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SCHIZOID MAN, SCHIZOID WORLD

THIS title is owed to a correspondent who has written in musing wonder at the contradictions in human behavior and human attitudes. He finds a text in Pitirim Sorokin's book, *The Crisis of Our Age:*

> Without attempting to enumerate all the self-contradictions of this culture of ours, let us take, instead, what appears to be its central self-contradiction. This consists in the fact that *our culture simultaneously is a culture of man's glorification and of man's degradation.* On the one hand, it boundlessly glorifies man and extols man-made culture and society. On the other it utterly degrades the human being and all his cultural and social values. We live in an age which exalts man as the supreme end, and, at the same time, an age which vilifies man and his cultural values endlessly. . . . We aspire for the maximum of material comfort; and we condone privation and misery. We eulogize love, and cultivate hatred. We proclaim man sacred, and slaughter him pitilessly. We proclaim peace and wage war. We believe in cooperation and solidarity, and multiply competition, rivalry, antagonism, and conflicts. We stand for order, and plot revolution. We boast of the guaranteed rights of man, of the sanctity of constitutions and covenants; and we deprive man of all rights and break all constitutions and pacts. And so on, endlessly. Tragic dualism of our culture is indisputable and is widening from day to day. Its soul is hopelessly split. It is a house divided against itself. The dark Demon in it is at relentless war with its creative Angel. Hence the spread of the sinister blackout of our culture.

Similar comparisons, although less rhetorically drawn, may be found in Karen Homey's *Neurotic Personality of Our Time.*

But even if the fact of contradiction is inescapable, and even if "schizoid" applies in a clinical sense in certain cases, we wonder if the word should be used to describe the general condition. By too easily naming a disorder we may ignore its profounder roots. To claim for ourselves the diagnosis of a kind of madness is too convenient an escape from what we are doing and have done. What causes the pattern of self-destruction described by Dr. Sorokin? Is there a basic dilemma in human life which leads to such notorious contradictions between profession and practice, between a man's ends and the means he adopts, ostensibly, at least, to achieve them?

Our correspondent has some individual illustrations of the contradictions. For one he cites the Jan. 24 issue of *This Week,* which has in it an article by Dr. Wernher von Braun, "father" of the V-2 rocket developed to destroy England in World War II, and presently Development Operations Director of the U. S. Army Ballistic Missile Agency. But Dr. von Braun does not write about our missile resources. His subject is Immortality, God, and "the masterpiece of His creation—the human soul." Under the editorial heading, "Words to Live By," Dr. von Braun declares:

> Today, more than ever before, our survival—yours and mine and our children's—depends on our adherence to ethical principles. Ethics alone will decide whether atomic energy will be an earthly blessing or the source of mankind's utter destruction.

Just how "ethics alone" becomes a stockpile of missiles remains unexplained.

For an illustration taken from events earlier in the century, our correspondent quotes from John Haynes Holmes' autobiography, *I Speak for Myself,* an account of the appeal made to President Wilson for the pardon of Eugene Debs, socialist leader, who had been imprisoned for his opposition to the entry of the United States into the first world war. Dr. Holmes wrote:

> . . . the movement for the release of Debs took early shape and received wide support. The leadership in this good cause of Norman Thomas was to many of us our surest guarantee of success. It was therefore something more than a shock when we encountered opposition to our petition on Debs' behalf which proved to be unshakeable. In our innocence we had assumed that Woodrow Wilson would welcome opportunity to bestow upon Debs the favor of his

> grace. We remembered the Bible injunction to forgive our enemies, and took it for granted that President Wilson, as a devout reader of the Bible, would undoubtedly be glad to "do justice and love mercy" in the true scriptural sense. But no one of our petitioners ever made a more grievous mistake. The President was obdurate. Here was an old-fashioned Presbyterian conscience at work in this hard, cold, stubborn executive. He loved righteousness all right—no doubt about that! But righteousness to him, the President, was a very different thing from what it was to us. So, from the highest motives, Mr. Wilson refused to grant our plea.

Ironically, it remained for Warren Harding, the "tall, handsome, good-natured, easy-going" party politician, to do what Wilson would not. Holmes continues:

> Harding was perfectly equipped to produce those consequences of political corruption which straightway disgraced his administration as the most malodorous that Washington had ever known. What was there in such a man to establish hope that he would do what a moral idealist like Woodrow Wilson had refused to do? Yet this is just what happened! We thought that we understood the President, but we forgot those amiable qualities of kindliness, generosity, large-heartedness, simple good will, which permitted Harding to do what Woodrow Wilson, from the standpoint of the highest principles, could not and would not do. So, on a morning in December, 1921, Debs walked forth from the Atlanta Penitentiary. The warden and his officers, who loved him, bade him a fond farewell. The prisoners, who adored him, and would have gladly died for him, hailed him as he passed by. Cheers and tears were mingled on that day, and in that place, as they had never been before, and may never perhaps be again. Debs, thank God and President Harding, was free.

