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CONCERNING SCHOOLBOOKS

SOME years ago, in a review dealing with the history of science, George Sarton discussed the popular delusion—popular among "scientific" writers as well as others—that the "present" represents a kind of absolute perfection in knowledge, from which high eminence the past may be condescendingly judged. While there is always due recognition that science will go on to even greater discoveries, this generalized expectation is never allowed to imply that present-day certainties may turn out to be serious errors which tomorrow's science will reject, or that some of the "unscientific" beliefs of today may be found to have a solid foundation.

On the authority of common observation as well as that of critics like Sarton, it may be said that this delusion of Our-Present-Omniscience operates effectively in shaping all the conventional educational materials of the day, being most clearly apparent in texts prepared for the use of high school students. The average high school text may have excellences—it may skillfully condense a vast amount of factual or literary material; it may engage the student's attention with numerous ingenious devices; it may be lucidly written, cleverly illustrated, and conclude with questions carefully designed to help the student to print upon his memory the "important points" which the book contains—the average text may do all these things, but remain, in a word,—*smug*. It is seldom more than an articulate museum of facts and judgments, and it is the facts and judgments which are honored by the text, not the imagination and the creative spirit of the student to whom they are presented. It may seem harsh to say that many of the textbooks studied by our young people do little more than enthrone the prejudices of preceding generations. The "facts," when they are facts, are of course in the books, and they need to be learned. But education is far less a matter of facts than of attitudes toward them. Education is concerned with the temper of human life, and books which rely for their excellence upon the number of facts they present may very easily frustrate the educational process instead of contributing to it.

This is much more than a criticism of schoolbooks on the ground that they offer as facts statements which may not be facts at all. Even the Eternal Truths, if anyone could get them into a schoolbook and past the watchful eyes of the school boards, would turn sour and lose their savor in being offered to students with the complacent authority exhibited by the writers of texts. A Darwin, in the original, is a questing spirit, a zealot for impartiality and justice to his opponents in scientific theory; but in a text on biology he becomes something else—it is difficult to say just what—although it seems certain that the textbook version of Darwin's life and discovery does not inspire and is not meant to inspire the youthful reader. The importance is assigned to Darwin's conclusions, much more than to the way he sought and reached them.

Why should an anthology of English literature have the effect of embalming rather than reproducing the genius of great poets? The words are there, with dates, pictures, and neat paragraphs on who influenced whom, yet the cry of a Shelley is soon muted by the tape-measure of the anthologist, and the other greats become tame performers who, one feels, owe a great debt to the master of ceremonies who put them into his largish book, which now pretends to have packaged "English literature."

It would undoubtedly be better to teach no "English literature" at all, than to let it be thought that the works of the mind can be catalogued and "studied" according to "periods" and "leading authors." Even to read a book without being drawn to it, but simply because it has been "assigned," and in order to earn a "grade" at the end of a year, is a betrayal of the author and a kind of harlotry of the mind for the reader, who has not the slightest suspicion that he has been seduced by his elders in the name of a spurious "culture." Books, to be

understood, must be loved for what is in them. Anything less than this is a corruption of the mind and a degradation of education.

But English literature can be a thrilling experience when it is approached through a man for whom its resources are but tools for more than "literary" inquiry. The reader of Macneile Dixon's *The Human Situation,* for example, will find that literature, properly defined, is the work of people who have had something important to say, and were able to say it well. Any study of literature, when pursued for some other reason than to find out what these people have had to say, is really a fraud on education. At any rate, biography instructs us that those who have gained the most from literature are those who discovered it for themselves—who, left alone in childhood or youth with access to a library of good books, moved through these books as an explorer presses onward through unknown seas and unmarked terrains. If one has a teacher like Dixon, well and good; in such case he may go a bit further than others, or make better use of his time. But no education, surely, will take place unless the yearning for discovery exists, unless there is the desire to sift for oneself the riches of the world of ideas. As one of the many "routines" offered by modern education, "literature" means the death of the spirit of verbal communication. It might even be more desirable to be completely illiterate, to revert to the sign language and labored ideographs of aboriginal tribes, than to suffer the pretentious deceptions of "literature" taught without the fire of devotion to ideas.

