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THE COMPETENCE OF MIND

A READER who likes MANAS in some respects, offers a criticism which raises questions so fundamental that they should be worthy of general discussion. The criticism is this:

> I do not like the stand you take against an open-mindedness toward anything you cannot understand with the mind. I am no Fundamentalist, but I think too many of us are over balanced on the intellectual side and we need to keep open to acceptance of things we cannot fully understand.

Thomas Carlyle, when told that the New England free spirit, Margaret Fuller, had decided to "accept the universe," is said to have exclaimed, "Gad! She'd better!"

With Carlyle and our correspondent, then, we agree on the "need to keep open to acceptance of things we cannot fully understand." There is a difference, however, between the things which outreach the mind because they cannot be subjected to conceptual analysis, and the things which violate the canons of rational judgment.

In the pursuit of truth, the work of the mind is, so far as we can see, to provide definitions, to establish similarities and differences. This is its *rational* function—to give a *ratio* or measure. There is, however, the factor of the immeasurable to be considered. Indeed, to speak this way of "the immeasurable" seems a kind of profanity, at least. More fitting are the words given by Edwin Arnold to Gautama Buddha, in his address before his father, the King *(The Light of Asia,* Book VIII):

> . . . measure not with words
> Th' Immeasurable; nor sink the string of thought
> Into the Fathomless. Who asks doth err,
> Who answers, errs. Say nought!

We are not among those who deny reality to the Immeasurable because, forsooth, it cannot be defined. Yet it is the mind, let us note, which utters this warning. It was a mind which gave incomparable beauty and depth of philosophical suggestion to the verses of *The Light of Asia*, even though, here, the burden of its suggestion concerns the Reality beyond the mind.

Thus the mind is a uniquely useful tool. Not only does it serve us well in many things; it also warns us of matters where it cannot serve at all. Shall we agree, then, that the mind is an instrument which, when philosophically used, determines its own competence?

The mind measures, but the mind also evokes—evokes a sense of reality for what lies beyond the capacity to measure, through use of symbols and by the intellectual impasses of paradox. The *Upanishads* are treatises devoted to this sort of reality. The *Chhandogya Upanishad* tells of a father and son and of the son's education by the father. The father speaks to the son, saying:

> Shvetaketu, go, learn the service of the Eternal; for no one, dear, of our family is an unlearned nominal worshipper.
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> So going when he was twelve years old, he returned when he was twenty-four, he had learned all the teachings, but was conceited, vain of his learning, and proud. His father addressed him:
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> Shvetaketu, you are conceited, vain of your learning, and proud, dear; but have you asked for that teaching through which the unheard is heard, the unthought is thought, the unknown is known?

The boy answers his father, "What sort of teaching is that, Master?" and there then begins a course of instruction from father to son, in which the father declares the immemorial faith in unseen reality:

> Bring me a fruit of that fig-tree.
> Here is the fruit, Master.
> Divide it into two; said he.
> I have divided it, Master.
> What do you see in it? said he.
> Atom-like seeds, Master.

> Divide one of them in two; said he.
> I have divided it, Master.
> What do you see in it? said he.
> I see nothing at all, Master.
> So he said to him:
>
> That soul that you perceive not at all, dear,—from that very soul the great fig-tree comes forth. Believe then, dear, that this soul is the Self of all that is, this is the Real, this is the Self. THAT THOU ART, O Shvetaketu.
>
> Let the Master teach me more; said he.
> Let it be so, dear; said he.

Elsewhere, in the *Katha Upanishad*, are the lines—

> Smaller than small, greater than great, this Self is hidden in the heart of man. He who has ceased from desire, and passed sorrow by, through the favour of that ordainer beholds the greatness of the Self.

Turning to the wisdom of another age and place, we find Lao-tze saying:

> All-pervading is the Great Tao. It can be at once on the right hand and on the left. All things depend on it for life, and it rejects them not. Its task accomplished, it takes no credit. It loves and nourishes all things, but does not act as master. It is ever free from desire. We may call it small. All things return to it, yet it does not act as master. We may call it great.

Here, as in all the sources of great religious philosophy, the mind is called as witness to the feelings of the heart. The mind gives voice to the acceptances of the heart.

May we say, then, that the mind is the servant of affirmation, but the master of criticism? And that it remains for the mind to decide when it shall be servant, and when master? Only an honest intellectuality, it seems to us, can be trusted to say what is beyond the intellect. To what other arbiter can we apply? The compulsions of feeling are strong, and outrageously misleading at times. We have had countless Revelations and Decalogues, but they have not made men wise and good. Men, using their minds to follow their hearts, have made themselves wise and good. Shall we listen to the decrees of religious institutions? We have only to read in Dostoevski's *Brothers Karamazov* the chapter on the Grand Inquisitor to recognize the perversions of religious authority. Truly, it is the mind which protects against the corruptions of a subservient intellectuality, making us understand the distrusts we feel but cannot put into words. And it is necessary that we understand our distrusts, lest they be ill-founded—as necessary as it is to understand the foundations of our faith, lest they be vulnerable and insecure.

