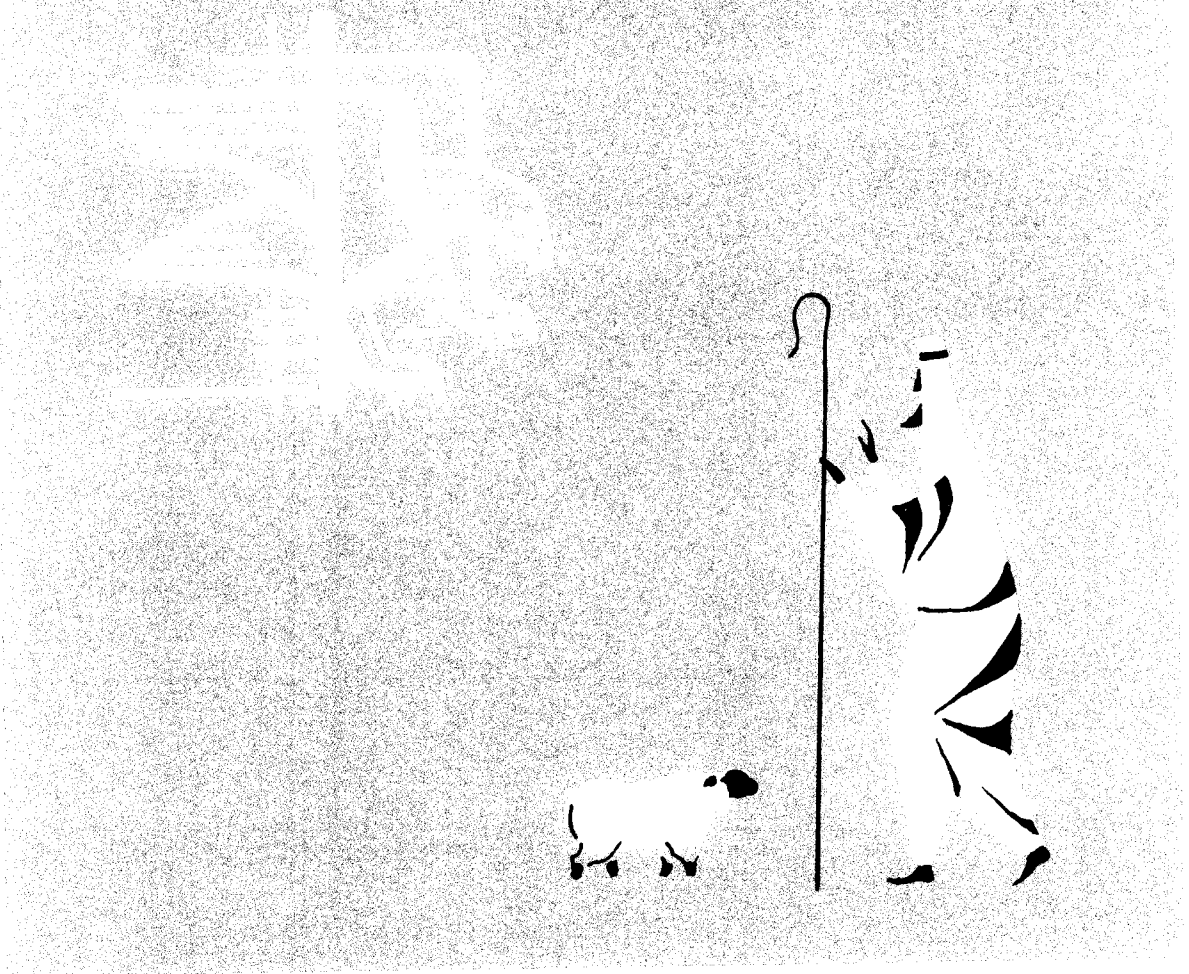


SEPTEMBER 1956

RAMPART COLLEGE LIBRARY

Vol. VIII No. 1

THE JEW WITH HIS FRIENDS



WHAT SAMUEL SAID ABOUT SOLOMON

FRANK CHODOROV



AMONG US

We have been getting new readers at the rate of about 1000 per month. And our feet-on-the-desk research shows that our readers no longer fall into a single category; they have broad tastes.

We regard this as a good thing, for our own interests are broadening. We have decided to enlarge our magazine to include articles of interest for all the various groups who are attracted to *Faith and Freedom*.

So we are adopting the idea of the supermarket: all of the food will be wholesome; yet some will be more to your taste than others. So serve yourself. Sometimes, there will be articles especially for ministers, articles for libertarians who are primarily interested in politics and economics, articles for "Heardians" (those interested in Heard's philosophy of "evolving consciousness"), articles for those who are interested in business and labor unions in still another department.

We believe that all these departments are related, and we shall try to show that plenty of room for spiritual advancement exists in all of them. We will seek a unifying theme in this diversity, but we will not expect each reader to find his own special interest in all departments.

We hope to bring off-beat, original articles on all these subjects, and to keep ourselves and our readers informed of new discoveries in every field which we believe can be related to the growing edge of the human spirit. Man is growing spiritually; we hope to show evidence of this in as many fields of human endeavor as we can cover. We also hope to show how the libertarian philosophy of individual freedom aids this growth.

Our three feature articles this month ponder the old question of whether we can have heaven on earth.

Frank Chodorov shows how the Hebrew kings tried to hurry it up. Our readers who know Chodorov as a libertarian writer may be surprised at his Bible scholarship.

Doreen Riley tackles the question from a unique angle, showing how people can change their lives drastically, doing things which seem miraculous, in a fascinating short story that seems to us to contain more truth than fiction.

Complimenting this approach, Thaddeus Ashby's article *Ordeal* shows that before men can clean up society, they must cleanse themselves from within, each man going through a personal ordeal to bring him closer to God.

FAITH AND FREEDOM is published by Spiritual Mobilization, a national nonprofit, nonpartisan, non-sectarian organization founded in 1935.

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 subscription 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 ten 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.

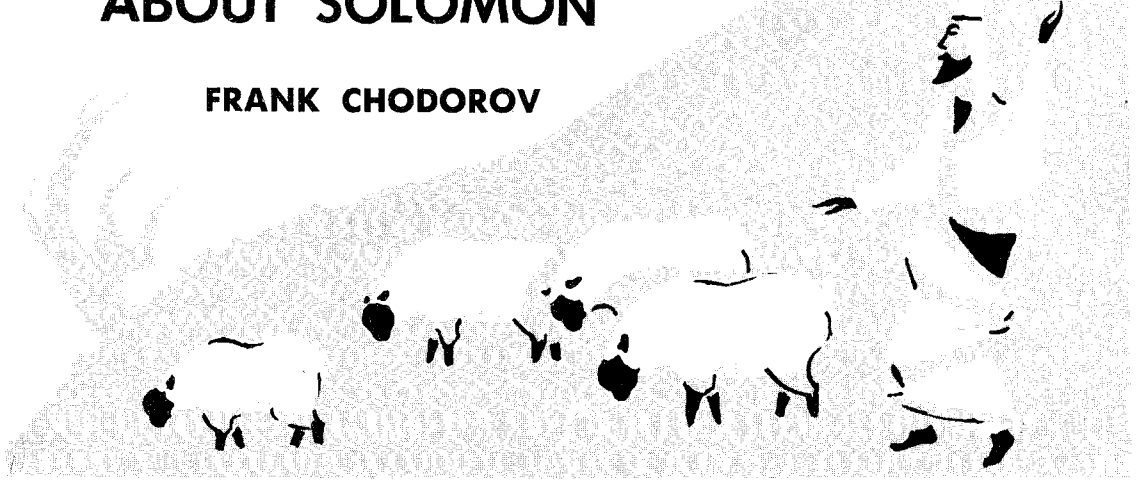
CHANGE OF ADDRESS: be sure to give your complete former address as well as the new one (print or type, please).

STAFF: James C. Ingebreetsen, *President*. James W. Fifield, Jr., *Chairman*. 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.

WHAT SAMUEL SAID ABOUT SOLOMON

FRANK CHODOROV



When the Old Testament monarchs sate upon their gilded diazes rich in purple panoply, and enslaved lovely maidens, the people murmured, lost their tempers, and made a form of government called

tyranny-tempered-by-assassination. Now we would vote the rascals out. But the guilt lies not with our "kings" but in worshiping the office, in bowing to the state.

"In those days," we are told in Judges 17:6, "there was no king in Israel, but every man did that which was right in his own eyes."

To be able to do that which is right in one's own eyes is to be free, and freedom was the way of life among the Israelites before the coming of the kings. Yet, they were not without government; they were not lacking in those social controls that are the essence of government. The economy of the tribesmen demanded of the individual that he adjust himself to cooperative and regularized procedures; a man who indulged his caprice when the tribe was on the march in search of grazing land would be courting disaster; it was a case of hold together or die.

Tradition supplemented necessity in the orderly arrangement of life, for the tradition grew out of experience by the trial-and-error method and had proved itself beneficial. The laws of custom were sanctified because violation of them carried its own penalties, not only to the individual, but also to the group.

It was a conservative society; adherence to proven principles was the only way by which the pursuit of happiness could be furthered.

That which was "right" in the tribesman's eyes was "right" by custom, tradition and the laws of Yahweh, to the enumeration of which the Old Testament, before the Book of Joshua, devoted much space. Freedom is not license.

Nor was there lack of leadership before the coming of the kings. Someone had to plan strategy and improvise tactics for the wars the tribesmen engaged in during their march to the Promised Land, and someone had to adjudicate disputes so as to prevent the chaos of internecine struggles. So came the judges, men esteemed for their wisdom and integrity, the "sports" provided by nature for the instruction of the rank and file.

The evidence leads to the conclusion that these judges ruled by natural selection and common consent, much like the chiefs of American Indian tribes. It was agreed that the authority of the judges was sanctified by God, but the proof of their anointment was the manner in which they exercised authority. They were leaders by virtue of their proven gift of leadership.

The important thing about the rule of the judges is that their office was not endowed

with the power of coercion. "Every man did that which was right in his own eyes" meant that no man was compelled to do otherwise; and, since "in those days there was no king in Israel," it must be presumed that there was no constabulary to enforce rules of behavior. The sole enforcement agency upon which the authority of the judges rested was public opinion. "So said Yahweh" had the force of "so say we all."

According to one computation, this kind of government lasted about four centuries—a period, incidentally, comparable to the duration of the Roman republic. The manner of its termination is recorded in the Book of Samuel, where it is told that the elders of the tribes came to the last of the judges and demanded that he set a king over them. The background of this agitation for a basic constitutional reform is worth noting.

The nomads had by this time settled down in the hills surrounding Canaan, sheep herding was giving way to agriculture, land tenure had achieved an importance it did not have during the migrations. Trading, capital accumulations and financial transactions had entered their way of life.

Their economy had changed. To add to their new outlook was the vision of great wealth in the valleys; there, the pomp and circumstance of Baal worship in glittering temples compared favorably in their eyes with the austerity that Yahweh imposed on them, and there, all manner of private and public problems were settled out of hand by omniscient and omnipotent royal establishments, relieving the populace of rigorous self-discipline. It all looked good.

The immediate occasion for the revolutionary demand was what we would today call an emergency. In fact, there were two emergencies. In foreign affairs things were going badly for Israel; the Philistines had not only beaten them roundly in battle, but also made off with the sacred ark of the covenant.

On the domestic front, they had lost faith in their leadership. The two sons of Samuel, whom he had appointed as assistants, did not live up to the high standards of their office; they had "turned aside after lucre, and took

bribes and perverted judgment."

Samuel seems to have been a political scientist of the first water, all the more remarkable in that he had no books to go by, but only his wisdom and his observation of kingship in operation. So that, when the elders said "make us a king to judge us like all the nations," he was displeased. The story says that he took the matter up with Yahweh, who assured him that nothing could be done about saving the Israelites from themselves, since they had given up on first principles.

