UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

OU_168520

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

Ideas for Writing

Readings for College Composition

KENNETH L. KNICKERBOCKER

Professor of English University of Tennessee

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY New York

Copyright 1951

by Henry Holt and Company, Inc.

Printed in the United States of America

This book is respectfully dedicated to those with whom I have been associated, closely or remotely, for the past twenty years—the teachers of composition and communication in the colleges and universities of America.

To the Instructor

The idea is the thing! A student paper undisturbed by an idea is a clod and, no matter how precise the grammar, need not have been written. College freshmen are neither too young nor too inexperienced to have ideas. Through their minds, one may be sure, pass thoughts on many subjects, bright thoughts and dull, but all in need of winnowing and organizing before they can be acceptably communicated. Both winnowing and organizing, however, involve choice—the selection of the relevant and the rejection of the irrelevant. Choice requires the kind of mental effort from which everyone, including students, shrinks. When, therefore, the English instructor asks the student to show a sample of his mental wares, the reply is too often: "Indeed, I haven't any." It does not help matters that the student feels unabashed by his blankness. Nor does it seem to be the height of justice—though it may be the height of something—for the student with a shrug to shift the blame to his instructor!

The chief aim of this book is to remove the student's feeling that he has nothing to say. If the selections and the editorial matter succeed in carrying out this single purpose, then the end result of a composition course—the student paper—should be a more thoughtful and, therefore, a more satisfactory performance.

Some of the selections present controversial material. No reader will be able to agree with all the opinions set forth in this book for the simple reason that opposing ideas have been represented whenever possible. I have deliberately included statements of points of view with which I am personally in partial or total disagreement. These statements are the devil's advocates, so to speak, and it will be my duty—and pleasure!—to confound them in the classroom. The excerpt from Marx and Engels, for example, presents a theory which can be refuted on strictly logical grounds. Students, I am

confident, can pick out the flaws in the communist argument; they can see, for one thing, that a class struggle requires sharply defined classes and that a capitalistic society tends to keep fluid the imagined boundaries between classes. Teachers and students together can find much more that is wrong with the Marxian doctrine. They can combine further to examine the atheistic argument in Professor Stace's "Man against Darkness." I have referred frequently to this article because it represents a strong statement of an extreme point of view. That I disagree with it—that others will surely and perhaps violently disagree with it—is the best reason for including it. From class discussions of controversial issues will come some wisdom; out of the wisdom will come better writing.

There are, of course, numerous books of readings for college freshmen. They are organized in a variety of ways: by types (short stories, essays, drama, poetry), by forms (exposition, narration, description, argumentation), by broad topics (Conflicts in Social Thought, Modern Problems, The World of the Future, and the like). Some texts provide two or more tables of contents to show how the same materials can be fitted into different patterns. Each kind of organization has certain advantages and, perhaps, certain disadvantages.

The organization of this text is based upon ideas. Each selection contributes to the chapter idea so that, in effect, every chapter is a tiny anthology of material on a restricted topic. This arrangement offers several advantages: (1) it enables the reader to look at the idea from two or more points of view; (2) through repetition with a difference, it tends to make clear what may be obscure in a single statement; (3) it demonstrates that exposition in its broad sense includes all the types and forms of writing, even poetry.

A word of explanation is necessary about the inclusion of poetry. Many anthologies for freshmen provide a section devoted entirely to poems. When the time comes for studying that section, the average student groans. He may not care greatly for other types of writing, but he is sure that poetry is difficult and that he does not like it. If, however, poems are used with prose selections as part of the exposition of an idea, some of the prejudice may be removed. A

colleague has described this procedure as slipping up on the students' blind side. All is fair in love, war, and the teaching of poetry!

All selections, prose and poetry, were chosen for their clear statement of an idea. The quality of the writing ranges from good to excellent. On the average the selections are relatively short, with the longest running to about six thousand words. Since student papers are normally brief, it has seemed useful to provide examples of brevity in the treatment of a topic.

Chapter length, too, has been a consideration. The reading time for each chapter is approximately the same. Furthermore, each chapter has been restricted to a length suitable for a single assignment. Although it is not necessary to assign the whole chapter at once, there is an obvious advantage in reading, whether in one assignment or more, all the materials which make up the chapter.

Editorial aids are of three kinds: (1) a brief introduction to each chapter; (2) study aids at the end of each selection; (3) suggestions for papers at the end of each chapter. The chapter introductions brief the reader on the chapter idea. They provide, in the first paragraph, a preliminary view of the idea as a whole and attempt to start and direct the reader's thinking on the chapter theme. After this orientation paragraph come explanatory comments on each selection. For the most part these comments vary in length according to the difficulty of the selection. It is the intention of the introductions to encourage thoughtfulness by offering the kind of help that the average college freshman may reasonably be expected to need.

The study aids at the end of each selection are intended to serve three purposes: (1) to test the care with which the selection has been read; (2) to call attention to relationships of facts and ideas within the selection; (3) to remind the reader of facts and ideas in previous selections which bear upon the selection being read. In addition, the reader is frequently asked to explain or to discuss a point in the light of his own experience. If the student answers all the questions and follows all the directions at the end of each selection, he should be adequately prepared to cope with the writing assignments at the end of each chapter.

The suggestions for papers at the end of each chapter are preceded by a short paragraph which reviews the chapter idea and indicates in general terms what *any* paper on this idea will be like. Following this are two lists of suggestions for specific papers. The first is made up of fairly detailed questions and directions which demand a thoughtful approach to the chapter theme. After the student has jotted down the answers to the questions and has followed the directions, he will have the materials for a paper. In some instances, the organization of the paper is suggested, but for the most part the student must do his own organizing and must provide the title for his paper. The second list consists of titles for papers. Each title is intended to suggest a definite approach to the chapter theme. Although there are approximately thirty suggestions for papers at the end of each chapter and more than eight hundred such suggestions in the whole book, instructors and students will doubtless find still other suitable approaches to the chapter ideas.

The best way to use this book will be determined, of course, by the instructor acting on his own initiative or by the instructor acting in accordance with a departmental plan. I would, however, offer this suggestion. If the class meets three times a week on the normal Monday, Wednesday and Friday or Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday pattern, and if there is to be a paper each week, the following scheme is effective: (1) at the first class meeting of the week discuss the chapter which was assigned at the previous class meeting and assign a paper to be written in accordance with the suggestions at the end of the chapter or with the instructor's directions; (2) at the second class meeting of the week, receive the papers; (3) at the third class meeting, return the papers and assign another chapter.

In assigning a chapter, the instructor may wish to emphasize that the chapter introduction, the questions and directions at the end of each selection, and the suggestions for papers are an integral part of the assignment. He probably will add his own briefing on what the students should look for while reading the selections. A practical pattern for class discussion of the assigned chapter is provided by the questions on the selections. All parts of the discussion should be focused on the writing assignment. If this focus is maintained,

the question of what to write about will be at least partially solved by the time the class discussion ends.

At this point one must assume that the student, during the time which he has set aside for the purpose, will review the material which bears on his topic. If he is well advised, he will write his first draft no later than the night of the day on which the class discussion took place. This practice will not allow his idea to cool but will allow the first draft to do so. The paper may be put into final shape the following night.

At the third class period of the week, the instructor has the opportunity to prepare the way for the next paper by comments on the best and worst features of the papers being returned. With the assignment of the next chapter, the process begins all over again.

There is enough material in this text for a full year's course in composition. Fourteen chapters are available for each semester or nine for each quarter and one over.

Newman once observed that there are "few, indeed . . . who can dispense with the stimulus and support of instructors, or will do anything at all, if left to themselves." This text makes no pretense of substituting for the instructor, but it offers him some practical help toward stimulating a disciplined flow of thought from his students.

I have the pleasure now of thanking others for their considerable help. The book itself was first suggested to me by my colleague and very good friend, Professor John C. Hodges. His interest in the project has been constant and his advice very useful. All my colleagues have helped directly or indirectly in forwarding the completion of the job. I am particularly grateful to Professor Robert Daniel and to Dr. Charles E. Noyes for their painstaking reading of the galleys. For suggesting some of the selections and for reading a considerable portion of the typescript, I am indebted to Professor Bain T. Stewart. For similar services, I owe much to Professors F. DeWolfe Miller, John Hansen, and C. P. Lee. Professor Albert Rapp of the Classics Department and Professor Paul Soper, Head of the Speech and Dramatics Staff, listened with stoic patience to

much of my talk about the book and certainly earned my thanks for that. Mrs. Mildred George and Miss Elizabeth Roberts amiably deciphered my crabbed script and put much of it into type, a feat gratefully acknowledged. Because she put up with much more than crabbed script, I owe most of all to Dorothy Knickerbocker.

Knoxville, Tennessee K.L.K.
February 1, 1951

Contents

1. The Desire to Know 1

Thomas Fuller—Four Types of Students 3
Paul Gallico—The Feel 4
Samuel H. Scudder—In the Laboratory with Agassiz . . 15
Walter Prichard Eaton—The Daily Theme Eye . . . 20
Robert Browning—A Grammarian's Funeral . . . 24
Suggestions for Papers 29

2. Of Myself . 32

Jean Jacques Rousseau—The Principle of Autobiography 33
Cornelia Otis Skinner—One Day 35
Mark Twain—A Cub Pilot's Experience . . . 37
William Wordsworth—"Fair Seed-time Had My Soul" . . 44
Peter De Vries—Through a Glass Darkly . . 46
Suggestions for Papers 50

3. Mischief 53

O. Henry—The Ransom of Red Chief 54
Richard H. Rovere—Wallace 65
Suggestions for Papers 75

4. On Being Found Out 77

William Makepeace Thackeray—On Being Found Out 78
***Vanity Fair* Contest**—The Most Disgraceful Thing I Ever Did 85
Aldous Huxley—1. The Scandal of the Anthology 85
F. Scott Fitzgerald—2. The Invasion of the Sanctuary . . 86
Heywood Broun—3. The Episode of the Bean-Shooter . 87
Stephen Leacock—4. Larceny among Lecturers . . 89

G. K. Chesterton—5. The Priggish Prize Poem . . . 90
Joseph Hergesheimer—6. Infamy and Deception in Venice 91
George Jean Nathan—7. It Never Can Be Told . . 92
Thomas Hardy—In Church 93
Thomas Hardy—At the Draper's 93
Suggestions for Papers 94

5. Perfectionists 97
Stefan Zweig—Toscanini 98
John Galsworthy—Quality 107
Alfred, Lord Tennyson—St. Simeon Stylites . . . 114
Robert C. Ruark—Artist with Carpenter's Hands 121
I. A. Williams—The Importance of Doing Things Badly 123
Suggestions for Papers 128

6. The Problem of College Athletics . . 131
Robert K. Root—Sport Versus Athletics . . . 132
Robert M. Hutchins—Gate Receipts and Glory . . . 141
A. E. Housman—To an Athlete Dying Young . . 154
Suggestions for Papers 155

7. Advertising and Mass Media 158
Herman Wouk—Talks on Advertising: An After-dinner Oration by the Artist . . 159
The Editors of *The New Yorker*—Self-hypnotist . . 163
Paul A. Porter—Radio Must Grow Up . 166
R. W. Emerson, secundus—Television's Peril to Culture 176
Suggestions for Papers 180

8. War 183
Karl von Clausewitz—What Is War? 184
William James—The Moral Equivalent of War 192
Suggestions for Papers 206

9. Youth and Old Age . . 209
Robert Herrick—To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time 210
Matthew Arnold—Growing Old . . 211
Ralph Barton Perry—Plea for an Age Movement . 213
Martin Gumpert—The Rights of the Aged to Life, Liberty, and Happiness 219
Robert Browning—Rabbi Ben Ezra . . 223
Suggestions for Papers . . 231

10. Jobs . . 233
Richard Cabot—The Call of the Job . . . 234
Robert Frost—Two Tramps in Mud Time . . . 251
Suggestions for Papers . . . 254

11. Race Prejudice 257
Aubrey Burns—Segregation and the Church 258
St. Clair McKelway—The Touchin' Case of Mr. and Mrs. Massa 273
William Blake—The Little Black Boy 276
Suggestions for Papers . . . 278

12. Some Essentials of the Poetic Experience 281
Thomas De Quincey—Literature of Knowledge and Literature of Power 282
Max Eastman—Poetic People 287
E. B. White—Obscurity in Poetry . 289
Wright Thomas and S. G. Brown—On Reading Poems 292
Suggestions for Papers 301

13. Melancholy Moods and Ironies . 305
Jeremy Taylor—The Vanity and Shortness of Man's Life 307
Andrew Marvell—To His Coy Mistress 311
William Byrd—Love's Immortality 313
George Meredith—Tragic Memory 314

Percy Bysshe Shelley—Ozymandias 315
Robert Browning—Earth's Immortalities 316
Carl Sandburg—Cool Tombs 317
Robert Browning—Love among the Ruins 318
Matthew Arnold—Dover Beach 321
John Keats—Ode to a Nightingale 323
Suggestions for Papers 326

14. Freedom for All 329
Socrates—"The Unexamined Life Is Not Worth Living" . . 330
John Milton—Freedom to Choose 334
John Stuart Mill—On Liberty 336
Arthur Hugh Clough—Say Not the Struggle Nought Availeth 342
Suggestions for Papers 343

15. Freedom for Teachers 346
Sidney Hook—Should Communists Be Permitted to Teach? 347
Alexander Meiklejohn—Should Communists Be Allowed to Teach? 357
H. L. Mencken—In Tennessee 366
Suggestions for Papers 370

16. Democracy 373
Carl L. Becker—The Ideal Democracy 374
Edwin Markham—The Man with the Hoe 389
Carl Sandburg—The People Will Live On 391
Suggestions for Papers 394

17. Theory of Communism . 397
Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels—The Class Struggle . 398
Bertrand Russell—Marx and Socialist Doctrine 409
Suggestions for Papers 415

18. The Practice of Totalitarianism 418
Arthur Koestler—The Arrest of Arlova and The End of Bogrov from Darkness at Noon 420
George S. Counts and Nucia Lodge—Politics and Music in the USSR 430
George Orwell—Memory Holes 435
Suggestions for Papers 446

19. God and Man 449
W. T. Stace—Man against Darkness . 450
A. Cressy Morrison—Seven Reasons Why a Scientist Believes in God 465
Lon Call—The Biography Cure . . 470
Alfred, Lord Tennyson—Prologue, In Memoriam, A. H. H. 478
Suggestions for Papers 480

20. Science Attains 483
Thomas Henry Huxley—The Scientific Method . 485
The Editors of *Time*—Steep Curve to Level Four 493
The Editors of *Life*—The Atom: A Layman's Primer of What the World Is Made Of 500
Suggestions for Papers 508

21. Science Threatens 511
John Stuart Mill—The Association of Ideas . 513
J. D. Ratcliff—Learn While You Sleep 514
Aldous Huxley—A Stable Society 520
James Thurber—An Outline of Scientists 530
Suggestions for Papers 534

22. The Unquenchable Spark 538
Robert Louis Stevenson—*Pulvis et Umbra* 539
Bret Harte—The Luck of Roaring Camp 546

Albert Einstein—The Real Problem Is in the Hearts of Men . 557
Robert Browning—Apparent Failure 564
Suggestions for Papers 567

23. *Best of Possible Worlds?* . . . 569
Christopher Morley—Exhibit Home 570
Robert Browning—"The Year's at the Spring" 571
Harry Emerson Fosdick—Why Is God Silent While Evil Rages? 572
Oliver Goldsmith—Asem, an Eastern Tale 581
Bernard Mandeville—An Enquiry into the Origin of Moral Virtue 588
Suggestions for Papers 596

24. *Love and Marriage* 599
Robert Louis Stevenson—On Marriage 600
A. E. Housman—"When I Was One-and-Twenty" . 610
Raoul de Roussy de Sales—Love in America . . . 611
Robert Browning—A Woman's Last Word 623
Suggestions for Papers 625

25. *Women* 627
Arthur Schopenhauer—On Women 628
John Donne—"Go and Catch a Falling Star" 640
Helena Kuo—American Women Are Different . . 642
James Thurber—The Case against Women 647
Robert Ruark—Woman—the Weaker Sex? 651
Suggestions for Papers 654

26. *Trailing Clouds of Glory* 657
J. D. Ratcliff—Birth 658
Mark Twain—The Babies 668
Henry Vaughan—The Retreat 672
William Wordsworth—Ode: Intimations of Immortality 673
Suggestions for Papers 681

27. *Education Progresses* 684
Thomas Henry Huxley—A Liberal Education Defined . . 685
Carleton Washburne—What about Progressive Education? 689
William Bennett Munro—Quack-doctoring the Colleges 698
Suggestions for Papers 707

28. *What is Correct English?* 710
Norman Lewis—How Correct Must Correct English Be? . 712
Russell Thomas—The Reason Is Because 723
John Davenport—Slurvian Self-taught 726
Suggestions for Papers 729

Index to Authors and Titles 733

To the Student

The theory of this book is that, in spite of protests to the contrary, you, the college student, have something to say. You may not like to write themes, but you certainly like to air your ideas. College is a place for doing this and for testing the worth of one's ideas. You will be given numerous opportunities to say what you want to say and to have what you say read with sympathetic, expert care. If you write each paper with sincerity, you will have at the end of the course a record of your best thinking on a variety of challenging subjects.

As a college student, you cannot afford to be afraid of a challenging idea. Physical cowardice is bad enough, but mental cowardice is worse. No doubt you are well stocked with favorite ideas and beliefs. If you really think well of your favorites, you will be glad to back them against any hostile ideas. You will expect to win much of the time but not always. If you leave college with all your ideas unchanged, you may feel that yours was a dubious investment in higher education.

This book does not try to avoid controversial matters, such as communism, race prejudice, religion, the place of women, the meaning of freedom, the threat of science. You already have opinions on most of these subjects, and your point of view will doubtless be supported by some of the selections. Doubtless, too, some of your most cherished beliefs will be challenged by other selections. For example, you may be sensitive to the very word *Communism*. Many people are. You will not be afraid, however, to find out what communism is and to pit democratic ideas against the best it has to offer. Another touchy subject is religion. Again, you have reasons for believing as you do. If something you read runs counter to your

beliefs, you will examine the new idea with the same fairness which you would wish extended to your ideas.

If you have something to say, you will find a way to say it. Even the mechanics of your writing—spelling, the placing of commas, the arrangement of your sentences—will be improved by the desire to say something. The selections in this book will give focus to things you already know. The questions at the end of the selections will serve as guides to a review of your reading. If you answer the questions, you will have plenty of raw material from which a paper may be fashioned. Then, at the end of each chapter, are numerous specific suggestions for writing. These will help you to hold your idea to a single channel. Choose and write!

Ideas for Writing

1

The Desire to Know

AT THE beginning of a college career, it is no waste of time to weigh one's basic aptitude for doing college work. The desire to know—intellectual curiosity—is an essential without which a student is sure to feel a constant sense of frustration, of not belonging to a community of seekers. College provides the broadest opportunity for first stimulating and then providing the means for satisfying one's urge to know.

The first selection in this chapter, written about three hundred years ago, presents a shrewd analysis of four easily recognized types of students, as easily recognized today as they were in the seventeenth century. Your instructors, sooner or later, may be tempted to drop you into one of these categories. Which, do you think, it should be?

The other four selections are an invitation to you to assess the relative sharpness of your curiosity by measuring it against this quality as described by a sports writer, a scientist, an author, and a scholar. By placing the selections on curiosity first in this book, I am deliberately suggesting that an intellectual curiosity is the first require-

ment for success in your English course—and, for that matter, in all your college work.

Paul Gallico examines his responses to the numerous sensations which are experienced by athletes. In his autobiographical essay, which he calls "The Feel," he justifies the curiosity—a specialized sort of curiosity—which drove him to participate in almost every recognized sport. His object was to improve the quality and truth of his work as a sports writer.

"In the Laboratory with Agassiz" is a report on curiosity directed toward the sharpening of the power of observation. Again, as in "The Feel," observation was a means to an end, a scientific method, for "facts are stupid things . . . until brought into connection with some general law."

Walter Prichard Eaton suggests that the power of observation "comes by the grace of Heaven" and is not to be acquired. His curiosity, like that of Gallico and Scudder, has a practical application: the gaining of A's at Harvard and the making of a living as a professional writer.

The journalist, the scientist, and the author make it clear that good journalism, good science, and good writing are hardly possible without the stimulus of the desire to know. Finally, Browning, the poet, examines curiosity as a driving force in the life of a Renaissance scholar. Browning's scholar differs from the others in that he proposes no usefulness to what he is doing. He has taken all knowledge as his province—a goal impossible of attainment and, therefore, in this life useless. Whereas the journalist speeds through experiments in sports because "there wasn't time" to become expert, the grammarian toils away at obscure points in Greek grammar because, as he says, "man has forever."

The reader will note that curiosity, in its favorable sense, connotes the presence of energy. Indeed, an apathetic curiosity would be a contradiction in terms. Why? What, then, is meant by the phrase "idle curiosity"?

*Four Types of Students**

Thomas Fuller

[1] . . . Experienced schoolmasters may quickly make a grammar of boys' natures, and reduce them all, saving some few exceptions, to these general rules:

[2] (a) Those that are ingenious and industrious. The conjunction of two such planets in a youth presage much good unto him. To such a lad a frown may be a whipping, and a whipping a death; yea, where their master whips them once, shame whips them all the week after. Such natures he useth with all gentleness.

[3] (b) Those that are ingenious and idle. These think, with the hare in the fable, that, running with snails (so they count the rest of their schoolfellows), they shall come soon enough to the post, though sleeping a good while before their starting. Oh, a good rod would finely take them napping!

[4] (c) Those that are dull and diligent. Wines, the stronger they be, the more lees they have when they are new. Many boys are muddy-headed till they be clarified with age, and such afterwards prove the best. Bristol diamonds are both bright, and squared and pointed by nature, and yet are soft and worthless; whereas orient ones in India are rough and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged, and dull natures of youth acquit themselves afterwards the jewels of the country, and therefore their dullness at first is to be borne with, if they be diligent. That schoolmaster deserves to be beaten himself, who beats nature in a boy for a fault. And I question whether all the whipping in the world can make their parts, which are naturally sluggish, rise one minute before the hour nature hath appointed.

[5] (d) Those that are invincibly dull and negligent also. Correction may reform the latter, not amend the former. All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which hath no steel in it. Such boys he consigneth over to other professions. Shipwrights and boatmakers will choose those crooked pieces of timber which other carpenters refuse. Those may make excellent merchants and mechanics who will not serve for scholars.

* From "The Good Schoolmaster," *The Holy and the Profane State,* first published in 1642.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. In what sense does Fuller use the word *grammar?*
2. Define *ingenious; ingenuous.*
3. "The conjunction of . . . planets" refers to what "science"?
4. To what story does "the hare in the fable" refer?
5. What are *lees?*
6. What use does the author make of the figure of speech about Bristol and Indian diamonds?
7. In the last paragraph, what does *steel* represent?
8. What do "crooked pieces of timber" represent?
9. How many of the four types of student will benefit from whippings?

*The Feel**

Paul Gallico

[1] A child wandering through a department store with its mother is admonished over and over again not to touch things. Mother is convinced that the child only does it to annoy or because it is a child, and usually hasn't the vaguest inkling of the fact that Junior is "touching" because he is a little blotter soaking up information and knowledge, and "feel" is an important adjunct to seeing. Adults are exactly the same, in a measure, as you may ascertain when some new gadget or article is produced for inspection. The average person says: "Here, let me see that," and holds out his hand. He doesn't mean "see," because he is already seeing it. What he means is that he wants to get it into his hands and feel it so as to become better acquainted.

[2] I do not insist that a curiosity and capacity for feeling sports is necessary to be a successful writer, but it is fairly obvious that a man

* Reprinted from *Farewell to Sport* by Paul Gallico, by permission of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. Copyright 1938 by Paul Gallico.

who has been tapped on the chin with five fingers wrapped up in a leather boxing glove and propelled by the arm of an expert knows more about that particular sensation than one who has not, always provided he has the gift of expressing himself. I once inquired of a heavyweight prizefighter by the name of King Levinsky, in a radio interview, what it felt like to be hit on the chin by Joe Louis, the King having just acquired that experience with rather disastrous results. Levinsky considered the matter for a moment and then reported: "It don't feel like nuttin'," but added that for a long while afterwards he felt as though he were "in a transom."

[3] I was always a child who touched things and I have always had a tremendous curiosity with regard to sensation. If I knew what playing a game felt like, particularly against or in the company of experts, I was better equipped to write about the playing of it and the problems of the men and women who took part in it. And so, at one time or another, I have tried them all, football, baseball, boxing, riding, shooting, swimming, squash, handball, fencing, driving, flying, both land and sea planes, rowing, canoeing, skiing, riding a bicycle, ice-skating, roller-skating, tennis, golf, archery, basketball, running, both the hundred-yard dash and the mile, the high jump and shot-put, badminton, angling, deep-sea, stream-, and surf-casting, billiards and bowling, motorboating and wrestling, besides riding as a passenger with the fastest men on land and water and in the air, to see what it felt like. Most of them I dabbled in as a youngster going through school and college, and others, like piloting a plane, squash, fencing, and skiing, I took up after I was old enough to know better, purely to get the feeling of what they were like.

[4] None of these things can I do well, but I never cared about becoming an expert, and besides, there wasn't time. But there is only one way to find out accurately human sensations in a ship two or three thousand feet up when the motor quits, and that is actually to experience that gone feeling at the pit of the stomach and the sharp tingling of the skin from head to foot, followed by a sudden amazing sharpness of vision, clear-sightedness, and coolness that you never knew you possessed as you find the question of life or death completely in your own hands. It is not the "you" that you know,

but somebody else, a stranger, who noses the ship down, circles, fastens upon the one best spot to sit down, pushes or pulls buttons to try to get her started again, and finally drops her in, safe and sound. And it is only by such experience that you learn likewise of the sudden weakness that hits you right at the back of the knees after you have climbed out and started to walk around her and that comes close to knocking you flat as for the first time since the engine quit its soothing drone you think of destruction and sudden death.

[5] Often my courage has failed me and I have funked completely, such as the time I went up to the top of the thirty-foot Olympic diving-tower at Jones Beach, Long Island, during the competitions, to see what it was like to dive from that height, and wound up crawling away from the edge on hands and knees, dizzy, scared, and a little sick, but with a wholesome respect for the boys and girls who hurled themselves through the air and down through the tough skin of the water from that awful height. At other times sheer ignorance of what I was getting into has led me into tight spots such as the time I came down the Olympic ski run from the top of the Kreuzeck, six thousand feet above Garmisch-Partenkirchen, after having been on skis but once before in snow and for the rest had no more than a dozen lessons on an indoor artificial slide in a New York department store. At one point my legs, untrained, got so tired that I couldn't stem (brake) any more, and I lost control and went full tilt and all out, down a three-foot twisting path cut out of the side of the mountain, with a two-thousand-foot abyss on the left and the mountain itself on the right. That was probably the most scared I have ever been, and I scare fast and often. I remember giving myself up for lost and wondering how long it would take them to retrieve my body and whether I should be still alive. In the meantime the speed of the descent was increasing. Somehow I was keeping my feet and negotiating turns, how I will never know, until suddenly the narrow patch opened out into a wide, steep stretch of slope with a rise at the other end, and *that* part of the journey was over.

[6] By some miracle I got to the bottom of the run uninjured, having made most of the trip down the icy, perpendicular slopes on the flat of my back. It was the thrill and scare of a lifetime, and to

date no one has been able to persuade me to try a jump. I know when to stop. After all, I am entitled to rely upon my imagination for something. But when it was all over and I found myself still whole, it was also distinctly worth while to have learned what is required of a ski runner in the breakneck *Abfahrt* or downhill race, or the difficult *slalom*. Five days later, when I climbed laboriously (still on skis) halfway up that Alp and watched the Olympic downhill racers hurtling down the perilous, ice-covered, and nearly perpendicular *Steilhang,* I knew that I was looking at a great group of athletes who, for one thing, did not know the meaning of the word "fear." The slope was studded with small pine trees and rocks, but half of the field gained precious seconds by hitting that slope all out, with complete contempt for disaster rushing up at them at a speed better than sixty miles an hour. And when an unfortunate Czech skidded off the course at the bottom of the slope and into a pile of rope and got himself snarled up as helpless as a fly in a spider's web, it was a story that I could write from the heart. I had spent ten minutes getting myself untangled after a fall *without* any rope to add to the difficulties. It seems that I couldn't find where my left leg ended and one more ski than I had originally donned seemed to be involved somehow. Only a person who has been on those fiendish runners knows the sensation.

[7] It all began back in 1922 when I was a cub sports-writer and consumed with more curiosity than was good for my health. I had seen my first professional prizefights and wondered at the curious behavior of men under the stress of blows, the sudden checking and the beginning of a little fall forward after a hard punch, the glazing of the eyes and the loss of locomotor control, the strange actions of men on the canvas after a knockdown as they struggled to regain their senses and arise on legs that seemed to have turned into rubber. I had never been in any bad fist fights as a youngster, though I had taken a little physical punishment in football, but it was not enough to complete the picture. Could one think under those conditions?

[8] I had been assigned to my first training-camp coverage, Dempsey's at Saratoga Springs, where he was preparing for his famous fight with Luis Firpo. For days I watched him sag a spar boy with

what seemed to be no more than a light cuff on the neck, or pat his face with what looked like no more than a caressing stroke of his arm, and the fellow would come all apart at the seams and collapse in a useless heap, grinning vacuously or twitching strangely. My burning curiosity got the better of prudence and a certain reluctance to expose myself to physical pain. I asked Dempsey to permit me to box a round with him. I had never boxed before, but I was in good physical shape, having just completed a four-year stretch as a galley slave in the Columbia eight-oared shell.

[9] When it was over and I escaped through the ropes, shaking, bleeding a little from the mouth, with rosin dust on my pants and a vicious throbbing in my head, I knew all that there was to know about being hit in the prize ring. It seems that I had gone to an expert for tuition. I knew the sensation of being stalked and pursued by a relentless, truculent professional destroyer whose trade and business it was to injure men. I saw the quick flash of the brown forearm that precedes the stunning shock as a bony, leather-bound fist lands on cheek or mouth. I learned more (partly from photographs of the lesson, viewed afterwards, one of which shows me ducked under a vicious left hook, an act of which I never had the slightest recollection) about instinctive ducking and blocking than I could have in ten years of looking at prizefights, and I learned, too, that as the soldier never hears the bullet that kills him, so does the fighter rarely, if ever, see the punch that tumbles blackness over him like a mantle, with a tearing rip as though the roof of his skull were exploding, and robs him of his senses.

[10] There was just that—a ripping in my head and then sudden blackness, and the next thing I knew, I was sitting on the canvas covering of the ring floor with my legs collapsed under me, grinning idiotically. How often since have I seen that same silly, goofy look on the faces of dropped fighters—and understood it. I held onto the floor with both hands, because the ring and the audience outside were making a complete clockwise revolution, came to a stop, and then went back again counter-clockwise. When I struggled to my feet, Jack Kearns, Dempsey's manager, was counting over me, but I neither saw nor heard him and was only conscious that I was in

a ridiculous position and that the thing to do was to get up and try to fight back. The floor swayed and rocked beneath me like a fishing dory in an off-shore swell, and it was a welcome respite when Dempsey rushed into a clinch, held me up, and whispered into my ear: "Wrestle around a bit, son, until your head clears." And then it was that I learned what those little love-taps to the back of the neck and the short digs to the ribs can mean to the groggy pugilist more than half knocked out. It is a murderous game, and the fighter who can escape after having been felled by a lethal blow has my admiration. And there, too, I learned that there can be no sweeter sound than the bell that calls a halt to hostilities.

[11] From that afternoon on, also, dated my antipathy for the spectator at prizefights who yells: "Come on, you bum, get up and fight! Oh, you big quitter! Yah yellow, yah yellow!" Yellow, eh? It is all a man can do to get up after being stunned by a blow, much less fight back. But they do it. And how a man is able to muster any further interest in a combat after being floored with a blow to the pit of the stomach will always remain to me a miracle of what the human animal is capable of under stress.

[12] Further experiments were less painful, but equally illuminating. A couple of sets of tennis with Vinnie Richards taught me more about what is required of a top-flight tournament tennis-player than I could have got out of a dozen books or years of reporting tennis matches. It is one thing to sit in a press box and write caustically that Brown played uninspired tennis, or Black's court covering was faulty and that his frequent errors cost him the set. It is quite another to stand across the net at the back of a service court and try to get your racket on a service that is so fast that the ear hardly detects the interval between the sound of the server's bat hitting the ball and the ball striking the court. Tournament tennis is a different game from week-end tennis. For one thing, in average tennis, after the first hard service has gone into the net or out, you breathe a sigh of relief, move up closer and wait for the cripple to come floating over. In big-time tennis second service is practically as hard as the first, with an additional twist on the ball.

[13] It is impossible to judge or know anything about the speed

of a fore-hand drive hit by a champion until you have had one fired at you, or, rather, away from you, and you have made an attempt to return it. It is then that you first realize that tennis is played more with the head than with the arms and the legs. The fastest player in the world cannot get to a drive to return it if he hasn't thought correctly, guessed its direction, and anticipated it by a fraction of a second.

[14] There was golf with Bob Jones and Gene Sarazen and Tommy Armour, little Cruickshank and Johnny Farrell, and Diegel and other professionals; and experiments at trying to keep up in the water with Johnny Weissmuller, Helen Madison, and Eleanor Holm, attempts to catch football passes thrown by Benny Friedman. Nobody actually plays golf until he has acquired the technical perfection to be able to hit the ball accurately, high, low, hooked or faded and placed. And nobody knows what real golf is like until he has played around with a professional and seen him play, not the ball, but the course, the roll of the land, the hazards, the wind, and the texture of the greens and the fairways. It looks like showmanship when a topflight golfer plucks a handful of grass and lets it flutter in the air, or abandons his drive to march two hundred yards down to the green and look over the situation. It isn't. It's golf. The average player never knows or cares whether he is putting with or across the grain of a green. The professional *always* knows. The same average player standing on the tee is concentrated on getting the ball somewhere on the fairway, two hundred yards out. The professional when preparing to drive is actually to all intents and purposes playing his *second* shot. He means to place his drive so as to open up the green for his approach. But you don't find that out until you have played around with them when they are relaxed and not competing, and listen to them talk and plan attacks on holes.

[15] Major-league baseball is one of the most difficult and precise of all games, but you would never know it unless you went down on the field and got close to it and tried it yourself. For instance, the distance between pitcher and catcher is a matter of twenty paces, but it doesn't seem like enough when you don a catcher's mitt and try to hold a pitcher with the speed of Dizzy Dean or Dazzy Vance. Not

even the sponge that catchers wear in the palm of the hand when working with fast-ball pitchers, and the bulky mitt are sufficient to rob the ball of shock and sting that lames your hand unless you know how to ride with the throw and kill some of its speed. The pitcher, standing on his little elevated mound, looms up enormously over you at that short distance, and when he ties himself into a coiled spring preparatory to letting fly, it requires all your self-control not to break and run for safety. And as for the things they can do with a baseball, those major-league pitchers . . . ! One way of finding out is to wander down on the field an hour or so before game-time when there is no pressure on them, pull on the catcher's glove, and try to hold them.

[16] I still remember my complete surprise the first time I tried catching for a real curve-ball pitcher. He was a slim, spidery left-hander of the New York Yankees, many years ago, by the name of Herb Pennock. He called that he was going to throw a fast breaking curve and warned me to expect the ball at least two feet outside the plate. Then he wound up and let it go, and that ball came whistling right down the groove for the center of the plate. A novice, I chose to believe what I saw and not what I heard, and prepared to catch it where it was headed for, a spot which of course it never reached, because just in front of the rubber it swerved sharply to the right and passed nearly a yard from my glove. I never had a chance to catch it. That way, you learn about the mysterious drop, the ball that sails down the alley chest high but which you must be prepared to catch around your ankles because of the sudden dip it takes at the end of its passage as though someone were pulling it down with a string. Also you find out about the queer fade-away, the slow curve, the fast in- and out-shoots that seem to be timed almost as delicately as shrapnel, to burst, or rather break, just when they will do the most harm—namely, at the moment when the batter is swinging.

[17] Facing a big-league pitcher with a bat on your shoulder and trying to hit his delivery is another vital experience in gaining an understanding of the game about which you are trying to write vividly. It is one thing to sit in the stands and scream at a batsman: "Oh, you bum!" for striking out in a pinch, and another to stand

twenty yards from that big pitcher and try to make up your mind in a hundredth of a second whether to hit at the offering or not, where to swing and when, not to mention worrying about protecting yourself from the consequences of being struck by the ball that seems to be heading straight for your skull at an appalling rate of speed. Because, if you are a big-league player, you cannot very well afford to be gun-shy and duck away in panic from a ball that swerves in the last moment and breaks perfectly over the plate, while the umpire calls: "Strike!" and the fans jeer. Nor can you afford to take a crack on the temple from the ball. Men have died from that. It calls for undreamed-of niceties of nerve and judgment, but you don't find that out until you have stepped to the plate cold a few times during batting practice or in training quarters, with nothing at stake but the acquisition of experience, and see what a fine case of the jumping jitters you get. Later on, when you are writing your story, your imagination, backed by the experience, will be able to supply a picture of what the batter is going through as he stands at the plate in the closing innings of an important game, with two or three men on base, two out, and his team behind in the scoring, and fifty thousand people screaming at him.

[18] The catching and holding of a forward pass for a winning touchdown on a cold, wet day always makes a good yarn, but you might get an even better one out of it if you happen to know from experience about the elusive qualities of a hard, soggy, mud-slimed football rifled through the air, as well as something about the exquisite timing, speed, and courage it takes to catch it on a dead run, with two or three 190-pound men reaching for it at the same time or waiting to crash you as soon as your fingers touch it.

[19] Any football coach during a light practice will let you go down the field and try to catch punts, the long, fifty-yard spirals and the tricky, tumbling end-over-enders. Unless you have had some previous experience, you won't hang on to one out of ten, besides knocking your fingers out of joint. But if you have any imagination, thereafter you will know that it calls for more than negligible nerve to judge and hold that ball and even plan to run with it, when there are two husky ends bearing down at full speed, preparing for a head-on tackle.

[20] In 1932 I covered my first set of National Air Races, in Cleveland, and immediately decided that I had to learn how to fly to find out what that felt like. Riding as a passenger isn't flying. Being up there all alone at the controls of a ship is. And at the same time began a series of investigations into the "feel" of the mechanized sports to see what they were all about and the qualities of mentality, nerve, and physique they called for from their participants. These included a ride with Gar Wood in his latest and fastest speedboat, *Miss America X,* in which for the first time he pulled the throttle wide open on the Detroit River straightaway; a trip with the Indianapolis Speedway driver Cliff Bergere, around the famous brick raceway; and a flip with Lieutenant Al Williams, one time U. S. Schneider Cup race pilot.

[21] I was scared with Wood, who drove me at 127 miles an hour, jounced, shaken, vibrated, choked with fumes from the exhausts, behind which I sat hanging on desperately to the throttle bar, which after a while got too hot to hold. I was on a plank between Wood and his mechanic, Johnson, and thought that my last moment had come. I was still more scared when Cliff Bergere hit 126 on the Indianapolis straightaway in the tiny racing car in which I was hopelessly wedged, and after the first couple of rounds quite resigned to die and convinced that I should. But I think the most scared I have ever been while moving fast was during a ride I took in the cab of a locomotive on the straight, level stretch between Fort Wayne, Indiana, and Chicago, where for a time we hit 90 miles per hour, which of course is no speed at all. But nobody who rides in the comfortable Pullman coaches has any idea of the didos cut up by a locomotive in a hurry, or the thrill of pelting through a small town, all out and wide open, including the crossing of some thirty or forty frogs and switches, all of which must be set right. But that wasn't sport. That was just plain excitement.

[22] I have never regretted these researches. Now that they are over, there isn't enough money to make me do them again. But they paid me dividends, I figured. During the Great Thompson Speed Trophy race for land planes at Cleveland in 1935, Captain Roscoe Turner was some eight or nine miles in the lead in his big golden, low-wing, speed monoplane. Suddenly, coming into the straight-

away in front of the grandstands, buzzing along at 280 miles an hour like an angry hornet, a streamer of thick, black smoke burst from the engine cowling and trailed back behind the ship. Turner pulled up immediately, using his forward speed to gain all the altitude possible, turned and got back to the edge of the field, still pouring out that evil black smoke. Then he cut his switch, dipped her nose down, landed with a bounce and a bump, and rolled up to the line in a perfect stop. The crowd gave him a cheer of sympathy because he had lost the race after having been so far in the lead that had he continued he could not possibly have been overtaken.

[23] There was that story, but there was a better one too. Only the pilots on the field, all of them white around the lips and wiping from their faces a sweat not due to the oppressive summer heat, knew that they were looking at a man who from that time on, to use their own expression, was living on borrowed time. It isn't often when a Thompson Trophy racer with a landing speed of around eighty to ninety miles an hour goes haywire in the air, that the pilot is able to climb out of the cockpit and walk away from his machine. From the time of that first burst of smoke until the wheels touched the ground and stayed there, he was a hundred-to-one shot to live. To the initiated, those dreadful moments were laden with suspense and horror. Inside that contraption was a human being who any moment might be burned to a horrible, twisted cinder, or smashed into the ground beyond all recognition, a human being who was cool, gallant, and fighting desperately. Every man and woman on the field who had ever been in trouble in the air was living those awful seconds with him in terror and suspense. I, too, was able to experience it. That is what makes getting the "feel" of things distinctly worth while.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Why is this article called "The Feel"?
2. Who is called "a little blotter"? Why?
3. What is "a transom"? What did Levinsky mean to say?
4. From the list of sports in paragraph 3 has Gallico omitted any activity which may be classed as a sport?

5. Why didn't the author care about being an expert at sports? What expertness did he want?
6. Was Gallico a fearless man?
7. What was the author's first attempt to gain "the feel" of a sport?
8. Did Gallico want to repeat his experience once he had "the feel"?
9. What type of student, according to the classification in "Four Types of Student" (see previous selection), would you say Gallico was?
10. Was there a focus to Gallico's curiosity or was it undirected?

*In the Laboratory with Agassiz**

Samuel H. Scudder

[1] It was more than fifteen years ago [from 1874] that I entered the laboratory of Professor Agassiz, and told him I had enrolled my name in the Scientific School as a student of natural history. He asked me a few questions about my object in coming, my antecedents generally, the mode in which I afterwards proposed to use the knowledge I might acquire, and, finally, whether I wished to study any special branch. To the latter I replied that, while I wished to be well grounded in all departments of zoology, I purposed to devote myself specially to insects.

[2] "When do you wish to begin?" he asked.

[3] "Now," I replied.

[4] This seemed to please him, and with an energetic "Very well!" he reached from a shelf a huge jar of specimens in yellow alcohol.

[5] "Take this fish," said he, "and look at it; we call it a haemulon; by and by I will ask what you have seen."

[6] With that he left me, but in a moment returned with explicit instructions as to the care of the object entrusted to me.

[7] "No man is fit to be a naturalist," said he, "who does not know how to take care of specimens."

* From *Every Saturday*, XVI (April 4, 1874), 369–370.

[8] I was to keep the fish before me in a tin tray, and occasionally moisten the surface with alcohol from the jar, always taking care to replace the stopper tightly. Those were not the days of ground-glass stoppers and elegantly shaped exhibition jars; all the old students will recall the huge neckless glass bottles with their leaky, wax-besmeared corks, half eaten by insects, and begrimed with cellar dust. Entomology was a cleaner science than ichthyology, but the example of the Professor, who had unhesitatingly plunged to the bottom of the jar to produce the fish, was infectious; and though this alcohol had a "very ancient and fishlike smell," I really dared not show any aversion within these sacred precincts, and treated the alcohol as though it were pure water. Still I was conscious of a passing feeling of disappointment, for gazing at a fish did not commend itself to an ardent entomologist. My friends at home, too, were annoyed when they discovered that no amount of eau-de-Cologne would drown the perfume which haunted me like a shadow.

