inch of it." Why should he have been "surprised"? If we are honest, we shall probably answer that the difference between theoretical and actual human solidarity is enough to cause most of us surprise. It is the touch of heart in feeling with instead of about others that makes us accept the reality of the brotherhood of man.

Here, our discussion needs to broaden to include the areas of psychology, religion, and philosophy. For we need to consider why it is that our feelings of human solidarity are so few and so seldom expressed, that when they do come, they bring "surprise." It seems likely that religion should bear the greatest responsibility for our narrow emotionalism. Religion is supposed to instruct mankind in good and evil and to define for human beings what they should cleave to in their hearts. Yet religion, with the sole exception, so far as we know, of Buddhism, has rarely if ever declared that the highest human ideal is the brotherhood of man. Instead, men are instructed to "love God." We need not argue this point at length, but simply point out that the founders of modern atheism found the moral energy for their revolt against religion in their towering hatred of religious wars. The crimes against humanity in the name of God have been greater than any other.

To be fighting the battles of God is the supreme justification. To be on "God's side" is an absolute and irrational sanction, so that a man may do practically anything in the service of the deity. Gentle folk whose faith supports another trend in behavior may feel that this is an intemperate distortion of the meaning of their religion, yet the facts of history will permit no other conclusion. A soulless atheism may bring the same results, as more recent history has demonstrated, but the point, here, is that cultural traditions which elevate any object of devotion above the love of man for man almost invariably set man against man in practice. Whether it be a stern and unforgiving Jehovah or a mighty abstraction like the State, the practical result is the same.

Writing, some weeks ago, on "God, Man, and the H-Bomb," Norman Cousins asks the readers of the *Saturday Review* (May 8) what they would have decided, individually, if they had been given the responsibility of determining whether the United States Government "would proceed with the development of a hydrogen bomb, and, beyond that, a cobalt bomb." He continues: "Suppose you knew that the killing power of the new weapons was now without limit and that the blood toll of their use might involve one billion human beings? What would you do?"

Mr. Cousins moves thoughtfully through several columns of discussion, concluding, finally:

> All these questions and problems were connected with the big decision you were called upon to make. As you pondered them, would you have stopped to ask yourself what the great religious leaders in history would have done if that big decision had been theirs? You belonged to a country that prided itself on its spiritual foundations, could the religious factor be abruptly excluded from your own decision? Would the great religious leaders have preferred to die themselves rather than sanction the use of a weapon that brought the gift of life under total jeopardy? Specifically what would Christ do? If this question is irrelevant, then nothing in Christianity is relevant to the human situation today

It hardly needs pointing out that Mr. Cousins' formulation is both sound and rhetorical. It is sound because his final question, honestly faced, practically answers itself. It is rhetorical because only with great difficulty can we imagine the men who decided to use the atom bomb, or resolved to

produce other more lethal atomic weapons, stating the problem to themselves in this way. If they referred themselves to religious counsels at all, it was doubtless in terms of how to stop the threat of communist atheism and preserve thereby our Christian institutions. The morally intimate question of what Christ would do would not naturally occur to those who think of religion as contained by human institutions.

The fault, then, or the terrible mistake, is in supposing that religion is something that is already "possessed," and which may be destroyed or taken away by an enemy, instead of being a *quest* for the truth, in which men may or may not engage, depending upon their natures and inclinations.

For this reason, we feel justified in assigning the chief responsibility for unguided emotionalism to religion, since it is religion as we know it which enables us to shut out large portions of the rest of mankind from fraternal kinship with ourselves. It is religion which permits us to enjoy feelings of righteousness in a pact with God, while we deal death to whole cities of human beings.

