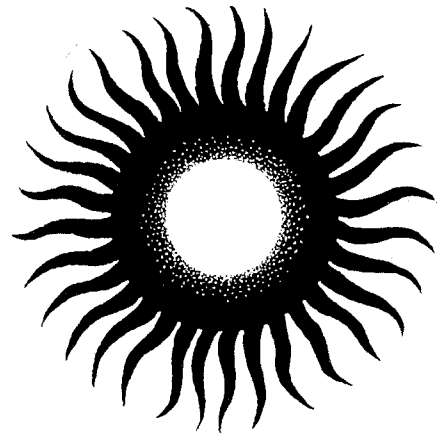


VOL VIII NO. 3



THAW, THEN SERVE

E. MERRILL ROOT



AMONG US

Readers write that the people above are all very handsome and distinguished and charming, but why are we running their photographs? Do they work at S.M.? Or did we rent the photographs just to make people think we are younger and handsomer than we are? We hereby identify them for the benefit of lawyers seeking to settle lost inheritances and police who wish to bring their files up-to-date.

From L. to R. grins: Tom Van Sant, our sensitive art director and tough Marine platoon commander; Thad Ashby, associate editor and unlicensed amateur psychiatrist; Bill Johnson, editor and volley ball terror; Beulah Roth, circulation manager, ex-Broadway songstress and actress; Dr. James W. Fifield Jr., Board Chairman, who now has his own national TV show sponsored independently; James C. Ingebretsen, President; Myron McNamara, radio producer and aging tennis threat, still young enough to have played one of our Davis Cup stars to a stand-still; Doreen Riley, editor of *Churchman's Digest*, whom we rescued from a New York ad agency; Lew Miller,

a United Brethren minister, helps write the newspaper column, *Pause for Reflection*.

* * *

"Events are moving almost too swiftly for comment, but it looks like the biggest news story of the decade is breaking right before our eyes. This story is the crackup of the world Communist empire. The danger is that we may underestimate the changes that are taking place."

These words were born not last week or month, but last June, five months ago, sired by columnist Aubrey Herbert for our September issue. The way he predicted the revolts which flamed at the end of October earn him a pat on the back. Aubrey's column often draws criticism, often praise; we find it off-beat and original. Sometimes he is hard on conservatives for their compromising. But he is one of the keenest libertarians we know, and we're proud to carry his column, despite the hot water he gets us in, when he dares to presume to criticize the public idols of the moment.

FAITH AND FREEDOM is published by Spiritual Mobilization, a national nonprofit, nonpartisan, nonsectarian organization founded in 1935. James C. Ingebretsen, *President*. James W. Fifield, Jr., *Chairman*.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: sent without charge to those who ask for it. If you wish to pay for your subscription, a \$5 contribution covers a little more than cost; a contribution over \$5 pays for subscriptions for libraries, clergymen, students and those not able to pay for their subscriptions.

EXTRA COPIES: 25c each up to ten; 20c each over ten. Introductory copies will be sent free to those you suggest. Should you suggest one or more, we

would appreciate a contribution to cover the cost of mailing.

GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS: sent with an appropriate card telling the recipient of your thoughtfulness. Just send us the names and addresses with an appropriate contribution.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: be sure to give your complete former address (print or type, please).

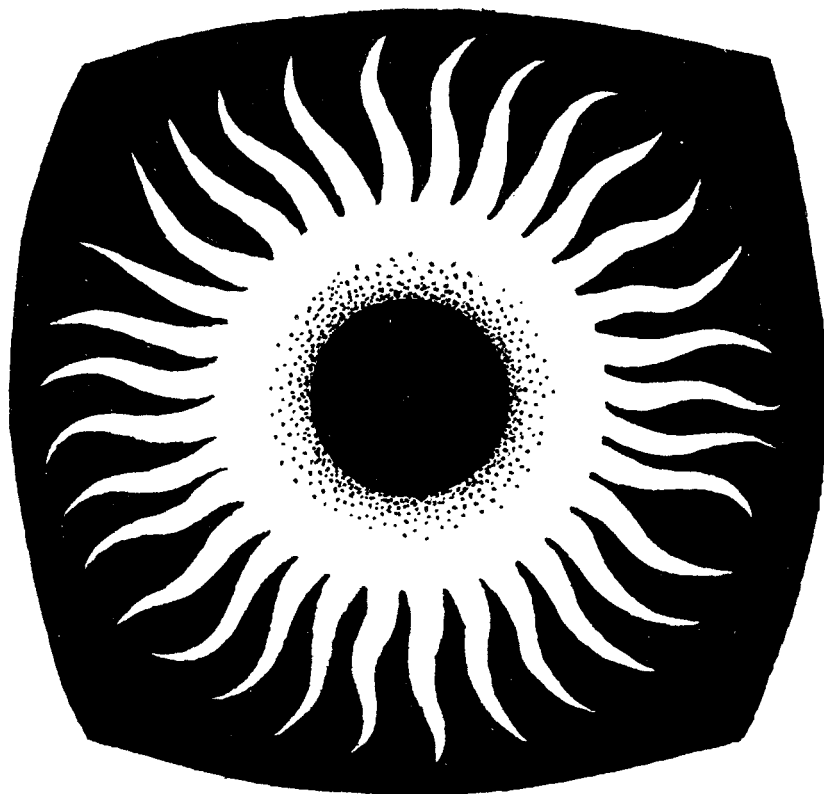
STAFF: William Johnson, *Editor*. Thaddeus Ashby, *Associate Editor*. Doreen Riley, *Digest Editor*. Tom Van Sant, *Art Director*. Beulah Roth, *Circulation Manager*.

Published September 15th to June 15th at 1521 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles 17, California.

We asked Dr. Root what goes on in college classrooms these days, what do the kids think, and how does a good prof unteach middle-road ideals? He answered: "We get into some hot arguments. Why don't you eavesdrop on my classroom right now?"

THAW, THEN SERVE

E. MERRILL ROOT



Some say there's an Ice Age that congeals our colleges. If this is so, what should I, the professor, be? A thermometer, perhaps. But I should not only be a thermometer to register the student's temperature, but also a sun (if only a chubby minor sun) to thaw them out.

Let's eavesdrop on a radical conservative professor's classroom today. Often students

reach college already congealed, even frozen. They get too much too early in the prep schools; too little too late in colleges. A prof can only try to be a sun, to shine warmly, and if possible, to thaw.

Take that chief casualty of the cold war: true understanding of "freedom of speech." What happened to it?

During the last academic year, one of my students startled me—and would have amused me if the stakes weren't so high. He is the joy of a teacher's heart: never cuts my classes, is gracious, co-operative,

A full professor of English at Earlham College, E. Merrill Root wrote "Collectivism on The Campus," and many volumes of poetry.

eager and brilliant. Reluctantly, I deferred to the registrar, who insisted that I refrain from putting a plus after his "A."

Short, dark and handsome—he raises his hand perpetually, an index of an interested and interesting mind; he makes teaching not a chore, but a charm. His glowing black eyes remind me of fluid anthracite alive with thought. He has experienced the world, too, for his family lived in Germany till Hitler drove them into exile. In America, which he deeply loves, he attended two of the most famous Quaker preparatory schools. No professor could ask for a finer student than Walter H.

Unfreezing the Roots

Discussing Orwell's *Animal Farm*, we came to free speech. Walter H. was vitally alert and vividly involved:

WALTER: Americans don't believe in free speech.

ROOT: Why do you say that?

WALTER: Last year I was a student at Westtown. At a First Day Meeting, a student friend of mine spoke, saying: "I wish I could listen to Radio Moscow and share the Communist point of view." Immediately a Quaker elder spoke up: "I would not, if I were thee, listen to Radio Moscow . . ."

ROOT: What a rare Quaker he must be!

WALTER: Don't you see? He was denying free speech.

ROOT: In what way? Did the elder forbid your friend to listen, or take his radio away, or say that the boy would be expelled if he listened?

WALTER: No, but he advised him publicly not to listen. *Publicly!*

ROOT: Why should the elder be deprived of freedom to give advice? Perhaps you don't believe in free speech yourself.

WALTER: I don't?

ROOT: You seem to say that this elder should have kept still; that he had no right to express a contrary view; that freedom of speech for your friend requires suppression of speech for the elder.

WALTER: The elder said: "*I would not listen if I were thee.*" That denies free

speech, by telling him not to listen.

ROOT: No, it's an illustration of true free speech. The boy said he wanted to listen; the elder advised him not to listen. No denial there. Rather an affirmation of a difference, which makes stimulating controversy. If the boy spoke, but the elder kept still, you would have only intellectual one-way traffic, only spiritual monopoly.

WALTER: He was trying to keep the boy from studying communism.

ROOT: Let me simply ask you this: *Is it freedom of speech if you fit conservatives with gags and provide collectivists with megaphones?*

Walter H. is highly intelligent, so I think my words fell into the good ground of his subconscious, whence someday they may grow to pour their blossoms like star-petals into the light. And maybe others in the class, also, were good ground for the seeds of my heresy against the orthodox. Maybe even the collectivist conditioning in prep schools can't freeze the roots of the world.

Suckled on Pasteurized Milk

Another fixed idea goes with the axiom that the most important thing for Mr. Everyman is a full belly; and that being a "good Christian" means seeing that your brother has a perpetual bellyfull.

A chapel speaker had strewn his ersatz pearls and smiled under the usual acclaim. He had been a missionary to China and was now a minister of Christ.

Speaking of China, he told of his conversation with a rickshaw man in Shanghai before the Commies came: the man had said: "Now I have trouble getting one bowl of rice a day; when the Comrades come, they say I will get *two* bowls of rice a day. So why not welcome the Comrades?" The speaker held up this as reason for thinking that the Communists had benefited China.

This so disgusted me that, in a class following this chapel, I expressed my distaste for a "Christian" who put the bread by which man exists ahead of the Word by which men live.

Most of the class agreed with the speak-

er that two bowls of rice were most important. Their view was most ably argued by a tall, serious, pleasant boy, a true gentleman and scholar, who intends to become a minister himself and *lives* as a Christian . . . though I have my doubts about his metaphysics. Plentiful wild blond hair waves above sensitive blue eyes; his soul has fed on the pasteurized milk of human kindness till he can't believe any evil of Fascists or Communists.

For Joan—Not Bread But Fire

Charles M. thinks very hard about everything, turning the lilies of the field, fairer than Solomon in all his glory, into a facsimile of Mahatma Ghandi, drastic to the last loin-cloth. I said:

ROOT: Of course we have to eat to stay alive in this world, and I am all for enabling people, Chinese or American, to eat all the food they need. I only repeat that man does not live by bread alone. He lives also by faith and freedom. If that rickshaw man did get his two bowls of rice—though communism has never yet in any country made a two-for-one advance—still he would find himself miserable if his every choice, action and thought was dictated by the coercive state, the omnipotent New Caesar of the streamlined sword. If that rickshaw man found his own children spying on him and denouncing him as an enemy of the people; if he saw his brothers forced to “volunteer” for the Korean blood-bath; if his beliefs about man and God were hijacked into a Marxian caricature of sanity: then the fact that he ate more rice would only make him more vital to be miserable.

CHARLES: Prof, you have to stay alive to have your faith and freedom.