[9] In ten minutes I had seen all that could be seen in that fish, and started in search of the Professor—who had, however, left the Museum; and when I returned, after lingering over some of the odd animals stored in the upper apartment, my specimen was dry all over. I dashed the fluid over the fish as if to resuscitate the beast from a fainting-fit, and looked with anxiety for a return of the normal sloppy appearance. This little excitement over, nothing was to be done but to return to a steadfast gaze at my mute companion. Half an hour passed—an hour—another hour; the fish began to look loathsome. I turned it over and around; looked it in the face—ghastly; from behind, beneath, above, sideways, at a three-quarters' view—just as ghastly. I was in despair; at an early hour I concluded that lunch was necessary; so, with infinite relief, the fish was carefully replaced in the jar, and for an hour I was free.

[10] On my return, I learned that Professor Agassiz had been at the Museum, but had gone, and would not return for several hours. My fellow-students were too busy to be disturbed by continued conversation. Slowly I drew forth that hideous fish, and with a feeling of desperation again looked at it. I might not use a magnifying-glass; instruments of all kinds were interdicted. My two hands, my

two eyes, and the fish: it seemed a most limited field. I pushed my finger down its throat to feel how sharp the teeth were. I began to count the scales in the different rows, until I was convinced that that was nonsense. At last a happy thought struck me—I would draw the fish; and now with surprise I began to discover new features in the creature. Just then the Professor returned.

[11] "That is right," said he; "a pencil is one of the best of eyes. I am glad to notice, too, that you keep your specimen wet, and your bottle corked."

[12] With these encouraging words, he added:

[13] "Well, what is it like?"

[14] He listened attentively to my brief rehearsal of the structure of parts whose names were still unknown to me: the fringed gill-arches and movable operculum; the pores of the head, fleshy lips and lidless eyes; the lateral line, the spinous fins and forked tail; the compressed and arched body. When I had finished, he waited as if expecting more, and then, with an air of disappointment:

[15] "You have not looked very carefully; why," he continued more earnestly, "you haven't even seen one of the most conspicuous features of the animal, which is as plainly before your eyes as the fish itself; look again, look again!" and he left me to my misery.

[16] I was piqued; I was mortified. Still more of that wretched fish! But now I set myself to my task with a will, and discovered one new thing after another, until I saw how just the Professor's criticism had been. The afternoon passed quickly; and when, toward its close, the Professor inquired:

[17] "Do you see it yet?"

[18] "No," I replied, "I am certain I do not, but I see how little I saw before."

[19] "That is next best," said he, earnestly, "but I won't hear you now; put away your fish and go home; perhaps you will be ready with a better answer in the morning. I will examine you before you look at the fish."

[20] This was disconcerting. Not only must I think of my fish all night, studying, without the object before me, what this unknown but most visible feature might be; but also, without reviewing my

discoveries, I must give an exact account of them the next day. I had a bad memory; so I walked home by Charles River in a distracted state, with my two perplexities.

[21] The cordial greeting from the Professor the next morning was reassuring; here was a man who seemed to be quite as anxious as I that I should see for myself what he saw.

[22] "Do you perhaps mean," I asked, "that the fish has symmetrical sides with paired organs?"

[23] His thoroughly pleased "Of course! of course!" repaid the wakeful hours of the previous night. After he had discoursed most happily and enthusiastically—as he always did—upon the importance of this point, I ventured to ask what I should do next.

[24] "Oh, look at your fish!" he said, and left me again to my own devices. In a little more than an hour he returned, and heard my new catalogue.

[25] "That is good, that is good!" he repeated; "but that is not all; go on"; and so for three long days he placed that fish before my eyes, forbidding me to look at anything else, or to use any artificial aid. "Look, look, look," was his repeated injunction.

[26] This was the best entomological lesson I ever had—a lesson whose influence has extended to the details of every subsequent study; a legacy the Professor has left to me, as he has left it to many others, of inestimable value, which we could not buy, with which we cannot part.

[27] A year afterward, some of us were amusing ourselves with chalking outlandish beasts on the Museum blackboard. We drew prancing starfishes; frogs in mortal combat; hydra-headed worms; stately crawfishes, standing on their tails, bearing aloft umbrellas; and grotesque fishes with gaping mouths and staring eyes. The Professor came in shortly after, and was as amused as any at our experiments. He looked at the fishes.

[28] "Haemulons, every one of them," he said; "Mr. —— drew them."

[29] True; and to this day, if I attempt a fish, I can draw nothing but haemulons.

[30] The fourth day, a second fish of the same group was placed

beside the first, and I was bidden to point out the resemblances and differences between the two; another and another followed, until the entire family lay before me, and a whole legion of jars covered the table and surrounding shelves; the odor had become a pleasant perfume; and even now, the sight of an old, six-inch, worm-eaten cork brings fragrant memories.

[31] The whole group of haemulons was thus brought in review; and, whether engaged upon the dissection of the internal organs, the preparation and examination of the bony framework, or the description of the various parts, Agassiz's training in the method of observing facts and their orderly arrangement was ever accompanied by the urgent exhortation not to be content with them.

[32] "Facts are stupid things," he would say, "until brought into connection with some general law."

[33] At the end of eight months, it was almost with reluctance that I left these friends and turned to insects; but what I had gained by this outside experience has been of greater value than years of later investigation in my favorite groups.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Darwin's *Origin of Species* was published in 1859. Could Scudder have read this before he entered "the Scientific School"?
2. What was Agassiz's first generalization about naturalists?
3. How long did Scudder on the first occasion spend looking at the fish? How long did he spend all told looking at the first fish?
4. Why didn't he use a microscope?
5. What helped "open" his eyes to new features of fish?
6. Was Agassiz chiefly concerned with amassing facts?
7. What process followed the examining of the first fish?
8. Have you ever been submitted to a discipline similar to the one described in this article?
9. Which type of student (see "Four Types of Students") would you say Scudder probably was?
10. What do Scudder and Gallico (see "The Feel") have in common?
11. Was Scudder's curiosity more sharply focused than Gallico's?

*The Daily Theme Eye**

Walter Prichard Eaton

[1] When I was an undergraduate at Harvard our instructors in English composition endeavored to cultivate in us a something they termed "The Daily Theme Eye." This peculiar variety of optic, I fear, always remained a mystery to a majority of the toilers after clearness, force, and elegance. Clearness, force, and even a certain degree of elegance, may be acquired; but the daily theme eye, like the eye for the sights of a rifle, may be discovered, developed, trained—but not acquired. It comes by the grace of Heaven, not of the Harvard or any other English department, and its possession is often one of the marks of the man whose destiny compels him to write. The Harvard English department has but given it a name; it has no local habitation. It is found in Henry James and the police reporter of the New York *Sun;* it illuminates the pages of *The Harvard Monthly* (sometimes) and of George Moore. It winks at you in Heine and peers solemnly in Mrs. Humphry Ward. And it flashes and beams in a little lady I know who has written nothing save sprightly letters all the days of her life and never opened Hill's *Rhetoric* under the shade of the Washington Elm.

[2] The fairy who stood over my cradle, though he forgot the gold spoon and much else besides, at least bestowed the gift of this wonderful optic. It brought me my college degree; for when other courses failed—which means when I failed in other courses—there was always English; it has brought me a living since; but more than all else it has brought me enjoyment, it has clothed the daily walk with interest, the teeming, noisy town with color and beauty, "the society of my contemporaries," to use Emerson's big phrase for my little purpose, with stimulating excitement. It has turned the panorama of existence into a play, or rather a thousand plays, and brought after sorrow or pain the great comfort of composition.

* From *The Atlantic Monthly,* XCIX (March 1907), 427–429. Reprinted by permission of *The Atlantic Monthly.*

[3] Daily themes in my day had to be short, not over a page of handwriting. They had to be deposited in a box at the professor's door not later than ten five in the morning. A classmate of mine, when an epigram was called for, once wrote, "An epigram is a lazy man's theme written at ten-three A.M." And because of this brevity, and the necessity of writing one every day whether the mood was on you or not, it was not always easy—to be quite modest—to make these themes literature, which, we were told by our instructors, is the transmission through the written word, from writer to reader, of a mood, an emotion, a picture, an idea. I hate to think how few, in fact, of all the thousands that were poured into that yawning box were literature, how seldom the poor instructors could dip their pens into their pots of red ink and write the magic "A" on the back. Their sarcastic comments were surely excusable. I have even forgiven the young man with hair like yellow corn-tassels, who scrawled on verses of mine, required to be written in imitation of some poet, "This may be O'Shaughnessy, it isn't poetry." Did he think thus to kill two song birds with one stone? Well, the effort of those of us who were sincere and comprehending in our pursuit of the elusive power to write was to make our themes literature as often as possible, and to do this the first essential was the choice of a subject. Not everything one sees or does or thinks can take shape on a page of paper and reproduce itself for the reader. Selection was the first requirement.

[4] It became needful, then, to watch for and treasure incidents that were sharply dramatic or poignant, moods that were clear and definite, pictures that created a single clean impression. The tower of Memorial seen across the quiet marshes against the cool pink sky of evening; the sweep of a shell under the bridge and the rush of the spectators to the other rail to watch the needle-bow emerge, and the bent, brown backs of the crew; the chorus girls, still rubbing the paint from their cheeks with a tiny handkerchief wrapped over the forefinger, coming out of a stage entrance into the snow; the first sharp impression of a book just read or a play just seen,—these were the things we cherished, for these we could put on a page of paper with a beginning, a middle, and an end, and with some show of vividness.

What we came to do, then, was to keep a note-book of our impressions, and when in June our themes were returned to us we had a precious record for the year. By training the daily theme eye, we watched for and found in the surroundings of our life, as it passed, a heightened picturesqueness, a constant wonder, an added significance. That hardened cynic, the professional writer, will smile and say, "You saw copy." Yes, we saw copy, but to see copy is to see the significant, to clarify what the ear and heart and eye receive, to add light and shadow to the monochrome of life.

[5] My college roommate, a blessed boy full of good humor and serious purpose, was as incapable of acquiring the daily theme eye as a cat of obeying the eighth commandment. His idea of a daily theme was a task, not a pleasure. If there was no chance to write a political editorial, he supplied an anecdote of his summer vacation. Once he described a cliff he had seen in Newfoundland, and, determined to be pictorial, he added, "tumbling waterfalls" and "sighing pines." Unfortunately, the instructor who read it had also been in Newfoundland, and he pointed out that his investigations of the cliff in question had failed to disclose either "tumbling waterfalls" or "sighing pines." My roommate treated the matter as a joke; he could not see that he had been guilty of any fault. And yet he is a much more moral man than I, with a far more troublesome conscience. Truth to his principles he would die for. But truth to the picture his mind retained and his hand tried to portray in the medium of literature, to him so trivial and unimportant, he could not grasp. What did it matter? So it would never occur to him to record in his themes the fleeting impressions of his daily life, to sit up half the night trying to pack into the clumsy frame of words the recollection of a strangely innocent face seen suddenly in the flash of an opened door down a dark, evil alley where the gusts of winter swirled. He went to bed and never knew a headache or a jumpy nerve. Yet I could not help thinking then that there was something in life he was missing besides the ultimate mark in our composition course. And I cannot help thinking that there is something in life he misses still.

[6] But perhaps that is only my fancy. George Moore says that

happiness is no more than a faculty for being surprised; and it is the sudden vista, the beauty of a city square seen through falling snow, a street-car drama, the face of a passing woman, the dialogue of friends, which make the surprises for the man with the eye for copy. George Moore himself has a daily theme eye of preternatural keenness, and he may be speaking only for a class. Happiness for my roommate lies, I suspect, rather in his faculty for not being surprised. A sudden accession of emotion at the sight of an unexpected view, for instance, would probably be immensely disconcerting. And if he should go into an art museum, as I did the other day, and see a little marble boy with a slightly parted mouth wet his lips with his tongue, I truly believe he would rush off to the doctor's at once, very unhappy, instead of rushing joyfully home to try to put the illusion into a sonnet! Well, every class has its Pharisaism, which in reality isn't a form of priggishness, at all, but merely a recognition of difference. He thinks I am unpractical, a bit odd, not quite a grown man. I think he is—a charming fellow. We are about quits on that!

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. When does the author first define "the daily theme eye"?
2. Does he think this "optic" can be acquired?
3. What is meant by "seeing copy"?
4. What is the eighth commandment (King James' Version)?
5. Was the author's roommate a dishonest person?
6. "A faculty for being surprised" defines what?
7. What made the author think he had seen "a little marble boy . . . wet his lips"?
8. Are you akin to the author or to the author's roommate?
9. Do Eaton, Gallico ("The Feel"), and Scudder ("In the Laboratory with Agassiz") have anything in common? Explain. How do they differ?
10. Which type of student (see "Four Types of Students") would you say Eaton probably was?

A Grammarian's Funeral*

SHORTLY AFTER THE REVIVAL OF LEARNING IN EUROPE

Robert Browning

[The poem which follows is called a *dramatic monologue*—that is, the lines are spoken by one person to another person or persons whose words, if any, are not recorded. The speaker in this poem is leading a funeral procession, made up of the Grammarian's disciples, from a valley to the highest of many peaks which surround the valley. On the way, he comments on the life the Grammarian has lived and what meaning may be found in that way of life.

Read the poem through rapidly the first time; do not puzzle over unfamiliar words or obscure lines. Read for idea: what does the poem say? Even when reading rapidly, observe the punctuation. Reread much more slowly, and this time use your dictionary for such words as *croft, thorp, censer, queasy, Calculus, tussis, soul-hydroptic, purlieus.*]

Let us begin and carry up this corpse,
Singing together.
Leave we the common crofts, the vulgar thorpes
Each in its tether
Sleeping safe on the bosom of the plain,
Cared-for till cock-crow:
Look out if yonder be not day again
Rimming the rock-row!
That's the appropriate country; there, man's thought
Rarer, intenser,
Self-gathered for an outbreak, as it ought,
Chafes in the censer.
Leave we the unlettered plain its herd and crop;
Seek we sepulture
On a tall mountain, citied to the top,
Crowded with culture!

* From *Men and Women* (1855).

All the peaks soar, but one the rest excels;
Clouds overcome it;
No! yonder sparkle is the citadel's
Circling its summit.
Thither our path lies; wind we up the heights:
Wait ye the warning?
Our low life was the level's and the night's;
He's for the morning.
Step to a tune, square chests, erect each head,
'Ware the beholders!
This is our master, famous calm and dead,
Borne on our shoulders.

Sleep, crop and herd! sleep, darkling thorpe and croft,
Safe from the weather!
He, whom we convoy to his grave aloft,
Singing together,
He was a man born with thy face and throat,
Lyric Apollo!
Long he lived nameless: how should spring take note
Winter would follow?
Till lo, the little touch, and youth was gone!
Cramped and diminished,
Moaned he, "New measures, other feet anon!
"My dance is finished?"
No, that's the world's way: (keep the mountain-side,
Make for the city!)
He knew the signal, and stepped on with pride
Over men's pity;
Left play for work, and grappled with the world
Bent on escaping:
"What's in the scroll," quoth he, "thou keepest furled?
"Show me their shaping,
"Theirs who most studied man, the bard and sage,—
Give!"—So, he gowned him,

Straight got by heart that book to its last page:
Learned, we found him.
Yea, but we found him bald too, eyes like lead,
Accents uncertain:
"Time to taste life," another would have said,
"Up with the curtain!"
This man said rather, "Actual life comes next?
"Patience a moment!
"Grant I have mastered learning's crabbed text,
"Still there's the comment.
"Let me know all! Prate not of most or least,
"Painful or easy!
"Even to the crumbs I'd fain eat up the feast,
"Ay, nor feel queasy."
Oh, such a life as he resolved to live,
When he had learned it,
When he had gathered all books had to give!
Sooner, he spurned it.
Image the whole, then execute the parts—
Fancy the fabric
Quite, ere you build, ere steel strike fire from quartz,
Ere mortar dab brick!

(Here's the town-gate reached: there's the market-place
Gaping before us.)
Yea, this in him was the peculiar grace
(Hearten our chorus!)
That before living he'd learn how to live—
No end to learning:
Earn the means first—God surely will contrive
Use for our earning.
Others mistrust and say, "But time escapes:
"Live now or never!"
He said, "What's time? leave Now for dogs and apes!
"Man has Forever."

Back to his book then: deeper drooped his head:
Calculus racked him:
Leaden before, his eyes grew dross of lead:
Tussis attacked him.
"Now, master, take a little rest!"—not he!
(Caution redoubled,
Step two abreast, the way winds narrowly!)
Not a whit troubled
Back to his studies, fresher than at first,
Fierce as a dragon
He (soul-hydroptic with a sacred thirst)
Sucked at the flagon.
Oh, if we draw a circle premature,
Heedless of far gain,
Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure
Bad is our bargain!
Was it not great? did not he throw on God,
(He loves the burthen)—
God's task to make the heavenly period
Perfect the earthen?
Did not he magnify the mind, show clear
Just what it all meant?
He would not discount life, as fools do here,
Paid by instalment!
He ventured neck or nothing—heaven's success
Found, or earth's failure:
"Wilt thou trust death or not?" He answered "Yes:
"Hence with life's pale lure!"
That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it:
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.
That low man goes on adding one to one,
His hundred's soon hit:
This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses an unit.

That, has the world here—should he need the next,
Let the world mind him!
This, throws himself on God, and unperplexed
Seeking shall find him.
So, with the throttling hands of death at strife,
Ground he at grammar;
Still, thro' the rattle, parts of speech were rife:
While he could stammer
He settled *Hoti's* business—let it be!—
Properly based *Oun*—
Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic *De*,
Dead from the waist down.
Well, here's the platform, here's the proper place:
Hail to your purlieus,
All ye highfliers of the feathered race,
Swallows and curlews!
Here's the top-peak; the multitude below
Live, for they can, there:
This man decided not to Live but Know—
Bury this man there?
Here—here's his place, where meteors shoot, clouds form,
Lightnings are loosened,
Stars come and go! Let joy break with the storm,
Peace let the dew send!
Lofty designs must close in like effects:
Loftily lying,
Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,
Living and dying.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. How is the word *grammarian* used in the title of this poem? Is it related to the word *grammar* as used in sentence one of "Four Types of Students"?
2. Where is the Grammarian to be buried? Why?
3. How is the word *unlettered* used in line 3?

4. There are several quotable passages in this poem. Underscore them.
5. What contrasts does the speaker in this poem emphasize?
6. Was the Grammarian spurred on by something besides an insatiable curiosity?
7. Explain the advice: "Leave Now for dogs and apes"? Why is *Now* begun with a capital?
8. What kind of person is the leader of the funeral procession?
9. Which type of student (see "Four Types of Students") do you suppose the Grammarian was?
10. Compare the Grammarian and Gallico; and Scudder; and Eaton.

Suggestions for Papers

You have been asked, perhaps many times, "What do you want *to be?*" You may never have been asked, "How strong is your *desire to know?*" This second question is what you are now being asked. Your first paper will be an answer to that question. Some suggestions on how to get at your answer are offered herewith. Whatever suggestion you may decide to follow, you should be able to make effective and specific reference to the various selections in this chapter.

1. What are the present limits of your curiosity? You may have a sharply defined curiosity. What first made you aware of the particular direction of your desire to know? How far have you gone toward satisfying this desire? How will you go on? To what eventual goal?

2. Your desire to know may be without focus at the present. Do you ignite easily? Do you take to a succession of new enthusiasms which die out quickly? Tell your reader about the rise and fall of your desire to know.

3. Newspapers attempt to satisfy almost every sort of interest. How much of a newspaper do you read? Can you measure your curiosity by what you read? Do you read, for example, all the comics? The sports page? Advice to the lovelorn? The foreign news? The local news? The financial page? The weather map? Do you regularly "keep up with" any specific feature of the newspaper? Why?

4. A university or college has been accurately described as "a bookish place." You may already have your textbooks for your courses. Can you tell how you *feel* toward these books? Pick up one of these books. Read the title. Look at the table of contents. So far as your paper is concerned, it does not matter whether you feel eager to study the book or not. What does matter is an honest telling of *how* you do feel.

5. Fit yourself into one of Fuller's categories in "Four Types of Students." What modifications are necessary to make the fit more exact? Is the estimate you have of yourself the same, so far as you know, as your high-school teachers had of you? Discuss reasons for any differences.

6. Scudder sat for hours examining a haemulon. You can write a valuable and entertaining paper if you will report the results of applying Agassiz's method of observation to almost any conceivable object: a blotter, a pencil, a flower, a fly. Try it on the book you are now reading. What is the color of the book? What is the size? How much does it weigh? How is it put together? What are the parts of the book? What is the purpose of each part? Report the processes of your mind while you are observing the facts.

7. Would you say that Paul Gallico put himself through a self-imposed, postgraduate course in sports journalism? Can you compare what he did with what Scudder did in the laboratory? How are the methods alike? How do they differ? Which procedure appeals to *you* more? Why?

8. Compare and contrast Eaton and Scudder. Did Eaton examine minutely or painstakingly or did he depend upon quick impressions? Do you think that he would have submitted himself to Agassiz's

discipline? On the other hand, do you suppose that Scudder had a "daily theme eye"? After you have drawn up a series of comparisons and contrasts, take sides—that is, give reasons why you feel sympathetic with Eaton's or Scudder's kind of curiosity.

9. The Grammarian of Browning's poem was motivated entirely by the desire to know—to know everything. Is he more like Gallico or like Scudder or like Eaton in his method? How does he differ from all three? Was he a specialist? Did he think he had a chance to reach his goal? How did he comfort himself? Attack or defend his attitude toward life.

SOME TITLES FOR PAPERS

1. Types of Students I Have Known
2. Fuller's Figures of Speech Analysed
3. Definitions of Curiosity
4. Things I Don't Want to Know
5. The Scope of My Curiosity
6. My Curiosity: A History
7. Will College Satisfy My Desire to Know?
8. Curiosity Killed a Cat
9. How to Develop Curiosity
10. The Questioning Spirit
11. Love of Knowledge Rules the World
12. "Leave Now to Dogs and Apes"
13. "The Feel": My Version
14. I Tried Agassiz's Method
15. Don't Ask Embarrassing Questions
16. Importance of the Question Mark
17. My Roommate's Curiosity
18. A Weekly Theme Eye
19. Ignorance Is Bliss
20. 'Tis Folly to Be Wise
21. A Grammar of Curiosity
22. A World of Grammarians
23. True Curiosity Demands Energy

2

Of Myself

ONE form of curiosity is directed within ourselves. "Know thyself" is as much a ceaseless quest as "Know thy environment." One's chief task is to combine these two admonitions. "Know thyself in relation to environment." Environment may be defined as the sum of all the forces which affect you. It is a valuable exercise to write out an experience that will help you to explain "you."

Complete honesty in self-analysis is not easy to attain. Rousseau tells of this difficulty in part of the preface to his very frank autobiography. He also announces his intention to expose ruthlessly everything he knows about himself. His work, therefore, became a public confession, as intimate as that which one might, were he a Roman Catholic, whisper to a priest.

While most people shy away from such public exposure of "odious" faults, all of us have some inclination toward autobiography. Our trouble arises from not knowing *how* to talk about ourselves. The selections in this chapter represent four different, though related, ways of communicating personal experiences to others.

Cornelia Otis Skinner, in recalling one of her most miserable child-

hood days, touches the subject with humor. She, like Mark Twain, succeeds in gaining a full measure of the reader's sympathy by frankly assuming the role of the underdog. She resists the temptation to invent a heroic reply to her torturer, Elise.

Mark Twain's account of his first experience in learning to pilot on the Mississippi is the amiable type of self-revelation. It is written with excellent good humor and warm sympathy. Although it is the story of a really notable triumph, one is impressed by its essential modesty. To appreciate Mark Twain's accomplishment, one has but to imagine how a humorless egotist might have treated this experience, under the title "I Conquered the Treacherous Mississippi!"

Wordsworth tells of robbing traps which others had set and of stealing eggs from the nests of birds. His is a humorless account, for he, like Rousseau, was concerned with revealing the innermost secrets of his heart, of recalling exactly the emotions of guilt which he felt after committing his "crime."

I heard among the solitary hills
Low breathings coming after me.

Unlike Mark Twain and Miss Skinner, the poet attempts to show how "terrors, pains, and early miseries" were essential to his development.

Peter De Vries in "Through a Glass Darkly" writes about an amiable weakness of his: his inability to resist demonstrators.

The Principle of Autobiography *

Jean Jacques Rousseau

[1] No one can write a man's life but himself. The character of his inner being, his real life, is known only to himself; but, in writing it, he disguises it; under the name of his life, he makes an apology; he shows himself as he wishes to be seen, but not at all as he is. The sincerest persons are truthful at most in what they say, but they lie

* From a rough draft of the introduction to Rousseau's *Confessions,* as quoted by Sainte-Beuve in his essay "Rousseau," first published in 1851.

by their reticences, and that of which they say nothing so changes that which they pretend to confess, that in uttering only a part of the truth they say nothing. I put Montaigne at the head of these falsely-sincere persons who wish to deceive in telling the truth. He shows himself with his faults, but he gives himself none but amiable ones; there is no man who has not odious ones. Montaigne paints his likeness, but it is a profile. Who knows whether some scar on the cheek, or an eye put out, on the side which he conceals from us, would not have totally changed the physiognomy? . . .

[2] If I wish to produce a work written with care, like the others, I shall not paint, I shall rouge myself. It is with my portrait that I am here concerned, and not with a book. I am going to work, so to speak, in the dark room; there is no other art necessary than to follow exactly the traits which I see marked. I form my resolution then about the style as about the things. I shall not try at all to render it uniform; I shall write always that which comes to me, I shall change it, without scruple, according to my humour; I shall speak of everything as I feel it, as I see it, without care, without constraint, without being embarrassed by the medley. In yielding myself at once to the memory of the impression received and to the present sentiment, I shall doubly paint the state of my soul, namely, at the moment when the event happened to me and the moment when I describe it; my style, unequal and natural, sometimes rapid and sometimes diffuse, sometimes wise and sometimes foolish, sometimes grave and sometimes gay, will itself make a part of my history. Finally, whatever may be the way in which this book may be written, it will be always, by its object, a book precious for philosophers; it is, I repeat, an illustrative piece for the study of the human heart, and it is the only one that exists.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Why does Rousseau call Montaigne a "falsely-sincere" person?
2. What does Rousseau mean to convey by the words "rouge myself"?
3. Interpret: "I shall doubly paint the state of my soul."
4. Rousseau thought his *Confessions* would always be valuable to philosophers. Why?

*One Day**

Cornelia Otis Skinner

[1] One day, which still remains in my memory as "the calico-dress and express-wagon day," was the most miserable of that none too carefree year. Mother had made me a dress which, as I recall it, must have been one of unusual charm and imagination. She had come across the material in the country store near Conshohocken, an ancient, dingy emporium whose shelves were laden with bolts of fascinating dress goods, of almost ante-bellum vintage. For this particular garment, she chose a pretty calico, darkish blue, with an enchanting pattern of tiny stars and crescent moons. For model, she copied a frock from a Kate Greenaway illustration, with puffed sleeves and an Empire-like high waist. It was trimmed at the bottom with two rows of white rickrack. In taste and originality it probably put to shame Elise's modish sailor suits made, as she told everybody, by her mother's Chestnut Street tailor. Mother took great pains with it, I thought it was just lovely, and the first time I put it on, the admiring Crawfords said I was a "picture." Pleased and happy, I went off to school. The picture the Crawfords had in mind may have been one of pristine charm and quaintness, but the one I presented to my Comanche schoolmates was something, apparently, to be equaled in humor only by something out of the funny papers. They nudged one another, they pointed at me, they tittered and Elise passed an ultimate verdict on my frock by calling it "poor-folksy!" The morning passed for me in complete misery and I counted the minutes until Johnnie the coachman would call for me in the runabout and take me away from the hateful place. Eventually the final bell sounded, and I was called for, not by Johnnie in the runabout, but by Alan in the express wagon. The express wagon was a battered vehicle used for transporting pigeon crates to and from the station, and Alan was a farmhand equally battered. Today he looked worse than usual, his ragged blue jeans were spotted with

* From *Family Circle,* by Cornelia Otis Skinner; published by Houghton Mifflin Company, 1948, and reprinted by their permission.

birdlime, and his chin was furry with a three days' growth of beard. Ordinarily I welcomed a chance to ride in the express wagon. One could sit beside Alan on the driver's seat and feel vastly important or one could sit back amid the pigeon crates, on one's own seat, and feel vastly uncomfortable but adventuresome. Alan was a taciturn son of the soil, a generous coating of which he bore on his person, and he smelled to high heaven, but I thought him rather wonderful. I had not heard of class consciousness and Alan and the express wagon seemed to me as felicitous a means of transportation as any. But today, as I looked out of the window, drawn up beside my rustic equipage was Elise's glistening dogcart with its smart little cob and the groom impressive in the Murphy livery, and my heart, which was already pretty low, sank to new depths of wretchedness. I hoped with my soul that I might be able to slink away without being seen, but, quick as a ferret, Elise spotted the wagon and guessed—from my expression—that it was there for me.

[2] "Look!" she squealed with delight, "Cinderella's coach has called for her! See what Chameleon's family send her to school in!" Then her black, malicious eye fell upon Alan and with mock politeness she said: "Is that your father driving it?"

[3] If I hadn't been the small fool of the world, I would have fought back and even now the memory fills me with a desire to take a train to the town where Elise now leads a reformed and exemplary life and amaze her with a long-delayed uppercut to the jaw. However, all I did at the time was to grab my corduroy school bag (Elise's was of the finest leather) and run out of the building, blinded with tears of fury and hurt.

[4] With a child's instinctive shyness at sharing private grievances with parents, I told Mother nothing of what had happened. But she knew something was tearing at my confused emotions when, at supper, I burst into uncontrollable tears. Wisely she let me cry it all out—then gently asked me what the trouble was. All I told her was that I never again wanted to wear that "poor child's dress." From observations I had made she figured out the situation and, after reassuring me, quietly put away the little frock over which she had taken such tender pains.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. What does *ante-bellum* mean? *vintage?* Is *vintage* normally used to apply to dress goods? Justify the use here.
2. Does this episode illustrate "class consciousness"? How?
3. Why didn't the author fight back?
4. What kind of person does the mother in this episode appear to be? Be specific.

A Cub Pilot's Experience*

Mark Twain

[1] . . . The *Paul Jones* was now bound for St. Louis. I planned a siege against my pilot, and at the end of three hard days he surrendered. He agreed to teach me the Mississippi River from New Orleans to St. Louis for five hundred dollars, payable out of the first wages I should receive after graduating. I entered upon the small enterprise of "learning" twelve or thirteen hundred miles of the great Mississippi River with the easy confidence of my time of life. If I had really known what I was about to require of my faculties, I should not have had the courage to begin. I supposed that all a pilot had to do was to keep his boat in the river, and I did not consider that that could be much of a trick, since it was so wide.

[2] The boat backed out from New Orleans at four in the afternoon, and it was "our watch" until eight. Mr. Bixby, my chief, "straightened her up," ploughed her along past the sterns of the other boats that lay at the Levee, and then said, "Here, take her; shave those steamships as close as you'd peel an apple." I took the wheel, and my heart-beat fluttered up into the hundreds; for it seemed to me that we were about to scrape the side off every ship in the line, we were so close. I held my breath and began to claw the boat away from the danger; and I had my own opinion of the pilot who had

* From *Life on the Mississippi*, Harper & Brothers (1883).

known no better than to get us into such peril, but I was too wise to express it. In half a minute I had a wide margin of safety intervening between the *Paul Jones* and the ships; and within ten seconds more I I was set aside in disgrace, and Mr. Bixby was going into danger again and flaying me alive with abuse of my cowardice. I was stung, but I was obliged to admire the easy confidence with which my chief loafed from side to side of his wheel, and trimmed the ships so closely that disaster seemed ceaselessly imminent. When he had cooled a little he told me that the easy water was close ashore and the current outside, and therefore we must hug the bank, up-stream, to get the benefit of the former, and stay well out, down-stream, to take advantage of the latter. In my own mind I resolved to be a down-stream pilot and leave the up-streaming to people dead to prudence.

[3] Now and then Mr. Bixby called my attention to certain things. Said he, "This is Six-Mile Point." I assented. It was pleasant enough information, but I could not see the bearing of it. I was not conscious that it was a matter of any interest to me. Another time he said, "This is Nine-Mile Point." Later he said, "This is Twelve-Mile Point." They were all about level with the water's edge; they all looked about alike to me; they were monotonously unpicturesque. I hoped Mr. Bixby would change the subject. But no; he would crowd up around a point, hugging the shore with affection, and then say: "The slack water ends here, abreast this bunch of China-trees; now we cross over." So he crossed over. He gave me the wheel once or twice, but I had no luck. I either came near chipping off the edge of a sugar plantation, or I yawed too far from shore, and so dropped back into disgrace again and got abused.

[4] The watch was ended at last, and we took supper and went to bed. At midnight the glare of a lantern shone in my eyes, and the night watchman said: "Come, turn out!"

[5] And then he left. I could not understand this extraordinary procedure; so I presently gave up trying to, and dozed off to sleep. Pretty soon the watchman was back again, and this time he was gruff. I was annoyed. I said:

[6] "What do you want to come bothering around here in the

middle of the night for? Now, as like as not, I'll not get to sleep again to-night."

[7] The watchman said:

[8] "Well, if this ain't good, I'm blessed."

[9] The "off-watch" was just turning in, and I heard some brutal laughter from them, and such remarks as "Hello, watchman! ain't the new cub turned out yet? He's delicate, likely. Give him some sugar in a rag, and send for the chambermaid to sing 'Rock-a-by Baby,' to him."

[10] About this time Mr. Bixby appeared on the scene. Something like a minute later I was climbing the pilothouse steps with some of my clothes on and the rest in my arms. Mr. Bixby was close behind, commenting. Here was something fresh—this thing of getting up in the middle of the night to go to work. It was a detail in piloting that had never occurred to me at all. I knew that boats ran all night, but somehow I had never happened to reflect that somebody had to get up out of a warm bed to run them. I began to fear that piloting was not quite so romantic as I had imagined it was; there was something very real and worklike about this new phase of it.

[11] It was a rather dingy night, although a fair number of stars were out. The big mate was at the wheel, and he had the old tub pointed at a star and was holding her straight up the middle of the river. The shores on either hand were not much more than half a mile apart, but they seemed wonderfully far away and ever so vague and indistinct. The mate said:

[12] "We've got to land at Jones's plantation, sir."

[13] The vengeful spirit in me exulted. I said to myself, "I wish you joy of your job, Mr. Bixby; you'll have a good time finding Mr. Jones's plantation such a night as this; and I hope you never *will* find it as long as you live."

[14] Mr. Bixby said to the mate:

[15] "Upper end of the plantation, or the lower?"

[16] "Upper."

[17] "I can't do it. The stumps there are out of water at this stage.

It's no great distance to the lower, and you'll have to get along with that."

[18] "All right, sir. If Jones don't like it, he'll have to lump it, I reckon."

[19] And then the mate left. My exultation began to cool and my wonder to come up. Here was a man who not only proposed to find this plantation on such a night, but to find either end of it you preferred. I dreadfully wanted to ask a question, but I was carrying about as many short answers as my cargo-room would admit of, so I held my peace. All I desired to ask Mr. Bixby was the simple question whether he was ass enough to really imagine he was going to find that plantation on a night when all plantations were exactly alike and all of the same color. But I held in. I used to have fine inspirations of prudence in those days.

[20] Mr. Bixby made for the shore and soon was scraping it, just the same as if it had been daylight. And not only that, but singing:

[21] "Father in heaven, the day is declining," etc. It seemed to me that I had put my life in the keeping of a peculiarly reckless outcast. Presently he turned on me and said:

[22] "What's the name of the first point above New Orleans?"

[23] I was gratified to be able to answer promptly, and I did. I said I didn't know.

[24] "Don't *know?*"

[25] This manner jolted me. I was down at the foot again, in a moment. But I had to say just what I had said before.

[26] "Well, you're a smart one!" said Mr. Bixby. "What's the name of the *next* point?"

[27] Once more I didn't know.

[28] "Well, this beats any thing. Tell me the name of *any* point or place I told you."

[29] I studied a while and decided that I couldn't.

[30] "Look here! What do you start out from, above Twelve-Mile Point, to cross over?"

[31] "I—I—don't know."

[32] "You—you—don't know?" mimicking my drawling manner of speech. "What *do* you know?"

[33] "I—I--nothing, for certain."

[34] "By the great Caesar's ghost, I believe you! You're the stupidest dunderhead I ever saw or ever heard of, so help me Moses! The idea of *you* being a pilot—*you!* Why, you don't know enough to pilot a cow down a lane."

[35] Oh, but his wrath was up! He was a nervous man, and he shuffled from one side of his wheel to the other as if the floor was hot. He would boil a while to himself, and then overflow and scald me again.

[36] "Look here! What do you suppose I told you the names of those points for?"

[37] I tremblingly considered a moment, and then the devil of temptation provoked me to say:

[38] "Well—to—to—be entertaining, I thought."

[39] This was a red rag to the bull. He raged and stormed so (he was crossing the river at the time) that I judged it made him blind, because he ran over the steering-oar of a trading-scow. Of course the traders sent up a volley of red-hot profanity. Never was a man so grateful as Mr. Bixby was; because he was brimful, and here were subjects who could *talk back*. He threw open a window, thrust his head out, and such an irruption followed as I never had heard before. The fainter and farther away the scowmen's curses drifted, the higher Mr. Bixby lifted his voice and the weightier his adjectives grew. When he closed the window he was empty. You could have drawn a seine through his system and not caught curses enough to disturb your mother with. Presently he said to me in the gentlest way:

[40] "My boy, you must get a little memorandum-book; and every time I tell you a thing, put it down right away. There's only one way to be a pilot, and that is to get this entire river by heart. You have to know it just like A B C."

[41] That was a dismal revelation to me; for my memory was never loaded with anything but blank cartridges. However, I did not feel discouraged long. I judged that it was best to make some allowances, for doubtless Mr. Bixby was "stretching." Presently he pulled a rope and struck a few strokes on the big bell. The stars

were all gone now, and the night was as black as ink. I could hear the wheels churn along the bank, but I was not entirely certain that I could see the shore. The voice of the invisible watchman called up from the hurricane-deck:

[42] "What's this, sir?"

[43] "Jones's plantation."

[44] I said to myself, "I wish I might venture to offer a small bet that it isn't." But I did not chirp. I only waited to see. Mr. Bixby handled the engine-bells, and in due time the boat's nose came to the land, a torch glowed from the forecastle, a man skipped ashore, a darky's voice on the bank said, "Gimme de k'yarpetbag, Mass' Jones," and the next moment we were standing up the river again, all serene. I reflected deeply a while and then said—but not aloud—"Well, the finding of that plantation was the luckiest accident that ever happened; but it couldn't happen again in a hundred years." And I fully believed it *was* an accident, too.

[45] By the time we had gone seven or eight hundred miles up the river, I had learned to be a tolerably plucky upstream steersman, in daylight, and before we reached St. Louis I had made a trifle of progress in night-work, but only a trifle. I had a note-book that fairly bristled with the names of towns, "points," bars, islands, bends, reaches, etc.; but the information was to be found only in the note-book—none of it was in my head. It made my heart ache to think I had only got half the river set down; for as our watch was four hours off and four hours on, day and night, there was a long four-hour gap in my book for every time I had slept since the voyage began.

[46] My chief was presently hired to go on a big New Orleans boat, and I packed my satchel and went with him. She was a grand affair. When I stood in her pilot-house I was so far above the water that I seemed perched on a mountain; and her decks stretched so far away, fore and aft, below me, that I wondered how I could ever have considered the little *Paul Jones* a large craft. There were other differences, too. The *Paul Jones's* pilot-house was a cheap, dingy, battered rattletrap, cramped for room; but here was a sumptuous glass temple; room enough to have a dance in; showy red and gold window curtains; an imposing sofa; leather cushions and a back

to the high bench where visiting pilots sit, to spin yarns and "look at the river"; bright, fanciful "cuspadores," instead of a broad wooden box filled with sawdust; nice new oilcloth on the floor; a hospitable big stove for winter; a wheel as high as my head, costly with inlaid work; a wire tiller-rope; bright brass knobs for the bells; and a tidy, white-aproned black "texas-tender," to bring up tarts and ices and coffee during mid-watch, day and night. Now this was "something like"; and so I began to take heart once more to believe that piloting was a romantic sort of occupation after all. The moment we were under way I began to prowl about the great steamer and fill myself with joy. She was as clean and as dainty as a drawing-room; when I looked down her long, gilded saloon, it was like gazing through a splendid tunnel; she had an oil-picture, by some gifted sign-painter, on every stateroom door; she glittered with no end of prism-fringed chandeliers; the clerk's office was elegant, the bar was marvellous, and the barkeeper had been barbered and upholstered at incredible cost. The boiler-deck (*i. e.*, the second story of the boat, so to speak) was as spacious as a church, it seemed to me; so with the forecastle; and there was no pitiful handful of deck-hands, firemen, and roustabouts down there, but a whole battalion of men. The fires were fiercely glaring from a long row of furnaces, and over them were eight huge boilers! This was unutterable pomp. The mighty engines—but enough of this. I had never felt so fine before. And when I found that the regiment of natty servants respectfully "sir'd" me, my satisfaction was complete.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. What was Mr. Bixby's first order to his pupil?
2. Why did the cub pilot hope "Mr. Bixby would change the subject" (paragraph 3)?
3. "Mr. Bixby was close behind, commenting" (paragraph 10). How do you know that this is an understatement?
4. What incident turned Mr. Bixby's wrath away from Mark Twain?
5. Comment on: "My memory was never loaded with anything but blank cartridges." Prove that this is an exaggeration.

"Fair Seed-time Had My Soul"*

William Wordsworth

Fair seed-time had my soul, and I grew up
Fostered alike by beauty and by fear:
Much favoured in my birth-place, and no less
In that beloved Vale to which erelong
We were transplanted; there were we let loose
For sports of wider range. Ere I had told
Ten birth-days, when among the mountain slopes
Frost, and the breath of frosty wind, had snapped
The last autumnal crocus, 't was my joy
With store of springes o'er my shoulder hung
To range the open heights where woodcocks run
Along the smooth green turf. Through half the night,
Scudding away from snare to snare, I plied
That anxious visitation;—moon and stars
Were shining o'er my head. I was alone,
And seemed to be a trouble to the peace
That dwelt among them. Sometimes it befell
In these night wanderings, that a strong desire
O'erpowered my better reason, and the bird
Which was the captive of another's toil
Became my prey; and when the deed was done
I heard among the solitary hills
Low breathings coming after me, and sounds
Of undistinguishable motion, steps
Almost as silent as the turf they trod.

Nor less, when spring had warmed the cultured Vale,
Moved we as plunderers where the mother-bird
Had in high places built her lodge; though mean

* Written between 1799 and 1805; published posthumously in *The Prelude*, I:301–356 (1850).

Our object and inglorious, yet the end
Was not ignoble. Oh! when I have hung
Above the raven's nest, by knots of grass
And half-inch fissures in the slippery rock
But ill sustained, and almost (so it seemed)
Suspended by the blast that blew amain,
Shouldering the naked crag, oh, at that time
While on the perilous ridge I hung alone,
With what strange utterance did the loud dry wind
Blow through my ear! the sky seemed not a sky
Of earth—and with what motion moved the clouds!

