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THE NON-SECTARIANS

THE worst thing about partisan abstractions, stereotypes, and cultural delusions concerning other peoples is the blindness imposed on entire populations. Sometimes this blindness makes possible long and destructive wars. Sometimes it encourages a brutal indifference to the sufferings of others. Sometimes it stands as a high wall between different parts of the world, making mutual understanding and cooperation virtually impossible.

It is not that there is no truth at all in stereotyped judgments. If such summary conclusions about others were completely wrong, they could hardly survive a contrast with the facts of human experience. It is the limited element of truth in the stereotypes which gives them their power to control opinion, permitting the makers and purveyors of these judgments to point to "evidence" or "proof" of what they assert.

Where does this "limited truth" lie? It lies in the doctrinaire theories which men proclaim to be "scientific" or in accord with "human nature." In another way it lies in the acts and behavior of bureaucracies—which are the acts and behavior of men who are dominated by the organizational version of sectarian doctrines and generalizations.

Take for example the behavior of a colonial power whose armies have conquered and whose bureaucrats have begun to govern a non-industrialized people. The colonial power must justify its actions, so its propagandists or public relations experts formulate doctrines concerning the conquered people and concerning the role of the colonial power as an instrument of progress. There is always some truth in the propaganda for colonialism. Maybe the "natives" practice polygamy or don't wear enough clothes. Maybe the men buy their wives with cattle or horses, as distinguished from the very different practice of buying a husband for one's daughter with a substantial dowry. Maybe the natives believe in the wrong religion. Maybe they are unable to grasp the far-reaching moral implications of the doctrine of private property and do not understand that when they sell a piece of land, they have relinquished their rights to it for all eternity. Maybe they are given to sudden and treacherous attacks against their conquerors, justifying such atrocities by vulgar religious nationalism.

There are dozens of familiar historical situations of which we know one or both sides of the conflict. The British in India, the Boers in Africa, the British in Kenya, the Dutch in Java, the Americans during the conquest of the North American continent and their "century of dishonor" in relation to the Indians, the Spanish in Mexico and South America, the British in China at the time, say, of the Opium War—these are instances described at length and in a detail sufficient to show how easily and with what justification stereotyped judgments of peoples, nations and races are built up. In time, as in the American South, a sneering vocabulary of suspicion and distrust may become the common speech of the partisans, in which children are instructed at an early age. When this occurs, dispassion and mutual understanding require a courage and integrity found only in people capable of actual heroism.

These situations are the stuff of literature. Alan Paton's *Cry the Beloved Country,* Howard Fast's *Freedom Road,* Nicholas Monsarrat's *The Tribe that Lost its Head,* the novels of John Masters about the British in India, are all recent portrayals of the struggle of human beings to find the course of justice and right in a scene set by hardened and opposing cultural delusions. It is the characters who are able to break through the stereotypes of their own "side" and to see something of the essential humanity in the people of the other side who win our sympathy, and whose sacrifices and failures give such books the quality of high tragedy—not alone their personal tragedy, but the tragedy of all human beings who are the emotional captives of social and cultural distortions of history.

Yet these are the men who are not heard. We have statistics to report to us the progressive conquest of illiteracy all over the world. We have the figures on how many books are published, each year, in countries which have made universal education a national goal. But at the same time we have committees and boards which have no other duty than to assure the preservation of cultural delusions and national egotisms. The world, it may be said, has passed from one wilderness to another—from the intellectual wilderness of illiteracy to the moral wilderness of literacy.

We have dozens of skilled writers who boldly go forth like knights in armor to do battle for the "true" stereotypes, or, more sagaciously, for the stereotypes which have "more" truth in them than the others. We have more or less enlightened partisans—as enlightened, in each case, as the times and the stereotypes in question will permit—but we have almost no one to declare to us that the true infection of this age lies in our susceptibility to stereotypes of any sort. As a result, the real heroes of the age are the men who are not heard.

These men do not argue for stereotypes; or if they do, their arguments of this sort have little depth or pertinence by comparison with the moral direction of their lives. Their real contention is for the values—the immediate values—of basic humanity. They are immune to the abstract appeal of partisan doctrines and they have only contempt for the bureaucratic enforcement of these partisan doctrines. They see only the people in pain, the victims, always more or less innocent, of the "larger" controversies among the ideologists.

Let us look at one of these men—Dr. Norman Bethune, the Canadian surgeon who died in China on Nov. 13, 1939. It will take some restraint to look carefully at the life of this man. The minute you say "China," these days, the big abstractions wheel into position and the Right and the Wrong of the cold war begin to frame the area to be examined with the coordinates of "correct judgment." The point, here, is to look at the *man,* and, for the time being, forget the rest.