The importance of psychology lies in the fact that psychology tells us something of the way in which emotional reactions work. As a branch of science, psychology enjoys a sort of neutrality in the field of moral judgments. It may, in its maturity, be driven to moral conclusions, but at the outset it performs the functions of analyst and critic. In various ways, psychology illuminates the processes of human feeling. We learn, for example, that people with a low opinion of themselves try to ameliorate their feelings of self-disgust by showing hostility to others. Thus the man who thinks himself a sinner usually looks about for greater sinners to whom he may be able to feel superior. Further, the man who doubts his own merits will be eager to seek associations promising benefits he has not been able to obtain by himself. If he cannot save himself, he wants a "savior" to do it for him, or some larger, institutional identity which will help him to forget his own inadequacies. Carlo Levi, in *Of Fear and Freedom,* suggested that the central struggle of human life is toward individuality. It is a hazardous quest, often marked by frustrations and disappointments. The true role of religion is to support and encourage the individual in his strivings. But those who assume positions of authority in religion will sometimes turn its meaning upside down. Instead of teaching religion as a source of strength, they make it over into a justification of weakness, until, in time, what were once symbols of trial and ordeal, crowned by the victory of realization, become symbols of *vicarious atonement*—substitutes for the actual achievement of moral self-discovery and independence. Religion of this sort puts in the place of the ancient odyssey of soul a ritual success story in which the ordeal is suffered, the victory won, by someone else. With this sort of "savior," we do not have to learn to be strong, patient, and forgiving. These virtues we now acquire *symbolically,* without the pain we fear. But, knowing inwardly that we have made some sort of ignoble trade, we are forever discovering in others the compromise we have submitted to ourselves. And since joining the right society, picking the "true" savior, getting ourselves born with the best heredity—with a color of skin and facial structure blessed in the sight of the Lord—are all matters of the greatest importance, other people who, voluntarily or involuntarily, embody different tastes in beliefs and parents easily become objects of grave suspicion. And since they, also, are usually confined in thought and feeling by a similar set of provincialisms, wars of extermination become practically inevitable.

It is surely no accident that, among religious groups, the more inward the God worshipped, the less institutional paraphernalia of creed, orthodox belief, and means to salvation. Where there is an "inner light," there is little need for external authority. And where there is no external authority, man's love for man has immediate and direct expression, without distorting interpretation by either priests or diplomats.

The impersonal analysis of psychology, then, when pursued with determination, eventually reveals the need for metaphysics. For metaphysics sets limits to the religious beliefs which men may hold with consistent dignity and reasonableness. Metaphysics confirms the finding of psychology, that a religious truth too easily reached, without regard for logic, inevitably becomes a partisan truth—in reality, no truth at all, but a claim to unearned distinction. From metaphysics we learn that the ultimate nature and origin of all things and beings is of necessity beyond definition, even as the mystics of every religion have declared, and that pure spiritual aspirations may be identified by their noticeable similarity in all parts of the world.

It has been the philosophers of religion who have taught that not until a man is content in being a man, without wanting a god who will favor him above others, or grant him and his fellows truths not vouchsafed to the heathen, is he ready even to touch the garment-hem of religious truth. Why do we hear this so seldom? Because the authentic teacher, like the authentic artist, is compelled by the nature of life and truth to speak "without raising his voice."

The artist may raise before our eyes a neglected phase of reality. He has the advantage of the philosopher in that the artist, wordlessly, by a process of indirection, brings an opportunity for independent discovery to the one who sees or reads his work. The revelation may even be unintentional, for the artist is not a preacher. He discloses as his genius requires, and his essential honesty creates the power which his skill articulates. In the social organism, the artist contributes the faculty of intuition, from which, as with all intuitions, men gain a momentary light. The light persists according to its initial intensity.

The philosopher is the reviewer, critic, and sustainer of the insights of intuition. Suppose we had seen the film, *The Children of Hiroshima:* how long would the catharsis of this experience remain? What will make the feeling of human solidarity a constant instead of a vagrant factor in our lives?

We may be indebted to the artist for compelling us to ask this question. But only the philosopher can help us to find the answer.

REVIEW
THE HUMANE PERSPECTIVE

CHOICE of a subject for this Department always presents interesting questions. For example, the Guatemalan revolution or civil war is much in the news, and a comparison of Carleton Beals' article in the *Christian Century* (June 23) on Guatemala's land reform—an impressive achievement regardless of President Arbenz' politics—with *Time's* (June 28) four pages of Guatemalan history and discussion of current events would probably be a timely service to readers.

Then, we have for review a volume by Lynn Harold Hough, *Great Humanists* (Abingdon Cokesbury, $3.50), in which the attraction is of a different sort. The figures discussed by Dr. Hough are Aristotle, Cicero, Erasmus, Irving Babbitt, and Paul Elmer More—philosophers and scholars all.

Which would you select? We incline to the Hough book, mostly because of its essay on Irving Babbitt, on the ground that, having read it, we feel better able to measure the significance of the war in Guatemala. In Babbitt, in other words, one finds light on the cultural factors which are behind such bewildering events as are now taking place in Guatemala, whereas, without Babbitt's illuminating perspectives, one might be tempted simply to argue the merits of the recent social reforms of President Arbenz while making deprecating noises in regard to the ruthless methods applied on occasion to the political opposition. In short, Babbitt was the sort of man who penetrated the moral confusion of the modern world, and Latin American revolutions are rather special cases of this moral confusion.

