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THE AMERICAN DREAM

ONE reason why Americans ought to have better sense than to worry so much about communism is that Americans generally, and the so-called "working classes" in particular, have never been able to take seriously the idea of the "class struggle." The fact of the matter is that there is very little "class struggle" in the United States. There are special cases, of course—notable and important cases, such as the injustice to racial minorities, which might be defined as a kind of class struggle. But on the whole, and except for these special cases, the people of the United States are not divided into classes which are clearly and definitely set apart from each other by inherited cultural assumptions of class pride or class humility and servitude.

American students abroad have noticed that the European "capitalist" is usually very different from the American capitalist—different in his attitude toward himself, in his attitude toward his employees. This is not to suggest that the American entrepreneur belongs to a special angelic breed of free-enterprisers; the capitalist of the United States has his natural share of acquisitiveness, and sometimes an unnatural energy in exercising it, but he is lacking in the notion that whatever he possesses of the goods of this world comes to him as a quasi-divine right, because of his status as the member of a "class." He may think he is "better" than other people, but this is because of what he has "done," and not because he was born that way.

Here, we think, is the root of the class struggle, where it exists. People do not bitterly resent having an unequal share of the world's goods. The Asians do not resent the presence and persons of white westerners because they have shown peculiar aptitude in amassing wealth and comfort-supplying devices. The Asian resents the white man's assumption—when he makes it, and many do—that he is somehow "better" or more "important" as a human being than the people of other races. The Africans of Kenya who break out in angry revolt; the South Africans who are manifesting indomitable resistance to the injustice of their white rulers—these people do not oppose the white man's policies simply because the white man is more comfortably fixed. They oppose his policies because those policies are founded on the assumption that the white man *ought* to be more comfortably fixed. (Lest it be supposed that Americans give no offense in this way, we should probably add that Americans have a "white superiority" complex all their own, dating from pre-Civil war days in the United States, and a special sort of brash arrogance peculiarly odious to other races. But here, Americans are in overt violation of their declared principles.)

Assumptions of this sort are a burning indignity to manhood. Sooner or later, they call forth the uncompromising hatred which insists upon a "war to the death," and the psychology of class struggle and "liquidation" of the unclean offenders against natural law—those people who cherish the illusion of being a superior class, caste, or breed.

The American labor movement has always been the despair of the European radical. The American labor movement has never shown any lasting interest in the class struggle. It is not a revolutionary movement, is sometimes in fact a distinctly conservative movement—a fact which has brought contemptuous epithets to the mouths of critics who observe the social scene in the United States from the viewpoint of doctrinaire European radicalism. We do not mean to suggest that the class struggle in Europe has been without logic or meaning as a form of protest, and even the inevitable instrument of social change. Sooner or later, men settle their differences and repair

their injustices at the level of action which is most natural to them. What we are suggesting is that the class struggle is not a natural form of adjustment for the ills of the American people. This has nothing to do with the question of whether or not Americans have ills and injustices to adjust—manifestly, they do; but only with the possible manner of their adjustment.

But if we dwell on the imperfections of the American republic and order of society, as we must, we should first draw some important distinctions. In her extremely useful book, *This Constitution of Ours,* U.S. Circuit Court Justice Florence E. Allen has written:

> Today, . . . more than a century and a half after the adoption of the Federal Constitution, the political philosophy which would enable that Constitution to be the complete living essence of our government, has not yet been constructed. The principles which have made American life full, free, and generous are embodied in the Constitution. In our failure to articulate and formulate our constitutional faith we have emphasized the Constitution as a framework of government only. Its great value is that it is an instrument of freedom.
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> The aim of the new federation under the Constitution was to promote the general welfare. This had not been the aim of government before the American Revolution. Sometimes a king was supreme, and sometimes an oligarchy; but the people were never supreme.
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> Our theory is that it shall not be government by the official and for the official, by the politicians and for the politicians, by the rich and for the rich, but by the people and for the people. We have really put to work the tradition that in this country government is to promote the general as opposed to the special welfare. It is a doctrine which we accept, that in our national life we share in a great common enterprise to which we all contribute, the benefits of which are accessible to all. Although the tradition has been put to work with varying intelligence, sincerity, and effect, yet we do see evidence of a mighty cleavage between our conception of government and the conception in force in the Old World. Behind the woof of our none too perfect social and political life runs a warp which is the basis of what James Truslow Adams calls the great American dream, or equal and generous opportunity. If this tradition were to become a complete article of faith, how mighty would be our progress!
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> . . . Why has that philosophy which makes clear the value of the Constitution as an instrument of freedom never been formulated? We will never formulate it until and unless we do honestly believe and practice the principle that all men are in essential nature alike, working toward a common aim, and that the welfare of one is in actual fact the welfare of all. If every American boy and girl and every citizen could understand the fundamental philosophy of the Constitution as it applies to international relations, what a generous and electric part we might play in helping to establish world peace!