Norman Bethune was born in 1890 in Gravenhurst, Ontario. His career as a surgeon was fixed in early childhood. By the time he was eight he was an accomplished dissector of flies and chicken bones. While a youth in college, his idea of a joke was to put a copy of Darwin's *Origin of Species* under his faithful Christian mother's pillow. The book was burned in the kitchen stove and Norman was contrite, but he did not alter his high opinion of Darwin. A year before he was to get his M.D. degree, he joined the Canadian army and went to France as a stretcher-bearer. At Ypres shrapnel opened his left thigh to the bone and for him the war was over. Instead of coming home, he went to England, where began some restless, indecisive years. For money he used his profit from *objets d'art* which he imported to England from France and Spain, while interning in a London hospital. This was the "gay dog" period of Bethune's life. He practiced surgery, anatomical sculpture, painting, drank the best liquor, and married a shy English girl whom he managed to make miserable. In 1924 Dr. and Mrs. Bethune moved to Detroit where he, now thirty-four, settled down to practice medicine in earnest.

Bethune treated only Detroit's poor. His neighbors paid him as they could, the grocer with food, the butcher with meat. Eventually his skill as a surgeon was noticed by other doctors, who began sending him their surgical cases. Soon Bethune was a rich doctor who treated the rich. But a settled anger pervaded his life. He complained of the incompetence of other surgeons, of the irony of his own career:

> "In the slums people don't come to me, when they should, because they have no money. Now I charge many times the fees I should, and there are others who do even better. When I saved a man's life for nothing I was a failure. Now when I give a woman a simple tonic where a good, bracing set of exercises would do just as well, I collect a fantastic fee and am a success."

In seeing this, Bethune saw no more than many other doctors had seen, but he was different from them in that he was emotionally incapable of accepting the situation. He began to wear himself out with work. Ignoring the warnings of his

colleagues and the pleas of his wife, he worked, drank, indulged fits of rage until he weighed only 115 pounds. Then, one day, his wracking cough brought up unmistakable evidence of tuberculosis.

Bethune went to the Trudeau Sanitarium at Saranac Lake. He expected to die. He sent his wife back to her parents in Edinburgh. Then, with some other doctors similarly afflicted, Bethune prepared with grim humor to say goodbye to the world. He painted a mural to illustrate the progress of a TB patient from birth to the grave.

Then he discovered the collapsed lung treatment of tuberculosis. He read everything he could find about this form of lung surgery and was fired into extensive research. Briefly, Bethune persuaded the Trudeau staff doctors to give him the treatment, and in two months he was allowed to go home to Detroit. His bad lung was artificially collapsed and all sign of infection was gone.

He now took up his work with new inspiration. He paraphrased the Apostle's Creed into a celebration of the several steps in the progress of modern medicine which had led to the conquest of tuberculosis.

Now began the great creative years of Bethune's life. He entered the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal as the staff thoracic surgeon. He became famous in his specialty and famous, also, as an inventor of surgical instruments with which to pursue his work. He operated, taught, lectured, and revolutionized the treatment of tuberculosis. After a period at Detroit's Herman Kiefer Hospital, he barnstormed across the United States, demonstrating his techniques and comparing notes with other surgeons. Then he created a new chest surgery department in the Sacre Coeur Hospital near Montreal. Achievement after achievement brought him honors and authority among the members of his profession. He was now at the pinnacle of his medical career.

The year was 1934. The Depression had spread throughout North America. Bethune began to notice that despite his improved methods of healing tuberculosis, the incidence of the disease was going up. He could cure individual cases, but more kept coming. He wrote:

> We, as physicians, can do but little to change the external environmental forces which predispose to infection and re-infection; poverty, poor food, unsanitary surroundings, contact with infectious foci, overwork and mental strain are beyond our control. Essential and radical readjustments of these are problems for the economists and sociologists.

These thoughts filling his brain, he went to his canvas and painted all night. In the morning:

> Dominating the center of the canvas was an impressionistic Godhead, a powerful embodiment of justice and impartiality. Before him, humbly, fearfully, stood a surgeon, awaiting the final verdict. Surrounding the surgeon were the spirits of the men and women he had treated on earth, pointing at him, accusing him, crying out to God in their agony and wrath.
>
> Across the back of the canvas he penciled the title: "The Surgeon at the Day of Judgment."

The die was cast. Now Bethune began to study social questions. Bewildered by the habits of the press in describing social unrest, he made a dictionary for himself, defining such terms as dictatorship, democracy, unemployment, employer, employee, wages, trade unions, capitalism, socialism, communism, strike, the working class, the *bourgeoisie,* the Soviet, patriotism, nationalism. . . .