A third illustration collected by our reader is presented in Major Trevor-Roper's account of Heinrich Himmler, most feared of all the Nazi leaders, and head of the Gestapo:

> There were no signs of brutality in his private nature. Hesitation seemed to them {his underlings] his most obvious characteristic.
>
> Himmler himself could never understand the reputation he had acquired. In the end he despaired of understanding it. It was some strange foible of foreigners, he concluded, and he satisfied himself with making little jokes about it in his private circle.
>
> If he was not a sadist, not a man of diabolical instincts or ingenuity, what other quality can have inspired and sustained Himmler in these incredible cruelties? I believe there is an answer to this question, though it is not one which will readily occur to those who take their standards of judgment from the accustomed and (until recently) the contemporary world.
>
> To find a parallel to Himmler—and, indeed, to most of the Nazi leaders—we must look back beyond yesterday to cataclysmic periods of society, periods of revolution and social change. There we shall find his prototype. It is the Grand Inquisitor, the mystic in politics, the most terrible and disastrous phenomenon, the man who is prepared to sacrifice humanity to an ideal.
>
> The grand inquisitors of history were not cruel or indulgent men. In their private lives they were often painfully conscientious and austere. Often, like Himmler, they prided themselves on their kindness to animals.
>
> For Himmler was not merely a policeman. . . . That smooth, untroubled expression shows the most terrible of all serenities, the serenity of the religious bigot, the man whose actions are all justified, for he has found the truth. . . .

The reality, as historical characters, of such men as Himmler and Schweitzer, Hitler and Gandhi, is sufficient to make mince-meat of conventional accounts of human nature. It is as though the martial spirit had in the one type achieved a transfiguration, and in the other run amok.

Such extremes of human character make one wonder if there is not in man so great a hunger for absolute attainment—so high an affection for a state of pure perfection—that in individuals possessed of exceptional powers of concentration, this drive reaches a climactic development. It is a question of where the power shall be exercised. In the case of extraordinary moral genius, the expression of order is reached at a level of being that is consistent with freedom. The materialist, by comparison, is one who resolves to exercise his compulsion to order *on earth*, where, because of the recalcitrance of the materials, neither perfect freedom nor perfect order is possible, but only a series of compromises, and temporary ones at that.

"Order," on earth, can never be anything more than a loose arrangement which gives room for all sorts of practical mistakes—the kind of mistakes men make while they are learning to use intelligently what freedom is available to them. The best social system must therefore resemble a school. Its true order is more a subjective than an objective reality, since it is an order which accommodates itself to both the strength and the weakness of human beings.

But every man has hidden in him somewhere a nostalgia for abstract perfection. How this originates is a mystery—perhaps we come to birth, as Wordsworth said, "trailing clouds of glory," and filled with inchoate memories of Nirvanas won and lost; in any event, our simultaneous demands for both freedom and order create a schism in our psychological lives, and only the very wise seem able to find a balance between the two.

The man of dreadful destiny is one who ends the conflict by ignoring the demand for freedom and resolving to enforce a perfect order upon a world in which freedom manifests statistically as *disorder*. In such a man, this disorder inspires only a holy rage. Whatever the cost, he will put it down. Thus are produced the conscientious inquisitors and the austere authoritarians. Such men are the real materialists. They have not understood the nature of man.

The rest of us, who have not made up our minds, are condemned to lives of uneasy inconsistency. We do not know how to make our peace with imperfection—the imperfection of a half-grown world of men.

We know better than to attempt a utopia for five-year-olds. A community for five-year-olds is an amiably regulated chaos from the viewpoint of adult behavior. To turn the community into an externally ordered utopia would make of it an institution resembling the regimented orphanages of a century ago.

Eventually, five-year-olds become ten-year-olds, and then a whole new set of rules is required. Another sort of "chaos" becomes the optimum arrangement. Finally, the time comes when a normal "maturity" is thought to have been reached, and then the really incompetent administrators take over—the managers of the world as we see it before us, in Dr. Sorokin's description, although there are also less gloomy accounts of our times.

What needs to be considered is the possibility that much of the confusion of the world arises from unresolved contradictions between human ideas about freedom and about order, leading to conflicts spurred on by righteous emotions. A man looks in anger at the suffering of the world, sits down at his table and writes up a set of rules for controlling the injustices committed by "five-year-old" adults, and then, being a man of fire and commitment, he finds allies and proclaims a revolution. He gets his "order," perhaps, but it turns out to be the order of a dehumanizing terror. He will have no compromises, no evil weakness to creep in and corrupt the purity of the social ideal. He purges, bleeds, excises, until only a living corpse remains. Meanwhile, an underground breed of Nihilists undertakes to cleanse the world of the Tyrant, and in time the dreary cycle begins again.

