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"THE TOUGH AND RESILIENT MIND"

TO let go of "certainties" because they are no longer certain—because they do not bring us what we expected—is a basic process of release in the shaping of history. Very nearly all historians concerned with "progress" speak of the break-up of great idea-systems as the prerequisite of change, and both Buckle and Lecky, among nineteenth-century scholars, devoted careful attention to the sequences involved. The latter are briefly summarized by William James, who said of innovating thought that, first, it "is attacked as absurd; then it is admitted to be true, but obvious and insignificant; finally it is seen to be so important that its adversaries claim that they themselves discovered it."

It is a commonplace criticism, today, to speak of our excessive preoccupation with the external forces of nature. A full report on the disenchantments of eminent men with the practice of science would require hundreds of volumes. This general disillusionment seems to have taken hold, first, in Europe, and was recorded with other perceptive comments by Ortega in his *Revolt of the Masses* (Norton, 1932). A few years later, general journals of science were taking up the theme. The following passage in a *Washington Post* editorial was reprinted in *Science* for Feb. 4, 1938:

> . . . science has made an enormous contribution to the forces that today are threatening to wreck our civilization. Men in laboratories have unloosed powers that mankind is not yet able to control intelligently. New inventions intended to relieve drudgery and toil have been perverted into instruments of destruction. Our greater facilities for the production of goods have, paradoxically, accentuated the problem of economic instability for millions of families. . . . It is not enough for the world's leading thinkers to provide the tools of progress. . . . There is growing awareness that the successful search for truth does not assure the advance of civilization.

In a paper printed in *Science* for Oct. 6, 1939, Dr. Wesley Mitchell said:

> It is a clever, cynical and hard-bitten world that science is making, one in which the idealistic and the spiritual are bound to have a diminishing place. Viewed against a background of classical education science has been a disadvantage to our society. . . . The impact of science on our morality, individual and national, is evil unless we rise successfully to the test of our character and moral traditions. Science has taught us analysis, but we have had as yet no large-scale and equally successful synthetic constructions that bear on human conduct. The mass-mind seizes and acts upon perverted ideas of scientific generalization. Darwin's "survival of the fittest" encourages men to be brutal; Freud's "don't repress," to indulge their passions; Einstein's "relativity," to think that truth doesn't exist and doesn't matter.

Probably no general characterization of the times is more frequently cited by writers and even scientists than the lines in Yeats' Second Coming:

> Things fall apart; the center cannot hold;
> Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world . . .
> The best lack all conviction, while the worst
> Are full of passionate intensity.

How different were the expressions of the early champions of scientific knowledge! Scientists themselves alternated between discovery and rhapsody. Both Copernicus and Galileo were reverent students of the "Book of Nature." De Lamettrie saw the emancipation of mankind from all ignorance and superstition through triumphant scientific progress. The French Revolution was permeated by the enthusiasm for science of the *philosophes.* The visionary literature of the American Revolution is energized by pæons celebrating the promise of scientific knowledge, that wonderful instrument of human freedom. This spirit penetrated everywhere, informing the Nature philosophers of the nineteenth century such as Oken, and giving

the work of educators like Froebel a texture of living contact with the natural world.

But before even a century had passed—with publication in 1903 of Bertrand Russell's "A Free Man's Worship"—there came the beginning of an almost complete reversal of these ardors. For Russell, the world of nature is stone-cold, so far as human destiny is concerned. It isn't that any precise scientific reading of the facts had changed, but that a harsh pessimism was beginning to replace what seemed romantic imaginings. In a proud, tough-minded spirit, Russell declared that "all the devotion, all the inspiration, all the noonday brightness of human genius, are destined to extinction in the vast death of the solar system, and that the whole temple of Man's achievement must inevitably be buried beneath the debris of a universe in ruins." Ancient fire-worshippers—naturalist philosophers, in their way—might look up at the sun and call it life-giving; and even the skeptical stoics could feel, for all their logical pessimism, a primeval core of pantheistic union in the world—but Russell, and all those who willingly joined him, talked not of warmth from the sun, but of its inevitable death. They practically gloried in futility and extinction; and then, in a humanistic afterthought, spoke briefly of man's need "to preserve a mind free from the wanton tyranny that rules his outward life," and to defy those irresistible forces that will, after a brief interlude, erase his presence with their "trampling march of unconscious power."

While a sophisticated philosopher like Russell might refuse to deny to man any freedom of will, others less embarrassed by the absence of final proof of mechanistic claims wore away at the idea of man as a moral agent until he had hardly any independent identity left. Even as the technological applications of science placed more and more power in the hands of human beings, the mechanistic psychologists were reducing the foundations of individual responsibility. Science had liberated human beings from being the creations of a God who was reputed to have made them prone to sin, debased from the very beginning, and helpless to rise save as He chose to lift them, only to cast man as the puppet of wholly blind forces—a kind of chemical-mechanical accident—whose chief distinction, that of being able to "think," became the means to endless downfalls through the self-deception that he *amounted* to something!

