

ART AND TECHNOLOGY

THE present has several appropriate designations. It is often called the Age of Power or the Age of Technology. A few years ago men spoke of the Age of Reason and the Age of Science. After the second world war, a growing pessimism led to expressions like the Lost Age, the Age of Fear, or the Age of Nihilist Revolution. All these ideas have application to our time, but, from the viewpoint of what is to come, or what we hope may come out of present confusion, the best designation may be the Age of Criticism.

There is a popular and often shallow tendency to condemn "mere" criticism as "negative." But criticism may be of the greatest importance, depending upon its reference-points—the standards in terms of which it is offered. Useful criticism is impossible without clear self-consciousness, and the great forward movements of history go sour because men do not have sufficient awareness to recognize when a progressive force loses its positive energy and begins to eat into the fabric of civilization with the acids of aimless self-indulgence and pious pretense.

One of the primary problems of our technological society has been that we have no idea how to render the social and economic forms of this society into means to genuine culture. The shiny fruits of technology are produced without reference to cultural values and create states of mind which are oblivious to them. We find ourselves the victims of these soulless offspring of the machine—bound to continue to make them in order to feed and house ourselves, while feeling a growing suspicion and contempt for the objectives which they represent. Our theories of the good life all date from an epoch in which modern technology was in the making—when it was naïvely supposed that scientific and mechanical progress would at last bring on the Utopia of

which philosophers and poets had vainly dreamed. An almost religious fervor was associated with these expectations, and now, as we begin to see that they are not coming true, we have nothing to fall back on, no alternative theory of the good life to give us a new hope.

Hope, then, lies in only one place in searching criticism of the intellectual and moral foundations of our technological society. And it must be a kind of criticism which goes beyond the obvious comment that modern man has not been able to make his moral consciousness keep pace with mechanical progress, which has more to say than that the nervous tension of modern life is making neuroticism almost "natural" in our society.

Almost anyone who reads a book or two can make this sort of criticism. The need is rather for judgments which grow out of profound faith in the potentialities for good in human beings, which seek means for establishing new cultural traditions to evoke and foster that good instead of sealing it off from expression.

It is possible, we think, to find encouragement in the fact that in practically every field of human endeavor and inquiry there are today critics who examine the present from this point of view. MANAS has extensively noticed the writings of psychotherapists who embody this outlook—men like Erich Fromm and one or two others—and given attention to novelists whose works reflect the same spirit. It is natural for psychiatrists and novelists to lead in criticism of this sort, since both are primarily workers in the field of human motives, feelings, and thinking, and both may be called "clinicians"—the one group as healers, the other as artists. But before broad reforms can be instituted—before thorough-going processes of regeneration can set in—these criticisms must be repeated and explored by others

on a culture-wide scale. We now have evidence of the spread of this outlook to the fields of art and technology.

Art and technology seem to be polar opposites in the cultural scheme. The arts are, so to say, the ageless aspect of any society. That is, they represent the side of human activity which, like man himself, cannot be "improved" by technology. Technology may supply the arts with techniques, but the art that is produced in a technological age does not depend upon technology for its excellence. It depends upon artists. And in an age in which the delusions common to technological enterprise set the tone of culture, the artist becomes either a revolutionary, an alienated man, or a beguiled and betrayed individual who has lost the true sense of his calling. It is a development of great significance, therefore, that fundamental criticism is now arising from both the arts and technology.

Readers will recall discussions in these pages of critical studies of the arts by Ortega y Gasset and Grace Clements. Not very much has been said here about the arts for the reason that we have not really known what to say, although there was a strong feeling that something *ought* to be said. Now a book has appeared which seems to reach a fundamental outlook concerning the role of the arts in human life. One hopes there will be many such books, that André Malraux' *The Voices of Silence* is but the beginning of a cycle of critical synthesizing thinking on the arts.

To represent critical thinking in technology, we have a passage from a recent address by Charles Lindbergh. Lindbergh, it seems to us, is an appropriate choice in this respect. His personal stature has never been overshadowed by the machines of which he is both operator and designer. Flying machines, moreover, are especially representative of the genius of modern technology. They are somehow a symbol of transcendence in mechanical terms. If there is a glory in machines, the aeroplane embodies it. If there is romance in flying, the flying machines

supply it with a vehicle, as Exupèry showed in *Wind, Sand, and Stars*. Lindbergh, we may add, is the only man we can think of who appears on the modern scene in the role of a hero—a hero, incidentally, whose most notable achievements are not connected with the mass execution of modern war.