The mind indeed guards us against the pitfalls and self-deceptions of religious inquiry. Consider, for example, the intellectual clarity of the following, taken from *Time and Eternity* by W. T. Stace, reviewed recently in these pages:

> Religion is the desire to break away from being and existence altogether, to get beyond existence into that nothingness where the great light is. It is the desire to be utterly free from the fetters of being. For every being is a fetter. Existence is a fetter. To be is to be tied to what you are. Religion is the hunger for the non-being which yet is.
>
> In music sometimes a man will feel that he comes to the edge of breaking out from the prison bars of existence, breaking out from the universe altogether. There is a sense that the goal is at hand, that the boundary wall of the universe is crumbling and will be breached at the next moment, when the soul will pass out free into the infinite. But the goal is not reached. For it is the unspeakable, the impossible, the inconceivable, the unattainable. There is only the sense of falling backward into time. The goal is only glimpsed, sensed, and then lost.
>
> One thing is better than another thing. Gold is perhaps better than clay, poetry than push-pin. One place is pleasanter than another place. One time is happier than another time. In all being there is a scale of better and worse. But just because of this relativity, no being, no time, no place, satisfies the ultimate hunger. For all beings are infected by the same disease. If owning a marble leaves your metaphysical and religious thirst unquenched, so will owning the planets. If living on the earth for three-score years and ten leaves it unsatisfied, neither will living in a fabled Heaven for endless ages satisfy it. For how do you attain your end by making things bigger, or longer, or wider, or thicker, or more this or more that? For they will still be *this* or *that*. And it is being this or that which is the disease of things.

Mr. Stace, who wrote these paragraphs, may or may not be what is called a "religious" man. We do not know. There can be no doubt, however, that he is a man of seasoned intellectuality, and one, moreover, who is able to describe with precision the swamp of relativities in which countless so-called "religious persons" have been caught. One of the most hackneyed pieties of our time, for example, speaks of "man's relation to God." This is intellectual nonsense, for how could that which is Infinite enter into *any* relationships except by becoming *finite?* There is an identity of God and man—the One Self of which the ancient philosophers spoke—or the matter is hardly worth discussing.

Of course it is possible—although not reasonable—to hold the mind on a leash; to say that God *does* have a personal relationship with all his creatures, and still retains his Infinity—that this is one of the Divine Prerogatives which the mind Cannot Understand.

This is the point at which Revealed Religion comes to blows with the Rational Spirit. There can be no compromise on a difference of this sort. The rationalist must maintain that anything finite is subject to the review of reason. All "relationships," therefore, are susceptible to rational analysis. And analyzing the "relationships" of the Infinite can become vastly confusing, as practically the entire body of theological literature will illustrate. The relationships of the finite are sufficiently difficult to understand, without introducing a factor of personal infinitude. In the theological deck of cards, you never know which deuce is wild, since the theologians reserve the right to declare the game irrational at any point that it may seem practically expedient or theologically necessary to do so.

Either there are principles for the discovery of truth or there are not. If there are not, it is folly to talk about finding it, or even of its existence. If there are principles, yet not really principles, but "rules" which must be accepted without rational examination, then how shall we recognize the truth, supposing that we come upon it? Will it take possession of us by emotional onslaught? We are skeptical of such conquests. The twentieth century has had enough of men who claim to "think with their blood." "Rules" which are not principles are for the mindless, not for men.

But if there are principles which may be considered rationally, then there is some hope for us, even if the pursuit of truth by these principles is exceedingly difficult. That it is difficult there can be no doubt. The rational and the irrational in religion are sometimes so hopelessly mixed that intelligent men decide to abandon al1 intellectual discourse in relation to religious discovery. The Zen Buddhists are perhaps the best illustration of this outlook. Alan Watts' book, *The Spirit of Zen*, aptly conveys the mood of Zen Buddhism. As Watts says:

> . . . anyone who attempts to write about Zen has to encounter unusual difficulties; he can never explain, he can only indicate. . . . Zen cannot be made to fit into any "-ism" or "-ology"; it is alive and cannot be dissected and analysed like a corpse. Therefore, if we have any doubts about the sense and sanity of the sayings of the Zen masters, let us, to begin with, give them the benefit of the doubt, and assume that there is wisdom in their complete disregard for logic. For instance, . . . a monk came to master Chao-chou and asked, "I have just come to this monastery. Would you mind giving me some instruction, please?" The master said, "Have you eaten your breakfast yet, or not?" "Yes, I have, sir." "Then wash your bowls." It is said that as a result of this conversation the monk became enlightened.
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> Whether this is madness or not, the fact remains that Zen has profoundly influenced the whole culture of the Far East, and it is by its translation into thought and action that we must test the value of the inward spirit, however incomprehensible it may seem.

