

THE PUSH FOR INTEGRATION

THERE seem to be three classes of what may be called "seriously intellectual" monthly and quarterly periodicals. The first class—including magazines with circulations of 100,000 or more—is typified by the old stand-bys, *Harper's* and the *Atlantic*. The stock in trade here is urbanity and synthesis at a level commonly accepted among the intelligentsia. A few university and college magazines of smaller circulation, such as *The Antioch Review*, properly belong somewhere in this class. Next come the "coterie magazines," covering the realm of the unorthodox in periodical literature. They offer, as do most things unorthodox, both excellent contributions and much that is simply pretentious.

Of these two classes, only authors who contribute to the first seem to feel obliged to give some evidence of seeking a synthesizing viewpoint. *Harper's* and *Atlantic* articles are balanced and measured, albeit in rather conventional terms, and their writers may be expected to know about, and to take into account, the usual contrasting views on the subjects which are discussed. This is not required of the person who writes for smaller magazines which represent a particular clique or group. Such are, frankly, specialists in their own bias. The particular value of the coterie magazines lies in their presentation of relatively unknown or unpopular ideas. Their greatest weakness is perhaps in their assured disavowal of any need for taking notice of orthodox opinions, while projecting their own fancies as a presumed contribution to general culture. The coterie magazines, especially if we may include among them the *Partisan Review*, certainly raise significant viewpoints, and embarrassing questions—which are always significant. *PR* writers, for the most part, have frankly been "partisans," and for this we may be glad. Yet however grateful we may be for the

verve with which a particular political or cultural thesis is presented, there is also a field left for articles which deal with the broader problems of synthesis, and in a more fundamental manner than the treatments afforded by periodicals such as *Harper's* and the *Atlantic*.

At this point, we might be justified in charging both these types of magazines with oversimplification—the Big Magazines because they make the work of synthesis too easy, separated only in degree from the bromides for which the *Reader's Digest* is famous; and the coterie magazines because they refuse to recognize that a cultural contribution must include an effort of sympathetic synthesis. For those who have read Lionel Trilling's *The Liberal Imagination*, a certain thesis may here become relevant: Mr. Trilling's view that vigorous intelligence requires a holding in the mind of sustained tensions between paradoxes and contrasts. Neither the Big Magazines nor the "art-for-art's-sake" kind quite manage to encourage awareness of enough "sustained tensions."

It is very hard to try to be a third sort of magazine. A third sort has to be dedicated to efforts at synthesis of all that is unorthodox as well as all that is orthodox; it has to be resigned to neglect from both that part of the public which prefers even its Intellectualism in familiar, easy-to-swallow capsules, and the art-for-art's-sake people. But there are attempts in this direction, sometimes within the covers of magazines still principally belonging to one or the other of the first two classes, and sometimes in new publications. *Partisan Review's* recent series on "Religion and the Intellectuals," while perhaps not startlingly rewarding, was evidence that *PR* editors are trying to "draw a larger circle and take in" the world outside sophisticated radicalism.

The Chicago quarterly, *Measure*, published by Henry Regnery, with Robert Hutchins serving as chairman of the editorial board, is another attempt at synthesis and integration of diverse elements in our culture. Here, the effort includes extremities of viewpoint which seldom find their way into either *Harper's* or the *Atlantic*. But of all the magazines attempting "integration" at that difficult level which includes the unpopular and unorthodox in thought, we should like to call particular attention to an English quarterly called *Contemporary Issues*. This magazine is virtually unknown, yet well worth reading. Among other things, it is an effort to find some constructive focus for debate, discussion, and synthesis between Central Europeans and Englishmen. Its distinguishing features are noteworthy, since we will discover what appear to be defenses of German National Socialism and Communism appearing side by side. The only emphasis common to all contributors seems to be opposition alike to Capitalistic Imperialism and to the Stalinist regime. Some authors lean more toward present-day Russia than toward America, and some the reverse, but in all cases their preferences seem to be carefully defined as between the lesser of two evils.

Here is material which can startle the reader into constructive reflection. Very few magazines will publish anything like the following, from the correspondence section of *Contemporary Issues*, Winter, 1950:

Let us remember, as a prominent English political leader once pointed out to me, that French Liberalism had its birth in the Reign of Terror and the orgies of "madame la Guillotine." German National-Socialism was given no time to come to flower and purge itself of its cruel, harsh features. It grew in the midst of foreign hostility and was destroyed long before its growth was finished.