Last January 25, Colonel Lindbergh spoke at the Aeronautical Sciences Honors Night Dinner. Here is no blind admiration for technology, but a call to scale the exploits of science to *human* dimensions:

This mid-century generation we represent stands on amazing accomplishments, but faces alarming problems. We have wiped out a city with a single bomb, but how can we use this fact to heighten our civilization? We build aircraft by the tens of thousands in our factories, but what will our factories build in the character of their personnel—not only in our generation, but in our children's, and their children's? We tie all countries together, put each doorstep on a universal ocean, but how are we to direct these accomplishments to improve the basic qualities of life? In emphasizing force, efficiency, and speed, are we losing a humility, simplicity and tranquility without which we cannot indefinitely hold our own, even in worldly competition?

These are the problems of human power, of long-term survival upon earth. We have shown what man can make of science. Now it is a question of what our scientific environment will make of man, for an environment affects the form and thought of each new generation. To date, the results of science have been primarily materialistic. We have measured success by our products rather than ourselves. A materialism which over-emphasizes short-term survival detracts from the humanism essential to long-term survival. We must remember that it was not the outer grandeur of the Roman, but the inner simplicity of the Christian that lived on through the ages.

I have stated a problem. You have the right to ask for a solution. I believe the solution lies in each individual, through the standards he holds; that it lies not in political parties or radical movements, but in human values and gradual trends; not in a greater complication, but in a greater simplicity of life. In other words, I believe that the solution lies within ourselves, and that we can find it nowhere else. Our

parties, movements, laws, and codes are important, but they are only outward manifestations of our inward values. The excessive materialism of the modern world is a reflection of the excessive materialism in modern man. Nothing is gained by attacking the reflection; we must concentrate on the source; and in doing so, we can be successful only by bringing to our assistance the factors of trend, faith, and time. Unexpanded by the time dimension, flattened on a momentary mental screen, the chaos of our modern world is staggering. We watch assemblies and conferences bog down until we realize that man has not the wisdom to solve his problems by any sweeping, detailed plan. But when we add the scope of time, and release in it the catalyst of faith, the future clarifies, and we see that, within the bounds of natural law, man's destiny is shaped by man's desire. We desired a mechanistic civilization, and we achieved one. To achieve a civilization based on human values requires the desire within ourselves. If we actually have that desire, our scientific, industrial, and military forces will fall, automatically, into line behind it, supporting with material strength the human qualities essential to over-all power and permanent survival.

But we must have more than an intellectual desire, filed away in the archives of idea. It must enter the roots of our being until it shapes our action instinctively as well as through the conscious mind, until we see the producer as more important than his product, and find it no sacrifice to renounce material standards of success—until we realize in our bones as well as our brains that the character of man still forms the essential core of lasting civilization.

Lindbergh certainly has the right to speak to our technological condition. While his criticism and proposal are in a sense "abstract," they do place first things first by insisting that technology is for man, that man is not for technology.

Turning to the arts, André Malraux' *The Voices of Silence* suggests that, in a similar way, the arts have lost sight of man. Malraux sets out by showing that a "museum" is a modern innovation which would have horrified the ancients. A picture or a piece of sculpture is not a "thing," but a reference to some larger meaning. Among the Chinese, he points out, "A painting was not exhibited, but unfurled before an art-lover in a fitting state of grace; its function was to

deepen and enhance his communion with the universe." Further:

The practice of pitting works of art against each other, an intellectual activity, is at the opposite pole from the mood of relaxation which alone makes contemplation possible. To the Asiatic's thinking an art collection (except for educational purposes) is as preposterous as would be a concert in which one listened to a programme of ill-assorted pieces following in unbroken succession.

Malraux makes no tirade against museums, of course; probably, like the rest of us, he finds museums useful enough. What he is concerned about is the separation of art from life and the meaning of life. In the latter part of this book—which amounts to a psychoanalysis of "art—he says:

Every day the incapacity of modern civilization for giving forms to its spiritual values—even by way of Rome—becomes more apparent. Where once soared the cathedral, now rises ignominiously some pseudo-romanesque or pseudo-gothic edifice—or else the "modern" church, from which Christ is absent. There remains the Mass said on the mountaintop (whose insidious perils the Church was quick to realize). Indeed the only setting worthy of itself—outside the Church—that the Mass has found in our times was the barbed wire of the camps. It is a thought-provoking fact that Christianity, though it still delivers men from fear of death's extinction, and alone gives form (in the highest sense of the term) to their last end, should be so incapable today of giving its churches a style enabling Christ to be Himself in them. . . . Surely that little pseudo-Gothic church on Broadway, hidden among the sky-scrapers, is symbolic of the age! On the whole face of the globe the civilization that has conquered it has failed to build a temple or a tomb.