It was hardly an accident, therefore, that a world indoctrinated with this double denigration of the human spirit should seem to the sensitive artist, Kafka, to be a world devoted to proving the impotence of individual man. As Lionel Trilling says, "even long before the malign legal process is ever instituted, something terrible has been done to the accused." Kafka's anti-hero, K, "has been stripped of all that is becoming to a man except his abstract humanity. . . . we may say that Kafka's knowledge of evil exists without the contradictory knowledge of the self in its health and validity." A certain clear perception of the future is sometimes seen to belong to the literary imagination. Both Amiel and Heine foresaw in detail the qualities that would come to characterize the human condition, half a century before Ortega spelt those qualities out in *The Revolt of the Masses,* and before the terrors of the 30's in Russia and of the 40's in Germany spread their horror all over the world.

So it is fair to say that, as a source of moral energy, the world-view born in the Enlightenment—the idea-system founded on expectations of endless progress through political liberation and accompanying scientific discovery—no longer existed. Left were only its slogans, its habits and procedures, and its multiplying corruptions.

A few weeks ago, in a review (MANAS, Dec. 28, 1966) of Hannah Arendt's *Between Past and Future,* there was discussion of the sudden experience of "freedom" on the part of the French Resistance fighters. They felt more human than they had ever felt before—or since—in the midst of their underground activities. Then, when the

Nazi invaders were driven from France, they found themselves tragically reduced. They returned to "the old empty strife of conflicting ideologies" and engaged, once again, "in the endless polemics and intrigues of a paper war."

How, it is natural to ask, could they have retained their feeling of being free men? How could they hope to transform the trivialities of twentieth-century middle-class existence into the heroic alternatives of the days in the underground?

A book of the selected writings of Jean-Paul Sartre, who was one of the Resistance fighters, helps to answer this question. Edited by Wade Baskin, this book is titled *Of Human Freedom* (Philosophical Library, 1967, $4.75). It includes long passages from *Nausea, The Psychology of the Imagination, Being and Nothingness,* and from other essays, including *Search for a Method.*

The power of Sartre's thought about freedom lies in its extraordinary self-confidence and its historical pertinence His reasoning leans on no authority but itself, and this is clear because the thought is nakedly introspective. Sartre says, in effect, I am doing what I am. He cuts the Gordian knot of every kind of determinism by asserting that a man is nothing but his freedom—that his past, his environment, the limits placed upon his action by circumstances, are nothing but the external framework of the continuous human decisions by which he maintains his becoming reality. To deny this, to attempt to reject choice, is nonetheless to choose. There can be no escape from accountability.

To convey these ideas Sartre creates a special vocabulary that is not always easy to understand, and seems in large part a polemic against static ideas of Platonic essence, yet what he means eventually becomes plain. And while he uses words which bathe his writing in an atmosphere of desperation—reflecting the pain and futility of his times—his essential content is heroic affirmation:

> Human-reality is free because it *is not enough.* It is free because it is perpetually wrenched away from itself and because it has been separated by a nothingness from what it is and what it will be. It is free, finally, because its present being is itself a nothingness in the form of the "reflection-reflecting." Man is free because he is not himself but presence to himself. The being which is what it is can not be free. Freedom is precisely the nothingness which *is made-to-be* at the heart of man and which forces human-reality *to make itself* instead of *to be.* As we have seen, for human reality, to be is to *choose itself;* nothing comes to it either from the outside or from within which it can *receive or accept.* Without any help whatsoever, it is entirely abandoned to the intolerable necessity of making itself be—down to the slightest detail. Thus freedom is not a being; it is *the being* of man—*i.e.,* his nothingness of being. If we start by conceiving of man as a plenum, it is absurd to try to find in him afterwards moments or psychic regions in which he would be free. As well look for emptiness in a container which one has filled beforehand up to the brim! Man can not be sometimes slave and sometimes free; he is wholly and forever free or he is not free at all. . . . if it is understood that the existence of the *Dasein* precedes and commands its essence—human reality in and through its very upsurge decides to define its own being by its ends. It is therefore the positing of my ultimate ends which characterizes my being and which is identical with the sudden thrust of the freedom which is mine. And this thrust is an *existence;* it has nothing to do with an essence or with a property of a being which would be engendered conjointly with an idea. . . . Freedom is nothing but . . . the existence of a being which is its being in the mode of having to be it. . . . We shall never apprehend ourselves except as a choice in the making. . . . freedom is the freedom of choosing but not the freedom of not choosing. Not to choose is, in fact, to choose not to choose.