The teaching of history in high school texts is usually as tiresome as the teaching of literature. It is not that the "facts" are especially distorted—no more than that the selections in the literary anthologies are "bad"—but that they are recounted with such an air of humdrum self-righteousness. If our histories were compiled in a mood of candid nationalism, one could hardly complain. But one gets the impression that the peculations and aggressions of Americans are somehow right enough because they are our own, while our virtues and motives nevertheless make us unique among the peoples of the world. The reader who turns to the treatment of the land policy of the United States in a typical history text, after reading, say, a book like John Collier's *The Indians of the Americas,* or Helen Hunt Jackson's *A Century of Dishonor,* is likely to feel a certain amazement at the lack of a comparison between the Government's land policy with respect to the white men and its policy in relation to the Indians, to whom the entire continent once belonged. "History," Dr. Robert M. Hutchins once remarked, "must itself be informed by an understanding of man, of society and of the moral basis on which society rests." He adds: "The historian who would make the past intelligible, the historian who would make it useful in the solution of the great problems of our day, the historian who would rise above detail to see the purposes of human life and our organized society, must be a moralist."

But in our history books, there is little or nothing of genuine moral issues. In 1862, the history texts tell us, the famous Homestead Act was passed, under which the United States generously gave land to anyone who would live on a quarter section (160 acres) and make the prescribed improvements within five years. It was in this same epoch of history that the soldiers and the people of the United States despoiled the American Indians of the lands they had inhabited since the memory of man, drove them from one region to another, made treaties with them only to break them, and gradually reduced the Indians to penury and dependence upon the bounty of the Federal Government. Today, the traveler who crosses the country may watch for the most arid and unproductive regions he can discover, and when he finds them he can be fairly certain that he is passing one of the several Indian "reservations."

The history books studied by the young should relate these things. They should make plain that we have lied to, cheated, and stolen from the Indians, and when they resisted, we have claimed the right to exterminate them as "barbarians" and "savages." And the peaceful Indians, those who believe it is wrong to fight and kill, we have merely confined and cheated of their lands. While we are raging against "aggressors," and claiming to be the upholders of freedom all over the world, from Korea to West Germany, we need to recall to our youthful students of history the facts of our less idealistic past. Unless we do this, we have not the slightest hope of

instilling in the young any *real* conviction about the importance of justice. At present, we seem to believe that it is impossible to serve the cause of justice without winning a great victory in a great war. There could be no greater mistake. Unless we first perform those acts of justice and restoration which can be accomplished by peaceful measures, what assurance is there that we shall act for justice while full of the passions of war? A proper study of history would kind such questions arising from every page of the text.

Resistance to change in science is well illustrated in the books on psychology. One cautious volume on this subject devotes two or three pages to the subject of "Telepathy," While not exactly denying that thought-transfer can take place, this book does its best to prejudice the reader against the possibility. No encouragement is given to the student to read about researches in extra sensory perception for himself. No mention is made of the fact that the statistical methods of Dr. J. B. Rhine at Duke University have the unqualified approval of mathematicians, and that an increasing number of psychologists and psychiatrists are acknowledging the reality of extra sensory perception. Instead, the reader is cautioned to learn to distinguish between pseudo-science and *real sci*ence and to be on the watch for physical "cues" which would reveal telepathic phenomena as some sort of delusion or even a fraud. No mention is made of the revolutionary implications of telepathy—no such disturbing ideas are allowed to penetrate the dull monotony of high school psychology.

But what, it may be asked, ought to be done about all this? Shall we abolish the schools? Surely, *some* good is done by all the conscientious labors that have gone into the making of books for our children to study. There are still communities in the United States which are hungry for education—young people to whom more books mean the gateway to a better life. What is an admirer of Jesse Stuart's *The Thread that Runs so True* to say to all this? After all, a MANAS reviewer has praised this book highly, and the schools of Kentucky, poor and struggling, might make excellent use of the very books which are now condemned.

This criticism, we must admit, is a just one, and accept it as a qualification upon all we have said. But there is also something else to be said. In any culture or civilization, there are degrees of awareness, of capacity to pioneer for the future. In one of his essays, Ortega speaks of the need of some men to live at "the height of the times." The people of the Kentucky mountains have not been able to keep pace with even the mediocrity of the times, and for this we may be ashamed. For them, the spirit of discovery seems to find fulfillment simply in discovering what is commonplace knowledge for the more fortunate members of our society. And just because this is for them *an act of discovery*, following upon ardent struggle, its content is by some inner alchemy changed into something fine and worthy.

But the frontier of public education ought to offer something better than the cozy certainties of mediocre minds. The texts in use today are masterpieces of educational psychology—what is said is easy to understand, and interestingly described—but they contain no hint that our world gives every evidence of being in the throes of some terrible psychological and moral convulsion. There is no basic questioning of our philosophy of life. There is no challenge to our theories of knowledge; least of all is there any of the genuine humility of the great scholar and teacher.