If MANAS were a journal of political commentary, we should feel obliged to "take a position" about Guatemala. And, under this stress, we would probably decide to say that the Arbenz administration, despite the totalitarian methods scored by *Time*, represents an unavoidable historical adjustment. As Beals says:

> A few years ago the peasants of Guatemala were permitted to assemble only for religious festivals. Every attempt on their part to organize for other purposes was raked with machine guns. . . . barefoot peasants with ropes around their necks were herded by the soldiers to work on the coffee, sugar and banana plantations. . . . The impressed workers were supposedly paid a wage of ten to fifteen cents a day, but most of this went into the pockets of labor-contract sharks who split with the army officers. At the end of the six-month compulsory work period, each worker (if not held in debt slavery) was given a few *quetzales*—scarcely enough to buy his food on the long walk back home. . . .
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> The feudal barons had kept one of America's richest countries in darkness. They had failed to introduce modern methods and had kept large areas idle the better to control prices. In a country of rich soil, they had refused to grow foodstuffs, thus making the price of imported rice, wheat and corn incredibly high. They had blocked the building of roads except to the nearest railroad or port. They had prevented the establishment of new industries which would have led to higher wages. They had strangled free enterprise and all semblance of a democratic system.

The revolution of 1944, largely engineered by Arbenz, brought sweeping reforms. Forced labor was abolished and free elections were held. After Arbenz became president (in 1950), the redistribution of land began in earnest. By 1953, nearly a million acres had been turned over to the peasants. Loans were arranged, seed supplied, and machinery made available on a rental basis. It is now hoped that Guatemalans will in the coming year grow enough food to feed themselves without imports. Guatemala, Beals notes, is as large as England and has far greater natural resources. The program of the Arbenz regime, now being attacked as under communist influence—which undoubtedly exists—is described by Beals:

> The entire program has been broadly conceived, with an effort not to curtail existing production in the process as happened in Mexico for many years. It includes provision to the farmers of technical and other assistance. Four fine agricultural schools have been opened, and hundreds of rural schools established. Thousands of units of sanitary housing have been built by the government, or by property owners in compliance with the law. Many new farm-to-market roads and hundreds of miles of main paved highway have been constructed. . . .

Time seems chiefly interested in the other side of the picture—Arbenz' naïve admiration for the Soviet Union, the use of terror and assassination to suppress revolt, the 2000 tons of arms obtained by the government from Red Czechoslovakia, and other discouraging features of the reform administration. Of Arbenz the man, *Time's* estimate is this:

> . . . military attachés, diplomats and journalists who have met the Guatemalan President are in striking agreement that the mainspring of his character is dogged, stubborn, self-willed courage. If there is any kind of bravery he lacks, it is perhaps the higher degree of courage that could enable a man to look into his own heart and see what his reckless flirtation with Communism has done—and may yet do—to his country and his people.

Beals provides a more impersonal perspective:

> While the present government of Guatemala is not Communist, it has tolerated Communists, and they are strong in the labor and peasant movements. Meanwhile, dollar diplomacy will not solve the Guatemalan question; it will only create more Communists. . . . Invulnerable bulwarks against communism there would be success of the land reform program, ending of all traces of the old feudalism and serfdom, and expansion of the present program of education, health and technical assistance.

One may agree completely with Mr. Beals, yet still feel compelled to note that a bullet in the back of the neck of dissenters—even if they are "reactionary" dissenters—introduces a pervading note of moral chaos to the march of social progress. While the brutal policies of powerful men of wealth may explain such angry retaliation, there is still the larger question of *why* men who are evidently on the side of the oppressed peasants feel able to use such methods. Mere "historical explanation" is not enough.

It is here that the thought of Irving Babbitt becomes important. How, someone may wonder, can a man who spent practically all his life as a professor in the French department at Harvard University throw light on the methods of revolutionary Guatemala? The answer to this question makes a long but interesting story. In fact, the taste of Babbitt's thinking provided by Dr. Hough in *Great Humanists* has fathered the determination, in this reviewer, at least, to read two more of Babbitt's books (one, his translation of the *Dhammapada*, has already been noticed in these pages—MANAS for Sept. 23, 1953).