Agnosticism is no new thing; what is new is an agnostic culture. . . . The art of a living religion is not an insurance against death but man's defence against the iron hand of destiny by means of a vast communion. The nature of this communion has varied with the ages; sometimes it instilled in man a fellow-feeling for his neighbor, for all who suffer, or even for all forms of life; sometimes it was of a vaguer order, sentimental or metaphysical. Our culture is the first to have lost all sense of it, and it has also lost its trust in Reason, now that the knowledge that the thinking mind is incapable of

regulating even the most ordinary activities of life has come to play a leading part in our modern civilization—which, moreover, declines to regulate its irrationality. Thus, thrown back on himself, the individual realizes that he counts for pitifully little, and that even the "supermen" who once fired his enthusiasm were human, all too human. An individualism which has got beyond the stage of hedonism tends to yield to the lure of the grandiose. It was not man, the individual, nor even the Supreme Being, that Robespierre set up against Christ; it was that Leviathan, the Nation. The myth of Man—which both preceded that of the individual and outlasted it was similarly affected. The very question "Is man dead?" carries an implication that he is Man, not a mere by-product of creative evolution, in so far as he applies himself to building up his personality in terms of what is loftiest in him—that part of his Ego which is rarely centered wholly on himself.

Malraux celebrates the creative spirit in man, and concludes:

Humanism does not consist in saying: "No animal could have done what we have done," but in declaring: "We have refused to do what the beast within us willed to do, and we wish to rediscover man wherever we discover that which seeks to crush him to the dust." . . .

It is as though from the disasters overtaking a society which has allowed itself to grow carelessly anti-human has been born a new reverence for the human spirit. This is the inspiration of those who care for the sick at heart, the sick in mind, and it is the inspiration of patriots like Lindbergh, of artists like Malraux. One senses that the tired world waits for this inspiration to take on the flesh and blood of action, for the criticism of the modern world to become so searching that it translates itself into a new affirmation in the lives of those who are to become the leaders of the world to come.

Letter from **CENTRAL EUROPE**

INNSBRUCK.—During the past four or five centuries, the development of Austria and Germany has depended mainly on their dynasties. Austria was ruled by the Hapsburgs who, calling themselves Kaiser von Deutschland, extended their empire chiefly by marriages and at the beginning of the twentieth century ruled a territory which embraced only a small percentage of people of German blood; the other parts were represented by the Hungarians, the Czechs, the Croats, the Bosnians, the Slovaks, the Poles and others. The Hapsburgs themselves and most of those national minorities belonged to the Roman Catholic Church which exerted (and still maintains) great influence in these provinces.

Much of Germany (as founded in 1871) had originally also belonged to the Empire of the Hapsburg Kaisers. Once of little importance, Germany had—through the guidance of the Princes of Hohenzollern—slowly gained political stature. Under the name of Prussia, it fought against Austria, and, in the time of Napoleon, defended its sovereignty against France and other nations. In 1886 the last collision between Prussia and Austria took place. A few years later the German Empire arose under the leadership of the Hohenzollerns of Prussia, equal to the Austrian Empire under the leadership of the Hapsburgs. And at the beginning of the twentieth century both became Allies.

With the beginning of World War I, French, British and American propaganda tried to make the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns responsible for the outbreak of the hostilities—for cruelties, for massacres and many other gruesome things. And, since both dynasties were crushed in 1918, the influence of that propaganda lasted up to the end of World War II. During recent years, however, Western statesmen have variously emphasized that it has been a great mistake to blame those dynasties and remove them, as they had ruled as democratic princes and would certainly have stopped the extension of National Socialism as well as of Bolshevism (into Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and so on). There can be no doubt that the Hapsburgs showed some signs of decadence. The crown prince had committed suicide, other archdukes had shown little zeal for responsibility (during the endless reign of Franz Joseph), and—as a national disaster—the pretender to the throne and his wife were murdered at Serajevo. But in general, they doubtless were less adventurous in politics than the small

national governments which succeeded them. The Hohenzollerns, belonging to the Reformed (Evangelical) Church, were more powerful. As Kings of Prussia, they had distinguished themselves as sober and temperate, economical, representative in their family life and as regarding (after Kant) the "practice of duty" as their highest principle.

After 1919 Austria's entire population was only six millions of German-speaking people. There followed a consequence of the Treaties of Versailles and Trianon which the Entente (and especially France) had probably not anticipated—the remaining torso of the former Empire endeavoured to join its big brother Germany.