Certain other passages seem crucial:

> Descartes, first of all, recognized that . . . it is necessary "to try to conquer ourselves rather than fortune." . . . the formula "to be free" does not mean "to obtain what one has wished" but rather "by oneself to determine oneself to wish" (in the broad sense of choosing). In other words success is not important to choosing. The discussion which opposes common sense to philosophers stems here from a misunderstanding: the empirical and popular concept of "freedom" which has been produced by historical, political, and moral circumstances is equivalent to "the ability to obtain the ends chosen." The technical and philosophical concept of freedom, which is the

only one we are considering here, means only the autonomy of choice. . . . it is only in and through the free upsurge of a freedom that the world develops and reveals the resistance which can render the projected end unrealizable. Man encounters an obstacle only within the field of his freedom. . . . Thus we begin to capture a glimpse of the paradox of freedom: there is freedom only in a *situation,* and there is a situation only through freedom. Human-reality everywhere encounters resistances and obstacles which it has not created, but these resistances and obstacles have meaning only in and through the free choice which human-reality *is.*

Sartre seems above all determined to keep his philosophical discovery of human freedom, along with its consequent responsibility, *pure.* He would doubtless reject any sort of paraphrase or interpretation which seemed to soften his tough intent or to ease the obligations of being a man. He makes his definitions in the teeth of the storm:

. . . everything which happens to me is *mine.* By this we must understand first of all that I am always equal to what happens to me *qua* man, for what happens to a man through other men and through himself can be only human. The most terrible situations of war, the worst tortures do not create a non-human situation. It is only through fear, flight, and recourse to magical types of conduct that I shall decide on the non-human, but this decision is human and I shall carry the entire responsibility for it. But in addition the situation is *mine* because it is the image of my free choice of myself, and everything which it presents to me is *mine* in that this represents me and symbolizes me. Is it not I who decide the coefficient of adversity in things and even their unpredictability by deciding myself?

No circumstance, no kindly extenuation, can reduce the responsibility of the individual, who must always choose. The demand for human integrity is absolutely ruthless:

Thus there are no accidents in a life, a community event which suddenly bursts forth and involves me does not come from the outside. If I am mobilized in a war, this war is *my* war; it is in my image and I deserve it. I deserve it first because I could always get out of it by suicide or by desertion; these ultimate possibilities are those which must always be present for us when there is a question of envisaging a situation. For lack of getting out of it, I have *chosen* it. This can be due to inertia, to cowardice in the face of public opinion or because I prefer certain other values to the value of refusal to join in the war (the good opinion of my relatives, the honor of my family, *etc*.). Any way you look at it, it is a matter of a choice. This choice will be repeated later on again and again without a break until the end of the war. Therefore we must agree with the statement by J. Romains, "In war there are no innocent victims." If therefore I have preferred war to death or to dishonor, everything takes place as if I bore the entire responsibility for this war.

Sartre even has a confronting reply to one who complains that he did not *ask* to be born. Whatever can be recognized as a present, inescapable basis of human decision is, so to say, *adopted* by the man who has to decide:

I am ashamed of being born or I am astonished at it or I rejoice over it, or in attempting to get rid of my life I affirm that I live and I assume this life as bad. Thus in a certain sense I *choose* being born. This choice itself is integrally affected with facticity since I am not able to choose, but this facticity in turn will appear only in so far as I surpass it toward my ends. Thus facticity is everywhere but inapprehensible; I never encounter anything except my responsibility. That is why I cannot ask, "*Why* was I born?" or curse the day of my birth or declare that I did not ask to be born, for these various attitudes toward the *fact* that I realize a presence in the world—are absolutely nothing else but ways of assuming this birth in full responsibility and of making it mine. . . . The one who realizes in anguish his condition as *being* thrown into a responsibility which extends to his very abandonment has no longer either remorse or regret or excuse; he is no longer anything but a freedom which perfectly reveals itself and whose being resides in this very revelation. . . .

One feels, here, a reaching into the deeps of man's nature—in and down, until touch is gained with the very core of human conviction—and the making of a declaration, like Buckle's of another faith in another age, that if this be not true, "it matters little whether anything else be true or not." Sartre regains for the men of his time an invincible moral competence, and therefore the meaning of heroism and dignity. That this should come through an exploration of freedom and its identification as the very stuff of humanity is completely natural, since all callings of men to the

best and most real within them, from the beginning of time, have made this appeal.

Sartre speaks most of all to the young. He speaks, and *is* heard, because he, and a few others, did not go back to "the old empty strife of conflicting ideologies," but forged a credo which enabled him to remain a man. It is a bleak and stoical faith, to be sure. It lacks those structures which have lent support to the first principles of other men whose times had not so stripped them of feelings of natural harmony. And there is in it the uninviting mannerism of a sharp intellectuality which needs no tenderness, neither expects nor wants confirmation from a friendly voice. Yet Sartre is a man of whom William Everson might have been thinking, when, in 1944, he wrote his third War Elegy:

> One born of this time,
> Growing up through his childhood credulous and soft,
> Absorbing the creed of his sires,
> Their bland assumptions,
> Their ambiguous faiths;
> But gaining his strength,
> Seeing the deadly myth and the lie,
> Seeing indeed the buried ages
> Hurled up bursting before his sight,
> The implacable sky whistling with death,
> His traitorous dreams and his false assurances
> Paper-like peeled from the frame of his mind—

And if this is not exactly an account of Sartre himself, it surely applies to those affected and strengthened by him to be true to themselves:

> The tough and resilient mind
> Gazing from out of its central strength,
> Rock-like, the beam of morality
> Holding it up against terror, oppression,
> The howling fronts of revolution and hate.
> Let him dare that;
> And let him know in his daring
> He has all any man ever had.