Later on, Mr. Watts relates:

> Frequently the Zen masters used to refer to each other as "old rice bags" and with other uncomplimentary terms, not out of any professional jealousy, but because it amused them to think that they and their wise and venerated brothers were

> supposed by ordinary standards to be so especially holy, whereas they had all realized that everything was holy, even cooking-pots and odd leaves blown about by the wind, and that there was nothing particularly venerable about themselves at all.

There is an authentic ring about the Zen contempt for intellectuality, for forms of thought and definitions. It differs, however, from Western warnings against the impudence of mind in that the Zen Buddhists defended no doctrines and dogmas which might crumple under rational inquiry. Their rejection of intellectual analysis had an entirely different ground. *They did not fear it.* Further, Zen Buddhism arose in the East, where intellectuality reached a peak of development far above Western speculation, and without the constraints of a Holy Inquisition. Finally, the Zen sect floats like an island in the vast sea of Buddhist thought, which is accounted by many to be the profoundest inquiry of the mind into the nature of things that the world has ever known. The Zen monks might be compared to John Dewey, in the West, who, after absorbing in its entirety the philosophical heritage of Europe, and writing a doctoral dissertation on Hegel—possibly the most elaborate thinker and metaphysician of Western civilization—turned about and became a "pragmatist," not realizing—so it seems to us—that a pragmatism which had not the discipline of Dewey's background might turn out to be a very superficial affair.

Zen's "anti-intellectualism" is, then, a phenomenon of Buddhist history, and while its intriguing *tours de force* may attract Westerners who would like to visit the precincts of the Infinite without stretching their minds in its direction, it will probably best serve the West as a warning rather than a guide.

So, to our critic, we propose an open-mindedness toward anything which promises to preserve open-mindedness toward everything else. If, in the course of inquiry, this leads to rejection of certain theological notions, it is not because we fail to honor the conception of a reality beyond rational understanding, but because we feel that nothing truly real can ever offend against the human longing for justice and impartiality.

Letter from
NORWAY

LILLEHAMMER.—This correspondent takes great interest in most of the MANAS articles. To him and a small circle of friends in a distant village in the interior of Norway, this periodical, with its lack of colourful advertisements of Coca Cola, Camel cigarettes, and streamlined motor cars, brings information about that America which too seldom appears on the European scene. Our stage is crowded with your military and financial experts. Whatever help they have in mind, it is dangerous to let them dominate. Judgment here of the intentions of USA is too much based upon impressions of physical strength, of USA-fears, USA-failures to understand European needs and attitudes, and of USA-failure in backing the true democrats in areas where a renaissance of fascism or nazism is threatening.

Not the least interesting are the MANAS attempts to follow the various results of modern psychic research. Greatly influenced by American efforts is the book by George Brochmann, *Man and Eternity*, which was issued only a few months before the author's death last spring. This Norwegian contribution to the discussion of men's psychic possibilities deserves a wider reading.

Still, such discussions are for the few only. Although we must repeatedly claim the right and duty to explore undogmatically the realms of mind and universe, and in spite of the deep pleasure some individuals find in exploring the borderland of human knowledge, we must never forget the needs of less adventuresome minds.

Once upon a time the farmer (the ordinary man), walking home from his fields after a day's labour, bowed in front of a wooden virgin on the road side, paid her homage, prayed to her for help, and confessed his sins. So we are told.

Some few may in their hearts bow and pay homage facing a vague abstract principle of moral or religious kind. But most of us gather around a TV-set or make a terrible noise as we confess to "like Ike." Or we see to it that our car looks a little more expensive than that of our neighbor.

I have in mind an assumption that we, contrary to our intentions, leave too many ordinary men behind in bewilderment, finally in apathy. Maybe—as is very much the case in Norway—we just go on with cultural activities which were both conceived and had their *raison d'être* some decades ago. This happens in a rapidly changing society. Vast organisations—comprising the intelligent young of the nation—remain in this cultural lag, fighting shadows and imprisoning creative possibilities.

Although social discrimination exists, although there are still language and cultural conflicts in this country of three millions, there are no longer any valid reasons to found huge and militant organisations on that basis exclusively. There is no excuse for isolating within such organisations young people cultivating in their minds doctrines of "truths"—sectarian and narrow as they must be. Apparently we have now reached a point where the young remain inactive in spite of the eager propaganda from the organisations. They will not listen to the traditional lectures and have no word in discussions. They do not like to take responsibility in local units and have apparently a minimum of influence in the centralized headquarters. Great political and controversial issues tend to become too complicated for ordinary people to understand. The challenges are too many. The fear of engagement is becoming neurotic. This is, of course, more a tendency than the objective truth of today's situation. But this tendency is emphasized here because it ought to concern philosophers, politicians, and educators.