Modern education is a broad invitation to tomorrow's iconoclasts because it gives no psychological preparation to this generation of schoolchildren for the radical changes which the future is sure to bring. It is making a world vulnerable to incalculable confusion because it fears, now, to trust the minds of students to deal with the lesser confusions which already exist. The pat world of progress is dying before our eyes, yet the schoolbooks of our time still try to keep its decline a secret.

Letter from ENGLAND

LONDON.—With the rapid growth of science and industry, and the establishment, in most of the Western world, of compulsory attendance at school, it was inevitable that opinions about the purpose of education should change. For long, our Universities managed fairly successfully to isolate themselves from a questioning age. Scholastic philosophy and medieval learning generally still cast their spell upon these European children of their begetting. But World War II and its continuing consequences have compelled consideration of such fundamental matters as what ought a university to be or do. Many assumptions have had to come under review. Hence it is that a series of talks here on the radio, dealing with "The Idea of a University," attracted much attention. Germane to the discussion are the facts that, in a generation, the number of full-time students has increased more than four-fold, and that most students are drawn from a much less privileged and leisured class.

In his *Education and the Social Order (1932*), Bertrand Russell debated, under varying aspects, the problem of how the fullest individual development could be combined with what he called "the necessary minimum of social coherence." He emphasized the disadvantage of class distinctions. "Wherever unjust inequalities exist," he wrote, "a man who profits by them tends to protect himself from a sense of guilt by theories suggesting that he is some way better than those who are less fortunate." This observation has a wider significance than its application to any theory of a social order. But what is Russell's remedy for the general failure of men to follow their intelligence? "The cure for our problem," he goes on to say, "is to make men sane, and, to make men sane, they must be educated sanely." Do our universities do just that, or are they merely conscious or unconscious servants of those forces (inheritance of a medieval world) which are devoted to producing in the young "insanity, stupidity, readiness for homicide, economic injustice, and ruthlessness," to borrow Russell's epithets?

The university and the modern world was the theme of the final talk in the broadcast series. It was given by Sir Walter Moberley, a former Vice-Chancellor of Manchester University. He was emphatically of the opinion that there is need for a searching review of university tradition—"a university should be neither a mere service station nor an ivory palace." He supported three contentions made by an earlier speaker: (1) that a university is not a machine devised for some particular purpose, but is more like a living organism; (2) that the pursuit of learning in a university is essentially a conversation; and (3) that a certain detachment is required in the contact of mind with mind which is really what makes a university.

Is there, then, any social purpose in the university? Agreeing with Lord Lindsay (one time Master of Balliol College, Oxford) Sir William Moberley said that the relation of the university to the community is "dialectical"—it both changes society and is changed by society. But, if the universities are successfully to challenge the assumptions of the modern world, they will have to get rid of undue departmentalism in their studies, and to concern themselves with the moral and emotional development of their students, as much as with their intellectual life. "Our disagreements about university policy," Sir William Moberly stated, "are due to our being very much at sea about the ultimate standard of value which we recognize." The eminent Cardinal Newman could not conceive of a university without a theological faculty as the very core of its being. And if, on the other hand, we shift our values to a positivist frame, we may be tempted to revert to the attitude of Herbert Spencer, who, in the '80's of last century, was consulted by Prince Ito, framer of the Japanese Constitution, and who wrote that Japan had, in her traditional arrangements, an unique foundation for natural well-being which should be maintained and fostered. In brief, he accepted the "situational ethics" which underlay the Japanese hierarchical system and equally informs the modern totalitarian systems of education and national polity.

The truth is that current ideas of the value of university life are shot through and through with the conception of man as either a creature of sin and grace, or a biological phenomenon, the product of social forces. Before regeneration be possible, we shall have to drink again at the wellspring of an universal philosophy, which has come down to us from ages past, and whose ideal man is (in the words of S. Radhakrishnan) "the free man of spirit who has attained insight into the universal source by rigid discipline and practice of disinterested virtues, who has freed himself from the prejudices of his time and place."