REVIEW
A MARTHA GRAHAM BOOK

DANCE HORIZONS, as part of an effort to reprint old and perhaps forgotten classics on the dance, has reissued another book on Martha Graham. This one (paper, $2.95) is edited by Merle Armitage and was originally published in 1937. Titled simply *Martha Graham,* it is, in fact, an anthology of discursive essays summing up the impressions that Martha Graham's early years of the dance made upon the variety of artists, musicians and critics represented in the volume. It is not only a nostalgically appealing return to what the artistic world thought of Martha Graham thirty years ago when she was, chronologically at least, at the apex of her maturity. The book is also an enlightening experience to read, in that what people were saying of Martha Graham thirty years ago is not so very different from what one can say of her now. Certain fundamental threads run in continuity through the development of this woman's artistic career, with ideas voiced about the dance which are as valid today as they were in the 1930's.

The nostalgia of the '30's is implicit in the very format of the book (now an expedient paperback, but originally issued in a handsome limited edition). The margins, the title-page design, the typeface, the boldface chapter headings, and especially the fine constructivist line drawings by Carlos Dyer, all speak eloquently of that specifically American artistic milieu we associate with the late '20's and the '30's—with the clean lines of "modern" architecture and "modern" furniture, the constructivist sculpture of Gabo and Pevsner; with the desire to pare things down to their essentials, the preoccupation with "functional form" and streamlining, which sees decoration as fussy detail and seeks only to make a strong, honest, unadorned statement. And these qualities are exactly what all the contributors admire in the art of Martha Graham, whom they saw taking her place in the forefront of this movement in contemporary art.

In the opening essay, Merle Armitage states: "the motivation of this book is to interpret Martha Graham's relation to the æsthetic of our time in America." (How poignant it is to realize that the æsthetic has changed quite drastically, but that Martha Graham's universal qualities as dance-maker have survived in spite of that change; so one has a peculiar, bitter-sweet pleasure in reading old essays like these.) Some contributions are too short to be of much value, as for example, Evangeline Stokowski's one-page eulogy of only two paragraphs. Others, like Louis Danz', consist of thickly-phrased ideological jargon, the reading of which is like trying to run through a jar of molasses. Others, like John Martin's (extracts from his reviews in the *New York Times*), Lincoln Kirstein's, Stark Young's Roy Hargrave's, Margaret Lloyd's (mainly quotations from Louis Horst) and Winthrop Sargeant's are interesting or valuable for what they say, or because of who wrote them.

Martin, of course, claims attention if only because he was the most influential dance critic in America for years, and it's always entertaining to sample his style: "She does the unforgivable thing for a dancer to do—she makes you think." Of her technique: "She has built her physical system upon the bases of percussive movement—a stroke of muscular effort and its consequent vibrations of recovery." Of her style: ". . . she can no longer be accused of understatement. Her fineness is a result not of penuriousness but of concentration." And Martin's unshakeable confidence in his own opinions ". . . Miss Graham has touched the finest point of her career, and only an audience of wooden Indians could fail to be moved by it."

Lincoln Kirstein recounts how he was at first repelled, yet fascinated, by Graham, having himself been brought up on the Russian ballet, with "an exclusive and obsessive passion for it." But his determination to dislike what he calls her "brand of stark hysteria" was finally worn down after repeated doses of her performances. "I was," he confesses, "unequipped for her simplicity

and self-blinded to her genuinely primitive expression." Kirstein is concerned (as are most of the contributors) with the perennial problem of the dance critic—that is, the impossibility of doing justice to the dance by describing it in words. He confesses himself unequal to the task, saying, "the most one can do about Graham is to see her . . . the quality so powerful in the visionary realm of space is dilute in speech and faint in print."

This mute resignation in the face of Graham's art is echoed again and again by the other writers. Martha Graham herself says: "The dance is not a literary art and is not given to words—it is something you do." Yet, as Kirstein puts it, "one must say something, not exactly for the record, not even for one's children who are doomed to the same questions we share about the last generation, but rather as one leaves the theatre saying to people we don't even know—'Wasn't it wonderful?' "

Nevertheless, one contributor to the book, Roy Hargrave, *does* manage to convey through words what one or two of Graham's now-lost dances must have been like to watch, and specifically, what it was like for him. In a paragraph he recalls for us (the children of his own generation) his seeing of Graham in "Frontier":

> With a curious quick shuffling movement of her feet, she makes her apparently motionless body move rapidly over the stage; cutting sizable geometric squares from its surface, and . . . the squares are no longer cut from the floor but from measureless Western areas and the theatre is filled with a sense of speed and travel and wind; wind which sweeps vast untouched plains while she herself remains the focal point.