Dust as we are, the immortal spirit grows
Like harmony in music; there is a dark
Inscrutable workmanship that reconciles
Discordant elements, makes them cling together
In one society. How strange, that all
The terrors, pains, and early miseries,
Regrets, vexations, lassitudes interfused
Within my mind, should e'er have borne a part,
And that a needful part, in making up
The calm existence that is mine when I
Am worthy of myself! Praise to the end!
Thanks to the means which Nature deigned to employ;
Whether her fearless visitings, or those
That came with soft alarm, like hurtless light
Opening the peaceful clouds; or she would use
Severer interventions, ministry
More palpable, as best might suit her aim.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. How old was the poet when he began trapping woodcocks?
2. What actions disturbed the boy's conscience? How did Nature participate in arousing his sense of guilt?
3. Explain: ". . . the end/Was not ignoble" (lines 29–30).

4. What credit does the poet give to Nature for his mature "calm existence"?
5. What does the word *fearless* (line 52) mean? *hurtless* (line 53)?
6. Does Wordsworth look at his childhood in a way that Rousseau ("Principles of Autobiography") would approve? Explain.

*Through a Glass Darkly**

Peter De Vries

[1] I have a mackintosh that is the apple of my eye, two topcoats, and a smoked melton, yet when a plugger in a clothing store recently detained me with a quick-change skit in which he whipped off a raglan, turned it inside out, and whipped it on again, with a hanky-panky on its behalf as a garment suitable for wet days, I bought it. Why? Because I am unable to rescue myself from demonstrators. Once my attention has been speared by a pitchman paring a potato with a trick knife, I stand mesmerized by the lengthening peel, powerless to move on till the operation is over and I have plunked down my quarter. I have thought of hiring an analyst to clean my coils, but the matter isn't really complicated enough for that. I'll give a few more examples of my trouble and then say what I think is at the bottom of it.

[2] Not long ago, I was sauntering up Seventh Avenue in the Forties when a rap on the window of a store I was passing brought my head around in a reflex. Behind the glass, a man in a barber's tunic buttered his palms with a pomade called Lustrine and ground it into the noodle of a Latin youth seated before him on a three-legged stool. The stooge had dark, liquid eyes, which sought mine with a look of mute patience, as though for me alone was he taking this drubbing. When it was over and his locks were being combed into glossy undulations, I stepped inside for my trial size.

[3] Later that week, a man in a tan duster banged a wand im-

* Reprinted by permission of the author. Copyright 1949 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

periously on a store pane in the East Thirties, alerting me and a middle-aged couple. He directed our attention to the skeleton of a human foot and then pointed to a printed sign alleging that the bones had been mangled by unscientific shoes. The couple moseyed along, but I was inside in a trice. A man in quasi-surgical garb shucked off my brogans and led me in stocking feet to a fluoroscope, which laid bare the dismal secrets of my own metatarsals. Ten minutes later I hobbled out scientifically shod, carrying my former footgear under my arm.

[4] It was a few months later that another unguarded moment—one in the basement of a downtown emporium—brought me suddenly face to face with a bull-necked man on a dais who, having taken a spraddled stance, pulled the legs of a pair of denim pants in opposite directions till I thought he would pop, then gave up with a good-natured laugh, thus acknowledging himself hopelessly bested by the workmanship in the crotch. Some other shoppers who had paused went on, leaving me stranded. The man strained at the dungarees a second time and a third, his eyes reproaching me for my apparent immunity to reasonable proof. Something had to give, and it was me—four ninety-eight.

[5] So it goes. I have the feeling these birds can spot me, or can spot the gelatinous type. I once read that suckers have their affliction written clearly in their features, so I decided to try the experiment of concealing as much of mine as possible one recent Saturday afternoon. I donned the reversible raglan, turning the collar up around my ears, drew on a soft hat, pulling it well down over one eye, and swaddled myself up to and including the chin in a heavy woollen muffler, leaving little visible of my face but my nose and a single eye. Even my gait was altered, for my scientifically constructed shoes had substantially deranged one foot.

[6] Thus dressed, I strolled up Sixth Avenue clenching an unlighted cigar and humming an air from "Die Fledermaus." Just short of Central Park, I heard the familiar clatter of a stick on glass. It was in a drugstore window on my immediate right. I stopped but didn't turn. Deliberately, I struck a match on my thumbnail, set fire to the cigar, and puffed till I stood in a dense cloud of smoke.

The rap came again, this time more insistently. I inhaled a deep lungful and let it out leisurely, snapping the match into the gutter. A third summons sounded, prolonged and peremptory. I swung to.

[7] A man in a laboratory jacket stood in the window. He drew my attention crisply to a chart down which digestive organs meandered in color. Having, by deftly flipping the pages of a folio on an easel, enumerated the ills that lay in wait for me if they had not already begun secretly to waste me, he picked up a bottle filled with purple liquid and shook it to a bright froth, holding up three fingers to indicate that I was to take this three times a day. I nodded and went inside.

[8] These instances will suffice to illustrate the compulsion. As for elucidating it, I will have to relate an incident in my past in which it is most likely rooted. This involves an interval when I was myself, very briefly, a demonstrating salesman. I graduated from college in 1931, the year that marked the depth of the depression. You took anything you could get, those days. I took a job selling pressure cookers, which were then being promoted on a wide scale for the first time. The company I worked for emphasized group demonstrations. You cooked a meal in the kitchen of a woman who had called in her friends or neighbors for the occasion, they ate it, and you signed up as many of the women as you could. I was given a short course in operating the pressure cooker and sent into the field. This was in Chicago in the summer.

[9] My first prospect was a widow named Mrs. Tannenbaum, whom I knew slightly. She agreed to gather a group of housewives for a bridge supper, which I was to fix. I arrived about four-thirty on the day of the demonstration, lugging the pressure cooker, in its leather case, and a pot roast under one arm. We were to have potatoes with the pot roast, of course, and I had told Mrs. Tannenbaum I thought carrots would be nice. We had used carrots in class. Mrs. Tannenbaum supplied the vegetables.

[10] The ladies clustered in the kitchen while I ran through the fine points of the cooker for them, got the roast on, and set the valve.

Then I shooed them to their bridge tables and peeled my potatoes and scraped my carrots. Mrs. Tannenbaum shut the kitchen door, leaving me alone. I got my vegetables on, and strayed out to the back porch and sat down on a glider with a magazine, to wait for the meal to be done. A little later, as I was thumbing through the magazine, an acrid odor reached my nostrils. I hurried in to the stove. I have since been at pains to forget the incident to the point of no longer clearly knowing what a pressure cooker looks like, but as I recall it, instead of closing the valve I had left it open, thus dissipating the steam, boiling all the water away, and burning everything, including the roast, to a crisp.

[11] I stood, stricken, in the middle of the kitchen, debating what to do. A shred of laughter floated in above the hubbub at the front of the house. I lifted the smoking pot off the stove, tiptoed out the back door, down the stairs, along the walk beside the garage, to the alley, and dropped the whole works, cooker and all, into the garbage can. I set the lid back on the can and stole up the alley to the street, where I broke into a trot.

[12] The recollection of that occurrence has haunted me ever since. I never showed up at the pressure-cooker office again and I never saw Mrs. Tannenbaum again—except that I still see her in my mind's eye, standing flabbergasted in the empty kitchen, her hungry and baffled guests around her. I don't know whether that or the vision of myself creeping away behind the garages is the more oppressive. Like Lord Jim, I carry down the years the adhesive memory of cowardice, but mine, unlike his, is a cowardice without scope.

[13] Thus, at the bottom of my constant purchases of paring knives and trial sizes is a quest for absolution. I have an expiatory urge that makes me secretly *want* situations in which I become a customer, an at times almost voluptuous desire for the buyer-seller relation, so that I can punish myself by being symbolically identified with my victims of that afternoon, especially Mrs. Tannenbaum. In fact, I try to *outdo* Mrs. Tannenbaum as a victim, because she didn't actually buy, while I do, in a sacrificial gesture that must be repeated, over and over again.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Explain the following words and phrases: *hanky-panky; pitchman; clean my coils; noodle; stooge; moseyed along.*
2. What does the title mean?
3. At what point is the theme of this selection announced?
4. Would you classify the author's trouble as "an amiable weakness"?
5. The organization of this selection is simple and effective: I What my trouble is; II Examples of my trouble; III How my trouble started. What are the subheads for II and III?

Suggestions for Papers

Your paper is to be about yourself or about the selections in this chapter. If it is about yourself, it will take the form of either a straight narrative without a moral or a narrative with a moral. You may not have had an experience so venturous as Mark Twain's, but certainly you have had dozens of experiences as commonplace as those described by Wordsworth or Miss Skinner. You may have some peculiar weakness (a strength would do as well) which may be illustrated by a series of related occurrences. (See "Through a Glass Darkly.") Whatever you choose to write about, resolve to be specific. Do not simply glance at the episode; *look* at it; *stare* at it until the essential details are fixed in your mind. (If you feel a restraint in writing *I*, use the third person. Write about yourself as though you were someone else. This impersonal approach may enable you to see the episode or episodes more clearly.)

1. Have you had a romantic notion about something that you wanted to do? Have you tried learning to do it, only to find much of the romance turn to hard work? Select your subject; then devote the first part of your paper to your dream of what the job would be like and the second part to a specific statement of what it was really like. (Some possible subjects: Cowpunching; Sodajerking; a News-

paper Route; Gardening; In a Grocery Store; Delivery Boy; Hostess; Team Manager.)

2. Have you been told that you were a sensitive child? If so, how did you get this reputation? Tell in intimate detail one or two episodes that would justify describing you as sensitive. (You may feel that you gained something from acting a part; if so, add details to point this out.)

3. Do people think that you are tough fibered, perhaps a little heartless? If so, do you know upon what this impression is based? Tell in intimate detail one or two episodes which would justify you as insensitive. (If you have been misjudged, explain how.)

4. Rousseau says that everyone is guilty at one time or another of "odious" conduct. Wordsworth confesses to two petty crimes and then recalls his terror and sense of guilt. Can you recall a childhood "crime" and how *you* felt about it? If so, make your reader follow your mental processes before and after the deed.

5. Reread the little story told by Miss Skinner, "One Day." Put yourself in the position of the little snob, Elise, and retell the story from *her* point of view. Could she justify her conduct? What experience in your own life makes you confident that you understand Elise?

6. Wordsworth gives credit to Nature for gently preparing him for a later life. He says: "Thanks to the means which Nature designed to employ." Reread his poem; then write your paper on the "means" which the poet had in mind. Finally, and most important, test your relations with Nature. Do you feel that Nature has taught you anything?

7. From whence came Peter de Vries's title, "Through a Glass Darkly"? After you have looked up the title (see *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations*), go to the original work and read the quotation in context. Now, write a paper on how applicable the title is to De Vries's article.

8. It is possible that everyone has some special weakness, some peculiar susceptibility. What is yours? If you have such a weakness, describe it carefully; then give a series of specific examples to show what you mean.

9. What is your chief strength—that is, what can you always resist doing or saying? If you have some resolve to which you stick no matter what, tell about it and of the times you have been tempted to violate your rule. (Examples: "I never gossip"; "I never listen to gossip"; "I am never late"; "I am never profane"; "I am never cowardly"; "I am never unpleasant." You will not, of course, take these topics too seriously!)

10. Analyze any one of the selections in this chapter for method. How does the author gain the sympathy of the reader? How might he have lost that sympathy? Rewrite a part of the selection to show how conceit might have alienated the reader.

11. Which selection in this chapter is most appealing? Write a paper in which you make a series of comparisons to justify your choice of a particular selection as best.

SOME TITLES FOR PAPERS

1. A Disillusioning Experience
2. It Looked Wonderful But . . .
3. Confessions of a Bully
4. Miserable Thin Skin
5. A Childhood Crime
6. My First Feeling of Guilt
7. A Sucker Is Born Every Minute
8. The Hide of a Rhinoceros
9. Just as I Am
10. Honest Confession Is Good
11. "I Shall Rouge Myself"
12. Can Anyone Tell the Truth?
13. I Can't Say No
14. My Most Vulnerable Point Is . . .

(See also, under Suggestions for Papers, titles under 1 and 9.)

3

Mischief

EVERYONE is amused by mischief which is directed at someone else. One may even be entertained by mischief directed at himself if sufficient time has elapsed to give perspective. The selections in this chapter illustrate the amusement inherent in mischief and will remind the reader of the mischief-makers whom he has known and among whom he may count, possibly, himself.

The reader will note significant differences in the stories presented here. The O. Henry story is carefully organized around a narrative formula called "the biter bitten." This formula requires that the persons who plot the discomfiture of others are themselves discomfited. O. Henry's "Ransom of Red Chief" is a perfect example of tables completely turned. "Wallace," on the other hand, is simply a series of anecdotes which are held together by the title character.

One will note, too, that Red Chief and Wallace differ markedly. Red Chief's mischief grows out of an excess of physical vitality; Wallace's out of an excess of intellectual vitality. Red Chiefs, somewhat modified in vigor, are everywhere; Wallaces are, perhaps fortunately, comparatively rare.

*The Ransom of Red Chief**

O. Henry

[1] It looked like a good thing: but wait till I tell you. We were down South, in Alabama—Bill Driscoll and myself—when this kidnapping idea struck us. It was, as Bill afterward expressed it, "during a moment of temporary mental apparition"; but we didn't find that out till later.

[2] There was a town down there, as flat as a flannel-cake, and called Summit, of course. It contained inhabitants of as undeleterious and self-satisfied a class of peasantry as ever clustered around a Maypole.

[3] Bill and me had a joint capital of about six hundred dollars, and we needed just two thousand dollars more to pull off a fraudulent townlot scheme in Western Illinois with. We talked it over on the front steps of the hotel. Philoprogenitiveness, says we, is strong in semi-rural communities; therefore, and for other reasons, a kidnapping project ought to do better there than in the radius of newspapers that send reporters out in plain clothes to stir up talk about such things. We knew that Summit couldn't get after us with anything stronger than constables and, maybe, some lackadaisical bloodhounds and a diatribe or two in the *Weekly Farmers' Budget*. So, it looked good.

[4] We selected for our victim the only child of a prominent citizen named Ebenezer Dorset. The father was respectable and tight, a mortgage fancier and a stern, upright collection-plate passer and foreclosер. The kid was a boy of ten, with bas-relief freckles, and hair the color of the cover of the magazine you buy at the news-stand when you want to catch a train. Bill and me figured that Ebenezer would melt down for a ransom of two thousand dollars to a cent. But wait till I tell you.

[5] About two miles from Summit was a little mountain, covered with a dense cedar brake. On the rear elevation of this mountain was a cave. There we stored provisions.

* From *Whirligigs* by O. Henry. Copyright 1907 by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

[6] One evening after sundown, we drove in a buggy past old Dorset's house. The kid was in the street, throwing rocks at a kitten on the opposite fence.

[7] "Hey, little boy!" says Bill, "would you like to have a bag of candy and a nice ride?"

[8] The boy catches Bill neatly in the eye with a piece of brick.

[9] "That will cost the old man an extra five hundred dollars," says Bill, climbing over the wheel.

[10] That boy put up a fight like a welter-weight cinnamon bear; but, at last, we got him down in the bottom of the buggy and drove away. We took him up to the cave, and I hitched the horse in the cedar brake. After dark I drove the buggy to the little village, three miles away, where we had hired it, and walked back to the mountain.

[11] Bill was pasting court-plaster over the scratches and bruises on his features. There was a fire burning behind the big rock at the entrance of the cave, and the boy was watching a pot of boiling coffee, with two buzzard tail-feathers stuck in his red hair. He points a stick at me when I come up, and says:

[12] "Ha! cursed paleface, do you dare to enter the camp of Red Chief, the terror of the plains?"

[13] "He's all right now," says Bill, rolling up his trousers and examining some bruises on his shins. "We're playing Indian. We're making Buffalo Bill's show look like magic-lantern views of Palestine in the town hall. I'm Old Hank, the Trapper, Red Chief's captive, and I'm to be scalped at daybreak. By Geronimo! that kid can kick hard."

[14] Yes sir, that boy seemed to be having the time of his life. The fun of camping out in a cave had made him forget that he was a captive himself. He immediately christened me Snake-eye, the Spy, and announced that, when his braves returned from the war-path, I was to be broiled at the stake at the rising of the sun.

[15] Then we had supper; and he filled his mouth full of bacon and bread and gravy, and began to talk. He made a during-dinner speech something like this:

[16] "I like this fine. I never camped out before; but I had a pet 'possum once, and I was nine last birthday. I hate to go to school.

Rats ate up sixteen of Jimmy Talbot's aunt's speckled hen's eggs. Are there any real Indians in these woods? I want some more gravy. Does the trees moving make the wind blow? We had five puppies. What makes your nose so red, Hank? My father has lots of money. Are the stars hot? I whipped Ed Walker twice, Saturday. I don't like girls. You dassent catch toads unless with a string. Do oxen make any noise? Why are oranges round? Have you got beds to sleep on in this cave? Amos Murray has got six toes. A parrot can talk, but a monkey or a fish can't. How many does it take to make twelve?"

[17] Every few minutes he would remember that he was a pesky redskin, and pick up his stick rifle and tiptoe to the mouth of the cave to rubber for the scouts of the hated paleface. Now and then he would let out a war-whoop that made Old Hank the Trapper shiver. That boy had Bill terrorized from the start.

[18] "Red Chief," says I to the kid, "would you like to go home?"

[19] "Aw, what for?" says he. "I don't have any fun at home. I hate to go to school. I like to camp out. You won't take me back home again, Snake-eye, will you?"

[20] "Not right away," says I. "We'll stay here in the cave awhile."

[21] "All right!" says he. "That'll be fine. I never had such fun in all my life."

[22] We went to bed about eleven o'clock. We spread down some wide blankets and quilts and put Red Chief between us. We weren't afraid he'd run away. He kept us awake for three hours, jumping up and reaching for his rifle and screeching: "Hist! pard," in mine and Bill's ears, as the fancied crackle of a twig or the rustle of a leaf revealed to his young imagination the stealthy approach of the outlaw band. At last, I fell into a troubled sleep, and dreamed that I had been kidnapped and chained to a tree by a ferocious pirate with red hair.

[23] Just at daybreak, I was awakened by a series of awful screams from Bill. They weren't yells, or howls, or shouts, or whoops, or yawps, such as you'd expect from a manly set of vocal organs—they were simply indecent, terrifying, humiliating screams, such as women emit when they see ghosts or caterpillars. It's an awful thing to hear

a strong, desperate, fat man scream incontinently in a cave at daybreak.

[24] I jumped up to see what the matter was. Red Chief was sitting on Bill's chest, with one hand twined in Bill's hair. In the other he had the sharp caseknife we used for slicing bacon; and he was industriously and realistically trying to take Bill's scalp, according to the sentence that had been pronounced upon him the evening before.

[25] I got the knife away from the kid and made him lie down again. But, from that moment, Bill's spirit was broken. He laid down on his side of the bed, but he never closed an eye again in sleep as long as that boy was with us. I dozed off for a while, but along toward sun-up I remembered that Red had said I was to be burned at the stake at the rising of the sun. I wasn't nervous or afraid; but I sat up and lit my pipe and leaned against a rock.

[26] "What you getting up so soon for, Sam?" asked Bill.

[27] "Me?" says I. "Oh, I got a kind of pain in my shoulder. I thought sitting up would rest it."

[28] "You're a liar!" says Bill. "You're afraid. You was to be burned at sunrise, and you was afraid he'd do it. And he would, too, if he could find a match. Ain't it awful, Sam? Do you think anybody will pay out money to get a little imp like that back home?"

[29] "Sure," said I. "A rowdy kid like that is just the kind that parents dote on. Now, you and the Chief get up and cook breakfast, while I go up on the top of the mountain and reconnoitre."

[30] I went up on the peak of the little mountain and ran my eye over the contiguous vicinity. Over towards Summit I expected to see the sturdy yeomanry of the village armed with scythes and pitchforks beating the countryside for the dastardly kidnappers. But what I saw was a peaceful landscape dotted with one man ploughing with a dun mule. Nobody was dragging the creek; no couriers dashed hither and yon, bringing tidings of no news to the distracted parents. There was a sylvan attitude of somnolent sleepiness pervading that section of the external outward surface of Alabama that lay exposed to my view. "Perhaps," says I to myself, "it has not yet been discovered that the wolves have borne away the tender lambkin from

the fold. Heaven help the wolves!" says I, and I went down the mountain to breakfast.

[31] When I got to the cave I found Bill backed up against the side of it, breathing hard, and the boy threatening to smash him with a rock half as big as a cocoanut.

[32] "He put a red-hot boiled potato down my back," explained Bill, "and then mashed it with his foot; and I boxed his ears. Have you got a gun about you, Sam?"

[33] I took the rock away from the boy and kind of patched up the argument. "I'll fix you," says the kid to Bill. "No man ever yet struck the Red Chief but he got paid for it. You better beware!"

[34] After breakfast the kid takes a piece of leather with strings wrapped around it out of his pocket and goes outside the cave unwinding it.

[35] "What's he up to now?" says Bill, anxiously. "You don't think he'll run away, do you, Sam?"

[36] "No fear of it," says I. "He don't seem to be much of a home body. But we've got to fix up some plan about the ransom. There don't seem to be much excitement around Summit on account of his disappearance; but maybe they haven't realized yet that he's gone. His folks may think he's spending the night with Aunt Jane or one of the neighbors. Anyhow, he'll be missed to-day. To-night we must get a message to his father demanding the two thousand dollars for his return."

[37] Just then we heard a kind of war-whoop, such as David might have emitted when he knocked out the champion Goliath. It was a sling that Red Chief had pulled out of his pocket, and he was whirling it around his head.

[38] I dodged, and heard a heavy thud and a kind of a sigh from Bill, like a horse gives out when you take his saddle off. A nigger-head rock the size of an egg had caught Bill just behind his left ear. He loosened himself all over and fell in the fire across the frying pan of hot water for washing the dishes. I dragged him out and poured cold water on his head for half an hour.

[39] By and by, Bill sits up and feels behind his ear and says: "Sam, do you know who my favorite Biblical character is?"

[40] "Take it easy," says I. "You'll come to your senses presently."

[41] "King Herod," says he. "You won't go away and leave me here alone, will you, Sam?"

[42] I went out and caught that boy and shook him until his freckles rattled.

[43] "If you don't behave," says I, "I'll take you straight home. Now, are you going to be good, or not?"

[44] "I was only funning," says he, sullenly. "I didn't mean to hurt Old Hank. But what did he hit me for? I'll behave, Snake-eye, if you won't send me home, and if you'll let me play the Black Scout to-day."

[45] "I don't know the game," says I. "That's for you and Mr. Bill to decide. He's your playmate for the day. I'm going away for a while on business. Now, you come in and make friends with him and say you are sorry for hurting him, or home you go, at once."

[46] I made him and Bill shake hands, and then I took Bill aside and told him I was going to Poplar Grove, a little village three miles from the cave, and find out what I could about how the kidnapping had been regarded in Summit. Also, I thought it best to send a peremptory letter to old man Dorset that day, demanding the ransom and dictating how it should be paid.

[47] "You know, Sam," says Bill, "I've stood by you without batting an eye in earthquakes, fire and flood—in poker games, dynamite outrages, police raids, train robberies, and cyclones. I never lost my nerve yet till we kidnapped that two-legged skyrocket of a kid. He's got me going. You won't leave me long with him, will you, Sam?"

[48] "I'll be back some time this afternoon," says I. "You must keep the boy amused and quiet till I return. And now we'll write the letter to old Dorset."

[49] Bill and I got paper and pencil and worked on the letter while Red Chief, with a blanket wrapped around him, strutted up and down, guarding the mouth of the cave. Bill begged me tearfully to make the ransom fifteen hundred dollars instead of two thousand. "I ain't attempting," says he, "to decry the celebrated moral aspect of parental affection, but we're dealing with humans, and it ain't human for anybody to give up two thousand dollars for that forty-pound

chunk of freckled wildcat. I'm willing to take a chance at fifteen hundred dollars. You can charge the difference up to me."

[50] So, to relieve Bill, I acceded, and we collaborated a letter that ran this way:

EBENEZER DORSET, ESQ.:

We have your boy concealed in a place far from Summit. It is useless for you or the most skillful detectives to attempt to find him. Absolutely, the only terms on which you can have him restored to you are these: We demand fifteen hundred dollars in large bills for his return; the money to be left at midnight to-night at the same spot and in the same box as your reply—as hereinafter described. If you agree to these terms, send your answer in writing by a solitary messenger to-night at half-past eight o'clock. After crossing Owl Creek on the road to Poplar Grove, there are three large trees about a hundred yards apart, close to the fence of the wheat field on the right-hand side. At the bottom of the fence-post, opposite the third tree, will be found a small pasteboard box.

The messenger will place the answer in this box and return immediately to Summit.

If you attempt any treachery or fail to comply with our demand as stated, you will never see your boy again.

If you pay the money as demanded, he will be returned to you safe and well within three hours. These terms are final, and if you do not accede to them no further communication will be attempted.

TWO DESPERATE MEN.

[51] I addressed this letter to Dorset, and put it in my pocket. As I was about to start, the kid comes up to me and says:

[52] "Aw, Snake-eye, you said I could play the Black Scout while you was gone."

[53] "Play it, of course," says I. "Mr. Bill will play with you. What kind of a game is it?"

[54] "I'm the Black Scout," says Red Chief, "and I have to ride to the stockade to warn the settlers that the Indians are coming. I'm tired of playing Indian myself. I want to be the Black Scout."

[55] "All right," says I. "It sounds harmless to me. I guess Mr. Bill will help you foil the pesky savages."

[56] "What am I to do?" asks Bill, looking at the kid suspiciously.
[57] "You are the hoss," says Black Scout. "Get down on your hands and knees. How can I ride to the stockade without a hoss?"
[58] "You'd better keep him interested," said I, "till we get the scheme going. Loosen up."
[59] Bill gets down on his all fours, and a look comes in his eye like a rabbit's when you catch it in a trap.
[60] "How far is it to the stockade, kid?" he asks, in a husky manner of voice.
[61] "Ninety miles," says the Black Scout. "And you have to hump yourself to get there on time. Whoa, now!"
[62] The Black Scout jumps on Bill's back and digs his heels in his sides.
[63] "For Heaven's sake," says Bill, "hurry back, Sam, as soon as you can. I wish we hadn't made the ransom more than a thousand. Say, you quit kicking me or I'll get up and warm you good."
[64] I walked over to Poplar Grove and sat around the post-office and store, talking with the chaw-bacons that come in to trade. One whiskerando says that he hears Summit is all upset on account of Elder Ebenezer Dorset's boy having been lost or stolen. That was all I wanted to know. I bought some smoking tobacco, referred casually to the price of black-eyed peas, posted my letter surreptitiously, and came away. The postmaster said the mail-carrier would come by in an hour to take the mail to Summit.
[65] When I got back to the cave Bill and the boy were not to be found. I explored the vicinity of the cave, and risked a yodel or two, but there was no response.
[66] So I lighted my pipe and sat down on a mossy bank to await developments.
[67] In about half an hour I heard the bushes rustle, and Bill wabbled out into the little glade in front of the cave. Behind him was the kid, stepping softly like a scout, with a broad grin on his face. Bill stopped, took off his hat, and wiped his face with a red handkerchief. The kid stopped about eight feet behind him.
[68] "Sam," says Bill, "I suppose you'll think I'm a renegade, but I couldn't help it. I'm a grown person with masculine proclivities and

habits of self-defense, but there is a time when all systems of egotism and predominance fail. The boy is gone. I sent him home. All is off. There was martyrs in old times," goes on Bill, "that suffered death rather than give up the particular graft they enjoyed. None of 'em ever was subjugated to such supernatural tortures as I have been. I tried to be faithful to our articles of depredation; but there came a limit."

[69] "What's the trouble, Bill?" I asked him.

[70] "I was rode," says Bill, "the ninety miles to the stockade, not barring an inch. Then, when the settlers was rescued, I was given oats. Sand ain't a palatable substitute. And then, for an hour I had to try to explain to him why there was nothin' in holes, how a road can run both ways, and what makes the grass green. I tell you, Sam, a human can only stand so much. I takes him by the neck of his clothes and drags him down the mountain. On the way he kicks my legs black and blue from the knees down; and I've got to have two or three bites on my thumb and hand cauterized.

[71] "But he's gone"—continues Bill—"gone home. I showed him the road to Summit and kicked him about eight feet nearer there at one kick. I'm sorry we lose the ransom; but it was either that or Bill Driscoll to the madhouse."

[72] Bill is puffing and blowing, but there is a look of ineffable peace and growing content on his rose-pink features.

[73] "Bill," says I, "there isn't any heart disease in your family, is there?"

[74] "No," says Bill, "nothing chronic except malaria and accidents. Why?"

[75] "Then you might turn around," says I, "and have a look behind you."

[76] Bill turns and sees the boy, and loses his complexion and sits down plump on the ground and begins to pluck aimlessly at grass and little sticks. For an hour I was afraid of his mind. And then I told him that my scheme was to put the whole job through immediately and that we would get the ransom and be off with it by midnight if old Dorset fell in with our proposition. So Bill braced up enough to give the kid a weak sort of a smile and a promise to play

the Russian in a Japanese war with him as soon as he felt a little better.

[77] I had a scheme for collecting that ransom without danger of being caught by counterplots that ought to commend itself to professional kidnappers. The tree under which the answer was to be left—and the money later on—was close to the road fence with big, bare fields on all sides. If a gang of constables should be watching for any one to come for the note, they could see him a long way off crossing the fields or in the road. But no, sirree! At half-past eight I was up in that tree as well hidden as a tree toad, waiting for the messenger to arrive.

[78] Exactly on time, a half-grown boy rides up the road on a bicycle, locates the pasteboard box at the foot of the fence-post, slips a folded piece of paper into it, and pedals away again back toward Summit.

[79] I waited an hour and then concluded the thing was square. I slid down the tree, got the note, slipped along the fence till I struck the woods, and was back at the cave in another half an hour. I opened the note, got near the lantern, and read it to Bill. It was written with a pen in a crabbed hand, and the sum and substance of it was this:

TWO DESPERATE MEN.

Gentlemen: I received your letter to-day by post, in regard to the ransom you ask for the return of my son. I think you are a little high in your demands, and I hereby make you a counter-proposition, which I am inclined to believe you will accept. You bring Johnny home and pay me two hundred and fifty dollars in cash, and I agree to take him off your hands. You had better come at night, for the neighbors believe he is lost, and I couldn't be responsible for what they would do to anybody they saw bringing him back. Very respectfully,

EBENEZER DORSET.

[80] "Great pirates of Penzance," says I; "of all the impudent—"

[81] But I glanced at Bill, and hesitated. He had the most appealing look in his eyes I ever saw on the face of a dumb or a talking brute.

[82] "Sam," says he, "what's two hundred and fifty dollars, after all? We've got the money. One more night of this kid will send me to a bed in Bedlam. Besides being a thorough gentleman, I think Mr. Dorset is a spendthrift for making us such a liberal offer. You ain't going to let the chance go, are you?"

[83] "Tell you the truth, Bill," says I, "this little he ewe lamb has somewhat got on my nerves too. We'll take him home, pay the ransom, and make our getaway."

[84] We took him home that night. We got him to go by telling him that his father had bought a silver-mounted rifle and a pair of moccasins for him, and we were to hunt bears the next day.

[85] It was just twelve o'clock when we knocked at Ebenezer's front door. Just at the moment when I should have been abstracting the fifteen hundred dollars from the box under the tree, according to the original proposition, Bill was counting out two hundred and fifty dollars into Dorset's hand.

[86] When the kid found out we were going to leave him at home he started up a howl like a calliope and fastened himself as tight as a leech to Bill's leg. His father peeled him away gradually, like a porous plaster.

[87] "How long can you hold him?" asks Bill.

[88] "I'm not as strong as I used to be," says old Dorset, "but I think I can promise you ten minutes."

[89] "Enough," says Bill. "In ten minutes I shall cross the Central, Southern, and Middle Western States, and be legging it trippingly for the Canadian border."

[90] And, as dark as it was, and as fat as Bill was, and as good a runner as I am, he was a good mile and a half out of Summit before I could catch up with him.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. What did Bill mean by "temporary mental apparition"? How does this set the tone of the story?
2. Why was King Herod Bill's favorite Biblical character?
3. For what purpose did the kidnapers want $2,000?

4. What does *philoprogenitiveness* mean? What effect is gained by the use of this learned word?
5. Were you prepared for Ebenezer Dorset's reply to the Two Desperate Men?
6. How does the author manage to elicit the reader's sympathy for each of the characters?
7. Which of the kidnapers is the better educated? Does this difference in education give the author an advantage in telling his story? How?

Wallace *

Richard H. Rovere

[1] As a schoolboy, my relations with teachers were almost always tense and hostile. I disliked my studies and did very badly in them. There are, I have heard, inept students who bring out the best in teachers, who challenge their skill and move them to sympathy and affection. I seemed to bring out the worst in them. I think my personality had more to do with this than my poor classroom work. Anyway, something about me was deeply offensive to the pedagogic temperament.

[2] Often, it took a teacher no more than a few minutes to conceive a raging dislike for me. I recall an instructor in elementary French who shied a textbook at my head the very first day I attended his class. We had never laid eyes on each other until fifteen or twenty minutes before he assaulted me. I no longer remember what, if anything, provoked him to violence. It is possible that I said something that was either insolent or intolerably stupid. I guess I often did. It is also possible that I said nothing at all. Even my silence, my humility, my acquiescence, could annoy my teachers. The

* Reprinted by permission of the author. Copyright 1950 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

very sight of me, the mere awareness of my existence on earth, could be unendurably irritating to them.

[3] This was the case with my fourth-grade teacher, Miss Purdy. In order to make the acquaintance of her new students on the opening day of school, she had each one rise and give his name and address as she called the roll. Her voice was soft and gentle, her manner sympathetic, until she came to me. Indeed, up to then I had been dreamily entertaining the hope that I was at last about to enjoy a happy association with a teacher. When Miss Purdy's eye fell on me, however, her face suddenly twisted and darkened with revulsion. She hesitated for a few moments while she looked me up and down and thought of a suitable comment on what she saw. "Aha!" she finally said, addressing not me but my new classmates, in a voice that was now coarse and cruel. "I don't have to ask *his* name. There, boys and girls, is Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, lounging back in his mahogany-lined office." She held each syllable of the financier's name on her lips as long as she was able to, so that my fellow-students could savor the full irony of it. I imagine my posture was a bit relaxed for the occasion, but I know well that she would not have resented anyone else's sprawl as much as she did mine. I can even hear her making some friendly, schoolmarmish quip about too much summer vacation to any other pupil. Friendly quips were never for me. In some unfortunate and mysterious fashion, my entire being rubbed Miss Purdy and all her breed the wrong way. Throughout the fourth grade, she persisted in tormenting me with her idiotic Morgan joke. "And perhaps Mr. J. P. Revere can tell us all about Vasco da Gama this morning," she would say, throwing in a little added insult by mispronouncing my surname.

[4] The aversion I inspired in teachers might under certain circumstances have been turned to good account. It might have stimulated me to industry; it might have made me get high marks, just so I could prove to the world that my persecutors were motivated by prejudice and perhaps by a touch of envy; or it might have bred a monumental rebelliousness in me, a contempt for all authority, that could have become the foundation of a career as the leader of some great movement against all tyranny and oppression.

[5] It did none of these things. Instead, I became, so far as my school life was concerned, a thoroughly browbeaten boy, and I accepted the hostility of my teachers as an inescapable condition of life. In fact, I took the absolutely disastrous view that my teachers were unquestionably right in their estimate of me as a dense and altogether noxious creature who deserved, if anything, worse than he got. These teachers were, after all, men and women who had mastered the parts of speech, the multiplication tables, and a simply staggering number of countries. They could add up columns of figures the very sight of which made me dizzy and sick to the stomach. They could read "As You Like It" with pleasure—so they said, anyway, and I believed everything they said. I felt that if such knowledgeable people told me that I was stupid, they certainly must know what they were talking about. In consequence, my grades sank lower and lower, my face became more noticeably blank, my manner more mulish, and my presence in the classroom more aggravating to whoever presided over it. To be sure, I hated my teachers for their hatred of me, and I missed no chance to abuse them behind their backs, but fundamentally I shared with them the view that I was a worthless and despicable boy, as undeserving of an education as I was incapable of absorbing one. Often, on school days, I wished that I were dead.

[6] This was my attitude, at least, until my second year in preparatory school, when, at fourteen, I fell under the exhilarating, regenerative influence of my friend Wallace Duckworth. Wallace changed my whole outlook on life. It was he who freed me from my terrible awe of teachers; it was he who showed me that they could be brought to book and made fools of as easily as I could be; it was he who showed me that the gap between their knowledge and mine was not unbridgeable. Sometimes I think that I should like to become a famous man, a United States senator or something of that sort, just to be able to repay my debt to Wallace. I should like to be so important that people would inquire into the early influences on my life and I would be able to tell them about Wallace.

[7] I was freshly reminded of my debt to Wallace not long ago when my mother happened to come across a packet of letters I had

written to her and my father during my first two years in a boarding school on Long Island. In one of these, I reported that "There's a new kid in school who's supposed to be a scientifical genius." Wallace was this genius. In a series of intelligence and aptitude tests we all took in the opening week, he achieved some incredible score, a mark that, according to the people who made up the tests, certified him as a genius and absolutely guaranteed that in later life he would join the company of Einstein, Steinmetz, and Edison. Naturally, his teachers were thrilled—but not for long.

[8] Within a matter of weeks, it became clear that although Wallace was unquestionably a genius, or at least an exceptionally bright boy, he was disposed to use his considerable gifts not to equip himself for a career in the service of mankind but for purely anti-social undertakings. Far from making the distinguished scholastic record everyone expected of him, he made an altogether deplorable one. He never did a lick of schoolwork. He had picked up his scientific knowledge somewhere but evidently not from teachers. I am not sure about this, but I think Wallace's record, as long as he was in school, was even worse than mine. In my mind's eye there is a picture of the sheet of monthly averages thumbtacked to the bulletin board across the hall from the school post office; my name is one from the bottom, the bottom name being Wallace's.

[9] As a matter of fact, one look at Wallace should have been enough to tell the teachers what sort of genius he was. At fourteen, he was somewhat shorter than he should have been and a good deal stouter. His face was round, owlish, and dirty. He had big, dark eyes, and his black hair, which hardly ever got cut, was arranged on his head as the four winds wanted it. He had been outfitted with attractive and fairly expensive clothes, but he changed from one suit to another only when his parents came to call on him and ordered him to get out of what he had on.

[10] The two most expressive things about him were his mouth and the pockets of his jacket. By looking at his mouth, one could tell whether he was plotting evil or had recently accomplished it. If he was bent upon malevolence, his lips were all puckered up, like those of a billiard player about to make a difficult shot. After the deed was

done, the pucker was replaced by a delicate, unearthly smile. How a teacher who knew anything about boys could miss the fact that both expressions were masks of Satan I'm sure I don't know. Wallace's pockets were less interesting than his mouth, perhaps, but more spectacular in a way. The side pockets of his jacket bulged out over his pudgy haunches like burro hampers. They were filled with tools —screwdrivers, pliers, files, wrenches, wire cutters, nail sets, and I don't know what else. In addition to all this, one pocket always contained a rolled-up copy of *Popular Mechanics*, while from the top of the other protruded *Scientific American* or some other such magazine. His breast pocket contained, besides a large collection of fountain pens and mechanical pencils, a picket fence of drill bits, gimlets, kitchen knives, and other pointed instruments. When he walked, he clinked and jangled and pealed.

[11] Wallace lived just down the hall from me, and I got to know him one afternoon, a week or so after school started, when I was wrestling with an algebra lesson. I was really trying to get good marks at the time, for my father had threatened me with unpleasant reprisals if my grades did not show early improvement. I could make no sense of the algebra, though, and I thought that the scientific genius, who had not as yet been unmasked, might be generous enough to lend me a hand.

[12] It was a study period, but I found Wallace stretched out on the floor working away at something he was learning to make from *Popular Mechanics*. He received me with courtesy, but after hearing my request he went immediately back to his tinkering. "I could do that algebra, all right," he said, "but I can't be bothered with it. Got to get this dingbat going this afternoon. Anyway, I don't care about algebra. It's too twitchy. Real engineers never do any of that stuff. It's too twitchy for them." I soon learned that "twitch" was an all-purpose word of Wallace's. It turned up, in one form or another, in about every third sentence he spoke. It did duty as a noun, an adjective, a verb, and an adverb.

[13] I was disappointed by his refusal of help but fascinated by what he was doing. I stayed on and watched him as he deftly cut and spliced wires, removed and replaced screws, referring, every so often,

to his magazine for further instruction. He worked silently, lips fiendishly puckered, for some time, then looked up at me and said, "Say, you know anything about that organ in the chapel?"

[14] "What about it?" I asked.

[15] "I mean do you know anything about how it works?"

[16] "No," I said. "I don't know anything about that."

[17] "Too bad," Wallace said, reaching for a pair of pliers. "I had a really twitchy idea." He worked at his wires and screws for quite a while. After perhaps ten minutes, he looked up again. "Well, anyhow," he said, "maybe you know how to get in the chapel and have a look at the organ?"

[18] "Sure, that's easy," I said. "Just walk in. The chapel's always open. They keep it open so you can go in and pray if you want to, and things like that."

[19] "Oh" was Wallace's only comment.

[20] I didn't at all grasp what he had in mind until church time the following Sunday. At about six o'clock that morning, several hours before the service, he tiptoed into my room and shook me from sleep. "Hey, get dressed," he said. "Let's you and I twitch over to the chapel and have a look at the organ."

[21] Game for any form of amusement, I got up and went along. In the bright, not quite frosty October morning, we scurried over the lawns to the handsome Georgian chapel. It was an hour before the rising bell.

[22] Wallace had brought along a flashlight as well as his usual collection of hardware. We went to the rear of the chancel, where the organ was, and he poked the light underneath the thing and inside it for a few minutes. Then he got out his pliers and screwdrivers and performed some operations that I could neither see nor understand. We were in the chapel for only a few minutes. "There," Wallace said as he came up from under the keyboard. "I guess I got her twitched up just about right. Let's go." Back in my room, we talked softly until the rest of the school began to stir. I asked Wallace what, precisely, he had done to the organ. "You'll see," he said with the faint, faraway smile where the pucker had been. Using my commonplace imagination, I guessed that he had fixed the organ

so it would give out peculiar noises or something like that. I didn't realize then that Wallace's tricks were seldom commonplace.

[23] Church began as usual that Sunday morning. The headmaster delivered the invocation and then announced the number and title of the first hymn. He held up his hymnal and gave the genteel, throat-clearing cough that was his customary signal to the organist to get going. The organist came down on the keys but not a peep sounded from the pipes. He tried again. Nothing but a click.

[24] When the headmaster realized that the organ wasn't working, he walked quickly to the rear and consulted in whispers with the organist. Together they made a hurried inspection of the instrument, peering inside it, snapping the electric switch back and forth, and reaching to the base plug to make certain the juice was on. Everything seemed all right, yet the organ wouldn't sound a note.

[25] "Something appears to be wrong with our organ," the headmaster said when he returned to the lectern. "I regret to say that for this morning's service we shall have to—"

[26] At the first word of the announcement, Wallace, who was next to me in one of the rear pews, slid out of his seat and bustled noisily down the middle aisle. It was highly unusual conduct, and every eye was on him. His gaudy magazines flapped from his pockets, his portable workshop clattered and clanked as he strode importantly to the chancel and rose on tiptoe to reach the ear of the astonished headmaster. He spoke in a stage whisper that could be heard everywhere in the chapel. "Worked around organs quite a bit, sir," he said. "Think I can get this one going in a jiffy."