ENGLISH CORRESPONDENT

REVIEW

"THE THINGS THAT MAKE FOR PEACE"

THE September *Progressive* features an article, "A Total Offensive for Peace," by Walter Reuther, president of the Automobile Workers Union (CIO). Among all those who urge an all-out prosecution of the Korean war, Mr. Reuther may lay claim to giving the best proof of his genuine humanitarian intentions. His "peace offensive" involves a step that is particularly memorable, even though it will be memorably unpopular in all status-quo circles. In summary, he proposes that:

> For the next hundred years (1950-2050) the people of the United States through their government pledge themselves to make available through the United Nations an annual sum of $13 billion. (This, over the hundred-year period, will equal the final money cost—$1,300,000,000,000—of the last war to the American people.)
>
> Other nations will be asked to make similar investments in peace according to their ability, but the United States investment will not be conditional upon payments by other nations.

Reuther's elaboration of his proposal illuminates the radical quality of the UAW president's thought:

> The annual sum of $13 billion shall be made available to the peoples of all nations, including the Soviet Union and its satellite nations, on equal terms, subject to the conditions set forth below, and shall be allocated among the participating peoples according to a formula based on objective measures of their respective economic and social needs.

Though Mr. Reuther is hardly a "pacifist," he has here adopted one of the first principles of the Gandhians and the War Resisters—namely, that until one is prepared to make *all-out* sacrifices oneself in the cause of peace, *regardless of what any other persons or nations may do,* he is a man of much smoke and little fire. Reuther's further suggestions include a reasonable method for achieving total disarmament. Here, the same unusual theme appears:

> The refusal of one or more nations to cooperate in disarmament shall not affect the commitment of the people of the United States who shall nevertheless through their government make the $13 billion annual payment into the United Nation Fund for Economic and Social Construction.

There have been a number of worth-while proposals of a concrete nature for bettering the state of the world in recent months, but those familiar with such proposals have doubtless realized by this time that there is the vast and generalized problem of popular education to be solved before any of the more unconventional—and therefore more valuable solutions can hope for adequate public support. Reuther's *Progressive* article calls attention to this discouraging phase of the question by writing the following paragraph in italics:

> *The current Korean situation is a by-product of our failure in China. Communism did not succeed in China; we failed in China. Our failure in China was typical of the general failure of the West to understand or pay heed to the social dynamics and ferment that stir the exploited and oppressed Asiatic peoples. Western powers too often have attempted to sit on the lid and at best to treat the people of these countries as children, entitled only to second-class economic and political citizenship. Even the most enlightened type of colonial policy will not satisfy people who aspire to full independence.*

So, we return again to the province of education, for misdirected foreign policy always reflects whatever has been lacking in our own cultural approach to foreign peoples. Had our educational administrators and textbook writers been of a mind with one of H. G. Wells' suggestions, a great many things might have been different. Wells claimed we should pay no attention to any part of a national tradition, our own included, unless we could demonstrate that such portions included a unique contribution to *world* culture.

At present, we can think of no more "practical" way of encouraging proposals like Mr. Reuther's than by calling attention to conventional under-estimations of other people's ways of

thinking and doing things. When we suffer cultural delusions, we can hardly fail to be politically deluded as well. There *are* voices of cultural sanity, however, and they need to gradually be joined until we have a significant chorus.

In *Teaching and Scholarship,* a University of California professor of German, Franz Schneider, has stated the problem well, using as his text the following paragraph from Goethe:

> "Each nation has peculiarities whereby it distinguishes and differentiates itself from other nations, and it is these peculiarities and characteristics by which nations feel themselves separated from one another, attracted or repelled. The external manifestations of these inner characteristics seem to other peoples usually repulsive, or at best ridiculous. It is due to these peculiarities that we respect another nation always less than it deserves. The inner reasons, however, for these external peculiarities do not become known nor are they even recognized, whether by outsiders or by the respective peoples themselves, because this inner nature of a people, as in the case of the individual, acts quite unconsciously."
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> We teachers of languages and literatures above all others should be the ones who know all this and should in our teaching untiringly spread light and should interpret these idiosyncrasies in order that we may banish stupid prejudices, we thus would further effectively a deeper understanding of the common lot of man. If there ever is to be "peace on earth and good will among men," somewhere the bridges must be built that lead from peoples to peoples. The teacher of these languages and literatures is charged with this important task; it is his duty and his sovereign privilege to change the minds of those under his influence so that they will be less hard, more understanding.