It was because they had forsaken the rigorous tradition of their forefathers, with its insistence on self-reliance and personal integrity, that they had lost the victorious touch which carried them from Egypt to the outskirts of the Promised Land. The breakdown of the judge system could be traced to the same lack of self-discipline. Therefore, said Yahweh, give them what they ask for, but as a parting shot you might "show them the manner of the king that shall rule over them"; and tell them also that when they realize their mistake, it will be too late to regain freedom: "The Lord will not hear you in that day."

Ye Shall Be Servants

So Samuel outlined the order of things under a king. First, there will be conscription, replacing the system of voluntarism which had served the tribesmen well throughout their peregrinations, and the conscription will not be confined to military service but will include service in the king's household. What's more, women too will be subject to involuntary servitude. Then, "he will appoint his captains over thousands and captains over fifties."

The term "captain" is ambiguous, referring sometimes to men of war, sometimes to what we would call a nobility, sometimes (by the kind of work assigned to them) to bureaucrats; it was in the reigns of David and Solomon that "captain" took on many meanings.

And, continued Samuel, the king will take from you the best of your lands "and give them to his officers and to his servants," thus establishing a landed aristocracy, which the laws of Moses clearly forbade. What's more, for the upkeep of his establishment "he will take

a tenth of your seed, and of your vineyards"; apparently, compulsory taxation was new among the Israelites. To top it all off, "ye shall be his servants."

Death to the Defier

But the elders were obdurate in their demand for political authority. One could go behind the returns and make out a case against these revolutionists; perhaps they constituted a newly-risen landowning class, and hoped to solidify their position under a kingship. More likely, fear had entered their hearts, as is usually the case when a people accustomed to success are faced with adversity, and they were quite willing to swap freedom for the promise of security under subservience.

In any event, Samuel anointed Saul. From the very beginning of the royal establishment, the troubles of Israel multiplied. There was the usual spate of wars with the Philistines, with varying degrees of success, and internal dissension, which was rare in the experience of the tribesmen, became common. Some followed Saul, others revolted against his rule; more exactly, they resisted the establishment of those institutions which Samuel had warned them would come with a king.

But, as Samuel said, there was no way of regaining freedom once the state had made its appearance, and the judge was soon on the lookout for a new deliverer. He sought out David, but it is significant that the new king, though anointed by Samuel, had to fight his

way to power; he came to the throne on the wings of what we would call a revolution. The struggle for power, embellished with moral platitudes and social-sounding whereases, had seeped into the Israelite way of life.

There is a story within the story of David's accession that is indeed a lesson in political science. The story is that a young soldier who brought David the news of Saul's death—hoping that this would be pleasing to David, whose life Saul had been after—confessed that he had had a part in dispatching the king, and that for his pains David had the soldier put to death. His reason for the execution was that the soldier had defied the office of kingship; it was a crime for an individual citizen to lay hands on the anointed.

It Took 40 Years

It is the way of political power to become in itself, regardless of the person who wields it, a shrine for public worship. In modern times, we are quick to "throw the rascals out," but it never occurs to us that rascality is imbedded in the office or that the power invested in it might make a rascal of an honest man.

Though the people of Israel had asked for a king, the spirit of freedom did not depart from them immediately upon the granting of their wish, and Saul never really set the kingship on a solid basis. It takes time for the myth of authority to gain general acceptance. David, the second king, did better, for he had forty years in which to get the tribesmen in line with



the new institution; a second generation had come to maturity during his reign and to them the exploits of royalty were "modern," real and vibrant, while the freedom of their forefathers sank into the limbo of a fairy tale.

Even so, something of the past hung on, and David had to contend with frequent insurrections and, at the end, with a war of succession. He did succeed, as we learn from the Second Book of Samuel, in setting up the necessary framework for the functioning of a successful state, that is, in surrounding the kingship with a supporting caste of "mighty men," analogous to what we would today call a privileged class, and with a group of efficient "servants" whose functions correspond with those of latter-day bureaucrats. In that way he facilitated the consolidation of power under Solomon.

The Saul-David-Solomon story is illustrative of the gestation of the state. At first, an aspiring chieftain fights his way to ascendancy as a lone wolf, knocking off rivals and concentrates in himself all the power he can lay his hands on. This method has merit only in so far as the area of his sovereignty is limited to personal supervision. Beyond that, it proves to be quite inefficacious, even quite precarious.

As his quest for power reaches beyond his purview, as it always does, he finds it necessary to delegate some of his power to, and share his prerogatives with, a supporting oligarchy—military, ecclesiastical (or intellectual) and, in time, commercial or industrial groups which lend themselves to his purpose in return for the special privileges he grants them. They serve as a moat to his castle.

In addition to these favored blocs, he must surround his citadel with a class of well-paid "servants" skilled in taking care of the details of his sovereignty, so that it can function with the least amount of friction.

The state is not, as most political scientists would make it, an inanimate thing; it consists of people, human beings, each of whom operates under an inner compulsion to get the most out of life with the least expenditure of labor. They differ from other human beings only in the fact that they have chosen (because they believe it to be easier) the political or preda-

tory means of satisfying their desires, rather than the economic or productive means.

The fiction that the state is an impersonal institution, something society constructs for its own benefit, serves to hide, even from its members, the nature of its composition.

Hiram and The WPA

The wisdom of Solomon was demonstrated in his capacity for consolidating state power. In the first place, the underpinning of his reign was soundly constructed, for we are told that his captains and his princes and his priests and servants, the privileged classes, "lacked nothing."

He bought off possible opposition. Then he avoided to a considerable degree the costly and disruptive wars of his predecessors, and resorted to diplomatic bribery to bring under his sway the petty and potentially troublesome kings on the perimeter of his domain. His principal concern was in the management of internal affairs, in getting a good hold on his people by embellishing the myth of authority. The temple he built was a stroke of political genius, for it covered the kingship with an aura of omnipotence; so did the walled cities and the navy he built.

These programs brought him much public acclaim and accomplished the primary political purpose, that of giving the state the character of a doer of great social things. This is the prerequisite of maintaining power over the people.

These public works projects were financed on credit advanced by Hiram, King of Tyre, who incidentally did the work and employed slaves. (This form of exploitation was applicable under Hebrew law to foreigners only.) There is also a hint that Solomon exacted tribute from neighboring princes. But, as to taxation, we learn nothing until we come to Chronicles (chapter 10), which deals with the coronation of his son, Rehoboam.

There it is told that "all Israel" pleaded with the new king thus: "Thy father made our yoke grievous; now therefore ease thou the grievous servitude of thy father, and the heavy yoke that he put on us, and we will serve thee."

It was, then, by heavy taxes that the State

of Israel attained the apex of its glory under Solomon. Its opulence reflected the poverty of the people. And so it must be. Society, it should be kept in mind, is a group of people who cooperate with one another in order that they may severally and individually improve their circumstances, and the techniques by which society achieves its purpose are production and exchange.

There is no other way by which society can thrive. Whatever deprives the members of society of the fruits of their labors is a deterrent of the human purpose that brought them together; it is a desocializing force. And among the devices that men have invented to defeat the ends of society, none is more devastating than compulsory taxation, because it is a constant drain of their property, tending to increase as they show more and more enterprise.

The state, on the other hand, thrives on what it can exact of society; its temples are built with taxes. Its bureaucracy or enforcement agency grows in size and arrogance by the same means. And it is with taxes that the state buys the support of those who might otherwise turn against it. The more taxes, the richer the state and the poorer the people; the more taxes, the stronger the state and the weaker the people. The interests of the two institutions are diametrically in opposition.

The Yoke Is Heavy

Resistance to the state diminishes in the degree of its confiscations, and ultimately, when the tax load becomes a yoke, subservience to

the state becomes the necessary way of life.

The designation of taxation as a yoke is a nice piece of biblical directness. A yoke is worn by an ox, a beast of burden, which by nature is incapable of claiming a property right in the products of its labor.

It follows that when a human being is deprived of that right, his status approximates that of an ox, and if taxation takes all he produces beyond that needed to sustain life (the wages of an ox), it can rightly be called a yoke. The Israelites who pleaded with Reheboam to lower the tax load which Solomon (the state) had put on them were quite literal.

The story goes on to say that Reheboam rejected the plea of "all Israel," that he in fact promised them an increase in taxes. Then it tells of a revolt against taxes by the people of Judah, a political subdivision that periodically rejected the suzerainty of Jerusalem: when Hadoram, Reheboam's chief collector of tribute, made his rounds among them, they "so stoned him with stones, that he died."

The incident points up an other lesson in political science, namely, that the state never achieves complete ascendancy over society (if it did, society would disintegrate and the state would collapse from lack of nutrition), and that there are always critics and rebels.

There were many kings after Solomon in Israel, and all of them were plagued with prophets who called upon the people to return to first principles. In Chronicles it says: "Israel rebelled against the house of David unto this day." † †

When I was a child, we used to go about among the heath and the harebells and capture the fluttering moths, and thrust them into little bottles. The bottles contained potassium of cyanide, the most deadly poison, yet our parents let us children play with it.

They told us that, if we opened the bottles and took two or three whiffs, we should probably be dead within twenty minutes, whereas if we put any of the stuff within our mouths, we should die instantly.

We never experimented to see if our parents were right. We believed them implicitly.

What they told us, was said in such a tone of utter conviction, we could not possibly doubt them.

This was not true in the field of morals. Here they told us: "Don't do as we do; do as we say." Of course we experimented. For how can you believe that it is wrong to play with fire, if you see your parents playing with fire, while telling you not to?

Our parents can only teach us their beliefs with certainty if they practice them without deviation. Otherwise we shall stick our noses into their cyanide bottle. GERALD HEARD



THESEAL

THADDEUS ASHBY



Joy through pain? Come now. We've always questioned the leftists' means, but this fellow says: "Never mind means. I question their whole goal of comfort and security. Our goal should be pure joy. We can't get it by being comfortable. We have to go through painful ordeals. But before mankind can use any ordeal, we each must learn that ordeals will purge us of our fears; they are the only road to joy."

In a lake near where I live sits a little island. On the island an oak grows aslant an emerald bay; the bay looks dark and bottomless.

"If you're afraid of heights," my minister had said, "it's not the heights, but fear of falling. Jump from a high place into water."

I am climbing this slanting oak that leans like Pisa's tower. The sun strikes the water, hits my eyes like flames or broken glass. Now thirty feet above the bay, I climb higher until the bow bends. I look through shimmering leaves into the blue-green hole below.

What started this mad stunt? He did. He said: "These ordeals can change your life."

I plunge into the footless air. Feel the rush. The solid wind thrusts up against me. The sun explodes a million suns splashing in my eyes. My breath catches like a scream. I feel the shock; the biting kiss of ice eats me up and the dark bay closes over my head.

Down, down, the pressure in my ears tells me I'm very deep. I open my eyes. What I thought was dark and gloomy blue, turns yellow-green and bright. Sunlight washes the sandy bottom turning white grains to jewels. A sunfish basks there in the green-gold light and looks at me astonished.

I climb out on the grassy bank and I think: Let's do it again. And I pull myself up into the leafy loveliness. I do not think of my fear: but of the beauty which has taken its place.

"Well, I went through that ordeal," I said to my minister. He is a tall slim man with blue eyes, a hawk nose. We sat beneath heavy peach trees, eating red-ripe peaches. "The water was invigorating, after I got in, and I saw the beauty. But how will that help me be a better writer? The scenery was beautiful, but I want to write about people, not fish."

"Why do you want to write?" he asked.

"I feel joy—when I write well."

"But why show your work to other people?"

"To find kindred spirits, and help them, as they help me."

"Then you want to help change the world?"

"Only in the sense that if I find a bit of truth, then I'd like to offer it to others."

"A bit of truth," my minister said, "where does that come from?"

"I don't know—I suppose you'd say, God."

"Then your job is to make yourself ready so that God can work through you. Agreed?"

"I believe so. But what does your telling me to go jump in the lake have to do with it?"