Judge Allen is not the first to say things like this about the United States, although almost no one, we think, has said them any better. It would be easy, of course, for angry utopians to make scorching remarks about the failure of Americans to live up to the ideals here spoken of, yet this is a peculiarly tiresome form of criticism, since it always ignores the fact that more freedom and—important or not—more prosperity has been achieved by the common people under the American system than anywhere else in the world, or during any other epoch of history within the memory of modern man. There is no historic necessity in the United States for the sort of revolution which characteristically overtakes European countries where the burden of feudalism still hangs as a psychological cloud, creating what the Marxists have termed the Class Struggle. There is plenty of room for change in the United States, but the changes which are needed, it seems to us, are psychological rather than political, and of a culture-wide sort rather than applying to a single class or economic group.

The MANAS staff, we are led to believe, is fairly expert in the art of finding fault, yet even after due reflection we are unable to single out any single scapegoat or whipping boy for the troubles of the United States. We are all in this together. Pressed in the matter of *degrees* of responsibility, however, we should probably come up with the theory that the intellectuals are more responsible than anyone else, since it is the intellectuals who,

for the most part, are swayed by the promises of "system" thinking in the area of social reform, and who have allowed the idea of "liberalism" to be more or less identified with the movement toward the Welfare State. The intellectuals—especially American intellectuals, with their proclivities for Pragmatism—are supposed to be too smart to be lured into some ideological fold by grandiose theories, yet when one of their number, such as Judge Allen, resists the intoxication of utopian claims, they usually turn upon that one with charges of "conservative timidity" or "reaction." Yet Judge Allen, to our way of thinking, is more of a pragmatist in her simple account of the values and potentialities of the Constitution of the United States than most of the Progressives who are impatient and dissatisfied with the American heritage.

On the other hand, the business community has been stupidly unresponsive to the concerns of the liberals. The business community, for the most part, has adopted a semi-religious attitude toward the clichés of the competitive system and remained so oblivious to the cultural impoverishment of their way of life that it is no wonder so many liberals turned to Marx, or to Marxist-flavored doctrines, in desperation. Off hand, it seems to us that America has produced no profound social thinker since Edward Bellamy, unless, perhaps, we count Henry George. The only man who might be said to have been working along the lines proposed by Judge Allen is Arthur Morgan, whose thinking is surely a part of the fabric of what James Truslow Adams called "the American Dream." A life of reflection about the roots of American culture was distilled by Arthur Morgan in his small book, *The Long Road*, which could easily serve as an important text in the education of "every American boy and girl" in the meaning of the Constitution as "an instrument of freedom."

The difficulty in all this is that what we are seeking to describe is "unprogrammatic," politically speaking. What is needed is a temper of life, an attitude of mind, and not more or better devised legislative planks. An oblique way of approaching the question is provided by Frederik Pohl in his introduction to a recent collection of "science-fiction" tales. Pohl is discussing the succession of themes which have animated these stories of the fantastic progress of invention. Originally, he points out, they were filled with social content. Bellamy's *Looking Backward* and H. G. Wells' utopian romances immediately come to mind as illustrations. Then there was the period of emphasis on science, gadgets, and "the sense of wonder and adventure"—a period, we might add, in which the quality of science-fiction declined considerably from the earlier examples mentioned. Then, somewhat suddenly, the science-fiction themes switched back to social commentary. Pohl gives as reason for this change the fact that the inventors of the modern world had practically caught up with the science-fictioneers in the matter of a begadgeted material paradise:

> . . . let me go on record as saying that I, at least, regard the physical circumstances of this world as pretty wonderful. Like just about everyone I or you know, I get plenty to eat, I am seldom in pain, and when I am there is usually something that can be done about it; I might have unpopular views, but they are not likely to result in my being burned at the stake or fed to the lions. It is true that things might be even better in that I might get even more to eat or live even longer, but compared with everything that has gone before, in a physical sense we've got Utopia.
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> . . . When the world was ill, Dr. H. G. Wells could prescribe his medicine and paint beautiful pictures of the cure. But the patient took the medicine in copious doses; eight-year-olds no longer work at looms from dawn to dusk, and you and I don't have to strangle ourselves with Victorian starched collars. . . .

Allowing for a science-fictioneer's penchant for exaggeration and omission, there is some substantial truth in this. At least, relative to conditions of a century or more ago, we do have Utopia; or we have most of the things which men like Bellamy used to fit out their conception of Utopia, a century or so ago. And, while we are

on the subject, it may be noted that we have also installed most of the social reforms which Bellamy himself proposed. The fact that we are now preoccupied with other problems, problems so engrossing that we are inclined to ignore all these achievements, does not make the achievements nonexistent.