ROOT: And you have to have faith and freedom to stay really alive.

CHARLES: At least, if you eat your two bowls of rice you are *alive*!

ROOT: Are you? That's the question. I have seen a lot of well-fed Americans about whom I have wondered.

CHARLES: Prof, you're unrealistic. You don't know what it's like to be hungry.

ROOT: Nor do you, Charles. But some men today, in concentration camps, are hungrier than your poor rickshaw man with his one bowl of rice, and very cold also in the Siberian night, and quite hopeless of escape: yet they hold their vision, they serve their principles, and they are very, very much alive. The world gave Joan of Arc not bread but fire, yet she was more alive in her death than most of us are in what we call our lives.

CHARLES: You're not idealistic. You don't want to give bread to the hungry, as Christ bade us.

ROOT: I *do* want to give bread to the hungry! But I don't remember that Christ said to trust Caesar to give bread and circuses to the hungry. The Communists don't give bread to the hungry like good Samaritans: they set up, and bid us bow down to, the New Caesar, who does all that—the New Caesar with his bread and his circuses and his sword. Christ said that the Kingdom is *within* you; the Communists say it is *without* you. Christ said to be as a nerve to feel the else unfelt oppressions of this earth; the Commies say: “Let the State do it.”

CHARLES: Maybe the New Caesar would do something about that poor rickshaw man with his one bowl of rice.

ROOT: Yes, Charles, he *will* do something: he may make a show of giving him two bowls of rice, and then say: “Give back



one and a half bowls as a voluntary contribution to the People's Democracy."

Charles M. is still wondering (as he should) how to feed the hungry and help Christ's poor. Yet, I have watched him grow since that discussion. I believe he now has an idea of the New Caesar, whether he rules in Peking, Moscow or Washington. I believe that a gentle February thaw is loosening his mind. We never know; and so we must wait patiently, leaving the final glory to April . . . or May. As Robert Frost says, "... something has to be left to God."

To Kick Against Pricks

A more baffling boy is my fanatic. I have a student who always has a lean, hungry look, as if he thinks himself one of the Hounds of God that must run itself ragged after very fast rabbits. I call him a "fighting pacifist," and "inquisitor of free speech." He claims that he loves all God's children so much that he can never kill anybody anywhere. As a Quaker I can understand this. Yet I had the feeling that his real itch was, as Saint Paul puts it, "to kick against the pricks." He would fight (with loaded ideas, as a man fights with brass knuckles) at the drop of a word; and his "tolerance" is well illustrated by his letter to the President of my college, asking him to forbid my reviewing books for the Alumni magazine because I am not, according to the Gospel as written by him, a pacifist.

Yet he has a brilliant mind; he is a prize gadfly for somnolent professors. He sits in class like a cougar on a limb, gleeful for a happy pounce on the unwary. Thought in him is like a terrible fever: he looks haggard with intelligence, like a man far gone in galloping consumption.

I can take care of him in class, and enjoy his presence. I find that the less over-strung students resent him and disagree with him because he speaks with a kind of scornful Pharisaism of the high I.Q. So, by being fanatic and supercilious, he helps thaw frozen minds—as a blow torch, perpetually under forced draught, thaws the arctic tundra even when it cannot kindle it.

Harvey S. always speaks cynically of free enterprise and sentimentally of collectivism. Some quirk, that eager psychiatrists would love to dabble in, makes him hate his neighbor on Main Street U.S.A. because he loves (much easier) his neighbor on Main Street Moscow. He is always debunking Mr. Babbitt; but he always accepts Comrade Leftie at face value.

My Black Pearl

Harvey judges collectivism by the ideal it professes; and individualism by the mistakes it makes in practice. I often wish he might meet Christ, or even St. Francis, instead of the inadequate saint he has for a professor. I feel that if he travels the road to Damascus, he may be the Saul who became Paul.

In a characteristic catch-as-catch-can he went out of his way (alienating the class) to dredge up some black pearl with little relevance to our discussion, which might as well have blushed unseen:

HARVEY: The Communists believe in free speech and we don't.

ROOT: Now I *have* heard everything.

HARVEY: They are always agitating for free speech.

ROOT: The better to eat you with my dear.

HARVEY: So you believe in fairy stories?

ROOT: Not the kind you do. Seriously, Voltaire might tell us that Frederick the Great believed in ahimsa—because he was always talking about it.

HARVEY: The Communists really believe in civil liberties.

ROOT: To them, the civil liberty of the wolf is the uncivil destruction of the lamb. Haven't you ever cast your eye, Harvey, toward artists in uniform and darkness at noon? By their fruits ye shall know them.

HARVEY: And the fruits of free enterprise are sweetness and light?

ROOT: By no means. But we have the freedom to learn even by our mistakes. Comrade Rubishov had only the pistol behind the right ear.

HARVEY: It must be comforting to be 100% American.

Though still a "militant pacifist," I think Harvey is on the road to Damascus.

A very different student is sensitive, dreamy, esthetic Betty M. She didn't care too much for *Animal Farm*: "It's too political!" I sympathize with her, for I abhor politics, and (if I were free to be myself) would do little but write poetry. I've lived long enough to discover, however, that one cannot write poetry in 1984; so I am trying to keep 1984 out of 1956. Betty W. hasn't learned this yet.

A charming girl, petite and piquant, finely gifted in writing poetry, and so spiritually alive that she looks like a saint-to-be in search of *the* religion, and so esthetic that she ought to be an artist who dwells perpetually in magic casements opening on the foam. She declared in class that *Animal Farm* is "unimportant and dull."

ROOT: Can you really say that, Betty? The book is subtle, witty, and brilliant—and lots of fun. Will you find anything better in Swift than: "All animals are equal, but some are more equal than others?"

BETTY: I don't like Swift! Must we waste our time with politics and sociology?

ROOT: If we don't keep the politicians and the sociologists out of the seats of power, we won't ever be free to loaf and invite our souls with poetry. They hate poetry as Puritans hate sin, or as Tom Sawyer's Aunt Polly hated anything that gave anybody any fun.

BETTY: Can't we ignore them, and live our own lives?

ROOT: The trouble is, the whole delight and fury of their lives is given to seeing that we shan't live *our* lives. They hate the private heart and want to turn it into a public utility.

BETTY: I love the private heart and hate the public utility.

ROOT: Then read *Animal Farm*—and see that it doesn't happen here!

Magic Opening on The Foam

This student is so delightful to look at that I hate to have her waste her time on anything save poetry; but I recently saw a picture of the New Woman in Moscow

scrubbing the streets—it was in the *New York Times*, so it must be true!—and I hate even more to think of Betty M. ever looking like that. I'd like to enlist her dainty spiritual ardor in our cause, for she is wholly on our side. The values she seeks cannot live in their world, but may live in our world. There must be a way to enlist the Betty M.'s of this world to fight for the magic casements opening on the foam. Otherwise, the beaded bubbles won't wink any more on the brim of the world; the People's Commissar for the Suppression of Bubbles will see to that!

Touched by The Moon

A few splendid students are fully awake and aware. The conditioning of high schools can't ruin them. Connie F. has had the kind of home we ought to have and too often don't; her deep and intuitive nature sends roots down below the frost-line. She listens and learns in class rather than arguing or showing off; but one day in a conference she said:

CONNIE: So many students here are unrealistic. Have they ever worked? Do they know what the world is like?

ROOT: Young people see life's possibilities, seldom its responsibilities. But they'll learn; give them time.

CONNIE: Meanwhile they support crackpot schemes on the lunatic fringe.

ROOT: "Lunatic" means "touched by the moon." Remember the moon has a mighty pull—the tides prove it. And the tides are lovely with lace-foam. Notice that in these students: the lace-foam.

CONNIE: Now don't *you* go soft! Maybe the lace-foam is pretty, but the tide may destroy a lot of lives. "Moon pull" leads to control by the state. Then what happens to your Thoreau and Emerson and self-reliance, and "the infinitude of the private man?"

ROOT: You are utterly right, Connie. One bright spot is that you will make a charming companion in an Alaskan concentration camp for incorrigible rebels.

You meet them here and there—these

New Rebels. One was an unintellectual but shrewd student who, when my *Collectivism on the Campus* came out, said: "That's the kind of book I've been waiting for some professor to write." Bob H. is an older student, a veteran of actual war, happily married and realistically romantic.

I don't have to thaw Bob. He's never been frozen. He delighted in *Animal Farm* and saw all that there is in it, as in a glass clearly:

Root: I don't want you to think of this book as political propaganda, or even just a satire on collectivism. It's that—and more. If it were *only* that, I wouldn't have chosen it for our study: the great thing about it, to me, is that it goes down below one narrow political experiment, into . . . Yes, Bob?

Bob: . . . into human nature?

Root: Exactly, Bob. It transcends communism or New Dealism, for it descends into the substratum of human nature. It shows that any external revolution is no change at all, if it is not an internal resurrection. You overthrow a "system" and the lust for power that made the "system" re-establishes itself with a new energy in the new system, because lust for power is not the sin of a class, but one of the symptoms of man.

Bob: What they call "original sin."

Root: Or "the Old Adam." It isn't fashionable today, because we don't impute sins to the soul—we're not even supposed to *have* souls. Cheerily we impute the mischief in man to the "system" or "ruling class" or "reactionaries."

NANCY T.: That's old stuff! Like Jonathan

Edwards saying Hell is paved with the skulls of infants.

Bob H.: Well, I have a kid, and I love him a lot, but the Old Adam's in him. Just listen to him yell when he doesn't get what he wants.

NANCY T.: Sociologists will tell you . . .

Bob H.: I can't wait for sociologists to baby-sit the kid. He's yelling, and I'm the only one there.

Root: That something which makes the child yell is in all of us; it *has* to be in us till we're born again. If it dominates us; if we allow men to rule over us, then we'll have Squealer, and Comrade Napoleon, and poor old Boxer will go to the butcher's.

Bob H.: I know *Animal Farm* is real. I've met all the characters in the book. Men make a "social revolution." And men are still men, even when they become Big Shots. Look at Labor . . .

The mention of unions brought on a free-for-all, for Bob H. still thinks that the "evils of society" come from the fallability of individual men. With that wisdom firm in his mind, the utopians couldn't budge him.

There you see the life of a radical-conservative professor today. It's a great life if he doesn't intend to weaken. He is a thermometer to register the contemporary 90 below zero of collectivism—whether with delight or dismay; he may also be a sun, if a very minor sun, to join in the great war of Ormuzd with Ahriman, and to thaw the frost-bound earth and to release the sun-seeking blossom. Did not Plato say that education is to turn the eye of the soul toward light?

We are told, in Judges, Chapter 9, that the trees wanted to be like men, and to have a king reign over them; and they said unto the olive tree, "Reign thou over us."

But the olive tree said unto them, "Should I leave off making oil, by which they honor God and man, and go to be promoted over other trees?"

So the trees asked the fig tree.

But the fig tree said unto them, "Should

I forsake my sweetness, and my good fruit, and go to be promoted over the trees?"

So the trees asked the vine.

And the vine said unto them, "Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the tree?"

So the trees asked the bramble.

And the bramble said, "I give nothing; I will be your king!"