It is as foolish to see in Germany's Third Reich only Belsen and Dachau as it would have been to see in France's Third Republic only "Devil's Island." As for the lack of "Democracy" under Hitlerism, I can only say that in my experience the much-lauded right of minorities to express their views all too often

merges into the power of minorities to impose their fads on majorities.

Needless to say, the editors make a long "answer" to this contribution. The policy of the paper, as described in this issue, is to "protect the Freedoms of everybody, including our opponents and even the freedom to express undemocratic views."

One of the most ambitious articles we have encountered for some time may be sampled in the same number of *Contemporary Issues*. It is labelled "The Great Utopia," and is an attempt to synthesize, in some form of democratic thinking, the considerations which have historically favored apparently hopeless opposites and enemies such as the National-Socialist, Communist, and *laissez-faire* theories of social change. The concluding passages may make difficult reading, but they seem worthily provocative:

Taking for its point of departure the all-sided suppressed need for individualization, the democratic movement decisively refuses to repeat the shortcomings of all political organizations and to descend in its literary activity to the level of alleged "popularity," something the masses from the cradle to the grave have had more than enough of, because it is the level of their conditions of existence maintained by force. Here a parallel has become evident. The more material mass production increases under capitalism, the greater the misery of humanity—the more the "Workers' Parties" have devoted themselves to intellectual mass production, the less have they been able to satisfy any needs and the more intensively have they contributed to the general decline and servitude of the masses. The liberation of mankind can only be accomplished when as many individuals as possible have at their disposal sufficient knowledge and fight with its help against literary scientific, artistic and political deception, against stupidity and sham knowledge in every form. Love of truth based on ignorance manifests itself in the political sphere as demagoguery and idiocy; proved knowledge enables the movement to understand the impulses of the masses, to lend them striking political expression and to illustrate that the problem of liberation from capitalist insanity is for the masses no theoretical but a practical problem. Only from practical progress do increasing numbers of individuals find access also to the theory which is

absolutely necessary for the movement: they emerge, that is, from the masses and become conscious conquerors of bourgeois conditions, which in the same measure rest upon the material *and* spiritual servitude of the masses.

Featured in the same number of *Contemporary Issues* is a report on the progress of "The Society for Social Responsibility in Science." Inspired by the examples of such men as Norbert Wiener, who refused to put his atomic-weapons knowledge at the disposal of the Armed Forces of the United States, this Society hopes to bring into focus a determination on the part of scientists to stand aside from nationalist bias, and to release from the pressures of power politics the energies of men who may eventually decide to serve only a "party line" entirely different from any yet conceived. Explanation for the *CI* editors' interest in such events as the formation of the Society for Social Responsibility in Science is contained in a footnote appended to "The Great Utopia":

Every Morality which is not directed towards the *real* equilibrium of the *whole* of society and which answers purely practical problems with moral (psychological) commonplaces is, therefore, inadequate. It can, temporarily, claim greater general validity and be more progressive than another, as long as it is in opposition to some obsolete particular interest (e.g., bourgeois moral conceptions against those of Feudalism). Thereafter it falls back more and more as a new sectional interest into the strictly elementary: it becomes ruling morality, morality of the ruling class which is, as a class, like the mass and can know as little about itself as the mass, however strongly it may dominate the other classes through its specific gravity and however much it may raise itself above them. The whole problem of democracy . . . presents itself as one of overcoming the elementary character of society: It is to be lifted out of a state in which it is yoked by blind elementary forces (the elementary striving for equilibrium is blindly demoniacal and always drives to one point where it finds violent discharge, as in storms and earthquakes, wars and revolutions, only to accumulate immediately new tension, etc.). The mass and class relationship is itself to be abolished— through a removal of poverty which is only perpetuated by artificial means, together with the dissolution of the division of labour

in its class-forming effects and the dissolution of the antagonism between town and country (these are the three essential pre-requisites of the mass-class relationship). A morality aiming at these ends is already in its conception no longer particularistic, but palpably general; it does not "rule" but liberates; it does not destroy the individual but only gives him reality; it is not a prescribed compulsion but voluntary creative achievement of every individual. With this morality the democratic movement immediately makes its practical start.

It is clear that the editors of *Contemporary Issues* have set out for the very goal which they define as the most difficult to attain—a constructive political movement. In so doing, they have begun with an attempt to synthesize all the important considerations concealed by the manifold contradictions of present world culture. The attempt is couched in terms of high abstraction—terms so involved that we would apologize for asking the reader to struggle for their meaning save for two reasons: first, the intrinsic merit of what is said seems worth digging for; and, second, we feel that only those movements which are based upon a deliberate inclusion of "sustained tensions" are *safe* to pursue—free, that is, from the dangerous oversimplifications which haunt the house of Politics.