We come back, then, to the view that the anti-capitalist slogans of nineteenth-century Europe are almost meaningless in twentieth-century America, and that the peculiarly artificial tone of Communist propaganda in the United States today is due to this irrelevancy. The anti-communist hysteriacs, it seems to us, are really people who do not understand the tremendous value of the Constitution, and its resources for freedom, or they would not seek so frantically for extra-constitutional means to oppose what they term the "communist menace."

If there is anything at all that is evident in these middle years of the twentieth century, it is the emptiness of the communist promises for the United States, and the futility of a class-struggle oriented revolution, here. But running a close second in self-evidence is the fact that the communist appeal, to the people of other races, particularly in Asia and Africa, is not hollow at all, but may easily seem to go to the root of the difficulties of these people. We have the testimony of numerous intelligent observers as to this. So, in conclusion, we may repeat Judge Allen's words: "If every American boy and girl and every citizen could understand the fundamental philosophy of the Constitution as it applies to international relations, what a generous and electric part we might play in helping to establish world peace!"

Letter from **MEXICO**

MEXICO CITY.—As a real or synthetic threat, Stalinism is non-existent in Mexico. This may seem anomalous in a situation where the disparity of income between the lower and upper classes is so conspicuous.

The Mexican enjoys a generous measure of civil liberties—except in an election year. He can say his piece about the Church or the President and he will not be harassed nor imprisoned. But, paradoxically, it is in an election year that the totalitarian power principle is enthroned in its crudest splendor, particularly in suppression of free assembly. This fear of applying the crucial and valid test to the vitality of the democratic processes is justified on grounds that the population is not prepared to exercise the ballot. The anomaly is intensified when it is seen that the ballot is mandatory. Every six years the franchised Mexican *must* vote or suffer penalties.

The greatest threat to the established regime is not the infiltration-disruption or united front shenanigans of Stalinism; it is embodied in retired General Miguel Henriquez Guzman. Just how many votes the unsuccessful presidential candidate garnered in the last election is not statistically verifiable—statistics have no meaning in an election—but if repression and press vilification are any criteria his strength was potent enough to worry the Administration—and the State Department. An assembly planned last November by Guzmán partisans was thwarted by police who blocked the stately Paseo de la Reforma hours before the announced meeting was to take place.

Apparently, Kremlin fellow-travellers and apologists are less troublesome to the established regime than road contractor Guzmán. When the celebrated painter and erratic fellow-traveller, Diego Rivera, repenting of recent deviations, sought reinstatement in The Party, his authority as an eminent artist was not consequently diminished. Despite unorthodoxy, the colorful artist is held in high esteem by all shades of Mexican opinion, including the most respectable segments of society.

This state of mind may be due in part to a lusty neutrality sentiment manifest in all Ibero-America. Notable exponent of the Third Force concept, Mexico cautiously avoids entangling alliances with either power bloc. The distinguished Mexican philosopher, diplomat and poet, Dr. Jaime Torres Bodet, former General Director of UNESCO, was ousted for not exhibiting enough partiality to the Washington Axis, according to reliable sources.

This outlook was exposed vigorously last winter in Chicago at a meeting of the Inter-American Press Association, attended by more than 100 Ibero-American journalists. A motion by New York *Times* correspondent H. L. Matthews to "bar fascists and communists" from the organization was challenged by Lic. Rodrigo de Llano, publisher of the powerful conservative daily, *Excelsior,* who declared: "Suppose even that such journalists were genuinely communists or fascists, is it right that they be denied freedom of expression?" "The government of Guatemala," he continued, "is conceived as communist in the United States solely because it has had differences with an important North American fruit export company [United Fruit Company, whose holdings have been expropriated]. Nevertheless, I am sure that President Jacobo Arbenz is not sympathetic to Soviet policies. The only thing he has done is to defend the rights of his country. According to Matthew's criteria, Guatemalan journalists who justifiably honor Arbenz must be eliminated from our Society as [so-called] communists. This in itself would constitute a crime against the free expression of ideas." And the conservative magazine, *Mañana,* indignantly editorialized: "Matthew's proposal, inspired more by an affection for imperialistic practices of his country than in love of liberty, was rejected. Mexico clarified the situation. In recognition, journalists of two continents voted for justice."

Although Stalinism exploits discontent and hunger—and there are many empty stomachs in Mexico, however rich in calorie content *tortillas, chile, frijoles* and *pulque,* the peon's diet, may be—the lack of Kremlin ideological glamour is obvious.

The Mexican has no stomach for Stalinist nonsense and less for insanities of McCarthyism.