"You have to get rid of your fears. Your fears act like dams across a river. Blow them up. It's painful. Blasting each fear is an ordeal. But only then will the water flow."

"By water, you mean creativity, the force of God. I see . . . What's my next ordeal?"

"How did you feel under water?"

"I felt how beautiful the world is—and I thought we're terrified of real beauty. Because it takes such an effort to see it. I felt all choked up for a moment. Like crying."

"When you feel true joy you should feel like laughing, not crying. Perhaps you need to get your tears out of your system. Then you'll be able to laugh, really laugh."

"Men aren't supposed to cry," I said.

"So crying is one of the hardest ordeals for a man. What did you lose as a child?"

"My father, when I was six."

"Did you cry about it?"

"No. I wouldn't let myself."

"You should have. Consider this idea: Just crying isn't enough—the purpose is to release all the grief stored up in your system. It might take real sobbing—for four or five hours. It isn't easy. It's embarrassing. Most men wouldn't have the courage to try it. When was the last time you felt like crying?"

"Years ago. You'll think this is silly. Most people would. You see I lost an insignificant, useless, worthless big tomcat, named Big Boy. I lost him, and never found him."

"When you said that, I felt a little grief in your voice. Maybe you can't cry over your father because that's too big a psychological problem to use for this. Then why not use some little thing, like that useless cat, Big Boy? Yes, it does sound silly. But use the cat as a trigger mechanism to make yourself cry."

"It wouldn't be manly to cry over a cat."

"You wouldn't be crying over just that—you'd be crying over all the things you've ever lost—including your father. Grief stores up; it dams up the river you want to flow."

"But what good would it do me to cry? Can't I just not think of my troubles? Wouldn't

it be better just to forget the lost things, the Big Boys, the . . . fathers, we lose?"

"You have a lot of experts to support you on that," my minister said. "Some analysts advise sublimating strong emotions, instead of releasing them in ways society doesn't approve of. Ministers advise you not to let your mind dwell on negative things, or 'evil thoughts,' but to think only proper thoughts. Politicians say that, if you vote for them, follow their system, you won't have any grief at all, so you won't have to worry about getting rid of it. I say you should discharge your grief—don't forget your losses, but get rid of the pain attending them. Then the memory of, say, your cat, Big Boy, will be a warm, poignant thing. Keep the memory but not the pain eating at your innards. Run away from grief and it chases you. Face it, go through it and discharge it, and you conquer it."

"How can I cry?" I asked. "Tell me how."

Remember the Pain

North of the pine-dark mountains lies a bronze desert, beyond that red hills, and beyond: sand. I am standing in the bottom of a great yellow cauldron, topped by a bowl of pure blue and nothing else in the universe save a scorching eye blistering the sky.

Timidly, feeling very foolish, I begin to call the big lovable yellow cat, who will never come again.

"Here, Big Boy. Here, Boy." No one can hear me—I hope—they would think I'm a silly sentimental child. But no one is near. Only the infinitude of the sky. "Here, Boy Kitty." A lump plugs my throat. It isn't easy for me to cry. Keep on. "Come home, Boy." Not ready to flow—it sits in the edge of my eye. Look at the sky, if you want to cry. "Here, Big Boy." He'll never come again. Never, never, never, never, never. An awful tide wells up. A gasp pulls in my chest. All my conventions tell me: Don't cry! Be a man! But I let it come, and the sobbing takes hold.

I drop my head into my hands, and the scalding of internal tears, that I've held in for years, becomes luxurious, and suddenly, with the great release, I begin to laugh through my tears. Perhaps tears and laughter

go together. I must let the tears loose, before I can throw back my head and laugh. When I look up, the sun, low in the West, paints the glory of God in the sky.

Driving across the silver asphalt, my lights catch two jack rabbits romping together by the light of the moon. They look up suddenly, demanding: "Who are you?" And I laugh, and the laughter comes from a lusty voice.

"I feel like Christopher Fry's Catherine of Aix," I told my minister. "She never shed a tear until they cut off her head. Then her lifetime of tears flooded the plaza, floating two priests into the doorway of a brothel."

My minister laughed. "When you can laugh you can begin listening to yourself," he said.

"Listening for what?"

"Just as an analogy, think of your better self, your deep self, as a kind of chained-up god within you, and you should try to unchain him, and listen to him. Instead of looking for approval outside yourself, listen to that still small voice within. It will paint a picture of you as you might be, and show you the image of yourself as God meant you to be."

"Isn't it a kind of pagan concept, a 'god' inside? And if it's just an analogy, how do I know this better self is there?"

"Christ used the analogy, in John 10:34. He quoted Psalm 82:6, saying: I have said ye are gods. But how do you know this god is there? I believe you hear him with your inner ear. Sometime when drunk on work, or love, or music, or dreaming happy dreams, or writing, or painting, or under gas, or reading a great book, or walking through a building which affects you as a cathedral should, sometimes you hear that god within, crooning a hymn, singing to you, softly, so softly, singing to you of a better life."

"And then it's gone?" I asked.

"But you can bring it back, if you listen to it, and go through all the ordeals you need to face. We keep that god chained up, and breaking through the chain is an ordeal. Falling from a height was an ordeal for you. But you learned you can see great beauty in the dark places you had been afraid of. Letting yourself cry like a woman was an ordeal for you—but you learned you cannot laugh with

joy until you've released your pent up tears. Some men need to suffer withdrawal pains that come from giving up cigarettes, or drink or dope, or dependent ties, or privileges. We must go through this as a nation, before we can know any joy. You are ready for a positive ordeal. You need to find that god within. When you find him you will know a joy you had not dreamed of, a joy you've felt in those holy words: the Kingdom of Heaven is within you."

"Show me what I need to do," I said.

Look in the Mirror

My minister took me into his dark room, where he contemplates and prays. He shone a light into my face and held up a mirror so that all I saw was my face, strangely lighted, and all around nothing but darkness.

"Show how you look when you're afraid."

I wrinkled up my brow with anxiety lines. I pulled my mouth into a grimace. I bugged out my eyes. "Show anger." I scowled and gritted my teeth. "Show love."

I didn't know what to do with my face. What came out was a kind of pitying look.

"I can't show love," I protested.

"That's because you love with that god within, and you can't love when he's chained up. The humanitarians tell you to love others as thyself, but you must first learn how to love yourself. You must learn to say 'I love you' to 'the best image of myself and dearer half.'"

"Tell me how, if you can," I whispered.

"Try putting an expression on your face which you'd like to have all the time."

I tried on a big rich executive face. It didn't seem to fit. I tried on a very sexy Casanova face. It didn't feel right. I took a deep breath which made me stand straight and tall. I put a sparkle in my eyes. My mouth began to look firm and full of life. I hadn't seen this honest person every often. "This isn't a mask."

"Now go home," my minister said. "And remember that this person is you. If you forget him, go look in the mirror and find him again. As you gaze on him, the person you might be and ought to be all the time, listen to the random thoughts that tug at you, trying to

intrude. Let them in. Try this ordeal, all week long. Don't speak any small, unimportant talk. Don't say anything until you hear that god within speaking for you. Pattern yourself . . . 'in His Image and Likeness.'"

Now Go Forth

I am trying this ordeal at a party. Tinkling glasses mingle with feminine laughter. "What a divine party; wherever did you find this divine house? May I present you to a perfectly divine person? Tell me a funny story."

"There is something in me trying to speak," I said slowly. "It tells me we have a handsome self, or a beautiful self, not just a beautiful face and figure, but a dream of beauty inside, and this dream wants to laugh and feel great joy, and soar and feel all the gorgeous things we dream about but aren't allowed to talk about at parties."

My guest looks down and gravely says:

"I'm not sure I know what you mean. Yet—I was reading a passage in Ayn Rand today, about a young man who had always wondered why the sensations we feel in dreams are so much more intense than anything we experience in waking reality. He asked why in dreams the horror was so total and the ecstasy so complete—and what was that extra quality of . . . an air full of expectation, of causeless, utter rapture . . . "You're right," my guest says. "We can't find it at parties."

And I fall silent, before this small pool of sincerity in the middle of a witty party, a bit of gold mined, by letting my embarrassed, badly done, badly said voice speak from the urge it felt. "It must be badly done, at first," I whisper, "because man is not used to speaking from his heart."

He Bores Me to Death

"But I couldn't do it," I confessed to my minister. "I couldn't go to each of them and speak sincerely from my heart."

"No? Are you saying that you feel that you are ready for a search for higher things, but those others, those 'lesser beings' aren't?"

"Perhaps," I admitted.

"Then let this be your next ordeal," my minister said. "Listen to a boring person."

Look! See that humble Mexican on the street. Talk to him. Learn something beautiful from him."

I walked swiftly after the Mexican.

"Do you have a cigarette?" I asked.

"No," he said, politely. "Sorry."

"Have one of mine," I offered. "Where are you going?"

"Home."

"Been working out here? What do you do?"

"Oh, I dig in the earth, mess around."

"What are you going to do when you get home?"

"Oh, I take some flowers to my wife, kids. She makes a big supper. We sing a lot, you know."

"What gives you your biggest pleasure?"

"Oh, you know, seeing them grow up."

"Your children, you mean?"

"Oh, I *guess* they're my children."

I guessed I'd better not pursue *that* subject any further. "So long." "Take care."

I walked back to my minister and said: "I didn't learn a dang thing from him."

"Didn't he tell you about his work?"

"'Digs', he said." I answered.

"Did he tell you how he grafts red plum cuts onto white peach trees and makes one tree give red and white blossoms?"

"No!"

"He's the gardener here. He grew those peaches you're eating. He says the trees and flowers are his children."

"I could have caught that," I said, slowly. "If I'd been listening with my third ear, I could have heard the god within him speak."

* * *

"I failed to pass that ordeal," I said. "What can I do now?"

"Part of that ordeal was recognizing that you failed. But I believe you are ready for the positive ordeals that will stretch your mind. You might try reading every day a book above your head, one that stretches your mind. Consider irritating ideas. Look for the germ of truth in every idea, in every person. Read the books you've been afraid to read. Every day do something badly, in the sense, that if a thing is worth doing, it's worth doing badly at first. But have fun at it, as

children have fun painting pictures badly. And most of all, for you, remember you must first of all become a living example of the philosophy which you want the world to follow. And don't count the cost of the ordeal. Despise the cost. Think only of the joy. A pilot, going through the sound barrier, doesn't think of the buffeting in the barrier, but of the calm serenity on the other side. Ask yourself if you've left great gaping holes in your reading, your friends, your writing, because you arbitrarily ruled out listening to those you call your enemies."

"Instead of ruling them out, you mean I should have looked for the germ of truth?"

"Try this as an ordeal: Love thine enemies. Go the second mile, in trying to understand them. Love the chained up god within them, long enough to put up your sword."

"I feel ready," I said.

"We are never ready," my minister said. "To show you how far from ready you are, I'll give you an ordeal tonight. I want you to lead our group at prayers tonight."

"The thought makes my face burn."

"Let yourself burn. As the food of your body must be burned to turn into energy, the food of your spirit must burn in you before it turns into action."

Prepare!

After an hour of mounting terror, I hear my minister ask me to pray.

I had thought of things to say, and now they fly from my mind. There is a long silence. Finally I hear my voice say:

"Lord, I don't know how to pray . . .

"I would rather say five words straight from my heart, than pour out a torrent of eloquence: the words would be . . . God help me to love.

"I don't feel ready . . . for any of this.

"I've never been drunk on God.

"I've tried to change the world through arguments,—not through love. I have thought that the world could be changed without going through any ordeal. I know now I must cleanse myself from within before I try to clean up those I've called my enemies.

"After each ordeal, you have let me look in my heart where the light of morning walks

over the brow of some high interior hill.

"In those rare moments when I feel this, give me the guts to keep it, and go through the next ordeal and find the joy that lies on the other side. Let me hang on to the passion that burns me in these moments, for this is the only joy worth keeping, and the only way for me to change my life and work. Amen."