Adapted from Judges IX



To our right, a lady with charming, yellow feathered hat leaned forward, eyes intent, chatting with a man in a grey flannel suit. "Well, I don't see how you can be against teaching youngsters about God," she said.

The grey flannel gentleman threw an arm over his chair back, twitched a tailored moustache. "The state and the church have separate functions. The schools belong to the state—must educate, not indoctrinate."

The lady grew vexed. "What's wrong with 'one nation under God' in the pledge of allegiance? Is that indoctrination?"

"It can lead to things... it's the principle of the thing..."

We straightened up in our slatback chair.

Mary Jean Bennett is the maiden name of the wife of a well known economist. She lives in New York and covered the above goings-on in person.

It looked like this hearing might be well worth our drive over to Brooklyn this third Monday in September.

The New York City Board of Education was conducting a hearing on its revised document, "The Development of Moral and Spiritual Ideals in Public Schools."

The question was whether religion of any variety should be taught to the children in the government schools, and the document had already sparked a year's long battle involving New York City's one million school children and their forty thousand teachers.

And though the battleground was Brooklyn, the battle was not provincial. School and church chiefs across the nation sat waiting to see which way the lumbering educational leviathan of New York City would move. As the world's largest public school system, whichever way it went would

be significant.

From the sound of things on our right, neither side of the issue was winded nor ready to step back.

We cocked an ear to the left.

A Gavel Banged

A cleric spoke with a charcoal brown gentleman: "You cannot cut children in two—the child-in-school, the child-in-the-home—and educate each half separately. You cannot separate religion and life. Moral values must be the central force in education and civilization."

"Yes, but what kind of moral values? Christian? Buddhist? Judaist? We all have to pay taxes for the schools. Every religion has its own ideas. How can you . . . ?"

A gavel banged in the front of the room. The Honorable Charles H. Silver peered over horn rimmed glasses at us and the other 200 other citizens who noisily crowded inside the New York City Board of Education hearing room.

Board Chairman Silvers gavelled again for attention, cleared his throat and began to speak:

"Here is the embodiment of that American institution . . ." "democracy . . ." "fair hearing . . ." He waded into the ritual of officially opening the session and gave us time to mentally review the "story up till now."

To Hot to Handle

We recalled the original statement the Board brought out in June of 1955, over 14 months ago. Storms of protest had descended from the heavens and Teachers Union headquarters. Supplementary sound and fury rained down from the American Jewish Congress, the Catholic Lawyers Guild, the American Education Association.

As an official of the Teacher's Guild said, "this thing is too hot to handle." And the Board had quickly and quietly announced it would withdraw the statement for study and revisal. The Board members would have to rephrase the statement to make the wording general enough to be

generally acceptable.

Out went such troublesome statements as "the concept of infinity cannot do other than lead to humbleness before God's Handiwork" and "the function of the school is . . . intensifying in the child that love of God . . ."

Now the compromise version was up for debate. It made no attempt to define or even outline a specific teaching program. This time the statement kept to vague, open terms. Consequently, it left it up to the public school teacher to decide what to teach about God and religion—and how.

God Afterhours

The issue was officially entitled "The Development of Moral and Spiritual Ideas in the Public Schools." It came to us that the first part of the statement was incontestible enough.

The touchy part was the "public school" business. Everyone seemed ready to instill religious principles in the nation's youth. But some pointed out that doing it was a 24-hour-a-day job, that you shouldn't put God out of a child's mind from 9 in the morning till lunchtime, and again after lunch to 3:30 P.M.

Others agreed, but insisted that teaching about God meant teaching a particular view of God. They said the first amendment called for separation of church and state. Mix the two and you can't help but get a church-run state or a state-run church, they said. This seemed a good point, too.

We chewed our pencil and leafed through the long, legalistic, 20-page resolution which would go under heated consideration today. Mr. Silvers stuck with his introduction at the head of the room.

We noted the resolution mentioned public demands for moral and spiritual teaching to combat, or at least offset, the disturbing effects of the Cold War, juvenile delinquency, the remoteness of workers from the satisfactions of personal achievement, the mounting complexity of government, the increasing amount of aimless leisure, the changing patterns of home and family life

and a host of other social problems.

Serious social problems, we agreed. But wondered about the logic involved. Teach youngsters about God and cut down juvenile delinquency? We were in favor of both ends of the proposition—teaching youngsters about God and cutting down juvenile delinquency. But wasn't there a snag in the middle? At best, cutting down juvenile delinquency could be but a by-product of religious education. Like making good social contacts at church. You did of course. But that wasn't the first consideration of religion was it? Wasn't the main aim of religious education teaching individuals how to prepare for their eternal life?

Reporter Leaned Forward

And this usually entailed a certain amount of doctrine. This was why people joined different churches. We belong to our own church because we think it best equipped to tell us about God and how to reach Him. Believing this, we wouldn't choose a Deweyite to teach little Bill and Mary. Moreover, we would question whether we wanted them taught about God in flat, impersonal, neutral terms. We would like the terms to be warm, and happy and strong and majestic.

However, we know an atheistic family, and we don't suppose they would want their youngster taught in the same way.

Looking at the discussion this way, we didn't see how either side could talk the other around. Light applause broke our thoughts off here.

Mr. Silvers had finished reading his statement and signalled the Board's clerk to call the first speaker. "Miss Rose V. Russell, Legislative Representative, Teachers Union of the City of New York." She strode to the head of the room, clutching a thick statement. Reporters five rows down from us leaned forward.

"Hmmp"

Miss Russell acknowledged the changes made in the revised statement but said "the basic defect remains—the introduction of

the teaching of religion in the public schools and the equation of moral and spiritual values and ideals with religious belief. She continued, "The fact it is more subtly done, more discreetly and indirectly worded, more vague in some respects, does not make it any less harmful." Miss Russell announced that the Teachers Union favored the Board's killing the resolution.

The woman next to me shook her feathered hat angrily. "Hmmp," she said.

The clerk called the next witness. "Mr. Leo Pfeffer, Associate General Counsel, American Jewish Congress."

Mr. Pfeffer also thumbed down the resolution. The Board members began to grow more flushed than the autumn sun-warmed room warranted. Said Mr. Pfeffer: "Teaching love of God is meaningless and stultifying without some teaching of the meaning of God and"—Mr. Pfeffer raised his voice—"such teaching is religious teaching, which is the responsibility of the church, home and synagogue—not the public schools."

The clergyman beside us frowned, recrossed his legs and folded his arms.

Mrs. L. Illoway, head of the Jamaica High School P.T.A., spoke up against the resolution then. She said: "I need not remind the members of the Board that there are over 200 religious sects in this country. Nor that each one is entitled, under our Constitution, to practice and teach its own beliefs in its own way. Nor ought we to forget the rights of the non-believers and of that numerous body of believers not affiliated with any particular sect." A board member squirmed in his seat.

A Feather Protested

Then relief came in the form of spokesman for the American Education Association, Mrs. Catheryn Dorney. Wearing violet gloves and a corsage of brilliant flowers, she smiled at the Board. The Board smiled back. Mrs. Dorney: "I endorse the report, Moral and Spiritual Ideals in the Public Schools." The Board appeared relieved for the first time. "I speak as a teacher—I teach at Erasmus Hall High School—and I say

we need this document spelling out the teaching of moral training. We need to teach the whole child—mind, body and soul.

"From my experience with children, I am of the opinion we breed schizophrenics—children with some facts but without knowledge of their great spiritual heritage. This is brought home to us by the reports of American soldiers in Korea who were unable to withstand Communist propaganda during captivity. Hence, I believe it would be of great value to the Board to read this book by Edward H. Hunter entitled *Brainwashing*." With that, Mrs. Dorney dramatically handed the book to Mr. Silver.

"Mr. Godfrey P. Schmidt, Guild of Catholic Lawyers, Archdiocese of New York and Catholic Lawyers Guild of the Diocese of Brooklyn," called out the clerk.

"I endorse the revised resolution," he announced, "but gentlemen, your stronger first draft was a much better job. Why, I ask, have some opponents to the resolution sought to remove the references to God? Is it because God is now a controversial word?"

"No, no," protested our feathered neighbor and others in the audience.

Mr. Silver gavelled for order. Schmidt continued, "I ask, why should there be a split fence between church and state so that one cannot look at the other? How can you explain history to our children without explaining God?" Mr. Schmidt clenched his fists. "Truths do not have a part-time claim." More applause.

And so for hours we sat there. The hearing continued into the evening. Speaker after speaker rose to contest or approve.

Private Schools for The Job

We stuck it out till the last speaker had his say, then drove home that evening wondering how anything could ever be resolved. We thought; we'd like Little Mary and Bill to grow up not just to know God but to love Him, too. Yet suppose what we like for Mary and Bill isn't what Tom Snyder likes for his Anne and Bob?

Talking it over with the neighbors next

evening we reflected that all over New York City right now, hundreds and hundreds of private and parochial schools function quietly and effectively. Traditional schools and progressive schools. Segregated schools and integrated schools. Boys and girls schools. Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, even free-thinking schools. In all the teachers are especially trained and directed in accordance with the precepts of the school, perhaps rabbis in one, nuns in another, theological students in still another.

Who Teaches Your Child?

All run smoothly, we pointed out. No end-less compromising, no bureaucracy, no acrimony, no politics. And no compulsion.

"Yes," said the people next door, extremely pleasant people who often make the same response to our thinking. "Well, what do you think the Board will do though?"

"Don't see how they can do anything," we said. "It's obviously a checkmate. They're done in either way they move. How can the Board say: religion is not a legitimate part of a child's education? How can they say, on the other hand: The one and only religious doctrine (whatever that may be) of the the New York Board of Education must be forced on the public school pupil (no matter what his religious preference may be)?"

"If understanding must come before teaching, how will the atheistic teacher handle references to God? How will the Catholic teacher treat Martin Luther? How will the Protestant teacher talk about the Feast of the Passover? How will the Jewish teacher teach of St. Thomas Aquinas?"

No, we said, not the slightest chance that they can reach an honest agreement on that resolution.

Two weeks later, on October 4, 1956, we caught the following note on the bottom of page 37 in our paper: Board Adopts Motion—The New York City Board of Education, after meeting in closed session today, announced adoption of its revised resolution, The Development of Moral and Spiritual Ideals in the Public Schools.

THE LIGHTED WINDOW

On a blizzardy night in December, 1928, at Grand Rapids, Michigan, I sat reading before a dying fire. There came a knock at the door after midnight. Opening, I saw a snow-covered man about fifty years of age who said, "I saw your light in the window. I need help desperately. May I come in?"

After an hour's visit and a prayer he went out—the same man, yet not the same man—lifted above his thoughts of self-destruction. As he left he said, "Thank God for the lighted window!" Through all the years since, my ministry has had a pastoral area. The greatest strength in the churches I have served has come from pastoral relationships.

Television now permits millions to see *The Lighted Window*. It is still a beacon of hope and anchorage for many in their storms. The program has been running in Los Angeles for some time and is now seen weekly also in Honolulu, Seattle, Spokane, Tacoma, Portland, Salt Lake City, Las Vegas, San Francisco, San Diego, Phoenix and Tucson, Cedar Rapids, Grand Rapids and other cities. It is sponsored by a pet food manufacturer, power and light companies, super markets and so forth.