Babbitt, we gather, was a man who devoted his life to the idea of responsibility in thinking. He would permit no sloppiness, even in behalf of Truth. As Hough puts it:

> He always held people responsible for what was involved in their statements. He had a skill in unearthing unnoticed contradictions in famous writers which was fairly uncanny. He read contemporary newspapers of every kind. He perused contemporary books of every sort. He was always asking what they revealed about the minds from which they came. . . . You might find Henry Ford jostling Aristotle in one of his addresses. And if Ford suffered by the juxtaposition, it was not that Professor Babbitt wanted to make him personally ridiculous but that he had unwittingly revealed some limitation in the mind of America which Babbitt wished to attack.

Searching for a way to characterize Babbitt briefly, we might say that he broke out of the circle of the limiting intellectual and moral conceptions of his time *without losing his balance.* He would submit to no "vogues" of learned judgment, but rather exposed them according to what he conceived to be the unchanging canons of Humanism. He rejected both poles of reaction to which the unleashed energies of the Renaissance had spread:

> On the one hand, he felt that he lived in a world where undisciplined and expansive emotion was running riot. And on the other, he seemed to be in a world where human intelligence was busy studying subhuman relationships and making the result appear to be the whole of life and truth. Already [in *Literature and the American College*] he associated the reign of undisciplined emotion with Rousseau, of whom he was later to speak and write so much. And the study of the reign of physical laws which ignored specifically human meanings he associated with Francis Bacon. The two attitudes seemed to be far apart, but actually they had a way of coming together. The scientist who had achieved tremendous control over the forces of nature and who had made no critical study of the way of discrimination on the human level was likely to use his control of nature at

> the dictation of the undisciplined emotion which was fundamental to Rousseau. Because the control achieved by the scientist was external in its reach and its achievement, his whole view of life was likely to be external. . . .

Now Hough shows the genius of Babbitt's critical intelligence. While some readers may feel that the burden of his strictures is no longer applicable to education, the judgment stands in the larger sense of characterizing the Rousseauist coloring of the social movement of the twentieth century, and is not inapplicable to the "campus radicals" of recent years:

> The control of nature which did not submit its power to true control on the human level seemed to him to be leading the world straight toward disaster. Already he was displaying that insight into the direction of commanding trends in the life of his time which is often fairly uncanny as we read what he said [in 1908] in the light of later events. . . . He was discussing central trends. And he spoke with almost startling courage and with complete honesty. He was sure that when education was based upon uncritical surrender to expansive emotion, the results were sure in the long run to be tragic. He knew that the emotions upon which contemporary educationalists were basing their efforts were set forth in such a fashion as to seem suffused by the very greatest altruism. But an altruism not based upon a clear doctrine of control in the light of standards he was convinced would go down before the aggressive instincts of men. The lust for power was sure to prove stronger than the energy of altruistic impulses. When undisciplined men were set serving the world, the situation was not promising. The education which ministered to expansive emotion and ignored the discipline of impulse was going wrong on first principles.

So, we take this text and go back to Wilson's *To the Finland Station*, to Louis Adamic's *Dynamite*, and to a few other books in which the bursting heart of the social struggle in the West reveals its furious beating. These men, some of them great, are caught in the net of undisciplined emotion—angry altruistic emotion, and moral confusion is an almost certain result. When a Robert Oppenheimer is stripped of his psychological defenses on the witness stand, by pitiless questioning (see *U.S. News and World Report* for June 25), we read, not the story of one man, but of the confused altruism of hundreds of years of Western history. Oppenheimer, we think, had little left but his personal integrity, but he departed from the witness chair, we think, with more personal stature than many others could have retained, tested in the same way. Why should a man's loyalties suffer this conflict? It would be better to ask, How could a man of such capacities avoid conflicting loyalties when called to make an atom bomb for his country? It might be a good idea to leave the judgment of Oppenheimer to men of equal capacity, if there are any about.

Then, in Guatemala, we see the turbulence of directed but uninstructed emotion. Here flow torrents which draw on two independent traditions of ruthless violence—the one in behalf of the few, the other in behalf of the many. The revolutionary spirit has long claimed to see something magnificent in an orgy of violence in behalf of the oppressed. This is the "good" kind of violence, and hundreds and thousands of supposedly learned and scholarly men have given tacit assent to this view. Actually, it is a view with no more virtue than the claim that atom bombs dropped by the "free world" are a good kind of atom bomb. The genuine humanist will not tolerate this sort of pseudo social philosophy.