[27] Given the chance, the headmaster would undoubtedly have declined Wallace's kind offer. Wallace didn't give him the chance. He scooted for the organ. For perhaps a minute, he worked on it, hands flying, tools tinkling.

[28] Then, stuffing the tools back into his pockets, he returned to the headmaster. "There you are, sir," he said, smiling up at him. "Think she'll go all right now." The headmaster, with great doubt in his heart, I am sure, nodded to the organist to try again. Wallace stood by, looking rather like the inventor of a new kind of airplane waiting to see his brain child take flight. He faked a look of deep

anxiety, which, when a fine, clear swell came from the pipes, was replaced by a faint smile of relief, also faked. On the second or third chord, he bustled back down the aisle, looking very solemn and businesslike and ready for serious worship.

[29] It was a fine performance, particularly brilliant in its timing. If Wallace had had to stay at the organ even a few seconds longer—that is, if he had done a slightly more elaborate job of twitching it in the first place—he would have been ordered back to his pew before he had got done with the repairs. Moreover, someone would probably have guessed that it was he who had put it on the fritz in the first place. But no one did guess it. Not then, anyway. For weeks after that, Wallace's prestige in the school was enormous. Everyone had had from the beginning a sense of honor and pride at having a genius around, but no one up to then had realized how useful a genius could be. Wallace let on after church that Sunday that he was well up on the workings not merely of organs but also of heating and plumbing systems, automobiles, radios, washing machines, and just about everything else. He said he would be pleased to help out in any emergency. Everyone thought he was wonderful.

[30] "That was a real good twitch, wasn't it?" he said to me when we were by ourselves. I said that it certainly was.

[31] From that time on, I was proud and happy to be Wallace's cupbearer. I find it hard now to explain exactly what his victory with the organ, and all his later victories over authority, meant to me, but I do know that they meant a very great deal. Partly, I guess, it was just the knowledge that he enjoyed my company. I was an authentic, certified dunce and he was an acknowledged genius, yet he liked being with me. Better yet was my discovery that this superbrain disliked schoolwork every bit as much as I did. He was bored silly, as I was, by "Il Penseroso" and completely unable to stir up any enthusiasm for "Silas Marner" and all the foolish goings on over Eppie. Finally, and this perhaps was what made me love him most, he had it in his power to humiliate and bring low the very people who had so often humiliated me and brought me low. . . .

[32] I no longer remember all of Wallace's inventions in detail. Once, I recall, he made, in the chemistry laboratory, some kind of in-

visible paint—a sort of shellac, I suppose—and covered every blackboard in the school with it. The next day, chalk skidded along the slate and left about as much impression as it would have made on a cake of ice. The dormitory he and I lived in was an old one of frame construction, and when we had fire drills, we had to climb down outside fire escapes. One night, Wallace tied a piece of flypaper securely around each rung of each ladder in the building, then rang the fire alarm. Still another time, he went back to his first love, the organ, and put several pounds of flour in the pipes, so that when the organist turned on the pumps, a cloud of flour filled the chapel. One of his favorite tricks was to take the dust jacket from a novel and wrap it around a textbook. In a Latin class, then, he would appear to be reading "Black April" when he should have been reading about the campaigns in Gaul. After several of his teachers had discovered that he had the right book in the wrong cover (he piously explained that he put the covers on to keep his books clean), he felt free to remove the textbook and really read a novel in class.

[33] Wallace was expelled shortly before the Easter vacation. As the winter had drawn on, life had become duller and duller for him, and to brighten things up he had resorted to pranks of larger conception and of an increasingly anti-social character. He poured five pounds of sugar into the gasoline tank of the basketball coach's car just before the coach was to start out, with two or three of the team's best players in his car, for a game with a school about twenty-five miles away. The engine functioned adequately until the car hit an isolated spot on the highway, miles from any service place. Then it gummed up completely. The coach and the players riding with him came close to frostbite, and the game had to be called off. The adventure cost Wallace's parents a couple of hundred dollars for automobile repairs. Accused of the prank, which clearly bore his trademark, Wallace had freely admitted his guilt. It was explained to his parents that he would be given one more chance in school; another trick of any sort and he would be packed off on the first train.

[34] Later, trying to justify himself to me, he said, "You don't like that coach either, do you? He's the twerpiest twitch here. All teachers are twitchy, but coaches are the worst ones of all."

[35] I don't recall what I said. Wallace had not consulted me about several of his recent escapades, and although I was still loyal to him, I was beginning to have misgivings about some of them.

[36] As I recall it, the affair that led directly to his expulsion was a relatively trifling one, something to do with blown fuses or short circuits. At any rate, Wallace's parents had to come and fetch him home. It was a sad occasion for me, for Wallace had built in me the foundations for a sense of security. My marks were improving, my father was happier, and I no longer cringed at the sight of a teacher. I feared, though, that without Wallace standing behind me and giving me courage, I might slip back into the old ways. I was very near to tears as I helped him pack up his turbines, his tools, and his stacks of magazines. He, however, was quite cheerful. "I suppose my Pop will put me in another one of these places, and I'll have to twitch my way out of it all over again," he said.

[37] "Just remember how dumb all those teachers are," he said to me a few moments before he got into his parents' car. "They're so twitchy dumb they can't even tell if anyone else is dumb." It was rather a sweeping generalization, I later learned, but it served me well for a number of years. Whenever I was belabored by a teacher, I remembered my grimy genius friend and his reassurances. I got through school somehow or other. I still cower a bit when I find that someone I've met is a schoolteacher, but things aren't too bad and I am on reasonably civil terms with a number of teachers, and even a few professors.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Why does the author go into so much detail about his experiences with schoolteachers? Why did he not simply tell the story of Wallace?
2. Does the author ever adequately explain the attitude of teachers toward him?
3. What type of student was the author? Wallace? (See Fuller's "Four Types of Students.")

4. How are Wallace and Red Chief ("Ransom of Red Chief") alike? How do they differ?
5. What were the "two most expressive things" about Wallace?
6. The author says that Wallace "had picked up his scientific knowledge somewhere." Can you name the probable source of the knowledge?
7. What specific pieces of literature are mentioned in this story? What was his and the author's attitude toward literature?

Suggestions for Papers

The material for your paper this week should be relatively easy to find. Simply select the best example of mischief you can think of, either your own or someone else's, and tell about it. (If you prefer, or if your instructor prefers, you may write an essay on either "The Ransom of Red Chief" or "Wallace," or you may compare and contrast the two. See 6 below.)

1. Can you recall the time when you carefully planned to get the better of someone and then at the last moment had the tables turned on you? If so, select only the essential details for telling the episode as effectively as possible. Reject everything that does not bear directly on your story.

2. If you have turned the tables on someone who was trying to get the better of you, tell how you did it.

3. Do you know someone, perhaps yourself, who has gained a reputation as a mischievous boy or girl? If so, tell how he or she came to deserve—or not deserve—this reputation. Here you will be following the pattern in "Wallace" except that you should simply name, because of space limits, most of the mischievous actions and then tell in sufficient detail only one of the best examples.

4. What was the prime example of mischief committed during your four years in high school? Do you know the details well enough

to give a reader the full flavor of the prank? What motivated it? How was it accomplished? What was the eventual result?

5. What were your grades in Deportment (if such grades were given at your school)? Explain the worst grade. Whether the grade was justified or not does not matter.

6. Draw up a series of likenesses and differences between Red Chief and Wallace: age, appearance, environment (time and place), parents, interests, attitudes toward their elders. Comb both stories for details to support your findings. Finally, can you decide which is the more effective character? Can you write an inductive definition of mischief?

SOME TITLES FOR PAPERS

1. And the Class Roared
2. A Red Chief I Have Known
3. A Wallace of My Acquaintance
4. Mischief Requires Careful Planning
5. When Does Mischief Become Delinquency?
6. Adults Like Mischief Too!
7. The Tables Were Turned
8. My Attitude Toward Teachers
9. Red Chief and Wallace: A Comparison
10. Which Is the Better Story, O. Henry's or Rovere's?

4

On Being Found Out

SOME of us may wonder why it is that people think as well of us as they do. We are conscious perhaps of our shining virtues, and we may think that these qualities carry the day for us. Misgivings, however, may assail us and may make us conclude that it isn't what people know about us which really saves us but what they don't know. In any event, normally we are fairly careful not to reveal anything truly unsavory about ourselves. If someone wishes to find us out, we give him as little help as we can.

Though said of many men, "His life is an open book," the statement is seldom accurate, and according to Thackeray in his essay "On Being Found Out," it is fortunate indeed that most lives are not open books. The effectiveness of the essay lies in its bantering style, in the many illustrations, and in the essential truth of the idea.

The seven anecdotes under "The Most Disgraceful Thing I Ever Did" were submitted as entries in a contest sponsored by the editors of *Vanity Fair*. They illustrate how far a man will go in revealing his worst faults, which, as you will see, is not very far. On the other hand, Hardy in his poems, "In Church" and "At the Draper's," is ruthless in revealing how disgraceful he thinks men and women can be.

*On Being Found Out**

William Makepeace Thackeray

[1] At the close (let us say) of Queen Anne's reign, when I was a boy at a private and preparatory school for young gentlemen, I remember the wiseacre of a master ordering us all, one night, to march into a little garden at the back of the house, and thence to proceed one by one into a tool- or hen-house (I was but a tender little thing just put into short clothes, and can't exactly say whether the house was for tools or hens), and in that house to put our hands into a sack which stood on a bench, a candle burning beside it. I put my hand into the sack. My hand came out quite black. I went and joined the other boys in the schoolroom; and all their hands were black too.

[2] By reason of my tender age (and there are some critics who, I hope, will be satisfied by my acknowledging that I am a hundred and fifty-six next birthday) I could not understand what was the meaning of this night excursion—this candle, this tool-house, this bag of soot. I think we little boys were taken out of our sleep to be brought to the ordeal. We came, then, and showed our little hands to the master; washed them or not—most probably, I should say, not—and so went bewildered back to bed.

[3] Something had been stolen in the school that day; and Mr. Wiseacre having read in a book of an ingenious method of finding out a thief by making him put his hand into a sack (which, if guilty, the rogue would shirk from doing), all we boys were subjected to the trial. Goodness knows what the lost object was, or who stole it. We all had black hands to show to the master. And the thief, whoever he was, was not Found Out that time.

[4] I wonder if the rascal is alive—an elderly scoundrel he must be

* First published as a "Roundabout Paper" in *Cornhill Magazine* (May 1861).

by this time; and a hoary old hypocrite, to whom an old schoolfellow presents his kindest regards—parenthetically remarking what a dreadful place that private school was: cold, chilblains, bad dinners, not enough victuals, and caning awful!—Are you alive still, I say, you nameless villain, who escaped discovery on that day of crime? I hope you have escaped often since, old sinner. Ah, what a lucky thing it is, for you and me, my man, that we are *not* found out in all our peccadilloes; and that our backs can slip away from the master and the cane!

[5] Just consider what life would be, if every rogue was found out, and flogged *coram populo!* What a butchery, what an indecency, what an endless swishing of the rod! Don't cry out about my misanthropy. My good friend Mealymouth, I will trouble you to tell me, do you go to church? When there, do you say, or do you not, that you are a miserable sinner? and saying so, do you believe or disbelieve it? If you are a M.S., don't you deserve correction, and aren't you grateful if you are to be let off? I say, again, what a blessed thing it is that we are not all found out!

[6] Just picture to yourself everybody who does wrong being found out, and punished accordingly. Fancy all the boys in all the schools being whipped; and then the assistants, and then the head master (Doctor Badford let us call him). Fancy the provost-marshal being tied up, having previously superintended the correction of the whole army. After the young gentlemen have had their turn for the faulty exercises, fancy Doctor Lincolnsinn being taken up for certain faults in *his* Essay and Review. After the clergyman has cried his peccavi, suppose we hoist up a Bishop, and give him a couple of dozen! (I see my Lord Bishop of Double-Gloucester sitting in a very uneasy posture on his right reverend bench.) After we have cast off the Bishop, what are we to say to the Minister who appointed him? My Lord Cinqwarden, it is painful to have to use personal correction to a boy of your age; but really . . . *Siste tandem, carnifex!* The butchery is too horrible. The hand drops powerless, appalled at the quantity of birch which it must cut and brandish. I am glad we are not all found out, I say again; and protest, my dear brethren, against our having our deserts.

[7] To fancy all men found out and punished is bad enough; but imagine all women found out in the distinguished social circle in which you and I have the honour to move. Is it not a mercy that so many of these fair criminals remain unpunished and undiscovered? There is Mrs. Longbow, who is for ever practising, and who shoots poisoned arrows, too; when you meet her you don't call her liar, and charge her with the wickedness she has done, and is doing. There is Mrs. Painter, who passes for a most respectable woman, and a model in society. There is no use in saying what you really know regarding her and her goings on. There is Diana Hunter—what a little haughty prude it is; and yet *we* know stories about her which are not altogether edifying. I say it is best, for the sake of the good, that the bad should not all be found out. You don't want your children to know the history of that lady in the next box, who is so handsome, and whom they admire so. Ah me! what would life be if we were all found out, and punished for all our faults? Jack Ketch would be in permanence; and then who would hang Jack Ketch?

[8] They talk of murderers being pretty certainly found out. Psha! I have heard an authority awfully competent vow and declare that scores and hundreds of murders are committed, and nobody is the wiser. That terrible man mentioned one or two ways of committing murder, which he maintained were quite common, and were scarcely ever found out. A man, for instance, comes home to his wife, and . . . but I pause—I know that this Magazine has a very large circulation. Hundreds and hundreds of thousands—why not say a million of people at once?—well, say a million read it. And amongst these countless readers, I might be teaching some monster how to make away with his wife without being found out, some fiend of a woman how to destroy her dear husband. I will *not* then tell this easy and simple way of murder, as communicated to me by a most respectable party in the confidence of private intercourse. Suppose some gentle reader were to try this most simple and easy receipt—it seems to me almost infallible—and come to grief in consequence, and be found out and hanged? Should I ever pardon myself for having been the means of doing injury to a single one of our esteemed subscribers? The prescription whereof I speak—that is to say whereof I *don't*

speak—shall be buried in this bosom. No, I am a humane man. I am not one of your Bluebeards to go and say to my wife, "My dear! I am going away for a few days to Brighton. Here are all the keys of the house. You may open every door and closet, except the one at the end of the oak-room opposite the fireplace, with the little bronze Shakespeare on the mantelpiece (or what not)." I don't say this to a woman—unless, to be sure, I want to get rid of her—because, after such a caution, I know she'll peep into the closet. I say nothing about the closet at all. I keep the key in my pocket, and a being whom I love, but who, as I know, has many weaknesses, out of harm's way. You toss up your head, dear angel, drub on the ground with your lovely little feet, on the table with your sweet rosy fingers, and cry, "Oh, sneerer! You don't know the depth of woman's feeling, the lofty scorn of all deceit, the entire absence of mean curiosity in the sex, or never, never would you libel us so!" Ah, Delia! dear dear Delia! It is because I fancy I *do* know something about you (not all, mind—no, no; no man knows that)—Ah, my bride, my ringdove, my rose, my poppet—choose, in fact, whatever name you like—bulbul of my grove, fountain of my desert, sunshine of my darkling life, and joy of my dungeoned existence, it is because I *do* know a little about you that I conclude to say nothing of that private closet, and keep my key in my pocket. You take away that closet-key then, and the house-key. You lock Delia in. You keep her out of harm's way and gadding, and so she never *can* be found out.

[9] And yet by little strange accidents and coincidences how we are being found out every day. You remember that old story of the Abbé Kakatoes, who told the company at supper one night how the first confession he ever received was—from a murderer let us say. Presently enters to supper the Marquis de Croquemitaine. "Palsambleu, abbé!" says the brilliant Marquis, taking a pinch of snuff, "are you here? Gentlemen and Ladies! I was the Abbé's first penitent, and I made him a confession which I promise you astonished him."

[10] To be sure how queerly things are found out! Here is an instance. Only the other day I was writing in these Roundabout Papers about a certain man, whom I facetiously called Baggs, and who had abused me to my friends, who of course told me. Shortly

after that paper was published another friend—Sacks let us call him —scowls fiercely at me as I am sitting in perfect good-humour at the club, and passes on without speaking. A cut. A quarrel. Sacks thinks it is about him that I was writing: whereas, upon my honour and conscience, I never had him once in my mind, and was pointing my moral from quite another man. But don't you see, by this wrath of the guilty-conscienced Sacks, that he had been abusing me too? He has owned himself guilty, never having been accused. He has winced when nobody thought of hitting him. I did but put the cap out, and madly butting and chafing, behold my friend rushes to put his head into it! Never mind, Sacks, you are found out; but I bear you no malice, my man.

[11] And yet to be found out, I know from my own experience, must be painful and odious, and cruelly mortifying to the inward vanity. Suppose I am a poltroon, let us say. With fierce moustache, loud talk, plentiful oaths, and an immense stick, I keep up nevertheless a character for courage. I swear fearfully at cabmen and women; brandish my bludgeon, and perhaps knock down a little man or two with it: brag of the images which I break at the shooting-gallery, and pass amongst my friends for a whiskery fire-eater, afraid of neither man nor dragon. Ah me! Suppose some brisk little chap steps up and gives me a caning in St. James's Street, with all the heads of my friends looking out of all the club windows. My reputation is gone. I frighten no man more. My nose is pulled by whipper-snappers, who jump up on a chair to reach it. I am found out. And in the days of my triumphs, when people were yet afraid of me, and were taken in by my swagger, I always knew that I was a lily-liver, and expected that I should be found out some day.

[12] That certainty of being found out must haunt and depress many a bold braggadocio spirit. Let us say it is a clergyman, who can pump copious floods of tears out of his own eyes and those of his audience. He thinks to himself, "I am but a poor swindling chattering rogue. My bills are unpaid. I have jilted several women whom I have promised to marry. I don't know whether I believe what I preach, and I know I have stolen the very sermon over which I have been snivelling. Have they found me out?" says he, as his head drops down on the cushion.

[13] Then your writer, poet, historian, novelist, or what not? The *Beacon* says that "Jones's work is one of the first order." The *Lamp* declares that "Jones's tragedy surpasses every work since the days of Him of Avon." The *Comet* asserts that "J.'s 'Life of Goody Two-shoes' is . . . a noble and enduring monument to the fame of that admirable Englishwoman," and so forth. But then Jones knows that he has lent the critic of the *Beacon* five pounds; that his publisher has a half-share in the *Lamp;* and that the *Comet* comes repeatedly to dine with him. It is all very well. Jones is immortal until he is found out; and then down comes the extinguisher, and the immortal is dead and buried. The idea (*dies irae!*) of discovery must haunt many a man, and make him uneasy, as the trumpets are puffing in his triumph. Brown, who has a higher place than he deserves, cowers before Smith, who has found him out. What is a chorus of critics shouting "Bravo"?—a public clapping hands and flinging garlands? Brown knows that Smith has found him out. Puff, trumpets! Wave, banners! Huzza, boys, for the immortal Brown! "This is all very well," B. thinks (bowing the while, smiling, laying his hand to his heart); "but there stands Smith at the window: *he* has measured me; and some day the others will find me out too." It is a very curious sensation to sit by a man who has found you out, and who you know has found you out; or, *vice versa,* to sit with a man whom *you* have found out. His talent? Bah! His virtue? We know a little story or two about his virtue, and he knows we know it. We are thinking over friend Robinson's antecedents, as we grin, bow, and talk; and we are both humbugs together. Robinson a good fellow, is he? You know how he behaved to Hicks? A good-natured man, is he? Pray do you remember that little story of Mrs. Robinson's black eye? How men have to work, to talk, to smile, to go to bed, and try to sleep, with this dread of being found out on their consciences! Bardolph, who has robbed a church, and Nym, who has taken a purse, go to their usual haunts, and smoke their pipes with their companions. Mr. Detective Bull's-eye appears, and says, "Oh, Bardolph, I want you about that there pyx business!" Mr. Bardolph knocks the ashes out of his pipe, puts out his hands to the little steel cuffs, and walks away quite meekly. He is found out. He must go. "Good-bye, Doll Tearsheet! Good-bye, Mrs. Quickly, ma'am!" The

other gentlemen and ladies *de la société* look on and exchange mute adieux with the departing friends. And an assured time will come when the other gentlemen and ladies will be found out too.

[14] What a wonderful and beautiful provision of nature it has been that, for the most part, our womankind are not endowed with the faculty of finding us out! *They* don't doubt, and probe, and weigh, and take your measure. Lay down this paper, my benevolent friend and reader, go into your drawing-room now, and utter a joke ever so old, and I wager sixpence the ladies there will all begin to laugh. Go to Brown's house, and tell Mrs. Brown and the young ladies what you think of him, and see what a welcome you will get! In like manner, let him come to your house, and tell *your* good lady his candid opinion of you, and fancy how she will receive him! Would you have your wife and children know you exactly for what you are, and esteem you precisely at your worth? If so, my friend, you will live in a dreary house, and you will have but a chilly fireside. Do you suppose the people round it don't see your homely face as under a glamour, and, as it were, with a halo of love round it? You don't fancy you *are*, as you seem to them? No such thing, my man. Put away that monstrous conceit, and be thankful that *they* have not found you out.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Queen Anne's reign closed in 1714. Thackeray was ten years old in 1821. Is this an autobiographical essay?
2. By what test was it supposed that a thief could be caught?
3. How were the Marquis de Croquemitaine and Sacks found out?
4. Look up *coram populo, peccavi, dies irae, Jack Ketch* and *pyx* in any college dictionary. The phrase *Siste tandem, carnifex* means "Stop now, O executioner!"
5. Thackeray delights in using proper names which suggest the chief characteristic of the person so named. What is the significance of such names as these: Mr. Wiseacre; Mrs. Longbow; Mrs. Painter; Diana Hunter; Marquis de Croquemitaine?
6. See *Henry V, III*, vi, 40–120 for the scenes about Bardolph's robbery. Is there a Mr. Detective Bull's-eye in that scene?

*The Most Disgraceful Thing I Ever Did**

I. The Scandal of the Anthology

Aldous Huxley

[1] "I should like to show you," she said, and hesitated, blushing; embarrassed, she looked more ravishing than ever. "I should like to show you the little poem I wrote yesterday. I believe it's the best thing I've ever done."

[2] I was only too delighted, of course. A man and a *bourgeois*—how could I fail to be delighted? This dazzling young aristocrat, so assured, so complete, so gloriously careless about everything and everyone except herself and her own fun, had actually, in our grandmother's phrase, "set her cap at me." She had taken the trouble to be charming. With what a delicious naive sincerity and an obvious ignorance of all my works, she had flattered me. How much she had enjoyed all those books of mine, which she hadn't read! I basked in her radiance.

[3] "Here it is." She pulled out of her bosom a folded paper. "Don't be too severe with it," she added, almost anxiously.

[4] I adjusted my *pince-nez* and unfolded the document. "O Love," I began to read.

> O Love is sweet when April showers fall,
> And Love is lush when roses bloom in June,
> And Love beneath the swelt'ring harvest moon
> Is seldom pure; for love. . . .

[5] I read it over twice slowly, wondering what on earth I should say. Why couldn't she be content with just living? And why, if she must *do* something, did she choose verse? There was the piano, there was the water-color sketching! . . . I looked up at her, and found myself confronted by her dark, intent eyes. She looked like Cleopatra, and twenty, and her body—oh, serpent of old Nile!—was sheathed in a skin of cloth-of-silver.

* From *Vanity Fair* (October 1923); copyright The Condé Nast Publications Inc. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publisher.

[6] "What do you think of it?" she asked.

[7] "I think it is quite wonderful," I said with enthusiasm.

[8] Her smile of pleasure was the loveliest thing in the world.

[9] "I'm so glad," she said, with an air of detachment, "that you are compiling an anthology of the best modern verse."

[10] A gloom suddenly descended on my spirit. I nodded. I couldn't deny it; everybody knew my anthology. It was going to be the very best of its kind—rigorously, austerely select.

[11] "I thought," she said, and smiled at me again, "I thought that, perhaps, as you liked my little poem so much, you might. . . ."

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. What does the author's *bourgeois* have to do with this episode?
2. Why did a "gloom suddenly descend" on Huxley's spirit?
3. Would Rousseau (pp. 33–34) consider Huxley's act disgraceful?

2. *The Invasion of the Sanctuary**

F. Scott Fitzgerald

[1] It was Christmas eve. In a fashionable church were gathered the great ones of the city in a pious swoon. For the hour bankers had put out of their weary minds the number of farmers on whom they must foreclose next day in order to make their twenty per cent. Real estate men had ceased worrying what gaudy lies should embellish their prospectuses on the following Monday. Even fatigued flappers had returned to religion and were wondering if the man two pews ahead really looked like Valentino, or whether it was just the way his hair was cut in the back.

[2] And at that moment, I, who had been suppering heavily in a house not two doors from the church, felt religion descending upon me also. A warm current seemed to run through my body. My sins were washed away and I felt, as my host strained a drop or so from the ultimate bottle, that my life was beginning all over again.

[3] "Yes," I said softly to myself, drawing on my overshoes, "I will go to church. I will find some friend, and sitting next to him, we will sing the Christmas hymns."

[4] The church was silent. The rector had mounted to the pulpit and was standing there motionless, conscious of the approving gaze of Mrs. T. T. Conquadine, the wife of the flour king, sitting in the front row.

[5] I entered quietly and walked up the aisle toward him, searching the silent ranks of the faithful for some one whom I could call my friend. But no one hailed me. In all the church there was no sound but the metallic rasp of the buckles on my overshoes as I plodded toward the rector. At the very foot of the pulpit a kindly thought struck me—perhaps inspired by the faint odor of sanctity which exuded from the saintly man. I spoke.

[6] "Don't mind me," I said, "go on with the sermon."

[7] Then, perhaps unsteadied a bit by my emotion, I passed down the other aisle, followed by a sort of amazed awe, and so out into the street. The papers had the extra out before midnight.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. What is a *flapper?* How does this word serve to date this episode? Does the name *Valentino* make dating even more certain?
2. Does the last sentence help or harm the effect?
3. What is the significance of "the ultimate bottle"?

3. *The Episode of the Bean-Shooter*

Heywood Broun

[1] The boy who lived across the street (his name was Valentine) boasted that his mother was horribly ailing. He said she had nervous prostration. My brother and I were interested, but sceptical. We could see her reading by the window of the library, and her nervous prostration did not show at all.

[2] Possibly the experiment with the bean-shooter and the buckshot was in the interest of science. My brother bought the weapons and then we took up a position on the little balcony outside our room. First we put out the lights, and then opened fire. The house of Valentine's mother was a shining mark. She herself was plainly visible as she rocked to and fro.

[3] At the first crash of the shot against the window pane, she leaped high out of her chair. And it was the same with the next. Valentine seemed more truthful than we had imagined, for it was quite evident that his mother was a nervous woman. My brother and I took turns at shooting, and after each drive we ducked down behind the wall so that we were completely hidden in the darkness of the balcony.

[4] Detection must have come merely from the direction of the attack, for we found ourselves the center of a family council the next morning. Valentine's mother had sent in a note of complaint. After rebukes and reproaches came the sentence. We must go and apologize. My brother, as the elder, apologized first. He said, "I want to apologize." Then I said, "I'll never do it again."

[5] No horrible example at a temperance meeting, or murderer confessing to full court, ever had a greater thrill of pride. For the first time in my life I stood forth admittedly a sinner. The fact that my career was cut short by this pledge of reform lessened my enjoyment not at all. After all, I had lived.

[6] And now, for the first time, I am ready to confess the shamelessness of it all. The dramatic possibilities of the situation tempted me beyond my strength. The truth of the matter is that I had not hit the window; no, not once. I had *tried* to hit it, but effort toward evil is not enough. But my aim and my manipulation of the bean-shooter were inferior. From my hands the lead missiles fell harmlessly to the street below, or sailed over the roof of the stricken woman's house. No crash of shaken glass rested on my conscience, but eagerly and passionately I accepted guilt and clung to it. So much did I long for an evil reputation that I was even willing to lie for it.

[7] It has marked me. To this day, if any lady were ever kind enough to say to me, "I suppose you're a gay dog," I know I should smile a weak protest, blush a little, drop my head, and try to make her believe that the charge had hit home.

QUESTION ON CONTENT

1. Why does the author say that "Possibly the experiment with the bean-shooter and the buckshot was in the interest of science"?

4. Larceny among Lecturers

Stephen Leacock

[1] Once upon a time, when I was lecturing, as an alleged humorist, in England, it happened that there was a very distinguished Oxford professor lecturing on pretty much the same track. His lectures were philosophical and very profound, with no pretence whatever of being funny. But, like most lecturers, he saw fit to open his lecture with a harmless little joke, a sort of funny story which he used as an introduction. It is customary, I believe, for all public speakers to pay this tribute to the lighter side of life.

[2] But, as a professional humorist, I naturally resented the use of a joke by a professor of philosophy, just as a bricklayer objects to non-union labor. I happened to lecture in Manchester, and I learned that the professor was to lecture to the same society a week later. Now, I had heard him lecture, and I knew his funny story. So, in opening my talk I told the story to the audience, and then said, as if in afterthought, "By the way, I shouldn't have told that joke, as Professor Dry is to use it here next week. He finds it a little hard to open his lecture without a touch of humor, and as a matter of fact I have lent him that story for this season. Still, perhaps you won't mind laughing at it again when he comes here."

[3] But, in the sequel, the joke worked the wrong way. The professor, quite unconscious, got off his little funny story, and there was a wild and sustained merriment which filled him with delight. And I am sorry to say that the papers next morning spoke of his "spontaneous humor," and contrasted it with the "artificial merriment" of professional humorists.

[4] After all, as Plato said, virtue is best.

QUESTION ON CONTENT

1. Does the author give any motivation for stealing the Oxford professor's joke?

5. *The Priggish Prize Poem*

G. K. Chesterton

[1] If I had been asked what was the most polite and respectable action of my life, I could answer with some pride that it was a burglary. I could have made a really romantic short story of it. It was accompanied with moonlight; it was not, strictly speaking, accompanied with murder; but it had remote potentialities of suicide. It was highly conventional, for it concerned the recovery of a lady's parasol.

[2] But as to what was the most disgraceful action, I have a greater difficulty; there are so many more of them in one happy human life. On the whole, I think the darkest page is that which records how I once got a prize at school. It never became a habit. It remained as one solitary black blot on an otherwise stainless educational career. But the circumstances were such as to bow me down to the earth, in retrospect.

[3] To begin with, it was for a prize poem. As it was a prize poem, it is needless to say it was a priggish poem. But what is worse still, it was not only priggish but Protestant; and what is worst of all, it adopted a patronizing tone towards St. Francis Xavier, the man who very nearly added all China to Christendom. It excused his limitations on account of his good intentions; it apologized for his being a Jesuit and pitied him for having lived in the sixteenth century.

[4] It was a loathsome composition. It must have been, for I thank God I have forgotten every line of it; though if I were as penitent as I ought to be, I ought to reread the ghastly screed morning and evening; I can imagine no more complete penance. But the story is something of a symbol; for I supposed I was broad and the Jesuit narrow, whereas he was broad and I was narrow; and I have since seen a good deal of the same thing.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. What does *priggish* mean?
2. Chesterton is known for his paradoxical statements. Point out several in this episode.

3. Chesterton was converted to Roman Catholicism. Is this fact necessary to the understanding of this confession? Why?
4. In what sense does the author use the word *screed?*

6. *Infamy and Deception in Venice*

Joseph Hergesheimer

[1] This is an absurd title and engagement, because, of course, no one will answer it honestly. The moment I considered it I began to think of something that would appear disgraceful and at the same time reflect credit and distinction on me. For example, once when I was leaving Venice on the Warsaw Express—it leaves Venice very early in the morning—I found that I hadn't drawn enough money to pay the extra charge for that train. It would have gone without me but for my gondolier—I had had him for a month or so, and he offered me the forty *lire* I needed. I was to return it from Paris. The accidents of travel kept me from reaching there, and my lamentable character made it possible for Angelo—or was it Pietro?—never to get the money. Undoubtedly I would call that my most disgraceful act and write about Pietro—or was it Angelo?—with a touching simplicity. But the truth was that, before then and since, I had done far worse things—things without a trace of distinction, low and cowardly. But I wouldn't write about them in a contest that was a problem of style. Nobody but a fool would. Nobody would! And anyhow, here, the *manner* was the thing and not the act; style had nothing in the world to do with morals or a contrite heart; and the Venetian episode was bad enough. At the same time, it wasn't too bad, since it exhibited me in the picturesque and ingratiating position of being a hero to my gondolier.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Do you agree with Hergesheimer's first sentence? Explain.
2. "No man is a hero to his valet." Explain and comment.
3. Does Hergesheimer's analysis of how writers would avoid the truth in writing of a personally disgraceful act fit the preceding episodes of this series?

7. "It Never Can Be Told"

George Jean Nathan

[1] The most disgraceful thing I have ever done is to decline to write an article entitled "The Most Disgraceful Thing I Have Ever Done" for *Vanity Fair.* In the first place, the idea is an undignified one; in the second place, I surely, at my age, do not wish to figure in prize contests; and in the third place, I have done so many magnificently disgraceful things in my life that it would be sheer hypocrisy and vainglory for me to pretend that one single such disgraceful thing was worthy of the undue eminence of being embalmed in an essay.

[2] But my friend, Nast, the owner of *Vanity Fair,* has so excellent a cellar and is so liberal in the dispensation of its palate-warming beauties; and my friend, Crowninshield, the editor of *Vanity Fair,* gives such amusing parties, and the Misses Arabella, Mignonette, Drusilla, Pearl and Mabel, the stenographers in the *Vanity Fair* menage, are so fair to the eye and so amiably flirtatious, that to decline to write the article is the mark of an ungrateful bounder. Yet I do decline.

[3] Disgraceful it is, I know; disgraceful and boorish; yet I do decline. If I were to write an article telling truthfully of the most disgraceful thing I have ever done, *Vanity Fair* would promptly be barred from the mails and my friend Nast would go broke and have to sell his excellent cellar. And if I were instrumental in bringing about such a calamity, the article would be untruthful after all, for the most disgraceful thing I have ever done would thus become only the second most disgraceful thing I have ever done. And I should have to tear the article up and write another. But then, with *Vanity Fair* suppressed, there wouldn't be any need to write it. So, what is the use?

QUESTION ON CONTENT

1. Nathan's "Confession" is the purest evasion, but his nimbleness is interesting. What does he mean by sentence 3, par. 3?

*In Church**

Thomas Hardy

"And now to God the Father," he ends,
And his voice thrills up to the topmost tiles:
Each listener chokes as he bows and bends,
And emotion pervades the crowded aisles.
Then the preacher glides to the vestry-door
And shuts it, and thinks he is seen no more.

The door swings softly ajar meanwhile,
And a pupil of his in the Bible class,
Who adores him as one without gloss or guile,
Sees her idol stand with a satisfied smile
And re-enact at the vestry-glass
Each pulpit gesture in deft dumb-show
That had moved the congregation so.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Could this poem be called "Hypocrisy"?
2. Speculate on what difference the discovery of the preacher's dumb show should make to the Bible class pupil's opinion of her idol.

*At the Draper's**

Thomas Hardy

"I stood at the back of the shop, my dear,
But you did not perceive me.
Well, when they deliver what you were shown
I shall know nothing of it, believe me!"

* From Thomas Hardy, *Collected Poems*. Copyright 1925 by the Macmillan Company and used with their permission.

And he coughed and coughed as she paled and said,
"O, I didn't see you come in there—
Why couldn't you speak?"—"Well, I didn't. I left
That you should not notice I'd been there.

"You were viewing some lovely things. *'Soon required*
For a widow, of latest fashion';
And I knew 'twould upset you to meet the man
Who had to be cold and ashen

"And screwed in a box before they could dress you
'In the last new note in mourning,'
As they defined it. So, not to distress you,
I left you to your adorning."

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Of what disease, probably, is the husband dying?
2. In what essential respect is this poem like "In Church"?

Suggestions for Papers

The broad subject of your paper is "On Being Found Out." There are several legitimate ways to write on this subject: (1) an informal essay in the manner of Thackeray; (2) a narrative confession in the manner of the episodes which are grouped under the title "The Most Disgraceful Thing I Ever Did"; (3) satirical verses in the manner of Hardy. (Secure permission from your instructor before you try verse!) If your approach is through the essay form, you may wish to follow suggestions 3, 5, 6, or 8, below. If you choose a narrative approach, you may write a factual account about yourself (suggestions 1 or 2) or an imaginative account (suggestions 4 or 7). For satirical verses, see suggestion 7.

1. Reread the first four paragraphs of Thackeray's essay. Do you know any other "folk" ways of finding out the guilty person? Have you ever been subjected to any such testing? If you have, give the specific details which will make your experience real to a reader. (Note that Thackeray's first four paragraphs could stand alone as a short theme, a theme approximately of the length of your theme.)

2. Thackeray suggests that one may be found out by accident or coincidence. (See paragraphs 9 and 10.) Has some fault of yours been discovered by accident or bad luck? Can you trace the steps which led by odd coincidence to your being found out?

3. Imagine that you are an editor. Set yourself the task of selecting the best anecdote submitted under the title "The Most Disgraceful Thing I Ever Did." (See the episodes under this heading.) Establish your own standards for judging, but apply whatever standards you choose to at least two of the seven anecdotes. You might decide, for example, to rate the anecdote on the basis of how truly disgraceful is the act each author admits. You might modify this standard by judging also the effectiveness of the anecdote. Is suspense maintained? Is the incident believable? What details make it so? Is the wording effective? Give examples.

4. After reading several times one of Hardy's "Satires of Circumstance," write an expanded prose version of the poem. Develop the characters and provide enough additional narrative to account for (not necessarily to excuse) the conduct of the characters concerned.

5. How do Hardy's poems illustrate Thackeray's point that we are frequently "found out" through coincidence? Of these two poems, which is the more believable? Why?

6. Hardy's *Satires of Circumstance* are presumably fictional. The anecdotes grouped under the title "The Most Disgraceful Thing I Ever Did" are presumably true. Which accounts seem *truer* to what you know of human nature? Discuss your answer to this question. Quote supporting passages. Be specific.

7. By rereading Hardy's poems, see if you can determine the "formula" for his *Satires of Circumstance*. In verse or prose produce a satire of your own in accordance with this formula.

8. Normally, it is thought, men and women shy away from

revealing any of their truly wicked actions. Yet just as normal is the desire to confess. Criminals, after years of freedom, give themselves up, confess all, and say they feel better. Catholics confess weekly to their priests. Protestants enjoy testimonial meetings. Literary men, poets in particular, like to reveal their shortcomings. Could you write an essay on "The Joys of Being Found Out"? You should be able to cite many incidental examples but should concentrate on one major illustration.

SOME TITLES FOR PAPERS

1. How Not to Be Found Out
2. Is Honesty the Best Policy?
3. Murder Will Out
4. Stolen Fruits
5. The Jekyll and Hyde in Each of Us
6. The Structure of Thackeray's Essay
7. A Formula for Satires of Circumstance
8. The Legitimate Love of a Lie
9. Human Nature according to Hardy
10. Human Nature according to Thackeray
11. I Don't Gossip, But . . .
12. The Most Disgraceful Thing I Have Ever Done
13. Now It Can Be Told
14. Mother Should Have Been a Detective
15. My One Mistake
16. When My Luck Ran Out
17. A Cowardly Act
18. Credit Where It Wasn't Due
19. Tripped by a Coincidence

5

Perfectionists

BROWNING'S Grammarian (Chapter 1) could find no satisfaction in the attainable. He was driven by an insatiable hunger to know all, down to the tiniest detail. He was a perfectionist. Few persons care to give their lives, as they conceive life, to anything that is ultimate. They learn to settle for much less than perfection. What this means is that they become impatient with details, fretful at the demands that perfection, even human perfection, makes upon their time, energy, and attention. Yet, since all of us have some drops of the perfectionist's blood flowing in our veins, we bestow our homage on those who have the patience—and the talent—to strive for perfect things, and we understand and sympathize with those who have the patience—but not the talent—and go down to defeat.

Four types of perfectionists are presented in this chapter. First, there is Toscanini, one of the most famous names in music in our time. He has the vision, the talent, the energy, and the infinite patience of the successful perfectionist. Next, there is Mr. Gessler in Galsworthy's story "Quality." He makes boots. After you have

read this story, you will decide whether or not Mr. Gessler has a spiritual kinship with Toscanini. Thirdly there is St. Simeon Stylites (Saint Simeon of the Pillar). He has long since withdrawn (or has he?) from this life and seeks to perfect his soul for a life hereafter. Finally, there is "the artist with carpenter's hands." Perfection was out of his reach, but he refused to settle for anything less.

The fifth selection in this chapter is called "The Importance of Doing Things Badly." Here the contention is that many things worth doing are not worth doing well. One may conclude that one condition of being a perfectionist is the willingness to do many things badly.

*Toscanini**

Stefan Zweig

I love him who yearns for the impossible

Second part of *Faust*

[1] Any attempt to detach the figure of Arturo Toscanini from the fugitive element of the music re-created under the magical spell of his baton, and to incorporate it in the more enduring substance of the written word, must, willy-nilly, become something more than the mere biography of a conductor. He who tries to describe Toscanini's services to the Spirit of Music and his wizard's influence over his audiences is describing, above all, an ethical deed. For Toscanini is one of the sincerest men of our time, devoting himself to the service of art with such fidelity, ardour, and humility as we are rarely privileged to admire in any other sphere of creative activity. He bows his head before the higher will of the master he interprets, so that he combines the mediating function of the priest with the

* From foreword by Stefan Zweig to *Toscanini* by Paul Stefan. Copyright 1936 by The Viking Press, Inc. Reprinted by permission of the Viking Press, Inc., New York.

fervour of the disciple, combines the strictness of the teacher with the unresting diligence and veneration of the pupil. This guardian of the hallowed and primal forms of music is always concerned with an integral effect rather than with detail, with faithful representation rather than with outward success. Since he invariably puts into his work his personal genius and the whole of his peculiar moral and spiritual energy, what he does sets an example, not in the realm of music alone, but for all artists in every domain. His individual triumphs transcend the boundaries of music to become the supra-personal victory of creative will over the inertia of matter—a splendid proof that, even in a disintegrated and shattered age like ours, now and again it is possible for the gifted few to achieve the miracle of perfection.

[2] For the fulfilment of his colossal task Toscanini has, year after year, steeled his soul with unparalleled inflexibility. Nothing but perfection will satisfy him. Thus he shoulders his burden, and manifests his moral grandeur. The fairly good, the nearly perfect, the approximate, he cannot endure. Toscanini detests compromise in all its forms, abominates an easy-going satisfaction. In vain will you remind him that the perfect, the absolute, are rarely attainable in this world; that, even to the sublimest will, no more is possible than an approach to perfection, since perfection is God's attribute, not man's. His glorious unwisdom makes it impossible for him to recognize this wise dispensation. For him the idea of the absolute is supreme in art; and like one of Balzac's heroes, he devotes his whole life to "la recherche de l'absolu." Now, the will of one who persistently endeavours to attain the unattainable has irresistible power both in art and in life.