While Stalinists liberally exercise the human rights of free speech, press and assembly, hysteria is conspicuous by its absence. Billboards announcing a meeting to honor "Stalin, Builder of a New World," sponsored by the Russian-Mexican Cultural Institute, gain little public attention—there are also cultural institutes devoted to furthering the interests of France, England and the United States, among others. Russian films, including works by Eisenstein, as well as more modern dramas, do not incur frenzied investigations nor intimidating pressure campaigns.

The Commissar's death elicited a friendly "Carte a José Stalin" by an established columnist in *El Nacional*, official government organ—this not implying federal endorsement of the Kremlin. The deeper meaning lies in the liberal democratic political and cultural tradition of a nation nurtured in the travail of oppression. This libertarian outlook was epitomized in a recent news item listing among callers on the Chief Executive at the National Palace one general who heads the Zapatista Front in the state of Morelos where the famous agrarian leader inaugurated the peasant movement. Complaining that the state governor was on too intimate social terms with the Bishop of Cuernavaca, the patriot lamented that were the friendship on a strictly private basis no complaint could be voiced, but when the governor and the prelate are chummy on state occasions it constitutes a flagrant abuse of the federal constitution.

Be assured that the governor was tactfully reminded to observe the letter and spirit of the statutory provision separating Church and State.

CORRESPONDENT IN MEXICO

REVIEW
BEYOND LABORATORY JARGON

A CONSIDERABLE number of MANAS readers will no doubt be interested in *The Imprisoned Splendour* (London, 1953) by Raynor C. Johnson. The author, a well-known physicist now teaching at Queen's College, University of Melbourne, contributes another effort to bridge the gap between scientism and mysticism, between "religious experience" and the empirical study of psychological data. The title derives from Dr. Johnson's growing conviction that there is a world of unfolding "spiritual" potentiality interpenetrating the familiar realm of matter, and that to understand ourselves, or our relationship to either the elements or the creatures of the world we inhabit, this interpenetration must be philosophically considered. As the publishers put it:

> Dr. Johnson is a physicist who believes that the scientific attitude points beyond rationalism to the direct apprehension of spiritual reality. In this book, which may be regarded as a popular discussion for the serious reader, he explores three fields of inquiry—natural science, psychical research and mystical experience. The book is perhaps particularly valuable for its thorough presentation and discussion of every kind of paranormal phenomena—telepathy, clairvoyance, clairaudience, telekinesis, poltergeist phenomena, phantoms of the living and the dead, trance phenomena and automatic scripts, and the evidence for the "etheric body." The ordering of this evidence has a cumulative effect that is not readily dismissed, while the sweep of the book and its argument in favour of a new approach to spiritual reality, not dictated by dogmatic theology, is deeply impressive.

With this bit of advertising we have no quarrel, for it accurately describes the scope of the book. Since it is presently unobtainable in this country and must be procured through Hodder and Stoughton, London, perhaps the best thing we can do for our readers and for Raynor Johnson is to quote two paragraphs from the preface, which may enable prospective "sight-unseen" purchasers to acquaint themselves with the tone of this author. Dr. Johnson explains his orientation:

> For some years I have wanted to write this book. I am glad to have had the discipline of Physics as a background to my thinking and the familiarity which comes from having lectured to students in this field for about thirty years. In other sciences and in philosophy I have no professional qualifications, but can claim the interest of an ordinarily intelligent person in the developing thought of his colleagues in these fields. Psychical research has seemed to me an important, vast and much neglected field of enquiry, to large tracts of which the scientific method is applicable, and to other tracts of which apply the methods of analysis of testimony used in disciplines such as Law and History. I can claim to have read fairly widely and investigated a little in this field. The field of Mysticism is one which deeply interests me, although my temperament has so far excluded me from any impressive first-hand experience. It is in this domain that we may hope to find the answers to those problems about which we are most hungry to have real knowledge and certainty.
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> I have endeavoured to take selected and representative scientific data, and to say in effect to my reader: if these things are accepted as true, what can we then infer about the nature of the world we live in and the nature of human life? My survey of the data of psychical research and the data of mysticism has been undertaken with a similar end in view. If these data also have to be accepted, what more can we infer about our environment, our nature and our destiny? These three fields of enquiry seem to me to take us into regions of deepening significance. The questions I have tried to illuminate—it would seem almost a presumption to say "tried to answer"—are the age-old questions which return to haunt every generation, in spite of all the volumes of philosophers and all the sermons of divines. These questions revolve around the nature of Man, his origin and his destiny, and the nature of the cosmic drama of which he seems so small a part. I have endeavoured constantly to find reliable data and to make reasonable deductions therefrom; but I hope I have made clear my sense of the limitations of reason, and of the existence of a deeper intuitive faculty perhaps most markedly developed in the poet and the religious genius.