At what springs have these enthusiasts drunk? Where do we drink, ourselves? These are the questions which Babbitt obliges us to answer. So, from reading about Guatemala, we turn, as from a pageant, a mindlessly repeated ritual in which the performers are led about by their teachers of generations past, without questioning and in bold confidence—we turn to Babbitt and are grateful for a mind which can teach us something of the anatomy and the ills of the modern mind.

COMMENTARY
OPENING QUESTIONS

IT was characteristic of Dr. Freud to say that psychoanalysis could not "cure"—was not, in fact, intended to cure, but was rather a process of investigation into the causes of mental or psychic disturbance which might, in time, enable the patient to cure himself. Jung also said much the same thing, pointing out that analysis might make it possible for the individual under treatment to understand himself better, but that decision and action on the basis of the new understanding could not be undertaken by anyone else. It is fair to conclude, therefore, that the contribution of the psychoanalytical movement, thus far, has been critical and diagnostic, and that the new orientation gained by these means has depended very largely on accidents of temperament and outlook.

Psychoanalysis has occasionally been compared with the religious practice of "confession," and while a parallel certainly exists, there is a fundamental difference in that the priest who supposedly guides the confessing "sinner" to another way of life, through penances imposed and counsels offered, does so in terms of a system of orthodox religious belief. The priest is equipped with final doctrines about the nature of man, deity, and the surrounding world, but the analyst pretends to no such omniscience. Instead, he has the problem, often discussed in professional journals, of needing to help the patient to become independent of the analyst's influence and "authority."

Here, perhaps, is the real reason why the psychoanalysts, now that their branch of medical science has arrived at a noticeable maturity, are showing considerable interest in philosophy. They are recognizing that however effective they may be as critics, healing at the psychological level requires the patient to adopt self-consciously a working constellation of attitudes, motives, and purposes which turns out to be the secret of a wholesome, constructive emotional life. Unable, as doctors and scientists, to use the "ready-made" moral systems of existing faiths, they are turning to the sources of religious thinking and traditions, and, of necessity, to philosophy as well. Erich Fromm, it seems to us, is an outstanding example of this movement among psychoanalysts.

What is of interest, here, is that this trend of thought, rather plain in the field of clinical psychology, may be discerned as a general characteristic of our times. This week's lead article indicates the relationship between metaphysics and psychology, and the psychologist quoted in Frontiers (Dr. Joseph Barrell) speaks of the necessity of psychology to make generalizations which "reach beyond psychology." A few weeks ago, a writer in the *Antioch Review* was quoted in MANAS as advocating a review and regeneration of the metaphysical underpinnings of modern Liberalism; and Dwight Macdonald, also quoted in this week's Frontiers, observes in *The Root Is Man:*

> Questions which formerly seemed to me either closed or meaningless are now beginning to seem open and significant. Such questions are those of Determinism v. Free Will, Materialism v. Idealism, the concept of Progress, the basis for making value judgments, and the nature of man himself.

Irving Babbitt, to whom attention is given in Review, might be regarded as a forerunner of this new feeling about philosophy—he seems to have been a considerable "trend" all by himself—and his influence is certainly a part of the new, humanistic awakening of the present. Reading about him in the Hough book, incidentally, makes one reflect that a man of his positive philosophic convictions and versatile intellectual capacities could by no stretch of the imagination ever need "psychoanalysis." Perhaps the long-term purpose of psychoanalysis should be to encourage the development of the sort of society and cultural environment in which mental and emotional ills would be so rare that psychoanalysts would all be out of jobs!

CHILDREN
. . . and Ourselves

NOTES IN PASSING

THOROUGHLY enjoyable reading, and of interest to teachers and parents, is provided by Louise Baker's boarding-school story, *Snips and Snails.* Mrs. Baker, whose successful writing career was preceded by two seasons of teaching at wealthy private schools, just misses being a racy humorist, by virtue of her genuine respect for the young. Having, on the other hand, little respect for those who use the boarding school as a happy excuse for evasion of parental responsibility, she incidentally makes out a good case for the *public* school. But her real interest is not in criticizing stuffy headmasters nor the tendency of plush institutions to kowtow to social position and heavy bank balances. Her real interest is the boys themselves, and since she lived with her own group of nine-year-olds the better part of twenty-four hours a day, her capacities as a child psychologist have opportunity to flower in a novel with similar setting.

The school she describes may not have been ideal for either the pupils, headmaster or teachers, but it did serve as a laboratory for gaining an understanding beyond that provided by the day-school classroom. From Mrs. Baker we again learn that no one without a sense of humor should have anything to do with instruction of the young, and that humorless parents, despite their biological accomplishment, should probably be put in the stocks.