Letter from **SOUTH AFRICA**

JOHANNESBURG.—Apprehension among all races is increasing as each session of the present nationalist government in South Africa appears to carry the country with ever-quickening step in the direction of a fascist state.

Three measures passed during the recent parliamentary session seem of particular significance. The Group Areas Bill allows the Government to declare any areas in the country to be for the exclusive use of a specified race. At first sight such a bill might appear to be non-discriminatory, and merely to apply to all races the restrictions which at present apply to Indians in Natal under the Asiatic Land Tenure Bill. That a high degree of residential racial segregation is desirable is agreed on all sides, but this bill goes further, for members of races other than those for whom the area is reserved will not be allowed to carry on business or even maintain interests in that area. Obviously, much depends on the manner in which such a measure is carried out. No one, except possibly the promoters of the bill, has the optimism to anticipate that the non-European interests will receive the same consideration as European interests. The main cause for apprehension, however, lies in the fact that excessive powers will be vested in the government without such safeguards as are normally required by a democratic system. Further, the bill lacks the provision for compensation and alternative accommodation which the principles of justice and fair play are bound to demand for all who are arbitrarily to be uprooted from their homes, occupations, and places of business.

To assist the implementation of this bill, a Population Registration Bill has been introduced. It provides for boards and inspectors, and is likely to prove extremely costly, as well as to give legal sanction to the interference with the freedom of individuals that is usually associated with such inquisitions. The bill aims at a rigid caste system. A man's racial classification will be determined for him on a colour basis, and it will deny to him freedom of decision as to his place of residence and the company

he keeps. Those who are of total European or African descent may be relatively unaffected by the bill unless their interests lie with racial groups other than their own, but for those of mixed blood tragic hardships and suffering are likely to result for which there will be no legal redress. True, provision is made for appeal against the classification of race, but expenses will inevitably place such appeal beyond the reach of the majority of those most deeply affected.

Just before the close of the session at the end of June, the Unlawful Organisations Bill, ostensibly aimed at the suppression of communism, was rushed through parliament with guillotine debate and a bare majority. It had generally been agreed by all parties that legislation to deal with the suppression of communism was desirable, but grave concern is now being felt at the possibilities of this measure for suppression, not only of communism, but of all opinion which may run contrary to the policy of the present government. Already fantastic allegations of "communism" have been aimed at highly responsible quarters.

The intentions of the government to introduce a rigid, horizontal *apartheid* under the supremacy of the Afrikaans extremists lie behind these three pieces of legislation and have roused profound disquiet among those who, regardless of party, believe in the rights of individual freedom. Most disturbing of all have been the far-reaching discretionary powers which these measures confer on the ministers of the government under whose jurisdiction the new laws will be administered. These powers allow the imposition of penalties and the distribution of favours in a manner entirely inconsistent with democratic practice. Since power inevitably carries with it the germ of corruption, the powers conferred by these bills should not be lightly entrusted even to men of the highest integrity. And unfortunately, there is no ground for assumption that the ministers of the present government will adhere to that high standard of impartiality required by such powers, if the good name of South Africa is not to be blotted by gross injustices.

SOUTH AFRICAN CORRESPONDENT

REVIEW

THE TWENTY-FIFTH HOUR

NOTHING yet spawned by World War II can equal, for savage fury, a novel that has come out of Roumania via France—*The Twenty-Fifth Hour*.

The work of a Roumanian, Constantine Virgil Gheorghiu, the book could not, for obvious reasons, be published in Roumania, and as Gabriel Marcel says in his Introduction, France can be proud that the novel made its bow to the world in the French language. One hopes, with M. Marcel, that it will be translated into other languages, but what languages are still free? Besides, the finality of the book is so implacable, that one sees no possible avenue of escape.

From Central Europe, in the between-wars world, there once came another novel, *Hans and the Twentieth Century*. In that chaotic account of human debacle, Postwar I, the "Taylor System" of assembly-line production was the crushing, dehumanizing villain of the piece. One recognized in that novel the crack of doom for Europe, and anyone who reads *The Twenty-Fifth Hour* will see that the continuity is unbroken. The defeat is man's—the victory, the machine's.

What reception is likely to be accorded *The Twenty-Fifth Hour* if issued in English, one cannot with certainty say. For M. Gheorghiu has written such a smashing indictment of the machine as to turn the blood cold. But blood, to turn cold, must first be warm, and it may be that a generation which can see nothing amiss in "mating the guided missile to the bomb" has already put *le sang* in the freezing compartment.