At the beginning of the twenties, the Austrian Parliament voted for unification with Germany, but the Western Powers (and especially France) refused permission. Years later, the desire of both governments to conclude at least an economic union was also put aside by the Westerners, until Hitler united Austria with Germany without asking anybody.

Since 1945, the Allies (Westerners and Easterners) have tried to sever all connections between Germany and Austria. It was even made impossible to travel from one country into the other. But race, history, and circumstances are more powerful than ordinances, in the end. The peoples so restricted felt that whatever the Allies did was wrong, as it prohibited a natural development. What could be more natural than a fraternal relation between two nations which are neighbours and speak the same language?

It is interesting to observe that the Allies—contrary to their original intentions—now see no chance of separating the Austrian problem from the German problem. Even at the Berlin Conference in January, 1954, they were listed together on the programme.

CENTRAL EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT

REVIEW

BIOGRAPHY OF A BANKER

THIS foray into the regions of high finance will have little to do with money, and will mention economic theory only in passing, since these are questions we gladly leave to minds better schooled in such subjects. It is the rather impressive evidence in Marriner Eccles' *Beckoning Frontiers* that bankers may also be quite human which lured us into discussing this book. There is value, moreover, in a journal with occasional anarchist sympathies, to make especial effort to appreciate those who represent quite other views. In this case, however, it is no effort at all, for Marriner Eccles seems much more a man than a banker, and this is all we ask of any human being.

We came upon this book (Knopf, 1951) at the recommendation of a friend who urged its reading for a particular passage—a passage which we forgot how to identify and never found. What we did find, instead, is a man of stubborn integrity pursuing a course of principle in public life. The book recalls the feelings engendered by another such book—*Breaking New Ground*, by Gifford Pinchot—from which one also learns to respect those who undertake a career in public life from motives Plato would have honored: in order to fulfill a public trust.

A second virtue of this book is the contrast between generations which it presents. David Eccles, Marriner Eccles' father, arrived in the United States, an immigrant from Scotland, about the time that the Battle of Gettysburg was being fought. The Eccles, having become Mormons in Scotland, settled in Huntsville, Utah, then a three-year-old town east of Ogden. David was only fourteen years old, and since there was a schoolteacher in Huntsville, he hoped now to learn to read and write. The family was so poor, however—David's father being half blind, and the trip having been financed by the Mormon Church—that the boy had no time for schooling until he was twenty-one.

Since this is not the story of David Eccles, but of his son, Marriner, we may conclude the account of his fortunes with Marriner Eccles' report of what his father left at the time of his death in 1912.

He was only sixty-three. The news left me numb with shock.

The very character of the inheritance he left summarized the economic capabilities of the nineteenth century. Though the entire cash capital of the Mormons in Utah in 1847 has been estimated at about \$3,000, my father's own estate was appraised for state inheritance tax purposes at more than \$7,000,000. By present-day values, this would be equal to over \$25,000,000. The state tax was five per cent; there was no federal tax.

Its size, however, was not so important as the way it had been built up. It owed nothing to a windfall discovery or development of a rich gold, silver or copper mine or an oil field, or even to the growth of a giant city. It was built through courage, hard work, self-denial, thrift, and a clear view of the kind of economic development that could succeed in a new area. It was built by the development of lumber operations, sugar factories, coal mines, heavy construction, banking, and utilities.

One of the fascinating things about Marriner Eccles is that, in order to point to the historical significance of the achievements of men like his father, he quotes the impressive tribute to the productive capacities of the bourgeoisie inserted by Karl Marx in the *Communist Manifesto* of 1848. David Eccles was an unusual man who won the respect of his son, but the son, in his own years of wisdom, came to recognize things which the enterprising individualists of the nineteenth century were unable even to consider. As Eccles says:

Though Theodore Roosevelt's *New Nationalism*, Woodrow Wilson's *New Freedom*, and Louis D. Brandeis' *Curse of Bigness* plotted the storm that was to crash on our years with such force, their warnings left my father cold. He had built his works by himself, owned many of them outright, and ran them all in a direct and personal way. He saw no reason why other men could not or should not re-create themselves in his image, providing, of course, they were left free to use their wits and will without

governmental interference.

All this I, too, believed until the fortieth year of my life. That is to say, for almost two decades after my father's death I was somehow blind to the shape of the interdependent and industrialized society he, and others like him, helped create. The magic words of his career had been "thrift" and "hard work." They multiplied benefits in his day. I thought they could always do that. It took a general economic collapse to show that "thrift" as it was practiced—quite correctly—in a former epoch, could, in the present one, be a source of great danger to the nation as a whole when practiced in excess. . . .