This is the story of collectivist extremes. In less rigidly managed societies, the contradictions appear in more individualized terms, but they are bound to exist wherever there are human beings. Men fear to lose their "order," so they insist upon the letter of the law; they fear to lose their wealth, which they see as the security of their accustomed way of life, and so they go sternly off to war, to guarantee their "standard of living." Angry rebels and contemptuous anarchists have their say—and say many things that need to be said—but the dilemma remains.

Perhaps we are schizoid men in a schizoid world, but this demeaning adjective will not help us out of our trouble. We need to understand better our own longings and how and why they are perpetually at war with one another. We need to set a decent limit upon the "order" we require, out of regard for the better order we may achieve, after we have learned that there can be no freedom for men who are without dignity of purpose.

Letter from ITALY

FLORENCE.—It is over a month now since I came to Florence, observing the Italian scene in this city which is the acknowledged center of Italian art and learning. I am especially interested because this is the land of my ancestors.

On my way south I stopped in Milan for a few days. There I was privileged to meet one of the most ardent advocates of non-violence and conscientious objection to war; he is already an octogenarian, but a more enthusiastic and dedicated soul I never encountered. He is also carrying a lone campaign against the abuses of the Church of Rome, its interference with politics and freedom of conscience. It seemed to me that his enthusiasm made him rather tense, and I wrote him a letter to this effect, suggesting that he have more faith in our Creator's plans, that he cultivate a degree of serenity. I translate part of the letter I got in reply: "I appreciate your words about placid serenity, but if you stay in Italy long enough you will find that 90 per cent of Italians possess this virtue in such high degree that they have adopted as their motto *'laissez-faire, laissez-passer,'* and so they look serenely on the spectacle of the world going to ruins, and with much calm they witness the advance on every line (religious, social, educational, economic) of the clergy, so that the only thing needed now is the return of the Inquisition and the execution of the heretics."

He goes on: "Of the 90 per cent, almost 60 per cent have discovered that in order to live even more serenely, one must sign up for the Christian Democratic Party, or a related party, thus finding peace not only for the soul, but also for the body, because today the Catholic Church intimates that 'Who is not with us is against us,' and those who have not an assured steady income know it very well. Jesus used the whip against those who profaned the temple, and you know that Albert Schweitzer repeats continually that in this mysterious universe we do not seem to find an explanation for the great tragedy of life and of society—only within ourselves do we find the guide of our conscience, and we must rely on that."

Florence, the city of art and culture, is succumbing to commercialism, to noise, traffic, and all the other "advantages" of modern times. A column regularly featured in the chief local paper, *La Nazione*, bears the title, "Is Florence tired of acting as the Cradle of Culture?" To this column many citizens contribute opinions, most of them deploring the inroads of cinema, TV, the radio, the "howlers" of vulgar songs, the commercialism and the exploitation of tourists.

Florence is full of beautiful churches, most of them having cloisters attached. These consist of an open court usually planted as a formal garden, surrounded by a portico or covered walk, above which are the cells where the monks lived. The colonnade supporting these cells and forming the portico is a lovely thing to behold. The walls around the portico and the pavements are almost completely covered with rather large marble tablets or grave-stones bearing the most high-sounding and sentimental epitaphs I have ever seen. I understand that these slabs were removed from various churches, which in old times served also as depository of the dead, especially those who had donated considerable sums; when the churches became too full of these dead remains, they were cleaned out, the bones finding rest in an ossuary, and the slabs in the cloisters, where the names and memory of the deceased are at least preserved.

One marvels at the wealth and the labor which have been poured into these churches during the past centuries: such marbles, sculptures and paintings, such mosaics as could supply all the churches of the world. Yet the impression I had upon entering them was of cold and darkness—the many statues of the bleeding Christ and the many sepulchres of bishops and prelates are depressing. Worshippers are few, and I don't wonder that so few benches are provided where

one may sit, perhaps a twentieth of the number the floor would hold. I have never seen more than half a dozen people in the act of worship in any church, except this morning when a mass was going on at the main altar of S. Maria Novella, one of the largest edifices. This church was full—full of military cadets standing in straight lines all along the middle of the great nave. They were dressed in dark blue with red stripes along their trousers, and they wore dark blue overcoats. It was Sunday, of course; the priest turned around to read in Italian that passage from the New Testament where Paul in one of his epistles admonishes us to love even those who offend us, to return good for evil, to hate no one . . . this to a school of soldiers! I learned later that these boys were the student body of the military academy, *housed in the cloister connected with this church!* They now occupy the cells used by monks in past years. I am sure they are all required to attend mass on Sunday.