In that event, the warning will not be heard, nor the danger seen. To feel what M. Gheorghiu's characters feel, one must share his detestation of machines. One must, in brief, be *in* this "Occidental technological civilization"—but no longer *of* it.

The tiny Roumanian village of Fantana is the birthplace of the two men whose fate M.

Gheorghiu follows. One, Johann Moritz, is the "natural" man, powerful of physique, stoical, honest, and a worker who, if he knew the meaning of the Marxist "proletariat" would spit, were he to hear it. The other, Trajan Koruga, is *l'homme civilise'*, knowledgeable, aware, ironical, despairing, a suicide. Intentionally or not, the author has subsumed in these two figures the two divisions into which fall the men of any country in any age: the large body of human beings who toil, suffer, and endure, credulous, inarticulate, uncomprehending; and the smaller number who toil, suffer, and endure, yet articulate, because they comprehend, the unfolding tragedy of their time and place.

It is not possible to "review" *The Twenty-Fifth Hour*; it can only be read or, rather, felt. The author has seen too much. He has seen so much, in fact, that one suddenly understands why the great mass of Americans can never comprehend that the last act of an old "Western" is being played out, not on any screen, but on the sundered face of Europe, and why the blind who lead the blind do not see that they have, politically, only *un cadavre* to deal with. The life has left the frame, and nothing will ever be the same.

M. Gheorghiu does not write with a pen dipped in ink. He writes with a lash stiffened to a blade by pity. No one escapes his scourge. Johann Moritz, as innocent as one of his own babies, is sent off to forced labor with a contingent of "requisitioned" Jews, on a charge of "Undesirable" trumped up by a local gendarme who thinks in that way to have Johann's adoring wife, Susanna. The Jews treat him like a pariah, finally relenting when he learns some Yiddish, the language they are sworn to.

Johann is beaten and tortured for being a Jew. He is beaten and tortured in the next prison for being a spy masquerading as a Jew. In all, in thirteen years, he is confined in more than one hundred camps. The soil of Europe is to him one vast enclosure surrounded by barbed wire; it is an

interminable convoy of trucks moving at night, and it is perpetually night.

No one comes off unscathed. Not the Roumanians, Hungarians, Germans, Russians, or Americans. The Americans listen to the P.W.'s and D.P.'s; they do not set flames to Johann's feet or break his bones, though they give Trajan a bad fright. But, as he advises them, in an ironic "Petition," would it not save time and frayed tempers if they put the questions on a disc and played the disc each time a prisoner entered to be interrogated? When Johann returns, having been asked only whether he spelled Moritz with or without a *t*, he tells Trajan that the next internee was Thomas Mann, who was asked whether he spelled Mann with two *n*'s or one. To a prisoner for whom all walls are of barbed wire, electrically charged, the nationality of his jailers ceases to matter. Under the lash administered to the Americans for their doltish reliance on *statistics*, one winces as if with actual pain.

Trajan and his bride, having come by an altogether different route, encounter Johann in the Prisoner of War camp in the American Zone of Germany. Johann, who risked his life to save a Frenchman who once befriended him in Germany, cannot understand why he is an "enemy" of the French. The monster of monsters, Trajan tells him, is the Citizen. He is the soulless, bloodless cog in the machinery of Bureaucracy and the State; and the most heartless, soulless robot Citizen of the most ruthless machine of all, is the Russian. The American, though personally not heartless, is powerless to release a single individual from the prison machinery; each has his name and statistics inscribed on too many files in too many *bureaux* in too many cities.

Through Johann's eyes it becomes all too easy to see what happened to millions and millions of innocent human beings trapped in Central Europe. As country after country fell before the Nazis, and was in turn "liberated" by the Russians, by the Americans, men and women shunted within boundaries of states not even their own, changed

status hourly, daily, from allies to "enemies of the State." As "categories" of persons, they ceased to exist as human beings.

Trajan, who says of himself, "I am a poet, hence a prophet," delivers the stinging diatribe against his time, doubling as protagonist and Greek Chorus. The earth, he says, has ceased to belong to men. Man has been reduced to one single dimension, the social, which is to say, the impersonal:

Every event taking place at this hour, on the entire surface of the earth, and every event yet to take place in the years ahead, is but a symptom and a phase of the same revolution, the revolution of "technical slaves." Men will be considered as equal, as identical, and treated according to the same laws which apply to technical slaves, without any possible concern for their human natures. . . . All the armies of the world will be composed of mercenaries fighting to consolidate the technical society—from which the individual is excluded. . . . Human life has no value except as a source of energy. The criteria are purely scientific. That is a law of our sombre technical barbarism.