What do you think of the capacity and needs of the average man with respect to the problems mentioned above? In any case, he will meet very few wooden virgins as he hastens along his road.

Contemporary art and poetry express themselves in a language more or less foreign to

the vast majority of us. These, together with familiar religious symbols, used to enrich the lives of our forefathers.

The analytical attitude originating from natural science—abstraction in art, poetry and philosophy—the general sabotage of traditional church life—the cultural lag and the plight of prestige in a great many cultural and political organisations—all this leaves man alone and deserted. Is he left by a truth-seeking elite to care for himself? Or for a dictator to offer him substitutes for religion?

These questions are raised against a Norwegian background. Perhaps I am overstressing symptoms which in an otherwise healthy culture will be held in check? Perhaps such reflections are a dreamy uneasiness, in contrast to the conscious endeavour to satisfy the mind in its ever-increasing curiosity about man and his destiny.

NORWEGIAN CORRESPONDENT

REVIEW
TWELVE SEASONS FOR REFLECTION

THOSE who have treasured Joseph Wood Krutch's *The Desert Year* may also wish to acquire a copy of his earlier *The Twelve Seasons* (now issued in a new edition by William Sloane Associates). This is not to say that we find no difference or feel no choice between the two volumes, for *The Desert Year* seems to us a more inspiring distillation of Krutch's philosophy, but *The Twelve Seasons* seems a worthy supplement, and, for the "nature lover," its seasonal observations of the Connecticut countryside will be both appealing and instructive. As the publishers put it:

> There is great variety here—from the microbe to the moon, from the raindrop to the ocean—and great delight in Mr. Krutch's reactions to the year. From them has come a book in which the professed Nature lover will revel, with which the thoughtful reader will jostle his imagination, by which the country dweller will find his real home and the city dweller a relaxed way of escape. Here is a rediscovery of the natural world.

Part of the difference between *The Twelve Seasons* and *The Desert Year* may be in locale. Krutch's philosophical asides in *The Twelve Seasons* are encountered more or less as one finds pleasant and interesting glens and brooks in the rather intimate Connecticut "wilderness," while the scenery and surroundings of the Arizona desert seem to call forth another dimension of reflection. Though it may be a presumptuous speculation, we wonder if Krutch would not feel that a widening of his own horizons had taken place after a time of desert residence. One of our favorite quotations from *The Desert Year*, not mentioned in the MANAS review of Nov. 19, is the following, which seems almost an ultimate statement of the case for "nature-contact," yet which probably requires the inspiration of the vast spaces it mentions for full appreciation:

> Not to have known—as most men have not—either the mountain or the desert is not to have known one's self. Not to have known one's self is to have known no one. . . . No man in the middle of a desert or on top of a mountain ever fell victim to the delusion that he himself was nothing except the product of social forces, that all he needed was a proper orientation in his economic group, or that production per man hour was a true index of happiness.

A passage from *The Twelve Seasons* furnishes good counterpoint to this. In discussing the mechanization of modern culture—to which the mountain and desert still offer an antidote for those who know how to apply it—Krutch writes: "The danger is that man himself may go on becoming more and more like the machines with which he lives, that his thoughts will grow colder and colder and his emotions weaker and weaker as he alienates himself farther and farther from everything in the universe which is capable of any kind of warmth." Further:

> Is it merely an accident that the large-scale cruelties are usually practiced in the name of Religion or the name of Science? Is it merely an accident, or is it the result of the fact that both Religion and Science tend to belittle as "sentimental" and misleading that mere sympathy with other living creatures, human or nonhuman, which is the source of all compassion? Religion sets up the soul as a barrier between man and the animals and makes a similar distinction between the man who is saved and the man who is not; Science sets up a barrier between what is logical and what is not; but the results can be curiously similar. Burn him because he is theologically wrong; "liquidate him" because the science of politics proves that he is opposing the greatest happiness of the greatest number!

Lest one think there is none but a remote connection between theological doctrine and human indifference to the welfare of animals, we cite from Westermarck's *Christianity and Morals* a bit of Holy Roman history:

> Pope Pius IX did not permit a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals to be founded in Rome, because, as he declared, theology teaches that it is theological error to suppose that man owes any debt to animals.