Dr. Johnson's compilation of data from psychical research will be of special interest to any who subscribe to J. B. Rhine's *Journal of*

Parapsychology; also, those who were interested by J. W. Dunne's *An Experiment with Time* or by R. L. Megroz's *The Dream World* may wish to peruse Dr. Johnson's notes and commentaries on the dream phase of psychological experience. In respect to Spiritualism, apparitions, hauntings, etc., Dr. Johnson has managed to steer an interesting course, neither accepting cultish tenets concerning these phenomena at face value nor discarding their possible relevance to scientific study. Apparently an omniverous reader in regard to all the subjects touched upon, Dr. Johnson draws an unusually percipient line between the ascertainable relevance of any "psychic" happenings and the highly partisan proponents or opponents of theories alleging the "truth" of the matter.

MANAS readers interested in the philosophical perspectives suggested by the idea of rebirth or "reincarnation" will find absorbing the chapter on "Pre-existence, Reincarnation and Karma." Dr. Johnson has collected impressive evidence for his belief that "the power that builds forms in the world of appearance exists apart from the forms." From here it is but a step to the Hindu and Platonic idea of pre-existence, and immortality through palingenesis. On this subject he writes in speculative vein, but with obvious interest in its possibilities:

> If the general conception of evolution be regarded as applicable to the soul as well as to the physical world, it is not either improbable or unreasonable that the soul should adventure forth into the physical world in a newly-built body to acquire further experience of the kind which this world can provide. The fact that the soul has done so once was presumably for adequate and compelling reasons, and whatever these are, it is apparent that more might be gained by a *series* of such incarnations.
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> I think we should consider a viewpoint expressed by Plato in the *Phaedo*, that if souls be only supposed to come into existence at birth, their survival of death would seem to a philosopher improbable. We may express it positively thus: that if the nature of the soul is immortal (as Plato believed), an immortality which implies an infinite future also implies an infinite past. To accept the one without the other, as some appear to do, is a strange feat of mental gymnastics, the grounds for which are difficult to discover. Such, I think, is the case for our pre-existence of this life.
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> The doctrine of re-incarnation has had a long history. Originating probably with the ancient sages of India, it found a fundamental place in both Hinduism and Buddhism. Among the Greeks it was taught by Empedocles, Pythagoras and Plato. Traces of it appear in the teaching of Philo of Alexandria and in several of the early Church Fathers. It was officially pronounced to be a heresy by the Council of Constantinople in 551. In the Roman world it seems to have appealed to Cicero and Seneca, and the poets Virgil and Ovid. The sixth book of Caesar's *Gallic War* records that the Druids of Gaul taught this doctrine. In recent times it has been supported by Giordano Bruno and van Helmont, by Swedenborg, Goethe, Lichtenberg, Lessing, Herder, Hume and Schopenhauer (as a reasonable hypothesis), Lavater, Ibsen and Maeterlinck. Of recent philosophers, the most weighty testimony is probably that of James Ward, Professor of Mental Philosophy at Cambridge, who supported it in his Gifford Lectures on the *Realm of Ends.* Professor McTaggart of Cambridge also argues for it in his work *Some Dogmas of Religion* (1906). Dean Inge, without wishing to be definite, confesses, "I find the doctrine both credible and attractive." The English-speaking poets have toyed with this doctrine rather more than the philosophers. There are passages in Shelley, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Rossetti, Browning, Longfellow and Whitman which show their interest in it. These names are sufficient, I think, to show that the doctrine of rebirth has commended itself to many thoughtful men.

Here *The Imprisoned Splendour* becomes good collateral reading for C. J. Ducasse's concluding chapter in *Nature, Mind and Death.*

COMMENTARY
THE MAKING OF CULTURE

ARTICLES such as this week's lead and the discussion of George Simpson's pamphlet in Frontiers press endless questionings regarding the influence of "culture"—that over-all influence which pervades the life of peoples like an atmosphere, inclining the decisions of countless individuals in one direction or another. Plato, we suspect, found the culture of ancient Sparta admirable in some ways because he saw that the discipline through which each Spartan youth passed contributed a tangible quality to his life—his will to courage was made stronger because courage was honored by the entire Spartan community; his capacity to endure hardship became greater because all Spartan heroes had set an example of uncomplaining endurance.

A constitution, as Judge Allen suggests, may give legal expression to a great idea, but only culture can make it live and permeate man's daily existence with its quality. Judge Allen wants the Constitution of the United States to be a cultural ideal as well as a legal compact; George Simpson wants the rational spirit of science to establish the temper of a civilization, instead of being only a canon of research.

These longings, let us note, are a sort which can never be realized by legislation or their fruit imposed by fiat. Their fruition is peculiarly the work of the educator, for the educator, unlike other men, can never *guarantee* the product of his labors. He can only try, and hope for the best. The educator, socially considered, is the creator of culture. The educator is the custodian of the social conscience; he is the man who must remain true to a higher principle than any compulsion of the moment. His work can never be measured in "practical" terms, since it may often be a part of his task to advocate the abandonment of "practical" standards of value, on the ground that they are corrupting the integrity of man. Mr. Simpson says something like this in his analysis of the role of the social philosopher.