My minister came round and put his hand upon my shoulder and said: "Thank you. You know now that every bondsman, if he will go through his ordeal, every chained up god holds in his hand the power to cancel his captivity."

Am I My Enemy?

"Now," my minister said, "let's see if you are ready to meet and deal with your enemy."

"You want me to go out and talk to somebody who doesn't agree with me on politics?"

"Yes," my minister said.

"Who will I pick?"

"Me," said my minister.

"But you're not an 'enemy'," I protested.

"I am," he said.

"But," I stammered, "You're a libertarian."

"Maybe not. Tell me what a libertarian is."

"A libertarian opposes communism, socialism, fascism, nazism, every form of statism. He seeks to set up an opposite alternative to all statism. He believes the opposite is capitalism, under self government."

"Then consider me an 'enemy'—for these reasons: I do not believe a philosophy can be built out of opposition or any kind of opposite. You must offer people something new as Christianity did. Christ didn't set out to oppose Roman statism; he simply offered something radically new. There is a third alternative to the status quo and its opposition. People everywhere are seeking a third alternative. It grows out of a hunger for new spiritual food. The people looking for it reject your position. They believe your main concern is the same as Communists': you offer a materialistic cure for mankind's pains. Your main concern is pain."

"How do you mean?" I asked, flabbergasted.

"You and your friends argue that the welfare state will not relieve pain: so you offer

a different cure for pain, the only way to reduce pain you say, is capitalism."

"What's wrong with that?" I demanded.

"You make fighting pain your goal."

"What should the goal be?" I asked.

"If you are truly religious, you believe your goal is to save your soul, not to achieve some political goal. But you say the same thing as the statist: 'my system will provide more comfort.' Or: 'my system will give you less pain and more comfort without putting you through any ordeal at all.'"

The Barb Struck Home

My face reddened. For the first time in my life I felt conscious anger toward my minister. He continued relentlessly:

"Do you know what your enemies say about you? They say you use religion as a peg to hang your politics on. They say you drag in religion to prove your political point."

I socked a clenched fist into my palm. Then I remembered. Psychologists say that anger springs from fear: you feel threatened, so you get mad. I sat very still.

Remember the Mirror

Finally I whispered: "I've got to face this ordeal, too. What you said about me has been true, perhaps, in the past. I have been mostly interested in politics. My attack on my enemies has been mostly negative. In the past I have used religion as a kind of peg to hang my politics on. It's true that I've tried to change. But I have no right to expect you to see the change, since I'm still full of anger."

"I saw the change," my minister said. "And could that be your next negative ordeal? To get rid of your anger. But the positive ordeals are the most important; after going through them you will be able to say:

"The solution to my problems is not politics, or economics, or strategy; the solution is for me to face my fears, stop avoiding pain, and go through the spiritual sound barriers in my mind. To find the spiritual joy on the other side, I myself must first be reborn, and find the image of the self I was meant to be, before I can solve the problems of this world, or find any peace within my soul."

PAUSE FOR REFLECTION

JAMES C. INGEBRETSEN

It's getting to be a habit with me—I hope. As with last summer, my most precious family memories revolve around our several weeks together with Gerald Heard, Ed Opitz and other Wayfarers at Idyllwild, California.

Our second annual Explorations this year attracted altogether (along with my wife and two daughters), some fifty-four business leaders, clergymen, teachers, students and other communicators. Nineteen were alumni who had been with us the year before when the subject of exploration had been *The Nature of Our Crisis*.

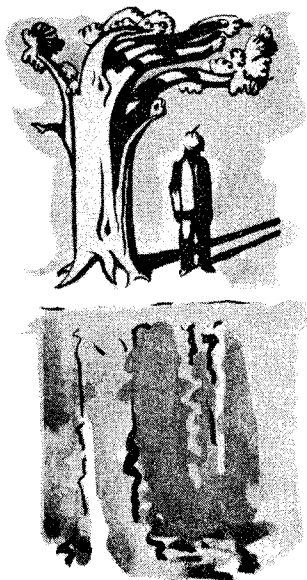
This year we were out to carry our Explorations a few steps further. *What is a practicable religion and psychology for today's world? and: what are the demands of leadership?*

The seeds from our several weeks of searching may sprout more new questions than new answers, but that is what we expected when we started our Explorations.

As Gerald Heard put it during our first evening, sitting around the big fireplace in the main lodge of the grounds where we stayed, "We want to understand, so we must dare to ask questions, and we shall not despair if we don't get answers. We are out on that waste of a Godhead where no man is at home. Man will not long remain at one stage for he is a wayfarer. We believe there is a way. The way is not a smooth highway; it is always rough; it is always an adventure."

Mr. Heard told us that during this week we would ask some questions about ourselves, where we are, what problems we face, and discuss what kind of therapy we need to solve our problem.

During the days that followed, we Wayfarers talked often of the challenge he had



thrown at us, and of the reluctance which that timid part of ourselves feels about entertaining a stranger or even a strange idea. Mr. Heard's eyes twinkled as he depicted our reluctance with this story:

"One caterpillar said to another, while looking up at a butterfly: 'You'll never get me up in one of those things.'"

We sometimes felt that way as we tried to get used to the somewhat painful exercise of "stretching the sphincters of our minds."

The relationship of that word *sphincter* which means to bind tight, to the word *Sphinx*, is interesting for the Sphinx, the inscrutable, the impenetrable,

asks man throughout the centuries the questions which are the most difficult to answer.

These are the questions, Mr. Heard tells us, which the Sphinx asks of us, warning us in advance that it will crush us with our ignorance if we do not answer:

1. What is physical force, energy?
2. What is wealth?
3. What is love?
4. What is your word?
5. What is your thought?

Man makes his laws and his customs according to how he defines these values and how he decides they shall be used. The societies which have been most successful are the societies which have best answered those questions and formulated the most reasonable, merciful and just laws accordingly. Once the answers have been given, no society has been able to break these laws without disintegrating, some slowly, some quickly.

Our society is now disintegrating because it has broken the moral laws of our Founding Fathers, without having found any new laws, new meaning, or new pattern of prestige with

which to replace them.

The crisis we face is this: we must give men a contemporary meaning, adequate to our vastly extended means, something to live for, or we may face, not only the end of our society, not only the end of Western Civilization, not only the end of an era—but the end of historic man.

5000 Feet Up

There is among the psychological theories of this day, the idea that the ideal man will behave in an "outgoing" way, outgoing meaning extroverted. But Mr. Heard told us, you cannot make an outward step which is sure and sound unless you make a corresponding step inward. Man should be like a cantilever—his outward projections anchored in solid concrete, deep inside. Therefore, it is time man looked into himself, into his own soul:

"God is nowhere more accessible," says Gerald Heard, "than in the center of your soul."

With this thought haunting our minds, we talked and walked and probed beneath the pines, 5000 feet up in Idyllwild.

And down at sea level in Chicago and San Francisco, as we were to discover when we returned from our Exploration, others had been composing political panaceas—panaceas which emphasize the disintegration which has already taken place in our country.

Rely on Moral Law

I wish that every reader of this column might have had the illuminating experience of viewing the two conventions with freshly cleared hearts and minds. The mountain-top perspective is not very flattering to the political process. As former President Herbert Hoover put it, "Today the greatest issue in America and all mankind is the encroachments of governments to master our lives."

But if we are to avoid having our lives mastered by government, we must face the responsibility of being our own masters. We must rely more on moral law than on statutory law, emphasize self-government more than political government, build spiritual order rather than a martial one.

What can a worker on a routine job take home with him besides his pay envelope?

Can he feel that his work is the meaning of his life?

What have the churches, the labor unions, business and government done to advance or detract from the idea of vocation?

Spiritual Mobilization's next conference of national scope will be held November 30 and December 1 in Chicago.

The subject:

Work in Today's World.

A few fellowships may still be available for ministers and laymen.

Please write me at once if you are interested or if you want more information.

NOTE: We've been busy this past summer, house-cleaning our circulation list. If, in our enthusiasm, we switched your address around and you are not receiving *Faith and Freedom* at the address you prefer, please let us know. We'll fix it pronto.

Curious readers ask what finally happened to LUCILLE MILLER (September, 1955): Her husband is serving a one-year sentence in jail; Lucille was released on probation.

GOVERNOR BRACKEN LEE (May, 1956) is running for a third term as governor of Utah.

MARY TURNER (November, 1955) parted with her husband, still teaches her children at home.

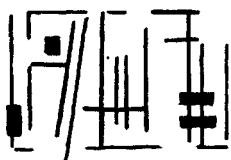
FINN TWINS (Jan. and Feb., 1956) won their airplane in the lower court; the government appealed to the circuit court, and they are waiting a decision. Meanwhile Attorney Gen. Brownell promised to talk to the Finns in his office. As always, they feel they'll win.

God does not run a department for "seconds," nor keep a second rate heaven for compromisers.

* * *

Formula for slavery: Mix one moral standard for individuals and another for the state.

J. S. KIMMELL



CHURCHMAN'S DIGEST



Hunza: Lost Kingdom of the Himilayas.
John Clark. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.
270 pp. \$5.00.

An absorbing account of what can be done for backward areas of the world—without million dollar handouts.

Clark speaks from personal experience. A geology research associate at Princeton, he packed up and went to Hunza, a tiny feudal monarchy in northeast Pakistan, only 14 miles from the Communist back door. He stayed for 20 months.

Working as a one-man mission for free enterprise, Clark sought to develop local projects, run by local people, and thus eventually hike the standard of living for all.

Applying this formula of self-help, the geologist-turned-missionary brought free medicine and education to a people whose culture is older than the Chinese (some had never seen a wheel before, never heard of the United States).

Clark worked without any church or government aid, did his job with a minimum amount of money, maximum amount of hard work.

One of his first lessons: "You can't make friends with any people working through their government or political parties."

Ministers should find the whole book important reading since it shows what the right kind of missionary work can do. The last chapter, "The Future in Asia," should be compulsory reading for all politicians.

REV. NORMAN S. REAM

Brainwashing: The Story of the Men Who Defied It. Edward Hunter. New York: Farrar Straus & Cudahy. 310 pp. \$3.75.

Can you resist brainwashing?

Edward Hunter gives us a study of the men and women who did come out of the Chinese Communist mind-moulding machinery with beliefs intact.

He delves into these specific cases—civil-

ian and military—picks out common traits possessed by those who held out, and offers some ideas about the qualities that produce successful resistance.

Hunter shows that where Christian faith was present and exercised and prayer practiced, convictions based on accurate information stood unwavering, withstanding every effort of the indoctrinators.

A heavy sprinkling of personal statements makes good illustrative material: "What pulled me through was firstly religion and secondly faith. . . . The faith that held me up was the philosophy of the Crucifixion." (Robert Voleger)

Hunter also digs into an account of how Pavlov's "conditioning" experiments on animals corrupted into man-manipulation. Hunger, fatigue, tenseness, threats and violence all enter the brainwashing picture and loom as the awful weapons of assault against man's last stronghold—his mind.

A good buy for the small ministerial library.

DR. W. CLARENCE WRIGHT

A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life. William Law. (Editor: John Meister) Westminster. 150 pp. \$2.50.

In the reviewer's church, ten men meet each Friday noon to pray, to meditate, to share the spiritual. Relying on our own experience at first, we grew spiritually dry. Then we came across this book.

This newest edition of Law's *A Serious Call* presents the spiritual classic in ideal form for personal and group meditation.

Chief advantages—simplified language and punctuation—stem from the work of John Meister and other members of a men's prayer group in First Presbyterian Church, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Says Meister: "We send this book forth in a spirit of humble enthusiasm. We have met a man who has spoken to our condi-

tion. We give you what we consider . . . the most pertinent of what he has to say."

D. Elton Trueblood writes the foreword, pointing up Law's profound belief in small fellowships dedicated to discovering the will of God and serving society.