After many years on radio with *The Freedom Story* of Spiritual Mobilization, I am glad to be able to enlarge my contacts across the nation through *The Lighted Window* over television.

It may be that some of you are within the radius of the program and would be glad to see it, to speak of it to others, and perhaps even to sponsor it. Every libertarian

vehicle which we have needs such cooperation and encouragement from all, as they can give. I am convinced that attrition is cutting down the number of our organizations and in many instances, their effectiveness. I am also convinced that the thing for which Spiritual Mobilization and other kindred organizations stand is more important than it has ever been.

In connection with *The Lighted Window*, there are interviews with Dan Smoot, Clarence Manion, Bracken Lee and others who are stalwarts in the fight to save freedom under God in America. The program is produced on film and there are some sixty films produced and ready for distribution. If any readers of *Faith and Freedom* would like information or a folder describing the further details, it can be had by writing to me at 2617 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles 57.

The program has had the largest mail for any local television program in Los Angeles, running as high as 4700 letters per week. It is a self-help program—not religious. It is non-partisan, non-political, non-sectarian. It is viewed each week in all theaters of the Armed Forces on all three continental circuits. One of the recent guests on the program, Charlto Heston (the Moses of Cecil B. de Mille's *Ten Commandments*) said, "The spirit and purpose of this program certainly gear in with the ideals and framework and reference frame of *The Ten Commandments*."

Sample films are available for prospective sponsors to view.

PAUSE FOR REFLECTION JAMES C. INGEBRETSEN

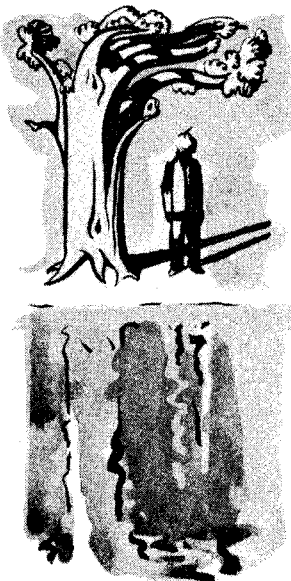
President Eisenhower answers the applause with outstretched arms. He tells us his victory is one of principle; not of personality. He says, modern Republicanism is what 33 million voters wanted when they checked their ballot for him and then furnished him with a Democratic House and Senate.

Unfortunately what the overwhelming majority of voters really want is a political symbol (Ike) and a policy which they think will secure them against the pitfalls of life. And they can hardly be blamed for wanting this. Republicans and Democrats, businessmen and labor leaders, educators and clergymen have told them that security is not only proper but practical.

It does not matter how effective we make the theoretical argument showing the terrible impact of extending the Big Brother symbol—showing how these political policies erode our moral and spiritual values. For Americans seem intent on finishing, to the bitter end, the revolution which began with Roosevelt's first hundred days in 1932. From the beginning, they have not wanted their knowledge at a bargain price—and the price goes up with each further step along the road.

The worship of the head of state, while a strange and new thing in American life, inevitably results from the gradual loss of feeling of community which since the days of the Revolution bound Americans together. The real conflicts are not between the isolated individual and the state or community. They are between integral community and the mechanist state.

Man cannot live alone. He must be a part



with others. His sense of belonging overrides all else. If he cannot find it in his religion, he will find it in the union or in the state. No attack on, or criticism of, the state will ever be effective unless we provide an alternative where people may find their creative and necessary satisfaction in community.

What does the President mean when he says that the "individual is of supreme importance"? Follow through the rest of his carefully considered election eve platform, and it adds up to this: his individual is the average individual who has a right

to the "good" things of life.

If this average individual isn't provided with the necessary food, clothing, shelter, health, education, job and old-age security, then the national government will provide them. All this "the average American has a right to expect." But how is government to bring those below average in these things up to the average? How else but the socialistic mechanics of invading the surplus of those above average? Is there any other way?

The Same End-Result

It is difficult to see how the end-result under this policy can be much different than that of a frankly Socialist policy. We can start right out with socialism. Or we can say: "We prefer private capitalism (under careful regulation, of course) and will only step in to even things out." Either way, we shall end up with our lives controlled, and with the socialist concept of equality of enjoyment.

In the free market, rewards made according to the evaluation of the market place result in an uneven distribution of wealth. Levelling is a socialist idea. The two concepts can't be mixed. But the "modern Republicanism" of Mr. Eisenhower seems both to swear allegiance to freedom and then declare that the government should not get into the act *unless* the effects of freedom are "inequalities" where some have more than they need and others have less.

Shall We Buy Time?

The most this policy can provide is a delay. Does the delay help? Does each step we take on the material road of socialism take us farther away from the spiritual?

Maybe not. Some will argue with merit: Material things have opened doors for spiritual awareness; say in a poverty-stricken land. Yet, look at it this way: if Americans have not by now achieved sufficient material progress and prosperity to enable them to begin to get their spiritual house in order, there is little reason to suppose that any more of the same will work any better—in fact, it is almost certain it will not.

Mr. Eisenhower says we must stay strong, not merely with guns and tanks, but with "that economic strength that allows each of us to increase his standard of living . . . ample opportunity for recreation, intellectual advancement and [at last, and obviously least!] the development of real spiritual strength."

"This," says Mr. Eisenhower, "is the kind of thing we are talking about."

More Than Lip Service

The basic assumption, however, of "Modern Republicanism" appears to be that things which happen *without* are more important than the things that happen *within*. Are we creatures of our environment more than we are the producers of our environment. This is the basic difference between Marxism and Christianity. No amount of lip service to spiritual strength

at the tag end of a sentence can conceal the fact.

This same inclination to blame all of our troubles on something outside of ourselves appears in our foreign policy. We try to cure these troubles by doing something with money and goods. The President in his election-eve speech again commits us to this program for the future.

The Mirror of Ourselves

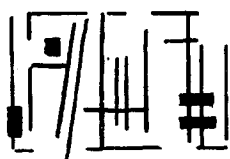
We want peace.

But are we willing to do the things ourselves that make for peace or do we think that the main approach is simply to change things abroad? Mr. Eisenhower says that "everything that happens abroad these days affects us here at home." These happenings are more a reflection of our own inner weaknesses and failures than we would like to admit. Our troubles around the world stem from within and not from without.

Where is it all to end? We pray that those who believe that all will come out, not only well, but better than ever, will be the sound prophets. For wherever we turn—to our educators; our clergymen; our business, labor or political leaders—only a tiny handful here and there cry out in protest or in doubt.

Aubrey Herbert's column on pages 20 and 21 deals with the revolt in Hungary which now has been brutally crushed by Russian tanks and guns. In place of the early optimism of the many friends of the Hungarian revolutionists, there is now a sickening pessimism. But viewed in perspective, what Herbert says holds true. For the crushing of the revolution has not decreased the tensions, but increased them; not only within Hungary, but in all of the Russian satellite countries.

It may be safely predicted that revolts will break out within Russia itself, though the full impact there and elsewhere may not come to the surface for a long time or until triggered by some subsequent explosive incident.



Autoconditioning: The New Way to a Successful Life. Hornell Hart. New Jersey: Prentice-Hall. 263 pp. \$4.95.

Dr. Hart, professor of sociology at Duke, has caused no little stir at book stalls with his scientific method of mood control. And little wonder. The inside flap on his new book reads: "Can science now teach you to live a successful, meaningful, satisfying life? For the first time in human history, the answer is 'Yes'."

Surely an enticing promise. But does Dr. Hart carry out his "promise to pay" in the glittering currency of happiness and joy? A number of people testify that he does. What's it all about?

"It's a form of self-hypnosis," explains Professor Hart, spelling out how you can auto-condition yourself. Requires: 1) deep physical relaxation, 2) a concentrated focus of attention and 3) the commanding of your "inner receptive ear" or subconscious.

The theory behind it (in the Professor's popularized style): "The id is a kind of jungle chimpanzee who lives deep down in your own unconscious mind—your inner receptive mind . . . (it) sends up the impulses, urges, hungers and drives that move your conscious mind. The real you is the 'I' inside you who says 'I will,' and 'I won't.' When you're deeply relaxed, the real you can bring your id into line with your own best purposes. Just silently tell your id, kindly but firmly, how you really want him to act."

Clergymen might take a look at chapter 16, "Autoconditioning and Religion," to see how this technique becomes practicable in the church.

The author says that "life transformation can be achieved through religious conversion, and can be implemented through auto-conditioning."

He points to the silent prayer after the sermon as one opportunity to use autoconditioning to aid the layman. ". . . (if they)



really and deeply relaxed their bodies, shutting out the sensory world by closing their eyes and letting go their muscles—letting sense be numb, letting flesh retire—and if in this state of profound relaxation these worshippers dedicate themselves to ideals made vivid to them during the sermon, then . . . (they) have carried out the process of autoconditioning."

Gumption Island. Felix Morley. Caxton. 1956. 306 pp. \$5.00.

Put yourself in the shoes of a Gumption Islander. You and your 170 fellow islanders are blasted 50 million years into the past. You wake up one morning to find you're living in a community with no money, no credit, no stable food supply, no public service of any kind.

You've survived a Russian atomic attack—bombed out with a new kind of weapon that not only knocks space all to pieces but time as well.

There you are—living on an island that's isolated in time as well as space. Monsters swoop around your Mazazoic era skies and great leviathons splosh about off your coast. But the biggest problems come not from primitive nature, rather from your fellow civilized men.

One islander wants to set up an economy based on labor certificates—a certificate for every hour's work.

Another wants to establish an island bank to issue currency against a capital supply of gold coins.

A group of Negro workers begins to rebel against surviving race distinctions when they discover everyone is now on an equal economic level.

What do you do? You begin thinking about economy, political philosophy and sociology. No longer as fleecy ideas-in-the-clouds, but as ideas that must work if you want to stay alive.

This is a book designed to make men

think—Felix Morley's first novel—perhaps not as polished a piece of fiction as you'd like, but nevertheless a thought-provoking work.

REV. NORMAN S. REAM

Anxiety in Christian Experience. Wayne E. Oates. Philadelphia: Westminster Press. 156 pp. \$3.00.

Dr. Oates draws on rich experience in research and in pastorates—holds a professorship of psychology of religion and pastoral care at Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville.

He deals systematically with the causes, control and therapy of that uneasiness of mind—anxiety—and focuses together for us three important sources of insight and therapy: 1) the converging wisdom and disciplines of the Bible, 2) the conclusions of specialists in psychology and psychiatry, and 3) the clinical experience of pastoral counselors who convert theory into practice.

Dr. Oates describes how these relationships interlock with each other. He points to methods for resolving the various anxieties. Case histories frequently illustrate the Doctor's theses. Unfortunately, they're not easily used in sermons.

Warning: The reader who lacks a grounding in the principles of abnormal psychology may find it slow-going over Dr. Oates' technical terminology and references to the various authorities and schools of thought.

DR. W. CLARENCE WRIGHT

The Wisdom of the Living Religions. Joseph Gaer. New York: Dodd. 375 pp. \$3.95.

Gaer pours over the sacred writings of the ten living religions—Christianity, Buddhism, Confucianism, Hinduism, Jainism, Judaism, Mohammedanism, Shintoism, Taoism and Zoroastrianism—and gives us a reference book that presents the teachings of each religion through its sayings, maxims and parables.