Later, speaking of the difference between talent and genius in the dancing of "Primitive Mysteries," he uses a compelling image:

> Graham seems to step because the beat itself has forced her to move. One almost sees the beat drawn from the ground beneath her, like current from fused poles of fluidity; fluidity drawn slowly upward through feet and legs until the whole body becomes energized with potential movement; then, and then only, does she step, not because it is time, but because she inexorably must.

Here, I think, words become as successful as they ever can be in conveying some of the substance of seeing. "Yes," one can say after reading Hargrave's words, "that's what it must have been like."

A provocative essay by Margaret Lloyd turns out to be more about Louis Horst's ideas on music than about Graham herself. Martha Graham's musical director for many years, Horst composed much of the music for her dances during that period. He believed that music should play a secondary part as an accompaniment to the dance. "Whoever heard of a lyre or a flute recital in ancient Greece?" he asked. "Music in ancient times was used only to attend dance or ceremony." He was not interested in music as separated from the dance. Mere orchestral performance of one of his musical dance-accompaniments would have been unthinkable for him. Everything must be subordinated to the needs of the dance. No wonder Martha Graham found him indispensable! Only a self-effacing, indeed selfless, musician could say, as he did, "the question is not how great a dance composer is, but what he does for the dance." In this respect, Louis Horst is unique among American musicians.

Finally, the volume contains some two dozen photographs of the dancer, and an essay and several statements made in interviews by Martha Graham herself. What the prophetess reveals in words about her art is again intimated in the photographs. In most of them the heavy-ridded eyes are downcast; if they are open, they are level—never an upward glance. The concentration is on the earth. The aspiration is for that which is within herself. Both pictures and words reveal an intense inwardness and introspection. The dance, she says, comes from "the depth of man's inner nature, the unconscious. . . . Art is the evocation of man's inner nature. Through art, which finds its roots in man's

unconscious—race memory—is the history and psyche of race brought into focus."

Here we see the artist as an individual in history, in time, going beyond history and time through the Jungian analytic process to explore the timeless "depths of man's inner nature" and to bring out of those tangled depths the forms (or archetypes) which exist in the collective unconscious.

So Martha Graham, in 1937, was on a voyage of discovery (not invention) which has continued to the present, as those of us who have seen her recent work, "Legend of Judith" or "Clytemnestra" or "Night Journey" or "A1cestis" or "Cave of the Heart," will know. It may be in fact that her Jungian artistic project is perhaps only now beginning to reach its culmination. One recognizes that her achievement in 1937 was only the beginning, and that today, though she can no longer dance with anything like her old technical prowess, she is at the peak of her choreographic art.

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COMMENTARY
THE TASK OF "LIVING"

THERE are striking parallels between the burden of free decision laid upon human beings by Sartre and the account of the human situation given by Ortega. In the second chapter of *Man and Crisis,* Ortega wrote:

> . . . man does not busy himself in learning, in comprehending, simply *because* he has talents and intelligence which enable him to know and to understand, but on the contrary; for the very reason that he has no choice but to try to comprehend, to know, he mobilizes all the abilities of which he stands possessed, even though for that necessity these serve him very badly. . . . That task, as we have said, is called "living"; the essence of living is that man is always existing within an environment, that he finds himself—suddenly and without knowing how he got there—projected into and submerged in a world, a set of fixed surroundings, into this present, which is now about us. . . .
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> Man cannot take a single step without anticipating more or less clearly his entire future, what he is going to be; that is, what he has decided to be throughout his life. But this means that man, who is always obliged to do something in the circumstances that surround him, has in deciding what he is going to do no other course than to pose to himself the problem of his own individual being. . . . The things about us do not of themselves tell us what they are. We must discover that for ourselves. But this—to discover the self of things and of one's own being, the being of everything—this is none other than man's intellectual business, a task which is therefore not an extrinsic and superfluous addition to man's life, but a constituent part of that life. This is not a matter of man's living and then, if it falls out that way, if he feels some special curiosity, of busying himself in formulating ideas about the things around him. No, to live is to find oneself forced to interpret life.

Both Sartre and Ortega insist that no man can free himself of decision by delegating it to others. "Human-reality," Sartre declares, *is* choice. And Ortega says: "At every moment of the day I must decide what I am going to do the next moment; and no one can make this decision for me, or take my place in this." Sartre speaks of being dissuaded from responsible decision by others. Ortega says:

> "People" is an irresponsible "I," the "I" of society, the social "I." When I live on what "they say" and fill my life with it, I have replaced the I which I myself am in solitude with the mass "I"—have made myself "people." Instead of living my own life, I am deriving it by changing it to otherness.