As we see an ever growing awareness of the value to be discovered in such groups, here is excellent material for study and inspiration.

REV. NORMAN S. REAM

The Case for Right-to-Work Laws: A Defense of Voluntary Unionism. Rev. Edward A. Keller, C.S.C. Chicago: The Heritage Foundation, Inc. 129 pp.

Father Keller, Director of Notre Dame's Bureau of Economic Research, casts a critical eye at the right-to-work controversy.

He makes a competent and readable coverage of the standard arguments—both pro and con—writes a considered, objective and fair defense of the right-to-work laws.

Fr. Keller delves into the "free rider" argument, rights of the states to regulate unionism, majority rule, freedom of contract.

Looking at the laws from both legal and moral aspects he says:

" . . . the right not to join is a necessary corollary of the right to join. Without a right not to join there can be no such thing as a right to join." (Citing the *Board of Education v. Barnette* case ['43] where the Court said that freedom of speech carries with it the freedom to remain silent.)

Again, objecting to the anti-right-to-work argument that the compulsory union shop is the only way to union security: "The protective labor laws of both the Federal and state governments can, should and do give adequate and reasonable security to unions today in the United States. . . . Experience proves that union leaders can 'sell' good unionism on a voluntary basis. . . ."

The book is well salted with documented cases, references and quotes and carries a six-part appendix including the North Carolina right-to-work law, excerpts of the Wagner and Taft-Hartley acts and a Christmas message by Pope Pius XII.

An excellent job of combined good-reporting and convincing logic defending "right-to-work" laws.

Scalpel. Agatha Young. New York: Random House. 311 pp. \$5.

Here are inspiring, true stories of men battling ridicule, scorn and prejudice to build surgery into a great modern science. Miss Young shows these surgeons in action, fighting and conquering hemorrhage, pain, infection and shock.

A biographical history of surgery's development, the book carries the best antidote for pessimism you could find.

For if you feel man's forward progress slow or nil, you'll be praising the Lord after reading how far we've progressed since the day when a compound fracture always meant amputation, when surgeons cauterized wounds with boiling oil and performed excruciatingly painful operations without anesthesia.

Less optimistic thoughts threading through the book: 1) leading medical men (like many specialty-men) too often shy away from new principles and practices, and 2) man makes great strides in opening up the physical world compared with his creeping advances in the spiritual.

Time spent on this beautifully written book will reward every reader—clergymen especially. *Scalpel* is one of the most exciting books I have read for a long time.

REV. NORMAN S. REAM

How to Sell and Unsell Ideas. Fred DeArmond. Chicago: Lloyd R. Wolfe. 237 pp. \$7.50.

A "how-to-do-it" without the usual happy, hop-skip-jump over subject matter, DeArmond's current book gives good coverage to the principles, techniques, strategy, courtesy and amenities of selling and quelling ideas.

A few ideas on his subject:

"Be sure you have something to gain before engaging in an argument, because there is always something to lose."

"Cultivate the art of saying your say in a manner that does not provoke a retort."

"Unless you attack in argument you will be in the position of a baseball team that plays the field all the time while the other team does all the batting."

"Every person has to decide what is his particular forte in argument . . . the furious manner fits some; the judicial others. Some are cold logicians, others hot crusaders."

Ideas in Review

What happens when agnostic parents try to raise their children without joining any of the organized religious sects?

Elinor Goulding Smith, an agnostic, states her side of the story asking **Won't Somebody Tolerate Me?** (Harper's, August).

She goes back to her own childhood in the "roaring twenties," recalls a toe-the-mark upbringing in which it was clearly understood that people's religious beliefs were their own affair.

All this has changed she thinks and points to television programs that tell her children to go to church on Sunday ("and take Dad and Mom, too").

"I don't think television programs should teach our children what they should do about religion," she says.

Other protests are aimed against Bible reading in the public school and conversion efforts on the part of a neighboring minister.

The author's plea for mutual respect of others' beliefs rings a legitimate note. The only question a churchman might make: what's the difference between a church's views on television and Mrs. Smith's in Harper's? Her open plea for tolerance hovers on an implied plea for censorship.

The No. 1 problem of American clergymen is mental health, says **Rev. Wesley Shrader** of Yale Divinity School.

Too much work at too many kinds of jobs makes clergymen's role "impossible" and explains **Why Ministers Are Breaking Down** (Life, August 20, '56).

"Breakdowns among ministers have become so numerous that in some areas congregations have begun to require prospective ministers to submit to psychiatric examinations," author Shrader reports. He thinks the situation should be made public because churchgoing people have created the problem and should face it.

The article quotes the Blizzard survey of 690 American Protestant ministers to determine both what lay people expect of the minister and what he expects from himself. Congregations place highest value upon the

minister's roles of administrator and organizer, while the minister puts least emphasis on these roles, Shrader points out, saying "the result is conflict and frustration."

What to do? The author suggests the multiple-minister arrangement—breaking down the work of a large church into areas with a team of ministers to each handle one specific area.

A new comic section "clergyman-as-hero" comes from the drawing pen of Harold Gray, creator of Orphan Annie: "*Collar John*."

Setting the background for the emergence of his new character, Gray writes: "In the New Guinea jungles, he had killed men with his hands; and once wore eagles on his shoulders. To the city jungle of mean streets and poor people, juvenile gangs, mob violence and corrupt politics, he came ten years later . . . a man of slight build who wore his collar reversed."

Chicago Tribune-New York News Syndicate is the distributor.

A total of \$13,250 in cash prizes will be given away to winners of a national essay contest being sponsored by the Foundation for Voluntary Welfare.

Contest is open to: "any person who is now, or who ever has been, a salaried employee or volunteer worker for any social welfare agency, public or private, for one year or more."

Essays should run from 1,200 to 2,500 words and deal with "A Way to Extend Voluntary Activity and Organization in Social Welfare."

For details write the Foundation—P.O. Box 209, San Francisco, California.

Today, everyone discusses economics—wages, prices, profits, taxes and similar subjects. Everyone has opinions.

Still most of us have many questions about these problems; it's tough to dig out the answers from uninteresting or hard-to-read material.

The Chamber of Commerce of the United States tries its hand at solving this problem in a pamphlet called **How to Double Wages**. The questions and answers are in form of

a conversation between an intelligent, serious-minded workman and a friend of his who has some experience in explaining what makes the American Economy tick.

Single copies available on request from: Economic Research Department, Chamber of Commerce of U.S., Washington 6, D.C.

On March 6, the Broadcasting and Film Commission of the National Council of Churches adopted a Policy Statement. It advised "against the sale or purchase of time for religious broadcasts" among other things. The commission also called upon stations and networks in their allotment of time to Protestant broadcasting "to give due consideration to the strength and representative character of the councils of churches."

Glenwood Blackmore interprets this as a National Council renewal of its effort to control Protestant religious broadcasting in America and to eliminate evangelical, biblical and gospel preaching from the airways; he asks **Shall the NCC Control Religious Broadcasting? (The United Brethren, August 15)**

Blackmore reviews the Council's long fight with the 21,000,000 Protestants not affiliated with it, and the Evangelical's organization of the National Religious Broadcasters to protect their interests.

The article goes on to list the evangelicals position in a seven-point summary.

"One of the wisest friends I've ever had recently said to me, 'There isn't one in a million persons who knows how to pray.'"

With this in mind, **Stephen J. Constant** opens his booklet **The Art of Answered Prayer**. He deals with the nature of prayer, what force or forces are put to work by it, where those forces are, and who or what provides the answers.

Constant advises: 1) if you do not belong to a prayer group, start one now; 2) encourage the group to grow by cell division as soon as it gets large enough; 3) associate as much as possible with like-minded people; 4) individually and jointly strive to become channels for the expression of God's love, instruments for the expression of His will for the entire world.

For Discussion: The Right-to-Work Wrangle

(Questions for discussion)

1. The Supreme Court ruled that freedom of speech carries with it the freedom to remain silent. Does the freedom to join a union include the freedom not to join?

2. A worker strongly supports Ike for '56. His union contributes to the Stevenson-Harriman campaign fund. Does the worker have a legitimate protest against paying his dues?

3. Worker "A" belongs to the union. "B" on the next machine doesn't and won't. The union pushes through a 10c wage hike. Is "B" getting "something for nothing?"

4. The Gidget Company, Inc. wants a union shop (worker must join union 60 days after being hired). The 2000-member union wants a union shop. Two workers can't join because of their religious beliefs. Should the company and union be denied the right of contract? The two workers their right of association?

5. Is there a moral obligation for workers to stick together to protect their rights?

6. Does "right-to-work" mean the right to (a) earn a fair livelihood, (b) work as a punchpress operator, (c) work for the Pittsburgh branch of General Iron & Steel?

BIBLIOGRAPHY:

Battle Over Right-to-Work Laws: Pro & Con. Congressional Digest. February, 1956. pp. 37-64.

State Labor Scores. Fortune, August, 1955.

Skids Under Labor. E. G. Astor. Nation, April 2, 1956.

Case Against the Right-to-Work Laws. J. Moore. Christian Century. August 31, 1955.

"Is Further Intervention a Cure for Prior Intervention?" Percy L. Greaves. Chapter 10 in *On Freedom & Free Enterprise* (see *Faith and Freedom* review, June, 1956).

Can Nothing Be Said for State "Right-to-Work" Laws? John E. Coogan. American Ecclesiastical Review. December, 1955.

THE MIRACLE NEXT DOOR

DOREEN RILEY

Most of the time in Faith and Freedom we criticize others or ourselves, but once in a while we offer our own alternative way. We thought Doreen Riley's off-beat idea on bringing up children, not only made sense, her delightful style captivated us. What if all children were raised that way, we wondered. It's certainly a non-conformist method—but isn't it consistent with Christian teachings? What would you say?



A man and woman of low circumstances brought forth a highly miraculous happening in our time. They had a son. Not miraculous by itself, of course; the miracle was to come later.

Now by low circumstance, I don't mean to imply they were on relief, or starving or even

disconsolate. Merely that they owned very little of that one commodity which, most sensible people agree, is the best thing to have in life—social acceptance.

When they moved in down the street, the neighbors sent over a delegate to find out what the couple did, and in what income

range. The delegate sadly reported back with a long "didn't" list. They didn't serve cocktails, they didn't belong to any worthwhile clubs, they didn't casually mention any important friends—didn't even have a TV set.

When, in time, the townsfolk found out what the couple did do, they sat down with their guest lists and scratched off the new people's name and the question mark after it.

For among the first-named social liabilities, this couple seemed to hold an uncommon belief in God.

It wasn't a neighborly belief in God, you understand, it was fanatical. They spent hour on hour talking and thinking about, of, and to Him. Sometimes they seemed to be just listening.

The neighbors began to mutter: "Too much of a good thing is nevertheless *too* much," and "doesn't the good book teach temperance in all things?"

What they meant, of course, is that it's one thing to believe in God, and quite another to be obsessed by Him. Shouldn't you do unto others as you would have them do unto you? And if too much religion in one man and woman makes everybody else feel awkward and uncomfortable, well, where's the Golden Rule then?

Nevertheless, it was a tolerant town, and people weren't unkind to the young couple; they just didn't have anything to do with them. People almost forgot about the odd pair.

Then one day, the whole town exploded in talk. The couple down the street gave birth to a son, and someone found out they claimed this was not their son at all. They believed he was a son of God.

This was the final straw; obviously this couple was bent on being the thorn in the community side. People agreed that the only way to deal with them was to ignore them—religiously.

Of course, at first there were one or two who wondered, "could it possibly be . . ." They remembered that it was supposed to have happened once. But when the boy began to grow up and look like any other boy, and no uncanny light shown round his head, they stopped wondering, and the enormous

question that almost rose sank out of mind.

The only ones who took the thing seriously, then, were the man and his wife—and later, the boy.