Some of the questions being discussed on the local scene are: The salaries and legal status of teachers—should they be compensated in a way comparable to other state employees? (they have threatened to strike, in spite of the appeal to their dignity); the advantages of recruiting and training women for police work (a group of progressive women have made a study of our experience and methods in the United States); the impending visit of president Gronchi to Russia, frowned upon by the church, thus causing great stir among laymen.

AMERICAN ABROAD

REVIEW
PHARMACEUTICAL BETRAYAL

MIDDLETON KIEFER'S novel, *Pax,* concerned with the devious maneuverings of a pharmaceutical company preparing to market a tranquilizer, is a frightening book. The public wants "peace of mind" and the Raven Company finds means by which legal restrictions on over-the-counter sales of tranquilizers may be ignored. In a dialogue between the company's research director and the sales manager, Mr. Kiefer illustrates the conflict between commercial interests and the confused integrity of a professional man.

Dr. Garibaldi has just received a letter from the American Psychiatric Society, warning against the "casual employment" of tranquilizers and cautioning that the latter have not been in use long enough "to determine the full range, duration and medical significance of their side effects." Dr. Garibaldi takes the letter to the "dynamic" sales manager:

> Shively perused the letter thoughtfully and said, "What's this got to do with us?"
>
> Garibaldi shrugged. "It was mailed to nine thousand, three hundred and fifty-three members of the society," he said, "and we're about to market a tranquilizer. It reflects an even larger area of professional opinion, which I believe deserves some passing attention from us."
>
> A sweet and understanding smile crossed the sales vice-president's face. "But ours is for peace of mind, Ambrose," he said patiently. "They're talking about powerful drugs for psychos, not normal people."
>
> Garibaldi said nothing.
>
> "You say this went out to nine thousand doctors?" Shively asked.
>
> "That's right."
>
> "You don't think this could hurt *our* sales any, do you?"
>
> "I have no idea," Garibaldi said. "You're the sales expert."
>
> "After we market Pax," Shively said thoughtfully, "maybe you ought to write them a letter, explaining peace of mind—just to play it safe."
>
> "I'that's ridiculous," Garibaldi answered him. "These men are psychiatrists."
>
> "We're not *calling* Pax a tranquilizer, you know," Shively said archly. "We don't say that anywhere in our advertising."
>
> "We can call it anything we wish," Garibaldi said. "That won't make a particle of difference."
>
> "Well, it *will* make a difference," Shively said. "We just ride over things like that letter with the positive plus features of Pax. What the hell do you think we're spending all that dough on promotion for? I don't want to hear Pax called a tranquilizer again."
>
> "Medicine will call it a tranquilizer whether we like it or not."
>
> "The hell with medicine," Shively said. "We don't need the doctors to sell this product."
>
> "We've got to keep some sense of proportion," Garibaldi said angrily. "Medicine isn't a fad, it's natural science. We're a drug company. The favorable verdict of medical doctors is necessary to our existence."
>
> "Verdict, scherdict," Shively said with disdain. "Just who are you *for* anyway? Raven or the AMA?"
>
> Outraged, Garibaldi stared at him without answering.
>
> The vice-president smiled. "You're not sure, are you? You don't like what I say about the high priesthood, do you? Well, listen carefully." He leaned and waved the letter at Garibaldi. "Our drug is the *newest* and the *best* peace pill that anyone ever saw. It's *different* from any other. It's going to sell and sell and *sell.* And there isn't any room around here any more for people who don't believe that. So you had better make up your mind to get behind this thing, and soon. Or . . ."
>
> "Or what?" the physician said.
>
> Shively paused confidentially, the smile frozen on his face. "Or we find someone else to be the company's conscience, *Doctor."*

Finally, a congressional investigating committee recognizes the need for regulation of the industry, but the most interesting part of *Pax* involves the concern felt by Dr. Garibaldi as well as by non-medical members of the Raven staff about the "side effects" of the new drug. Our culture abounds in techniques for modifying and

altering human personality, and we are all at least vaguely familiar with the idea that this is being done by specious political presentations and high-pressure advertising. But the prospect of a drug which changes the natural response of the feelings makes the issue clearer; once a drug is taken a patient has no choice but to be "altered," and some of Mr. Kiefer's characters strongly believe that this is a sort of witchcraft which one shouldn't get involved with. The subjects used in test cases for "Pax," like those for numerous pharmaceutical preparations only nominally controlled by members of the medical profession, *don't* "worry"—because *they* have been "changed." The extensive and continued use of tranquilizers, so far as we can see, manages a kind of low-cost, temporary lobotomy. Here we are reminded of some passages from Frank Slaughter's *Daybreak* on ethics of lobotomy:

> "We remove diseased appendices and spleens, don't we?"
>
> "I know that argument backwards, Jim. Mental disease is different. You simply can't probe into a certain section of the brain and insist it's causing the illness you hope to isolate. That kind of thinking went out with Charcot. Man's a *whole* person. It makes no sense whatever, turning him into a robot just to quiet him down." . . .
>
> "Our mental patients are still experiencing emotion. They're alive, in every sense of the word. Your lobotomies shuffle through a routine that's planned for them in advance. Cutting off part of the brain is an evasion of the basic nature of disease, not a serious attempt to effect a cure."
>
> "If the spark is there," said Alex, "isn't it worse than murder to snuff it out?"