Those who read no further in this book may take a statement of this sort to be the fuzzy or visionary thinking said to be typical of "New Deal" economics. The interesting thing about this book, however, is its sensible, down-to-earth analysis of why Mr. Eccles believed as he did. After his father's death, Marriner Eccles was increasingly drawn into the banking business. When, in 1931, the banks of that region of the country began to fail, it was his extraordinary presence of mind and daring which saved from ruin not only the banks under his control, but other banking institutions in Utah as well. It was at about this time that he began to reconsider the "business philosophy" he had inherited from his father. He began to see the "dangers inherent in the concentration of productive forces in fewer and fewer hands." He laid down a principle and drew a conclusion:

As mass production has to be accompanied by mass consumption, mass consumption, in turn, implies a distribution of wealth—not of existing wealth, but of wealth as it is currently produced—to provide men with buying power equal to the amount of goods and services of offered by the nation's economic machinery. Instead of achieving that kind of distribution, a giant suction pump had by 1929-30 drawn into a few hands an increasing portion of currently produced wealth. This served them as capital accumulations. But by taking purchasing power out of the hands of mass consumers, the savers denied to themselves the kind of effective demand for their products that would justify a reinvestment of their capital accumulations in new plants. In consequence, as in a poker game where the chips were concentrated in fewer and fewer hands, the other

fellows could stay in the game only by borrowing. When their credit ran out, the game stopped.

Those who frown by principle on the "deficit spending" which Eccles proposed as a solution ought to read this book carefully. It contains what is perhaps properly called "Keynesian" thinking, but Eccles had not even heard of Keynes when he worked it out in his own mind. It was a solution that seemed sensible to him as an American banker. Called before the Senate Finance Committee to testify, he expressed "radical views" which were shared by no one except Ralph Flanders, later to become a Senator from Vermont, and David Stern, the Philadelphia publisher. As a matter of fact, Eccles was a "New Dealer" long before Franklin Roosevelt decided to admit that an unbalanced budget might be the only way out of the Depression.

If Stuart Chase had not been late for a speech he was to make in 1933 before some Utah businessmen, Marriner Eccles might never have become a public servant. But Chase was late, and Eccles was asked to pinch-hit as a speaker. Chase arrived at the tail-end of Eccles' impromptu remarks, and the two later met in a restaurant. Chase questioned the banker, said that Eccles had carried his thinking further than Chase had himself been able to do. This led to a meeting between Eccles and Rex Tugwell, after which Tugwell "expressed surprise that a banker could urge a program of logical radicalism."

At this point, the stage broadens to include the national scene and the ordeal of the Depression. Eccles was drawn into the service of the Government, first in the Treasury Department as special adviser to Henry Morgenthau, and later as Governor of the Federal Reserve Board. He went to Washington, planning to stay only a year, but remained for seventeen years.

There is high drama in this book—the drama in the work of a man who never gave up his convictions and was never deterred from acting on them by fear of opposition or personal loss. While the subject of banking and finance is a

complicated one, we know of no book which brings these matters so clearly within the grasp of the layman. This quality of clarity is, we think, characteristic of all intelligent men who insist upon thinking for themselves, and who accept no tradition which seems to have lost its usefulness, or, at least, its pertinence under conventional interpretation. The pervading temper of the book is conveyed in these concluding paragraphs:

One final word. We all face the lure of a beckoning frontier where, in a world at peace, we can use our human and material resources for the well-being of all men. But whether we have permanent peace will depend on a foreign policy that understands the historical posture in which a large part of the world now finds itself. A large part of the world is in a state of revolution. We view it as Communist-inspired, and try to buy it off with dollars or settle it by war. We must recognize that the Communists only exploit existing unrest and will continue to do so unless we ourselves deal with the underlying causes of world-wide revolution. I am disposed to agree with Supreme Court Justice Douglas, who recently said:

"American foreign policy never has been addressed to the conditions under which these revolutions flourish. We send technical experts to help in seed selection, soil conservation, malaria controls and the like. But we never raise our voices for reforms of the vicious tenancy system . . . under which increased production works to the benefit of the few. We talk about democracy and justice, and at the same time we support regimes in those countries whose object is to keep both democracy and justice out of the reach of the peasants for all time."

Even in our own country we face an ironic paradox. The economic and social problems that are glossed over during a period of defense production or war will come to the fore with increasing severity if we at last attain the sought-for world at peace. How fully to produce and distribute our abundance under conditions of full employment within the framework of our free-enterprise system will continue to be the great challenge for future generations.