Now it was hard for them to know just how to bring up this boy. For though (they said) God told them about the child's divine nature, He had not written out any special instruction about bringing up a son of God.

They decided they must make the boy aware of his unique personality as soon as possible.

They began talking to the child at great length, though still a baby. They spoke to him of truth and beauty and good and of God who was his father. They spoke not only words but went out and bought prints of great paintings and cheap editions of great books, and recordings of great music.

When he grew older, they walked with him, teaching him about jumping, crawling, flying creatures and about the woods, rivers, stars.

It wasn't long before the boy seemed to feel at home in all places. He could spot proportion and harmony at a glance and knew the name and habits of vast numbers of creatures and growing things and heavenly bodies.

An Eyebrow Shot Up

Chatting over a bridge game, neighboring women wondered how the mother could find the time to spend so many hours with the boy—even though he appeared quick and eager and seemed to love learning and knowing and finding out.

Yet with all the couple's efforts, the day did come when the boy asked the question they knew they could not answer for him—"what is my mission in life?" This was something he must discover for himself, they knew, and they looked for a wise man to help him.

Now there was a wise and learned professor at the university in the city and they went to him and told him their story. "Son of God . . ." they told him, and "he will require special guidance and knowledge," they said.

The professor shot up an eyebrow and his mouth dropped open. But he was a curious man and he talked to the boy and questioned him shrewdly. Early years of careful teaching

showed their mark—the long talks, the walks, the music and the books and the paintings.

The professor nodded, and looking up at the parents said: "Well, obviously the boy's advanced for his age. Yes, he will need special guidance and knowledge—a good tutor."

Then suddenly a thought flashed into his mind and he started back, "you're not thinking of me surely?"

He saw that they were then and began to splutter off a great many fool-proof reasons why this would be impossible. "You see I am writing some papers, a modest contribution attempting to prove the postulates of logical positivism, and they are taking so much of my time, I don't even have time for regular classroom teaching any more, much as I regret it, not to mention private tutoring.

"A man can't get very far just teaching, these days," he explained. "You have to publish papers to get any notice, if you want to attract attention from the big universities. You see? It would be impossible."

The professor watched the couple and the boy walk away; the boy looked back at him in a way that was, well, he thought, haunting, and the professor scowled.

"Great heavens, a ten-year-old boy!" It was ridiculous. He didn't even know these people.

The couple called the professor a few days later and asked him if he might reconsider. "If I change my mind," the professor said, "it will be a miracle."

Yet while he continued his work on his paper, attempting to prove the postulates of logical positivism, the boy kept crowding into his mind. "I won't think about him," he said. But he did.

A Boy and a Suitcase

Was it a miracle then when he drove to the country town and told the man and woman that he had, after due consideration, decided to consent to their unusual proposition and would accede. They didn't seem as surprised as he did, so the professor, still astonished found himself with a boy and suitcase on the seat beside him as he drove back to the city. "But it's not a miracle," he told the boy.

"Merely a neurotic compulsion. And the psychology of dynamic acceptance is the only way to exorcise it."

The professor started the next morning by giving reading assignments, secretly hoping that they would be so hard that the boy would quit and go back home. But the boy read the books with gusto.

The professor found that he had to work twice as hard to continue his research and writing after that, but strangely, he wondered if he wasn't working better, with more energy?

Each morning, as he stood shaving before the mirror, the professor thought he noticed a new confidence and vitality which he hadn't noticed before. Could it be that this boy had some divine energy which was catching? He laughed when he thought of how the logical positivists would comment on that. "This man," they would say, "is growing rotten with superstition."

To Strike a Spark

But, of course, it couldn't be divine energy—unless all energy is divine? No. Nonsense, it was simply that the boy asked such stimulating questions. He had to stop and scratch his head over these questions. He had almost forgotten that there were any more questions to be asked. Now he found the boy's questions crowding in, pushing out cold logic; he found himself chuckling over the private jokes made with the boy about positive negativism.

One day he looked at his work papers and was amazed to see they were covered with dust. He hadn't worked on the postulates of logical positivism for over a year. He had taken on more classes, and found himself feeling very good whenever he saw a spark of understanding light up in one of his student's eyes. He had forgotten for a time how he loved teaching and now he was forgetting about everything else.

The Train Chugged Out

Then suddenly, one day the boy came to him and pulling out a sheet of paper from his pocket, asked: "Do you know the first name on this list?"

"Pendleton? He's the top man in theoretical

physics. Reading his book, are you? Good. Good."

"I'm going to see him," said the boy.

"Going to see him? He's in London!"

"I know. I'm leaving next week."

"But how?" Then looking down at the list in the boy's hand, he read the names of many other renowned men.

"What are you going to do?" asked the older man.

"I must learn from these men," said the boy as he walked off down the corridor.

"But why?" called the professor. And he was asking the same question when, still dazed, he went with the boy's parents to see him off on the 4:30 p.m. train the next Thursday. But the train chugged out and the boy had not answered, except for a warm clasp of the professor's hand, a soft smile, and a wave from the window. The professor could only turn to the two beside him and exclaim, "but he's only 13 years old!"

The professor wasn't able to let the boy go out of his life altogether. So he kept track of him. He wrote to the men on the list that the boy showed him. He learned from letters bearing strange postmarks that the boy—now a young man—had meant what he said: he was seeing each on the page-long list of famous men.

The professor traced the boy's travels over the map of the world that hung on the far wall of his office. Hungrily he waited the mail and word from his inquiries. He wondered why the boy never stayed in any one place, but always moved on.

Dr. Robert Pendleton, the physicist, wrote the professor about this. He was the first of the famous men the boy had gone to see. The boy had stayed with him for over a year. Dr. Pendleton had been amazed to hear the boy's story. "Of course," he wrote, "I found the 'son of God' story rather hard to swallow, but I must say I was flattered."

He Can Do Anything

While teaching the boy about his work with theoretical physics, Dr. Pendleton one day found himself standing on the brink of a great discovery: he thought he saw a new way to

take the tremendous power in all matter and convert it into energy—it was amazingly simple, which was presumably why no one else had thought of it. The boy would help him perfect it, then they would go on from there . . . new research, new development, closer to the edge of the mysteries of the universe . . . Or so he dreamed.

But then the boy came to him and burst this bubbling dream. "I must leave you now; I must go on," he said. The physicist protested, "But it's out of the question. You can't go. We're right on the brink now. We've almost got it—the end answer. Just a little more . . . and I need you to help me."

But the boy left the next morning.

Writing in answer to the old professor's letters of inquiry, Dr. Pendleton wrote, "I have discovered what I had only before sometimes dreamed; the boy proves it . . . though he leaves, and you can understand what a void he leaves in my life—yet I'm not depressed at all, my work goes better than ever . . ."

The professor understood. His own work, despite his missing the boy, excited him. He was trying to turn out students who would have the same curious approach to life as the boy he had come to love—but as yet he did not know the secret of turning out such boys.

The Artist Was Overwhelmed

He wrote for news and found that the boy now studied under Jean de Guyiere, the famed painter. De Guyiere wrote the professor: Of course, one had heard of the boy before he brought himself here. The thought of entertaining him—overwhelming, of course. Still, I did not expect my guest to stay to become my student.

"A science-trained youth—could he understand the warmth of color and value . . . yet already such promise! But of course you know this. He can do anything, this boy. And I think, how will this affect Jean de Guyiere?"

Later the painter wrote again. "He has left but before leaving me, he said many things. I once thought 'what effect will the boy have on me?' Now I know: I am beginning the greatest work of my life: I am no longer un-

sure . . .”

The professor heard in roundabout ways that the boy had gone to a corporation president who was developing a synthetic food which might one day feed the world. “It is the most important development of the century, no, of an era,” the president said. But one day the boy decided he had learned enough and left. The president, the professor learned, had asked the boy the secret of his genius and what he would finally do with it. But, if the young man told him, the president kept his answer very quiet. Of course, the president, too, wanted him to stay, and offered him a large block of stock in the corporation. He had always wished for such a son.

And so, from time to time, news drifted back to the professor of the boy’s travels, studies, apprenticeships. The years passed by, as years always do.

One day, the professor coming from his 10 o’clock philosophy class, jogged up the stairs of the Liberal Arts building. He walked into his office and stopped short in the doorway.

“You’re Back!”

There sitting on the edge of his desk, framed in the light of the window, sat a tall, straight-backed young man. Young eyes sparkled a greeting to the professor. The older man couldn’t move a muscle for his surprise.

“You,” he said in a whisper. “Here?” It was the boy—no longer a boy, of course—but back again, back again. The words chased round and round the professor’s mind.

Then he was gripping the young man’s arm, slapping his two shoulders and a long dimmed dream rushed out in a torrent of excited words: “You’re back! But I never dreamed it might be . . . Pendleton, De Guyiere, Francis, they all wanted you to stay, they said. I thought you must—with one of them anyway. But you’re here. The greatest of all work is philosophy after all.”

The professor slapped his hand on a dark-stained desk in the farther corner. “And there’s a place for you here. We’ll work together—like we used to. Anything you need.” He waved his arm. “Anything you . . .”

But the words broke off suddenly. The old-

er man’s mouth no longer moved and his hands dropped to his side limply. The young man looked at him with sadness clouding his eyes, and shook his head.

“I’m sorry,” he said. “I cannot stay—”

The professor’s head bowed and he dropped into his desk chair. His hands fell to his lap; “Of course,” he said softly. “I should have known.”

Neither spoke for a time, then the professor smiled again. “Well, but we’ve much to talk about now. What have you found? What will you do? No. First—I must know. You never told. Why did you go?”

“They were the greatest men in the world,” the boy said simply.

“Yes, but why . . .?”

“I wished to discover my destiny. And who might be more help to me than those who had found their own destinies? These men knew purpose, while others knew only dreams and wishes.”

“And did you find out?”

“Yes,” said the young man. “I discovered how these men became great.”

“How?”

“They believed—in themselves, in their power to create. Faith in their own potential was their ladder; they climbed it without ever looking down, or stepping back. And finding this faith in these men, I found my brothers, you see.”

To Whisper The Secret

The professor scowled, “I don’t understand. Brothers?”

“I discovered I am not an only son of my Father,” the youth replied. “A son of God is never alone. You see,” said the youth, “all men are sons of God—or could be.”

“But not like you,” the professor shook his head. “Not like you.”

“Only because they don’t know.” The youth placed a hand on the professor’s shoulder. “And that is my mission now—to tell them, to prove to them: each man has a divine heritage, if he will only claim it.”

And so the young man walked out of the professor’s office, down the steps, down the street to tell the world its greatest secret.

THINK

PLAN AHEAD

People read slogans.

You pick up a match book—or while lunching alone, you read the label on a bottle of Worcestershire sauce. You are always reading slogans: some pointless, some selling products, some funny.

Businessmen sell things that way: they've proved it.

Suppose a man looked idly up at his wall, and instead of seeing "Home Sweet Home" he saw a slogan selling freedom and faith. Wouldn't this slogan sink into his sub-conscious, along with "the pause that refreshes" or whatever it was that

made Milwaukee famous?

So we came up with a way of getting freedom slogans onto the walls: a *Words to Live by Calendar*. It will hang there on the wall with all the virtues of any other calendar: dates, doodle space, religious and patriotic holidays. But it has this extra:

The *Words to Live by Calendar* will give you the best slogans of all time. Staring you right in the face, in a spot your eyes can't avoid (any slogan in the right spot will sink in), you will see these nuggets:

He who leans on God doesn't lean on government.

A great part of the world's energy has been spent in breaking into prison.

Freedom is like a bag of sand. If there is a hole anywhere in the bag, all the sand will run out.

You can do anything with bayonets except sit on them.

No man is free who is not master of himself.

More than sixty pithy quotations are stuffed into the *Words to Live by Calendar*. You can mail these calendars out to friends, bosses or employees, customers or politicians who won't realize (until they've hung it up and stared at it all year), that they've been infiltrated with freedom.