[3] When Toscanini wills, all must will; when he commands, all must obey. Every musician who has been guided by the movements of his wonder-working baton will testify that, within the range of the elemental energy that radiates from it, lassitude and inaccuracy are dispelled. By a mysterious induction some of his own electrical energy passes from him into every muscle and nerve, not only of the members of the orchestra, but also of all those who come to hear and to enjoy Toscanini's will; for as soon as he addresses himself

to his task, each individual is inspired with the power of a divine terror, with a communicable strength which, after an initial phase of palsied alarm, induces in those affected by it a might which greatly transcends the ordinary. The discharge of his own tensions increases the capacity for musical appreciation of those who happen to be in his neighbourhood, expanding the faculties of every musician and, one might even say, of the lifeless instruments as well. As out of every score he extracts its most deeply hidden mysteries, so, with his unceasing demands, does he extract from every performer in the orchestra the utmost of which each is capable, imposing a fanatical zeal, a tenseness of will and execution, which the individual, unstimulated by Toscanini, has never before known and may never again experience.

[4] This forcible stimulation of the will is no easy or comfortable matter. Perfection must be fought for sternly, savagely, indefatigably. One of the most marvelous spectacles of our day, one of the most glorious revelations to every creative or interpretative artist, an hour never to be forgotten is the privilege of watching Toscanini when engaged in his struggle for perfection, in his contest for the maximum effect. The onlooker is enthralled, breathless, almost terrified, as he beholds. In general an artist's fight for supreme achievement takes place in privacy. The poet, the novelist, the painter, the composer, works alone.

[5] From sketches and from much-corrected manuscripts one must guess the ardours of creation. But whoever witnesses a rehearsal conducted by Toscanini sees and hears Jacob wrestling with the angel—sights and sounds no less alarming and splendid than a thunderstorm.

[6] In whatever medium an artist works, the study of Toscanini will help to keep him faithful to his ideals, that he may resemble the conductor who, with sublime patience and sublime impatience, constrains to fit into the scheme of a flawless vision so much that, but for him, would remain rough-hewn and indistinct. For—and this is Toscanini's most salient characteristic—his interpretation of a work does not come into being at rehearsal. A symphony he is to conduct will have been thoroughly worked over in his mind from the score,

and the finest shades of its tonal reproduction will have been settled for him long before he takes his place at the desk. A rehearsal, for him, is no more than an instrumental adaptation to what he had already heard again and again with the mind's ear. His extraordinary frame needs only three or four hours' sleep in the twenty-four. Night after night he sits up, the composer's text close to his near-sighted eyes, scanning it bar by bar, note by note. He weighs every modulation, scrupulously ponders every tone, mentally rehearses the rhythmic combinations.

[7] Since he is a man of unrivalled memory, the whole and the parts become incorporated into his being, and the written score is henceforward little more than waste paper. Just as in a Rembrandt etching the lightest line has made its peculiar, its personal contribution to the copper plate, so in Toscanini's most musical of brains has every phrase been indelibly registered before he begins to conduct the first rehearsal. All that remains for him to do is to impose on others the clarity of his own will; to transform his Platonic idea, his perfected vision, into orchestrated sound; to ensure the concerted outward reproduction of the music that exists in his mind; to make a multiplicity of instrumentalists obey the law which for him has already been formulated in imagined perfection.

[8] This is an enterprise bordering on the impossible. An assemblage of persons having different temperaments and talents is to work as a unit, fulfilling and realizing, with photographic and phonographic accuracy, the inspired vision of one individual. A thousand times Toscanini has made a success of this undertaking, which is at once his torment and his delight. To have watched the process of unceasing assimilation whereby he transforms multiplicity into unity, energetically clarifying the vague, is a memorable lesson for anyone who reverences art in its highest form as symbolical of morality. It is thus that during rehearsal observer and auditor come to understand that Toscanini's work is ethical as well as artistic.

[9] Public performance discloses to connoisseurs, to artists, to virtuosi, Toscanini as a leader of men, Toscanini celebrating one of his triumphs. This is the victorious march into the conquered realm of perfection. At rehearsal, on the other hand, we witness the strug-

gle for perfection. There alone can be discerned the obscure but genuine and tragical image of the fighter; there alone are we enabled to understand the courage of Toscanini the warrior. Like battlefields, his rehearsals are full of the tumult and the fever of fluctuating successes. In them, and only in them, are the depths of Toscanini's soul revealed.

[10] Every time he begins a rehearsal, it is, in very truth, as if he were a general opening a campaign; his outward aspect changes as he enters the hall. At ordinary times, when one is alone with him, or with him among a circle of intimates, though his hearing is extraordinarily acute, one is inclined to fancy him rather deaf. Walking or sitting he has his eyes fixed on vacancy, in a brown study, his arms folded, his brows knitted, a man aloof from the world. Though the fact is shown by no outward signs, something is at work within him; he is listening to inner voices, is in a reverie, with all his senses directed inward. If you come close to him and speak to him, he starts; half a minute or more may elapse before his deep-set dark eyes light up to recognize even a familiar friend, so profoundly has he been shut away, spiritually deaf to everything but the inner music. A day-dreamer, in the isolation and concentration of the creative and interpretative artist—such is Toscanini when not "on the battlefield."

[11] Yet the instant he raises his baton to undertake the mission he is to fulfill, his isolation is transformed into intimate communion with his fellows, his introspection is replaced by the alertness of the man of action. His figure stiffens and straightens; he squares his shoulders in martial fashion; he is now the commandant, the governor, the dictator. His eyes sparkle beneath their bushy brows; his mouth is firmly set; his movements are brisk, those of one ready for all emergencies, as he steps up to the conductor's desk and, with Napoleonic glance, faces his adversaries. For that is what the waiting crowd of instrumentalists has become to him at this supreme instant—adversaries to be subjugated, persons with conflicting wills, who have to be mastered, disciplined, and brought under the reign of law. Encouragingly he greets his fellow-musicians, lifts his baton, and therewith, like lightning into a lightningrod, the whole power of his will is concentrated into this slender staff.

[12] A wave of the magic wand, and elemental forces are unchained; rhythmically the orchestra is guided by his clear-cut and virile movements. On, on, on; we feel, we breathe, in unison. Suddenly (the sudden cessation hurts, and one shrinks as from the thrust of a rapier), the performance, which to us, less sensitive than the conductor, has seemed to be going flawlessly, is stopped by a sharp tap on the desk. Silence fills the hall, till the startling stillness is startlingly broken by Toscanini's tired and irritable "Ma no! Ma no!" This abrupt negative, this pained exclamation, is like a sigh of reproach. Something has disturbed him. The sound of the instruments, plain to us all, has been discordant with the music of Toscanini's vision, audible to him alone.

[13] Quietly, civilly, speaking very much to the point, the conductor now tries to make the orchestra understand how he feels the music ought to be rendered. He raises his baton once more, and the faulty phrase is repeated, less faultily indeed; but the orchestral reproduction is not yet in full harmony with the master's inward audition. Again he stops the performance with a tap. This time the explanation that ensues is less patient, more irritable. Eager to make his meaning perfectly plain, he uses all his powers of persuasion, and so great is his faculty for expression that in him the gesticulative talent proper to an Italian rises to the pitch of genius. Even the most unmusical of persons cannot fail to grasp, from his gestures, what he wants, what he demands, when he demonstrates the rhythm, when he imploringly throws his arms wide, and then fervently clasps them at his breast, to stress the need of a more lively interpretation; or when, setting his whole body plastically to work, he gives a visual image of the tone-sequences in his mind. More and more passionately does he employ the arts of persuasion, imploring, miming, counting, singing; becoming, so to say, each instrument in turn as he wishes to stimulate the performer who plays it; one sees him making the movements of a violinist, a flautist, kettledrummer. . . .

[14] But if, despite this fiery incitation, despite this urgent exemplification, the orchestra still fails to grasp and to fulfil the conductor's wishes, Toscanini's suffering at their non-success and their mortal fallibility becomes intense. Distressed by the discordancy

between the orchestral performance and the inward audition, he groans like a sorely wounded man, and seems beside himself because he cannot get on properly with his work. Forgetting the restraints of politeness, losing control, in his wrath against the stupidity of material obstacles, he rages, curses, and delivers volleys of abuse. It is easy to understand why none but his intimates are allowed to attend these rehearsals, at which he knows he will be overcome by his insatiable passion for perfection. More and more alarming grows the spectacle of the struggle, as Toscanini strives to wring from the instrumentalists the visioned masterpiece which has to be fashioned in the sphere of universally audible reality. His body quivers with excitement, his voice becomes hoarse, his brow is beaded with sweat; he looks exhausted and aged by these immeasurable hours of strenuous toil; but never will he stop an inch short of the perfection of his dream. With unceasingly renewed energy, he pushes onward and onward until the orchestra has at length been subjected to his will and can interpret the composer's music exactly as it has presented itself to the great conductor's mind.

[15] Only he who has been privileged to witness this struggle for perfection hour after hour, day after day can grasp the heroism of a Toscanini; he alone can estimate the cost of the super-excellence which the public has come to expect as a matter of course. In truth the highest levels of art are never attained until what is enormously difficult seems to have been attained with consummate ease, until perfection appears self-evident. If you see Toscanini of an evening in a crowded concert-hall, the magician who holds sway over the dutiful instrumentalists, guiding them as if they were hypnotized by the movements of his baton, you might think his triumph won without effort—himself, the acme of security, the supreme expression of victory. In reality Toscanini never regards a task as definitively performed. What the public admires as completion has for him already become once more a problem. After fifty years' study of a composition, this man who is now verging upon seventy is never wholly satisfied with the results; he can in no case get beyond the stimulating uncertainty of the artist who is perpetually making new trials. Not for him a futile comfort; he never attains what

Nietzsche calls the "brown happiness" of relaxation, of self-content. No other living man perhaps suffers so much as does this superlatively successful conductor from the imperfection of all the instrumental reproduction as compared with the music of his dreams.

[16] Other inspired conductors are at least vouchsafed fleeting moments of rapture. Bruno Walter, for example, Toscanini's Apollonian brother in the realm of music, has them (one feels) from time to time. When he is playing or conducting Mozart, his face is now and again irradiated by the reflection of ecstasy. He is upborne on the waves of his own creation; he smiles unwittingly; he dreams as he is dandled in the arms of music.

[17] But Toscanini, the insatiable, the captive of his longing for perfection, is never granted the grace of self-forgetfulness. He is consumed, as with undying fires, by the craving for ever-new forms of perfection. The man is absolutely sincere, incapable of pose. There is nothing studied about his behaviour when, at the close of every concert, during the salvos of applause, he looks embarrassed and ashamed as he retires, coming back reluctantly and only through politeness when forced to respond to the acclamations of the audience. For him all achievement is mysterious, mournful. He knows that what he has so heroically wrested from fate is preeminently perishable; he feels, like Keats, that his name is "writ in water." The work of an interpretative artist cannot endure; it exists only for the moment, and leaves nothing that the senses of coming generations will be able to delight in. Thus his successes, magnificent though they are, can neither delude nor intoxicate him. He knows that in the sphere of orchestral reproduction there is nothing perdurable; that whatever is achieved must be re-achieved from performance to performance, from hour to hour. Who can be better aware than this man, to whom peace and full fruition are denied because he is insatiable, that art is unending warfare, not a conclusion but a perpetual recommencement?

[18] Such moral strictness of conception and character is a signal phenomenon in art and in life. Let us not repine, however, that so pure and so disciplined a manifestation as Toscanini is a rarity, and that only on a few days each year can we enjoy the delight of having

works so admirably presented to us by this master of his craft. Nothing can detract more from the dignity and the ethical value of art than the undue facility and triteness of its presentation thanks to the marvels of modern technique, whereby wireless and gramophone offer the sublime at any moment to the most indifferent; for thanks to this ease of presentation, most people forget the labour of creation, consuming the treasures of art as thoughtlessly and irreverently as if they were swilling beer or munching bread.

[19] It is therefore, in such days as ours, a benefaction and a spiritual joy to behold one who so forcibly reminds us that art is sacramental labour, is apostolical devotion to the perpetually elusive and divine elements in our world; that it is not a chance gift of luck, but a hard-earned grace; is more than tepid pleasure, being likewise, and before all, creative need. In virtue of his genius and in virtue of his steadfastness of character, Toscanini has wrought the miracle of compelling millions to accept our glorious patrimony of music as a constituent part of the living present. This interpretative wonder bears fruit far beyond its obvious frontiers; for what is achieved within the domain of any one art is an acquirement for art in general. Only an exceptional man imposes order upon others, and nothing arouses profounder veneration for this outstanding apostle of faithfulness in work than his success in teaching a chaotic and incredulous epoch to feel fresh reverence for its most hallowed heritage.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Explain the phrase "an ethical deed" at the end of the second sentence.
2. How does Toscanini's task differ from that of the poet, the novelist, the painter, and the composer?
3. Explain the reference to "Jacob wrestling with the angel." Is this an apt comparison?
4. Is there such a thing as "patient impatience"? Explain.
5. How much sleep does Toscanini need?
6. What is meant by "his Platonic idea" (paragraph 7)?

7. Why are only Toscanini's intimate friends allowed to attend his rehearsals?
8. Why are Toscanini's musicians called "adversaries"?
9. How and why is the phrase "writ in water" applied to Toscanini?
10. Can you summarize the "moral" of this description of a great artist?
11. "Art is sacramental labour." Explain.

Quality *

John Galsworthy

[1] I knew him from the days of my extreme youth, because he made my father's boots; inhabiting with his elder brother two little shops let into one, in a small by-street—now no more, but then most fashionably placed in the West End.

[2] That tenement had a certain quiet distinction; there was no sign upon its face that he made for any of the Royal Family—merely his own German name of Gessler Brothers; and in the window a few pairs of boots. I remember that it always troubled me to account for those unvarying boots in the window, for he made only what was ordered, reaching nothing down, and it seemed so inconceivable that what he made could ever have failed to fit. Had he bought them to put there? That, too, seemed inconceivable. He would never have tolerated in his house leather on which he had not worked himself. Besides, they were too beautiful—the pair of pumps, so inexpressibly slim, the patent leathers with cloth tops, making water come into one's mouth, the tall brown riding-boots with marvellous sooty glow, as if, though new, they had been worn

* Reprinted from *The Inn of Tranquillity* by John Galsworthy; copyright 1912 by Charles Scribner's Sons, 1940 by Ada Galsworthy; used by permission of the publishers.

a hundred years. Those pairs could only have been made by one who saw before him the Soul of Boot—so truly were they prototypes incarnating the very spirit of all footgear. These thoughts, of course, came to me later, though even when I was promoted to him, at the age of perhaps fourteen, some inkling haunted me of the dignity of himself and brother. For to make boots—such boots as he made—seemed to me then, and still seems to me, mysterious and wonderful.

[3] I remember well my shy remark, one day, while stretching out to him my youthful foot:

[4] "Isn't it awfully hard to do, Mr. Gessler?"

[5] And his answer, given with a sudden smile from out of the sardonic redness of his beard: "It is an Ardt!"

[6] Himself, he was a little as if made from leather, with his yellow crinkly face, and crinkly reddish hair and beard, and neat folds slanting down his cheeks to the corners of his mouth, and his guttural and one-toned voice; for leather is a sardonic substance, and stiff and slow of purpose. And that was the character of his face, save that his eyes, which were grey-blue had in them the simple gravity of one secretly possessed by the Ideal. His elder brother was so very like him—though watery, paler in every way, with a great industry—that sometimes in early days I was not quite sure of him until the interview was over. Then I knew that it was he, if the words, "I will ask my brudder," had not been spoken; and that, if they had, it was his elder brother.

[7] When one grew old and wild and ran up bills, one somehow never ran them up with Gessler Brothers. It would not have seemed becoming to go in there and stretch out one's foot to that blue iron-spectacled glance, owing him for more than—say—two pairs, just the comfortable reassurance that one was still his client.

[8] For it was not possible to go to him very often—his boots lasted terribly, having something beyond the temporary—some, as it were, essence of boot stitched into them.

[9] One went in, not as into most shops, in the mood of: "Please serve me, and let me go!" but restfully, as one enters a church; and, sitting on the single wooden chair, waited—for there was never

anybody there. Soon, over the top edge of that sort of well—rather dark, and smelling soothingly of leather—which formed the shop, there would be seen his face, or that of his elder brother, peering down. A guttural sound, and the tip-tap of bast slippers beating the narrow wooden stairs, and he would stand before one without coat, a little bent, in leather apron, with sleeves turned back, blinking —as if awakened from some dream of boots, or like an owl surprised in daylight and annoyed at this interruption.

[10] And I would say: "How do you do, Mr. Gessler? Could you make me a pair of Russia leather boots?"

[11] Without a word he would leave me, retiring whence he came, or into the other portion of the shop, and I would continue to rest in the wooden chair, inhaling the incense of his trade. Soon he would come back, holding in his thin, veined hand a piece of gold-brown leather. With eyes fixed on it, he would remark: "What a beaudiful biece!" When I, too, had admired it, he would speak again. "When do you wand dem?" and I would answer: "Oh! As soon as you conveniently can." And he would say: "To-morrow fordnighd?" Or if he were his elder brother: "I will ask my brudder!"

[12] Then I would murmur: "Thank you! Good-morning, Mr. Gessler." "Goot-morning!" he would reply, still looking at the leather in his hand. And as I moved to the door, I would hear the tip-tap of his bast slippers restoring him, up the stairs, to his dream of boots. But if it were some new kind of footgear that he had not yet made me, then indeed he would observe ceremony—divesting me of my boot and holding it long in his hand, looking at it with eyes at once critical and loving, as if recalling the glow with which he had created it, and rebuking the way in which one had disorganised this masterpiece. Then, placing my foot on a piece of paper, he would two or three times tickle the outer edges with a pencil and pass his nervous fingers over my toes, feeling himself into the heart of my requirements.

[13] I cannot forget that day on which I had occasion to say to him: "Mr. Gessler, that last pair of town walking-boots creaked, you know."

[14] He looked at me for a time without replying, as if expecting me to withdraw or qualify the statement, then said:

[15] "Id shouldn'd 'ave greaked."

[16] "It did, I'm afraid."

[17] "You goddem wed before dey found demselves?"

[18] "I don't think so."

[19] At that he lowered his eyes, as if hunting for memory of those boots, and I felt sorry I had mentioned this grave thing.

[20] "Zend dem back!" he said; "I will look at dem."

[21] A feeling of compassion for my creaking boots surged up in me, so well could I imagine the sorrowful long curiosity of regard which he would bend on them.

[22] "Zome boods," he said slowly, "are bad from birdt. I can do noding wid dem, I dake dem off your bill."

[23] Once (once only) I went absentmindedly into his shop in a pair of boots bought in an emergency at some large firm's. He took my order without showing me any leather, and I could feel his eyes penetrating the inferior integument of my foot. At last he said:

[24] "Dose are nod my boods."

[25] The tone was not one of anger, nor of sorrow, not even of contempt, but there was in it something quiet that froze the blood. He put his hand down and pressed a finger on the place where the left boot, endeavouring to be fashionable, was not quite comfortable.

[26] "Id 'urds you dere," he said. "Dose big virms 'ave no self-respect. Drash!" And then, as if something had given way within him, he spoke long and bitterly. It was the only time I ever heard him discuss the conditions and hardships of his trade.

[27] "Dey get id all," he said, "dey get id by adverdisement, nod by work. Dey dake it away from us, who lofe our boods. Id gomes to this—bresently I haf no work. Every year id gets less—you will see." And looking at his lined face I saw things I had never noticed before, bitter things and bitter struggle—and what a lot of grey hairs there seemed suddenly in his red beard!

[28] As best I could, I explained the circumstances of the purchase of those ill-omened boots. But his face and voice made a so deep impression that during the next few minutes I ordered many pairs.

Nemesis fell! They lasted more terribly than ever. And I was not able conscientiously to go to him for nearly two years.

[29] When at last I went I was surprised to find that outside one of the two little windows of his shop another name was painted, also that of a bootmaker—making, of course, for the Royal Family. The old familiar boots, no longer in dignified isolation, were huddled in the single window. Inside, the now contracted well of the one little shop was more scented and darker than ever. And it was longer than usual, too, before a face peered down, and the tip-tap of the bast slippers began. At last he stood before me, and gazing through those rusty iron spectacles, said:

[30] "Mr. ——, isn'd it?"

[31] "Ah! Mr. Gessler?" I stammered, "but your boots are really *too* good, you know! See, these are quite decent still!" And I stretched out to him my foot. He looked at it.

[32] "Yes," he said, "beople do nod wand good boods, id seems."

[33] To get away from his reproachful eyes and voice I hastily remarked: "What have you done to your shop?"

[34] He answered quietly: "Id was too exbensif. Do you wand some boods?"

[35] I ordered three pairs, though I had only wanted two, and quickly left. I had, I know not quite what feeling of being part, in his mind, of a conspiracy against him; or not perhaps so much against him as against his idea of boot. One does not, I suppose, care to feel like that; for it was again many months before my next visit to his shop, paid, I remember, with the feeling: "Oh, well, I can't leave the old boy—so here goes! Perhaps it'll be his elder brother!"

[36] For his elder brother, I knew, had not character enough to reproach me even dumbly.

[37] And, to my relief, in the shop there did appear to be his elder brother, handling a piece of leather.

[38] "Well, Mr. Gessler," I said, "how are you?"

[39] He came close, and peered at me.

[40] "I am breddy well," he said slowly; "but my older brudder is dead."

[41] And I saw that it was indeed himself—but how aged and wan! And never before had I heard him mention his brother. Much shocked, I murmured: "Oh, I am sorry!"

[42] "Yes," he answered, "he was a good man, he made a good bood; but he is dead." And he touched the top of his head, where the hair had suddenly gone as thin as it had been on that of his pooi brother, to indicate, I suppose, the cause of death. "He could nod ged over losing de oder shop. Do you wand any boods?" And he held up the leather in his hand: "Id's a beaudiful biece."

[43] I ordered several pairs. It was very long before they came—but they were better than ever. One simply could not wear them out. And soon after that I went abroad.

[44] It was over a year before I was again in London. And the first shop I went to was my old friend's. I had left a man of sixty, I came back to one of seventy-five, pinched and worn and tremulous, who genuinely, this time, did not at first know me.

[45] "Oh! Mr. Gessler," I said, sick at heart; "how splendid your boots are! See, I've been wearing this pair nearly all the time I've been abroad; and they're not half worn out, are they?"

[46] He looked long at my boots—a pair of Russia leather, and his face seemed to regain steadiness. Putting his hand on my instep, he said:

[47] "Do dey vid you here? I 'ad drouble wid dat bair, I remember."

[48] I assured him that they had fitted beautifully.

[49] "Do you wand any boods?" he said. "I can make dem quickly; id is a slack dime."

[50] I answered: "Please, please! I want boots all round—every kind!"

[51] "I will make a vresh model. Your food must be bigger." And with utter slowness, he traced round my foot, and felt my toes, only once looking up to say:

[52] "Did I dell you my brudder was dead?"

[53] To watch him was painful, so feeble had he grown; I was glad to get away.

[54] I had given those boots up, when one evening they came.

Opening the parcel, I set the four pairs out in a row. Then one by one I tried them on. There was no doubt about it. In shape and fit, in finish and quality of leather, they were the best he had ever made me. And in the mouth of one of the town walking-boots I found his bill. The amount was the same as usual, but it gave me quite a shock. He had never before sent it in till quarter day. I flew downstairs and wrote a cheque, and posted it at once with my own hand.

[55] A week later, passing the little street, I thought I would go in and tell him how splendidly the new boots fitted. But when I came to where his shop had been, his name was gone. Still there, in the window, were the slim pumps, the patent leathers with cloth tops, the sooty riding-boots.

[56] I went in, very much disturbed. In the two little shops—again made into one—was a young man with an English face.

[57] "Mr. Gessler in?" I said.

[58] He gave me a strange, ingratiating look.

[59] "No, sir," he said; "no. But we can attend to anything with pleasure. We've taken the shop over. You've seen our name, no doubt, next door. We make for some very good people."

[60] "Yes, yes," I said; "but Mr. Gessler?"

[61] "Oh!" he answered; "dead."

[62] "Dead! But I only received these boots from him last Wednesday week."

[63] "Ah!" he said; "a shockin' go. Poor old man starved 'imself."

[64] "Good God!"

[65] "Slow starvation, the doctor called it! You see he went to work in such a way! Would keep the shop on; wouldn't have a soul touch his boots except himself. When he got an order, it took him such a time. People won't wait. He lost everybody. And there he'd sit, goin' on and on—I will say that for him—not a man in London made a better boot! But look at the competition! He never advertised! Would 'ave the best leather, too, and do it all 'imself. Well, there it is. What could you expect with his ideas?"

[66] "But starvation——!"

[67] "That may be a bit flowery, as the sayin' is—but I know myself he was sittin' over his boots day and night, to the very last. You see, I used to watch him. Never gave 'imself time to eat; never had a penny in the house. All went in rent and leather. How he lived so long I don't know. He regular let his fire go out. He was a character. But he made good boots."

[68] "Yes," I said, "he made good boots."

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. What does "the Soul of Boot" mean? Compare the later statement that Mr. Gessler was "one secretly possessed of the Ideal." Can you relate these statements to Toscanini's "Platonic Idea"?
2. How did the narrator of this story tell the brothers Gessler apart?
3. Upon what does Mr. Gessler blame his plight?
4. Explain: "Nemesis fell."
5. Zweig found Toscanini's approach to art a lesson in ethics. What ethical lesson, if any, can you find in Mr. Gessler's approach to his "art"?

*St. Simeon Stylites**

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Altho' I be the basest of mankind,
From scalp to sole one slough and crust of sin,
Unfit for earth, unfit for heaven, scarce meet
For troops of devils, mad with blasphemy,
I will not cease to grasp the hope I hold
Of saintdom, and to clamour, mourn and sob,
Battering the gates of heaven with storms of prayer,
Have mercy, Lord, and take away my sin!

* From *Poems* (1842).

Let this avail, just, dreadful, mighty God,
This not be all in vain, that thrice ten years,
Thrice multiplied by superhuman pangs,
In hungers and in thirsts, fevers and cold,
In coughs, aches, stitches, ulcerous throes and cramps,
A sign betwixt the meadow and the cloud,
Patient on this tall pillar I have borne
Rain, wind, frost, heat, hail, damp, and sleet, and snow;
And I had hoped that ere this period closed
Thou wouldst have caught me up into thy rest,
Denying not these weather-beaten limbs
The meed of saints, the white robe and the palm.
O take the meaning, Lord: I do not breathe,
Not whisper, any murmur of complaint.
Pain heap'd ten-hundred-fold to this, were still
Less burthen, by ten-hundred-fold, to bear,
Than were those lead-like tons of sin, that crush'd
My spirit flat before thee.
O Lord, Lord,
Thou knowest I bore this better at the first,
For I was strong and hale of body then;
And tho' my teeth, which now are dropt away,
Would chatter with the cold, and all my beard
Was tagg'd with icy fringes in the moon,
I drown'd the whoopings of the owl with sound
Of pious hymns and psalms, and sometimes saw
An angel stand and watch me, as I sang.
Now am I feeble grown; my end draws nigh;
I hope my end draws nigh: half deaf I am,
So that I scarce can hear the people hum
About the column's base, and almost blind,
And scarce can recognise the fields I know;
And both my thighs are rotted with the dew;
Yet cease I not to clamour and to cry,
While my stiff spine can hold my weary head,
Till all my limbs drop piecemeal from the stone,

Have mercy, mercy! take away my sin.
O Jesus, if thou wilt not save my soul,
Who may be saved? who is it may be saved?
Who may be made a saint, if I fail here?
Show me the man hath suffer'd more than I.
For did not all thy martyrs die one death?
For either they were stoned, or crucified,
Or burn'd in fire, or boil'd in oil, or sawn
In twain beneath the ribs; but I die here
To-day, and whole years long, a life of death.
Bear witness, if I could have found a way
(And heedfully I sifted all my thought)
More slowly-painful to subdue this home
Of sin, my flesh, which I despise and hate,
I had not stinted practice, O my God.
For not alone this pillar-punishment,
Not this alone I bore: but while I lived
In the white convent down the valley there,
For many weeks about my loins I wore
The rope that haled the buckets from the well,
Twisted as tight as I could knot the noose;
And spake not of it to a single soul,
Until the ulcer, eating thro' my skin,
Betray'd my secret penance, so that all
My brethren marvell'd greatly. More than this
I bore, whereof, O God, thou knowest all.
Three winters, that my soul might grow to thee,
I lived up there on yonder mountain side.
My right leg chain'd into the crag, I lay
Pent in a roofless close of ragged stones;
Inswathed sometimes in wandering mist, and twice
Black'd with thy branding thunder, and sometimes
Sucking the damps for drink, and eating not,
Except the spare chance-gift of those that came
To touch my body and be heal'd, and live:
And they say then that I work'd miracles,

Whereof my fame is loud amongst mankind,
Cured lameness, palsies, cancers. Thou, O God,
Knowest alone whether this was or no.
Have mercy, mercy! cover all my sin.
Then, that I might be more alone with thee,
Three years I lived upon a pillar, high
Six cubits, and three years on one of twelve;
And twice three years I crouch'd on one that rose
Twenty by measure; last of all, I grew
Twice ten long weary weary years to this,
That numbers forty cubits from the soil.
I think that I have borne as much as this—
Or else I dream—and for so long a time,
If I may measure time by yon slow light,
And this high dial which my sorrow crowns—
So much—even so.
And yet I know not well,
For the evil ones come here, and say,
"Fall down, O Simeon: thou hast suffer'd long
For ages and for ages!" then they prate
Of penances I cannot have gone thro',
Perplexing me with lies; and oft I fall,
Maybe for months, in such blind lethargies
That Heaven, and Earth, and Time are choked.
But yet
Bethink thee, Lord, while thou and all the saints
Enjoy themselves in heaven, and men on earth
House in the shade of comfortable roofs,
Sit with their wives by fires, eat wholesome food,
And wear warm clothes, and even beasts have stalls,
I, 'tween the spring and downfall of the light,
Bow down one thousand and two hundred times,
To Christ, the Virgin Mother, and the saints;
Or in the night, after a little sleep,
I wake: the chill stars sparkle; I am wet
With drenching dews, or stiff with crackling frost.

I wear an undress'd goatskin on my back;
A grazing iron collar grinds my neck;
And in my weak, lean arms I lift the cross,
And strive and wrestle with thee till I die:
O mercy, mercy! wash away my sin.
O Lord, thou knowest what a man I am;
A sinful man, conceived and born in sin:
'Tis their own doing; this is none of mine;
Lay it not to me. Am I to blame for this,
That here come those that worship me? Ha! ha!
They think that I am somewhat. What am I?
The silly people take me for a saint,
And bring me offerings of fruit and flowers:
And I, in truth (thou wilt bear witness here)
Have all in all endured as much, and more
Than many just and holy men, whose names
Are register'd and calendar'd for saints.
Good people, you do ill to kneel to me.
What is it I can have done to merit this?
I am a sinner viler than you all.
It may be I have wrought some miracles,
And cured some halt and maim'd; but what of that?
It may be, no one, even among the saints,
May match his pains with mine; but what of that?
Yet do not rise; for you may look on me,
And in your looking you may kneel to God.
Speak! is there any of you halt or maim'd?
I think you know I have some power with Heaven
From my long penance: let him speak his wish.
Yes, I can heal him. Power goes forth from me.
They say that they are heal'd. Ah, hark! they shout,
"St. Simeon Stylites." Why, if so,
God reaps a harvest in me. O my soul,
God reaps a harvest in thee. If this be,
Can I work miracles and not be saved?
This is not told of any. They were saints.

It cannot be but that I shall be saved;
Yea, crown'd a saint. They shout, "Behold a saint!"
And lower voices saint me from above.
Courage, St. Simeon! This dull chrysalis
Cracks into shining wings, and hope ere death
Spreads more and more and more, that God hath now
Sponged and made blank of crimeful record all
My mortal archives.
O my sons, my sons,
I, Simeon of the pillar, by surname
Stylites, among men: I, Simeon,
The watcher on the column till the end;
I, Simeon, whose brain the sunshine bakes;
I, whose bald brows in silent hours become
Unnaturally hoar with rime, do now
From my high nest of penance here proclaim
That Pontius and Iscariot by my side
Show'd like fair seraphs. On the coals I lay,
A vessel full of sin: all hell beneath
Made me boil over. Devils pluck'd my sleeve;
Abaddon and Asmodeus caught at me.
I smote them with the cross; they swarm'd again.
In bed like monstrous apes they crush'd my chest:
They flapp'd my light out as I read: I saw
Their faces grow between me and my book;
With colt-like whinny and with hoggish whine
They burst my prayer. Yet this way was left,
And by this way I 'scaped them. Mortify
Your flesh, like me, with scourges and with thorns;
Smite, shrink not, spare not. If it may be, fast
Whole Lents, and pray. I hardly, with slow steps,
With slow, faint steps, and much exceeding pain,
Have scrambled past those pits of fire, that still
Sing in mine ears. But yield not me the praise:
God only thro' his bounty hath thought fit,
Among the powers and princes of this world,

To make me an example to mankind,
Which few can reach to. Yet I do not say
But that a time may come—yea, even now,
Now, now, his footsteps smite the threshold stairs
Of life—I say, that time is at the doors
When you may worship me without reproach;
For I will leave my relics in your land,
And you may carve a shrine about my dust,
And burn a fragrant lamp before my bones,
When I am gather'd to the glorious saints.
While I spake then, a sting of shrewdest pain
Ran shrivelling thro' me, and a cloudlike change,
In passing, with a grosser film made thick
These heavy, horny eyes. The end! the end!
Surely the end! What's here? a shape, a shade,
A flash of light. Is that the angel there
That holds a crown? Come, blessed brother, come.
I know thy glittering face. I waited long;
My brows are ready. What! deny it now?
Nay, draw, draw, draw nigh. So I clutch it. Christ!
'Tis gone! 'tis here again; the crown! the crown!
So now 'tis fitted on and grows to me,
And from it melt the dews of Paradise,
Sweet! sweet! spikenard, and balm, and frankincense.
Ah! let me not be fool'd, sweet saints: I trust
That I am whole, and clean, and meet for Heaven.
Speak, if there be a priest, a man of God,
Among you there, and let him presently
Approach, and lean a ladder on the shaft,
And climbing up into my airy home,
Deliver me the blessed sacrament;
For by the warning of the Holy Ghost,
I prophesy that I shall die to-night,
A quarter before twelve.
But thou, O Lord,
Aid all this foolish people; let them take
Example, pattern: lead them to thy light.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. What is Simeon's imagined sin?
2. What is his real sin?
3. Are there any people near him? Why are they there? Does Simeon speak to them?
4. A *cubit* varies from 17 to 21 inches. Why? Approximately how high was Simeon's pillar?
5. Why does Simeon compare himself to "Pontius and Iscariot" (line 165)?
6. What advice does Simeon give on how to escape sin?
7. The speaker in this poem seeks perfection. Compare his mode of seeking with Toscanini's and Mr. Gessler's.

*Artist with Carpenter's Hands**

Robert C. Ruark

[1] Last week a lean, starved-looking young man with wild hair committed suicide here in New York. The papers called him a poet. First he jumped off a building in Greenwich Village and when that didn't kill him, he went home and strung himself up from a pipe.

[2] His name was Jack Demoreland. The police knew little about him; the papers less. The art critic whom he visited just before he leaped off the roof knew him scarcely at all. He attracted attention only because his first attempt at suicide failed to kill him.

[3] I knew Demoreland well. He was a friend of mine for many years, before the war. He wasn't a poet. He was an artist—a painter and a cartoonist. We had worked together on The Washington *Daily News*. I have several of his pictures.

* Published in the Scripps-Howard newspapers, September 13, 1948. Reprinted by permission of the author.

[4] The anatomy of suicide is a strange, complex thing; rarely the same in any man. I know why Demoreland killed himself. He killed himself because he saw the most beautiful pictures any man ever saw. They were right there, clamoring to come out of his head, but his hands weren't good enough to draw them forth.

[5] Jack knew what he wanted to put on paper, knew it so well that it hurt him. But when he picked up the brush or the pen it was always a bad distortion of what he was trying to say. He was like a man whose head rings with wondrous music, but, when he opens his mouth to sing, only croaks emerge.

[6] An alienist would say that the man was a definite psychopath, and so, I suppose, he was. He had tried to kill himself once before, long ago, in a fit of horrid depression. He had spent a short time in a mental hospital. It was the one true case of complete artistic frustration I ever knew.

[7] Demoreland used to do little line sketches for me on sports stories, and later illustrated the top city-side feature of the day. During the first days of the war we set him to doing the daily military map. Those maps finally got him. Here was a guy who wanted to scream out loud with a paintbrush, and he was over in the corner with an inkwell, tracing the progress of the Germans against the Russians, the Japs against the Americans.

[8] Most of the time Demoreland was a quiet, seemingly "normal" human being, who wore neckties, shaved, drank moderately, went out with a variety of women, and who rarely talked art. But occasionally the black desperation would stifle him, and he would forget to come home. He would forget to eat, to sleep, to wash.

[9] It was then that a girl reporter used to take him in hand. She would throw a big slug of bourbon into him, feed him forcibly and plant him on the divan, where he'd sleep for 20 hours or so and snap back to his cartoons and his maps. I think the girl loved him very much, but there wasn't much future in it; his head was too full of pictures—pictures that couldn't be born.

[10] You meet a lot of dilettante artists in big cities like New York. They live in Greenwich Village, mostly, and spend more time in the smoky little cheap-gin joints looking picturesque than they

[11] Jack Demoreland was no dilettante. He was a worker. He would work 24, 36 hours at a crack, striving for a perfection he knew, actually, he'd never achieve. There was no bogus Bohemian in Jack—at least not through the years I knew him. He dressed like a young business executive, when he was off on one of his "tranquil" stretches, which sometimes ran for a year at a crack. He was a handsome youngster. He talked well. There was never anything "arty" about him.

[12] Something, I guess, finally went really wrong in his head. New York, which he once told me seemed like the answer, obviously couldn't supply the necessary skill his hands lacked. He tried, and he tried again, and finally he got so tired it all seemed too tough to live with.

[13] But a great artist lies in the morgue as I write this. It wasn't his fault that he was born with a carpenter's hands.

QUESTION ON CONTENT

1. "He saw the most beautiful pictures any man ever saw." Compare "the flawless vision" of Toscanini; the ideal of Mr. Gessler; the mystic moments of Simeon.

*The Importance of Doing Things Badly**

I. A. Williams

[1] Charles Lamb wrote a series of essays upon popular fallacies. I do not, at the moment, carry them very clearly in my memory; but, unless that treacherous servant misleads me more even than she usually does, he did not write of one piece of proverbial so-called wisdom that has always seemed to me to be peculiarly per-

* From *The Outlook*, LI (London, April 21, 1923). By permission of the author.

nicious. And this saw, this scrap of specious advice, this untruth masquerading as logic, is one that I remember to have had hurled at my head at frequent intervals from my earliest youth right up to my present advanced age. How many times have I not been told that "If a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well"?

[2] Never was there a more untruthful word spoken in earnest. For the world is full of things that are worth doing, but certainly not worth doing well. Was it not so great a sage as Herbert Spencer who said to the young man who had just beaten him at billiards, "Moderate skill, sir, is the sign of a good eye and a steady hand, but skill such as yours argues a youth misspent"? Is any game worth playing supremely well, at the price of constant practice and application?

[3] Against the professional player I say nothing; he is a public entertainer, like any other, and by his skill in his particular sport he at least fulfills the first social duty of man—that of supporting himself and his family by his own legitimate exertions. But what is to be said of the crack amateur? To me he seems one of the most contemptible of mankind. He earns no money, but devotes himself, for the mere selfish pleasure of the thing, to some game, which he plays day in day out; he breaks down the salutary distinction between the amateur and the professional; eventually his skill deserts him, and he leaves behind him nothing that is of service to his fellow men—not a brick laid, not an acre ploughed, not a line written, not even a family supported and educated by his labor.

[4] It is true that he has provided entertainment for a certain number of persons, but he has never had the pluck to submit himself to the test by which we demand that every entertainer should justify his choice of a calling—the demonstration of the fact that the public is willing to pay him for his entertainment. And, when his day is over, what is left, not even to the world, but to himself? Nothing but a name that is at once forgotten, or is remembered by stout gentlemen in clubs.

[5] The playing of games, certainly, is a thing which is not worth doing well.

[6] But that does not prove that it is not worth doing at all, as

the proverb would, by implication, persuade us. There is nothing more agreeable and salutary than playing a game which one likes, and the circumstance of doing it badly interferes with the pleasure of no real devotee of any pastime. The man who minds whether or not he wins is no true sportsman—which observation is trite, but the rule it implies is seldom observed, and comparatively few people really play games for the sheer enjoyment of the *playing*. Is this not proved by the prevalence and popularity of handicaps? Why should we expect to be given points unless it be that we wish to win by means other than our own skill?

[7] "Ah! but," my reader may say, "the weaker player wants to receive points in order that he may give the stronger one a better game." Really, I do not believe that that is so. Possibly, sometimes, a strong and vainglorious player may wish to *give* points, in order that his victory may be the more notable. But I do not think that even this is the true explanation. That, I suspect, was given to me the other day by the secretary of a lawn-tennis tournament, in which I played. "Why all this nonsense of handicaps? Why not let us be squarely beaten, and done with it?" I asked him. "Because," he replied, "if we did not give handicaps, none of the less good players would enter." Is that not a confession that the majority of us have not realized the true value of doing a trivial thing badly, for its own sake, and must needs have our minds buoyed and cheated into a false sense of excellence?

[8] Moreover it is not only such intrinsically trivial things as games that are worth doing badly. This is a truth which, oddly enough, we accept freely of some things—but not of others—and as a thing which we are quite content to do ill let me instance acting. Acting, at its best, can be a great art, a thing worth doing supremely well, though its worth, like that of all interpretative arts, is lessened by its evanescence. For it works in the impermanent medium of human flesh and blood, and the thing that the actor creates—for what we call an interpretative artist is really a creative artist working in a perishable medium—is an impression upon, an emotion or a thought aroused in, the minds of an audience, and is incapable of record.

[9] Acting, then, let me postulate,—though I have only sketched ever so briefly the proof of my belief,—can be a great art. But is anyone ever deterred from taking part in amateur theatricals by the consideration that he cannot act well? Not a bit of it! And quite rightly not, for acting is one of the things about which I am writing this essay—the things that are worth doing badly.

[10] Another such thing is music; but here the proverbial fallacy again exerts its power, as it does not, for some obscure and unreasoning discrimination, in acting. Most people seem to think that if they cannot sing, or play the piano, fiddle, or sackbut, admirably well, they must not do any of these things at all. That they should not indiscriminately force their inferior performances upon the public, or even upon their acquaintance, I admit. But that there is no place "in the home" for inferior musical performances, is an untruth that I flatly deny.

[11] How many sons and daughters have not, with a very small talent, given their parents—and even the less fondly prejudiced ears of their friends—great pleasure with the singing of simple songs? Then one day there comes to the singer the serpent of dissatisfaction; singing-lessons are taken, and—if the pupil is of moderate talent and modest disposition—limitations are discovered. And then, in nine cases out of ten, the singing is dropped, like a hot penny. How many fathers have not banished music from their homes by encouraging their daughters to take singing-lessons? Yet a home may be the fresher for singing that would deserve brickbats at a parish concert.

[12] I may pause here to notice the curious exception that people who cannot on any account be persuaded to sing in the drawing-room, or even in the bath, will without hesitation uplift their tuneless voices at religious meetings or in church. There is a perfectly good and honorable explanation of this, I believe, but it belongs to the realm of metaphysics and is beyond my present scope.

[13] This cursed belief, that if a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well, is the cause of a great impoverishment in our private life, and also, to some extent, of the lowering of standards in our public life. For this tenet of proverbial faith has two effects

on small talents: it leads modest persons not to exercise them at all, and immodest persons to attempt to do so too much and to force themselves upon the public. It leads to the decay of letter-writing and of the keeping of diaries, and, as surely, it leads to the publication of memoirs and diaries that should remain locked in the writers' desks.