He places before us selections from these sacred scripts, holds each up into the bright light of comparison and contrast; and like the proud possessor of a rare collection of precious stones, expertly juggles each gem into the light so as to set off a facet-to-facet explosion of fire and sparkle.

Looking from scripture to scripture, we see a different color here, a different quality there, different substance and form distinguishing the living religions of the world. Yet we also discover a fundamental vitality, love and permanence that undergird each religion. Listening, we hear a song of life singing in many languages. We hear: "Hatred is not diminished by hatred at any time. Hatred is diminished by love—this is the eternal law (Dhammapada, 5). Again, and we hear: "True religion is to love, as God loves them, all things, whether great or small." (Hitopadesa.) Or: "He is fit to govern who loves all people as he loved himself." (Tao-Te-King, 13) Or: "On three excellent things be ever intent: good thoughts, good words, and good deeds." (Vendidad, XVIII, 17)

Thus in company with Mr. Gaer, we examine many similar examples of that second named excellency, "good words." Studying the sayings themselves, together with our author's commentaries on the nature and essence of each religion, we discover that:

As understanding and respect for a stranger increases our understanding and respect for ourselves; so in adding to our consciousness and appreciation of other religions, we must add to our awareness and appreciation of our own.

Understanding and Counseling the Alcoholic. Rev. Dr. Howard J. Clinebell. Abingdon Press. 252 pp. \$3.75.

Dr. Clinebell gives us a book specifically designed to be an aid to the person who wishes to apply religious resources more effectively to the problem of alcoholism.

He goes over the various approaches and possible therapies; states the reasoning behind their employment.

Part II discusses concrete group therapy developed by Emanuel Movement, the Salvation Army, Alcoholics Anonymous, the Yale Studies and the Skid Row missions.

Many references are cited and chapters deal with the psychodynamics of the religious approach, the ethical problem, principles of counseling, helping an alcoholic's family, prevention of alcoholism.

A valuable reference for those who want to help deal with this serious social problem.

Articles in Review

"I am in dead earnest when I say that if you want to kill your church, then start making money," Dr. George C. Stuart flatly states (*Don't Kill Your Church, The Pulpit, November, '56*).

He warns against group projects, says there is only one time-and-gospel-tested method of financing a church: concerned church people must share their 'goods' in the common enterprise for which the church exists, to preach the gospel, to teach and to heal.

These shared goods are not gifts but dedicated sacrifices to Jesus Christ, says the minister of First Christian Church, Bloomington, Illinois. "Anyone who substitutes a pie, a cake, a few hours in the kitchen, or anything else for a shared sacrifice for Christ loses the meaning of Christian stewardship."

He gives us the example of a minister friend who put these facts before his congregation and called a halt to all forms of money making activities in that church. "Putting a stop to 'money making' put \$19,000 in the budget of that church," he relates.

Certainly the layman should be offered a chance to give his service, as well as his financial support, to the church. But Dr. Stuart thinks such services would better be kept to such Christian enterprise as visiting the aged and sick, teaching and praying together.

With all the engines of science aimed at, and constantly barraging, the barriers to knowledge, man breaks through into deeper mysteries each time the second hand sweeps past a point in time.

George Hedley, writing in the November issue of *Harper's*, trains his efforts upon the *Frontiers of Religion* and presents a study of the way our religious faiths are being subjected to the most rigorous scientific inquiry they have ever endured. Is science battering down and disfiguring our faiths? On the contrary, says Hedley, religion is surviving with new luster.

He discusses the history and trends of Bible study and coming to a consideration of the much-talked about Dead Sea Scrolls,

reports that "the general effect to date is to reinforce the judgment which scholars long have held, to the effect that the recorded teachings of Jesus were unique in selection and implementation rather than in invention."

Roman Catholic schools in cities with Southern traditions are opening their doors to more and more Negro pupils. And the change usually brings on no troubles, reports *U. S. News and World Report*. In its October 12th issue the magazine trains its eye on the situation in two border cities—St. Louis and Washington—and presents the story of *Mixed Schools for Catholics: How They're Working Out*.

Some of the big problems encountered in mixing public schools are missing, we are told. For one thing, Catholic educators in the two cities did not have the masses of Negroes that some integrated public schools assimilate. Why? Children attending the religious schools are all volunteers while public school attendance is compulsory. Thus, the schools under study tended to get a selected type of Negro pupil. Then too, Catholic schools usually charge tuition and families of a low economic level are less likely than those in better circumstances to shoulder the expense of sending their children to a private school.

Moreover the integration under study was prepared for and planned years in advance. Catholic schools in St. Louis ended segregation in 1947—Washington schools began integration in 1948. About 10 years ahead of government decree, these private religious schools could make their change slowly.

In St. Louis, Archbishop Ritter in sermons and conferences prepared his people for integration for years before finally giving the go-ahead.

Today the results of voluntary, privately sponsored social action show up in smoother race relations and Christian accord.

"Theology and psychology deal with dimensions of the same deeply tormented, divinely exalted, and demonically possessed creature known as man; and their findings . . . often check and corroborate one another from different angles."

Making this discovery early in his career, **Walter M. Horton** began to weave together the insights and knowledge of each. Now professor of theology at Oberlin, he takes time out to restate briefly some of his good findings in **A Psychological Approach to Theology—After 25 Years (Pastoral Psychology, November '56)**. He tells us:

The common problem is man, who can be alienated from himself, from his fellows and from his creative source in a great variety of ways, all involving a destructive perversion of an essentially good drive. The perversion starts with anxiety, which then leads to loss of faith and various forms of self-protective or despairing behavior. What to do about it?

How can anyone help him? Man begins to be restored to his true nature when he honestly sees and confesses his wrongness in the presence of a love that accepts him just as he is and believes in his better possibilities, Dr. Horton says. Psychologists call this understanding love "acceptance, while theologians speak of justification by faith in "forgiving grace;" yet both point to essentially the same kind of love as the objective condition for new beginnings in life.

Dr. Horton points to Alcoholics Anonymous where "an unstable new member not only finds better assurance of acceptance than he would in any group that has not been through it, but is upheld by the watchful moral support of his associates, and grows strong by helping new members."

The Doctor, talking directly to the clergyman, says: "Ideally, any church should offer all-round support to beginners in the Christian life in a similar way, since it is composed of 'forgiven sinners,' just as AA is recruited from reformed alcoholics.

"We all know churches which are so deficient in depth of fellowship, or in the attitude of acceptance that they do not even remotely correspond to this description. Such churches are both psychologically and theologically unsound," asserts Dr. Horton, "not proper churches at all."

Summing up, he goes on to say: The psychological approach can contribute the most to that part of theology that deals with Man, Sin and Salvation—especially the personal rather than the social side of these three doctrines.

FOR CLERGYMEN ONLY

Returns are still coming in on last month's poll: How does the clergyman feel about right-to-work laws? We're still compiling and computing. In the meantime, we would like to test our ministers' feelings in another area of current discussion.

This month, we'd like to know: How do you—the clerical reader of *Faith and Freedom*—feel about religious education in government schools. Again we invite you to take out pencils, check off your answers below, tear out the questionnaire and send it back to us. We'll let you know the results as soon as we can.

1. Our youngsters, Peter and Gwendolyn, go to P.S. #245. We have taught them to believe that the Bible is sacred Scripture—God's revelation to man. Peter and Gwendolyn's teacher tells them the Bible is "good literature" and implies it is nothing more. We think she should teach the Bible for what it is—God's sacred Word.

Tend to agree ☐ disagree ☐ not sure ☐

2. Our family lives by the tradition of Israel. We respect other religions, but we believe in our own. In the public schools, they teach children Christian doctrine, yet we must pay taxes to support public schools. This is surely coercion.

Tend to agree ☐ disagree ☐ not sure ☐

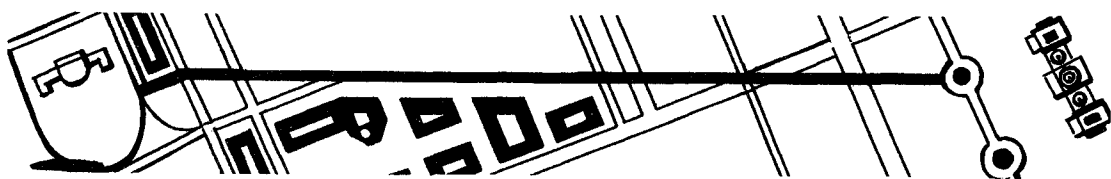
3. We believe in God and want our children to believe in Him. We do not think that "objective" religious teaching ("it is believed by many that Jesus held some kind of unusual power") can light a spark of love or belief in a child.

Tend to agree ☐ disagree ☐ not sure ☐

4. John and I feel that teaching religion is a necessary part of education. But we don't see how this can be done in public schools. We think the only answer is the private school.

Tend to agree ☐ disagree ☐ not sure ☐

ALONG PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE



As I write these words, there is no way of knowing the final outcome of the Hungarian Revolution. It appears that the rebels have been crushed. But the Communists have lost; now Hungary must be occupied by Russian troops, and the revolt may flare up again any time; in this sense it was successful: it taught the world that the spirit of freedom can't be killed by tanks and superior guns.

How many times have we heard, and feared, in these last sorry years, that "times have changed" and all is now lost? That modern technology and modern weapons make revolutions impossible? That modern devices of tyranny and thought control, of terror and propaganda, pulverize the individual and make him, forevermore, a helpless and even willing tool of the state? That was the nightmare vision of Orwell's *1984*, and it was a vision that seemed to be true.

The Communists seemed invincible. They appeared living proof of their own faith that history is on their side.

But now, after a decade of Communist rule, little Hungary rose up as one man and smashed the evil regime to bits. We know that without Soviet troops, the Communist regime would have been swept away in a couple of days. In the fight of the Hungarian people vs. the Hungarian Communists, the rebels won hands down. And if it can happen in Hungary, it can happen in Poland, or Russia, or in any country.

And so, revolution—that great and ultimate weapon of free men against tyranny—is not obsolete. The lover of freedom *can* be free, if he wants freedom enough.

Another important lesson for Americans: this uprising followed the historic pattern of victorious revolutions. As the frightened

government granted concession after concession, the rebels' demands waxed ever more extreme. Contrast this triumphant march to the "realists" in this country who preach the necessity and merit of compromise. The movement that spurns compromise and multiplies its demands sweeps on to victory. The movement that grovels gratefully over every handout falls by the wayside. Though temporary beaten I do not believe the Hungarians will grovel.

The disappointing aspects of this struggle appear in America, not Hungary. How has America, how has Washington, reacted to the stirring news? A cautious call for freedom comes from the White House. But few words or deeds come from America to give the anti-communist Hungarians a spark of hope, to stir the other satellites to total anti-communist rebellion. Instead, we rose to the challenge by considering how to refer the "Soviet intervention" to the United Nations, as if the Soviets had not been occupying Hungary during the last ten years.