These are the first principles of the Socratic position. A culture in which, through education, they could be made to prevail, would not be a culture dominated by the compulsions which gave Albert Einstein cause for such horror and such regret (see Frontiers).

CHILDREN
. . . and Ourselves
THE TUTORING MOVEMENT

A DEVELOPMENT growing out of higher education—with manifest connection with the moral impetus of the civil rights movement—was reported over a year ago in the *PTA Magazine* (December, 1965) in an article which we came across only recently. The writer, Andrew Hamilton, begins:

> America's college students have for many years helped teach slum and mountain children. But since 1962 the idea has caught hold explosively. Today an estimated 100,000 college students—unpaid volunteers—operate their own educational corps, and are involved in some 350 full-fledged tutorial projects to assist disadvantaged youngsters all over the United States.

A later paragraph gives some indication of the need:

> The problems involved in tutoring children at the bottom of the sociological ladder—mostly Negro, Puerto Rican, and Mexican American—are staggering. Many of the youngsters come from homes where there are no books and neither parent can read or write. Some lack a grasp of everyday concepts that most youngsters take for granted: an airport, a farm, a library, the alphabet. A few even have to be taught how to hold a pencil or a crayon. Many need to be given encouragement and self-confidence.

The University of California in Los Angeles is a center of one of the largest of these tutorial projects. It started in the spring of 1963 in response to an appeal in the campus daily *Bruin* and by the fall of 1965 six hundred students had volunteered to teach. These amateur tutors, the student director of the effort said, were a "real cross-section" of the student body, ranging from brand-new freshmen to graduate students and including both Phi Betes and beauty queens. The report from UCLA continues:

> Former tutors oriented each volunteer, outlined the responsibilities he would have to assume, gave him tips on tutoring. Some newcomers, especially those studying to be teachers, took it in stride. Others were apprehensive—but willing. They pledged to tutor at least two hours a week at one of the project's ten locations which serve seven elementary schools, two high schools, and one Job Corps center. In all ten areas the children were predominantly Negro or Mexican-American.
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> The results were impressive. For example, Roger, a fifth-grade Negro boy whose reading had been at second-grade level, pulled it up to its proper level. Rosarita, a Mexican-American girl who had received an "F" in spelling on her ten-weeks report, made an "A" on the final. Thomas, another Negro boy, previously dull and listless in school, "turned on like a 200-watt bulb," according to his tutor, when he began to understand arithmetic.

Getting better acquainted, tutors and tutored began going to basketball games together and having Saturday picnics and Sunday trips to the museum.

There is no "master plan" for the tutorial programs, which are locally designed by the students who carry them out. The Washington, D.C. headquarters of the National Student Association, however, acts as an information clearing house on tutorial projects and will give technical assistance to students interested in instituting new programs. The director of this part of NSA's activities, Walt Senterfitt, expects that by 1970 there may be "a threefold increase in projects, a tenfold increase in participants."

Student-tutoring is nation-wide. It grew directly from the Northern Student Movement (civil rights) of which a former director, Peter Countryman, an honor student at Yale, in 1962 recruited twenty students from eighteen eastern colleges to staff a tutorial project in North Philadelphia. These students moved into the area, lived together in apartments rented in the Negro district, supporting themselves with any jobs they could find. Some worked in offices. One was an iceman. In the time they had left they publicized the tutoring program to attract other volunteers, borrowed books, and found classroom space. "Three weeks after the students' arrival the program got under way: 175 tutors instructing

375 high school students in twice-a-week sessions at 19 centers—boys' clubs, churches, and social halls."

For a Harlem project in New York, students "went to city officials and pleaded for help in leasing a vacant lot for recreation." Then they got permission to use the basement of an adjacent building for classes in science, sewing, and gym activities. They begged paper and pencils and books from local merchants.

Student tutors in Chicago assembled a 6,000-book library and made up a slang dictionary for themselves so they could understand their teen-age pupils. They published a 65-page manual on how to get into college and how to finance staying there.

There are similar projects in Virginia, New Jersey, Michigan, Ohio, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Oregon, and a number of centers in New York City. Mr. Hamilton concludes:

> Like most grass-roots movements, college and university tutorial projects are nickel-and-dime operations. Some receive assistance from university sources, the National Students Association, YMCA, and YWCA groups, or the Urban League. Others are financed entirely by tutors and their friends.
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> To raise money, tutors wash cars, conduct raffles, organize faculty-student touch football games. Community organizations such as churches and service clubs sometimes donate modest checks. Faculty members and townspeople give books. Bakeries and soft-drink distributors provide refreshments for extra-curricular activities.
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> But the biggest contribution is the free time invested by students themselves. The hourly cost of professional tutoring runs from $2 to $10 an hour, with $5 being an average. If 100,000 students put in 100 hours apiece last year without charge, their donation may represent as much as $50,000,000.