His friends saw "radical" pamphlets lying around his place and asked him if he was becoming a Communist. He said he didn't know, that he didn't know what that meant, as yet.

Well, Dr. Bethune did become a Communist, of a sort. It could easily have been from sheer contempt for those who feared the label that he accepted it, in time. He went to Russia to study Soviet medicine, and as he said, to study the Russians. He came back and began a campaign for socialized medicine in Canada.

Not long after this he was approached by a spokesman from the Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy. Bethune agreed to head a medical unit in Madrid, financed by direct appeal to the Canadian people. This was the beginning of the whirlwind of

activity that brought Bethune to the final fulfillment of his life, and to his death in far-off China. These are the years of which no summary is possible, filled as they are by the driving genius of a great doctor turned medical soldier, a man whose credo and ruling principle was, "Don't wait for the wounded to be brought to you, *go to them."* Behind the lines in Madrid he organized a mobile blood transfusion unit and accomplished a dramatic reduction in the death-rate among wounded Spanish Loyalists during the heroic defense of Madrid against Franco and his allies sent by Hitler and Mussolini.

He came back to Canada to raise money for the Loyalist cause. Then he was asked to go to China. Working with Mao Tse-tung's troops in the war with the Japanese invaders, Bethune became a legendary force for good. What was until now interesting biography takes on the proportions of an epic. Bethune explained to Mao what could be done to save lives by providing mobile operating units which would remain close to the front. He said that 75 per cent of the men now dying from serious wounds could be saved by prompt attention. Mao at once authorized Bethune to create such a unit. In subsequent months the Canadian doctor brought modern medicine to the service of the Chinese armies. He trained doctors and nurses, improvised instruments, and created a medical morale which was the wonder of everyone who came to know him. At last, when he had worked himself almost to death, he fell ill of septicemia. He was operating without rubber gloves and the infection soon destroyed his wornout body. He died on November 13, 1939, at the age of forty-nine. The Chinese built him a tomb in an East Shansi valley and every year the 500 million people of China commemorate the day.

The facts of this account are drawn from Allan and Gordon's book, *The Scalpel, The Sword,* a biography first published by Little, Brown in 1952, and now available as a paperback from the Liberty Book Club, 100 West 23rd Street, New York 11, N.Y.

This book cannot be regarded as propaganda for the Communist cause. It is the thrilling story of a great man; but it is also a dramatic account of how such a man may live a life of total indifference to the ill winds of doctrine and equal indifference to the rule of bureaucracy. It is purely an accident of history that Bethune found his greatest life work alongside Communist soldiers. And it is purely a tragedy of cultural delusions that he will remain unknown to Westerners, except for those who take the trouble to dig out this book about him and read it. The rich indignation of this man would have been directed against any routine indifference to human suffering, and he would have fought injustice with equal fervor and treated wounds with equal devotion behind the lines in Hungary as the youth of that country fell before the onslaught of Soviet tanks.

The world needs more men like Bethune—the men who, in the long run, can be trusted to recognize human needs and to labor unceasingly in their behalf. And when the world learns to honor such men universally, regardless of their temporary alliances, the dogmas and partisan slogans of political ideologies will begin to lose their dread hypnotic power.

Letter from
SOUTH AFRICA

JOHANNESBURG.—In the midst of the heartbreaking tensions, caused by the tenacity of those holding on to traditions which do not fit into present times, Johannesburg was offered an exhibition which gave rise to meditation.

Ernest Ullman, the well-known artist, visited Dr. Schweitzer at Lambarene. He brought back a series of drawings of the doctor, the staff, patients and their relatives, of buildings and vegetation. Walking round in the exhibition hall of the South African Institute of Race Relations, one saw Lambarene come alive. One wanted to read again the books describing Schweitzer's work, his philosophy, his successes and his disappointments.

Some visitors, ignorant of the story of Lambarene, were slightly shocked by the primitive facilities, not realising the deep thought that had been given by Schweitzer to the reaction of the simple Congolese to an up-to-date hospital. Very few would have the courage to enter a lofty, glimmering building finished in a style which in no respect could be compared to "home."

Schweitzer's example has been followed in South Africa by the South African National Tuberculosis Association (SANTA). Founded in 1952, the organisation today has twenty-eight centers where TB patients—Bantu, Coloureds and Asiatics—are being treated. There are the afebrile, ambulant cases needing care after a course of treatment in a hospital, the early cases not requiring nursing attention, cases requiring a long convalescence after surgery, and chronic cases.