How, then, is "culture" measured? By the honor, perhaps, which the ordinary folk of a society are willing to pay to those who make an effort to live by principle; and by the degree to which the very idea of living by principle is understood. Both Judge Allen and George Simpson articulate something of this understanding, and in this measure contribute to the culture of the United States.

CHILDREN
. . . and Ourselves
NOTES IN PASSING

POSSIBLY the syrupy, stylized tones of radio and television commentators inspire an opposite reaction among Americans in general. In any case, we sometimes suspect that the most raucous and unpleasant inflections of speech known to the global atmosphere are to be found in this country and we wonder whether any psychologist has attempted a statistical correlation between the harshness so often issuing from parental vocal chords and nervous irritability in children. After all, an "anti-noise" congress was held last year in Europe, based upon some psychologists' discovery that unnecessary noise due to city traffic and the clanging discords of the factory markedly increase fatigue and susceptibility to psychoneurotic illness.

Personally, we should rather listen to any number of off-key automobile horns than a single querulous parent, being oppressed with the superstitious feeling that every "wrong" note in the parent's voice curdles a portion of the childish brain.

We have in mind two possibilities for lessening the number of parents who screech and shrill: one would be to advise surreptitiously all youngsters so afflicted to run away to sea. The other would be to try to convince adults that no one uses nervously unpleasant tones of voice unless seriously lacking in self-respect. We suppose voice experts claim that the perfect voice is principally a matter of training, and it may be true that the emotionally immature may yet develop impressive tones for special occasions. But the *child* will not, we think, be fooled by a superficial roundness and calmness of tone.

Plenty of singing in the home and at other times by members of the family probably helps, because people who sing are at least aware that they can make relatively pleasing sounds. If you are planning a child's musical education, we suggest that proficiency in identifying the Great Composers may be of far less importance than encouragement to do a little singing.

Book recommendations, especially of books for parents, are at the best a tricky business. More than once subscribers have reported that, after reading some volume reviewed in MANAS, they felt we had adequately isolated and included the best of it, and that the rest was not worth the trouble to read, arguing, on this basis, that there is a dearth of worthwhile contemporary reading material. We don't ourselves believe this is so at all, especially if one considers that the most important function a book can perform is to suggest new thoughts and perspectives. This is part of the "experience of art" (which we wish, incidentally, to discuss next week), and by no means its least important part. Let us be thankful for all thought-provoking paragraphs, no matter how scattered, for they *are* good reading material! Reviews here are meant, as so often explained, as points of departure for reflection, and only incidentally to serve as introduction to a particular author's art. Yet what better criterion for "good reading" than that it supply ingredients for "good thinking"?

However, when it comes to young people's reading, we then must recognize the need for absorption in the book as a whole, a living with it for a time. The young are not looking for "significant passages," even though when a genuine artist among writers reaches youth with his work, the "significance" will be transmissible—but by gentle osmosis rather than through the deliberate focussing of intellect which adults are supposedly able to manage.

It is presently our pleasure, but also our task, to suggest a novel about Maine fishermen by Ruth Moore as a likely candidate for parental recommendation to adolescents. The reason for talking about *Candlemas Bay* as presenting a "task" is that somehow this is not the type of novel one can put in its best light by means of

quotation, yet without some sample of the author's work a review is apt to seem more a *tour de force* of the commenting writer than an invitation to actually read the book. Something else difficult about commentary on *Candlemas Bay is* that it is difficult to convey by description the quality of a book which delights by "growing on" the reader. We have read the publisher's jacket over twice, including the usual praise from newspaper reviewers and the Literary Guild review, and still find the prospect of reading the book dull as dishwater—and this is not the reviewer's fault, either. But, the fact is, we *have* read it and feel it is one o£ the very few books which everyone can like, young or old, and with good reason for each generation.

Candlemas Bay is not a historical novel in the usual sense, though in the setting of 1950 we are yet led to feel some of the strength and heart-warming values which grew along the Maine coast during the days of the settling and early development of this country. Ruth Moore wants us to feel that the psychological strength of pioneer days has not all been dissipated. She does at least prove that the best stories for young people were not written long ago—in fact, in 1950 a tale of Maine fishing achieves a meaning it wouldn't have had a century ago. And is it really the actuality of pioneer patterns of living either on frontier or rugged coast which is most intriguing, or is it the contrast between such days and our own? What we really miss in stories of modern locale is not so much the ardor of struggles associated with early periods of history; rather, we miss the "close-to-nature" feel of things in a less populated and mechanized time. Yet we also undoubtedly have affinities for the very complexities which haunt the present, and would be less attracted by the older days if we were actually living in them. As Lowell once remarked in an essay on Thoreau, "the natural man comes out of the forest as inevitably as the natural bear and wild-cat stick there." And so have we descendants of pioneer stock "come out of the forest." What we need is not a return to the wilderness but a way of establishing continuity between the bed-rock of its life and our own, a way of living harmoniously in both kinds of psychological world at the same time.