In this moment when revolt might spread to a tidal wave that will topple the Communist empire once and for all, you would expect the anti-communists to come forward. The private organizations that have, for years, solicited us on behalf of freedom in eastern Europe, will do something, perhaps. They haven't yet. The "crusades for freedom" and the "committees for the liberation from Bolshevism," the businessmen who support foreign aid and other measures ostensibly designed to "fight communism" could aid the Hungarian rebels, encouraging them to set up an underground, a non-communist, non-socialist, self-government.

I am not abandoning my long-standing

opposition to intergovernmental war. I am not calling for World War III. What I am suggesting is that all the staunch anti-communist organizations and their publications which have favored conscripting and taxing us to fight communism, now voluntarily give money to the Hungarian rebels—or to any other revolutionaries in the satellite countries. Though they've lost a battle, they can revolt again.

The least anti-communists can do is to show their solidarity with the Hungarian rebels, and send them the aid they need. And they need far more than Red Cross supplies. Have we become so dependent on government that we cannot send private aid ourselves?

Fear Freezes America

The reaction from Washington has been worse than passive. Incredibly, high sources send out hints that the Hungarians have gone "too far," that they may make the Soviets angry and more tyrannical. Others warned that once the revolutionaries came out into the open, they risked being crushed. They were crushed, but didn't we once believe in "liberty or death"?

More disquieting is this *New York Times* dispatch from Washington: "The United States would be sympathetic to a free regime in Hungary. But Washington officials do not want to offer a major provocation to the Soviet Union, through recognition of a Hungarian government unfriendly to Moscow. Such a provocation possibly could lead to war, it is felt here. The view prevailing among United States officials, it appeared, was that 'evolution' toward freedom in eastern Europe would be better for all concerned than 'revolution,' though nobody was saying this publicly."

The "provocation" argument is specious. Recognition of a *de facto* government does not provoke war. Monetary aid to a friendly people, from *non-governmental sources*, is not a cause for war. There is no reason why we cannot aid rebels in Hungary as the Russians aided Communist rebels in China, Viet Nam, etc. We would have far better

grounds for recognizing a free Hungary than for treating Chiang as the ruler of China. Neither action needs to provoke war.

Further, a successful satellite rebellion would weaken Soviet military strength enormously. Already, Soviet troops have begun to desert. Let the desertions grow to any great extent and the game would be up. Mass desertions and uprisings would crumble the Communist empire into dust.

The Shifting Middle

The most shocking comment came from noted columnist Walter Lippmann, who often reflects high-echelon thinking in the State Department. Lippmann actually said that Titoism would be better for our interests than freedom in eastern Europe, for, after all, the area must be controlled by someone. It is important, wrote Lippmann, that eastern Europe enjoy "freedom from anarchy" as well as "freedom from despotism." Consider what this implies.

This sounds as if Titoism is the good, moderate, middle-of-the-road between "despotism" (Stalinism) on the one hand and "anarchy" (freedom) on the other.

Is this the new Washington line? We might ask: how many government officials, how many Americans, are really Titoists? How many believe in "national communism" as the best social system? How much "anti-communism" of recent years has simply been revulsion against Stalin's crude methods and Muscovite control? Are we seeing the germs of a new Grand Alliance between Washington and the Communist governments on behalf of Titoism?

Block Titoism

We are possibly entering a new era in foreign relations. In the last few years, the main problem has been peace or war, and the libertarian task was to stem the interventionist call for an H-bomb debacle. From now on, the main challenge may prove to be revolution behind the Iron Curtain. The task of the libertarian may be to block any American-Soviet alliance for defense of Titoism against popular revolt.

SEEKING NEW IDEAS WITH GERALD HEARD

Last month, I suggested that thoughtful people are increasingly concerned about prayer.

In the Ages of Faith, the Middle Ages, everyone prayed as a matter of course. God, Who made the world and Who ruled it, was in Heaven and the one way into His presence was by prayer. The ablest, most powerful and richest men were willing to pay big money so that specially trained people could give all of their time to praying for them—just as today we retain expensive lawyers to defend our interests and to plead for us in the law courts. They were not asking their organized pleaders to get Heaven's attention on their behalf so that they should be wealthy or healthy, but that they might safe hereafter. They weren't at all sure (still less were their spiritual advisers) that "God meant me to be happy."

But they did believe that although He was a strict and comprehensive creditor He could be merciful if besought.

Then doubt arose. People began to ask for proofs that this kind of insurance actually paid off. People began to believe that sermons—speaking to people's consciences and telling them to behave better—were much more profitable and efficacious than pleading to God that in His mercy He would pardon past sins.

But sermons, though they can help confirm our good intentions, rarely change a formed character. A fine religious discourse may refresh our wilting convictions. But even the most eloquent speaking can seldom, among the educated, pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow, rid us of a buried but poisonous fear or hate, give an addict the power to break his addiction. As William James points out in his classic, *The*



Varieties of Religious Experience, a sudden conversion that alters a man's life for good is rare among trained minds.

So although they might still go to church as part of a proper social behavior, people of the practical world who considered themselves to be shrewd and informed did not go there to gain guidance or renewed health from the sermon—still less from prayer.

Though the student in the big Protestant seminaries now has courses in theology, textual criticism, ethics and even psychology, and also in sermon making and church administration, there are, up to the present, no courses in the history, the stages and the conditions of prayer. Should there be a course in how to pray?

Time and again, important people come forward to tell the world that prayer works. But the intelligent public remains at a loss as to what to make of it. Throughout the 19th century, as the 'New Thought' movement spread, healing by prayer was pressed on the churches. The more ministers were educated, the less they felt any wish to experiment.

When Thomas Henry Huxley (then the accepted champion of materialistic science) said that he would offer the religious world a test of the truth that prayer can heal, none of them accepted. Huxley declared that he was open to conviction if proof could be obtained. He would have two wards in a hospital used for the experiment. In one ward the recovery of the patients was to be prayed for regularly. And in the other ward, the control half of the investigation, the patients were to have no aid save the best medical care.

Naturally, the ministers let the offer pass. For them it would not be a scientific test,

but a tempting of God. A sound theological defense, yet most people felt that religion had lost in the dispute. Defense is not enough in a changing world.

The popularity of such healing shrines as Lourdes and the medical profession's investigation of hypnosis, made the practical man aware that there is an unseen, immeasurable power that could and did intervene, after medical aid to the body had done its best and could do no more.

This would seem to be a great gain for religion and the public vindication of prayer. Sad to say, this didn't turn out to be so. The evidence indicated that healing without the aid of physical means was itself not confined to religious people nor was it always brought about by petition.

The healings at Lourdes average about one out of a million pilgrims who come for aid. The healings which Janet, Charcot and Bernheim produced in other medical centers in France proved that their healing rate was considerably higher. Yet all they did was to use the power of suggestion.

In other words, when we say that a prayer has been answered, we *may* be saying something that is true. But when we go on and say "I know that *God* answered it" we are going beyond our evidence.

This is not new for experts in prayer.

Getting in Touch with God

St. John of the Cross, probably the greatest expert in prayer, in his extremely detailed writings tells us he is well aware that prayer can be answered. But—and this is interesting in a man who gave up all his life to prayer—he is much against our using it for any short-range benefit for ourselves. He points out, with the frankness and penetration of a modern psychiatrist, that when you pray it is possible that you are not getting into touch with God at all.

He says there are at least three sources from which an answer may come. The answer may come from God Himself. Or it may come from the deep and unknown powers of our mind. (Investigation into that, at present, is being carried out in hyp-

nosis.) These can bring about extraordinary changes in the body and may even have influences outside the body. The other source, he warns, it is extremely unwise to contact. This source may be a power which is ready to carry out our petitions, but with no eye to what is our ultimate good.

Therefore, he tells us that when we intend our prayer to rise into the presence of God Almighty, we should have no wish but that His will should be done.

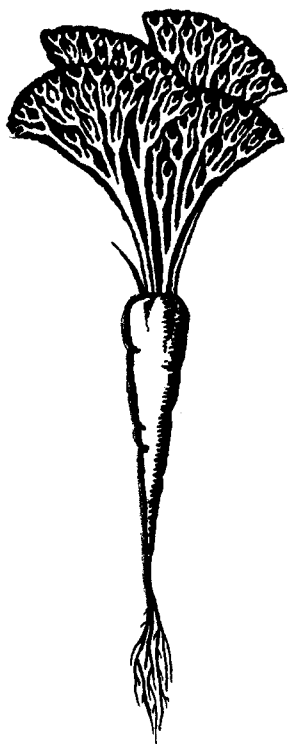
This is hard doctrine. But we cannot say that it is inexact. When we ask for healing, do we really wish that our healing should be for the glory of God, and not merely for the relief of our distress? When we ask for guidance, do we really want to know what God's will is, or how we may best get out of a tight corner into which we have got ourselves—often by our own folly.

We Must Start as Students

So we see that these two concerns of modern man—guidance and health, the power of being able to forecast the future and the power of being able to keep himself efficient—are matters into which the masters of prayer looked very carefully. They were aware that we had powers which we could use for our own short range gain. They were aware that if we did use these powers for our own gain, in the end we should not be better off, but worse.

Thus regarding the life of prayer, we must realize that we have to start now as students. Before we can know much about God, we must know ourselves. Before you can study the sun, you must understand the instruments through which you see the sun. This does not belittle religion—but it does view with considerable criticism our easy idea that "God meant me to be happy."

In this particular article, we have been dealing with the problem of how we are to pray. In the next article we shall go into this subject in greater detail, viewing the issue from these two particular points: what about health and healing, and what about guidance, the power of forecast, which we so much need to command today.



If more people were like Joe, there'd be fewer police, less delinquency, no subsidies. There'd be more competition to produce labors of love. If you want Joe's blue ribbon fruits and vegetables badly enough, you can take them; nobody's watching his roadside stand—except God.

Joe Courreges, pronounced *courageous*, lives at 8572 Talbert Ave., Huntington Beach, California. He has upset a lot of the sociologist's canons; in fact, he has broken nearly every one I've heard of; if there are many like him, the canons should be re-written "All men are economically motivated; that is, all that men desire is two chickens in every rotisserie. Except Joe Courreges who exists to annoy sociologists."

Joe's main love in life is nine acres of tomatoes, cabbages, bell peppers, grapes and onions.

For some reason, Joe doesn't grow crops to be stored or painted blue by the government—and the reason isn't that Joe doesn't need the money. But first, pretend you were with me on a drive down a black top back road in Huntington Beach. We pulled up at a roadside fruit and vegetable stand.

Nobody was around. Crates of firm, round, red tomatoes, white, milky ears of corn, baskets of black and white grapes, lay voluptuously in the cool shade inviting any-

body to take them, for they were unguarded. A sign said: "Leave money in fruit jar at back of stand."

A pick-up truck sped through the gate. A smiling blonde, pretty and plump as a partridge, called: "Hi, come on in and sit down. I'll get Joe. He's out in the fields."

The Courreges family lives on a mesa overlooking a green valley of truck garden farms. The house is modest, but their view would be hard to buy.

A very cool living room furnished in modern furniture, a grand piano, a large record player, a huge red brick fireplace made the room right for people who like music and comfort. Joe came in with daughter Linda, aged four, plump and cheerful as her mother.

Joe looks like Prince Ranier. He is of French and Spanish descent and speaks with a faint lilt in his voice. He sat very straight, smiled a lot, and spoke rapidly, using his hands, *allegro*.