SANTA, a voluntary organisation, works in close contact with the Department of Health. The original capital, more than £500,000, was raised through SANTA's National Appeal, while a target of 8,000 beds was decided upon. Thanks to Government grants, plus support from towns or divisional councils, private organisations, and individuals, SANTA is capable of continuing and even expanding its services in the fight against TB.

The preliminary work is done by the branches which—although cooperating with official departments—are not subsidised, but depend completely on private funds. They visit TB patients, provide the necessary food, distribute clothing, blankets and in some cases even the rent. They give advice and assistance in obtaining the various grants. They cooperate with and assist in any schemes for X-ray services arranged by local authorities or Government.

Thanks to the intensive campaign of both the Health Department and SANTA, every man, woman or child, independent of race, colour or creed, can be X-rayed gratis; if TB is in evidence, home treatment, hospitalisation or centre treatment will be provided. The number of *known* TB sufferers is still increasing, which is largely the result of the widespread X-ray campaign. SANTA centres, although originally meant for light cases only, have had to accept also acute cases, since the non-European hospitals cannot satisfy the demands for beds.

Another task SANTA has undertaken is to provide an occupation for patients undergoing treatment. If the doctor declares the patient fit, he is given general maintenance work, like painting, whitewashing, window cleaning, and hygiene squad duties for the men, and needle work, etc., for the women. Remuneration is made. From that moment the patients "belong" again to a community. Their fear of not being able to make a living after being discharged disappears.

The latest centre, named after Dr. Charles Hurwitz, an eminent radiologist who has given long and selfless service to SANTA, can accommodate 320 patients. It was built by Bantu workers of the Bantu Division of the Johannesburg Municipality. More than 300 workers and two European supervisors finished the series of buildings in five weeks, an unheard-of record. The structures are austere, but contain

everything that is needed. Quite near is the Government non-European hospital, Beragwanath, the largest south of the Sahara, with up-to-date operating theatres, a large staff of doctors, surgeons, and nursing personnel (mostly non-European). The SANTA Centre takes the overflow of the hospital and teaches the patients hygiene and how to avoid contamination. This work will be of enormous benefit to the large non-European community of Johannesburg and immediate environment.

Looking at an air photograph of the Centre, one can visualize the scene a year from now, when the ground between the buildings will be covered with grass, and when flowers and young trees will emphasize the fact that there is now a future for TB sufferers in South Africa, thanks to our hospitals and our SANTA Centres.

Charles Engelhard, an American, has accepted the presidency of the SANTA Johannesburg branch and in that capacity recently unveiled the plaque of the new Centre, commemorating the occasion.

CORRIE VAN DEN BOS

REVIEW
"MECHANICAL" STATUS

A RECENT Children . . . and Ourselves (June 24) spoke of discipline and the impartation of discipline to "style" as particular needs among the youth of our time. Yet the traditional discipline and style of military organization have never been more universally in evidence throughout the world, and critics of the psychological aspects of militarization are sure to point out that it is precisely this sort of "style" which de-individualizes the person. So some kind of analysis is in order. This may be facilitated by attempting a distinction between disciplines imposed upon masses or groups of men and the disciplines which each individual can apply in his own way. The *mores* of the military, despite constant apologetics claiming "democratization of the army," etc., are the *mores* of status. Status depends upon group thinking and group behavior. The individual is enjoined to consider himself individual only as to *function:* he is a representative of something, but not something in himself.

An article by Simon Raven in the May *Encounter*, "Perish by the Sword—a Memoir of the Military Establishment," examines the *mores* of the "Officer" class in England, as revealed by group attitudes at Sandhurst and Warminster. In our time, as for hundreds of years, the youths who train there for future military service are taught to "regard themselves as so much set apart as to belong to a totally different class of human being—a class naturally designed to impose its will on all inferior classes." And how do the painstakingly contrived forms of training at Sandhurst and Warminster achieve this result? Mr. Raven continues:

> The answer lies in two fundamental elements of their education. Firstly, the matter of segregation; secondly (and far more important), the insistence on the great quasi-moral imperatives.
>
> But the influence of the quasi-moral imperatives ("responsibility," etc.), and the severe practical discipline based on these imperatives, are the decisive factors. It all comes about this way. Boys chosen to be trained as Officers are given no rest until they have absorbed certain influences "which are essential to the character of an Officer" and in themselves constitute a whole ethos. The transition from the imperative "Officers must have these qualities" to the general "Officers always do have these qualities" is easy. Then throw in the fact that these boys have always been set apart, both by their early education and in the Army, and it is equally easy to conclude that those so chosen must always, in a manner, have possessed these qualities, and that training is merely designed to emphasize or bring them out. You have then passed, by two easy stages, from a state of affairs where certain, theoretically superior, qualities, are merely going to be taught, to a new conception whereby these very qualities are more or less conceded always to have existed in certain people—those chosen to become Officers. Add to this the insistence on "pride as an Officer" ("an Officer never falls out," etc.) and you have completely deserted your original conception of Officers being merely a highly-trained professional body and have arrived at a notion of a moral elite—and, what is worse, at a notion of a natural or born moral elite.
>
> The right of command arrogated to themselves by Officers is thus seen to be even more firmly based than the feudal right conferred by high birth on a landowning class; for this modern right of command is supposedly conferred by birth on a mor*ally* distinguished class and, thus conferred, is quite unquestionable by the average Englishman, the more so if he comes from those lower strata of the middle class which have always been so impressed by moral sanctions.

Now Sandhurst and Warminster affect a relatively few youths—even though those few may set much of the tone of Britain's great armed forces throughout the world. But stylized political attitudes accomplish something similar in the way of negative psychological results for huge segments of every population. If the Democratic and Republican parties are notoriously short on traditions of discipline, they nonetheless manufacture an evident if superficial "style." At least, each party certainly believes that it is entitled to the "right to command"! As with the trainees at Sandhurst, this right of command is based upon "the quasi-moral imperatives." All in

all, we would personally tend to prefer the militarist whose "style" involves more stringent disciplines than were ever practiced by the average politician, and a style which is functional, if only anachronistically so.

Mr. Raven examines the attempts of socialist government to "reform" British military tradition. But in Raven's opinion all that is being changed is the terms of the military contract; the attitudes remain virtually identical. Mr. Raven's most interesting paragraphs conclude his piece:

> So there it is. We have seen that an education of a basically moral nature convinces its recipients that they are an elite, so that to all intents they come to resemble a feudal class in their confirmed sense of status. Where I had expected to find a professional Officer corps, I found a caste rooted in its own conception of superior, God-given status.
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> It may be said we always knew this about the Army. I disagree. We always knew the Army had strict discipline, and in this sense some of us called it "feudal." But the current fashion in which the Army produces its caste of "gentlemen," by convincing them that, *whatever* their social class, they were endowed at birth with unique qualities of character which entitle them to assume overlord status for all time, is a very different matter. For this was *not* the case before the war. At that time the appeal was directly aimed at purely social instincts of class superiority, not at the almost religious instincts that are worked upon today.
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> It is the new generation, the men who have been coming out of Sandhurst since the war, that can most truly and clearly be seen to have "perished by the Sword." In the sense that any man must perish who loses a proper notion of his place with and among other men. The Sword symbol of honour and leadership, kills in the back when it is also a symbol of caste.

One trouble with group attitudes which foster a sense of moral superiority is that they are inoculations against natural humor. Perhaps the increasing popularity of Zen psychology in the West is an unspoken reaction to the need for cutting through political and military froth. A writer in the *Saturday Review* for May 16 extols "the capacity of Zen to laugh at itself," which "seems to be one of its rare and exalted charms." On this topic, Alan Watts pertinently remarks: "Anyone who is pretentious strikes the Zen follower as being extremely funny. Pretentiousness nearly always carries with it an attitude of righteousness, and in Zen thought, you can't be right without, at the same time, being wrong. Zen—which is part Buddhism and part Tao—can't help laughing at itself, its own masters, its own followers."

COMMENTARY
ONE CLEAR ISSUE

IT is customary, when considering the neglect of men like Norman Bethune, to castigate the witch-hunters and their ignorant followers for spreading suspicion and distrust. It is customary to point out that such prejudice invariably warps human judgment and creates situations in which acts of injustice are not only likely but inevitable.

Since these condemnations have an obvious justification, and since they are frequent and familiar, we need not repeat them. It is more useful to look at another side of the question.

What responsibility have the Communists themselves for the failure of people to give them a fair hearing?

The basic charge against the Communists, in this connection, is that they are always making propaganda, that they continually discourage people who would like to take a Communist communication on its own merits.

They continually misrepresent the facts of their position. In the United States, for example, they hang up pictures of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln and assert that Communism is "Twentieth-Century Americanism," when, actually, they have no serious respect for the principles which animated the founders and builders of the American Republic. They do not regard constitutional principles as ends in themselves, but as means to quite other ends—as for example, the establishment of a dictatorship of the proletariat. They don't believe in minority rights except for themselves. They don't believe in civil liberties except when they have no political power. But they don't tell you that. They only point with contemptuous cynicism at what they regard as the failure of principles which they do not share, and which they have pressed almost to the breaking-point.