We are now getting a bit off the track, save that we feel Miss Moore does a remarkable job of integrating the values of the past with needs of the present, and it is in this connection that we will bring forth one quotation. The plot, incidentally, involves a fine old family mostly gone to seed, finally revivified by its surprising patriarch and his grandson, who, in turn, are inspired by the wife of a wastrel who finally gets her values sorted out in the teeth of despair. The following is part of her sorting.

> She thought suddenly of the men behind Grampie, the men like him, going back through the generations to the time when people first came to Candlemas Bay. You saw their tracks all over a town like this. The schoolhouse. The church. The town hall. This house. They built big and they built strong. Some of their buildings had last for two hundred years.
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> Nathan, Daniel, James, Malcolm, Jebron.
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> Oh, Lord, she told herself, the tears running down her face. I've worked up a good one. I better stop. Right now.
>
> But to think of all that, petering out into Guy.
>
> Into Guy, and men like him, because if you looked around, you couldn't help but realize how many there were like Guy. Irresponsible, Grabby. Dishonest. Everywhere you looked. The radio news and the papers full of stuff that made you ashamed to read about human beings doing it.
>
> A man who wouldn't take an honest job of work when it was offered, because he had unemployment insurance coming. Farmers selling surplus crops to the government for a dollar a bushel and buying them back for a cent to use for cattle feed; only before the government sold them back, it had to dye them blue, so that no one could sell them for surplus again and collect twice. Men who said outright that any deal was all right, just so you made money; men who said, what the hell, if you wanted to stay in business, you did what everyone else did.
>
> What kind of works was that, to take a good thing like a potato and dye it blue? There were a

hundred other things you could do with it, even if you only sliced it in two and used it to take the dirt off a dime. A family of eleven could eat a peck of potatoes to a lick, and that cost you fifty-eight cents. And there were places in the world where if a man had a peck of potatoes, he'd be considered the well-to-do man in his town.

Why, there ought to be a big monument with a baked potato on top of it, set up where everyone could see, to remind people of the things that really kept them going. For when you come right down to it, what was there better on earth, or needed more, than a good baked potato?

A tear dropped down and sizzled on the stove.

Oh, stop it, you fool! Jen told herself. Howling over potatoes!

But she couldn't stop. Because it wasn't just potatoes. Something was coming out that, through all the years of living with Guy, she'd kept firmly pushed down out of sight. If you had something real to fight, you fought it and it took up your mind. But now you couldn't but wonder if it wasn't not just Guy's dishonesty and waste, but the same thing loose in the whole world. Things like blue potatoes, that made your stomach roll right over.

Jeb? she thought, with a clutch at her heart.

Neal, Andy, Clay?

They ought to grow up to be good men. But what kind of men could they be, in the world as it was now, as it was to come? Because, if you looked around you, you couldn't see, anywhere, a man like Grampie.

The Old Man is the real hero of the story, a rather unusual thing for an author to try, and perhaps it is even more unusual to succeed in a way that will intrigue youthful readers considerably. Old Jebron lives and dies as few men have been privileged to live and die, and the closing moments of his life will leave a lasting glow of feeling in the reader. *Candlemas Bay* is presently available in a 25-cent Pocket Book edition.

FRONTIERS

"Science as Morality"

GEORGE SIMPSON, whose *Humanist* article, "The Conspiracy Against Reason," was reviewed here a few weeks ago, has written a pamphlet about science, particularly social science, in the role of the Grand Vizier. Mr. Simpson, himself a sociologist, does not like science in this role, and neither do we.

The Grand Vizier, as all movie-goers will recall, is the sagacious, scheming, and sometimes fawning old gentleman who hovers near the Sultan's throne, and through his superior knowledge of human nature and other matters is able to tell the Sultan what to do to get what he wants. Left to himself and surrounded by a circle of intimates, the Vizier is likely to posture as a "wise man," and he may also claim to be the power behind the throne, but when the whistle blows, or the gong rings—or when whatever sound a Sultan summons his Vizier with sounds—he rushes off to obey his master.

This, much more learnedly, and therefore much more politely, Mr. Simpson intimates, is the role of science, today. There is a difference, however, between the Vizier and the subservient technician, and since the comparison between the two is ours, and not Mr. Simpson's, it should be pointed out. The Grand Vizier is usually an old hypocrite who, along with his other accomplishments, plays palace politics with obvious self-interest. It would be unjust to ascribe such low motives to the scientist who, on the contrary, has a definite theory of self-justification. It is this theory which, in large part, Mr. Simpson attacks.