We present one passage from *Snips and Snails,* and recommend the rest of the book to all parents and teachers:

> My little boys always complained of our proximity to the head-master's study. They felt that this unfortunate geography was all that constrained them from leading recklessly lawless lives. Danger is man's element, so they say, and I discovered that man begins to seek, or invent, his element at a very tender age.
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> I don't endorse Sin, of course—not a blanket endorsement anyway—but for me to accept with awed admiration my flock's lurid evaluation of themselves made for a certain amount of rapport between us. It proved very useful in guiding them subtly into approved behavior. Since I supposedly acknowledged the fact that they were a bunch of restrained rakes, they usually confided in me the wicked things they'd decided *not* to do.
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> Corollary with this, and much more useful to me in channeling major traffic into the straight-and-narrow path, they also usually confided the things they *intended* to do. Some of their projected mischief was fascinating and, frankly, quite appealed to my worse nature. It was, alas, my responsibility to restrain them occasionally. I think they sensed my reluctance. To console me for my unfortunate role in life and to assure me they knew what I suffered from my occupational disease, they usually gave up their reign-of-terror plans cheerfully enough. They felt, I am sure, that if I hadn't been on the payroll I'd have been right in there ringleading castor oil into the salad dressing and garter snakes into everyone's bureau drawers. It may not have been a dignified reputation, but it was a mighty handy one, diplomatically speaking. Usually a lurid description of projected depredation gave them all the release they needed anyway. They were often, I think, relieved that I saved them the necessity of execution and still maintained the distinction of their self-appraisal as recruits of Satan.

This seems worth some discussion, for, aside from the humor, there may be something profoundly important involved in the proverbial "rebelliousness" of youth. If, as some of our best educators tell us, the welfare of the human race depends upon the independent courage which spurs great men beyond the bounds of conventional opinion, a child's instinctive rejection of rigidly imposed moralities is always heartening—likewise worthy of sympathetic understanding. Mrs. Baker makes it clear enough that this is not an actual "urge" towards "immorality," but simply an expression of individual integrity, taking its apparently absurd forms in consonance with the age-group involved. The fact is that children, like all worth-while adults, feel the need of establishing their own ethical precepts and making their own moral laws. When they are allowed and encouraged to do so, innate traits of sympathy and kindliness will often find more effective expression than that suggested by the codes of the adult world. While ethical awareness is not entirely innate, and needs both precept and example to grow, its full maturity also depends on latitude of choice.

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An interesting series of paragraphs from Lucy Sprague Mitchell's *Two Lives* correlates with some of the criticisms of "traditional education" mentioned in our recent lead article, "Fratricide Among Educators." During her early years as a teacher, Mrs. Mitchell worked with three educational pioneers—Caroline Pratt, Elizabeth Irwin and Harriet Johnson. (Later she became the first Dean of Women and the first woman on the faculty at the University of California.) Here she relates the birth of an insight which served her through all her years of teaching:

> Traditional education stressed intake, and intake primarily through words, the telling about other people's experiences and thinking, that is, through vicarious rather than firsthand experiences. Some of the early experimental schools swung to the opposite extreme and stressed outgo—self-expression through art—and left intake largely to chance. Planned intake and planned opportunity for outgo seemed to me should be the basis of any curriculum for babies up through adults—a rich experimental life and a chance "to do something about it." The intake had to be planned according to the maturity of the individual and the outgo to be accepted in terms of his maturity, not in terms of adult achievement. For me, this gave a comforting continuity to education. It gave a basis for the curriculum from nursery school to student teachers which at the Bureau we later worked out in the School for Teachers. It also gave me a point of departure when I began to study what language meant to children.