It used to be that a revolutionary was proudly outspoken about his opinions. It used to be that a man basically engaged in trying to destroy a social system he regarded as evil would not expect that social system to provide him with remunerative employment and protect him from mistreatment of any sort. Such a man would never complain about losing a contract with Warner Brothers. Such a man would never have had a contract with Warner Brothers. He wouldn't be caught dead on a Warner Brothers lot.

The fact that there is in the United States an active minority of dedicated men who do their best to see that the American social system does give communists the full protection the law allows, does not win the respect of the Communist. He sees this only as a weakness in the structure he would like to weaken further. Yet we have to defend the legal rights of such men to preserve the principle of freedom, even when they collaborate for its destruction.

So it is fair to say that McCarthyism is not the only reason for the unstable condition of civil rights in the United States. The Communists have contributed to this instability by a moral betrayal of the principles behind civil rights. It is the Communists who, by abusing those rights, have made things tough for the liberals and educators who believe in political and intellectual and academic freedom. The Communists are as bad as the witch-hunters. They muddy the springs of human integrity. They destroy the meaning of honest communications. Thus they help to keep the world in ignorance of the nobility of men like Dr. Norman Bethune, since they give ordinary people justification for believing that Communism is a philosophy of systematic deception.

The West is certainly doing its share to keep the cold war going. But in the West there are outspoken minorities which are emphatically critical of the policies of the West. Yet the work of these minorities is weakened by the absence of similar minorities in Communist lands. The fact that an assertion by a Western minority can sometimes be matched up with a partisan expression of Communist State propaganda is a

weakness that Western minorities can do nothing to correct.

We are beginning to get some good books on Russia and China. We are beginning to get some forthright statements from impartial observers concerning the constructive growth of Soviet society. But for these books and these statements to have a desirable effect, the friends of these countries must begin to recognize the moral importance of the equation we have outlined. Before there can be sympathy between peoples, there has to be free communication between peoples. Before there can be relationships between peoples instead of between national States, the peoples have to be *heard*, independent of the authority of the States.

Expressions by peoples do have their effect. According to the New York *Times*, Boris Pasternak now has prominent billing as the translator of Schiller's drama, *Mary Stuart*, currently playing in Moscow, and Khrushchev, according to *Newsweek* for May 18, has removed from office the head of the Komsomol youth organization, who called Pasternak a "pig," and he has replaced the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, the paper to which Pasternak first submitted his "Zhivago" manuscript. As the *Nation* points out, these reports conflict somewhat "with the popular notion, in the United States, that Pasternak must be selling pencils" to hold body and soul together.

It is true that Western propaganda-makers took delight in the world-wide expression of outrage at the treatment of Pasternak, but they did not create the expression, which was independent and spontaneous. It had an effect.

Only unstereotyped expression can wear away the power of the stereotypes. This is one absolutely clear issue in the contemporary war of words.

CHILDREN
. . . and Ourselves

YOUTH AND THE NEUTRALIZED CONSCIENCE

OF late MANAS has been citing protests against the despoiling of Nature. To our way of thinking, every serious concern arising from conscience has something to do with philosophy. It is the business of man, as philosopher, to relate his ethical promptings to the conduct of affairs.

Ours is a time when the warnings of conscience are too easily anesthetized by the assurances of experts, whether political, military or scientific. We are told, again and again, that a procedure or policy against which we instinctively rebel is "necessary," and unless we are prepared to question this necessity, we tend to lose respect for our private feelings of right and wrong.

Presently at hand is a "protest" with multiple philosophical implications. The March-April *Information Report*, a newsletter of the Animal Welfare Institute of New York, is entirely devoted to criticism of the National Science Teachers' Association's proposal for more animal experimentation in high school biology courses. Dr. John Collier, who mailed us the newsletter with appended notes, has commended the Animal Welfare Institute for this stand against the practice of vivisection by the young. In Dr. Collier's opinion, this is not a minor issue. Although "each single advance in persuading or enforcing humaneness toward this or that class of animals may seem but a little gain, to one who bears in mind the whole range of the deeds of man, . . . such 'little gains,' while conceptually slight in the perspectives of inhumaneness, are *absolute* gains for the life experience of just so many animals. Viewed from *within* the life experience of the animals affected, each gain is worth infinitely more than the human effort required to win the gain."