Another approach to the same matter is furnished by Lynn White, President of Mills College. In his recent book, *Educating Our Daughters* (Harper, 1950), Dr. White finds space for criticizing our cultural bias. He was stimulated, no doubt, by his recognition that the education of women is always handicapped by the egotism of the "male intellectual aristocracy." But all of us, male or female, tend to discuss "world problems" without an adequate understanding of the differences in temperament, philosophy and psychology which are so marked between countries, particularly between Occident and non-Occident. (The "Non-Occident," incidentally, includes Russia.) Dr. White writes:

> We claim to be developing "complete" men and women, aware of the best that has been thought and felt by mankind, and so familiar with the path our race has traveled that they may be worthy members of our common pilgrimage. Yet in fact our colleges and universities have almost entirely disregarded the interests, aptitudes and accomplishments of three vast and overlapping segments of mankind: (1) the Orient, (2) the nine-tenths of humanity which until recently were socially submerged and (3) women. To phrase the matter differently, our education has been designed for the Occidental male aristocrat. The geographic, democratic and feminist revolutions, which have remade the world in which we live, have scarcely begun to affect our formal preparation to live in that world. . . . It will hardly be denied that many of the miscalculations of our foreign policy towards Asia, blunders for which we have paid and shall continue to pay in blood and gold, are in part traceable to the fact that we Americans limit our horizon with the blinders of a North Atlantic education which gives us no understanding of the ancient, proud and in many ways sophisticated peoples whom we face across the Pacific. If we insist on reading Great Books, possibly a list compiled from the non-Occidental traditions might do us more good at this particular moment of history when our power seems so greatly to have outrun our competence. And apart from any immediate expediency, how can we claim to be engaging in humanistic studies, the object of which is to know ourselves as human beings, if we fail to include the Orient within the scope of our instruction, not as an exotic but as a necessity?

The Things That Make For Peace are obviously all impulsions which encourage us to ferret out our own idiosyncrasies and wrongdoings, while simultaneously acknowledging the positive and constructive contributions of other peoples—even so-called "enemy" peoples. Such impulsions are, of course, somewhat indeterminate in origin, but our educators at least have an opportunity to encourage latent capacities for global understanding.

Though Americans may be able to claim "world leadership" of many sorts today, we are behind many of the orientals in our efforts to recover from culturally provinical myopia. As Dr. White says:

> It is ironic that the thin upper crust of cultivated Orientals is already getting a global education still unavailable to most Americans. The educated Syrian reads his *Koran* and Voltaire; the Chinese knows Mencius, Dewey and Bertrand Russell; the Hindu is familiar with the *Bhagavad-Gita* and Dickens. At times this produces a mere glib cosmopolitanism, but those of us who are fortunate enough to meet a good many educated Asiatics often have an uncomfortable sense of being intellectually outclassed: they have encompassed more of human experience than we. Unless our education catches up with the present fact of a world society, we of the West will lose the intellectual leadership which we have held in recent centuries.

It may be difficult to be "stronger" than anybody else, and not develop a little superciliousness about the less strong, but we had better get at trying, if we really think ourselves able to be "torch-bearers of civilization."

COMMENTARY
ENIGMA "SOLVED"

WE don't know much about the academic standing of Geoffrey Gorer, but we suspect that he has a fairly high rating, in view of the fact that the *New Statesman and Nation* occasionally calls upon him to do specialized reviews. A recent one provided scathing commentary on Harry Overstreet's *The Mature Mind*, calling the book shallow and generally ineffectual. Having already admired Mr. Overstreet's volume (in Review), we now note with some satisfaction that Dr. Gorer has himself exposed a sizeable Achilles' Heel of superficiality, if we may depend on some *Science News Letter* notes on his book (with John Rickman), *The People of Great Russia.*

The Russians, according to Dr. Gorer, swaddle their babies into rigid immobility. The consequences of this treatment of Soviet infants, we are told, is that the world must contend with a stubborn people whose characters have been warped by the diapered oppressions of infancy. "For several months, at least [writes Dr. Gorer], the Russian infant experiences intense but relatively undirected rage, and fears deriving from his projection of this rage on to the external world; as a result of this he develops a feeling of pervasive though unfocussed guilt."

One wonders if Dr. Gorer devotes a chapter of his book to making the obvious proposal—that a fifth column of astute nurses should be sneaked across the Russian borders. After winning the confidence of the Slavic Soul, they could quickly but firmly unswaddle all the babies from the Dnieper to the Lena, thus assuring a world peace some twenty or thirty years hence.

Those rapid Soviet switches from adamant opposition to smiling assent are also explained by Dr. Gorer. From tight swaddling confinement the Russian babe is suddenly liberated and fed at a bountiful breast. This jump from complete restraint to complete satisfaction is said to be reflected in the abrupt about-faces of Soviet diplomats.