Mr. Slaughter apparently believes in the use of tranquilizing drugs, but only for patients under medical care who require treatment for disorders which cannot be reached when the patients are in a disturbed state. The locked wards of the mental hospitals, he suggests, have benefited amazingly from the tranquilizers, and this would seem to be their rightful function.

COMMENTARY
THE LORE OF ASIA

ASIA THROUGH ASTAN EYES, compiled by Baldoon Dhingra, is a beautifully made book (Charles E. Tuttle, $5.75) consisting of selected parables, poetry, proverbs, stories and epigrams of the peoples of Asia. It is hardly a book to "review," but one to keep handy and to savor for years. The thing about this book that will delight the American reader is the rich similarity of human nature in both East and West, but at the same time the rich differences of Eastern expression, the fresh dimensions of folk wisdom and humor. Books like this one cement the unity of human beings everywhere.

Best of all for editors, it is a book to quote from. For example, there is this simple solution for the dreadful situation of Faust:

> A man was nearly dying of hunger. The Devil came to him and offered him food if the man would sell him his faith. The hungry man agreed, but when he had eaten his fill he refused saying, "What I sold you when I was hungry did not exist, for a hungry man has no faith."
>
> *Persia*

Then, on Nirvana, from the *Shih-Ching* (Book of Poetry):

> Nirvana is the Buddha-nature in a state of permanence, while Samsara is the Buddha-nature in a state of impermanence. Nirvana is the water. Samsara the ripples (that rise on its surface). To leave this impermanence is called deliverance.
>
> *China*

The following is from Mencius:

> The killing of a person is said to be wrong and punishable with death. According to this principle, the killing of ten persons must be ten times as wrong and punishable with a tenfold death penalty, and the killing of a hundred persons must be a hundred times as wrong and punishable with a hundredfold death penalty. All enlightened men of the world know this and condemn killing as wrong, and yet, in the case of the great wrong of waging war against States (thereby killing many persons), they do not condemn it and, on the contrary, applaud it as right. They do not really know (what is right and what is wrong) . . . (For) if a person, on seeing a little blackness, calls it black and, on seeing much blackness, would call it white, he does not (really) know the difference between black and white.
>
> *China*

From Chuang Tzu, on the discipline of dishonesty:

> An apprentice of the Robber Chi asked him: "Can the Law [of Tao] be found in thieving?" Robber Chi replied: "Pray tell me of anything in which there is not the Law! There is the wisdom by which booty is located. The courage of going in first, the heroism of coming out last. The insight of calculating the chances of success. And justice in dividing the spoils. There never was a great robber who was not possessed of all five."
>
> *China*

From Manu:

> Let him carefully avoid all undertakings the success of which depends on others; but let him eagerly pursue that the accomplishment of which depends on himself. Everything that depends on others gives pain, everything that depends on oneself gives pleasure; know that this is the short definition of pleasure and pain.
>
> *India*

Baldoon Dhingra has taught literature in the Punjab region of India and was for eleven years with Unesco in activities connected with literature, drama, and education. A theme of his work has been sympathetic understanding between the cultures of East and West.

CHILDREN
. . . and Ourselves

SOMETIMES discussions of education in the more orthodox publications acquire a provocative value when associated with other material. For example, additional power is added to George Weinstein's article in *This Week* for Jan. 24 ("Why Don't They Let Us Teach?") by introducing it with a paragraph from *Children* (bi-monthly publication of the U. S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare). Writing for *Children*, Godfrey M. Hochbaum points out some basic truths about the learning process:

> If we wish people to understand principles, we want them to think. And their thinking may not have the results we the educators desire. In other words, people may draw different inferences from our principles than we would like them to draw. But this is a chance we may have to take: where education truly succeeds, it creates in the educated the intellectual and motivational potential to disagree with the conclusions being communicated to them.
>
> Allport has said: "We are habitually tempted to present to our students and clients . . . summary statements of our hard-won conclusions . . . hoping thereby to bring our audience rapidly to our own level of knowledge. . . . The sad truth is that no one learns from having conclusions presented to him."