COMMENTARY "RADICAL" BANKER

THE idea that Marriner Eccles is a "radical" banker (see Review) if left without explanation, may be a bit misleading. For too many people, "radical" means irresponsible, visionary, impractical, or possessed by a desire to take things away from people who have and give them to people who have not. Actually, a radical, by classical definition, is one who tries to get to the root of any problem. In this sense, Tugwell's designation of Eccles' views as "logical radicalism" seems appropriate.

What was fresh and original in Eccles' approach to the financial problems precipitated by the Depression was his belief that a Spartan attempt to balance the budget made no economic sense. His contention, as quoted in Review, was that the wealth of the nation had been concentrated in the hands of the few, and that the restoration of buying power would not come about through government economies. He maintained that unless the lost buying power of the third of the working population which was unemployed could be regained, no application of old-fashioned principles in government would help the situation.

He proposed that in bad times, the government should provide a cushion against unemployment through long-term construction projects. This would restore buying power to the workers so employed, with the result that the idle private capital which had been withdrawn from business because there was no point in making things that people without money could not buy, would eventually be attracted to support a new cycle of expansion for industry. Then, when prosperity prevailed, the Government should practice the economy that was preached by orthodox bankers during the early days of the Depression. The surpluses accumulated in this way would thus be available when there was another need to support buying power through public works.

In this theory, the Government has the responsibility of redressing the balance between the potentials of production and consumption, and so long as there is a tendency for a handful of

individuals and corporations to drain off the prosperity of the country, it is difficult to see how any other solution—short of revolution—can be made to work.

What Eccles was perhaps a little optimistic about is the willingness of government officials to save during good times. It is here that the sound common sense of the doctrine of deficit spending is likely to break down, since government, unlike private individuals, is a composite entity made up of men with political motives who may not even be in office when bad times come 'round again.

It is difficult, of course, to reconcile oneself to the slightly immoral tone of "deficit" spending. The point, here, is that the wrong has already been accomplished when the depression arrives. Deficit spending is an *institutional* solution for problems created by irresponsible individualism, and the critics of depression measures by the Government usually ignore the offenses of individualism while condemning the steps taken to ameliorate their effects. The chorus of opposition to deficit spending, when first proposed, sounded like a bankers' version of an old-time revival meeting, each one quoting scripture a little louder than his fellows. It was only after years of anguish, of seemingly endless breadlines in the great cities, with tragedy haunting the well-to-do as much as the poor, that the "radical" proposals of men like Eccles began to win support.

What makes Eccles worth writing about is the fear, in business and financial circles, of anything resembling a new idea. It is the departure from custom which frightens the business community, and a businessman who is free from the hypnotic spell of conventional theory and practice deserves all our respect.

CHILDREN ... and Ourselves

WHILE we are not the first enthusiasts to consider retreating, a bit sheepishly, from the prospect of talking in great detail about "what Nature can teach us," we are thoroughly convinced that this is a dimension of education which the theorists seldom notice. When the Deweys and Hutchins', the Chalmers', Whites and Kilpatricks finish their arguments, part of Hamlet, at least, is missing from the tale of Denmark's prince. And this is a bit strange. For all educational theorists perforce believe that there is a natural order of some sort to be comprehended by both teacher and pupil. Hutchins would emphasize the Rational Order, and the Progressives would declare a particular psychology of teaching-learning, yet there is, as no one can deny, the eternal backdrop of Nature itself, against which all laws, truths and orders stand out in relief.

What we make of "nature" has much to do with what we make of man, and those who believe that the converse alone is important leave many important facts of human existence obscured. If one is possessed of a lover, as Macneile Dixon once remarked, and wakens to the surge and thrill of a warm spring day, it is nearly impossible to be depressed. Most of our "problems," we are told, come from frustration and depression, from hostility and anxiety, and if Dixon's surmise is correct we must give Nature ample credit. The lover, on his spring day, certainly, is neither frustrated nor depressed, and his simple pleasure in being alive makes both hostility and anxiety temporarily impossible. Further, one does not have to be a medical student to know how greatly mental outlook is affected by the condition of the physical organism. . . . We point out these simple facts, not to make of man a mere creature of chemicals, but to remind ourselves that both the harmonies and the disturbances of our physical selves—how well we are presently meeting the requirements of physical existence—have a great deal to do with how well we shall meet other requirements, such as those involving complicated interrelations between persons. Or, to put it less ponderously, when we are

not "right" with Nature, we have considerable difficulty in being right with anybody or anything else.