The first evolutionists probably felt great joy in re-establishing recognition of human kinship

with the lower animals, the natural pantheism of the heart having been formally denied such communion for so long. But the theory of evolution was also embraced by many who did not have "the pantheist sense," and who gave quite another twist to nature—bringing this comment from Krutch:

> The theory of evolution is an interesting theory and I assume that it corresponds to certain facts. But if it encourages the assumption that all the "lower"—i.e., earlier—forms are merely outmoded, then it is guilty of encouraging the same unfortunate confusion which the scientific approach generally does encourage when it talks about "development" and "improvement" in connection with things which exist for themselves, not in order to serve merely as steppingstones. Nature as a whole is more like a work of art than like a machine. The distinction between learning *about* and learning *from* is, I am sure, the crucial one, and any science which proposes for itself nothing but the first is dead; can be no more than a branch of practical mechanics; can accomplish none but utilitarian purposes. It furnishes no subject for contemplation; it contracts rather than enlarges the emotional life of man. *From* Nature we learn what we are a part of and how we may participate in the whole; we gain a perspective on ourselves which serves, not to set us aside from, but to put us in relation with, a complex scheme. Perhaps we also learn to suspect that we too are our own excuse for being. . . .
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> We have chosen to have our most intimate associations with machines, not with fellow creatures; to regard plants and animals as curiosities to be eliminated as far as is practicable from our own environment and relegated to museums, when they are not actually "liquidated."

Krutch is the most engaging exponent of "contemplation" we know of—one reason why our enthusiasm for his writing remains so high. This is not, however, because we are interested in or favor monasticism, but rather because we do not. The popular cultural identification of concentration and meditation with medieval ascetics and Hindu fakirs seems very regrettable, and a matter of letting the devil have some of the best tunes. Reflection can be a great source of joy. And since we hold that there is no happiness, peace, or security without the sort of reflection that relieves man's dependence upon institutional alliances, the beauties of the "lay" contemplative existence cannot, we think, be extolled too much. A true contemplator is not a system-builder, does not fall victim to the false pride which induces man to feel a final rightness in his opinions. Another of Krutch's passages is offered in evidence of this:

> There is an obvious reason why it may be just as well that most men refuse to consider that contemplation is the final, the only real end of man. If most men did so consider it and had always done so, the result would perhaps be that we should start devoting ourselves too soon and too exclusively to that occupation; too soon because we may even yet not have become capable of contemplating so wisely or so deeply as we some day may. But it is worth noting that the speculative mind finds it difficult to formulate any other ultimate end.

There is, of course, much more to *The Twelve Seasons* than philosophical discourse, but it is at the latter level that Krutch speaks the "universal language" we credited him with knowing in our review of *The Desert Year*. The gentle sallies of humor are models of delicate simplicity and his bits of natural history are intriguing enough to stay in anyone's memory.

COMMENTARY
"WHAT IS TRUTH?"

THE concluding quotation from Dr. Symonds reproduced in "Children . . . and Ourselves" (p. 8)—a description of the psychological behavior of one who "rationalizes" his opinions—could easily lead to a general depression regarding the hope of a peaceful world.

> A person who rationalizes [writes Symonds] is almost sure to lose his temper if the adequacy of the reasons which he gives is questioned. The man who is not rationalizing meets challenges on their merits and pits one argument against another with a flexibility and a willingness to change his position, giving reputable explanations for doing so.

How few there are who belong in this second category! To the habitual "rationalizer," any serious questioning of his opinions seems a direct attack on his character. He resists impartial examination as fiercely as he would resist public disgrace, often being willing to go to almost any lengths to avoid the embarrassments of critical analysis. Conventional education seldom accomplishes much to change this situation, although it may possibly make the rationalizer more "cautious," enabling him to strengthen his defenses against criticism.

The important objective, for those who have the habit of rationalization, is not the exchange of bad for good opinions, but an entirely different outlook on the matter of one's own opinions. The need is not for "right opinions," but for the right method of forming opinions. This may not seem to be such a difficult reform to institute, yet it is a change which is strenuously opposed by those who have hitherto found what emotional or religious security they possess in the feeling that they know "the truth," or belong to the "true church" or sectarian organization.

A man may feel that he has arrived at his true opinions and associations only at the cost of great suffering, and after long effort. When such a man is told that, not true opinions, but the capacity to change one's opinions in the light of new knowledge or experience, is what he needs, he is likely to be deeply disturbed. As he sees it, this is an invitation to desert his solidly founded views for the shifting sands of uncertainty and constant revaluation. What will help men to recognize that the uncertainties of an open mind are their most precious possession?

Here, we think, is the great educational problem of the present age. It is also a religious problem and a scientific problem. It lies at the root of all self-righteousness, intolerance, injustice, fanaticism, and sectarianism. The solution lies with a working answer—even a provisional one—to the old metaphysical question, "What is Truth?"