Trajan, at this early point in the book, is outlining the theme of the novel he has begun. It will be only about people he knows, in the revolution of the technical slaves, mechanical "citizens" whose superiority to men in numbers alone is overwhelming. They are the new "proletariat," a part of society, yet not an integrated part.

When the young attorney, his friend, protests, "But it is merely a question of a mechanical force!" Trajan smiles and agrees. So it was among the Greeks and Romans. Human slaves could be bought, sold, given as presents, or killed. They were valued simply in terms of their physical strength and capacity for work. Exactly the same criteria as are employed today in evaluating our technical slaves.

This brilliant polemic, pairing human slavery in the ancient world and technological slavery in our own, will very likely bewilder many Americans who imagine themselves anything but

enslaved by their machines. More appealing is Trajan's story of a cruise in a submarine in which live rabbits were kept because they gave signs of approaching oxygen exhaustion six hours in advance of the asphyxiation point in humans. The submarine captain, on discovering that Trajan was as sensitive to the loss of oxygen as the rabbits, ended by watching him. When the wheels of Occupation are about to grind him and his lovely wife into anonymity, Trajan exclaims, "I begin to feel suffocated, the hour must be near."

But the words that give the book its title are spoken by a Hungarian, Count Bartholy, to his son at dinner, after the Cabinet, in secret sickening compromise, has voted to accede to Hitler's demand for fifty thousand laborers. But not Hungarians. The quota is to be filled by political prisoners of every nationality within Hungary's borders. When Press Chief Bartholy, revolted by the release he has just issued, finds his son applauding this "deal" in human beings, the father, in reply to the son's request for the time, answers, "It is twenty-five o'clock. The hour of European civilization."

For Roumania today, the most revolutionary figure in the book is not Trajan, but his father, the Greek Orthodox priest, Father Koruga. A scholar and something of a saint, the patriarch of Fântâna insists on offering prayers for the Communist guerillas and his own flock. Condemned to hang, along with other "reactionaries," he is shot at night, with the others, by a pistol in the hand of the new Communist dictator-judge of Fantana, one of the company in which Johann Moritz was taken away to forced labor years before.

The book closes with the outbreak of the new war. The author, who has quoted liberally from Eliot and other poets, might to advantage have used Emily Dickinson's epigrammatic quatrain:

Presentiment is that long shadow on the lawn
Indicative that suns go down
The notice to the startled grass
That darkness is about to pass.

It may be that the "shadow on the lawn" shows up in starker outline in Roumania. Or it may be C. Virgil Gheorghiu saying, "I am a poet, hence a prophet."

New York City

ISABEL CARY LUNDBERG

COMMENTARY
FROM ARTISAN TO BUSINESSMAN

A BRIEF but important summary of the "voluntary" decline in the freedom of the press in the United States, since 1918, appears in *Frontier* for July 15. (*Frontier* is a new semi-monthly magazine devoted to liberal politics, issued at Beverly Hills, California.) The writer of a review column, Ward Moore, points out that, years ago, when the population of the United States—

particularly the literate population—was comparatively small, getting out and distributing a broadside, pamphlet, book, or periodical was neither difficult nor particularly expensive. Anyone with an idea, heterodox or not, could get a job printer to set up his copy, or buy a press and type-font and become his own compositor, editor, publisher and distributor.

The linotype, the growth of the reading public—which far outstripped mere increase in population changed the picture. Publishing not only became specialized, but costly. So costly that it began to depend on the subsidy of advertising and publishers abandoned the viewpoint of the artisan for the viewpoint of the businessman—the big businessman. Freedom of the press became freedom only to spend greater and greater sums of money to reach the same percentage of the literate public reached by a few hundred hand-printed broadsides in 1790 at trifling cost.

In these two paragraphs, Mr. Moore has condensed the essential conclusions of a full-length book—Oswald Garrison Villard's *Disappearing Daily*. The technological progress of the printing industry has not added to the accessibility of free expression, but has made it more difficult to find. Further, after 1918, in consequence of the war and post-war hysteria, publishers became increasingly reluctant to risk the printing of a book or pamphlet that would be found "objectionable" in very many quarters. Upton Sinclair, Mr. Moore recalls, published *The Brass Check* himself—"possibly the last time an individual has succeeded in getting wide and profitable distribution of a work unacceptable to established houses." Upton Sinclair eventually "reformed," and began writing the *Lanny Budd*

series, but Randolph Bourne, one of the most promising writers of the World-War-I epoch, died in frustration.