Mr. Weinstein, who writes the *This Week* article, is an instructor of Health, Safety and Physical Education, in a Newark high school. His subject is the inordinate amount of time high school teachers are obliged to give to nonteaching tasks. Weinstein quotes the Federation of Teachers in Newark as estimating the number of nonteaching duties which the average teacher performs as being approximately 110! The following is to illustrate a typical experience:

> It's mid-morning in a school classroom virtually anywhere in the U.S. The teacher asks a question. A student rises to recite. Everybody is listening.
>
> Just then the door opens. In comes a messenger from the principal's office with a note. The teacher stops and reads it and makes the announcement it directs: the bus for the basketball game will leave from the south entrance at 4: 15. Tickets may be purchased at noon in the gym.
>
> Several whispers are exchanged over who's going to the game and who isn't.
>
> The recitation begins again—but it doesn't last long. Enter another messenger with another announcement. Betty Smith should report to the health office.
>
> Five minutes pass. Now a noise is heard in the hall. Enter two janitors pushing a hand truck. It's a new filing cabinet which they slide off and drag to the rear of the room. It's pretty hard to carry on a class with something *that* interesting going on.
>
> Has this begun to sound like stage directions for a farce comedy? I assure you, it's a fairly accurate description of a teacher's typical day.
>
> I teach health and physical education at West Side High in Newark, N.J. I've been teaching for 30 years. From my own experience, and that of dozens of friends and colleagues, I am convinced that at least *20 per cent* of a teacher's time is spent this way—in needless interruptions that keep him from his real job, teaching!

Such activities, we should note, usually have to do with some sort of "group planning" which has been done "for" the youngsters! Turning to the teacher's role as a sort of money collector for various worthwhile activities, we see the extent to which both teachers and children have become "socialized":

> Of all nonteaching duties, the one which seems to be growing fastest now is collecting money from pupils. First it's milk money, cracker money, cafeteria money and banking money. Then it's contributions for Red Feather, Red Cross, the March of Dimes.
>
> Each step up in school opens the way for more involved financial transactions in which the teacher must take time off to serve as cashier. He becomes a ticket seller for track meets, talent shows, movies. He collects membership dues for student organizations and other groups. He takes part in sales campaigns for yearbooks, school emblems, class pins.
>
> Teachers are now captive salesmen for enterprising firms going after the millions of ready-made prospects in our schools. Photography concerns, for example, are hitting the jackpot with this gimmick: They offer a free picture of every student for the school's files. And the school can

> make money, too, if the teachers will take orders for any additional prints the parents want. In my city, this scheme brought learning to a stop as classes were marched off to be photographed, child by child. The teachers then received sales kits and went to work.
>
> Schools in all parts of the country sell pupil accident insurance, too. In a large school, properly motivated teachers can push out 500 to 1,000 policies. Accident insurance may be necessary, but must a teacher be an insurance salesman?

Now let us return to Dr. Hochbaum. Discussing some of the fine points of communication, he writes:

> . . . to the extent that the avowed purpose of a communication or series of communications is simply to induce people to take a given action, the criterion of success may well be the number of people taking the action. If, however, the purpose of the communication is one of educating the public or certain defined groups in the general population toward the development of attitudes and behavior that are more likely to assure them maximum health, welfare, and security, then other considerations become important.

It seems evident that the practices criticized by Mr. Weinstein reflect one dominant "attitude"—that everything in education should be managed by an omnipresent hierarchy of organizers. There is little time for thinking about thinking, let alone thinking about what might be involved in original thinking. So we can hardly fail to sympathize with teachers in Weinstein's predicament—or with those who have left their profession in disgust because they simply don't have the time to find a way into the mind of the child and encourage actual thinking.

All of us know, if we stop to reflect upon our own childhood, that we often learned a great deal more from play than we did in the classroom. Part of the trouble may have been in the segmentation of the learning process caused by sudden shifts from one subject to another. Unless a child has freedom in an area *he* has chosen for exploration, his imagination will not immediately respond to many of the challenges implicit in the material he is being asked to learn.

Two British teachers, Jackson and Todd, writing on "Theories of Play" in 1950, indicated why the wholeheartedness of play activity explains its great rewards:

> The child's learning through play is subtle, and his acquisitions far less obvious. By playing the part of father, mother, engine-driver, or doctor, he acquires no knowledge of how to behave in these parts when he grows up. What he does achieve is the experience of imaginative identification and intuitive understanding; what he gains is not practical skills, but an inner balance on which depends his future emotional development and the success of his relationships with other human beings.
>
> And as he plays he relives and reveals himself, for play, like everything in mental life, is influenced by what has gone before it.

Even so, you don't encourage "imaginative identification and intuitive understanding" in the classroom by confusing play with work. One has to absorb the essentials of a subject, before the imagination can have scope. It is more than a little ridiculous for educators to debate whether "discipline" or the "imaginative approach" is superior. The important value lies in the transition from accomplishments of memory to new feelings and thoughts *about* what he has learned.