CHILDREN
. . . and Ourselves

NOTES IN PASSING

SEVERAL matters which we should have liked to consider here have been passed over for the reason that the format of "Children . . . and Ourselves" has chiefly encouraged treatment of subjects which provoke lengthy comment. Now, with a desire to increase our "coverage," and in the hope of providing more variety, we shall undertake some "notes in passing," of subjects which, although unrelated, should all be of some interest to our readers.

One of our favorite educators, Robert M. Hutchins, though no longer serving in academic administration, still finds himself involved in wrangles about semi-professional college athletics. The Los Angeles *Examiner* sports columnist, Vincent X. Flaherty, for one, continues to see red whenever he thinks of Hutchins' abolition of big-time football at the University of Chicago—sees red literally, since Flaherty, on Nov. 18, claimed that this un-American act finally resulted in accumulation at the University of Chicago of "the rankest collection of young Communists in the Midwest." "These are Hutchins' intellectuals," continues Flaherty (meaning anyone who fails to see that athletic scholarships are a *sine qua non* of Democracy). Flaherty by this time was apparently so wrought up that he failed to pause for either breath or logic: "Hutchins' intellectuals," he went on, "are of the same cleaving as another pair of marvelous young Chicago University intellectuals—Leopold and Loeb." . . . You are now responsible for developing psychopathic personalities, and must admit to being an accomplice in murder, Mr. Hutchins! And all because of slighting Football! It just goes to show.

Undaunted by such attacks, Hutchins recently braved further censure in an appearance before a House Committee investigating tax-exempt foundations. After being needled on the question of college athletics, Hutchins repeated that he did not believe in "salaried football teams," however much he might appreciate the game itself. A press report relates that he further "advised colleges today to trade their 'high-priced' football teams for racing stables. The jockeys could wear their school's colors, Hutchins explained, and the horse wouldn't have to pass entrance examinations."

The reason for mentioning such disagreeable nonsense as Mr. Flaherty's, and such engaging nonsense as Mr. Hutchins', is to indicate the extent to which emotion overrides reason in deciding university problems generally. Having recently watched the six-week build-up for a football gigantic between UCLA and the University of Southern California, we were ourselves reflecting upon the psychological effects of such big-time sports events on the players. Fortunately, the team the present writer adolescently hoped to see win, lost the Big Game, thus creating for him the intriguing problem of analyzing his personal feeling of minor psychological depression which followed. And, we reasoned, if we, who pay only cursory attention to football via the sports page, experience such a reaction, what kind of effect can the loss of a Big Game have on the players of the team that didn't quite make it? When one hundred thousand people jam the Los Angeles Coliseum—when a football game becomes more important than Korea or General Eisenhower for the whole of Southern California—how can the students of the competing universities be expected to consider their opportunity for acquiring a "higher education" with calm seriousness? As we have said before, and as Hutchins has said, there is nothing wrong with the game or with having players enjoy it. But they usually don't, we fear. The spectator frenzy builds up a prospective win or loss to such alarming proportions that the life of the player becomes seriously involved. What each of the losers does and thinks within the next six months, for instance, may be profoundly influenced by the "traumatic" shock of the mass-emotions focussed upon their unsuccessful struggle on the gridiron. Perhaps Hutchins' jocular proposal of jockeys and racing stables is not quite so ridiculous as it sounds. The horses would be impervious to these detrimental effects, and the crowds could only drive *themselves* crazy.

Our frequent praise of the work of modern psychologists with child and adolescent problems sometimes predisposes us to overlook certain congealed viewpoints encountered in this field—particularly among textbook writers. Clinical workers and serious students of abnormal psychology have concerned themselves with alleviating mental suffering and confusion, and have had less time for abstract theories than some of their academic contemporaries,: so that the clinical men, we think, are the real banner-carriers of the psychological world. The theorists are always with us, however, and their views on the basic nature of man—and the child—often seem questionable from our standpoint. Examples of assertions we do *not* like to see circulating under the guise of "authority" are to be found in *Dynamic Psychology* by Percival M. Symonds. To put the matter simply, Dr. Symonds bases all his theories on the premise that man is *primarily* a biological creature. Hostility and destructive aggression are viewed as in one sense inescapable—because they are part of the foundation upon which human personality is presumably built. Our purpose in criticizing Dr. Symonds' premise—common to nearly all theoretical psychologists—is to call attention to the fact that the resulting point of view may be more disparaging than necessary of the human being. Why *should* we assume that destructive aggression is "native" to man, and that love and compassion are only developed by conditioning? "High ideals," on such a view, are but the super-structure of the "super-ego," and we are by implication enjoined to let our ideals be only high enough to enable us to function smoothly in adjustment to prevailing standards. While aware of the fact that any random comments of this nature are in no sense a review of such a carefully written and in some respects useful book as *Dynamic Psychology*, our over-all impression is nonetheless that Dr. Symond's premises lead more to suspicions of inevitable human weaknesses in ourselves and in our friends than to inspiration. For example, the chapter on rationalization implies that the main drive within the mind of man is to escape the responsibility which correct evaluation of his own desires would compel him to assume. But why should we take it for granted that the natural desires are any more likely to be "aggressive," "hostile," or "evil" than good, constructive, or educational? There is another definition of rationalization to which Dr. Symonds gives no attention—the one which simply names as rationalization any of man's attempts to make his actions conformable to reason. There is, then, both "good" and "bad" rationalization, and the "good" rationalization may be called an aspect of philosophy. But Dr. Symonds seems little interested in philosophy, little interested in affirming any qualities beyond the societal-utilitarian in human personality. We are, however, indebted to his "Rationalization" chapter for a succinct summary of ways to detect the sort of rationalization which neither Dr. Symonds nor we care for:

> The extent to which a person avoids rationalization in his thinking can be determined by the consistency of his thought. If in discussion one uncovers certain inconsistencies that the other person fails to recognize, or, recognizing them, attempts to justify further, one may suspect that rationalization is at work.
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> Another sure method of detecting rationalization is by noting the amount of emotion shown during a discussion. A person who rationalizes is almost sure to lose his temper if the adequacy of the reasons which he gives is questioned. The man who is not rationalizing meets challenges on their merits and pits one argument against another with a flexibility and a willingness to change his position, giving reputable explanations for doing so.

Following the implications of the above, we see no reason why believers in the existence of the human soul should be considered any more guilty of "rationalization" than Dr. Symonds, who obviously leans towards biological mechanism.

FRONTIERS

India's New Self-Consciousness

No reader of India's newspaper and periodical press can help but feel a great sympathy for the difficulties of this new nation—a nation of 380 million people which has suddenly been catapulted into the furious sea of political independence after a century or more of enforced dependency and debilitating subserviency. This is not to suggest that India was not "ready" for freedom. Who is? A nation shows its readiness for freedom by the quality of its struggle to be free, and India's contest with her political oppressors, with all its unevenness and defects, became a model for the study of libertarians all over the world. Quite possibly, whatever happens in the immediate future, India has already taught the world a new lesson in the making of history.

What should particularly interest the friends of India in other lands is the element of intellectual honesty in the Indian press, today, and the growing capacity for intelligent self-criticism. Here is a people which, only yesterday, was wholly engrossed by the heady emotions of nationalism, yet now, through the thinking of its best minds, seeks the balance which can come only from a sense of history and destiny which sees beyond nationalism.

Some months ago, MANAS discussed the strained relationships between India and the United States under the title, "What Is Happening in India?" We return to this theme with emphasis on the attempt of Indians to grasp historical and sociological factors in India's development. In the *Economic Weekly* for Oct. 18, published in Bombay, D. P. Mukerji discusses "Asian Nationalism," devoting most of his space to Indian nationalism. This article, though somewhat "heavy" in style, is a worthy effort to increase the self-consciousness of Indians with regard to a "sense of history." After reviewing the major conditions affecting the cultural awakening of Europe, he says:

> Today, none of these conditions exists in Asia. So far as India is concerned, we are still waiting for the day when old Indian thought will be re-oriented to suit modern times, as Aristotelianism was re-oriented in Western Europe in the Middle Ages. Is Confucianism being re-conditioned on a large scale to suit Chinese conditions? We hear that it is being done. But how many thinkers are "reconstructing" Islam? Barring Iqbal, no Muslim in this sub-continent is known to have thought it out. Hindu revivalism is well-known; but which system of Hindu thought can be related to modern Indian conditions is not known to many Indians. The result is frightful. There is no branch of India's intellectual activity in which ideas are not derivative or imported, which does not inevitably succumb to a foreign dogma, or which draws sap from the soil. Being modern only means being fashionable. Ideas really do not have the framework of a homogeneous temporal series; they function in sociological time in which there are lags, suspensions and spurts according to the nature of social development. If this determining factor is neglected, easy communicability remains the only attribute of modernity. It then means the craze for the latest. By then understanding has been reduced to the search for sensations. And this is exactly what has happened in every field where historical and social understanding has not come to the rescue of man. The vulgarity of Indian films is the visually logical extension of the utter inability of modern Indians to face this crisis. If progressive Indian poetry, painting, political thinking, is nothing more than a string of clichés, the absence of historical and social understanding is the cause. Similarly with revivalism. Its history is atavism; and its sociality is compensatory nostalgia for an imaginary past.