The National Science Teachers' Association titles its bit of propaganda for vivisection by children, "Will Cancer be Conquered in the High School Laboratory?" An effective reply first appeared as an editorial in the *Journal of the Institute of Biology in Great Britain,* by Dr. R. J. C. Harris, head of the department of virology and pathology of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund of Great Britain. Using the same title, Dr. Harris wrote:

> This is the grandiose title of a document published by the National Science Teachers' Association in Washington and reprinted and circulated to a number of institutions and individuals in this country by Universities Federation for Animal Welfare.
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> The biology teacher who wrote this article spent three months in a cancer research institute ("one of the most glorious experiences I have ever had") and then transferred his work to the school laboratory where it continues with the assistance of his pupils.
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> One of the many problems that they are investigating is that of cigarette smoking in its relation to lung cancer. The teacher has designed a "smoking machine" (of which he is more than a little proud) and the children are now cooperating in toxicity tests in mice with nicotine and will soon be tracing smoke pathways with radioactive cigarettes. Other work involves transfer of a mouse ascites tumour and, for the investigation of the action of heat on tumour cells, subcutaneous implants of tumours are made into the tails of mice and these are then heated. "Necrosis frequently results with subsequent self amputation of the tumour and distal tail. These mice live longer than the control mice." Excision, under anæsthesia is also practiced since "surgical procedures are especially thrilling to pupils."
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> The children are believed to acquire in this way "an impersonal and objective attitude" towards the many animals used in such "research" and some of them, having overcome their initial "squeamishness or fear" have taken "mice and other animals home to use in experiments conducted in their own rooms or basement."
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> The disturbing feature is that with all the variety of plant, bacterial, insect, and such-like material available the National Science Teachers' Association should not only appear to endorse such crude and practically valueless vivisection but further suggest that "This program can be applied to any high school science class and based on almost any central theme."
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> We must agree with U.F.A.W. that so-called research programs of this kind not only give school

children a quite artificial picture of the seriousness, difficulty and responsibility of animal experimentation, but also tend to inculcate a callous and cruel attitude towards the animals themselves.

We may be thankful that, in this country, such amateur dabbling is illegal and we trust that those in the U.S.A. who are responsible for education may be brought to see the dangers inherent in "research" of this kind.

In Great Britain, such virtually useless experiments on living animals would probably result in prosecution under the Cruelty to Animals Act. But apart from the fact that this rather indiscriminate animal experimentation might and should run afoul of the law, there are other considerations of even greater importance. Among the very young we often see early manifestations of what adults call "cruelty." If the child is a boy he is thrilled with the thought of hunting. He wants to demonstrate the power of man to subject or dispose of lesser creatures, and he is encouraged by the popular superstition that the hunter is more "manly" than his non-aggressive fellows. So the child, hunting with a B-B gun may blood-thirstily stalk and shoot a sparrow or linnet. But let the same little boy find a helpless bird—perhaps wounded by some one else—and instincts of an entirely different sort immediately manifest. The bird or animal in distress calls for help, however mutely, and the "hunter" of the day before may become the tender nurse. In other words, and speaking generally, the child's consideration of animals is apt to be callow until some direct personal contact has been made. From that personal contact, a general sympathy and humaneness toward all creatures may easily be encouraged by parents or teachers. In this context, one portion of the statement issued by the N.S.T.A. seems particularly monstrous:

"Surgical procedures are especially thrilling to pupils." [The teacher] states that many pupils volunteered for biological work. "After the first few weeks of school, there is an amazing absence of squeamishness or fear. In fact it frequently surprises me to see the avidity with which erstwhile timid pupils plunge into the dissection of rats, mice, rabbits, and dog sharks." The pupils never give names to the animals. "I prefer to have the pupils develop an impersonal and objective attitude towards them. It is too easy to become emotionally attached, and thus become strongly disturbed at seeing a 'friend' handled directly."

We join Dr. Harris and Dr. Collier in feeling that such a point of view represents experimental science gone mad.

This is but another manifestation of what Edmond Taylor in *Richer By Asia* referred to as a twentieth-century "black mass." Taylor was speaking of the nuclear test explosions at Bikini, resulting in prodigious ecological destruction—unnecessary killing and pain, which the N.S.T.A. program also involves. Further, as Joseph Wood Krutch has frequently pointed out, one may learn more about an animal by watching it in its native habitat for half an hour than one will learn in months of dissection—learn what is most important for human beings, young or old, to know.

FRONTIERS

Some Queries on Christianity

[In MANAS for June 17 it was said that the Quakers (members of the Society of Friends) have been questioning themselves concerning the meaning of Christianity and how the enlarging religious consciousness of the age should affect Quaker assumptions about religious truth. The following article, by Elinor Gene Hoffman, illustrates the tenor of this questioning. It is reprinted here by permission of the *Friends Journal*, a Quaker weekly published in Philadelphia.—Eds.]