"Why don't you have anybody watching

your fruit stand? Don't people steal you blind?"

"I never wanted to run a fruit and vegetable stand. But people stop you in the field and say: 'That's a beautiful head of cabbage. Can I buy it?' So you sell it to them, just to do them a favor, and because they admire your work.

"But you can't get any work done. So we started a roadside stand. I put out fruit jars for people to drop their money in. Word got around that we were selling prize winning fruits and vegetables cheaper than ordinary stuff in stores."

"What do you mean 'prize winning'?"

"Oh we won a few at the fair."

"As I Was Saying"

"Joe's modest," Mrs. Courreges said. "Look at this." She got out a clipping from the *Santa Ana Register*. It reported that the J. J. Courreges family makes a habit of copying most of the prizes they go after in the Orange County Fair. A typical year, according to the *Register*: "With a total of 56 entries in the home economics division food preserving section, Mrs. Courreges walked away with 44 awards including 20 first prizes this year . . . In agriculture and horticulture plate displays, Joseph Courreges took a total of 79 awards, with 26 first prizes and 38 second awards, while his son, Ronnie, 14, entering plate displays of fruits and vegetables which he had grown independently of his father, took three firsts, five seconds and three third awards."

"So, as I was saying," Joe said, "business picked up."

"How do people like the honor system?"

"It gives them the feeling that they're being trusted. But they don't think I should trust the 'other people.' They ask me: 'Won't they clean you out, take the vegetables, and steal all the money in the jar?'"

"That's what I want to know," I said.

"Sociologists say that security rests on fear, that the only reason people don't commit crimes is their fear of being caught, that we have to put our trust in superior armed forces, cops, or an international police force."

"I don't know about that," Joe said. "We have never had any money stolen. We lose practically no produce."

"How do you account for the fact that people don't steal from you? Even the most radical political theorists believe that some police force is necessary, but you don't police your stand at all?"

Isn't Trust Expensive?

"No. Suppose people stole ten dollars a year out of my jar. They don't. But if they did, it still wouldn't be worth it to me to hire a guard to watch my stand. I think that's the funny thing."

"What?" I asked.

"You don't get robbed very often, but you always think you're going to be. More people ought to try the honor system. They'd be surprised how well it works. People don't need to watch each other as much as



they think they do."

"You say you think this honor system will catch on. Why?"

"Well, supermarkets and drugstores are finding that what they lose from shoplifting isn't enough to justify hiring a lot more clerks to watch people. Most police work is just punishing people and tracking them down. I save money by saying to myself: 'If they want to take something, let them take it.' And almost nobody does."

Nobody Ever Steals?

Joe added an afterthought: "It looked to me like one man stole \$6 worth of berries once."

"Ah," I said, "didn't that upset your theory?"

"No, that man came back four years later. He knocked at the door, and said: 'I came to pay you your \$6.' I said: 'Oh? What \$6 is that?' He said: 'Four years ago I came by here and took \$6 worth of berries, and I didn't have the change with me. I thought I'd pay you after work. I went to work at the refinery. It blew up and I was burned and went to the hospital. Then I had a lot of trouble with bills and all. But I always meant to pay you and here it is.' That did me more good than getting the money back, just knowing people are honest like that."

"Don't you have any juvenile delinquents here to upset your theory?"

"Well, once a friend of mine was buying some stuff and a tough kid came along and said: 'Isn't anybody watching this?' My friend said: 'No.' The tough kid said: 'Why don't we just take it?' My friend said: 'You'd be the first son of a gun that's ever done it. If you want that honor, go ahead.' And the kid said: 'I was only foolin'."

Kids Are Like People

"What's your idea of bringing up kids, Joe, so they don't turn into toughs?"

"One idea I had was to give my boy an acre for himself. He gets to keep anything he makes out of it. He buys his own clothes. I don't give him any allowance. He enters the food he grows in the Orange County

Fair in competition with our stuff. Our kids enter things even when they know they won't win, just for the fun of giving the other fellow a little competition."

"Youth should be directed, according to the sociologists, into collective efforts, not for the purpose of achieving personal triumph, but for the social good."

"My kids enter the fair because they're proud. Not of clothes or our car; it's an old pick-up truck, and they wear old dirty clothes out in the fields, overalls. They know that if a man doesn't like you in overalls, he won't like you any better in a new suit. They're proud of what they raise."

"Once my boy bet a half-acre on cabbage. It was beautiful. But the price went down to 26c a box. The boxes cost 20c and another 10c for the lid. So we disked his cabbages under. He hated to see that. Yet there was one thing you couldn't take away from him. He enjoyed raising those cabbages. He didn't holler to the government to pay him for making a losing bet."

My Boy's A Man

"Doesn't it interfere with the collective harmony of the family to have the boy competing with you?"

"I don't know. Last year he took me on bell peppers. He got first prize and I only got third. I get tired hearing how he beat Pop. Next year I'll cut out synthetic fertilizers and use chicken manure."

"Doesn't that cost more?"

"Sure, chicken manure costs more than any fertilizers. But it sure will improve my peppers."

"Will you get more money for them?"

"No, but look how nice they'll be."

Joe laughed as he said this, as if he realized it was ridiculous to raise crops just to take pride in their beauty; yet his eyes strayed to those blue ribbons.

"You say you don't give your kids any allowance? Do you ever let them win prizes away from you?"

"No."

"The sociologists frown on competition between father and son. Look at Oedipus,

they'd say."

"Well, my kids like to feel grown up. The boy knows this is a tough game. He liked the idea of beating Pop, knowing that I wasn't letting him. My kids are on their own. We pay them for the work they do for us. Janice buys her own lunch at school. Even Linda picks up apples off the ground. They buy their own specialty clothes. Eventually they'll buy all their own clothes. They have their own savings accounts. We don't tell them how to spend their money. They even keep books so they know where it's gone. They work all the time. Even on Sundays. We go to service Sunday, come back and work in the fields to get ready for market on Monday. Some people criticize me for working on the Sabbath, but most people are pretty tolerant out here."

Don't You Envy Them?

"When you're out in the fields, sweating, and watch people drive by in new cars, don't you wish you had a subsidy, too?"

"Oh, I think about it. I listen to the other farmers talk. Some say: 'If you can't beat 'em, join 'em. Some farmers down here joined 'em ten years ago. They have bigger farms now. Vacations. New cars.'"

"Why don't you? After all, don't the farmers deserve a subsidy, else they'd quit producing and we'd all starve?"

"Sure, I'd like to get money from the government. But I like earning my own living better. I like supporting my family without asking for help. I could sell my crops to the government, but then I'd drive down the road and see that they'd dumped them or stored them and let them rot. I'd feel useless, then.

"Take a look at my kids. They like to watch the seeds push up into shoots and see the plants grow. Farming is creative. There's pleasure in it, regardless of the money. Look there at the beautiful colors you get. The red in the cabbage and tomatoes, the blue grapes and white. Look at the corn and all that fruit. It makes you feel like an artist to watch things grow. You're closest to God, then."

"Still you have to have money to live. It must not be easy without a subsidy."

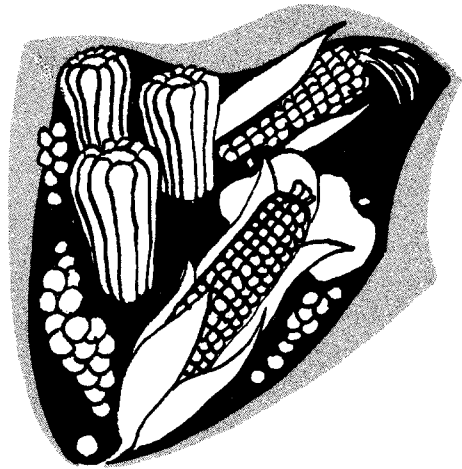
"What makes people think life should be easy? You get the most fun out of licking some tough problem. The fact is, I never liked the farm when I was young. I thought life should be easier than that. But I found out that if you find happiness in your work, that's the main thing—not how easy it is."

"How did you find that out?"

"I left the farm. It was too tough. My tongue was always hanging out. Mortgages, crop loans, crop failures, sickness, hardship, work, work, all the time. So I went to the city. I saw everybody buying cars. I liked that idea. That was why you should work—to buy things. I took an aircraft course. They don't pay much while you are learning. I ate mush and black coffee. All the people around me were working in some factory—for the same reason I was: they wanted to buy a car or something. I looked around and began to wonder if it was right."

"Did you think it was wrong to want to buy a new car?"

"No. But I thought you should want more than that out of life. I asked the fellow next door: 'What do you do?' He said: 'I make wire coat-hangers.' A woman told me she sacks potato chips. I asked them if they enjoyed their work, if they found any creative pleasure in it."



"Did they?"

"They told me they were just living for the weekend. For their time off."

"The politicians are promoting a four-day week, on the theory that a man should live for his leisure," I said.

"Well, I think people were meant to work and to enjoy it. Anyway I came back home. I like work where the meaning of it is during working hours—not on the weekend. I never think much about leisure. But what we're doing now, improving the crops, working to make better products, winning prizes, that's the meaning for us."

"Don't you ever want to make more money?"

"Oh, sure." We had left the living room and were walking around the farm now, stepping over the red-ripe tomatoes on the ground. "A lot of times you feel like quitting. But you look in the paper, see delinquent kids, and read about people demanding more pay for less work. And you're glad you have work that you enjoy for its own sake, and that you can raise your kids to respect property."

Makes You Feel Good

While Joe talked, unconsciously he would reach down and pick up a tool, or fix a fallen tomato plant. "I like to be in action," he explained. He pointed to the flowers and the vineyard and the shade trees. "A lot of things here aren't for sale. I like shade trees. There was a big eucalyptus over there, one of the most beautiful trees I ever saw. The Edison Company declared the right of eminent domain and put a high line through there. They could have saved that tree, but they chopped it down. When they say, 'you're going to do this, or else,' you fight it. The company wouldn't have cut down that tree if they didn't have the government to force people to accept it. They condemned the prettiest part of the property. Pretty soon the property will be completely criss-crossed with freeways, power-lines, sewer rights-of-ways."

"I read what you said, in reference to your honor-system stand, 'Nobody steals from us

but the government."

"That wasn't exactly right, because it over-simplified it, and some people might have taken it the wrong way. It referred to the water tax. We have our own well. We pump our water, and the county taxes us for using our own water. We've been paying taxes on it for two years. Then they forced me to buy a meter that cost \$130 to meter my own water so they would know how much to tax me. Pretty soon they'll make you buy a meter for your nose and tax you for the air you breathe. I'm not happy with all these taxes, but don't get the impression I'm not a happy man."

"Would you trade places with anybody?" I looked at the modest house and unpainted sheds.

Don't You Want a Cadillac?

"Well, we thought once we'd like to see how the other half lives, so we went up to Las Vegas to stay at one of those rich hotels. We ran into a haberdashery fellow, he owned a lot of stores, and you know, we were curious about the way he lived. So I said: 'I guess you have everything you want now, swimming pools and Cadillacs and everything, don't you?' And he said: 'Well, I don't have yet, but I will.'"

"What did he want?"