[14] It leads Mr. Blank not to write verses at all—which he might very well do, for the sake of his own happiness, and for the amusement of his friends—and it leads Miss Dash to pester the overworked editors of various journals with her unsuccessful imitations of Mr. de la Mare, Mr. Yeats, and Dr. Bridges. The result is that our national artistic life now suffers from two great needs: a wider amateur practice of the arts, and a higher, more exclusive, professional standard. Until these are achieved we shall not get the best out of our souls.

[15] The truth is, I conceive, that there is for most of us only one thing—beyond, of course, our duties of citizenship and our personal duties as sons, or husbands, or fathers, daughters, or wives, or mothers—that is worth doing well—that is to say, with all our energy. That one thing may be writing, or it may be making steam-engines, or laying bricks. But after that there are hundreds of things that are worth doing badly, with only part of our energy, for the sake of the relaxation they bring us, and for the contacts which they give us with our minds. And the sooner England realizes this, as once she did, the happier, the more contented, the more gracious, will our land be.

[16] There are even, I maintain, things that are in themselves *better* done badly than well. Consider fishing, where one's whole pleasure is often spoiled by having to kill a fish. Now, if one could contrive always to try to catch a fish, and never to do so, one might—But that is another story.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. What, according to the author, is "the first social duty of man"?
2. What is the significance of a "handicap"?

3. Define "an interpretative artist." Compare Toscanini.
4. The author recognizes two great needs of "our national artistic life." What are these? How would a willingness to do certain things badly serve these needs?
5. What one thing in each person's life is worth doing well?

Suggestions for Papers

You have perhaps not yet settled on the direction in which you will strive for perfection. Indeed, you may have already accepted compromise as the sensible way to live; a C attitude is less rewarding but more comfortable than an A attitude. Yet the chances are that you do want to be best at something. Your paper on the general idea of perfectionism may be mainly personal with incidental references to the selections in this chapter, or it may be mainly impersonal with incidental references to your beliefs or experiences. Comparison and contrast will be the obvious method of this paper.

1. Write a paper in which you isolate as narrowly as you can the one thing which you wish to do supremely well. In your first paragraph, define what this one thing is which you wish to do supremely well. In the remainder of your paper (two or three paragraphs) make clear what subordinate things you must learn to do well before you can be sure of achieving your central ambition. Try to find ways to refer to passages from the selections in this chapter.

2. List those things which you do but do not do well. Do you consider them worth doing badly? Why? The answer will require perhaps an analysis of what constitutes a well-balanced life.

3. What is specialization? Can you name several reasons for the rise of specialization in the twentieth century? Does it have a connection with the idea of perfectionism? Or is it simply a necessity forced upon a highly complex society? (Does football provide a good example of detailed specialization?)

4. Zweig insists that Toscanini provides an ethical lesson for his

generation. What kind of lesson could one learn from the experiences of Mr. Gessler? Of St. Simeon? Of "the artist with carpenter's hands"? This analysis will call for (1) a listing of the requirements for successful specialization; (2) the application of the terms of this list to the four persons (Toscanini, Gessler, St. Simeon, and the artist); (3) the reaching a conclusion on the basis of the analysis and the application.

5. Follow the suggestions under 4 above but use examples of your own. Draw your examples from people you know or from people you have read about.

6. Write a careful, detailed comparison of Toscanini and the artist with carpenter's hands. Compare "the vision," the patience, the energy, the talent, the personal satisfaction, and the result. What conclusion do you arrive at? That all men are created equal? That one man's dream is another man's nightmare? How does your conclusion apply to yourself?

7. Write a careful, detailed comparison of Mr. Gessler and the artist with carpenter's hands. Use the details of comparison suggested in 6 above. Note, however, the totally different causes for defeat in the two men. Arrive at some conclusion and apply the conclusion to yourself.

8. Write a careful, detailed comparison of Mr. Gessler and St. Simeon. Use the details of comparison in 6 above. Add usefulness and personality to the list. What do you conclude? How does your conclusion apply to yourself?

9. Other possible comparisons are these: Toscanini and Mr. Gessler; Toscanini and St. Simeon; St. Simeon and the artist.

10. All four of the perfectionists described in the selections of this chapter feel a more or less acute sense of frustration. Show of what this frustration consisted in each instance. What do you conclude about the dangers of perfectionism?

11. A poet has said that it is not what man *does* but what he *would do* that counts. This same poet has said that "all services rank the same with God." Apply these conceptions to the four perfectionists described in this chapter. By the poet's reasoning, would the four end in a tie? Explain.

SOME TITLES FOR PAPERS

1. The A Attitude
2. The C Attitude
3. The Perfection I Covet
4. The Ethics of Perfectionism
5. Penalties of Perfectionism
6. Quality in a Machine Age
7. Was Simeon a Saint?
8. Perfectionism Conquers the Flesh
9. The Ethics of Doing Things Badly
10. Perfection Is for Heaven

6

The Problem of College Athletics

IT IS easy to get used to absurdities. "All study and no exercise make Joseph College a dull boy." That seemed logical and, educators thought, something should be done about it. "Much study and some exercise make Joseph less dull." That seemed better. "Less study and much exercise make Joseph still less dull." That began to be questionable. "No study and all exercise make Joe a dull boy." That's logical but bad. The original statement is now topsy-turvy. Joe—no longer Joseph—likes exercise; he doesn't like work—and even if he did, he wouldn't have time for it. His attitude wouldn't matter very much but for the amazing public interest in Joe's exercise. The public in this matter consists of most college presidents, some faculty members, almost all the students and the alumni of all the colleges, and a vast body of so-called sports lovers.

As far back as the 1920's the problem of what to do with the bull in the china closet of education, college athletics, had become so acute

that thoughtful persons were duly alarmed and said so. Robert K. Root in "Sport Versus Athletics" adequately summarized the situation and offered a possible cure. You will be interested to see how "dated" this essay is. How much of it, more than a quarter of a century after, is still valid? Have conditions improved or worsened?

Possibly the classic analysis of college athletics in relation to higher education is provided in Robert Maynard Hutchins's "Gate Receipts and Glory." Mr. Hutchins describes the golden knot which holds together the incompatibles of education and partly professionalized athletics. His cure? Cut the knot.

Even in an era of generous subsidy for college athletes, the chief recompense for stupendous effort is glory. How lasting, however, is this reward? Housman's poignant little poem, "To an Athlete Dying Young," answers for a village-hero runner, but the answer may stand for all athletes in their quest for glory.

*Sport Versus Athletics**

Robert K. Root

[1] Among the countless thousands who flock, the nation over, on a bright Saturday of mid-November to witness a "big" football game in some nearby academic town, there must be a few who, in the interval between the halves, ask themselves, What is this amazing spectacle at which we are assisting? How vast a swarming multitude! Special trains by the score pour out their living freight; the roads of a dozen counties overflow their brims with the converging streams of motors; a battalion of special police keeps the crowds in order; countless hawkers stridently recommend stale edibles or "winning colors." And the occasion of it all is that two and twenty college youths are to play a friendly game of ball. While every autumn sets new records of congregated attendance,

* From *The Forum*, LXXII (November 1924), 657–664. Reprinted by permission of the author.

there is, I think, a steadily growing sense of something not altogether right and normal in the great edifice of organized college athletics of which the "big" game is the crowning pinnacle.

[2] What is wrong? It is certainly no cause for regret that the vigorous youth of our universities likes to play manly games. Heaven forfend the contrary! If, then, I have to speak with scant respect of organized athletics, the reader will please understand from the start that I am no enemy of outdoor games. On the contrary, my chief quarrel with the existing state of organized athletics may be summed up in the fact that it is itself an enemy of healthy play. The very word "athletics" suggests such analogous formations as "mathematics" and "dynamics" and "kinematics"; and the very idea of "organization" belongs to the work-shop rather than the play field. What purports to be, and should in fact be, play and a game has been bedevilled into a scientific profession. Our national curse of commercialism has laid a coarse and heavy finger on it. If college records show that football tends to make Jack a dull boy, perhaps the explanation may be that football, as our colleges play it, is all work and no play.

[3] If our college athletes are only technically amateurs, and essentially professionals, something is indeed wrong.

[4] Of professionalism in the narrowly technical sense of the term there is, in our more reputable colleges, little or none at all. The "amateur standing" of the young gentlemen who exhibit their skill for your delectation is jealously guarded by many a taboo. If the college athlete wishes to use the long summer holiday to earn money to pay next year's term-bill, he must be careful that his gainful occupation has no relation to sport. He may sell groceries or safety razors; but he must not sell golf balls or baseball bats. He may tutor a boy in Latin or algebra,—though the star athlete is not always fitted for this occupation,—but on peril of his amateur soul he must not for hire teach a boy to play tennis.

[5] But if the amateur code forbids that the college athlete be a penny the richer for his mighty punts, it provides that he shall not be a cent the poorer. He pays neither for his railway ticket to Cambridge nor for his football, not even for the clothes in which he

plays. If the gate receipts at Soldier's Field are to amount to some hundred and fifty thousand dollars, should not these things be added to him freely at the hands of the athletic treasury? Of course, in all equity. But if so, why has he not an equal right to some modest percentage of these gate receipts? *Nefas nefandum!* [Unspeakable crime!] He would at once cease to be an amateur! The code permits the one and sternly reprobates the other.

[6] Amateurs they are according to the letter of the code, these sturdy youths of the football squad; but could there be anything less amateur in its real essence than present-day college football? Even the vast assemblage of spectators is professionalized. If you go to a big league baseball game, you know that the players are professionals, and that the whole affair is frankly and avowedly commercial; but you, the spectator, may still be an amateur. When you feel like yelling, your lungs may bellow forth as lustily as you will; when you are disposed for gloomy silence, you may hold your peace with a clear conscience. But at a college football game your enthusiasm is organized. You cheer when you are ordered to cheer. It is a kindly tyranny to be sure; for the cheer-leader in his uniform of spotless white is a charming and engaging lad, lithe and graceful in his amazing contortions, which combine the sharp energy of a jumping-jack with the gyrations of a whirling dervish. It were sullen and churlish to refuse his blandishments,—and is it not, after all, part of the show? What a mighty frog chorus echoes from the stands, what a deafening "tiger, siss, boom, ah!" Yet it is not exactly spontaneous; and spontaneity is an essential element in the amateur spirit.

[7] The enthusiasm of the undergraduate spectators who fill the sonorous cheering sections has for many weeks before the game been artificially stimulated by an organized system of propaganda. The college daily has solemnly preached to them the duty of being present not only at the minor games, but at daily practice also, that by their presence they may "support" the team. If on a pleasant afternoon they desert the hard seats of the stadium to play a round of golf or a set of tennis,—mere selfish exercise and sport,—it is with the guilty consciousness of a duty left undone. What if through lack of "support" their team should lose the game? Are they

fiddling while Rome burns? Shortly before the "big" game they are assembled in a great mass meeting rally, where captain and coaches,—and I fear sometimes even officers of the university itself,—appeal to the emotion of "College spirit" till every last vestige of any just sense of proportion is banished from their adolescent minds.

[8] If the enthusiasm of the spectators is professionalized out of all spontaneity, what of the twice eleven players who are tensely waiting for the snap-back? That they are a pair of disciplined teams instead of merely spontaneous individuals, each on his own, is entirely right. But whence proceeds the discipline? Is it from the quarterback who sharply calls the signals? Is it from the captain whom they have themselves elected? Only to the smallest possible extent. So far as it is feasible to make them so, they are highly trained automatons executing the will of their coaches. There are dramatic moments, when, with a fumbled ball loose on the field, an individual must use his own quick intelligence and initiative. Something must be left to the judgment of the quarterback, since the development of radio-telephony has not yet devised a pocket receiving set which shall keep him in constant touch with the coaches, and since one cannot at every juncture of the game send in a messenger-boy substitute. But as far as possible even the emergencies have been foreseen. As for the broad strategy of the game, it has been laid out in advance by the coaches; and the tactics,—running formations, wing-shifts, forward passes,—have all been studied out and perfected, not by the boys who play, but by the council of elder statesmen who sit, as statesmen always sit, on the side-lines. The intelligence and ingenuity of a highly paid professional coach at Princeton is pitted against the skill of another highly paid professional coach at Cambridge or New Haven. And under this supreme dictator is a small army of lesser coaches; so that it is hardly an exaggeration to say that there is a coach for every one of the eleven players. Head Coach X. is playing chess with Head Coach Y. seated across the white-streaked table,—a very exciting game of chess in which the knights and rooks and bishops, splendidly chiselled pieces though they be, may, through human weakness, fail to carry out the move that has been called.

[9] And the animated chess-men themselves, what do they think

about it? They have competed with all that is in their young bodies to "make" the team. They very naturally covet the ephemeral glory they may win; they have been taught to believe that they are "doing something" for Harvard or for Yale or for Stanford, adding to the prestige of those already somewhat eminent seats of higher learning. Here they are in the Bowl, or the Palmer Stadium, the cynosure of a hundred thousand neighboring eyes. It is the "big" game; they have "made" the team. Are they not supremely happy? In the sense of ambition realized, no doubt they are. But the joy of sport, the healthy fun of playing a beautiful game and playing it well,—it is not for them. I have talked to many "varsity" players, and have never found one to whom the football season, or at any rate the closing weeks of it, was not something to be stolidly endured. They hate the daily grind of practice; they lie awake o' nights with nervous apprehension of the fatal fumble that they may make on the Great Day, before the cloud of accusing witnesses.

[10] And we call it a *game,* and *amateur* sport! For the spectators it is a splendid spectacle and an ecstasy of surging emotion. So, I am told, is the bull ring at Madrid or Mexico City. So, no doubt, must have been the gladiatorial games in the great amphitheatre at many a Roman holiday. I would not have these comparisons misunderstood. I have no sympathy with the assertion that football is a "brutalizing" game. You must, I understand, to play it well, feel for the time being, a bitter hatred for the man opposite you; but you must also control that hatred,—and self-control is anything but brutish. It is a rough game, to be sure, but only wholesomely rough; and it is no more dangerous to life and limb than many another activity of generous youth. The game of football as a game is a very fine game. But what you pay your three dollars to see on a crisp November afternoon is not a game, but a commercialized spectacle and an exhibition of highly organized professional skill. Is it any part of the proper function of a university to provide a great public spectacle, the providing of which tends to the complete subordination of proper university interests, not only in the players but in the whole undergraduate body? They do the thing better in Spain. Is it wholesome that these honest lads should be made

a spectacle for the gaping multitude at three dollars a seat, that their pictures should fill all the Sunday supplements, that the quivering ether,—if the physicists still believe in ether,—should be syllabling their names and blazoning their every move to the radio fans of half a continent? They are, moreover, innocent accomplices to a huge hypocrisy,—the pretense that all this is amateur sport. They are amateurs only to the extent that an established code deprives them of any personal share in the profits of this pitiless publicity.

[11] But if the individual player receives no money, the athletic treasury receives a great deal. Gross receipts for the football season of one of the major teams should not fall far short of three hundred thousand dollars. Even after paying a dozen professional coaches and heavy incidental expenses, there is a handsome profit. During the years, the athletic treasury is further enriched by a smaller profit from the baseball team, and by some net income from hockey and basketball. This very considerable income is expended to the last penny on the lavish maintenance of other forms of organized athletics which are not commercially profitable. Besides the crews and the track teams, "varsity" and freshman, there is a bewildering array of minor sports,—swimming and water-polo, gymnastics, lacrosse, soccer, golf, and tennis. At one university the number of different sports so organized is seventeen, and the number of separate teams engaged in intercollegiate contests is nearly forty. There are coaches and trainers to be hired, uniforms and equipment to be provided, and expensive out of town trips to be financed. Less profitably than football, but no less thoroughly, these sports also are professionalized.

[12] What can be done about it? One can think of several things that might be done. One might, for example, push present tendencies to their logical conclusion, drop all pretense of amateur sport and be frankly professional. Every institution of higher learning would then hire the best players it could find, as it now hires the most skilled professional coach. The boundless enthusiasm of the sport-loving alumnus, that must now be held in check, would then have free play. He could range through all the promising athletic material of the country, and of his bounty present to Harvard or

Princeton or Yale the best fullback that money will buy. When money payments no longer made a player ineligible, we should hardly debar him because of failure in the classroom. Is it not even now intolerable that every season good football players should be ineligible because they are deficient in their academic studies? Why should they even pretend to be students? If it happens that a university student can play football, the fact that he is a student need not disqualify him for the employment. He may thus earn his way through college, provided of course that he does not let his studies interfere with football. Or if, now and then, an athlete professionally resident in the university town should, through some freak of temperament, care to attend an academic lecture or two at hours which do not interfere with practice, there should be no objection. But from all the impertinences of tests and themes and term examinations the normal athlete would be completely exempt. If after many years of association with a university he should covet such a thing as a degree, he might be made Bachelor of Athletics, *honoris causa,* and then be able to subscribe himself B.A. The degree of B.A. can already be acquired without a syllable of Latin! [13] The suggestion is a fruitful one. The university which already owned a championship football team might become ambitious to attach to itself the heavy-weight boxing champion. Mr. Dempsey, with the honorary degree of B. Pug. in prospect, would not object to staining his gloves a good gory crimson. Why not a university racing stable, with Yale-Princeton meets at Belmont Park? [14] But enough of the *reductio ad adsurdum!* Is there no remedy that one could suggest in sober earnest? One might, of course, stop by faculty decree all intercollegiate contests. This remedy has often been proposed, and was indeed for a time actually adopted by Columbia. But it would be a pity, even in a relatively unimportant realm of things, to add one more to the "Verboten" signs which are coming to be the mark of American civilization. Outright prohibition is usually an unintelligent way of reforming social abuses. If outdoor games are a desirable element in a young man's life, as every one admits, it is a pity to deprive him of the added zest which comes from competition beyond the boundaries

of the college playing fields. Only let it be an added zest rather than the one and only incentive.

[15] One can think of a number of remedies more intelligent than outright abolition. One might begin by reducing very materially the number of intercollegiate contests in a given season. During October a dozen Yale teams might play football intramurally, and then in November the best of these teams, or some composite of the best, might meet champion teams similarly chosen at Princeton and at Cambridge. One might curtail, or abolish altogether, the professional coaching system. Suppose, for example, Harvard, Yale, and Princeton should agree to retain the skilled trainer, whose business it is to keep the players in perfect physical trim, but leave to the undergraduates themselves the devising of new formations, the training of recruits, and the strategy of the game. One might charge one dollar instead of three for a seat, and so lessen the implication of commercialism which now pervades football, and the lesser organized sports which are its pensioners. The resultant intercollegiate games would no doubt be less brilliant exhibitions of football skill; but amateurs are usually less skilful than professionals. With such a decrease in technical skill, and the players once more amateurs in fact as well as in name, football might be somewhat less interesting to sporting editors, be less prominently displayed in the daily press, and so occupy a less exaggerated place in the national consciousness.

[16] But I have scant faith in any program of reform, or in any easy nostrum. What we need is, in theological language, conviction of sin and a change of heart. So long as the university world and its multitudinous patrons prefer the great spectacle of professional athletics, there is little use in urging mitigations.

[17] But do they so prefer? So far as one can discover, no one in particular is responsible for the present deformation of college sport. It is not the result of conscious choice, but of blind drifting. The professional coaching system, for example, has become more and more professional, more complicated and highly specialized, by the same processes which turned all Europe into a camp of competitive armaments. If one plays a game, one very naturally

wishes to win; and a genuinely amateur team would have small chance to win against a professionally trained rival. So, step by step, each would-be champion meets and goes beyond its rival. The best hope for the recovery of amateur methods lies in some Washington Conference of the great athletic powers.

[18] If the will is there, the way is easy. We may yet have a chance to see amateur sport resume the place in our university life so long usurped by the profession of organized athletics.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Have organized athletics become more work than play? Is this a bad practice? For whom?
2. The amateur code permits what and forbids what in payment to athletes?
3. Comment on the organized enthusiasm at football games. Do you agree that "spontaneity is an essential of the amateur spirit"?
4. Can coaches now send in "messenger-boy substitutes" as often as they like?
5. Can you guess from internal evidence with what university the author of this essay is associated?
6. Is the figure of football as a chess-game between highly paid coaches still valid? Explain.
7. What limits does the author place on his comparison of a football game with a bull fight or a gladiatorial combat?
8. What constitutes the "huge hypocrisy" (see paragraph 9)?
9. Do you think that minor sports are as thoroughly professionalized as the major sports?
10. Study paragraph 12. The author intends this paragraph to be amusingly farfetched. Today, how much of what he says is still farfetched?
11. What serious suggestion does the author make for correcting the overemphasis on athletics? Does he believe in his suggestion?
12. Does the author make any case at all for the "multitudinous patrons" *not* preferring professionalized athletics?

*Gate Receipts and Glory**

Robert M. Hutchins

[1] The football season is about to release the nation's colleges to the pursuit of education, more or less. Soon the last nickel will be rung up at the gate, the last halfback will receive his check, and the last alumnus will try to pay off those bets he can recall. Most of the students have cheered themselves into insensibility long ago.

[2] This has been going on for almost fifty years. It is called "overemphasis on athletics," and everybody deplores it. It has been the subject of scores of reports, all of them shocking. It has been held to be crass professionalism, all the more shameful because it masquerades as higher education. But nobody has done anything about it. Why? I think it is because nobody wants to. Nobody wants, or dares, to defy the public, dishearten the students, or deprive alma mater of the loyalty of the alumni. Most emphatically of all, nobody wants to give up the gate receipts. The trouble with football is the money that is in it, and every code of amateurism ever written has failed for this reason.

[3] Money is the cause of athleticism in the American colleges. Athleticism is not athletics. Athletics is physical education, a proper function of the college if carried on for the welfare of the students. Athleticism is not physical education but sports promotion, and it is carried on for the monetary profit of the colleges through the entertainment of the public. This article deals with athleticism, its cause, its symptoms and its cure.

[4] Of all the crimes committed by athleticism under the guise of athletics, the most heinous is the confusion of the country about the primary purpose of higher education. The primary purpose of higher education is the development of the mind. This does not mean that colleges and universities should neglect the health of their students or should fail to provide them with every opportunity for physical development. The question is a question of

* From *The Saturday Evening Post*, December 3, 1938. Reprinted by permission of the author.

emphasis. Colleges and universities are the only institutions which are dedicated to the training of the mind. In these institutions, the development of the body is important, but secondary.

[5] The apologists of athleticism have created a collection of myths to convince the public that biceps is a substitute for brains. Athletics, we are told, produces well-rounded men, filled with the spirit of fair play. Athletics is good for the health of the players; it is also good for the morals of the spectators. Leadership on the playing fields means leadership in life. The Duke of Wellington said so. Athletes are red-blooded Americans, and athletic colleges are bulwarks against Communism. Gate receipts are used to build laboratories and to pay for those sports that can't pay for themselves. Football is purely a supplement to study. And without a winning team a college cannot hope to attract the students or the gifts which its work requires.

[6] These myths have about them a certain air of plausibility. They are widely accepted. But they are myths. As the Carnegie Foundation has said, "The fact that all these supposed advantages are tinged at one point or another with the color of money casts over every relaxation of standards a mercenary shadow." The myths are designed, consciously or unconsciously, to conceal the color of money and to surround a financial enterprise with the rosy glow of Health, Manhood, Public Spirit and Education.

[7] Since the primary task of colleges and universities is the development of the mind, young people who are more interested in their bodies than in their minds should not go to college. Institutions devoted to the development of the body are numerous and inexpensive. They do not pretend to be institutions of learning, and there is no faculty of learned men to consume their assets or interfere with their objectives.

[8] Athleticism attracts boys and girls to college who do not want and cannot use a college education. They come to college for "fun." They would be just as happy in the grandstand at the Yankee Stadium, and at less expense to their parents. They drop out of college after a while, but they are a sizable fraction of many freshman classes, and, while they last, they make it harder for the college to educate the rest. Even the earnest boys and girls who come to

college for an education find it difficult, around the middle of November, to concentrate on the physiology of the frog or the mechanics of the price structure.

[9] Worse yet, athleticism gives the student a mistaken notion of the qualities that make for leadership in later life. The ambition of the average student who grew up reading Stover at Yale is to imitate as closely as possible the attitude and manners of the current football hero. Since this country, like all others, needs brains more than brawn at the moment, proposing football heroes as models for the rising generation can hardly have a beneficial effect on the national future.

[10] The exponents of athleticism tell us that athletics is good for a boy. They are right. But athleticism focuses its attention on doing good for the boys who least need it. Less than half of the undergraduate males—800 out of 1900 at the University of Chicago, for instance—are eligible for intercollegiate competition. But where athleticism reigns, as happily it does not at Chicago, 75 per cent of the attention of the physical-education staff must be lavished on that fraction of the student body who make varsity squads. The Carnegie Foundation found that 37 per cent of all undergraduates engage in no athletic activity, not even in intramural games. Since graduate and professional students are also eliminated from competition, we have more than half the college and university population of the country neglected because we devote ourselves, on the pretext that athletics is good for a boy, to overdeveloping a handful of stars.

[11] And athletics, as it is conducted in many colleges today, is not even good for the handful. Since the fate of the coach sometimes depends on victory, players have sometimes been filled with college spirit through caffein tablets and strychnine. At least one case reached the public in which a coach removed a plaster cast from a star's ankle and sent him in "to win." The Carnegie Foundation found that 17.6 per cent of all football players in twenty-two colleges suffered serious injuries. The same report asserts that college athletes have about the same life expectancy as the average college man and not so good an expectancy as men of high scholarship rank.

[12] Most athletes will admit that the combination of weariness

and nervousness after a hard practice is not conducive to study. We can thus understand why athleticism does not contribute to the production of well-rounded men destined for leadership after graduation. In many American colleges it is possible for a boy to win twelve letters without learning how to write one. I need only suggest that you conjure up the name of the greatest college football star of fifteen years ago and ask yourself, "Where is he now?" Many of his contemporaries who made no ninety-yard runs enjoy at least as good health as our hero and considerably more esteem. The cheers that rock the stadium have a rapid depreciation rate.

[13] The alleged connection between athletic experience and moral principles is highly dubious. At worst, the college athlete is led to believe that whatever he does, including slugging, is done for the sake of alma mater. He does not learn that it is sometimes better, both on and off the playing field, to lose than to win. At best, the college athlete acquires habits of fair play, but there is no evidence that he needs to join the football squad to acquire them; he can get them from the studies he pursues and from living in a college community which, since it is a community of comparatively idealistic people, is less tolerant of meanness than most. The football players who threw the campus "radicals" into the lake at the University of Wisconsin knew little of fair play, and incidents in which free speech in the colleges is suppressed have frequently shown the athletic group lined up on the side of suppression.

[14] Even if it were true that athletics developed courage, prudence, tolerance and justice, the commercialism that characterizes amateur sport today would be sufficient to harden the purest young man. He is made to feel that his primary function in college is to win football games. The coach demands it, because the coach wants to hold his job. The college demands it, because the college wants the gate receipts. And the alumni demand it, because the test of a college is the success of its teams and they want to be alumni of a good college.

[15] The university with which I am connected has a different kind of college and a different kind of alumni. I can make this statement because I am in no way responsible for its happy condition.

When John D. Rockefeller founded the University of Chicago forty-five years ago, he told William Rainey Harper to run it as he pleased. It pleased Mr. Harper to appoint men of character and distinction. One of the men he appointed was Amos Alonzo Stagg. To the amazement of the country, Mr. Harper made Mr. Stagg a professor on life appointment. It was the first time such a thing had happened.

[16] Secure in his position, whether he produced winning teams or not, Mr. Stagg for forty years kept Chicago an amateur university. Some of his teams were champions. Chicago still has the second best won-and-lost record in the Big Ten, although we are using it up pretty fast. But through all those years Chicago students learned that athletics is only one aspect, and a secondary one, of college education. The result is that today Chicago's alumni are loyal to their university and generous with their moral and financial support.

[17] The prestige that winning teams confer upon a university, and the profits that are alleged to accompany prestige, are the most serious obstacles to reform. Alumni whose sole interest in their alma mater is its athletic standing lose their interest when its teams run on bad years. The result, which horrifies college presidents, is that the alumni do not encourage their children or their neighbors' children to attend the old college. The American public believes that there is a correlation between muscle and manliness. Poor teams at any college are supposed to mean that the character of its student body is in decay.

[18] The myth that donors, like alumni and the public, are impressed by football victories collapses on examination of the report recently issued by the John Price Jones Corporation, showing gifts and bequests to colleges and universities between 1920 and 1937. Among the universities, Harvard, Yale and Chicago led the list, each having received more than $50,000,000. The records of these universities on the gridiron were highly irregular, to say the least; that of one of them was positively bad. Among the colleges, Williams, Wesleyan and Bowdoin led the list, each having received more than $5,000,000. Men of wealth were undeterred by the inconsequential

athletic status of these colleges; it does not appear that philanthropists were attracted to their rivals by the glorious victories they scored over them.

[19] If athleticism is bad for students, players, alumni and the public, it is even worse for the colleges and universities themselves. They want to be educational institutions, but they can't. The story of the famous halfback whose only regret, when he bade his coach farewell, was that he hadn't learned to read and write is probably exaggerated. But we must admit that pressure from trustees, graduates, "friends," presidents, and even professors has tended to relax academic standards. These gentry often overlook the fact that a college should not be interested in a fullback who is a half-wit. Recruiting, subsidizing and the double educational standard cannot exist without the knowledge and the tacit approval, at least, of the colleges and universities themselves. Certain institutions encourage susceptible professors to be nice to athletes now admitted by paying them for serving as "faculty representatives" on the college athletic board.

[20] We have the word of the famous Carnegie Report that the maxim "every athlete is a needy athlete" is applied up and down the land. Hard times have reduced the price of football players in conformity with the stock-market index. But when we get back to prosperity we may hope to see the resurrection of that phenomenon of the Golden Era, a corporation which tried to corner the market by signing up high-school athletes and auctioning them off to the highest bidder. The promoter of this interesting venture came to a bad end, and I regretted his fate, for he was a man of imagination and a friend of the football tramp, who has always been a victim of cutthroat competition.

[21] Enthusiastic alumni find it hard to understand why a fine young man who can play football should be deprived of a college education just because he is poor. No young man should be deprived of an education just because he is poor. We need more scholarships, but athletic ability should have nothing to do with their award. Frequently the fine young man the alumnus has in mind can do nothing but play football. The alumnus should try hiring

the young man and turning him loose in his factory. From the damage that would result he could gain some insight into the damage done his alma mater through admitting students without intellectual interests or capacity.

[22] If the colleges and universities are to commend themselves to the public chiefly through their athletic accomplishments, it seems to me that they ought to be reorganized with that aim in view. Instead of looking for college presidents among educators, we should find them among those gentlemen who have a solid record of sports promotion behind them. Consider what Tex Rickard could have done for Harvard. I am rapidly approaching the retirement age, and I can think of no worthier successor, from the standpoint of athleticism, than Mike Jacobs, the sage of the prize ring. Mr. Jacobs has demonstrated his genius at selecting young men and developing them in such a way as to gather both gold and glory for the profession of which he is the principal ornament.

[23] Another suggestion for elevating Chicago to the level of some of its sister institutions was advanced last year by Mr. William McNeill, editor of the student paper. Mr. McNeill proposed that instead of buying football players, the colleges should buy race horses. Alumni could show their devotion to alma mater by giving their stables to alma mater. For the time being, Yale would be way out in front, for both Mr. Jock Whitney and Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney graduated there. But by a judicious distribution of honorary degrees horse fanciers who never went to college might be induced to come to the assistance of institutions which had not attracted students who had become prosperous enough to indulge in the sport of kings. Chicago could, for instance, confer the doctorate of letters upon that prominent turf-man, Alderman Bathhouse John Coughlin, and persuade The Bath to change the color of his silks from green to maroon. The alumni could place their money on Chicago across the board. The students could cheer. Most important of all, the horses would not have to pass examinations.

[24] The center of football strength has been moving, since the turn of the century, from the East to the Middle West, from the

Middle West to the Pacific Coast, and from the Pacific Coast to the South and Southwest. According to a recent analysis by Professor Eells, of Stanford, the leading educational institutions of the country are, in order of their eminence, Harvard, Chicago, Columbia, Yale, California, Johns Hopkins, Princeton, Michigan and Wisconsin. None of these universities, except California, is close to the top of Professor Dickinson's annual athletic ranking, and California's success has something to do with the fact that it has a male undergraduate enrollment of 7500 compared with Harvard's 3700 and Chicago's 1900. We used to say that Harvard enjoyed its greatest years as an educational institution when Ted Coy was playing at Yale. If football continues to move to the poorer colleges, the good ones may be saved. Meanwhile it is only fair to say that some inferior colleges are going broke attempting to get rich—and famous—at football.

[25] Athleticism, like crime, does not pay. Last summer St. Mary's College, home of the Galloping Gaels, was sold at auction and bought in by a bondholders' committee. This was the country's most sensational football college. Since 1924 it has won eighty-six and tied seven of its 114 games. Its academic efforts were inexpensive and its gate receipts immense. The bondholders were surprised to learn that it was running $72,000 a year behind in its budget. They were even more surprised to find that football expenses were almost equal to football income.

[26] To make big money in athletics you have to spend big money. Winning coaches come high. The head coaches in our larger colleges and universities receive, on the average, $611 a year more than the highest-ranking professors in the same institutions. One famous coach of a small college was found, not long ago, receiving $25,000 in a year, between his salary and his percentage of the receipts. This situation is not without its advantages to the members of my hard-pressed profession. The president of one celebrated university was paid $8000 a year. A coach qualified to direct the football destinies of the institution could not be found for less than $15,000. Since the trustees had to have the coach, and since they couldn't pay the president less than the coach, they raised the president's salary to $15,000 too.

[27] Subsidizing is expensive. Equipment, travel, advertising and publicity are expensive. These things have been known to run to $10,000 or $15,000, even in the smaller colleges, for football alone. Some of the more glorious teams carry a Pullman full of newspapermen across the country with them, paying the reporters' expenses.

[28] The myth that football receipts support research, education, or even other sports has just been exploded by President Wilkins, of Oberlin. His analysis of football costs in twenty-two typical colleges shows that only two have a surplus of football income over expense. The twenty others spend on football all they get from football and $1743 apiece a year additional. This is the income on $45,000 of their endowment.

[29] President Wilkins' investigation of the colleges raises an interesting question. If most of the colleges lose money at football, is it not likely that most of the universities, with their proportionately heavy expense, are also playing a losing game? I know of only one university that ever claimed to have built a laboratory out of excess gate receipts, but many of our larger institutions claim that football finances their so-called minor sports. Perhaps it does in a few universities and in the years of their great teams. But I should like to see a study made of the universities along the lines of President Wilkins' investigation of the colleges; and I might suggest to those who make the study that they scrutinize the accounting methods of some of our educators to see if they are charging up coaches and even trainers as "professors," the purchase of players to "contingent expense," and the debt on the stadium to "real estate."

[30] In 1925 the American Association of University Professors expressed the hope that colleges would in time publish the cost of their stadiums. This hope has not been fulfilled, and for the most part the cost of stadiums remains one of the dark secrets of the athletic underworld. I understand that there are only two stadiums in the Big Ten which were not built with borrowed money, and that two have not yet been paid for. One cost $1,700,000.

[31] Last fall I met a university president the day before his team was to play its opening game. All he could say was, "We've got to win tomorrow. We've got to pay off that $35,000 on the stadium this year." The necessity of packing these arenas has led colleges to

schedule as many big games as possible. In order to establish the team's value as a spectacle as soon as possible, a big game must be played to open the season. The old scheme of playing easy games until the team is in shape has had to be abandoned. Consequently, practice must begin earlier to get the team in shape earlier. Harvard and Princeton have just extended pre-season practice and have given a bad example to the country.

[32] The reason that college stadiums can't be paid off is plain. They are built for one sport, football. A great team year after year might, in fifteen or twenty years, pay off the bond issue. But there are no great teams year after year. Athletic eminence is cyclical. College A has a great team and decides to build a great stadium, so that the entire population can watch it. But the alumni of College B, which is the traditional rival of College A, are irritated because their alma mater is being beaten by those thugs across the river.

[33] So the alumni go out and buy a great team for College B. Colleges C and D also have alumni who also like to win.

[34] In a few years College A is being beaten regularly and the stadium, except for those local citizens who can't afford to get away to watch B, C, and D, is empty. Then College B builds a great new stadium to cash in on its great new record, and goes through the same routine.

[35] There are several factors already operating to reduce athleticism, whether or not we decide to do anything about it. The rise of the junior colleges, which educate freshmen and sophomores only, is reducing the supply of athletic material for the four-year colleges and universities.

[36] Professional football, which is attracting larger and larger crowds, may ultimately do for college football what professional baseball has done for college baseball. And the United States Supreme Court, in a case involving the taxation of gate receipts, has clarified the national mind to some extent by indicating that intercollegiate football is business.

[37] But neither the Supreme Court, nor professional football, nor junior colleges can be depended upon to reform us. We must reform ourselves. How?

[38] The committees which have studied the subject—and their name is legion—have suggested stricter eligibility rules, reduction of training periods, elimination of recruiting and subsidizing, easier schedules, limitation of each student's participation to one sport, and abandonment of the double scholastic standard for athletes. President-Emeritus Lowell, of Harvard, once proposed the Oxford and Cambridge system of limiting each sport to one game a season, and that one with the college's natural rival. Mr. Lowell's scheme might have the merit of enabling students and the public to work off their seasonal frenzy in one big saturnalia.

[39] These reforms will never achieve reform. They may serve to offset athleticism at those few institutions which are already trying to be colleges instead of football teams. But it is too much to hope that they will affect the colleges and universities at large.

[40] Since money is the cause of athleticism, the cure is to take the money out of athletics. This can be done only in defiance of the students, the alumni, the public, and, in many cases, the colleges themselves. The majority of the colleges and universities will not do it, because in the aggregate they dare not. Johns Hopkins, in Maryland, and Reed College, in Oregon, have dared, but nobody cares, athletically speaking, what Johns Hopkins or Reed does.

[41] The task of taking the money out of athletics must be undertaken by those institutions which are leaders, institutions which can afford the loss of prestige and popularity involved. I suggest that a group of colleges and of universities composed, say, of Amherst, Williams, Dartmouth, Harvard, Yale, Chicago, Michigan, Stanford and California agree to take the following steps, to take them in unison and to take them at once:

1. Reduce admission to ten cents. This will cover the handling costs. For years prominent educators, all the way from Harper, of Chicago, to Butler, of Columbia, have insisted that college athletics should be supported from endowment like any other educational activity. Colleges should support athletics out of their budgets, or get out of athletics, or get out of education.

2. Give the director of athletics and the major coaches some kind of academic tenure, so that their jobs depend on their ability as instructors and their character as men and not on the gates they draw.

[42] While these two steps are being taken, it might be well, for the sake of once more putting students instead of athletes on the college playing fields, to try to stimulate the urge to play for fun and health, instead of the urge to win at any cost. There are two ways to do this, and many colleges and universities are trying both with considerable satisfaction to their students:

1. Broaden the base of athletic participation, so that all students, graduate and undergraduate, big fellows and little fellows, can play. The development of intramural athletics, which costs less than the maintenance of present programs, is a step in this direction. The English system of selecting a varsity from the intramural teams toward the end of the season and then playing a limited number of intercollegiate games suggests itself at this point.

2. Emphasize games which students will play in later life, when they need recreation and physical fitness as much as in college. Such sports are tennis, handball, skating, swimming, softball, bowling, rackets, golf and touch football. Few college graduates are able to use football, baseball or basketball except as topics of conversation.

[43] In a word: More athletics, less athleticism.

[44] I think that after the steps I have suggested have been taken by the colleges and universities I have named, the rest of the country's educational institutions will not long be able to ignore their example.

[45] Nor will the public, once the break has been made, attempt for long to prevent reform. The public, in the last analysis, pays for the colleges and the universities. It wants something for its money. It has been taught to accept football. It can, I am confident, be taught to accept education.

[46] The public will not like ten-cent football, because ten-cent football will not be great football. The task of the colleges and the universities, then, is to show the country a substitute for athleticism.

[47] That substitute is light and learning. The colleges and universities, which taught the country football, can teach the country that the effort to discover truth, to transmit the wisdom of the race, and to preserve civilization is exciting and perhaps important too.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. "The trouble with football is the money that is in it." Does that summarize the key difficulty? (See the recommendations at the end of this essay.)
2. Note that Hutchins distinguishes between *athletics* and *athleticism*. What similar distinction does Root make (see previous essay)? Is there a difference between the distinctions?
3. In what sentence does the author announce the purpose and the organization of his essay?
4. What is the purpose of paragraph 5?
5. Name the myths about athletics. One by one decide whether you agree that they are myths.
6. What should the athletic-minded boy do if he cannot go to college?
7. "Athleticism focuses its attention on doing good for the boys who least need it." Comment.
8. Does high athletic status attract large gifts? Explain.
9. What is meant by the "double educational standard"?
0. At what points during this essay does the author become lightly satirical? (Example: reorganization of the colleges with athleticism as the core.)
1. Would there be any reason to suspect that the student editor (see paragraph 22) had read Root's "Sport Versus Athletics"? Explain.
2. How does rank of an institution educationally compare with its rank athletically? What universities from the list in paragraph 23 have advanced in athletic rank since 1938?
3. Does football add any money to a university's academic funds?
4. Hutchins recognizes three factors as operating to reduce the emphasis on athletics. What are they? Have they in fact reduced the emphasis?
5. What groups must be defied if athleticism is to be eliminated in the colleges?
6. What are Hutchins' specific recommendations? Discuss.

To an Athlete Dying Young *

A. E. Housman

The time you won your town the race
We chaired you through the market-place;
Man and boy stood cheering by,
And home we brought you shoulder-high.

To-day, the road all runners come,
Shoulder-high we bring you home,
And set you at your threshold down,
Townsman of a stiller town.

Smart lad, to slip betimes away
From fields where glory does not stay
And early though the laurel grows
It withers quicker than the rose.

Eyes the shady night has shut
Cannot see the record cut,
And silence sounds no worse than cheers
After earth has stopped the ears:

Now you will not swell the rout
Of lads that wore their honours out,
Runners whom renown outran
And the name died before the man.

So set, before its echoes fade,
The fleet foot on the sill of shade,
And hold to the low lintel up
The still-defended challenge-cup.

* From *A Shropshire Lad* by A. E. Housman. Reprinted by permission of Henry Holt and Company, Inc.

And round that early-laurelled head
Will flock to gaze the strengthless dead,
And find unwithered on its curls
The garland briefer than a girl's.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. What is the contrast between stanzas 1 and 2?
2. Why is the champion runner called "Smart lad"? Do stanzas 4 and 5 justify the phrase?
3. What does *laurel* signify? Does it actually wither "quicker than the rose"? Discuss.
4. To what *record* does the poet refer in stanza 4?
5. What is the *low lintel?*
6. How would you express the theme of this poem?
7. Does the poet touch on a point which is also mentioned in the two other selections of this chapter?

Suggestions for Papers

Is athleticism a problem at your college or university? If all is well in this respect, then you may choose to write an analysis of this fortunate situation. If all is less than well, you have the opportunity now of sizing up the trouble –with assistance from the selections in this chapter—and suggesting a remedy.

1. If you participate in any form of athletics, you may write a paper on the extent to which your sport is professionalized. (Structure: I The extent of my participation; II How professionalized my sport was in high school; III How professionalized in college; IV Conclusion.)