All of which recalls a passage in Theodor Reik's book on Freud, reviewed in MANAS last week. Whether or not Gorer's "interpretation" of the Russians is supposed to have a Freudian origin, Freud's views on this sort of analysis are to the point. Freud, Reik tells us, held that analysis should never be used for polemical purposes—that it should always be employed with a *sympathetic* approach. The unsympathetic analysis is a valueless analysis. And, by a parity of reasoning, the superior, superficial account of the behavior of some 175 million people is a wholly valueless account.

CHILDREN
. . . and Ourselves

WE have lately been discussing the never-ending question of how to determine the amount of freedom a child or adolescent may "safely" be given. Freedom here, as always, must be regarded as the means to an end—or to many ends, and not as an end in itself. As occasional critics of this column have urged, all real education is moral education, and moral education is education in responsibility. But while a sense of responsibility, and knowledge of how to determine and fully discharge responsibilities, are indeed the ultimate goals of the educator, a growing freedom of initiative in choice is the prerequisite, since a *sense* of responsibility depends, in turn, upon a feeling of individual integrity. And one develops integrity only by initiating his own thoughts and deeds and wholeheartedly assuming the responsibility for their consequences.

To agree with the many educators who insist that parents habitually attempt to impose their own conceptions of value on the child, when they might better allow their young ones more initiative, is not really to minimize the importance of intelligent guidance. When we have quoted Marietta Johnson, Homer Lane, A. S. Neill and others, we have been citing teachers who have proved their ability to encourage a sense of moral responsibility in young persons. Family and social responsibility and personal integrity of the young were the ultimate goals for all these teachers, whose originality was derived chiefly from the high regard of each for the inherent sense of morality in children. That these unorthodox teachers stressed the need for allowing children a maximum freedom of choice meant only that they thought "the longest way around was the shortest way home" in development of Responsibility. The record of their dealings with the young show, too, that each child they contacted was kept busy with determining the "morality" of his actions or ambitions—even though no lectures were given on what "ought" to be done, nor any dire prophecies made a part of the daily fare.

To "lecture" parents on their presumed psychological failings, also, we should like to suggest, is not necessarily to be contemptuous of usual efforts at parental guidance. The point is that parental guidance is so crucially important that it cannot afford to be inadequate or misconceived. If we were writing this column principally for child or adolescent readers, we should certainly tell them to weigh carefully every suggestion or view proffered by their parents—that, even if parents happened to be wrong, a great deal of value could be gained from pondering their parents' counsels, and that they must not forget their own conspicuous lack of practical experience. But to tell this to adult readers is to carry coals to Newcastle. The important thing for us adults is to learn to challenge *ourselves*, not our children, and to castigate ourselves, if necessary, for any failings. Our constant need for cautioning the young will mean that we are "challenging" *them* all the time, anyway. So, while we have received several communications protesting our "tendency to make all children saints and all parents devils," we continue to favor the values to be gained from parent criticism. Of course, one can be an extremist here, also. The following excerpt from a subscriber's letter, for instance, may, at least at first glance, sound a bit impractical:

> To think that some children themselves grow up to be parents with Educational Formulas! *Par Dieu!* Some day, when I become sufficiently enraged, I'm going to lead the kids on a great Crusade against their "Elders." All persons over 21 will be thrust into vast, pleasant cages where they'll be fed books (especially all sorts of "Manuals"), plus a little water. And when all the wise "grownups" are rounded up and redomiciled, I'll be glad to get in there with them; even though I'd be torn limb from limb, it would be worth it!

Another communication at hand is a bit more measured. Though it "honors the child," at least the parents are granted a function. This piece is

called "The Chemistry of Guidance," and the analogy seems a good one:

The traditional attitude assumed by a parent is that of a Sovereign. From on high, the assured parental Power peremptorily attempts to shape the puzzled child's character and destiny.