This seems a good example of the incidental uses of big institutions—in this case the universities and colleges—for help in overcoming the alienations produced by an over-institutionalized society. While the shortcomings of the enormous state universities are obvious enough, these places are nonetheless foci of the motives behind learning and they assemble people in various stages of the acquirement of an education—all of whom are able to give something to people who have little or no education at all. One way to change big institutions is to insist upon using them for independent constructive purposes—to *make* them apply to human need—and while in this case the institutions themselves have had little, if anything, to do with the actual tutoring, there is still a sense in which they made it possible.

FRONTIERS

"Historical Camouflage"

No observer of the human enterprise during the first half of the twentieth century was more consistently accurate in his predictions than Ortega y Gasset. Toward the end of his book, *The Revolt of the Masses,* first published in Spain in 1930, in the chapter, "Who Rules the World?", Ortega speaks of the aimlessness of modern life, the loss of coherent sense of purpose, and the resulting vulgarization of motives and ideas of well-being which were then sweeping over the Western world, creating a period of history whose end is not yet. "Europe," he wrote, "is no longer certain that it rules, nor the rest of the world that it is being ruled." While, in the nineteenth century, "men thought they knew what was going to happen tomorrow," today "the horizon opens out towards new unknown directions," with no one knowing "what systems of preferences, standards, vital movements" will govern the future. Ortega continues:

> No one knows towards what centre human things are going to gravitate in the near future, and hence the life of the world has become scandalously provisional. Everything that today is done in public and in private—even in one's inner conscience—is provisional, the only exception being certain portions of certain sciences.

What may happen in such a period? Ortega had earlier pointed out that when historic human purposes are lacking, the vacuum is sometimes filled with "historical camouflage." Great purposes may be "proclaimed," but unless these intentions flow from a clear, direct sense of the people themselves, they cannot be fulfilled, and current history, as a result, is misrepresented by "gestures." This idea is illustrated:

> The man who performs an act which he has learnt—speaks a foreign word, for example—carries out beneath it an act of his own, genuine; he translates the foreign term to his own language. Hence, in order to penetrate camouflage an oblique glance is required, the glance of one who is translating a text with the dictionary by his side. I am waiting for the book in which Stalin's Marxism will appear translated into Russian history. For it is this which is Russia's strength, not what it has of Communism. Goodness knows what it will be like! The only thing one can assert is that Russia will require centuries before she can aspire to command. Because she is still lacking in commandments she has been obliged to feign adherence to the European principles of Marxism. As she has abundant youth, that fiction is enough for her. Youth does not require reasons for living, it needs only pretexts. Something very similar is happening with New York. It is again an error to attribute its actual strength to the commandments it obeys. In the last resort, these are reduced to one—technicism.

We have quoted these passages from Ortega because they frame and help to illuminate the extreme desperation felt by so many men of good will in the present. It is becoming quite clear that, as the great Spanish thinker said, the events of the present are not shaped by human purposes but by provisional arrangements, and they are justified, not by any moral understanding, but by pretexts. This view can be documented by attention to the shaping causes of the present moral dilemmas of man. Two articles which appeared in *Gandhi Marg* for October, 1966, provide the facts. One of these discussions, titled "A Metaphysics for the Nuclear Age," by Joseph Schorstein, presents a study of the compulsions of "technicist" progress. Mr. Schorstein writes:

> Progress is inescapable and has no limits. Were one to ask an aircraft designer, "Ultimately, how fast do you want to fly?", he could answer only, "Faster." Long ago the words "progress" and "evolution" ceased to refer to a man's possibilities: they now apply to technological advances, machines, and to the better ability to handle and control our environment including our fellow men. It is axiomatic that all progress is for the good and the man who can blow an island off the face of the earth is assured of a seat in the House of Lords next to him who first establishes a rocket launching site on the moon.
>
> It is difficult to understand how Julian Huxley and de Chardin arrived at the formulation of inevitable ethical progress and how this myth, in spite of all factual evidence, found so many enthusiastic supporters. In fact a great deal of progress in science and technology is like the staggering and reeling of a

drunkard who smashes whatever happens to lie in his path, and what he meant to embrace and caress he chokes and crushes. Occasionally he awakens to a dull realization, but to escape and to forget the horror he has brought about he quickly takes to progress once again.

The drive in science and technology allows us no rest, initiated by men it continues to be served by them and yet it appears to be no longer under man's control and although its evil results lead to increasing dismay we are powerless to halt it. Such a drive is demonic.

Recalling that, according to Goethe, Satan shows his sense of humor by "choosing only men of lofty ideals and great integrity" to do his work, Mr. Schorstein relates the critical discoveries which led to the development of the atom bomb and then of nuclear weapons. The list of those who placed these devices at the disposal of contemporary governments is a roster of the most illustrious scientists of the age. And what they afterward said about what they had done can only be read as a confession of total impotence in the face of "inexorable destiny."