What Mr. Moore is really saying is that the great American public, for all the "advantages" of industrial and mechanical progress, has let itself be trapped by the deadly uniformity of the profit motive. The "exceptional" book or magazine, like Mr. Russell's "exceptional man," must choose between subsidy and silence.

CHILDREN ... and Ourselves

WE have been waiting for some time to secure a copy of the first American printing of Homer Lane's *Talks to Parents and Teachers* (Hermitage Press). This volume is prefaced by A. S. Neil, Headmaster of the Summerhill School in England, and known to readers of this column through a review of his book, *The Problem Family*.

Although Lane died suddenly in 1995, without having written the two volumes his friends had urged him to compile, his influence in the field of child psychology has been persistent. Lane is chiefly known through his development of a previously unheard-of method for dealing with delinquents, which resulted in the establishment of The Little Commonwealth wherein "problem children" were encouraged to build a new society for themselves, free from what Lane considered the unintelligent and authoritarian discipline responsible for either causing or aggravating their "social neuroses." Lane was the defender of the child against our present society, and it mattered little to him what the young charges sent to his reformatory by the government had been convicted of perpetrating. The very presence of criminal and destructive tendencies was to Lane a proof that the child had been mismanaged during his earliest years, and while such a view may not be entirely defensible in its extremity, it guaranteed that the work of The Little Commonwealth would explore every possibility of the culpability of parents, teachers and magistrates in creating the conditions of delinquency.

Like all revolutionary educators, Lane made himself a host of enemies. He was a genius child-psychiatrist, even though "unordained," and as such he insisted on laying bare the fallacies of all *Old Testament* variations of crime and punishment. He perceived that the introduction of conventional religion to young persons was usually in a "fear-of-hell" frame of reference, and that this hampered the development of the child's

spontaneous, creative faculties, focussing his attention upon a kind of security which he could only reach by escaping hell. The symbol-word, God, moreover—and this was to Lane a crucial matter—had traditionally become associated with punishment and sin.

Homer Lane made some effort to mollify men of religious faith by discoursing at length upon the way in which the symbol-word God might be used constructively in awaking the religious sense of the child. But he insisted that God could help children only when they thought of "Him" as the "Great Spirit of Life," present in all that made men happy and better. All creative powers were divinely inspired, but God had best have nothing to do with the establishment of or the punishing of sin. Sin, if it had had any place at all in the lexicon of The Little Commonwealth, would have been regarded simply as ignorance. But however much Lane tried to disarm the public, he was led to trouble with religionists through a redefinition of man's relation to the area of sex—a redefinition which Lane's philosophy demanded he make. He insisted that "God" expressed himself through the creative instinct and sex attraction, and that one of the greatest crimes against children was to allow them to identify sex with sin. He counselled against any warnings about the dangers of sexual involvement, trusting that the full development of creative powers would generate a sense of proportion, and even promote the most constructive and worthy conduct. And this doctrine of Lane's was, of course, heresy, so deeply had the teaching of Original Sin become imbedded in the educational psychology of the average parent and teacher. Lane was suspected of preaching "immorality," and subsequently falsely accused of practicing it. The revolutionary head of The Little Commonwealth never had bothered to defend himself against accusations except by asserting his positive and constructive beliefs, and he made no exceptions on this occasion. His defense against the charges being confused in the mind of the public, The Little

Commonwealth was eventually closed through the pressure of Lane's opponents.

But Lane was something more than Headmaster of a school; he was undoubtedly one of the most percipient psychologists who ever lectured on the problems of youth and adolescence. When a visiting group of investigators from Teachers College, Columbia, pronounced Neil's Summerhill School as the most provocatively valuable school they encountered on tour following World War II, they noted Neil's devotion to the Lane tradition and philosophy; the appearance of the present American edition of *Talks to Parents and Teachers* is proof that recognition of the worth of Lane is growing with the years.