> Usually, pride or prejudice alone decides the sort of "'wisdom" the parent-overseer hastens to employ in dealing with the innocent chattel (yes, "chattel," by virtue of faulty parental recognition). This type of "guidance" is, at best, emotional; at worst, inane.
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> There is a type of "guidance" which is promotional, or, *catalytic;* by which is meant that the parent in this instance serves as an *agent* dedicated to the task of bringing about a *creative* fusion of those elements of character which, in a child, are as yet unrelated, or even are antagonistic to one another and to the child's welfare. The degree of merit in "guidance" is decided solely by the level of the parent's progressive (as opposed to static) intelligence.
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> In chemistry, the agent known as a "catalyst" serves to unite various substances, thus prompting integration in place of separateness. The substances capable of fusion (via catalysis) are known as "crystalloids." These may be combined in solution, and are amenable to crystallization. Now, in a child, diverse elements of temperament—the child's *traits*—are viewable as "crystalloids." These separate and disunited elements require, for their effective utilization (personal and social, comprising "character development"), the constructive influence upon them of a genuine "catalyst." The child's *possible* catalytic agent is the parental *mind.*
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> If the parental intelligence be shallow, tyrannous, apprehensive, self-confirming, the subjected child's nature is doomed to suffer disruptive imposition, rather than "guidance." Such imposition prevailing, the child's traits—comparable, by our analogy, to fundamental "crystalloids,"—remain unbalanced, with the result that the parentally *misdirected* youngster becomes more and more at odds with self and with the ignorantly malchemic (disastrously alchemistic) parent.
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> Hence it is that a parent, in justice to the child's plastic character, must serve as an astute "catalyst," a sort of Spiritual Chemist, rather than as a mere Merlinish contriver of spells, punishments, and gratuities.

To explore the specific ways in which parents may awake a "sense of responsibility" is a major task. We have only so far determined that it cannot be done by lectures, or reward-and-punishment suasion.

FRONTIERS

New Ideas at Work

IV

A DISCUSSION of the healing arts is something like a discussion of religious truth extremely difficult and often misleading. If Dr. Alexis Carrel was right—and we think he was—then the problem of health and the care of illnesses is an individual problem: so many patients, so many diseases. It follows that far more of "intuition" and the intangibles of body-mind relationships enter into the practice of healing than has been admitted by orthodox medicine.

In any event, there can be no doubt that the "art" side of medicine has become increasingly important in recent years. Dr. Freud, who was a subject of last week's Review, has had an enormous influence with respect to the methods he employed, as well as with respect to the so-called Freudian "doctrines." The analogy between literary geniuses and great doctors of the mind is now fairly established. What is needed for healing the wounded psyche is understanding of human nature the kind of understanding possessed by Shakespeare, by Dostoevsky—and it is no accident that the literature of mental ills contains frequent references to literary masterpieces. The new knowledge of psychosomatic sickness brought still greater emphasis to the subjective side of the doctor's knowledge, suggesting that, in time, it will be openly recognized that a healer is a man who has gained by trial and struggle a rare perceptiveness into the causes of human suffering, and that a degree from some recognized school of allopathy no more signifies that a man is a healer than a degree of doctor of philosophy signifies that a man is a philosopher.

There are hazards, of course, in the breakdown of any orthodoxy. The breakdown of medical orthodoxy will undoubtedly assist the charlatan and pretender in medicine, although some may feel that there has been, already, too much reliance upon the authority of a degree in medicine, and too little interest on the part of the patient in choosing his doctor on the basis of personal judgment. Finding the right doctor, for many people, is very much like joining the right church, and such trusting delivery of oneself into the care of a physician smacks a little of the expectation of a miracle, but at the hands of a man of science rather than of a priest.

Now and then, a doctor who has become widely known through his success in conventional practice follows a new inspiration which leads him away from well-trodden patios of medical orthodoxy. Such a man was the English physician, Edward Bach, who left an extremely profitable Harley Street practice to wander through the fields near Cromer, in Norfolk, in search of herbs with healing properties. As he found the right herbs, he began treating the village folk without charge. Soon he was forced to engage assistants who became "teams of workers" in teaching the use of the herbs. In time, he had letters from all over the world, telling of the excellent results obtained from his remedies. This, as Nora Weeks' book, *The Medical Discoveries of Edward Bach, Physician*, relates, "gave him much satisfaction, for the great aim of all his work had been to find remedies which could be used by everyone, were they possessed of medical knowledge or not." When the English General Medical Council objected to this use of "unqualified assistants," Bach wrote this letter to the President of the Council:

> Having received the notification of the Council concerning work with unqualified assistants, it is only honourable to inform you that I am working with several, and shall continue to do so.
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> As I have previously informed the Council, I consider it the duty and privilege of any physician to teach the sick and others how to heal themselves.
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> I leave it entirely to your discretion as to the course you take.
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> Having proved that the herbs of the field are so simple to use and so wonderfully effective in their healing powers, I deserted orthodox medicine.