He holds, quite simply, that the proper role of science is the pursuit of truth. His pamphlet is called *Science as Morality* and he proposes, in conclusion, that the ideal of scientific inquiry is also the ideal of a free human society. The pamphlet has four parts. The first deals critically with the scientist as merely a technician; the second is concerned with the theory that social science is a form of technology, in which the statistical sociologist, George Lundberg, is taken as a type of those who hold this view; the third part examines the bondage of scientists to the *status quo,* and the fourth is concerned with the impartial spirit of scientific inquiry as the foundation of the good society.

We started out with the Hollywood cliché of the Grand Vizier because Mr. Simpson's writing, while disciplined and lucid, is conceived at a fairly abstract level, and the few quotations we have space for may not get his point across with sufficient clarity. (Actually, this pamphlet should be owned and closely studied; it may be purchased from the Humanist Press, Yellow Springs, Ohio, at $1 a copy.) Following is a point which Mr. Simpson makes over and over again:

> Today natural science is pursued in endowed laboratories, in the research departments of industrial corporations, under the ægis of government agencies of war and defense, through business-managed foundations. And the social function of the scientist is circumscribed within the approved organizational structure of society. Yet the auspices under which the scientist is permitted to seek the truth have no necessary or sufficient relation to the way in which social relations must be organized in order for truth to prevail. . . .
>
> . . . there comes a point where the conquest of nature through science and applied technology itself develops a type of culture which turns science from an enemy of convention into a bulwark of the established order. Society wins the war with science by assimilating it into existent power-relations based upon economic organizations which dwarf those who were supposed to have been emancipated. The conquest of nature is then organized to subdue man through a system of social relations which restricts inquiry, and application of basic findings, concerning its own workings. Morality becomes massive, not rational, and the manipulation of masses itself becomes a technology. Natural science enslaves social science to the power-relations which its technology has made possible. And individuals, whom social science sees as the constitutive elements of a culture become not the actual or potential bearers of rationality but the receptacles of a reason in society whose chief aim is to render rational values impotent

by blunting the edge of social research. Social research itself becomes a part of conventional morality, and professional standing becomes judged by the statistical *mores.*

Then there is this percipient passage:

> To see philosophy's function as the making of the problems of men into the problems of philosophy as John Dewey asked in his book *Reconstruction in Philosophy is to* miss the point: philosophy's function is to see the problems of men as the problems of a culture which makes it impossible for the problems of philosophy to be the problems of men. Where the problems of men are false problems, philosophy makes no headway by accepting them as real. When science and morality have been disjoined, philosophy does not advance the case by accepting the separation and becoming the judiciary in a separation of powers in which science is the legislative and morality the executive branch of the government of human self-consciousness. This type of federalism may have its governmental uses, but for philosophy it can only serve to set the stage for abuses of reason. For philosophy is the critic of the *very calibre* of problems which society seeks to foist upon it in return for giving it a social role to perform. And in its highest reaches philosophy becomes the critic of the very role it is asked to perform. The only role philosophy in general and social philosophy in particular can perform without self-desecration, is that of holding out the vision of a reasonable society as the good society and of criticizing the impediments to reason set up by the social and organizational structure of each and every culture, including the one in which it is itself resident.

In short, philosophy must be free. And science, to be true to its morality, must be equally free. When George Lundberg says that "the services of *real* social scientists would be as indispensable to Fascists as to Communists and Democrats, just as are the services of physicists and physicians," Mr. Simpson does not merely recoil in horror, but shows effectively, if briefly, that such social scientists will be able to pursue only those researches, ask only those questions, which their political masters permit. Simpson would have social scientists do without either governmental or private subsidy. He notes that the " 'ideology' of our so-called 'applied' social research people appears to be just the same as that of the foundations or corporations who give them money." There is always the possibility that subsidizers will not want any research at all done on "dangerous" topics. Simpson comments:

> Sociologists are not solely technicians who work for industry, the government, or set up shop as independent market-operators. These tasks are for those economists and others who pride themselves on being instrumentalities. Sociologists are more than technicians; they are the keepers of the social conscience of the social sciences, and the critics of the very social process which tries to make them merely technicians.

There must be *someone* who remains free, unconverted by either convention or threat, unabashed by power, and devoted to the reign of reason:

> When scientists become smug and philosophers (particularly social philosophers) do not tell them so, mankind's really last hope goes a-glimmering. It is not true that reason is ineffective; it is merely that there is not enough of it. And if there is any treason of the intellectuals, it lies in their decision that since there is not enough of it, they can surrender too. Of course, if this is carried far enough, it does not take a mathematician to see that eventually there will be none of it.