These are strong words—too strong, we think, because of their unrelieved gloom—yet they are nevertheless words of challenge and discovery. What Mr. Mukerji is saying, it seems to us, is that India today lacks men with the kind of historical insight that is possessed by Ortega y Gasset; that the socio-psychological brilliance of *Richer by Asia* was contributed by an American, not by an Indian—that, in short, Indian culture is today an undefined conglomerate, possessed of many jewels, perhaps, but only as "inclusions" in the whole, which is not in fact a "whole," and without order or related meaning in their array.

Let us concede that, from one point of view, India is an "ugly duckling"—an ungainly sort of national being which suffers the confusions of its youth and immaturity, yet feels an inward grandeur that is constantly belied by present and unpleasant facts. But, what, after all, would you expect of the first great nation in the world for which it seems psychologically possible to unite the cultural riches of both East and West? Rather than evidence of smooth and unhampered progress, we might expect, at the outset, the kind of thinking that Mr. Mukerji attempts—thinking which insists upon naturalizing the alien elements in Indian thought and life, taming them, and evolving a sense of purpose which is thoroughly self-conscious.

What is the "historical and social understanding" of which Mr. Mukerji speaks? What, indeed, are the nuclear elements of India's future? In what guise ought the spirit of Rama and Arjuna to be reborn? What relevance has the ancient metaphysics of avataric missions—of periodic saviors to mankind—for modern India? Is Mukerji warranted in his somewhat casual notice of such questions, since the historical impact of Gandhi's movement certainly gained force from this tradition? Finally, does Gandhi's claim that India herself has a mission to the rest of the world have hope of vindication in history? Other great leaders of nations—George Washington, for one—took this view of the peoples they strove to unite.

The resolution of the conflicts and tensions between the two heritages of East and West, which now belong to India, is a task for titans. First, perhaps, we may look for the development of a new national literature in India, in which synthesis will be the keynote. Thus far, India's great men have become capable of great things through mastery of the cultures of both East and West. In different ways, both Gandhi and Nehru accomplished and shared in this synthesis. Now that India is free, we may expect to see new generations of men who will grow strong in the turbulent atmosphere of freedom, and strong men of independent mind are surely needed by India. For her problems are problems which may occupy many generations with their full solution; the liberation of India was no palace revolution which awaits the happy chords of a light opera's denouement.

Of the several Indian periodicals we have the good fortune to see regularly, *Thought*, a weekly published at Delhi, seems the best for the American or European reader to sample in order to get the "feel" of Indian affairs and Indian efforts to deal with them. In *Thought* for Sept. 13, for example, some "well known democrats" discuss Communism in India. No amount of American journalistic analysis can clarify the situation with respect to Indian Communism as well as this article does. Despite its somewhat captious feeling toward spokesmen for the United States, we thought the general content of the article above reproach. Yet in *Thought* for Oct. 11, we encountered a rejoinder by R. P. Bharadwaj, in which the tendency of the group of "democrats" to score American foreign policy is examined from another viewpoint. The temper of Mr. Bharadwaj's remarks will delight many American admirers of India. Speaking of the contribution of the "well known democrats," he writes:

> The article begins with America and ends with America. After listing the gravity of the situation in neat and numbered paragraphs, the authors remind us that "the situation in India does not permit complacency." But instead of giving a call to India to wake up, the article summons America to action: "It seems that the lesson of China has not been learnt and the United States is in danger of making the same mistake again in India."

These Indian democrats, apparently, have been reading carefully the recent works of Supreme Court Justice Douglas, who has been saying things like this to Americans. Mr. Bharadwaj, however, is addressing Indians, and properly remarks:

> Communism is not an American problem. It is our danger, and we alone can meet it. We should not

> depend upon America for fighting our battle. . . . To be able to meet this danger, it is necessary to mobilize our own mental and moral resources. I am not preaching isolationism, but self-reliance. An attitude of self-reliance is a better defence and a better preparation for meeting Communism than an attitude of dependence. Dependence leads to telling and preaching instead of acting and organizing. . . .
>
> There are people who differ from us genuinely and believe that Communism is a blessing and not an affliction. Our attitude toward them should be of patience and of understanding rather than of impatience and rejection.

Then, best of all:

> Lastly, I may make one or two observations on American aid. . . . I am not sure about the economic consequences, but I feel that politically it will be to the good of all concerned if this aid was stopped. Today, it seems, America is more concerned about giving aid than we are about accepting it. Consequently, it has given rise to all sorts of suspicions and ambivalent attitudes. In one breath, the Indian Congress Party passes a resolution to say that "peace in the World cannot be secured unless backward nations are helped in raising their standard of living", in another it is suspicious of this aid when it is offered. The only aid our Government has received gratefully is the one she has not received from Soviet Russia and China.

This last remark refers, we suppose, to recent arrangements, and not to the wheat shipments sent by Russia for famine relief. In any event, a country which can take its aid—or leave it alone—with humor, needs no advice from anyone.