Finally, there is this note of considerable interest to semanticists, also explaining Mrs. Mitchell's special concern for "children's Language":

> Practically all studies of children's language had been of the development of adult forms—vocabulary, grammatical sentence structure, spelling, etc. A child was generally accounted "promising" or retarded in language according to the speed with which he took on linguistic correctness. The quality of children's native, spontaneous language, what children spontaneously attended to, or "took in" from the world around them, and what they "gave out" in their forms of language expression, all these things had met with scant attention from either psychologists or teachers. In all the arts at that time the dominant aim of the school was to teach adult skills and forms. A child was told to copy a house or an animal drawn by the teacher or found in a book. If he could not copy it accurately, he traced it. That is, a child's product was judged by the degree to which it successfully imitated adult products, not by the satisfaction that expressing his own idea brought to him or by what he learned through this expression.
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> In drawing, painting and modeling, the attitude that skills must be learned before experimentation is allowed broke down long before it did in language. Indeed, the common attitude toward language is still to hustle children into conformity, and only recently have "the language arts" included anything suggesting the art of language. "Free" painting was recognized as an emotional release long before "free" or "creative" language was. There was, in those early days, a tendency to think of "free" expression in any line as a therapeutic measure, rather than as a part of the learning process. Art for children tended to take on the therapeutic aspect and interpretation that had been developed for disturbed children. Experimental schools, however, began trying out various art media as a means of giving all children emotional satisfactions. The vigor, simplicity and originality of children's untaught painting was recognized and highly praised by artists. The Bureau, in 1918, organized one of the first exhibits of pictures by children in some of the early experimental schools.
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> But there was a lag in thinking of language as a means of self-expression, as an art medium for children. Teachers and parents alike listened to children's language and attempted to "improve" it by making it conform to adult linguistic correctness. My questions about children's language began with the other end—not with the adult product and by what stages a child learned to handle it correctly, but with what impulses led a young child to use language or pre-language sounds, and what kinds of satisfactions he gained through its use. I soon became convinced that a young child approached language as he did other things—through experiment and play. A child's language became a special behavior through which he learned—an intake experience and an outgo response to the experience. It was as such that I tried to study it.

Here is another point against the too-rigid classicists. On this view, the best in the classical traditions should be learned *after* the child has formed his own early modes of expression, and it seems to us quite likely that application of Mrs. Mitchell's approach could contribute to a greater originality of mind throughout life.

FRONTIERS

Revolt Against the Experts

ALONG with other "trends" in which we find encouragement is that of an increasingly percipient analysis of modern man's unfortunate reliance upon "the specialists." A phase of this sort of criticism was begun years ago in Jose Ortega's classic, *The Revolt of the Masses*, while in the field of educational evaluation both Gordon Chalmers and Robert Hutchins have caustically reminded their professional contemporaries that the members of different faculty "departments" have long been practically unable to converse with one another. The "trend," then, is critical, but it also finds affirmative expression in writers who attempt to surmount the limits of specialization.

Some high resolves in a lengthy volume by Joseph Barrell, A *Philosophical Study of the Human Mind* (Philosophical Library, 1954), on hand for review, may illustrate this effort. Dr. Barrell initially calls attention to the fact that America's "first psychologist," William James, won a natural place in our cultural heritage because he disdained scholasticism—either medieval or modern. "In James' estimation," Barrell writes, "whatever else it meant, philosophy also meant the wisdom that a shepherd or a wagon driver can possess, and can then pass on to another human being." Barrell continues:

> Now that is what philosophy is going to mean in this book. It will mean the wisdom possessed by one human being which can be communicated to another. In particular, it will mean wisdom about the human mind—wisdom possessed, for the most part, by psychologists, but capable, nonetheless, of leaving the bounds of psychology and becoming the property of men and women who are not psychologists.
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> But will not such wisdom result merely in another book on psychology, of which there are already a great number on the market? Not exactly. For the collecting of such wisdom is really a philosophical rather than a psychological enterprise.
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> Strictly speaking, such wisdom no more needs a psychologist to do the collecting than the wisdom of a shepherd needs a shepherd, or the wisdom of a wagon driver another wagon driver. As a matter of fact it can be argued that the wisdom is *best* collected by an outsider. In the present state of psychology the outsider alone will have a sufficiently impersonal point of view. Nowadays nearly every psychologist is the protagonist of some school or another, a messenger of this gospel or of that. Configurationists, behaviorists, functionalists, experimentalists; Freudians, Jungians, Adlerians: their findings represent, respectively, but portions of the knowledge that may be passed on to the human race. And if it happens that the psychologist is an eclectic and not a partisan, his point of view may still be too technical and specialized. If the wisdom of psychology is to become the property of men and women who are not psychologists, it must consist of generalizations that reach beyond psychology. It is the outsider who will be most apt to pick up those conclusions that are sufficiently free of technicalities for common use. He, rather than the specialist, will be likely to perceive the generalizations suited for philosophic communication. He also, being less close to the subject, will see it in broader terms, less narrowly conceived in the language of a specialized vocabulary.