The key discovery was Einstein's formula for the conversion of mass into energy (1905) . Then, in 1919, Rutherford discovered the secret of atomic transformation by bombarding elements with radium radiations. Other contributions were made by Madame Curie and Chadwick. The crucial step came with the finding by Hahn and Strassman that great quantities of energy could be liberated by bombarding the uranium nucleus with neutrons. According to Teller, Szilard first realized that splitting the uranium nucleus made atomic weapons possible.

Niels Bohr was convinced the Germans were preparing such weapons. A curious mistake in messages sent to England by Bohr, after Denmark was occupied, confirmed similar British suspicions. American scientists shared this fear and in 1939 Szilard and Norbert Wiener drafted a letter to President Roosevelt, asking that an American research project be established. They got Einstein to sign it. The rest is history.

A neglected part of that history is the moral agony of the men involved. Mr. Schorstein writes:

Einstein sent the letter because he believed that in German hands the weapon would be used brutally to gain world domination. He also believed in the humanitarian principle proclaimed by America and her allies when they said they would not use the bomb except as defense against a similar weapon and in the most extreme situation. . . . Later, Einstein suffered from the knowledge that he had been wrong in both assumptions and he pleaded that experiments on fission and fusion weapons should cease. . . . astonishingly he said to his biographer Vallentine: "I only acted as a mail box. They brought me a letter and I simply signed it." After the first American and Russian tests of hydrogen bombs he wrote: "The ghostlike character of this development lies in its apparently *compulsory* trend. Every step appears as the *unavoidable* consequence of the preceding one." (Emphasis added.)

In 1956 Robert Oppenheimer told a friend: "We did the devil's work." His story should be read in full as he gave it to the Atomic Energy Commission, which in 1954 withdrew from him his security passes and credentials.

The main reason for Oppenheimer's dismissal, Mr. Schorstein says, was the decision of the General Committee on Atomic Energy, which he headed, against construction of the hydrogen bomb. The majority report of the Committee saw in this step an "example of some limitation on the totality of war," which might help in "eliminating fear and arousing the hopes of mankind." The more outspoken minority report called the hydrogen bomb "an evil thing considered in any light" and concluded: "We think it is wrong on fundamental ethical principles to initiate the development of such a weapon."

Yet a year and a half later this Committee advocated construction of the "super" bomb. When asked why he felt differently, Oppenheimer explained that Teller had conceived a new approach to making it and this fascinated the scientific decision-makers. "When you see something that is technically sweet," Oppenheimer

said, "you go ahead and you argue about it only after you have had your technical success."

Hans Bethe, one of the twelve American scientists who signed an appeal to the U.S. government not to make the hydrogen bomb, retired from Los Alamos after Hiroshima and rejected invitations to help by saying: "We believe in peace based on mutual trust. Shall we convince the Russians of the value of the individual by killing millions of them?" Norbert Wiener announced that he would no longer work for the government, saying he would not publish "any work of mine which may do damage in the hands of irresponsible people."

As a body, the scientific community was horrified by the uses to which scientific discoveries and inventions had been put, but this, as Oppenheimer said, came after the achievement of "technical success."

The other article in *Gandhi Marg* is "The Recovery of Hope in the Nuclear Age," by Max Born, a distinguished physicist and teacher of many of those who worked on nuclear fission. Writing about various "advances" in military technology within his own recollection, he speaks of Haber's extraction of nitrogen from the air, enabling the Germans to fight on for years in World War I, instead of only six months. Haber also invented poison gas, but both sides used it. Born tells of Lindemann-Cherwell's decision for saturation bombing of German cities, and General Groves' indifference to the opinions of the scientists who had made the atom bomb (expressed in the Franck Report), urging its use against their appeal, even though the Japanese were all but defeated. Born concludes:

> Today, it is no longer the cholera or the plague bacillus that threatens us, but the traditional, cynical reasoning of politicians, the indifference of the masses, and the physicists' and other scientists' evasion of responsibility. That which they have done, as I tried to explain, cannot be undone; knowledge cannot be extinguished, and technology has its own laws. But scientists could and should use the respect they gain through their knowledge and ability to show the politicians the way back to reasonableness and humanity.

But for all Max Born's longing, and that of other men, the "demonic" drive of technicism will hardly be turned back by converting "cynical politicians," nor do the scientists seem able to reverse themselves until it is too late. The change that is needed is not some well-considered "leash" on the means for obtaining what people imagine to be the good life, but a profound revision in the very idea of the good life. In a searching article in his new magazine, *Resurgence* (published in England), John Papworth points out that the now aroused black populations of Africa, of whom so many expect so much, have set their sights on "a western type democracy, a highly centralized society, egalitarian, liberal, materially expanding and affluent"—in other words, precisely the society which in the West has produced the dilemmas Mr. Schorstein describes. What Ortega said of America may now be said of the entire West: "it is a primitive people camouflaged behind the latest inventions."

How can this be changed? Not, surely, by a new set of "gestures." It will be changed only by lives lived in the grain of purposes which are evolved from the autochthonous roots of the people themselves, in "acts which have a clear direct sense of their own."