All this, mind you, in a column given to long philosophizing about the "soul" of man. Well, it is simply to say that there are two souls, the one made of substance and feeling, the other, perhaps, of mind and enduring individual consciousness. The two often speak different languages, it is true, but may possibly be induced—and this was the faith of many a sage—to combine their energies. Now, what is it that we sense when we "commune with Nature?" Why not regard the rivers and forests, the myriads of small creatures, the majesty of towering seas, as the play of those same elements of which our own sentient selves are composed? Left to itself, "Nature" has its calm and regular rhythms, and even when its inhabitants are by no means tranquil, the rhythm persists. When the mind of man combines with the intelligence of nature, however, anything can and does happen. For man is a God who can exploit and despoil as well as raise the feelings of the non-self-conscious stuff of the animal and vegetable world to new heights of intense feeling. But the balance and the underlying purpose need to be restored. The energies which serve the perpetuation of a species often become, in us, well-nigh uncontrollable passions. Extreme ambition, sensualism—these are nature heated by an additional fire, and, moreover, a fire so bright that the light of reason can easily be snuffed out for the better portion of a whole lifetime. If it is man's work to create a higher synthesis between mind and feeling—if it is also within his power to recreate balance with the inclusion of new elements—he needs not only the fire of mind but the peace and security of those lesser forms of intelligence which know well how to blend themselves with their habitat—blend without confusion and dismay. "Nature experience," in the broader sense, can, perhaps, bring us, then, a prescience of the harmony we may finally create between the presently often disparted elements of our own natures.

So back to the mountains, to the human truths of which they can be regarded as symbolic, and the kinship which so often exists between their displays

and the moods of man. That mountains are fascinating to a vast number of people can hardly be denied, with the conquest of Annapurna and Everest just completed. *Why* man is so fascinated by them is harder to discover. But no one, so far as we know, has yet predicted a time when no human will ever wish to travel where none has gone before, climb heights regarded during his childhood as unscalable. Similarly, there will never be a "thus far and no further shalt thou go" to scientific, artistic and philosophical discoveries, nor an end to psychologic research. The story of the hero in every age is the story of the man who determines to pass beyond the limits of the safe and the familiar, trying his strength and ingenuity against bastions which have daunted his predecessors.

The mountains, too, have a life cycle. They rise from the elements around them, undergo many metamorphoses, finally and very gradually pass through old age to a time of apparent extinction. But, as Kipling said, "they will come back, come back again, so long as the red earth rolls." They are of two origins, say the geologists—composed, before the tipping and faulting which brings them into view on the horizon, of either volcanic or sedimentary material. Finally, as the processes of "metamorphoses" proceed over æons of time, their original substance becomes of the same general appearance, no matter what its origin even as an ancient man or woman loses the bearing and manner of the sex to which born. What may a man or a youth "learn" here? That "sex" is less permanent than man himself, so far as each individual is concerned. From this perspective, is it not easier to think of how the most complete men must contain much of the feminine, and the greatest woman a share of masculine traits and propensities?

Each altitude level of the mountain sustains its own special collection of flora and fauna. The twisted tree which finds precarious existence upon the very summit is neither superior nor inferior to those which luxuriate on the protected slopes below. Neither variety, usually, will do well on its neighbor's terrain, but each finds its own greatness by following a natural destiny. So, perhaps, it can be seen, with the various "races" of men, and with the very

different kinds of temperament within any particular ethnic group. It is best for each to make the most of his own peculiar abilities, to forego senseless competition, and to compete only against his own ideal. There is no "tyranny of the consensus" among the trees, for they are concerned only with themselves growing, not with overshadowing others.

The mountain springs are a treasure for the symbolist as well as for the thirsty. Flowing from unknown sources, occurring at unexpected places, they indicate that the sustenance of life can be found in the midst of apparent aridity. Even the rocks, we are now told, are sources of water; one discoverer has devised means of utilizing this means of supply. And what a difference between the chlorinated substance which flows from our kitchen tap and the spring we have ourselves discovered! Is this because we are only children, after all, and are entertained if we can think that *we* created something we didn't really create at all? Or is it that "only" children is a confusing and misleading way to put the matter? Perhaps children are the true artists, knowing how little it takes to bring the joys of creation and discovery—simply an attitude of mind.

Perhaps the diffidence one feels in constructing any sort of "nature essay" is, itself, in the final analysis, unnecessary. Why shouldn't one have faith that the things he enjoys thinking and saying have some value in the "learning process"? We will, however, restrain ourselves from trying to impose too much "system" upon the learning possible from Nature's book.

FRONTIERS New Role of Mind

ALDOUS HUXLEY'S recent public acceptance (*Life*, Jan. 11) of J. B. Rhine's proof of extra-sensory perception evidences another stage in the progress of ESP recognition. Whatever the die-hards of orthodox scientific training may think, the public *is* now becoming convinced that Dr. Rhine knows what he *is* talking about. As Rhine points out in his latest book, *New World of the Mind*, the academic psychologists have always been his most determined opponents. Practicing psychiatrists, on the other hand, daily faced by authentic mysteries and imponderables, have been receptive. In the *Life* article, "A Case for ESP, PK and Psi," Huxley makes this point statistically clear.