2. If you do not participate in athletics, you may write a paper on the professional status of your favorite spectator sport. (Struc-

ture: I What is done for [and to] the athletes; II The status of the coaching staff; III The relation of the sport to the rest of the college.)

3. Make a careful study of Root's "Sport Versus Athletics" and list those parts of the essay which are now out of date. (Only $3 for a football ticket, for example.) Also list the essential statements that are still valid. Finally, indicate in what respects sports have become even more professionalized than they were in the 1920's.

4. Make a careful study of Hutchins's "Gate Receipts and Glory." Then follow the same process as in suggestion 3.

5. Draw up a close comparison of the two essays in this chapter. Note, for example, such details as these: both essays recommend reducing admission prices (Root suggests $1; Hutchins ten cents); one essay prefers the word *sport* to *athletics* while the other prefers *athletics* to *athleticism*. If your comparison is thorough, you will have four lists: I Similarities; II Differences; III Points Exclusively in "Sport Versus Athletics"; IV Points Exclusively in "Gate Receipts and Glory."

6. If you wish to do a bit of interesting investigation upon which a paper may be based, look up the football records of Michigan, Stanford, and California from 1937 to date. Draw a conclusion about the effectiveness of Hutchins' suggestion that these universities de-emphasize football.

7. Both Root and Hutchins make a point of the fleeting glory which comes to athletes. A. E. Housman's "To an Athlete Dying Young" concentrates on the brevity of athletic fame. Write your own version of the impermanency of an athlete's laurels. (Test of team fame: can you name the football teams which played last year's bowl games? Or the top ten teams in last year's national standing? Test of individual fame: name a half-dozen All-Americans for any year along with their school and the positions they played.)

8. If you wish to defend athletes from the charge of impermanent fame, you could compare their impact on the public with that made by winners of scholastic honors. You probably don't know the names of *any* brilliant students at other colleges. Do you know the best students in your own college? Do you know the difference between Phi Beta Kappa and Phi Kappa Phi? Is either of

these organizations on your campus? What are the requirements for membership? (Note: if you choose this subject, do not ask others for the answers to these questions. The interest and value of the paper will come from an honest appraisal of what you do or do not know about scholars and the rewards of scholarship.)

9. Examine the possibilities of a thoroughgoing professionalizing of college athletics, particularly football, which is already, many believe, the most professional of college sports. (Structure: I The absurdities of the present status; II The easy steps to full professionalizing; III Advantages to the athletes, to the college, to the public.)

10. Write a paper of comment on these two statements which were made by college presidents: (1) "I only hope that our university can be worthy of our football team"; (2) "Our university is known farther and wider for its football team than it is for anything the faculty does." A *non sequitur* is a phrase meaning that there is no logical relation between one statement and the statement which precedes it. Are there *non sequiturs* in the two statements quoted above?

SOME TITLES FOR PAPERS

1. Athletics: More Work than Play
2. The Latest Code for Amateurs
3. Every Athlete Is a Needy Athlete!
4. Far-flung Recruiting
5. Where Our Football Players Come From (consult a football program)
6. Athletes Should Be Paid
7. What a Good Team Does for a College (or to a College)
8. A Football Player's Weekly Schedule
9. The Cross Purposes of Athletics and Higher Education
10. The Public's Right to College Football Spectacles
11. Ten-cent Football
12. Bachelor of Athletics
13. Amateurs *vs.* Professionals
14. Horse Racing on a Collegiate Footing
15. High-paid Coaches
16. Give the Game Back to the Boys

7

Advertising and Mass Media

NOTHING in America so insistently demands our attention as advertising. Quite literally it is everywhere, at the breakfast table, on every means of public transportation, on billboards and handbills, in the air, newspapers, magazines, and mailboxes. It is inescapable.

The advertising man would be the first to say that advertising has produced the American way of life. It stimulates the demand for goods; a stimulated demand for goods increases production; increased production makes prosperity; prosperity provides money for all the people; money for all the people makes it possible for the advertising man to redouble his efforts to stimulate the demand for goods. It is a perfect circle and self-perpetuating.

Nevertheless, advertising irritates many people for many reasons, and the selections in this chapter set forth some of the reasons for public irritation. The speaker in "Talks on Advertising" brings two general charges against advertising men, one moral, the other

esthetic. The sort of person this speaker perhaps has in mind is described in "Self-Hypnotist," a report of an interview with a spectacularly successful ad-man. In "Radio Must Grow Up" the author shows the fundamental tie-up between radio broadcasting and advertising. He advises station owners to avoid action by the Federal Communications Commission or by Congress through voluntary action to correct advertising abuses. This article was written in 1945. You will decide how seriously the station owners have taken this advice.

The newest medium of communication, television, has already acquired all the vices of other mass media of communication. The final selection in this chapter, "Television's Peril to Culture," predicts that perfecting the technique of television will not remove the danger to culture that is implicit in any medium designed to appeal to the masses.

*Talks on Advertising**

An After-dinner Oration by the Artist

Herman Wouk

[1] Marquis, while you were talking I looked around this table and saw that (nearly) everyone here wins subsistence through the activity called advertising. Now, I realize that you invited me in the absence, enforced by your sedentary ways, of stuffed tiger heads or other trophies on your walls, a live artist being the equivalent of a dead beast as a social ornament. I will not question your motive because it has given me a chance to do a beautiful and good thing. I should like to entreat all these gentlemen to redeem the strange, bittersweet miracle of their lives, while there is yet time, by giving up the advertising business at once.

* From *Aurora Dawn*, copyright, 1947, by Herman Wouk. Reprinted by permission of Simon and Schuster, Publishers.

[2] Has it ever occurred to any of you gentlemen to examine the peculiar fact that you find bread in your mouths daily? How does this happen? Who is it that you have persuaded to feed you? The obvious answer is that you buy your food, but this just states the question in another, less clear way, because money is nothing but an exchange token. Drop the confusing element of money from the whole process, and the question I've posed must confront you bleakly. What is it that you do, that entitles you to eat?

[3] A shoemaker gives shoes for his bread. Well. A singer sings for her supper. Well. A capitalist leads a large enterprise. Well. A pilot flies, a coal-miner digs, a sailor moves things, a minister preaches, an author tells stories, a laundryman washes, an auto worker makes cars, a painter makes pictures, a street car conductor moves people, a stenographer writes down words, a lumberjack saws, and a tailor sews. The people with the victuals appreciate these services and cheerfully feed the performers. But what does an advertising man do?

[4] He induces human beings to want things they don't want.

[5] Now, I will be deeply obliged if you will tell me by what links of logic anybody can be convinced that your activity—the creation of want where want does not exist—is a useful one and should be rewarded with food. Doesn't it seem, rather, the worst sort of mischief, deserving to be starved into extinction?

[6] None of you, however, is anything but well fed; yet I am sure that until this moment it has never occurred to you on what a dubious basis your feeding is accomplished. I shall tell you exactly how you eat. You induce people to use more things than they naturally desire—the more useless and undesirable the article, the greater the advertising effort needed to dispose of it,—and in all the profit from that unnatural purchasing, you share. You are fed by the makers of undesired things, who exchange these things for food by means of your arts and give you your share of the haul.

[7] Lest you think I oversimplify, I give you an obvious illustration. People naturally crave meat; so the advertising of meat is on a negligible scale. However, nobody is born craving tobacco, and even

its slaves instinctively loathe it. So the advertising of tobacco is the largest item of expense in its distribution. It follows, of course, that advertising men thrive most richly in the service of utterly useless commodities like tobacco or under-arm pastes, or in a field where there is a hopeless plethora of goods, such as soap or whisky.

[8] But the great evil of advertising is not that it is unproductive and wasteful; were it so, it would be no worse than idleness. No. Advertising blasts everything that is good and beautiful in this land with a horrid spreading mildew. It has tarnished Creation. What is sweet to any of you in this world? Love? Nature? Art? Language? Youth? Behold them all, yoked by advertising in the harness of commerce!

[9] *Aurora Dawn!* Has any of you enough of an ear for English to realize what a crime against the language is in that (trade) name? Aurora *is* the dawn! The redundancy should assail your ears like the shriek of a bad hinge. But you are so numbed by habit that it conveys no offense. So it is with all your barbarities. Shakespeare used the rhyming of "double" and "bubble" to create two immortal lines in *Macbeth.* You use it to help sell your Dubl-Bubl Shampoo, and you have no slightest sense of doing anything wrong. Should someone tell you that language is the Promethean fire that lifts man above the animals and that you are smothering the flame in mud, you would stare. You are staring. Let me tell you without images, then, that you are cheapening speech until it is ceasing to be an honest method of exchange, and that the people, not knowing that the English in a radio commercial is meant to be a lie and the English in the President's speech which follows, a truth, will in the end fall into a paralyzing skepticism in which all utterance will be disbelieved.

[10] God made a great green wonderland when he spread out the span of the United States. Where is the square mile inhabited by men wherein advertising has not drowned out the land's meek hymn with the blare of billboards? By what right do you turn Nature into a painted hag crying "Come buy"?

[11] A few heavenly talents brighten the world in each generation.

Artistic inspiration is entrusted to weak human beings who can be tempted with gold. Has advertising scrupled to buy up the holiest of these gifts and set them to work peddling?

[12] And the traffic in lovely youth! By the Lord, gentlemen, I would close every advertising agency in the country tomorrow, if only to head off the droves of silly girls, sufficiently cursed with beauty, who troop into the cities each month, most of them to be stained and scarred, a few to find ashy success in the hardening life of a model! When will a strong voice call a halt to this dismal pilgrimage, this Children's Crusade to the Unholy Land? When will someone denounce the snaring allurements of the picture magazines? When will someone tell these babies that for each girl who grins on a magazine cover a hundred weep in back rooms, and that even the grin is a bought and forced thing that fades with the flash of the photographer's bulb, leaving a face grim with scheming or heartbreak?

[13] To what end is all this lying, vandalism, and misuse? You are trying to Sell; never mind what, never mind how, never mind to whom—just Sell, Sell, Sell! Small wonder that in good old American slang "sell" means "fraud"! Come now! Do you hesitate to promise requited love to miserable girls, triumph to failures, virility to weaklings, even prowess to little children, for the price of a mouth wash or a breakfast food? Does it ever occur to you to be ashamed to live by preying on the myriad little tragedies of unfulfillment which make your methods pay so well?

[14] I trust that I am offending everybody very deeply. An artist has the privileges of the court fool, you know. I paint because I see with a seeing eye, an eye that familiarity never glazes. Advertising strikes me as it would a man from Mars and as it undoubtedly appears to the angels: an occupation the aim of which is subtle prevarication for gain, and the effect of which is the blighting of everything fair and pleasant in our time with the garish fungus of greed. If I have made all of you, or just one of you, repent of this career and determine to seek decent work, I will not have breathed in vain today.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. How does the artist-orator define the function of an advertising man?
2. "The more useless and undesirable the article, the greater the advertising effort needed to dispose of it." Comment.
3. What does *plethora* mean? If you don't know, guess the meaning from the context (paragraph 7).
4. What is *Promethean fire?*
5. Could you find the specific newspaper or magazine advertisements referred to in paragraph 13?
6. Name the two complaints against advertising voiced in this speech.

Self-hypnotist *

The Editors of *The New Yorker*

[1] After seeing "The Hucksters," the film about advertising men and their woes, we decided to have a talk with an advertising man we have long heard about, Mr. John Caples, a vice-president of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, a distinguished member of the pushcart set for over twenty years, and a man who did as much as Calvin Coolidge to contribute to the merriment of the middle twenties. Mr. Caples was quick to tell us that the clients he has dealt with have been nothing like the spitting soap king who dominates "The Hucksters." "I haven't been interfered with," he said, "and, in fact, I have never laid eyes on many of the men I've written ads for." Mr. Caples' ads are among the most famous ever penned. Who

* From Talk of the Town, August 23, 1947. Reprinted by permission. Copyright 1947 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

does not remember his immortal "They Laughed When I Sat Down at the Piano—But When I Started to Play!" or his "They Grinned When the Waiter Spoke to Me in French—But Their Laughter Changed to Amazement at My Reply!" Mr. Caples put these together when he was only twenty-five and could barely make his way through either "Chopsticks" or a French menu. We asked him how his inspiration came to him, and found him as inarticulate as a poet on that score. "I was just a young copy writer at Ruthrauff & Ryan and got hold of a couple of mailorder accounts," he said. "I was sitting around thinking about them one day and out popped that business about the piano. The waiter and the French followed naturally." Mr. Caples was interrupted at this point by the telephone. When he'd hung up, he courteously informed us about the call. "That was a friend of mine," he said. "Wanted to know who could handle copy on a method of teaching piano by lights. Don't do any of that stuff any more, but it certainly was good basic training." [2] Mr. Caples asked us if we'd like to see his scrapbook and, when we said we would, broke out a formidable volume, on the first page of which were the arresting and familiar headline "Fat Men!" and, beneath it, a sketch of a portly gentleman whose midriff had been shaded to emphasize starkly his proper proportions. "Damn thing still pulls," remarked Mr. Caples contentedly, turning to a page that screamed, "Dandruff? I'll End It in 48 Hours or No Cost!" We browsed through similar copy until we came upon the line "I Can Make You Magnetic—Irresistible! Give Me Five Days to Prove It—Free," strung over the photograph of a gray-haired, imposing figure. "Who's that?" we inquired. "That's a model," Mr. Caples told us. "The fellow selling the personality was too weak-looking for the ad." Quite a few of the ads in Mr. Caples' collection included triumphant personal stories by men called James Perkins, James Blackford, and James C. Crawford, all of whom turned out to be Mr. Caples. "Those were wild days," he said. "A few pseudonyms gave testimonials authenticity. Everybody did it." While we were trying to digest that thought, he related one of his difficulties with the They-Laughed-When ads. "I wrote an ad saying that the thing

the fellow played after he sat down was Beethoven's 'Moonlight Sonata,'" Mr. Caples said, "but a lot of teachers jumped on it and said that after years of practice *they* couldn't play the 'Sonata' easily. I substituted 'Liebestraum,' and everybody seemed to be satisfied."

[3] Mr. Caples closed his scrapbook with a faraway look in his eye. "Those *were* the days!" he said. "How about these days?" we inquired. Mr. Caples looked solemn. "I am in charge of a committee on the Continuing Study of Newspaper Reading of the American Association of Advertising Agencies," he said. "It's designed to learn what captures the interest of people reading newspapers and to apply the findings to advertising." He went to the wall and pulled down a large photostat of the first page of a newspaper. "You see this item on Truman's budget report?" he asked. "Well, it got twenty-three per cent of the women. But this item on three boys putting a splint on the leg of a dog that had been struck by an automobile got forty-four percent of the men and forty-five per cent of the women." "Gosh!" we said. "Before you go," said Mr. Caples, "let me give you a copy of my 'Tested Advertising Methods.'" Back at the office, we opened the volume and came upon the passage "Use a process of self-hypnotism. Say to yourself that Smith's Liver Pills are the best pills in the world—that no other pills are like them—that they can produce any conceivable result, turn weaklings into giants, oldsters into youngsters, rejuvenate the human race in twenty-four hours."

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Advertising men are called hucksters. Why? What would a "member of the pushcart set" be?
2. Have you seen the "most famous" ads referred to in paragraph 1?
3. Does this interview point up the fundamental unreliability of all advertising or only of some advertising?
4. Must the advertising man believe what he says? Can he so believe? (See the title of this interview.)

*Radio Must Grow Up**

Paul A. Porter

I

[1] A group of friends and I were listening the other evening to the radio. The program was interesting and in good taste, and we sat quietly as we enjoyed it. Suddenly general conversation was resumed. I realized that it was because the commercial had come on. I commented on this, and my hostess said, "Oh, yes. I've trained myself so that I never hear the commercials. So many of them are silly, anyway."

[2] A columnist for a newspaper chain, which also operates a number of prosperous radio stations, observes that the listeners' ears "have become schooled to close automatically when the commercial comes on, and the great bulk of this synthetic verbiage is never heard at all."

[3] But other numbers of people, to judge from complaints which reach the Federal Communications Commission, have not developed this new faculty of "tune-out ear." On a recent summer afternoon in the New Hampshire mountains, a famous American scientist and a group of friends were listening via a local station to the broadcast of a symphony. What happened next so enraged him that he wrote a long letter to the broadcasting company, copy to the Federal Communications Commission (FCC), Washington, D.C. This copy is before me.

[4] "The reception was fine," he writes. "The mood was nothing short of ecstatic as these supreme artists, working for probably five million Americans, interpreted grandly a symphony little known to me. Its conclusion left me and my myriads of listening colleagues breathless with admiration and wonder. . . .

[5] "And then suddenly . . . before we could defend ourselves, a squalling, dissonant, nasty, singing commercial (from the local station) burst in on the mood."

[6] The scientist snapped off the radio, dashed to the pantry,

* From *The American Magazine* (October 1945), by permission of the publisher. Copyright 1945 by Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.

found some boxes of the advertised article, and hurled them into the nearby ravine. Then he swore a mighty oath never again to have the offending product in his house.

[7] And yet this irate citizen is not, to judge from his letter, a foe of radio advertising as such. His main suggestion is that no questionable commercials be used unless they have first been cleared by a "good-taste committee" of the National Association of Broadcasters.

[8] Earlier this year Lewis Gannett, critic and war correspondent of the *New York Herald Tribune,* returning home after having been painfully injured at the front, recorded his impressions thus:

[9] "The aspect of homefront life which most disgusted me on my return was the radio. BBC (British Broadcasting Corporation) programs may be dull and army radio programs may be shallow, but if the soldier in Europe has had a chance to hear at all, he has heard it straight, without the neurotic advertising twaddle which punctuates virtually every American program. . . .

[10] "The first evening I sat by the radio at home I heard one long parade of headaches, coughs, aching muscles, stained teeth, unpleasant full feeling, and gastric hyperacidity. . . . Our radio evenings are a sick parade of sickness, and if they haven't yet made us a sick nation, I wonder why."

[11] Such complaints are not rare. Perhaps you have heard some of them yourself. They are symptomatic of a growing body of public opinion which resents radio's commercial excesses—excesses which the wartime boom seems to have aggravated. Responsible radio executives and advertisers are themselves disturbed about it. Congress has begun to take notice of the situation.

[12] I believe in the American system of broadcasting. In many respects it is the best in the world. It has resulted in a wider distribution of radio sets than any other system. Much of its coverage of the war has been superb, except when a tragic account of American boys dying in battle has been interrupted without change of voice by a grating commercial. For livestock market reports, weather reports, and many other services, radio has become a household utility. And great music has been brought to many crossroads by radio. However, it is painfully apparent that many of the

great features and services with which broadcasting won our favor and confidence in the past have been tossed away by commercial opportunism. The Farm and Home Hour is but one notable example. This program, especially designed for rural America, contained lively music and entertainment, weather and market news, and technical information of interest to farmers. It was reduced from an hour to 45 minutes, then to 30 minutes, and finally another program of different character was substituted.

[13] It is clear to those who have studied the development of broadcasting that the time is approaching, if it has not already arrived, when two questions of highest public importance must be answered. First: What kind of limitation, if any, should be placed, and by whom, on radio commercials which seem to a large section of the listening public to be too long and repetitious, or offensive, silly, and in bad taste? Second, a kindred and larger question: Is broadcasting to become an almost exclusive medium for advertising and entertainment, or will it, in addition, continue to perform public service functions in increasing measure?

[14] I don't know the answers. My hope in this article is to stimulate public discussion of these questions which concern every radio listener in America. Your debates will serve as a democratic and invaluable guide to policy. The air waves do not belong to the Government, or to the FCC, or to the broadcasting stations. They belong, by law, to you—the public. It is right and necessary for you to debate and seriously consider the nature of this guest who comes into your home.

[15] Such discussion among you listeners is especially needed at the present moment, because radio has come to a turning point in history. We stand on the threshold of scientific advances, including especially FM—the new system of high-frequency modulation which is relatively free from static and other interference—which will open up a new empire of the ether. Instead of the 933 standard broadcasting stations now licensed, it will be technically possible to have upward of 5,000 stations, each serving its particular area. Radio listeners will have clearer reception and a far wider choice of stations. Broadcasting stations will have greater opportunities for service than ever before.

[16] The transition period will be difficult and confusing. It will be immensely helpful, to the radio and government alike, if we can have the guidance of your matured and reasoned public opinion, including that of minorities. Such discussion has been hindered in the past by the fact that so many of the radio public, including ardent fans, lack information on the setup of American radio and of its regulatory controls. For example, many of the letters of complaint to the FCC conclude by saying: "Why don't they do something about it?" True, the FCC is the regulatory authority for radio, but the powers of the Commission are specifically limited by law.

II

[17] As soon as public broadcasting was born, the question arose: "Who is going to pay for it?" Magazines and newspapers sell for a price; theaters and movies charge admission. But, the question was raised, how can you charge for vibrations in the air which can be picked up by anyone with a radio set?

[18] Most of the large countries of the world solved the question by turning radio over to the government, which ran the radio and paid for it by some form of taxes. The deadly dangers of this are shown by the number of modern dictators who have consolidated their power by means of the government radio. The British, handing their radio over to a government corporation, hedged it about with safe-guards which have, I believe, pretty well protected the interests of the minority parties and groups. The BBC has generally high standards of public service and good taste. But it suffers from bureaucratic ailments. It lacks the competitive zeal, imagination, audacity, and variety which characterize America's private-enterprise broadcasting at its best.

[19] America chose (or perhaps drifted into) what seemed the only practical alternative to government operation. That is, we allowed broadcasting stations to use certain channels of the air, and to support themselves primarily by selling part of their time to advertisers. Even at that time, back in the 1920's, there were apprehensions that this might lead to excessive commercialism. One prominent American spoke thus about the future of radio:

[20] "It is inconceivable that we should allow so great a possibility for service, for news, for entertainment, for education, and for vital

commercial purposes to be drowned in advertising chatter." These were not the words of an irresponsible crackpot or a reckless reformer, but of Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce and later President of the United States.

[21] The prevailing belief, then, was that broadcasting stations, competing for the public ear, would be forced to limit commercial announcements to modest and pleasing proportions. This belief may partly explain why Congress, when it drew the laws and principles governing radio broadcasting, made no specific attempt to limit commercialism or advertising content. But Congress made it very clear that, in radio, the public interest comes first, and that interests which conflict with this public interest must give way. And this was a Republican Congress, in the days of Calvin Coolidge.

[22] That Radio Act of 1927 is, with minor changes, the law under which broadcasting operates today. It expressly reserves to the public the ownership of all radio channels; it directs that licenses be granted only to applicants who undertake to use these channels in the "public interest, convenience, and necessity"; and it provides that no broadcasting license shall be granted for a period of longer than three years. The law places on the Commission the duty of not renewing such a license unless it finds that the broadcasting station has operated in the public interest. But the Commission has absolutely no power to censor the radio. The law declares this, and also forbids the Commission to make any regulation "which shall interfere with the right of free speech by radio communication."

[23] At the time Congress laid down these broad policies for radio, there were few broadcasting stations with widespread coverage in the United States, no nation-wide networks as we have today, and less than 6,500,000 receivers in the homes. Today there are 933 stations licensed, 4 aggressive national networks, and upward of 60,000,000 receiving sets. And advertisers last year spent $285,000,000 to cry out their wares over the ether.

[24] During most of this period of growth, broadcasting stations competed also for the advertiser's dollar, but the public ear came first, because without that the advertiser's dollar would depart thence. This competition for your approval usually served to keep radio ad-

vertising within reasonable bounds. There were certain abuses, and some listeners found commercials irritating, but these things were considered part of the price which must be paid for the many advantages of a private-enterprise system. Broadcasters developed some brilliant sustaining programs and service features to win your esteem.

[25] And then, just a few years ago, a change became apparent. The competition for the advertiser's dollar began to draw abreast and go ahead of the competition for the public ear. The advertising content of radio programs became larger, bolder, and more intrusive. A murmur of complaint began to rise from the listening public. Some broadcasting groups were concerned, but others shrugged off the complaints. "We have more listeners than ever before," they said. "The surveys and sales reports prove it."

[26] In a way, they were right. An abnormal war situation was producing more radio listeners. Every one of us was interested in the war, and vast numbers of us tuned in on news broadcasts. Millions of American families, with relatives in the service, left their radios turned on to catch any scrap of news which might hint at the programs of our men at the front. Other millions, no longer able to go pleasure-driving in the family car, stayed at home and turned on the radio instead. Furthermore, the radio had a great reservoir of past good will, and deeply ingrained listening habits, to hold even a grievously annoyed ear to the radio receiving set.

[27] The temptation was thus great to think less of the listeners' tastes and more of the competition for commercials. There was much loose money around, in the pockets of the public and the sponsors. Radio station profits zoomed. In 1944 earned net profits before taxes, as reported to the FCC by 836 stations, were 125 per cent over 1942. A leading radio official expressed the new mood thus:

[28] "One must consider balance sheets to measure the progress of radio. For balance sheets represent an index of the medium's effectiveness."

[29] Certainly I do not begrudge profits or scorn balance sheets, but the FCC, charged by law to regard the "public interest, convenience, and necessity," cannot accept them as the final criterion, particularly under abnormal wartime conditions and when it is made

to appear that "excessive commercialism" is preventing many stations from discharging their public responsibilities.

[30] Obviously, there are many offsetting factors on the other side of the ledger. Certainly a blanket condemnation of broadcasting stations and networks would be unfair. Leading networks and trade associations have undertaken to lay down standards which, if generally followed, would go far toward mending matters. But competition among stations and networks is so intense that usually the commercial sponsor or his agent has the last word. Often the blame rests partly on the sponsor, who buys time and insists on objectionable material; and partly on the radio station owner, who says to himself, "I know this program and these commercials are unpleasant, but if I don't accept them my competitor will." But the responsibility rests squarely on the station owner, who holds his license "in the public interest."

[31] Some of the top businessmen in radio are deeply concerned. The Association of Radio News Analysts is working steadily for higher standards. But there are others in radio who regard even the friendliest suggestion that radio could improve its ways as "an attempt to abolish the American system of broadcasting." This is nonsense. There is scarcely a whisper of support in America for a government-owned system. On the other hand, the American public has the right, and the FCC a legal duty, to advise and consider as to whether the public interest is duly regarded.

[32] Some of the arguments of the professional radio apologists are worth noting. They frequently draw a misguided analogy between broadcasting and printed publications. I agree, and insist, that the radio must have just as much freedom of speech as magazines and newspapers. But radio advertising and printed advertising are two different things. The eye of a reader can reject an advertisement with a split-second glance. Therefore, printed advertisements must be designed to attract and hold the interest of the reader. The radio listener has no such easy choice. When the commercial comes on the air he can, of course, leap up and snap off the radio. Even then he does not know when to tune into the regular program again, unless he is a stop-watch expert. He is thus to

some extent at the mercy of an unpleasant commercial, and this is the root of the public dissatisfaction.

[33] The analogy between radio and the newspapers and magazines breaks down in another way. In radio, many of the large sponsors supply not only the advertising commercial, but the entire program which goes with it. Responsible newspapers and magazines sell advertising space, but they don't allow advertisers to supply the reading material and illustrations. If they did the public would yell as loudly about that as it does now about the radio. Many of radio's present difficulties would be resolved if it would reassert, exercise, and maintain the editorial responsibility which goes with its license.

[34] Another argument of the apologists is that the radio, with its intensified commercialism, is merely "giving the people what they want." I venture to doubt that people do want some of the current commercials. Complaints indicate that many swallow them under protest. Wise advertisers have proved that an effective commercial can be not only inoffensive, but actually popular. That requires care, skill, restraint, imagination, and good taste. All these fine talents and qualities exist in the radio field in abundant measure, but the public seems to feel that they have not had full play in recent years.

[35] In reporting the many complaints against radio practices which have come to my attention I certainly don't want to strike any high-and-mighty attitude. The recent developments in radio have been very natural and human, and perhaps almost inevitable. Competitive pressures have been powerful. If I had been in radio during the last couple of years doubtless I, like many a better man, would have gone along with the trend. But I believe, and I think many in the industry agree, that this trend to commercialism is reaching a danger point. Large influential sections of the public are beginning to demand that "something be done about it."

III

[36] The question of what to do really divides itself into three questions: What can the FCC do? What might Congress do? What should the radio industry itself do?

[37] The FCC is now surveying the operations of some 200 standard broadcasting stations, as part of its duty to determine whether a station is operating "in the public interest" before renewing that station's license. For example, when a man first makes application for a broadcasting license, he must make certain representations as to the type of service he proposes to render. These include pledges that certain amounts of time will be made available for civic, educational, agricultural, and other public-service programs. The station is constructed and begins operation. Subsequently the broadcaster asks for a 3-year renewal of his license. Frequently we find, when we survey his record, that he has almost completely disregarded his promises, and chucked his service program out in favor of tempting commercial opportunities.

[38] From this survey we hope to develop stricter procedures for the renewal of radio licenses. In this we have no thought of making the original license application a rigid blueprint for the future. But we do expect to remind the broadcaster of his public responsibilities, and to narrow the gap between promise and performance. But the FCC has no power at all to interfere with any specific program. It has no power to ban any commercial, however unpleasant, unless it violates the laws against obscenity, lotteries, and the like. Nor is that a power which I would want the Commission to have, because it would be a threat to radio's freedom of speech.

[39] Radio is operating under a statute drafted 18 years ago, when no one could have foreseen the pattern of the future. Maybe the time has come for Congress to clarify public policy in the field. It is certain that if Congress did undertake a revision of the old Radio Act of 1927, it would not confine its considerations to the lengthy commercial announcement. Congress would doubtless take up questions of whether news should be sponsored at all, and consider proposals that certain hours of good listening time be withheld from sale entirely, in order that stations would have no alternative but to broadcast sustaining public-service programs during that period. They might consider the question of how radio can best be used to develop local talent in its own communities.

And it would appear certain that provisions in the present act which require the Commission to encourage and foster competition would be strengthened and not weakened. These and many more problems would run the gamut of legislative debate if Congress decided to act.

[40] Therefore it must be clear to the radio industry that if it is to avoid legislative intervention in certain phases of its operations, it should undertake to discontinue practices which are making the public angry. The industry needs the strong will and resolution to co-operate in setting up its own system of controlling commercial excesses. Such self-regulation would enable radio stations and networks to re-establish and maintain their full editorial rights and responsibilities. It can be done. It will not be easy, but it will be far better than continuing the present dangerous drift. There are storms ahead, and now is the time to get things ship-shape. There is already a cloud in the sky much larger than a man's hand. There is a saying about "putting your own house in order, before the law does it for you with a rough hand." It is an old, trite saying, but still true, as many a proud industry, from the railroads to the stock exchanges, knows to its sorrow.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. This article opens with three specific complaints against radio commercials. Summarize the gist of these complaints.
2. What does the phrase *commercial opportunism* mean?
3. Name the "two questions of highest public importance" concerning radio and advertising. Has anything been done about these questions since 1945, the date of this article?
4. In what paragraph does the author state his purpose in writing this article? What is that purpose?
5. What basic difference is there between British and American radio broadcasting? Name advantages and disadvantages of each.
6. Name the basic provisions of the Radio Act of 1927.
7. What are the figures today for the number of licensed radio (and

television) stations, national networks, and receiving sets (see *The World Almanac*)?

8. What is meant by *sustaining program?*
9. Upon whom rests the responsibility for accepting or rejecting a radio program?
10. What two differences does the author see between blatant newspaper and magazine advertising and radio advertising? Do you recognize other differences?
11. Name three agencies that might reform radio advertising. What can each do? Has any one of them done anything yet?
12. Can you summarize in a sentence the controlling idea of this article?

Television's Peril to Culture*

R. W. Emerson, secundus

[1] The first great achievement of the art of communication was the invention of writing. Further developments through the ages have produced the invention of printing and of the wireless, and now, most recently, television. Since the invention of writing was one of the most important of those propulsive forces which transmuted barbarism into civilization, we have assumed, rather uncritically, that each new technical advance in communication must have as creative a relation to the cultural development of mankind as the first. But the very ambiguous effect of television upon our contemporary culture may force us to revise our estimates.

[2] Television may not be as dangerous to culture as the atomic bomb is to our civilization. (The atomic bomb is related to the plow in the history of the conquest of nature as television is related to writing in the history of communications.) But this last word in the art of communication seems suddenly to illumine a disturbing

* Editorial in *The American Scholar* (Spring 1950). Reprinted by permission.

aspect of this history which we had not sufficiently noted. Each new development in the art of communication seems to have broadened the base of culture on the one hand and to have vulgarized the arts on the other.

[3] The technical triumphs of moving pictures cannot obscure the difference between the maturity of the art of the drama and the infantilism of Hollywood art. There is, however, an important difference between the vulgarization of art in moving pictures and the vulgarizations of television. Sentimentality and vulgarity in the movies are not caused by any limitations in the medium itself. They stem rather from the effort of a mass medium to hold a mass audience by gauging its appeal to the lowest common denominator of aesthetic receptivity.

[4] The case of television is more complicated and a little more hopeless than that of the movies; for some of the limitations spring from the medium itself. The comedy currently popular on television is almost completely bereft of any genuine wit or humor. This may be partly a result of the fact that a television chain, fighting desperately to make both ends meet, strives for a maximum audience for each program. Again, it may be that only the most obvious kind of slapstick is sufficiently vivid visually. At any rate, the descent from Fred Allen to Milton Berle is, for the moment at least, the measure of the difference between radio and television humor. It must be noted also that technical limitations make the presentation of genuine dramatic art on television difficult. Sports are more popular on television than drama; and the prize fight seems to be the most acceptable sport, because it conforms best to the limitations of the camera's eye.

[5] Many are rightly reminded that television is in its infancy. Its present estate may have the same relation to a subsequent state of perfection as the nickelodeon has to the present cinema. But even this comparison is not too reassuring. It suggests that in each new technical development of mass communication, the new medium is gradually mastered; but the highest state of perfection is still below the artistic level of a previous period in which there was less preoccupation with the mass "outlets" of the medium.

[6] Television affords an even more serious threat to culture in terms of the communication of ideas than it does in the projection of artistic images. The discussion of public issues and the dissemination of ideas on the radio represent an almost clear gain, since radio has augmented communication through the written word without vulgarization. We must admit, of course, that the radio had given modern tyrannies a new weapon by piping Dr. Goebbel's or Stalin's propaganda into every home. But the content and form of discussion on television is on an obviously lower level of maturity. Visual aids, graphs and maps are introduced into the discussion even when they are only slightly relevant. What is worse, discussion topics seem to be chosen not because they are important but because they lend themselves to visual elaboration. There is, furthermore, considerable preoccupation with the posture of speakers, their facial expressions and all manner of irrelevant considerations. A television discussion is a studied effort to present a scene of unstudied conversation in which the visual effects are regarded as much more important than the content of the discussion. If the speakers are also constantly warned against the use of words which might not be understood by a tenth grade child, this proves that some of the difficulties arise not from the limitations of the medium but from preoccupation with the mass audience. Television will have to learn that, even in the most democratic culture, it is simply not possible to address everybody on every subject.

[7] All these apprehensions may seem to be dictated by a too aristocratic concept of culture, which lacks a proper appreciation of the immense benefits which mass communications confer upon "the masses" by making every treasure of culture more widely available. There is some merit in such a democratic criticism. But one must also consider the degree to which the "common" men of every age have an unspoiled art and a simple culture, upon which the artificialities and sentimentalities of the mass media may have a deleterious effect. Pretending to serve hypothetical mass tastes, they actually contaminate them. Furthermore, the mass media of the present day tend to destroy the inner core of a cultural discipline

by their too frantic efforts at popularization. Even a democratic culture cannot afford an equalitarianism which threatens the sources of discipline of the mind and heart by trying to bring them *down* to the lowest common denominator.

[8] It is possible that some of the cultural defects of the mass media, revealed in the movies and radio and accentuated in television, can be cured if there is a less immediate relation between commercial and cultural interests. Americans are rather too uncritically proud of the advantages of the "free enterprise system," including the advantages of competition in radio and television programs. There are indeed some advantages if comparison is made with the programs of the British Broadcasting Corporation, for instance. But on the other hand there is nothing in American radio so consistently mature as the "Third Program" of the BBC, which is frankly designed for the more thoughtful tenth of the population. There is increasing evidence that a public service corporation of the type of the BBC will have a similar advantage in television, in furnishing adult entertainment for adults and mature discussions for mature minds.

[9] Insofar as the inanities of television are derived from limitations in the medium itself, we may well expect these to be overcome as the medium is technically perfected. Insofar as they spring from a preoccupation with the mass audience and an unwillingness to cater for higher cultural needs, they must be corrected by destroying the too intimate relation between the advertiser and the medium. The assumed "automatic" controls of the competitive process are inoperative because they result in purely quantitative, rather than qualitative criteria of excellence. Television is on the same cultural level as "throwaway" newspapers in which the news and cultural content of the journal is a mere adjunct to the commercial ends of the advertisers. Since we do have excellent journals which have managed to achieve standards, which are only occasionally and incidentally corrupted by commercial pressure, we may reasonably hope for a similar development in radio and television. It may even be possible to achieve this end without resorting to the expedient of a public service monopoly. It is, however, a much

more difficult end to achieve in radio and television, because no newspaper is forced to reach the "total market" in the same way as the newer mass media.

[10] In any event, television can no more be left under the control of the special interest of advertisers than atomic energy can finally be left under the control of single nation-states. The anarchy of conflicting national interests threatens the life of our civilization in the one case; and the anarchy of competing commercial interests threatens the integrity of our culture in the other.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. How is the atomic bomb related to the plow?
2. In its archaic sense, *vulgar* means "the common people." Comment on the word *vulgarized* in sentence 4, par. 2.
3. What makes for "infantilism of Hollywood art"?
4. Can you explain the meaning of "the descent from Fred Allen to Milton Berle" (paragraph 5)?
5. What was a nickelodeon?
6. Who was Dr. Goebbels?
7. What does this article say about British and American systems of broadcasting? Compare the statements on the same subject in "Radio Must Grow Up."
8. The author mentions newspapers, motion pictures, radio, and television as "mass media." What relationship is there between advertising and mass media, and, in turn, what effect does this relationship have on culture?

Suggestions for Papers

It would be difficult to find anyone in America completely indifferent to advertising. Most of us express ourselves volubly about the excess of this "art." You will find material for your paper at hand in a thousand forms. Selection of definite points of attack—or defense, if you wish—will be your chief problem.

1. The selection, "Talks on Advertising," accuses the writers of advertisements of a woeful lack of taste. Write your paper on this point. Choose advertisements from newspapers, magazines, or radio which, you feel, offend good taste because they are too childish, too sentimental, too crude, too suggestive, or too ugly. Match these examples with others illustrating opposite qualities.

2. Another charge against advertising is its fundamental dishonesty. Since blatant dishonesty in advertising is illegal, you will have to show the ways advertisers evade the law by suggestion rather than outright claims. Study ten magazine advertisements, and judge the truth of what they say. (This is an inductive study—that is, you will be reasoning from particulars to a generalization.) What do you conclude about the honesty of advertising?

3. "Self-hypnotism" brings no direct charges against ad-men. Carefully study this selection and, on the basis of what this ad-man admits, draw up a set of conclusions about the ethics of advertising. Refer to "Talks on Advertising" for appropriate quotations.

4. Radio belongs to the people, according to the article, "Radio Must Grow Up." Radio is supported by the advertisers. To whom, then, does the radio really belong? Discuss the advantages and the disadvantages of this sort of ownership. Use specific examples.

5. Listen to four radio commercials advertising cigarettes. To what sort of audience are the commercials directed? What is the central point of their appeal? Does any one of them appeal to an adult level of intelligence? Rate the four commercials in the order of their dignity and good taste.

6. "Radio Must Grow Up" was written in 1945. From your own observation of advertising methods today, has the advice given in 1945 been followed? There were many singing commercials then; are there any now? News broadcasts were frequently interrupted for the sake of advertising; is that still done? Simple advertising words were spelled out by the announcer; are they now?

7. "The more useless and undesirable the article the greater the advertising effort needed to dispose of it." Test this statement and write about the results. Here are two suggested approaches: (1) Select a magazine which carries many advertisements. Make up lists to show which articles are given double pages, which are

given a single page, which a half page, which a quarter page. Those products given the most space should be less useful and desirable than those given less space. Does it work out this way? (2) The most desirable and the most costly radio hours are evening hours from seven to ten, Sunday through Friday. What articles have purchased this radio time? According to the statement quoted above, what can you conclude about these products?

8. "Television's Peril to Culture" states that "it is simply not possible to address everybody on every subject." How does this statement illuminate the title of the article and the whole problem of television's dependence on advertisers? Your reasoning may begin: "Since advertisers think that they must address everybody . . ."

9. Consumers' organizations attempt to find out the truth behind advertising. They do this through the testing of competing products and report findings to their subscribers. Investigate one of these reports (*Consumers' Union* or *Consumers' Research*), and estimate the advantages and disadvantages of this approach to buying.

SOME TITLES FOR PAPERS

1. Ethics of the Ad-man
2. What Billboard Advertising Does to a City (or to Country Roads)
3. Advantages to the Consumer of Advertising
4. Examples of Dignified Advertisements
5. Advertising Everywhere
6. Advertisers Cannot Please Everybody
7. The Worst Radio Advertising
8. The Best Radio Advertising
9. The Amazing Perfumes!
10. Least Wanted, Most Advertised
11. Fifty Magazine Advertisements: An Analysis
12. Health Advertisements: What Claims!
13. Advertisers Who Support Culture
14. Radio and Television Are for the People
15. Mass Media and Aristocratic Culture
16. The Lowest Common Denominator
17. Should Radio and Television Be Responsible for Culture?
18. Radio and Television Are Exclusively for the People's Amusement

8

War

MAN, thoroughly perplexed by his apparent inability to avoid war, cannot be charged with thoughtlessness on the subject. Library shelves are overflowing with the results of the best thinking that the best brains can give to the subject. Every road, every bypath that might lead nations into conflict has been minutely surveyed and drawn to a scale for the world to see. Perhaps not enough people read these charts. Perhaps those who read them do not translate their meaning into a working, active faith that war can be avoided. It is certain that few subjects in our time are of more compelling significance or worth more hard, clear thinking.

A fundamental document is Karl von Clausewitz's coldly impersonal analysis of what war is. He regards war as something which may be accurately defined. He is concerned with the essence of war in the abstract and war as modified by actual conditions. It is a good thing to examine this point of view before one sets about finding ways to amend it.

William James obviously did examine this point of view and dozens of others before he prepared his essay on "The Moral Equivalent of

War." War, say James, serves a positive need; one will find no cure for war if he blinks this fact. Suppose, he goes on, one can isolate and absolutely identify what this need is. The next step would be to find an adequate substitute which will be just as satisfactory to man as war but less harmful. This approach is sound. Whether or not the need and the adequate substitute have been properly named, you, along with the thousands who have read "The Moral Equivalent of War," will judge.

What Is War? *

Karl von Clausewitz

1. INTRODUCTION

[1] We propose to consider, first, the several elements of our subject, then its several parts or divisions, and, finally, the whole in its internal connection. Thus we proceed from the simple to the complex. But in this subject more than in any other it is necessary to begin with a glance at the nature of the whole, because here more than elsewhere the part and the whole must always be considered together.

2. DEFINITION

[2] We shall not begin here with a clumsy, pedantic definition of war, but confine ourselves to its essence, the duel. War is nothing but a duel on a larger scale. If we would combine into one conception the countless separate duels of which it consists, we would do well to think of two wrestlers. Each tries by physical force to compel the other to do his will; his immediate object is to overthrow his adversary and thereby make him incapable of any further resistance.

* From *On War*, first published posthumously in Berlin after 1831. Copyright, 1943, by Random House, Inc. Reprinted by courtesy of Random House, Inc.