Price: 35c each if you buy 100 or more.

50c each on smaller orders.

1½c each extra for envelopes you can

use for mailing.

Size: 8¾ x 14"; folds conveniently in half for mailing.

Deadline for orders: October 12th.

On orders of 100 or more, you get a personal four-line imprint at no extra cost. Send in what you want to say with your order.

Airmail your order to:

Spiritual Mobilization,
1521 Wilshire Boulevard,
Los Angeles 17, California

SEEKING NEW IDEAS WITH GERALD HEARD

What is 'white mail'? I think it's a new word that needs to be put into circulation today. In our present world new dangers are constantly cropping up—some of them still so new that we don't recognize them as being dangerous.

When X-rays were first discovered, they seemed to be nothing more than a new way of looking right into things. We called them 'invisible light' and we thought that they were as harmless as moonbeams.

And yet hardly one of the pioneers who experimented with these rays escaped being badly 'burnt'—many of them actually died. It seemed absurd that you could be burnt to death by a faint blue phosphorescence that didn't feel even faintly warm.

But take the newer, grimmer peril of mind manipulation. I remember hearing for the first time the word 'hormone.' This was at my University—Cambridge. A couple of bio-chemical researchers (Bayliss and Starling) had discovered secretions in our bodies; essences of fantastic power and which came from those small glands that we had thought were useless vestiges from past evolution.

These secretions could make you an idiot or a fury, a giant or a dwarf, a dolt or a genius, a rugged individualist or a sentimental conformist. Twenty years later further research had shown that these 'hormones' could be made synthetically and so might become magic weapons, diabolic tools in the hands of a conscienceless controller.

I was then acting as Current Science Commentator for the B.B.C. One evening I was asked to meet some highly specialized physicists whose high specialization had kept them quite ignorant of politics or economics. They were divided into two groups.

One was made up of simple liberals who held that the average man was a reasonable fellow whom Liberalism would "broaden



down from precedent to precedent." The others were 'pinks' who felt that you could and should hurry things up by having a plan so perfect that it would straight away mold society into socialism.

But both groups agreed that it was all a matter of information and argument. I asked whether they thought that the work of Bayliss and Starling might some day change the picture.

Surely, a dictator would sooner or later use this neat scientific method of obtaining consent. I was told that the notion was absurd.

Now, however, we have had a similar method (although sometimes it is drugless) being used for maybe a dozen years; and only recently have we had the word wherewith to name and diagnose this newest and deadly danger—mind manipulation. It has been called, most aptly, brainwashing.

But, then, what is 'white mail'? White mail is, in its way, as insidious an attack on truth and mental integrity as is brainwashing. Indeed, we might say that it is more insidious and certainly more subtle.

In this respect, it is worth recalling the facts which came out in Major Mayer's report on our Korean prisoners of war who yielded under the Chinese Communists' expert pressures. No drugs were used—the unprepared boys simply gave in to skillful propaganda.

White mail is propaganda which, by appealing to the emotions, makes a person consent to what he knows is intellectually dishonest. The blackmailer makes his victim yield by threat of exposure. The victim's guilty secret is to be given to the public and the police.

The white mailer makes *his* victim surrender by threatening to show him up before the humane world as a heartless villain. The white mailer seldom faces up to the fact that he is an extortionist. Indeed, even blackmailers

often regard themselves as being no worse than Robin Hoods—a kind of irregular police force for secretly punishing secret offenders.

Perhaps the most remarkable and tragic of such white mailers was Gandhi. There were dramatic moments in which he revealed himself—such as the time when he said, “I am supposed to be a saint trying to be a politician, but I am really a politician trying to be a saint.”

He was a lawyer genius of the first rank. In an article that appeared not long ago, by a shrewd correspondent writing in the *New Yorker*, I found a summing up of what Gandhi did. And it only confirmed what Nehru’s sister remarked when she was in Los Angeles on a tour.

When she was questioned about the way her brother was sending his armies into Nepal and to the frontiers of Kashmir, and as to how she reconciled this with “Truth Force” and “non-violence,” she coolly replied, “When we had no weapons, we had to employ pacifist tactics.” It was that simple.

A day or two before his assassination, Gandhi said to the newsman, Snow, “I have been a complete and utter failure.” In the light of politics he had shown himself to be a victorious strategist. In the light of principles he was foresworn.

See People as They Are

As Humanitarianism grows, as the cold war operates increasingly with white mail, we shall have to learn how to counter its offensives—and it will not be easy.

“The heart has reasons,” said Blaise Pascal, as he opened his masterly counter-attack on the Counter Reformation’s janizaries, the Jesuits. The appeal to the emotions—the charge that conservatives are always selfish, that the rich are *ipso facto* ruthless, that the intelligent are, of necessity, heartless—easily finds a ready audience.

But the belief that the underdog is always right and the poor alone are just is simply a blind reversal of the old doctrine that riches and power are sure marks of God’s favor.

White mail has to be debunked. A realistic estimate of life is not cynical. On the contrary,

seeing people as they are and still liking them is much more charitable than declaring them to be perfect and, when they fail to live up to our ideal, liquidating them as degenerates.

“I’d Have Him Tortured”

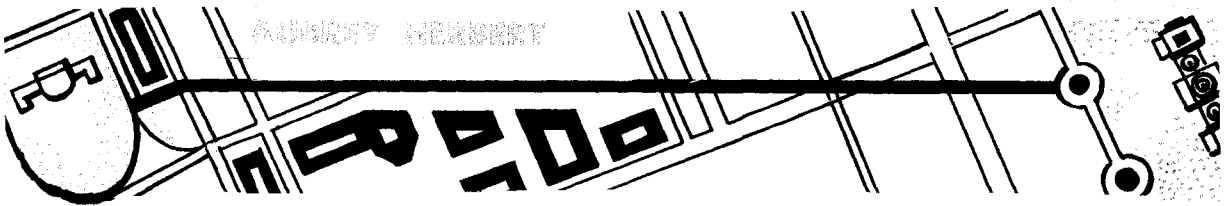
Some white mailers know what they are doing. Rudyard Kipling excited British public opinion for the war against the Boers by writing about “the girls of the gold reef city” (Johannesburg). The muddled electorate might think that this was a call to some sort of white slave crusade, but the actual objective of the ‘imperialistic war manipulators’ was indicated by the poet’s geological reference—the greatest gold mines in the world.

Some white mailers just won’t let their left brain lobe know what their right one is up to. The frantic attacks on all animal research by some of the anti-vivisection societies is a point in case.

I remember a dear old lady remarking “If I could catch a man tormenting a dog, I’d have him tortured. Yes, I would!” She could not distinguish between a researcher’s wish to find out how a drug works, so as to aid suffering humanity, and her own raw emotional reaction-wish to punish cruelly anyone who shocked her feelings. She was not interested in understanding so she had no idea how difficult and costly it is to discover the truth.

For the educated person is that man or woman who, the moment the emotions begin to surge, mobilizes the intelligence. John Stuart Mill pointed out, in his classic essay on Liberty, that, whereas in the past the chief danger to freedom had lain in arbitrary power seized by a tyrant, now, with the extension of the franchise to emotionally uneducated masses, the peril would lie in the demagogue’s power to inflame prejudice. Mill could hardly have believed that “pious, God-fearing Germany” (as his powerful and emotional contemporary, Carlyle, called it) would give such a frightful confirmation to his prophecy.

As usual, our best hope lies in ourselves. If we can work out a way of educating our emotions, we can become immune to stampede-shocks to our feelings. Only then will democracy be safe for the world. ≠ ≠



"What can I do?" is a common complaint in politics. What can a lone individual do to turn a political tide that seems invincible? The libertarian is especially prey to this kind of defeatism. Opposed by the weight of millions, by mass-circulation propaganda, what can he hope to accomplish?

Libertarians can now take heart, because the great drama of the past session of Congress featured the triumph of a vigilant handful of alert libertarians. The national press has given this victory no publicity—it would hardly be convenient to advertise such a defeat for the statist machine. Yet, in the midst of an incredibly dull session, the little-known victory on the Alaska Mental Health Bill brings a beacon of hope to America.

The story begins in routine style. Alaska Territory has no mental hospital, and Alaskan mental patients were shipped to an Oregon hospital for treatment. Furthermore, Alaskan mental patients were treated in the same way as common criminals.

A bill sped through the House last winter, without opposition, changing commitment procedures, and granting Alaska one million acres of land to finance the mental hospital.

The bill was slated for quick adoption in the Senate. But, out in California, the American Public Relations Forum—smelled a rat. The Forum specializes in battling America's new number one propaganda campaign—Mental Health.

Suddenly, as if by spontaneous combustion, we hear radio commercials bark about "mental health," newspaper ads trumpet the slogans, etc. As always, this is the prelude to tens of millions of federal tax dollars poured down some "welfare" rathole. But the Forum sees something far more sinister in the offing. It finds in state mental health bills provisions for compulsory commitment of peaceful citizens—sometimes just on the say-so of a governmental psychiatrist.

The Forum distrusts the government and the Socialists running it—and well it may, when we note the terrible ordeal of Ezra Pound, or Lucille Miller, or Ron Ramsey, or the Finn Twins—all sent to asylums for arguing with the government. They know that leftists and fashionable psychiatrists consider as "mentally ill" all those who criticize minority groups or world government, or who fail to "adjust" to the prevailing political norm.

So the Forum wrote a bulletin attacking the Alaska Bill as setting the stage for an Alaskan mental concentration camp for right-wingers. The fighting libertarian Hoiles newspapers picked it up and wrote a famous editorial: "Now Siberia U.S.A." The war was on.

Only a few organized groups got behind the hue and cry. Most influential was the libertarian medical group, the American Association of Physicians and Surgeons, and Dan Smoot's new newsletter. Right-wingers bombarded Congress with protests and demands for hearings.

Plug the Loopholes

The Senate was forced to grant time for hearings. The usual quota of anti-Semitic and anti-"papist" agitators charged in and muddied the waters, handing welcome ammunition to the gleeful leftists. Abuse rained on the heads of the opposition who were called every name in the book—hysterical, paranoid, etc. Even the normally anti-Socialist, Dr. Marjorie Shearon, Washington reporter on medical problems, resigned from the AAPS and led the wave of abuse.

Yet the opposition knew too much and fought too well. The left retreated.

The Senate passed an Alaska Mental Health Bill, to be sure, but a completely new one submitted by Senator Goldwater (R., New Mex.). Tossed out were all the sections attacked by the Forum, the AAPS, etc.—especially the compulsory commitment procedures,

and loopholes that might have permitted U.S. citizens to be shipped to Alaska.

In attacking the patriots' position, the leftists omitted all the larger meanings in the case. Sure, the one million acres are not all slated for the hospital—they are part of an old pattern of federal land grants to states to provide revenue for financing such projects.

And sure, if the government *must* own land, better a state or territory than the federal government. Again, those provisions were probably meant as harmless "exchange" clauses—so that Alaskans in New York can be on par with New Yorkers in Alaska.

But the point is that we cannot be too vigilant. We cannot permit loopholes for tyranny. The Miller and other cases are too close, the menace of compulsory commitment too formidable. In the larger sense, the Hoiles papers and other patriots are right, and the smugly superior defenders of the bill are wrong.

It is unfortunate, of course, that the government mixes in medical matters at all—and that it should socialize medical care for mental illness. But, at least, a small group of libertarians rose up and struck a mighty blow. They blocked an opening wedge for compulsory commitment on the federal plane. And they showed us what energy, grit, and vigilance can achieve.

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 crucial changes that are taking place. The communist movement was built on one central myth—the cult of party infallibility. Sure, the communist "line" changed often—but each time, the leadership of the party was hailed as infallible. When the Nazi-Soviet pact was signed, the Communists hailed Stalin as right before *and* after—right to be anti-Nazi before 1939 and pro-Nazi afterward.

Now, for the first time, Krushchev's famous speech last February heralded an attack by Communists on their own leader number one

—a man whom they worshipped and exalted for thirty years.