Psychiatrists are apparently more ready to accept psi than are academic psychologists. Of some 700 psychiatrists who replied to a recent questionnaire, more than 200 stated that they were familiar with the current research in parapsychology, twice that number thought such research should be continued and extended, and about 160 reported that they had observed what appeared to be psi phenomena in the course of their practice.

Simultaneously, in the January issue of the *Bulletin of the Menninger Clinic*, Dr. Gertrude Schmeidler writes on "Personality Dynamics and Psychical Research." While we cannot claim a thorough knowledge of current psychiatric literature, this is the first article we have seen in a publication of this nature which shows a working acceptance of Rhine's results. Dr. Schmeidler's article is prefaced by Gardner Murphy, Director of Menninger Department of Research, who affirms that the "consistent and cumulative results of ESP experiments must, according to the canons of science, be studied."

Dr. Schmeidler's opening paragraphs present an intriguing invitation to her psychiatric colleagues:

Psychical research is one of the most challenging of all areas of research. There has been enough investigation to show that such phenomena as

telepathy and clairvoyance really occur, and that there is no more need today to defend their existence than to defend the existence of unconscious processes. In one sense, they represent the same sort of challenge that the unconscious presented fifty years ago. For, like the unconscious when Freud's first major publications appeared, they are pooh-poohed as non-existent by those who prefer to stay uninformed, and research on them is vigorously attacked and condemned by the reactionary—but to those who have begun to think about them, they offer potentialities for exploring human capacities and human problems that open whole new vistas for understanding.

Unfortunately, there is another analogy, too. So little is known about them that there is still room for pioneering. We have some facts, and some theories, at present—but there is so much that is still not mapped out, that almost all we can say with certainty is that our theories will need major revision, and that the most important unifying concepts have not yet been stated.

Dr. Schmeidler's own research has involved study of the effects of "friendly" and "unfriendly" experimenters on the ESP capacities of subjects. She discovered that the mental attitude and emotional condition of the experimenters had a great deal to do with results made on ESP scores. A single "case-history" indicates how close the *conscious will* of the subject is related to ESP success:

A graduate student at Harvard had an office next to mine while I was doing this research, and had volunteered to act as a subject—"sometime." One morning she came into my office extremely angry. She had worked out a plan for her doctoral dissertation and, just a few minutes before, her analyst had told her that the dissertation would interfere with the analysis, therefore she would have to drop her pet project. She was furious at the analyst, she did not want to return to her own work. She told me that she wanted, right then, to act as a subject. But another person was scheduled for that hour, so that she had to wait. Of course, from her point of view, I was telling her (without putting it into words) that she was not very important to me, that I did not expect her to do any better than all my other scheduled subjects.

This young woman had what Murray would call a strong need for counteraction. Her response to the situation was to take it as a challenge, to think, "I'll

show her!" When it finally came her turn, she worked rapidly and vigorously at the ESP responses, and made an extraordinarily high score. Some weeks later, when she was in a quiet, pleasant mood, she tried again and came out with a score only slightly higher than chance expectancy.

The point of interest here is that while the ESP "faculty" seems to reside in the sub-conscious, it may nevertheless be developed and exercised through stimulation of the conscious mind. The person who possesses psychic power, in other words, need not be an "embryonic medium"—a passive receptacle. Conceivably, therefore, the sort of clairvoyance over which the clairvoyant himself has no control is not the only sort of clairvoyance that man may be capable of.

The concluding note in Dr. Schmeidler's article suggests a becoming humility—with which we hope other interested psychiatrists will also come to view this new field of investigation:

In respect to individual differences, there seems no doubt that some persons have more ESP ability than others, and that the ability varies strikingly from one period to another of a person's life. There has been no systematic effort to study this. We do not know if the ability is hereditary. We do not know if it is associated with any physiological changes. Although we know that it is associated somehow with needs and stress patterns, we do not know the dynamics of the association. We do not know if it is most likely to appear when a person is trying to "make contact" with someone else, as a patient often does with his therapist. We do not know if other changes, for example in imagery or dreams, are associated with it. Even the basic exploratory work for most of these questions still remains to be done.

We may add up all this into a hope for even more philosophically inclined psychologists and scientists. The philosopher, conceiving himself as a searcher for truth, rather than its owner, is less apt to over-simplify and dogmatize.