We have not here the time nor the inclination to pass judgment upon Dr. Barrell's fulfillment of his intention, but can at least point out that here is one more to join the many scholars who now see that they cannot study philosophy without studying psychology—or *vice versa*. Indeed, the most vital contributors to either field seem to be those who write with synthesizing purpose, and when they are successful, then, suddenly—but not at all miraculously—the "average man" begins to understand what "the intellectuals" are talking about. For *important* truths are always synthesizing and generalized.

Shifting to a piece of writing of which our admiration is no secret, for a political variation on the same theme, we quote from the opening paragraph of Dwight Macdonald's "Toward a New Radicalism." (Closing section of *The Root Is Man.)* Macdonald apparently had been, nearly until the time of writing *The Root*, chiefly a political polemicist and Marxian analyst. In this portion of the essay, however, he appears as an "amateur philosopher," moving from criticism of

Marx to an independent evaluation of the ideal ends of man. He begins:

> This part of my argument I undertake reluctantly, for I have no philosophical training and don't feel at home in this field. Those more at home may perhaps dismiss what follows with Sheridan's criticism of a young politician's first speech: "The honorable member has said much that is sound and much that is new; but what is sound is not new and what is new is not sound." I have long thought, however, that our over-specialized culture would profit if amateurs were more daring in treating matters usually left to experts, and have acted often on that assumption. In any case, the course which our society is taking is so catastrophic that one is forced to rethink for himself all sorts of basic theoretical questions which in a happier age could have been taken for granted. Questions which formerly seemed to me either closed or meaningless are now beginning to appear open and significant. Such questions are those of Determinism v. Free Will, Materialism v. Idealism, the concept of Progress, the basis for making value judgments, the precise usefulness of science to human ends, and the nature of man himself. (In this I am not particularly original, of course: a similar shift of interest may be observed among most Western intellectuals, the most recent example being the vogue of existentialism.) I do not propose to try to settle any of these vast questions here—indeed I am coming to suspect that most of them cannot ever be settled in the definite way I once assumed they could be. But it will be necessary to go into them somewhat in order to make clear the necessity, for those who still believe in the ethical aims of socialism, of adopting a "Radical" attitude.

And now, hoping that readers will allow us to maintain that there is a definite connecting link, we pass to Milton Mayer's piece in the June *Progressive*—a plaint about the uninformed or misinformed public, which has become what it is largely by leaving things to the "expert" politicians. Mayer's wry humor may seem repetitious to some, but what he says is often worth repeating. Here he shows what happens to a citizenry content to let politicians do all of the policy making:

> On Easter Day Christ was risen, and Mr. Nixon took the occasion to say that if the French failed in Indo-China the United States must go to war there, with soldiers, regular war-type war, to pick up the fallen torch of liberation. Mr. Nixon didn't want to speak for himself. He spoke anonymously. And then it leaked, and that's how the American people discovered that they'd better get ready for the next and last war.
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> That's how the American people learn, these days, through leaks in Paris or Nixon, what is going to happen to them and what they are going to do to other people. . . . Nobody tells us. Nobody even tells Congress any more, which doesn't tell us.
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> And don't hang it on the Republicans. The difference on this point between the two political parties is exclusively a difference of opinion on which of them can do it bigger, better, and faster. The Eisenhower war policy is nothing but the Truman containment policy. Communism is to be contained in Indo-China. And anybody who says that the Stevenson policy was, or would have been, different, had better get out the record, past or present, and prove it by better evidence than a few kind words about the underfed, words which the Indo-Chinese couldn't eat and wouldn't swallow.
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> Eleven colonial slave peoples of Asia have won their independence since the end of the last war to save the world for democracy. And they have won their independence against the peoples who saved the world for democracy. The Indo-Chinese hanker to be the twelfth. They have been hankering for a long time, and when they first started hankering actively, the Communists were not to be seen. What there was to be seen, according to Robert Payne in *Red Storm Over Asia* (Macmillan, 1951, pp. 11, 245, 247), was Indo-Chinese revolutionary students going through the villages of Indo-China sticking a revolutionary document on the walls of the villages. The revolutionary document was the U.S. Declaration of Independence, translated into Indo-Chinese.
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> What are we going to do? We are going to do what we have done, for that, my friends, is the nature of the beast. What we have done is let our representative government get, first out of our hands, and now out of the hands of our Representatives.
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> There is nothing that the Senators can do to us that we haven't done to ourselves already. They do not misrepresent us, and they are not a bit more terrible than we are.