Once that was done, all the rest followed logically. For, if Stalin was a butcher and monster, the present leaders joined in his crimes, and the foreign Communists grovelled before him without even the alibi of fear of Stalin's guns. Every Communist now sees that he lived a thirty years' lie.

It is folly to ignore all this and laugh the whole thing off as just another tactic to "lull the West." Would a world empire shatter and confuse its ranks and change its system just to score a propaganda point?

Lurking in Each Breast

Not only has the world Communist movement surrendered to "Titoism," but internal changes are swiftly destroying the old order. Rapidly, the old despotism disintegrates, under the dual pressure of the discontented masses and the natural urge for freedom that lurks in the breast of every man—even of a Communist. Free speech and free elections are beginning to emerge in the Soviet states.

Prediction is always risky, but if this trend continues, here's what we will see: before long, *there will be nothing wrong with communism except its socialism*. All the reasons why the man-in-the-street, and our State Department hate *c o m m u n i s m* (slave labor camps, no elections, no free speech, world Russian control) may evaporate. And we will suddenly wake up to find that Soviet Russia is no worse, say, than the British Labor Party.

This will be a great boon for the cause of liberty. For one thing, the cold war will end, the threat of war will disappear, for why should we fight against a regime no different than a lot of our "allies," and not so far from our own system? And then, libertarians will realize that the enemy is not communism, not Soviet Russia, but statism. Everyone will see that communism is just a socialist sect.

Russia is socialist—so is Franco, and Chiang and the British Labor Party and the Americans for Democratic Action.

Then, perhaps, we will understand that the great threat to American freedom lies, not in Moscow, but in Washington.

CURRENT READING

THE FREE MAN'S LIBRARY

HENRY HAZLITT

(D. Van Nostrand & Co., 1956, 176 pp. \$3.50)

Since the end of World War II, the libertarian movement has blossomed rapidly. Practically extinct during the war, it now attracts the bright youth of this generation. For a long time there has been a great need for a bibliography of individualist books, modern and classic, so that libertarians can enrich their own grasp of their principles, teach them to their friends and children.

So we must all welcome this pioneer attempt by one of the country's leading libertarians. Mr. Hazlitt lists about 550 books, with comments on each. Here we find many excellent works—including Thoreau, Mises, Nock, Herbert, Harper, Hayek, Chodorov, Paterson, Oppenheimer, Rand—and Hazlitt himself.

Yet, just because this book is such a vital checklist for every libertarian—because the book is important—I must point out some of the defects and pitfalls.

First, there is the matter of arrangement. It comes as a bit of a shock to find a classic like Bentham's *Defense of Usury* cheek-by-jowl with a bit of trivia like Elizabeth Bentley's *Out of Bondage*. The book greatly needs classification—and not just alphabetical order.

More important, Mr. Hazlitt gives as his criterion of selection that a book contribute on net balance to the cause of liberty. But this is much too broad a principle. Almost any book criticizing the crimes of some ruler could be included on this basis—but then, the book would be as long as the telephone directory. The only sound criterion is that the book make a *significant* contribution to the libertarian cause.

Mr. Hazlitt chooses to include almost every anti-Communist work of the last thirty years. I judge that over 90 such books could be tossed off the list. Everybody—even the Communists now—knows that Stalin was a butcher, so there is no need to clutter up this precious work with every record of his sins. Why include all the specific

crimes of the Soviets, and omit briefs on the Nazis or the Fascists? Or of Ethiopia, or India, or any government past or present?

Three or four anti-communist books could remain—the ones that treat the philosophy of communism. The rest simply distract from the main issue, liberty vs. statism.

A second set of errors is more serious. About 130 books are either outright leftish, or so weak that they serve no clear libertarian purpose. I must say it is startling to find such statist works as: Anshen, Arendt, Blum and Kalven, Brant, Bye, Catlin, Cecil, Chance, Cooley, Eastman, Eucken, A. G. B. Fisher, Gide and Rist, Graham, Griffin, Hacker, Henderson, Hermans, Hewes, Hook, Keezer, Kiekhofner, King, Kirk, Knight, Korner, Lippmann, Lutz, Maine, Marshall, Moley, Montesquieu, Orton, Parkes, Petty, Popper, Queeny, Rae, Randall, Robbins' *Theory of Economic Policy*, Robertson, Ropke, Rougier, Ruggiero, Salter, Schapiro, Schumpeter, Sidgwick, Simons, Smith, J. F. Stephen, Stigler, Swanson and Schmidt, Talmon, Viereck, Voigt, Wilson, Withers and Wright.

The worst choice, perhaps, is Eric Hoffer's *The True Believer*—Eisenhower's favorite book. For Hoffer may be anti-communist, but only because he sneers at *all* moral and political principles.

Aside from these sins of commission, there are great gaps in the list. These, I hope, will be filled, come a second edition. Thus, Hazlitt includes two *collectivist* anarchists (who hate private property as well as the state)—Godwin and Kropotkin. But he leaves out all the *individualist* anarchists—who favored private property (Tucker, Spooner, E. C. Walker, even Proudhon).

Here are some of the libertarian authors who should be included: Edmond About, Gustave de Molinari, Benjamin R. Tucker, Lysander Spooner, more of Nock, more of Auberon Herbert, Wilhelm von Humboldt, Francis Lieber, Amasa Walker, E. C. Walker, Thomas Mackay, Hugo Meyer, Leo Tolstoy, W. H. van Ornum, Francis Neilson, the early Fichte, William Leggett, Arthur L. Perry, Francis Wayland, William Smart, James J. Martin and many others.

Hazlitt includes a few "revisionist" works on

foreign policy. Yet he omits many important revisionist works—especially Barnes, Nock, Neilson, Peterson, Ponsonby, Grenfell, Veale, etc.

Mr. Hazlitt does make one selection from his rather unwieldy list—he chooses his “ten best” classic and modern libertarian works. His ten classics are, in chronological order: Milton, Locke, Hume, Adam Smith, Burke’s *Works*, Bastiat, de Tocqueville, J. S. Mill, Spencer’s *Man vs. the State*, and Acton. Most of these works are adequate, but I disagree strongly on making them the top ten. My own list would contain: Locke, von Humboldt, Burke’s *Vindication of Natural Society* (later repudiated by Burke), Fichte’s two earliest works, Thoreau’s *Essay on Civil Disobedience*, Spencer’s *Social Statics*, Molinari, Spooner, Tucker and Auberon Herbert. With J. Greevz Fisher’s *Voluntary Taxation* pushing the leaders. Unfortunately, most of my selections do not even make Mr. Hazlitt’s book.

I am more in agreement with Mr. Hazlitt’s modern choices, but for my top ten would replace Orwell, Robbins, Ropke, Jewkes and Anderson—by Rose Wilder Lane, Ayn Rand, Isabel Paterson, Albert J. Nock and Garet Garrett.

Every libertarian should rush out and buy the *Free Man’s Library*. There is no question about that. If he is just starting a liberty library, this is the obvious place to begin. But he must not think it says the last word on this vital subject. I am sure that Mr. Hazlitt would be the first one to agree. He deserves high praise for giving us, in a labor of love, a vital pioneer guide-map to a library of freedom.

JONATHAN RANDOLPH

IN THE TWILIGHT OF TRUTH

Quarterly meeting of the General Board, National Council of the Churches of Christ, June, 1956. A Resolution:

VOTED that the document (re: right-to-work laws) and pending amendment be recommitted to the Division of Christian Life and Work for restudy, and that the Division at its discretion, may circulate a document on this subject among the constituency of the Council, it being made clear therein that any such document thus circulated has neither been approved or disapproved by the General Board.

AFL-CIO News—June 16, 1956. An article:

Council of Churches Opposes ‘Wreck’ Laws

New York. The National Council of the Church-

es of Christ in the United States authorized the issuance of a 14-page statement disapproving “right-to-work” laws . . .

MONTHLY LABOR REVIEW—July, 1956. An article:

. . . After discussion and study spanning several years, the National Council of the Churches of Christ, top coordinating body for 35 million Protestant Church members in the U.S., issued a formal disapproval of right-to-work laws. It concluded that the union-shop issue should be resolved by the collective-bargaining process.

Letter from NCC President Blake to AFL-CIO NEWS—July 17, 1956:

I write to call your attention to an article in the . . . *AFL-CIO News* entitled, Council of Churches Opposes ‘Wreck’ Laws” which unfortunately gives a misleading impression as to the status of this matter within the National Council.

The effect of the General Board’s consideration was neither for nor against “right-to-work” laws. . . . Only the General Board . . . or the General Assembly . . . can speak for the Council . . .

We are certain, because of your well established policy of fairness, that you will want to afford your readers the opportunity to correct the impression made by the original article . . .

AFL-CIO NEWS, July 26, 1956. An article:

. . . While the headline may have over-emphasized the action, the article in two places carefully stated only that the Council’s General Board has “authorized the issuance” of a statement by the NCC Division of Christian Life and Work . . .

Letter from Religion and Labor Foundation—August 23, 1956:

. . . The National Council of Churches through its department of Church and Economic Life spent nearly a year of study on that specific matter, and recently issued a fourteen page statement in which their opposition to the (right-to-work) laws was made specific . . .

Even though the NCC took no official position, and despite the acknowledgement of this fact by the AFL-CIO, propaganda has is still being made.

Question: Will the more responsible individuals who serve on the various committees of the National Council, noting the propaganda use of NCC statements in this instance, be less willing in the future to lend their names and the prestige of the NCC to propaganda campaigns?

SPIRITUAL MOBILIZATION ACTIVITIES: *Daily*—the column, *Pause for Reflection*, carried nationally by nearly 400 newspapers; *Weekly*—the radio program, *Witness*, broadcast on stations coast-to-coast; *Monthly*—the magazine, *Faith and Freedom*, with more than 22,000 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 AND PURPOSE: ● 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; ● We believe these are ideas which need to permeate life. And we believe Spiritual Mobilization can provide an emphasis now lacking.

DR. FIFIELD

Two conventions are history, but one event still stands high in my mind.

Somehow the statistics on costs of government, the number of government employees, the extent of our military installations across the world, the involvements which we have in the United Nations, our collateral liabilities, the extent of our subsidy and control powers—these and many more indices had not seemed meaningful to the average American. They had seemed remote—unimportant, even unreal.

At the convention in San Francisco, the Honorable Herbert Hoover struck the high note when he put the entire matter on a moral and spiritual basis. A letter from a friend in Illinois said, "The ex-President certainly sang the Spiritual Mobilization theme song." The song is not copyrighted, and we are glad for whoever sings it. We were especially gratified to have this distinguished American place the emphasis where he did.

Perhaps the moral and spiritual revival we have so long hoped for is "a-bornin." Every person who reads this column could contribute to the revival. But we must first bring our own lives into personal moral rectitude—as found in the teaching of Jesus. We can't share what we haven't got—even with our family or business associates.

As we think of the effort that has gone into Spiritual Mobilization and similar enterprises over the past twenty-five years, and as we view the current scene with the Hoover emphasis, we take courage. We cannot be afraid, however many problems are in the world, because God is in the world. We cannot despair because good is as contagious as evil.

As we ministers take up our work in our various parishes, let us raise a new standard in behalf of freedom—a standard to which thinking people who are dedicated followers of Jesus may, with confidence and faith, repair. Let there be study classes in our churches on the relationship between the teachings of Jesus and freedom. Let our sermons be more pro than anti—more constructive than destructive—including plain-spoken warnings about the present trends, but also including high overtones of hope.

SPIRITUAL MOBILIZATION

1521 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD
LOS ANGELES 17, CALIFORNIA

POSTMASTER:

IF CHANGE OF ADDRESS ON FILE, notify us on Form 3547 (for which postage is guaranteed).

BULK RATE
U. S. POSTAGE

PAID

Los Angeles, Calif.
Permit No. 12208