FRONTIERS

Searching Questions

AMONG the grim novelties in the frightening array of new weaponry now being readied for World War Three lurks biological warfare. Fort Detrick in Frederick, Md., is one of two United States centers for research in this field. High officials in the Army Chemical Corps have for some months been engaged in a program of "education" to overcome the revulsion which many Americans feel toward the use of poisonous gases and the deliberate spread of disease.

In an article entitled, "The Campaign to Make Chemical Warfare Respectable," in *The Reporter* for Oct. 1, 1959, Walter Schneir writes of his interviews with military spokesmen: "I was told that infected insects are kept constantly available at the Fort Detrick installations. The inventory includes mosquitoes infected with yellow fever, malaria, and dengue; fleas infected with plague; ticks with tularemia, relapsing fever, and Colorado fever; houseflies with cholera, anthrax, and dysentery. The facilities at Fort Detrick include laboratories for mass breeding of pathogenic micro-organisms and greenhouses for investigating crop pathogens and various chemicals that harm or destroy plants. Studies are in progress on the most effective means of spreading plant diseases that attack wheat, barley, oats, rye, rice, and cotton."

Now, my government may feel curiously insecure unless it has in instant readiness the means to spread artificial epidemics among enemy populations; but these legal crimes, if committed, will be done in the name of the American people. I, too, am an American, and I want it abundantly clear that they will not be done in *my* name. Further, I feel that others should be confronted with these issues. Is it really the considered opinion of our neighbors that we should be doing such things?

Disturbed at thoughts like these, I have travelled here to Frederick to participate in the "Vigil at Fort Detrick: An Appeal to Stop Preparation for Germ Warfare." Since last July 1 this Vigil line alongside the road at the entrance to the Fort has been maintained ten hours a day, seven days a week. Sometimes it numbers many persons, sometimes only a few. At first planned to last only five days, the Vigil proved so fitting an expression of its participants' concern on this question that it continues today. The project was initiated by the Fellowship of Reconciliation, a Christian pacifist group, but is carried on solely by the dedication of its participants and supporters. The Vigil, with Lawrence Scott as Coordinator, has its office and residence at 324-26 West Patrick St., in Frederick. Already more than 600 persons have stood in the line, with the mailing list of interested persons reaching 1300 and growing.

Alternating in two-hour shifts, the vigilers stand in quiet meditation, in watchfulness and expectancy, living witnesses to their conviction that man need not accept passively, with rationalization and resignation the immorality of germ warfare. In addition to the Vigil line, vigilers have sought to reach the people of Frederick with the gravity of their concern through leaflet distribution, house-to-house visitations, and paid newspaper messages.

The fact that the Fort is virtually the economic foundation of the city makes it particularly difficult to interest the people of Frederick in the questions which the very existence of the Fort raises. "For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." The Vigil is a symbol of conscience to the Fort, to Frederick, and, hopefully, to the nation. For what is Frederick, with its war-based prosperity and uneasy conscience, but our country in microcosm?

Christmas as celebrated in Frederick is probably the same as Christmas in other American cities. But here the holiday has an eerie quality about it when experienced against the backdrop of the plague factory, which the city can neither wholeheartedly embrace nor yet disown, having banished it, as it were, to the outskirts of town.

I stood in the Vigil line on Christmas Day. Very few of the 2,000 civilian workers at the Fort were passing. It was a good time for uninterrupted thinking. From the East church bells in the city pealed out a joyful carol. Just to the West, as Mr. Hyde to Dr. Jekyll, was Frederick's other self, the Fort. Not ominous in appearance, its hideousness is

inward, where it really matters. How is it possible, I asked myself, to sing songs celebrating the birth of the Prince of Peace, yet make your living by preparing death for millions? Can you call yourself a Christian on week-ends, when every other day you are willingly in the employ of the devil? Who will forgive us, who will not forgive our enemies? And who or what are our real enemies, anyway?

Where it is shown that a man is preparing to poison his wife's soup, the whole community stands aghast, and the authorities hasten to prevent the crime. But how shallow our moral imagination! How phoney our shocked sensibilities! Set that same man to work preparing to poison the food of millions in some other country, and he will be highly esteemed for his skill, and well paid for his patriotism, too. How ironic that a self-styled Christian country can become indignant over the health hazards of contaminated cranberries shown to cause cancer in rats, and still not scruple to prepare epidemics to wipe out the population of some foreign nation not in favor with our own. As if the inalienable right of human beings not to be mistreated were a question of nationality! One could do worse than adopt the stand boldly heading every copy of Garrison's *Liberator*: "Our country is the world; our countrymen are mankind."