We know of no better way to illustrate the value of Lane's writing than by offering our readers a substantial sample, as an encouragement to purchasing the book for themselves. This particular selection is from a lecture on "The Unconscious Mind and Our Ideas of God," and is to our way of thinking the most effective analysis of the sort of "religion" which should never be taught, or implied, that we have ever seen:

The child on his mother's knee, hearing about heaven in connection with an all-powerful God, who dislikes substitute pleasures and naughty children, develops an anxiety about the future; having, however, no anxiety about the morrow (since his food and his other needs of the immediate future are secure), he will base his anxieties for the future wholly on his mother's instructions about the nature of God and about God's method of coaxing people into heaven. The child will thus have no religion worth the name, but religion to him will be a question of paying a price to God for a seat in heaven. As he grows up and begins to think for himself about God, there will, of course, be great changes in his logical conception of God, and with these changes he will, in his conscious mind, grow away from his original fears. But in the unconscious mind the infantile, illogical ideas will be living on in full terror. His adult views will be so different from his earliest teachings that he will refuse to believe that the latter either existed once or now survive. But the intense emotions of anxiety, detached entirely now from his ideas of Deity, are floating unattached, ready to fasten

themselves in a most irrational manner to some quite irrelevant issue of his adult life. The explanation of all "anxiety neuroses" lies in this using up in new ways of anxieties once definitely associated with fears about eternity. Every new unhappiness gets linked up with all the old unhappiness. For once generated, these anxieties are permanent, making us quite irrationally miserable over trifles. Every one of us has something of this possessive and precautionary temper in his unconscious make-up; but the idea of complete dependence being unpleasant to the conscious mind, it takes on many symbolic forms, and may show itself in our attitude towards money, or in a desire to ensure privacy, or in placing various material virtues above happiness, in various possessive rather than creative ideas. A good deal, too, of the neurotic anxiety about passing examinations at school and college is due to the way in which these symbolize the final test for admissibility to heaven, the unconscious fears, now detached from any conscious attitude to the latter, are ready to charge and polarize the former, for as long as an examination is our problem. Very commonly, too, the old anxiety habit may be used up in worrying about the immediate future, to-morrow; and this is why so many people look forward to the next day only as a problem or risk, and at the end of it look back and find their only happiness in the fact that they have escaped the troubles which they feared might happen. Or, if the anxiety is too intense to be bearable by the unconscious mind, compensation is often found in fantasies of success and greatness. The individual will then look forward, hoping impossible things, and afterwards look back unhappily because he has been unable to achieve any of them. The only way to get rid of these attitudes is by a process of emotional re-education. Certainly the psychoanalysis of the textbooks hardly touches their real cause, which is religious.

We shall continue to produce this type of mind as long as in the nursery we under-value instincts and over-value conscience. The creative impulse gives the true happiness; but we disallow it by teaching children that man is bad by nature and can be made good only by an effort of will. This gives them the choice between a painful life in hell and a dull one in heaven ("Heaven," as the proverb says, "for climate; hell for company"), and no one who has suffered this choice in infancy can have any other attitude to heaven than that of a rabbit to his hole. In religion, as we know it, it is the possessive element which is far the strongest. What we have to achieve is a synthesis of the good company and the good climate.

FRONTIERS

A Review of National "Growth"

SOME weeks ago, MANAS printed figures showing that a quarter of the entire population in the United States has to get along on a weekly income of a little more than \$13 per person—and this in the year (1948) when personal incomes were highest in our history. In a recent address before a meeting of the Academy of Political Science, Senator Paul H. Douglas (Illinois) presented another kind of economic analysis—an account of the concentration of wealth and power in the hands of a small number of American industrial concerns. These figures, which are taken from the Federal Trade Commission report, *The Concentration of Productive Facilities*, are of particular interest. In the words of Sen. Douglas:

That there is high concentration of economic power is seen from the fact that the 113 largest manufacturing companies, each with assets in excess of 100 million dollars in 1947 owned 46 per cent of all the capital assets for manufacturing, and in thirteen important manufacturing industries [aluminum, tinware, linoleum, copper, cigarettes, distilled liquors, plumbing equipment, rubber tires, office machines, motor vehicles, biscuits, agriculture machinery, and meat products], four companies controlled over 60 per cent of the production. In six more important industries, control amounting to over 60 per cent was exercised by six companies. To all this should be added the relative concentration in railroads, public utilities and finance. Moreover, even with diffused ownership, inner control over these giant corporations is commonly fairly tight and almost impregnable, and interconnections between industrial, utility and financial giants are real and pervasive. Moreover, in most of the heavy industries, the big firms fix the price and the smaller firms follow suit, so that the virtues of competitive pricing, so deservedly praised by economists and others, have largely vanished from these industries.

This address by Sen. Douglas is not a diatribe against bigness in industry, but a discussion entitled, "Freedom and the Expanding State." He cites these figures from the Federal Trade Commission report in order to show that bigness and centralized control in modern

government have their counterparts, and even in some measure their cause, in the mammoth proportions of modern industrial enterprise.