Bach fully expected that drastic steps would be taken by the Council, but apparently, either the value of his work or the sincerity of his purpose was recognized, for he never heard from the Council again.

Bach's evolution as a healer is of particular interest. He finished his medical training at the London University Hospital in 1912. Entering practice, he soon became discouraged by what seemed to him the inadequate results of orthodox treatment. As Miss Weeks puts it:

> The apparent failure was, he felt, due to the fact that the majority of medical men had little opportunity to study their patients. They were kept too busy to think of the human side, concentrating too much on the physical body, and so forgetting that each individual was not in any respect built to pattern.
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> They were taught to be so concerned with disease that they ignored the personality of the human being, and he was convinced that in this way they were neglecting the most important symptoms of the patient.

Bach kept on searching. He became a bacteriologist. To treat intestinal toxemia, he developed a vaccine from the intestinal bacteria found in the patient's bloodstream, obtaining extraordinary results. He disliked, however, the vaccination method, and reduced the number of injections to as few as possible. Although enormously successful, professionally, he was not satisfied with his methods, and devoted more and more of his time to research. In 1919 he read for the first time the *Organon* of Hahnemann, the founder of homeopathy. At once convinced of Hahnemann's greatness, Bach learned to prepare his vaccines in homeopathic form for administration by mouth. These remedies were called the Bach Nosodes, of which there were seven, corresponding to his classification of bacteria into seven main groups. Bach was now eminent in his profession, with associates who helped him carry out his program of experimentation and research. But Bach was on the verge of a personal revolution in his healing methods. In 1928, he spoke before the British Homeopathic Society in London, saying, in the course of his remarks:

> I wish it were possible that we could present to you seven herbs instead of seven groups of bacteria, because there always seems to be some reluctance in the minds of many to use anything associated with disease in the treatment of pathological conditions.

He was already experimenting with herbs, but found that the "remedies of the meadow and of Nature, when potentised, are of positive polarity," while the bacterial nosodes possessed the reverset potentiality which was so essential to the results that were being obtained with patients.

In the spring of 1930, at the age of 43, Bach determined to begin a new life. He burned his papers, smashed his syringes and vaccine bottles, and left London—taking with him only the little money gained from the sale of his laboratory. He had no other funds, for all his income had been spent on his research. He became a country herbalist, and he never again charged a patient a fee—"he had grown more and more to feel that those who had this privilege of doing this work of healing should be prepared to give their services, for health was not a commercial commodity, but something which was the right of every individual. . . ." His work was continued with gifts from patients and understanding friends. Henceforth, the story of Edward Bach becomes a sort of medieval legend. The secret of potentizing his herbal remedies he learned from the dewdrops which nestled within the petals of the flowers of the English fields. This dew, he found, possessed great healing potency, especially when the dew had been exposed to the sun's rays. Accordingly, he prepared his tinctures from water in which the blossoms had floated for several hours, in the bright sunlight.

From his student days, Bach had been convinced that the temperament of the patient, his mood and psychological makeup, were as important considerations in prescribing treatment as the particular disease that afflicted him. Now,

as he perfected his herbal method of treatment, he prepared his tinctures to correspond with *psychic* states rather than specific diseases. As Miss Weeks describes his approach:

> As far as his researches had progressed he had reached the conclusion that the health of the body was controlled by the state of mind, and that the varying moods and feelings were the indications for the remedies required, irrespective of the bodily complaint.
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> Also, as no two types of individuals were exactly alike in their reactions or needs, they would be affected differently by the same disease and would, therefore, need different remedies for their healing.... Single remedies or combinations of remedies would be required according to the mood or moods present during the course of the illness. . . .

Eventually, Bach compiled the fruits of his experience and knowledge of herbs in a book, *The Twelve Healers and Other Remedies*, the "twelve healers" being the particular countryside flowers or herbs upon which his method of healing was based. After publication of the third edition of this work (C. W. Daniel Co., England), in 1936, Bach's labors of discovery were virtually complete. He died soon after. He had lived only fifty years, and only in the last six years had he devoted himself fully to what he regarded as his true calling. But in that brief period he had worked furiously, learning from Nature, and teaching to others what he had learned.

Some will say that the work of Edward Bach instructs us in the potency of flowers and the beneficence of natural methods of healing. And this seems to be true; but more than anything, his story revives a faith in those ancient mysticisms of the healer's art—ideas and convictions which seem as old as man, yet which must be rediscovered anew in an age of mechanical theory and the alienation of man from the spirit of Nature.