Fort Detrick stands here that we may be ready to broadcast disease and death among our fellows. I stand here hoping to communicate that we must not. I cannot help it that some may be alienated by what they interpret as a negative message. If they do not understand that preparing for mass killing is wrong, I frankly despair that any "positive thinking" will reach them either.

I do not come assuming my innocence and others' guilt. Each of us must bear his share of responsibility for the coming war. Wars can no longer be blamed upon munitions makers, international financiers, militarists and "war mongers," with everyone else an innocent victim, if indeed this was ever a valid charge. Instead, war and the war psychology seem national institutions, functions of our way of living and our values, or lack of values.

One could hope that the Vigil and its outreach would encourage many to re-evaluate the morality of germ warfare—and all war—in the light of human decency. However, the visible response of the people of Frederick is not reassuring. Of the city's more than 20,000 inhabitants, only a handful have openly ventured even qualified support of the Vigil. Can it be that the conscience of this city must be represented by visitors who have journeyed many miles to do so? Or is this to arrogate to the Vigil qualities of prophecy it does not possess? From the present vantage-point we are scarcely able to assess the impact of the Vigil upon those whose consciences it particularly seeks to reach, although most vigilers find participating in it a rich experience for themselves. Perhaps we need not be anxious about these things while we have faith that if we do right work as best we know how, the results will take care of themselves, in their own way.

I am not optimistic that pacifist protest projects will bring about a dramatic reversal of this nation's drift toward war, for the roots of the malignancy lie deep indeed. Perhaps nothing but an unprecedented and revolutionary change of heart in large numbers of persons will be basic enough to usher in the great golden age of peace and harmony which everyone likes to believe is just around the corner and only barely beyond our grasp, but which almost no one cares to examine closely enough to learn its prerequisites.

If we cry ever so loudly for peace, but do not yearn for the kind of life which alone makes peace possible, we are wallowing in illusion and cheap sentimentality, and our plea is without content. But if we really intend to *win through* to peace, we must begin at the beginning, seeking out the seeds of war in our own lives, and inviting others to do likewise, for often we need each other's help in ferreting out the elusive enemy inside. For such meditation the main entrance to a plague factory is probably as appropriate a place as any, and, oddly enough, a more congenial one than most churches.

Truth seems of such a nature that it can be apprehended only from moment to moment by the alert mind and the seeking heart. It cannot be captured once and for all, then organized and

promoted. Thus the man of ideology is at a farther remove from reality than is the man of principle, and must evaluate his work accordingly. All "isms," all programs for human betterment, however worthy in their objectives, are derivative, not fundamental. Their significance is therefore secondary and can only be accurately weighed with this in mind. Without rejecting intercourse with his fellows, the whole or integrated man tends toward sufficiency unto himself. Is it not out of our sense of personal inadequacy that our impulse to group ventures is born? Putting second things first is what gets us into trouble. Whenever we allow to organizations, movements, or any other derived form, precedence over the individual and occasionally corporate quest for excellence itself, we are guilty of a modern form of idolatry which is as fatal, today, to sound thinking about values as the worship of graven images was fatal to Mosaic piety.

In this life, a man may have his own plot of earth to till and need to keep his work free of interruptions. When a SAVE THE WORLD caravan, its banners flying, creaks down the road beside his field and its enthusiasts shout that if he believes in saving the world, he must drop his hoe and climb aboard, he is not therefore obliged to do so. He may be doing more to save the world by minding his own business than by minding somebody else's, or at least doing more to make it worth saving, which seems a prior duty. If the world was not created by a band of crusaders, neither is it likely to be saved by one. The good farmer is better at weeding his own garden than his neighbor's; he knows which weeds will most retard his particular crop and how best to pull them. We know better how to improve ourselves than how to improve our neighbor. And what if after a lifetime of crusading we should learn at last that only he is peculiarly fitted to undertake the task?

But there come times when one feels moved to take a stand in public to vindicate one's beliefs. Where one's own best insights and promptings coincide with those of others in issues of weight, a corporate witness is in order. Exactly where the thinker should become the doer, no man can determine for another. What can be determined is that each must keep the question alive. What should we think of the philosopher who is too busy writing an indictment of indifference to human suffering to intervene in the robbing and beating of a passerby outside his study window?

For many who are not ordinarily given to public demonstrations, the Vigil at Fort Detrick may have a special attraction. It is not sensational. It is not desperate. It is a way of quietly testifying to one's convictions with one's whole being—mind, body, and soul. It is a dignified way to plead for dignity. There is an intangible sense of rightness about the Vigil. In order to be himself, a man must *stand* for something. Moral man does not take evil lying down. What raises man above the animals is his capacity for *uprightness.* No substitute has yet been found for action from principle. Let us consider where we stand.

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