"He said: 'I am saving up for my dream when I retire. I just bought five acres and I'll be happy when I have five acres of chicken ranch on it.' I turned to my wife and I said: 'What's this? We used to have chickens.' You see, we didn't have to go through all that trouble of saving for a dream at the end of our lives. We have it now."

"If the doors of perception were cleansed, everything would appear to man as it is, infinite."—[William Blake] . . . The vision of things as 'infinite' . . . is not an abnormal vision, but the . . . normal emotional state . . . this is the faculty that Blake possessed instinctively, and claimed that all men could possess [if they but tried] to discipline the visionary faculty.—THE OUTSIDER.

CURRENT READING



THE OUTSIDER

COLIN WILSON

(Boston: Houghton-Mifflin Co. 288 pp. \$4.00)

Dear Colin Wilson:

I have not only read your *The Outsider* two and a half times, I have read the major reviews of it in America. I don't hesitate to recommend it as fascinating reading though I must be honest and say that the shock to the unsophisticated reader may set him back instead of pulling him forward. But your book will help anybody get acquainted with a large variety of literary fellow-seekers who came up with astonishingly different conclusions.

I'll tell you what I got out of your book, and would deeply appreciate an answer telling me where I need straightening out.

What is an Outsider?

You have started with the existentialist premise that the world is absurd, that no really sensitive man feels at home in it. A conflict rages between the sensitive men (Outsiders) who reject the world as it is, and the insensitive men (Insiders) who accept the trivialities and petty things which becloud life's true significance. This conflict rages not only between men, but within the same man; for the sensitive man is torn between his desire to reject the world, and his desire to be accepted by it.

From this (I admit I may have oversimplified it) you divide mankind into Outsiders and Insiders. You take me, the reader, on a fascinating tour seeking for the Outsider in literature. Your book is devoted to defining the Outsider. He is among other things a Romantic (Hermann Hesse) and a Visionary (William Blake and George Fox). You conclude that an individual may begin his Godward climb as an Outsider (and with the help of G. B. Shaw's relig-

ion!) he may end up as a saint. Our readers will regard the news that your hero, Shaw, was a great religious teacher as *the* literary scoop of the year.

You find the Outsider in familiar and unfamiliar places. The tour is instructive. For I soon begin to understand that I am not merely looking for your Outsider as you lead me through Barbusse, Wells, Whitehead, Eliot, Nietzsche, Kierkegaard, Dostoevski, Sartre, Camus, Blake, Hulme, Gurdjieff, and Shaw—I suddenly find that I am an Outsider, too. I am looking for myself. It makes me feel good to be in such distinguished company. If I had more reverence for some of these men, I'd feel almost like an *Insider*!

I can imagine a cartoon depicting an empty house, with all mankind standing outside the house looking in. Everybody is an Outsider, at least part of the time. Which brings me to my criticism. I am suspicious of all attempts to split everything in two. If you wish to use the term Outsider, it seems that you have to say that everybody is a part-time Outsider and a part-time Insider. Aren't you one, too?

Having had a tremendous success with *The Outsider*, with almost everybody who is anybody in English letters acclaiming it, with yourself now accepted as "poor boy genius," you are now an Insider, or at least, the shining star of an extremely large group of Outsiders. We Outsiders are a pretty select crowd—and anybody who can't get in is a . . . what? Your next epitome, if you were John Gunther, might be titled *Inside Outsiderdom*.

This may show why a few critics (*The New Yorker* devoted 13 columns to flogging you) feel that you've simply devised a formula which makes it easy for you to write an encyclopedia. Your formula is to find the common denominator. You might do the same thing with any theory, say that every-

body is a homosexual, or that everybody is a generic communist, or an existentialist. I'm sure you could find both obvious and obscure clues all through literature to prove it. But all you would have proved is that you can put these clues to special use: that everybody is partly everything—or any name you wish to call anybody is partly true. Now I take less pride in being an Outsider, realizing that any obscure tract-house dweller can be one too.

A friend of mine said: "This isn't a prologue at the beginning of a young man's life—it's an epilogue at the end of an old man's life."

You've summed up everything through the 19th century. But you didn't report on any really contemporary ideas going on now. A young man, especially one selling the Outsider theme, should be interested in the positive rebellions against the past in current religion and psychiatry.

Climb Higher Mountains

You quote many literary giants, but very few spiritual mountains, and these were unfinished mountains, for few of them possessed our knowledge. Dostoevski was a great intuitive psychologist, but up to William James, the psychologists knew next to nothing about the way our emotions are organized. You did leave your field of literature long enough to examine Van Gogh and Nijinsky. This made me wish you had come closer to modern times and written about these artists from our present knowledge of depth psychology. You said you were looking at them solely from the standpoint of the Outsider—but doesn't this include psychology? Aldous Huxley has written that Van Gogh saw color as all might see it, and as some see it now under certain experiments. The contemporary work being done on how to produce visions should be relevant to your study of the visionary Outsider.

To be of great use to modern man your book should be brought up to date; even as an encyclopedia it should include contemporary definitions of the Outsider. You have selected many mountains to quote.

But we can't build on a mountain and thereby make it our own. No one of the Outsiders, as you carefully point out, has successfully solved his relationship with the world.

Make Us Catch Fire

Let's build our own mountain. To do this we have to be creators, not encyclopedists. After a while we get bored with talking about "finding a purpose and throwing ourselves into it." Someday we'll have to do it. You're probably bored with talking about it now. I can accept your thesis that man needs a religion, without accepting the idea that you, personally, have given us much to build a contemporary religion on. Perhaps your next book will *do* it instead of talking about it: finding, defining, painting a picture of the glory of God as seen by you in a way that will make us catch fire too. If you do that, your next book won't need a single quotation.

Summary: I liked the way you stuck to your purpose throughout *The Outsider*. I like such quotations as: "*The [Outsider's] salvation lies in discovering his deepest purpose, and then throwing himself into it. He has no tendency towards a Sartre doctrine of commitment—that any purpose will do provided it is altruistic . . .*"

At other times you sound like an existentialist. But your search for religion undercuts the premise of existentialism: that life is absurd, that all is chaos. And your rejection of Sartre undercuts existentialism's conclusion: that "any purpose will do so long as it is altruistic." In short, I believe you have had an unsuccessful love affair with existentialism because you weren't aware that any other eligible young ladies were dancing across the field of contemporary philosophy.

Won't you write us another book, this time going way beyond the hero of this one, G. B. Shaw? Shaw was, in my opinion, an Insider if there ever was one, afraid all his life of experimenting with ideas on the growing edge. Shaw admitted this conformity to one of our friends. He said that he believed in Samuel Butler's "emergent evo-

lution"—and that he had done a considerable amount of psychical research. Yet he never dared mention these two heresies in public because both ran contrary to the Marxist line!

Write us a second compendium, this time compounded solely of the vision of Colin Wilson. For the way into your own heart is such a lonely way—those old Outsiders can't help you much. Nothing can help you but God's grace and Colin Wilson's own personal urge to climb toward God. Please, let us hear about that.

Gratefully,
THADDEUS ASHBY

WHAT MAN MAY BE

GEORGE RUSSELL HARRISON

(New York: William Morrow. 278 pp. \$4.00)

In *What Man May Be*, George Russell Harrison examines the "meat of matter." He personalizes those strange and wonderful things called atoms, which arranged in one pattern, can explode and destroy a city such as Hiroshima, or in another, wave its tiny fists and emit the cry of a newborn baby.

He climbs the spiral of evolution from the atom to man. With the scientist's tools at his finger-tips, but with a layman's vocabulary, he proves the control of matter and energy. Examples?

In 1910, a man could purchase enough rubber tire in one working hour to take him twenty miles. Today, due to scientific advancement, improved materials (synthetic) and increased mechanical production, this same man can purchase over two hundred miles for the hour's work.

The earth receives two-billionths of the sun's energy, yet one acre of sunlit land receives enough energy to support a thousand people. But at present, we utilize only enough for one or two persons. He paints a glowing future of bright cities and fleets of ships powered by radiant energy.

What cargo might these ships carry? Guided missiles or bombers? Dr. Harrison shakes his head. He sees the frowning board of directors of Cave Man Inc. weighing the problems of releasing that new invention, fire, to the public. He believes that now, just as then, mankind can make the decision necessary for its survival. His argument rests on the belief that, as the known world expands, from the neutron to newly discovered galaxies, the potential of spiritual awareness grows also. When a scientist looks up from the world under his microscope to the starred sky, it's hard to keep a wave of reverence from flowing through him.

Dr. Harrison states that science increases man's power of prophecy, exposes the worlds of illusion we live in, helps man to distinguish between good and evil, searches for Truth, above all gives man greater awareness of himself and shows that the world is based on order, not chaos and chance.

No Crystal Ball

The pessimists of today wail at man's seeming inability to cope with his problems. The author shows that evolution is not just shooting like a tree, heavenward, it is the growth of more complex organisms that can deal with a more complex world. There is a hopeful challenge thrown in our faces. We can take hold of these mighty forces that threaten to annihilate us. ("Man carries within himself the seeds not only of his own destruction but of his own constructiveness.") He has no crystal ball to tell us what man will be, but he reveals the shining bricks that we ourselves have put into the foundation. He shows us the materials at hand and gives us the desire to build.

Dr. Harrison is dedicated to learning more about God's creation. His wonder in exploring the atom and the world sings between every line. He has opened another door to the layman. The altar of Science has a holy light shining above it.

ANN PETERSON

SPIRITUAL MOBILIZATION ACTIVITIES: *Daily and Weekly*—the column, *Pause for Reflection*, carried nationally by nearly 400 newspapers; *Weekly*—the radio program, *The Freedom Story*, broadcast on stations coast-to-coast; *Monthly*—the magazine, *Faith and Freedom*, with more than 28,500 circulation; *Annually*—the national *Freedom Under God* observance of Independence Day; *Year Around*—speaking engagements and business-education-clergy conferences nation-wide.

FINANCED solely by contributions of individuals, businesses and foundations. Donations deductible on income tax form.

THE ADVISORY COMMITTEE has as its chairman, Dr. Donald J. Cowling, President Emeritus of Carleton College. Should you like to have a list of

the well-known men in many fields who serve on the Committee, we would be glad to send it.

BELIEF ● We believe the following ideas need to permeate life. And we believe Spiritual Mobilization can provide an emphasis now lacking; ● We believe that each man is potentially of supreme worth and should work to achieve spiritual and creative wholeness; ● We believe that when men force their wills upon others, even for "their own good," it frustrates man's basic need. We see this today primarily in uncontrolled political intervention and the excesses of the labor union movement;

● We believe that spiritual and moral leaders must resist—not promote—the abuses of power which destroy man's integrity of spirit.

till you've bought a 1957 "Words to Live By" calendar for yourself . . . and those "special" people on your list. We still have a few on hand. So, if you send us your order right away, you can get yours in time for Christmas mailing.

Only 50c for a beautiful season's greeting that will bring friendly thoughts and inspiration all through the coming year. If you want your calendars inserted in mailing envelopes, it's 2c each extra.

POSTMASTER: Form 3547 requested.

SPIRITUAL MOBILIZATION
1521 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD
LOS ANGELES 17, CALIFORNIA

BULK RATE
U. S. POSTAGE
PAID
Los Angeles, Calif.
Permit No. 12208