Nevertheless, government has grown at a far greater rate than industry. Fifty years ago, the federal government spent only 2½ per cent of the national income, while it now consumes 19 per cent. Sen. Douglas is not exactly an apologist for big government, but seeks rather to explain it. He lists four causes for the expansion of government power. First, the growth of industry and trade has made numerous types of federal regulation essential. These measures include interstate commerce laws, anti-trust legislation, pure food and drug laws, banking reforms and government supervision of the issuance of securities. State laws respecting child labor were found to be inadequate, and federal laws were also needed to fix minimum wages and hours on a national scale.

A second cause of the growth of government has been the attempt to prevent or at least to cushion the effects of periodic economic depressions. This endeavor led to the establishment of the Federal Reserve System, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, public works programs, the guarantee of bank deposits, unemployment insurance, and the various stimulants administered to housing. Sen. Douglas finds Constitutional justification for these activities of government in the "domestic tranquillity" clause of the Preamble. Third cause of the growth of government has been the determination of legislators to "promote the general welfare," as provided for in the Constitution. Finally, there is war.

The fourth great factor which has built up the power of the state, and is perhaps the greatest power of all, has been the existence of war. . . . The budget which is so out of hand devotes 76 per cent of its total either for expenditures for past wars or for better preparation against future wars. That is the primary reason for the unbalanced budget. It is the primary source of federal expense, and not the 2 1/2 billion dollars (or 6 - per cent of the total) which is spent for welfare purposes.

It is war, particularly the threat of war, with an enemy which wages its struggle not merely on the battlefield but inside the camps of its opponents—it is war which confronts us with this tragic dilemma with which we all struggle; namely, how to protect ourselves from external danger and internal subversion and yet preserve the fundamental freedoms of the individual in which we deeply believe.

In the face of all this—big government, big business, great concentrations of power, and yet the desire of the human heart for freedom—what is the role of an individual, what is the role of society in a period like that? Many of us, I am sure, feel like a character in one of A. E. Housman's poems, *Shropshire Lad*, in which he represented a plowman standing "Lonely and afraid, in a world I never made."

It is difficult to find any serious fault with the outline of the growth of power presented in this address. Nor is it easy to object to any particular step along the way. Given the assumptions which most of us share, the developments seem to have been virtually inevitable. But what is especially interesting about this address by Sen. Douglas is the significance of his opening paragraphs, in which he concerns himself, more or less philosophically, with the nature of political power, showing how it brutalizes human beings and leads to ruthless measures to maintain itself against all opposition. He finds illustrations in history:

Oliver Cromwell believed himself to be a sturdy defender of freedom of conscience and nobly defended the cause of the people against the oppression of the monarchy. But once in power, he dissolved Parliament, ruled as a severe dictator in England and practiced barbaric cruelties upon the Irish, which, despite the praise of Milton, still embitter the relations of people to this very day. Robespierre and Saint-Just were men of integrity who sincerely believed that they alone represented the true will of the people. Acting in this belief, they ruthlessly killed hundreds of equally sincere men and women for narrow deviations from their policy. The French Revolution which began in an enthusiasm for the rights of man, ended in a wholesale blood bath, with all the deterioration in the characters of its participants which Anatole France has chronicled in *The Gods Are Thirst*

As a strange note in an address on "power," Sen. Douglas turns to figures like St. Francis, John Woolman, James Naylor and Jane Addams to represent the human ideal—people who "do not seek to become military conquerors, kings, heads of huge corporations, or even United States Senators. They emphatically do not wish to sit in the driver's seat." One could wish that Sen. Douglas had drawn this comparison, and the resulting dilemma, a little more sharply. Just how many Jane Addamses, and Saints, Quaker or Catholic, does he think it would be "safe" to have in the United States? What would happen to the national defense program of a country populated by "saints" ?

Do "the fundamental freedoms of the individual in which we deeply believe" depend upon having enough military conquerors and the heads of huge corporations for citizens, or upon people like Jane Addams? Or do we need both—one kind to look after our practical affairs, and the other kind to refer to longingly when our practical affairs go awry?

This is the sort of question that any man can answer. He can answer it even though he may not have the latest facts about the situation in Korea. He can answer it, and act upon his answer in his own life, whether or not he has kept up with modern economic theory and the latest liberal opinions. And when legislators begin to answer it, we shall be well on the way toward that Utopia of which Plato dreamed when he said that the good society will come into being when philosophers become kings, or kings philosophers.