MANY Friends, ancient and modern, maintain that the divinity of Jesus Christ was unique. They suggest that only Jesus lived a *sublime* life, only he is the example of Clod in time, Eternity on earth.

This idea troubles me, because I can't make sense of it. It stirs up questions I cannot answer.

It reminds me of the story of the man who died from an electric shock and became the subject of some new scientific experiments. The doctors worked over him with highly advanced techniques, and one day, just two months after he died, he came back to life. Everybody wanted him to tell what it was like after death. The philosophers and theologians and even the journalists came and begged him for some word of his experience. But he refused, saying: "I can't tell you about it. It would be too upsetting."

Finally a Great Man came, who said, "The world needs your information. Please tell us what God is like."

"All right," said the man who had been brought back to life, "I'll tell you—but you'll be sorry. In the first place, she's black. . . ."

Well, why not? Why would an understanding God insist that black men worship a white God-man? Is that either charitable or just? Would it be any different from His making all us white Anglo-Saxon Protestants (WASPs, the sociologists call us) worship a black God-woman?

I can't understand why the New Testament statement of the Golden Rule should be "higher" than the same statement by Buddha, or why Jesus' injunction to love our enemies should be any more divine than that of Laotse, Socrates, or Gandhi. I can't believe a book from Palestine is any more holy or authentic than a book from China, India, or America.

It seems to me that if we are to "worship God in spirit and in truth," we ought not to incarnate Him in only one being. We ought to proclaim the spirit and truth in all beings who have expressed Him.

Or take truth. If truth is universal, why should we limit it to one small spot on the globe, Palestine? To one individual in history? To one body of people who have chosen one form of worship, and one incarnation? I must take truth where I find it, and wherever I find it, adjudge it holy. I believe that various life experiences reveal various aspects of the truth, and that no one source is complete or infallible.

I also believe that the New Testament contains much of error because it was set down by fallible men. I find the accounts of Jesus' life conflicting and frequently incoherent. Truth cannot be incoherent. The injunction to put our faith in incoherence would seem to me peculiar in a God who exalts truth.

I consider the sacrifice Jesus made for men by dying on the cross a tremendous one. But somehow I cannot find it greater than the sacrifices of life other people have made for principle and faith. Indeed, it even seems to me that Jesus' sacrifice might be lesser if he actually had foreknowledge of his mission and his resurrection.

How many of us would refuse to suffer and die if we had sure knowledge of a heavenly reward? How many of us would refuse to suffer if we believed—or knew—we were God? I can't help feeling the sacrifice is the greater if one is uncertain (as most of us are) of the outcome, if

one knows—for certain—only one's humanness, one's fragility, one's mortality. If Jesus was God, how could he know fear? Isn't fear the greatest torment a human can endure?

I find Jesus' death upon the cross far more admirable, far more heavenly an example, if he was human like the rest of us. It is far more meaningful to me if he, as a man of great stature, died to show us we must not be afraid if we are called upon to perform some similar act. The crucifixion within this context is, for me, a greater inspiration than if Jesus was God and was merely going through some formal ritual. It makes his death far more relevant to my life if I can believe I also might have such insights, reach such heights.

I cannot discover what it profits me to have before me the example of a person who is uniquely sublime. If I begin from this premise, I feel I might as well give up, knowing I can never by any act of mine match such greatness. It seems to me the strength of an example lies in the possibility of following it. I do not know how to follow a being who is outside time and eternity, unless I, too, have the same potential.

If Jesus was set upon this earth to show us how to live, then must he not have been like us? If he wasn't, then how can we become like him? If we are not intended to become like him, why did he come to earth at all? These are the questions that trouble and perplex.

The answer I presently find satisfying is that we're all on some evolutionary pilgrimage of the soul; we're going in the same ultimate direction, but in different ways and at different paces. This is the only charitable explanation I can discover for the various conditions of human beings, for their seemingly different stages of development.

The hope, the promise—and it seems to me momentous—in the examples of such as Jesus, Socrates, Gandhi, and Schweitzer is that they are what we may become—if we choose. Because these others learned to live without fear, I have the faith that I, too, may live without fear.

I have often wondered why Jesus did not leave his own written record of his teachings. I have speculated that he did not because he was concerned lest we do precisely what we have done, make a dogma of them. That he did not leave a written record gives me cause to believe he must have felt we should discover for ourselves whether religion is found in canonized ideas or in lives of men informed by worship and thought.

In Jesus' existence I see a tremendous blessing, for he demonstrated to men what is possible. With this reality as reference, I find new courage and inspiration to push onward in my search for Beauty, Truth, and Goodness—in a word, God.

ELINOR GENE HOFFMAN