[3] *War is thus an act of force to compel our adversary to do our will.*

[4] Force, to meet force, arms itself with the inventions of art and science. It is accompanied by insignificant restrictions, hardly worth mentioning, which it imposes on itself under the name of international law and usage, but which do not really weaken its power. Force, that is to say, physical force (for no moral force exists apart from the conception of a state and law), is thus the *means;* to impose our will upon the enemy is the *object.* To achieve this object with certainty we must disarm the enemy, and this disarming is by definition the proper aim of military action. It takes the place of the object and in a certain sense pushes it aside as something not belonging to war itself.

3. THE USE OF FORCE THEORETICALLY WITHOUT LIMITS

[5] Now philanthropic souls might easily imagine that there was an artistic way of disarming or overthrowing our adversary without too much bloodshed and that this was what the art of war should seek to achieve. However agreeable this may sound, it is a false idea which must be demolished. In affairs so dangerous as war, false ideas proceeding from kindness of heart are precisely the worst. As the most extensive use of physical force by no means excludes the co-operation of intelligence, he who uses this force ruthlessly, shrinking from no amount of bloodshed, must gain an advantage if his adversary does not do the same. Thereby he forces his adversary's hand, and thus each pushes the other to extremities to which the only limitation is the strength of resistance on the other side.

[6] This is how the matter must be regarded, and it is a waste—and worse than a waste—of effort to ignore the element of brutality because of the repugnance it excites.

[7] If the wars of civilized nations are far less cruel and destructive than those of the uncivilized, the reason lies in the social condition of the states, both in themselves and in their relations to one another. From this condition, with its attendant circumstances, war arises and is shaped, limited and modified. But these things do not

themselves belong to war; they already exist. Never in the philosophy of war itself can we introduce a modifying principle without committing an absurdity.

[8] Conflict between men really consists of two different elements: hostile feeling and hostile intention. We have chosen the latter of these two elements as the distinguishing mark of our definition because it is the more general. We cannot conceive the most savage, almost instinctive passion of hatred as existing without hostile intention, whereas there are many hostile intentions accompanied by absolutely no hostility, or at all events, no predominant hostility, of feeling. Among savages intentions inspired by emotion prevail; among civilized peoples those prescribed by intelligence. But this difference lies not in the intrinsic nature of savagery and civilization, but in their accompanying circumstances, institutions, and so forth. It does not necessarily, therefore, exist in every case, but only prevails in the majority of cases. In a word, even the most civilized nations can be passionately inflamed against one another.

[9] From this we see how far from the truth we should be if we ascribed war among civilized men to a purely rational act of the governments and conceived it as continually freeing itself more and more from all passion, so that at last there was no longer need of the physical existence of armies, but only of the theoretical relations between them—a sort of algebra of action.

[10] Theory was already beginning to move in this direction when the events of the last war | the war with Napoleon | taught us better. If war is an act of force, the emotions are also necessarily involved in it. If war does not originate from them, it will still more or less react upon them, and the degree of this depends not upon the stage of civilization, but upon the importance and duration of the hostile interests.

[11] If, therefore, we find that civilized peoples do not put prisoners to death or sack cities and lay countries waste, this is because intelligence plays a greater part in their conduct of war and has taught them more effective ways of applying force than these crude manifestations of instinct.

[12] The invention of gunpowder and the advances continually

being made in the development of firearms in themselves show clearly enough that the demand for the destruction of the enemy, inherent in the theoretical conception of war, has been in no way actually weakened or diverted by the advance of civilization.

[13] So we repeat our statement: War is an act of force, and to the application of that force there is no limit. Each of the adversaries forces the hand of the other, and a reciprocal action results which in theory can have no limit. This is the first reciprocal action that we meet and the first extreme.

(*First reciprocal action*)

4. THE AIM IS TO DISARM THE ENEMY

[14] We have said that the disarming of the enemy is the aim of military action, and we shall now show that, theoretically, at all events, this is necessarily so.

[15] If our opponent is to do our will, we must put him in a position more disadvantageous to him than the sacrifice would be that we demand. The disadvantages of his position should naturally, however, not be transitory, or at least, should not appear to be so, or our opponent would wait for a more favourable moment and refuse to yield. Every change in his position that will result from the continuance of military activity must thus, at all events in theory, lead to a position still less advantageous. The worst position in which a belligerent can be placed is that of being completely disarmed. If, therefore, our opponent is to be forced by military action to do our will, we must either actually disarm him or put him in such a condition that he is threatened with the probability of our doing so. From this it follows that the disarming or the overthrow of the enemy—whichever we choose to call it—must always be the aim of military action.

[16] Now war is not the action of a live force upon a dead mass—absolute non-resistance would be no sort of war at all—but always the collision of two live forces with each other, and what we have said of the ultimate aim of military action must be assumed to apply to both sides. Here then, is again reciprocal action. So long as I have not overthrown my adversary I must fear that he may over-

throw me. I am no longer my own master, but he forces my hand as I force his. This is the second reciprocal action, which leads to the second extreme.

(*Second reciprocal action*)

5. UTMOST EXERTION OF FORCE

[17] If we want to overthrow our opponent, we must proportion our effort to his power of resistance. This power is expressed as a product of two inseparable factors: *the extent of the means at his disposal* and *the strength of his will.* The extent of the means at his disposal would be capable of estimation, as it rests (though not entirely) on figures, but the strength of the will is much less so and only approximately to be measured by the strength of the motive behind it. Assuming that in this way we have got a reasonably probable estimate of our opponent's power of resistance, we can proportion our efforts accordingly and increase them so as to secure a preponderance or, if our means do not suffice for this, as much as we can. But our opponent does the same; and thus a fresh competition arises between us which in pure theory once more involves pushing to an extreme. This is the third reciprocal action we meet and a third extreme.

(*Third reciprocal action*)

6. MODIFICATIONS IN PRACTICE

[18] In the abstract realm of pure conceptions the reflective mind nowhere finds rest till it has reached the extreme, because it is with an extreme that it has to do—a conflict of powers left to themselves and obeying no law but their own. If, therefore, we wanted from the mere theoretical conception of war to deduce an absolute aim which we are to set before ourselves and the means we are to employ, these continuous reciprocal actions would land us in extremes which would be nothing but a play of fancies produced by a scarcely visible train of logical hair-splitting. If, adhering closely to the absolute, we proposed to get round all difficulties with a stroke of the pen and insist with logical strictness that on every occasion we

must be prepared for the extreme of effort, such a stroke of the pen would be a mere paper law with no application to the real world. [19] Assuming, too, that this extreme of effort were an absolute quantity that could easily be discovered, we must nevertheless admit that the human mind would hardly submit to be ruled by such logical fantasies. In many cases the result would be a futile expenditure of strength which would be bound to find a restriction in other principles of statesmanship. An effort of will would be required disproportionate to the object in view and impossible to call forth. For the will of man never derives its strength from logical hair-splitting.

[20] Everything, however, assumes a different shape if we pass from the abstract world to that of reality. In the former everything had to remain subject to optimism and we had to conceive both one side and the other as not merely striving toward perfection but also attaining it. Will this ever be so in practice? It would if:

1. war were a wholly isolated act, which arose quite suddenly and had no connection with the previous course of events,

2. if it consisted of a single decision or of several simultaneous decisions,

3. if its decision were complete in itself and the ensuing political situation were not already being taken into account and reacting upon it.

7. WAR IS NEVER AN ISOLATED ACT

[21] With reference to the first of these three points we must remember that neither of the two opponents is for the other an abstract person, even as regards that factor in the power of resistance which does not depend on external things, namely, the will. This will is no wholly unknown quantity: what it has been today tells us what it will be tomorrow. War never breaks out quite suddenly, and its spreading is not the work of a moment. Each of the two opponents can thus to a great extent form an opinion of the other from what he actually is and does, not from what, theoretically, he should be and should do. With his imperfect organization, however, man always remains below the level of the absolute best, and thus these deficiencies, operative on both sides, become a modifying influence.

8. WAR DOES NOT CONSIST OF ONE BLOW WITHOUT DURATION

[22] The second of the three points gives occasion for the following observations:

If the issue in war depended on a single decision or several simultaneous decisions, the preparations for that decision or those several decisions would naturally have to be carried to the last extreme. A lost opportunity could never be recalled; the only standard the real world could give us for the preparations we must make would, at best, be those of our adversary, so far as they are known to us, and everything else would once more be relegated to the realm of abstraction. But if the decision consists of several successive acts, each of these with all its attendant circumstances can provide a measure for those which follow, and thus here, too, the real world takes the place of the abstract, and modifies, accordingly, the trend to the extreme.

[23] Every war, however, would necessarily be confined to a single decision or several simultaneous decisions if the means available for the conflict were all brought into operation together or could be so brought into operation. For an adverse decision necessarily diminishes these means, and if they have all been used up in the first decision, a second really becomes unthinkable. All acts of war which could follow would be essentially part of the first and really only constitute its duration.

[24] But we have seen that in the preparations for war the real world has already taken the place of the mere abstract idea, and an actual standard that of a hypothetical extreme. Each of the two opponents, if for no other reason, will therefore in their reciprocal action stop short of the extreme effort, and their resources will thus not all be called up together.

[25] But the very nature of these resources and of their employment makes it impossible to put them all into operation at one and the same moment. They consist of the *military forces proper, the country* with its superficial extent and its population, and *the allies.*

[26] The country with its superficial extent and its population, as well as being the source of all military forces proper, is also in itself an integral part of the factors operative in war, if only with that part which provides the theatre of war or has a marked influence upon it.

[27] Now all movable military resources can very well be put into operation simultaneously, but not all the fortresses, rivers, mountains, inhabitants, and so forth—in a word, the whole country, unless it is so small as to be wholly embraced by the first act of war. Furthermore, the co-operation of the allies does not depend upon the will of the belligerents, and from the very nature of political relations, it frequently does not come into effect or become active till later, for the purpose of restoring a balance of forces that has been upset.

[28] That this part of the means of resistance, which cannot be brought into operation all at once, in many cases is a much larger part of the whole than at first sight we should think; and that consequently it is capable of restoring the balance of forces even when the first decision has been made with great violence and that balance has thus been seriously disturbed, will be more fully explained later. At this point it is enough to show that to make all our resources available at one and the same moment is contrary to the nature of war. Now in itself this could furnish no ground for relaxing the intensity of our efforts for the first decision, because an unfavourable issue is always a disadvantage to which no one will purposely expose himself, because even if the first decision is followed by others, the more decisive it has been, the greater will be its influence upon them. But the possibility of a subsequent decision is something in which man's shrinking from excessive effort causes him to seek refuge, and thus for the first decision his resources are not concentrated and strained to the same degree as they would otherwise have been. What either of the two opponents omits from weakness becomes for the other a real, objective ground for relaxing his own efforts, and thus, through this reciprocal action, the trend to the extreme is once more reduced to a limited measure of effort.

9. THE RESULT OF A WAR IS NEVER ABSOLUTE

[29] Lastly, the final decision of a whole war is not always to be regarded as an absolute one. The defeated state often sees in it only a transitory evil, for which a remedy can yet be found in the political circumstances of a later day. How greatly this also must modify the violence of the strain and the intensity of the effort is obvious.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Do nations state bluntly: "I am using force to make you do my will"? What do they say?
2. Is it true that international restrictions on the kinds of force (poison gas, atomic or hydrogen bombs, etc.) permitted are "hardly worth mentioning"?
3. Explain how disarming an enemy is "the proper aim of military action."
4. Explain: "Never in the philosophy of war itself can we introduce a modifying principle without committing an absurdity."
5. Which can a nation have without the other: hostile feeling or hostile intention? Give a current example.
6. "Absolute non-resistance would be no sort of war at all." Is this the argument of pacifists? Was it the argument of Gandhi's theory of passive resistance?
7. *Means* and *will*—which is more readily measurable?
8. According to von Clausewitz, can there be noncombatants in a warring country? Discuss.
9. List the factors which reduce *absolute war* to *relative war.*

*The Moral Equivalent of War**

William James

[1] The war against war is going to be no holiday excursion or camping party. The military feelings are too deeply grounded to abdicate their place among our ideals until better substitutes are offered than the glory and shame that come to nations as well as to individuals from the ups and downs of politics and the vicissitudes of trade. There is something highly paradoxical in the modern man's relation to war. Ask all our millions, north and south, whether

* From William James, *Memories and Studies* (1911), Longmans, Green and Company, Inc. Appeared first in *International Conciliation* (1910), No. 27.

they would vote now (were such a thing possible) to have our war for the Union expunged from history, and the record of a peaceful transition to the present time substituted for that of its marches and battles, and probably hardly a handful of eccentrics would say yes. Those ancestors, those efforts, those memories and legends, are the most ideal part of what we now own together, a sacred spiritual possession worth more than all the blood poured out. Yet ask those same people whether they would be willing in cold blood to start another civil war now to gain another similar possession, and not one man or woman would vote for the proposition. In modern eyes, precious though wars may be, they must not be waged solely for the sake of the ideal harvest. Only when forced upon one, only when an enemy's injustice leaves us no alternative, is a war now thought permissible.

[2] It was not thus in ancient times. The earlier men were hunting men, and to hunt a neighboring tribe, kill the males, loot the village and possess the females, was the most profitable, as well as the most exciting, way of living. Thus were the more martial tribes selected, and in chiefs and peoples a pure pugnacity and love of glory came to mingle with the more fundamental appetite for plunder. [3] Modern war is so expensive that we feel trade to be a better avenue to plunder; but modern man inherits all the innate pugnacity and all the love of glory of his ancestors. Showing war's irrationality and horror is of no effect upon him. The horrors make the fascination. War is the *strong* life; it is life *in extremis;* war taxes are the only ones men never hesitate to pay, as the budgets of all nations show us.

[4] History is a bath of blood. The *Iliad* is one long recital of how Diomedes and Ajax, Sarpedon and Hector, *killed.* No detail of the wounds they made is spared us, and the Greek mind fed upon the story. Greek history is a panorama of jingoism and imperialism—war for war's sake, all the citizens being warriors. It is horrible reading, because of the irrationality of it all—save for the purpose of making "history"--and the history is that of the utter ruin of a civilization in intellectual respects perhaps the highest the earth has ever seen.

[5] Those wars were purely piratical. Pride, gold, women, slaves, excitement, were their only motives. In the Peloponnesian War, for example, the Athenians asked the inhabitants of Melos (the island where the "Venus of Milo" was found), hitherto neutral, to own their lordship. The envoys meet, and hold a debate which Thucydides gives in full, and which, for sweet reasonableness of form, would have satisfied Matthew Arnold. "The powerful exact what they can," said the Athenians, "and the weak grant what they must." When the Melians say that sooner than be slaves they will appeal to the gods, the Athenians reply: "Of the gods we believe and of men we know that, by a law of their nature, wherever they can rule they will. This law was not made by us, and we are not the first to have acted upon it; we did but inherit it, and we know that you and all mankind, if you were strong as we are, would do as we do. So much for the gods; we have told you why we expect to stand as high in their good opinion as you." Well, the Melians still refused, and their town was taken. "The Athenians," Thucydides quietly says, "thereupon put to death all who were of military age and made slaves of the women and children. They then colonized the island, sending thither five hundred settlers of their own."

[6] Alexander's career was piracy pure and simple, nothing but an orgy of power and plunder, made romantic by the character of the hero. There was no rational principle in it, and the moment he died his generals and governors attacked one another. The cruelty of those times is incredible. When Rome finally conquered Greece, Paulus Aemilius was told by the Roman Senate to reward his soldiers for their toil by "giving" them the old kingdom of Epirus. They sacked seventy cities and carried off a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants as slaves. How many they killed I know not; but in Etolia they killed all the senators, five hundred and fifty in number. Brutus was "the noblest Roman of them all," but to reanimate his soldiers on the eve of Philippi he similarly promises to give them the cities of Sparta and Thessalonica to ravage, if they win the fight.

[7] Such was the gory nurse that trained societies to cohesiveness. We inherit the warlike type; and for most of the capacities of heroism

that the human race is full of we have to thank this cruel history. Dead men tell no tales, and if there were any tribes of other type than this they have left no survivors. Our ancestors have bred pugnacity into our bone and marrow, and thousands of years of peace won't breed it out of us. The popular imagination fairly fattens on the thought of wars. Let public opinion once reach a certain fighting pitch, and no ruler can withstand it. In the Boer War both governments began with bluff, but couldn't stay there; the military tension was too much for them. In 1898 our people had read the word WAR in letters three inches high for three months in every newspaper. The pliant politician McKinley was swept away by their eagerness, and our squalid war with Spain became a necessity.

[8] At the present day, civilized opinion is a curious mental mixture. The military instincts and ideals are as strong as ever, but are confronted by reflective criticisms which sorely curb their ancient freedom. Innumerable writers are showing up the bestial side of military service. Pure loot and mastery seem no longer morally avowable motives, and pretexts must be found for attributing them solely to the enemy. England and we, our army and navy authorities repeat without ceasing, arm solely for "peace"; Germany and Japan it is who are bent on loot and glory. "Peace" in military mouths today is a synonym for "war expected." The word has become a pure provocative, and no government wishing peace sincerely should allow it ever to be printed in a newspaper. Every up-to-date dictionary should say that "peace" and "war" mean the same thing, now *in posse,* now *in actu.* It may even reasonably be said that the intensely sharp competitive *preparation* for war by the nations *is the real war,* permanent, unceasing; and that the battles are only a sort of public verification of the mastery gained during the "peace" interval.

[9] It is plain that on this subject civilized man has developed a sort of double personality. If we take European nations, no legitimate interest of any one of them would seem to justify the tremendous destructions which a war to compass it would necessarily entail. It would seem as though common sense and reason ought to find a way to reach agreement in every conflict of honest interests.

I myself think it our bounden duty to believe in such international rationality as possible. But, as things stand, I see how desperately hard it is to bring the peace party and the war party together, and I believe that the difficulty is due to certain deficiencies in the program of pacificism which set the militarist imagination strongly, and to a certain extent justifiably, against it. In the whole discussion both sides are on imaginative and sentimental ground. It is but one utopia against another, and everything one says must be abstract and hypothetical. Subject to this criticism and caution, I will try to characterize in abstract strokes the opposite imaginative forces, and point out what to my own very fallible mind seems the best utopian hypothesis, the most promising line of conciliation.

[10] In my remarks, pacifist though I am, I will refuse to speak of the bestial side of the war regime (already done justice to by many writers) and consider only the higher aspects of militaristic sentiment. Patriotism no one thinks discreditable; nor does anyone deny that war is the romance of history. But inordinate ambitions are the soul of every patriotism, and the possibility of violent death the soul of all romance. The militarily patriotic and romantic-minded everywhere, and especially the professional military class, refuse to admit for a moment that war may be a transitory phenomenon in social evolution. The notion of a sheep's paradise like that revolts, they say, our higher imagination. Where then would be the steeps of life? If war had ever stopped, we should have to reinvent it, on this view, to redeem life from flat degeneration.

[11] Reflective apologists for war at the present day all take it religiously. It is a sort of sacrament. Its profits are to the vanquished as well as to the victor; and quite apart from any question of profit, it is an absolute good, we are told, for it is human nature at its highest dynamic. Its "horrors" are a cheap price to pay for rescue from the only alternative supposed of a world of clerks and teachers, of co-education and zoophily, of "consumer's leagues" and "associated charities," of industrialism unlimited and feminism unabashed. No scorn, no hardness, no valor any more! Fie upon such a cattleyard of a planet!

[12] So far as the central essence of this feeling goes, no healthy-

minded person, it seems to me, can help to some degree partaking of it. Militarism is the great preserver of our ideals of hardihood, and human life with no use for hardihood would be contemptible. Without risks or prizes for the darer, history would be insipid indeed; and there is a type of military character which everyone feels that the race should never cease to breed, for everyone is sensitive to its superiority. The duty is incumbent on mankind, of keeping military characters in stock—of keeping them, if not for use, then as ends in themselves and as pure pieces of perfection—so that [Theodore] Roosevelt's weaklings and mollycoddles may not end by making everything else disappear from the face of nature.

[13] This natural sort of feeling forms, I think, the innermost soul of army writings. Without any exception known to me, militarist authors take a highly mystical view of their subject, and regard war as a biological or sociological necessity, uncontrolled by ordinary psychological checks and motives. When the time of development is ripe the war must come, reason or no reason, for the justifications pleaded are invariably fictitious. War is, in short, a permanent human *obligation*. General Homer Lea, in his recent book, *The Valor of Ignorance*, plants himself squarely on this ground. Readiness for war is for him the essence of nationality, and ability in it the supreme measure of the health of nations.

[14] Nations, General Lea says, are never stationary—they must necessarily expand or shrink, according to their vitality or decrepitude. Japan now is culminating; and by the fatal law in question it is impossible that her statesmen should not long since have entered, with extraordinary foresight, upon a vast policy of conquest—the game in which the first moves were her wars with China and Russia and her treaty with England, and of which the final objective is the capture of the Philippines, the Hawaiian Islands, Alaska, and the whole of our coast west of the Sierra Passes. This will give Japan what her ineluctable vocation as a state absolutely forces her to claim, the possession of the entire Pacific Ocean; and to oppose these deep designs we Americans have, according to our author, nothing but our conceit, our ignorance, our commercialism, our corruption, and our feminism. General Lea makes a minute tech-

nical comparison of the military strength which we at present could oppose to the strength of Japan, and concludes that the islands, Alaska, Oregon, and Southern California, would fall almost without resistance, that San Francisco must surrender in a fort-night to a Japanese investment, that in three or four months the war would be over, and our Republic, unable to regain what it had heedlessly neglected to protect sufficiently, would then "disintegrate," until perhaps some Caesar should arise to weld us again into a nation.

[15] A dismal forecast indeed! Yet not unplausible, if the mentality of Japan's statesmen be of the Caesarian type of which history shows so many examples, and which is all that General Lea seems able to imagine. But there is no reason to think that women can no longer be the mothers of Napoleonic or Alexandrian characters; and if these come in Japan and find their opportunity, just such surprises as *The Valor of Ignorance* paints may lurk in ambush for us. Ignorant as we still are of the innermost recesses of Japanese mentality, we may be foolhardy to disregard such possibilities.

[16] Other militarists are more complex and more moral in their considerations. The *Philosophie des Krieges*, by S. R. Steinmetz, is a good example. War, according to this author, is an ordeal instituted by God, who weighs the nations in its balance. It is the essential form of the state, and the only function in which peoples can employ all their powers at once and convergently. No victory is possible save as the resultant of a totality of virtues, no defeat for which some vice or weakness is not responsible. Fidelity, cohesiveness, tenacity, heroism, conscience, education, inventiveness, economy, wealth, physical health and vigor—there isn't a moral or intellectual point of superiority that doesn't tell, when God holds his assizes and hurls the people upon one another. *Die Weltgeschichte ist das Weltgericht* | "The history of the world is the judgment of the world." |; and Dr. Steinmetz does not believe that in the long run chance and luck play any part in apportioning the issues.

[17] The virtues that prevail, it must be noted, are virtues anyhow, superiorities that count in peaceful as well as in military competition; but the strain on them, being infinitely intenser in the latter case, makes war infinitely more searching as a trial. No ordeal

is comparable to its winnowings. Its dread hammer is the welder of men into cohesive states, and nowhere but in such states can human nature adequately develop its capacity. The only alternative is "degeneration."

[18] Dr. Steinmetz is a conscientious thinker, and his book, short as it is, takes much into account. Its upshot can, it seems to me, be summed up in Simon Patten's word, that mankind was nursed in pain and fear, and that the transition to a "pleasure economy" may be fatal to a being wielding no powers of defense against its disintegrative influences. If we speak of the *fear of emancipation from the fear regime,* we put the whole situation into a single phrase; fear regarding ourselves now taking the place of the ancient fear of the enemy.

[19] Turn the fear over as I will in my mind, it all seems to lead back to two unwillingnesses of the imagination, one esthetic, and the other moral: unwillingness, first to envisage a future in which army life, with its many elements of charm, shall be forever impossible, and in which the destinies of peoples shall nevermore be decided quickly, thrillingly, and tragically, by force, but only gradually and insipidly by "evolution"; and, secondly, unwillingness to see the supreme theater of human strenuousness closed, and the splendid military aptitudes of men doomed to keep always in a state of latency and never show themselves in action. These insistent unwillingnesses, no less than other esthetic and ethical insistencies, have, it seems to me, to be listened to and respected. One cannot meet them effectively by mere counter-insistency on war's expensiveness and horror. The horror makes the thrill; and when the question is of getting the extremest and supremest out of human nature, talk of expense sounds ignominious. The weakness of so much merely negative criticism is evident—pacifism makes no converts from the military party. The military party denies neither the bestiality nor the horror, nor the expense; it only says that these things tell but half the story. It only says that war is *worth* them; that, taking human nature as a whole, its wars are its best protection against its weaker and more cowardly self, and that mankind cannot *afford* to adopt a peace economy.

[20] Pacifists ought to enter more deeply into the esthetical and ethical point of view of their opponents. Do that first in any controversy, says J. J. Chapman; *then move the point,* and your opponent will follow. So long as anti-militarists propose no substitute for war's disciplinary function, no *moral equivalent* of war, analogous, as one might say, to the mechanical equivalent of heat, so long they fail to realize the full inwardness of the situation. And as a rule they do fail. The duties, penalties, and sanctions pictured in the utopias they paint are all too weak and tame to touch the military-minded. Tolstoi's pacificism is the only exception to this rule, for it is profoundly pessimistic as regards all this world's values, and makes the fear of the Lord furnish the moral spur provided elsewhere by the fear of the enemy. But our socialistic peace advocates all believe absolutely in this world's values; and instead of the fear of the Lord and the fear of the enemy, the only fear they reckon with is the fear of poverty if one be lazy. This weakness pervades all the socialistic literature with which I am acquainted. Even in Lowes Dickinson's exquisite dialogue [*Justice and Liberty,* New York, 1909], high wages and short hours are the only forces invoked for overcoming man's distaste for repulsive kinds of labor. Meanwhile men at large still live as they always have lived, under a pain-and-fear economy—for those of us who live in an ease economy are but an island in the stormy ocean—and the whole atmosphere of present-day utopian literature tastes mawkish and dishwatery to people who still keep a sense for life's more bitter flavors. It suggests, in truth, ubiquitous inferiority.

[21] Inferiority is always with us, and merciless scorn of it is the keynote of the military temper. "Dogs, would you live forever?" shouted Frederick the Great. "Yes," say our utopians, "let us live forever, and raise our level gradually." The best thing about our "inferiors" today is that they are as tough as nails, and physically and morally almost as insensitive. Utopianism would see them soft and squeamish, while militarism would keep their callousness, but transfigure it into a meritorious characteristic, needed by "the service," and redeemed by that from the suspicion of inferiority. All the qualities of a man acquire dignity when he knows that the service

of the collectivity that owns him needs them. If proud of the collectivity, his own pride rises in proportion. No collectivity is like an army for nourishing such pride; but it has to be confessed that the only sentiment which the image of pacific cosmopolitan industrialism is capable of arousing in countless worthy breasts is shame at the idea of belonging to *such* a collectivity. It is obvious that the United States of America as they exist today impress a mind like General Lea's as so much human blubber. Where is the sharpness and precipitousness, the contempt for life, whether one's own or another's? Where is the savage "yes" and "no," the unconditional duty? Where is the conscription? Where is the blood tax? Where is anything that one feels honored by belonging to?

[22] Having said thus much in preparation, I will now confess my own utopia. I devoutly believe in the reign of peace and in the gradual advent of some sort of socialistic equilibrium. The fatalistic view of the war function is to me nonsense, for I know that war-making is due to definite motives and subject to prudential checks and reasonable criticisms, just like any other form of enterprise. And when whole nations are the armies, and the science of destruction vies in intellectual refinement with the sciences of production, I see that war becomes absurd and impossible from its own monstrosity. Extravagant ambitions will have to be replaced by reasonable claims, and nations must make common cause against them. I see no reason why all this should not apply to yellow as well as to white countries, and I look forward to a future when acts of war shall be formally outlawed as between civilized peoples.

[23] All these beliefs of mine put me squarely into the anti-militarist party. But I do not believe that peace either ought to be or will be permanent on this globe, unless the states pacifically organized preserve some of the old elements of army discipline. A permanently successful peace economy cannot be a simple pleasure economy. In the more or less socialistic future toward which mankind seems drifting we must still subject ourselves collectively to these severities which answer to our real position upon this only partly hospitable globe. We must make new energies and hardihoods continue the manliness to which the military mind so faith-

fully clings. Martial virtues must be the enduring cement; intrepidity, contempt of softness, surrender of private interest, obedience to command, must still remain the rock upon which states are built—unless, indeed, we wish for dangerous reactions against commonwealth fit only for contempt, and liable to invite attack whenever a center of crystallization for military-minded enterprise gets formed anywhere in their neighborhood.

[24] The war party is assuredly right in affirming and reaffirming that the martial virtues, although originally gained by the race through war, are absolute and permanent human goods. Patriotic pride and ambition in their military form are, after all, only specifications of a more general competitive passion. They are its first form, but that is no reason for supposing them to be its last form. Men now are proud of belonging to a conquering nation, and without a murmur they lay down their persons and their wealth, if by so doing they may fend off subjection. But who can be sure that *other aspects of one's country* may not, with time and education and suggestion enough, come to be regarded with similarly effective feelings of pride and shame? Why should men not some day feel that it is worth a blood tax to belong to a collectivity superior in *any* ideal respect? Why should they not blush with indignant shame if the community that owns them is vile in any way whatsoever? Individuals, daily more numerous, now feel this civic passion. It is only a question of blowing on the spark till the whole population gets incandescent, and on the ruins of the old morals of military honor, a stable system of morals of civic honor builds itself up. What the whole community comes to believe in grasps the individual as in a vise. The war function has grasped us so far; but constructive interests may some day seem no less imperative, and impose on the individual a hardly lighter burden.

[25] Let me illustrate my idea more concretely. There is nothing to make one indignant in the mere fact that life is hard, that men should toil and suffer pain. The planetary conditions once for all are such, and we can stand it. But that so many men, by mere accidents of birth and opportunity, should have a life of *nothing else* but toil and pain and hardness and inferiority imposed upon them,

should have *no* vacation, while others natively no more deserving never get any taste of this campaigning life at all—*this* is capable of arousing indignation in reflective minds. It may end by seeming shameful to all of us that some of us have nothing but campaigning, and others nothing but unmanly ease. If now—and this is my idea—there were, instead of military conscription, a conscription of the whole youthful population to form for a certain number of years a part of the army enlisted against *Nature,* the injustice would tend to be evened out, and numerous other goods to the commonwealth would follow. The military ideals of hardihood and discipline would be wrought into the growing fiber of the people; no one would remain blind as the luxurious classes now are blind, to man's real relations to the globe he lives on, and to the permanently sour and hard foundations of his higher life. To coal and iron mines, to freight trains, to fishing fleets in December, to dish-washing, clothes-washing, and window-washing, to road-building and tunnel-making, to foundries and stoke-holes, and to the frames of skyscrapers, would our gilded youths be drafted off, according to their choice, to get the childishness knocked out of them, and to come back into society with healthier sympathies and soberer ideas. They would have paid their blood tax, done their own part in the immemorial human warfare against nature, they would tread the earth more proudly, the women would value them more highly, they would be better fathers and teachers of the following generation.

[26] Such a conscription, with the state of public opinion that would have required it, and the many moral fruits it would bear, would preserve in the midst of a pacific civilization the manly virtues which the military party is so afraid of seeing disappear in peace. We should get toughness without callousness, authority with as little criminal cruelty as possible, and painful work done cheerily because the duty is temporary, and threatens not, as now, to degrade the whole remainder of one's life. I spoke of the "moral equivalent" of war. So far, war has been the only force that can discipline a whole community, and until an equivalent discipline is organized, I believe that war must have its way. But I have no serious doubt that the ordinary prides and shames of social man, once developed

to a certain intensity, are capable of organizing such a moral equivalent as I have sketched, or some other just as effective for preserving manliness of type. It is but a question of time, of skillful propagandism, and of opinion-making men seizing historic opportunities. [27] The martial type of character can be bred without war. Strenuous honor and disinterestedness abound elsewhere. Priests and medical men are in a fashion educated to it, and we should all feel some degree of it imperative if we were conscious of our work as an obligatory service to the state. We should be *owned,* as soldiers are by the army, and our pride would rise accordingly. We could be poor, then, without humiliation, as army officers now are. The only thing needed henceforward is to inflame the civic temper as past history has inflamed the military temper. H. G. Wells, as usual, sees the center of the situation. "In many ways," he says, "military organization is the most peaceful of activities. When the contemporary man steps from the street, of clamorous insincere advertisement, push, adulteration, underselling and intermittent employment, into the barrack yard, he steps on to a higher social plane, into an atmosphere of service and co-operation and of infinitely more honorable emulations. Here at least men are not flung out of employment to degenerate because there is no immediate work for them to do. They are fed and drilled and trained for better services. Here at least a man is supposed to win promotion by self-forgetfulness and not by self-seeking." . . . [*First and Last Things,* 1908, p. 215.]

[28] Wells adds that he thinks that the conceptions of order and discipline, the tradition of service and devotion, of physical fitness, unstinted exertion, and universal responsibility, which universal military duty is now teaching European nations, will remain a permanent acquisition, when the last ammunition has been used in the fireworks that celebrate the final peace. I believe as he does. It would be simply preposterous if the only force that could work ideals of honor and standards of efficiency into English or American natures should be the fear of being killed by the Germans or the Japanese. Great indeed is Fear; but it is not, as our military enthusiasts believe and try to make us believe, the only stimulus known for awakening the higher ranges of men's spiritual energy. The amount

of alteration in public opinion which my utopia postulates is vastly less than the difference between the mentality of those black warriors who pursued Stanley's party on the Congo with their cannibal war cry of "Meat! Meat!" and that of the General Staff of any civilized nation. History has seen the latter interval bridged over: the former one can be bridged over much more easily.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. How would you vote on the author's questions about the Civil War (paragraph 1)? Does something besides "ideal harvest" influence your answer?
2. Do you agree that "appetite for plunder" is more fundamental than "pugnacity and love of glory"?
3. Does man pay "war taxes" because "War is the *strong* life"?
4. What does *jingoism* mean and how did it originate?
5. Do you think that James's theory of pugnacity is tenable?
6. Do the people *push* their rulers into war (paragraph 7)?
7. Explain the author's saying that *peace* and *war* mean the same thing.
8. At what point does the author begin his review of the militarist's attitude toward war? How sympathetic is he toward this attitude?
9. How nearly correct was General Homer Lea in his predictions about Japan?
10. What argument does Steinmetz offer to prove that war is good in itself?
11. Explain: *"fear of emancipation from the fear regime"* (paragraph 18).
12. What two "unwillingnesses" of man make him reluctant to turn pacifist?
13. Why does James spend so much time on the esthetics and the ethics of war? Does this emphasis serve his own purposes? Explain.
14. Comment on the phrase "pleasure economy."

15. Is it James's main point that martial virtue may be retained without war?
16. What one sentence contains the essence of James's idea for pushing war out of men's minds? How does he herald the sentence? How does he support it?

Suggestions for Papers

There are two extreme attitudes toward war: that of the militarist and that of the pacifist. The absolute militarist and the absolute pacifist are comparatively rare, for most persons take a stand somewhere between these extremes. Every human being, and particularly the educated person, is duty bound to examine the question of war and to declare himself on the subject.

1. Define absolute pacifism. What is it? You may include what it is not—that is, it is not capable of compromise. Then, you should list, with brief discussion, the immediate and the long-run advantages and disadvantages of the pacifist idea. How far could you go in accepting this idea for yourself? (Von Clausewitz gives an excellent model: "War is an act of force to compel our adversary to do our will." Can you frame a definition of pacifism in such precise terms?)

2. Define absolute militarism. This is not a definition of war. It is a definition of an attitude. William James's "Moral Equivalent of War" summarizes some basic thinking of the militarist. Examine this mode of thinking. How far do you go in accepting this thinking?

3. Is it possible strictly to distinguish a combatant from a noncombatant in modern warfare? Men and women in uniforms are combatants. Are the persons who supply the armed forces combatants? And what of the persons who supply the persons who supply the armed forces? What of women and children? Is it logic

or sentiment which traditionally lists women and children as noncombatants? (Possible organization, by paragraphs, of this paper: I the problem; II obvious combatants; III questionable combatants; IV obvious noncombatants, if any.)

4. "Never in the philosophy of war itself can we introduce a modifying principle without committing an absurdity" (von Clausewitz). Examine the full meaning and the full implication of this statement. According to this view, what is the sole criterion for the use or nonuse of any given instrument of force? Can a humanitarian war be fought? Do you know why poison gas was used in World War I but not in World War II? Do you know why the atom bomb was used in World War II and may not be used again? Bigger and better flame-throwers were used and doubtless will continue to be used. Can you explain this?

5. Some historians believe that leaders lead their people into war. Others (see William James) believe the people force their leaders to lead them into war. Is there some truth in both points of view? State the two positions; then try to decide what the reciprocal action is which does produce war.

6. William James thinks that "war against Nature" would provide a "moral equivalent" for war in the traditional sense. Reread the closing paragraphs of James's essay, paraphrase his theory, then examine the logic of the idea. (James himself says that the horror of war is one of its fascinations; how would his "moral equivalent" satisfy man's craving for horror—if, indeed, he has such a craving?)

7. Some writers name four reasons for war: psychological, biological, economic, and political. The psychological involves essentially man's pugnacity; the biological, his group's pugnacity; the economic, his group's acquisitiveness; the political, his group's statesmanship (making his state dominant). Which is the most important of these reasons? Without which of these causes would the remaining causes become inoperative?

8. Some writers list "the material needs of societies" as one of the causes of war. Can you reduce this "cause" to an absurdity?

9. William James speaks of the incredible cruelties of ancient wars. Is there any reason to believe that cruelty either in quality

or quantity has been reduced in modern times? Is any discernible progress to be found in fact or in attitude?

10. How has the United Nations simplified on the one hand and complicated on the other hand the problem of war? State the theory, which is simple, of the U.N.'s way to control warfare. What are some of the factors which complicate the working of this theory?

SOME TITLES FOR PAPERS

1. The Ideal Pacifist
2. The Ideal Militarist
3. War Is Immoral: How Can There Be a Moral Equivalent?
4. No Noncombatants
5. The Philosophy of Passive Resistance
6. Force Is Force and Cannot Be Modified
7. War Is God's Test of Man
8. The Cost of Peace versus The Cost of War
9. Who Would Fight for More Land?
10. Cruelty, Then and Now
11. Wars to Prevent Wars
12. Our Economic Excuses for War
13. The Limits of Patriotism
14. Pulling the Eyeteeth of National Sovereignty
15. People Always (Sometimes, Never) Want War
16. The United Nations Are Disunited

9

Youth and Old Age

THE rival claims of youth and old age have been argued since the beginning of time, probably since a Cro-Magnon father beetled a brow at the upstart offspring who called him an old fogy. The battle has been unequal from the beginning, for youth has had no appetite for old age and old age has had a sadly insistent appetite for youth. Consequently, youth's most eloquent admirers have always been old men; whereas, whatever admirers old age has been able to muster, have been old men too.

The twentieth century, however, has brought about some changes. Men are living longer. There are more old people, and the old people are becoming restless as some of the selections in this chapter will show.

The chapter opens with the traditional and authentic view that youth has certain physical advantages of which he (or she in this instance) had better make the most of. "To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time" flatly asserts that

> "That age is best which is the first,
> When youth and blood are warmer."

The second selection, Matthew Arnold's "On Growing Old," expands the warning of the previous poem: old age means a physical loss, but it means more than that; it means stark, simple loss without compensation. These poems, then, may represent the conventional view of old age.

The next three selections are rebuttals. "A Plea for an Age Movement" asks that old people do battle to regain their lost prestige. The author insists that there is nothing more to lose and that any assertion of rights will be clear gain. Even more militant is Dr. Martin Gumpert, a specialist in diseases of the aged (geriatrician), who admires all the qualities of full maturity and says so in his book, *You Are Younger than You Think,* from which I have selected "The Rights of the Aged to Life, Liberty and Happiness." Finally, Robert Browning, through his mouthpiece, Rabbi Ben Ezra, sets forth the classic defense of old age. (This is not a rebuttal, incidentally, of Arnold's "On Growing Old," for Arnold's poem came after Browning's and may be an answer to "Rabbi Ben Ezra.")

One may assume that youth will wish the Age Movement every success because eligibility for membership is soon attained.

*To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time**

Robert Herrick

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
  Old time is still a-flying,
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
  To-morrow will be dying.

* Published in 1648.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
  The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
  And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
  When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
  Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
  And while you may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
  You may for ever tarry.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Is the predicted dying of the "rosebuds" of the same significance as the setting of the sun?
2. With what phase of life is the poet apparently solely concerned?

*Growing Old**

Matthew Arnold

What is it to grow old?
Is it to lose the glory of the form,
The lustre of the eye?
Is it for beauty to forego her wreath?
Yes, but not this alone.

* First published in 1867.

Is it to feel our strength—
Not our bloom only, but our strength—decay?
Is it to feel each limb
Grow stiffer, every function less exact,
Each nerve more weakly strung?

Yes, this, and more! but not,
Ah, 'tis not what in youth we dream'd 'twould be!
'Tis not to have our life
Mellow'd and soften'd as with sunset glow,
A golden day's decline!

'Tis not to see the world
As from a height, with rapt prophetic eyes,
And heart profoundly stirr'd;
And weep, and feel the fullness of the past,
The years that are no more!

It is to spend long days
And not once feel that we were ever young.
It is to add, immured
In the hot prison of the present, month
To month with weary pain.

It is to suffer this,
And feel but half, and feebly, what we feel.
Deep in our hidden heart
Festers the dull remembrance of a change,
But no emotion—none.

It is—last stage of all—
When we are frozen up within, and quite
The phantom of ourselves,
To hear the world applaud the hollow ghost
Which blamed the living man.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Does the whole of this poem seem to be additional comment on Herrick's "To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time"? Does "bloom" suggest Herrick's "rosebuds"? Are there other echoes?
2. What is the purpose of the first four stanzas? Of the last three?
3. Read and reread the last stanza until you can paraphrase it, particularly the last two lines. Is the "hollow ghost" the same thing as the "phantom"? Is the "phantom" what is left of an old man? Now, what is "the living man"?

*Plea for an Age Movement**

Ralph Barton Perry

King David and King Solomon
  Led merry, merry lives,
With many, many lady friends
  And many, many wives;
But when old age crept over them—
  With many, many qualms,
King Solomon wrote the Proverbs
  And King David wrote the Psalms.

[1] I read this selection from an unknown poet to set the key for my remarks. I need not say that I claim neither the wisdom of Solomon, nor the sweet singing of David. But I find that as the years roll by I devote less and less time to doing things and more and more time to advising other people to do them. I assume that you are having the same experience, that you will not think it out of place if I give less place to merriment, and more to what might be called "Reflections on Senescence."

[2] We have heard a good deal recently about the "youth movement" and I think it's about time we started an "age movement." There was a time when old men held a good position in the world. I need not remind an audience of classical scholars that a Roman

* Reprinted by permission of Vanguard Press, Inc., from *Plea for an Age Movement* by Ralph Barton Perry. Copyright 1942, by Ralph Barton Perry.

named Cicero devoted a work called *De Senectute* to this topic. I haven't the Latin handy. The translation runs as follows:

Intelligence, and reflection, and judgment, reside in old men, and if there had been none of them, no state could exist at all. (xix)
Old age, especially an honored old age, has so great authority, that this is of more value than all the pleasures of youth. (xvii)

The theory was that although we had slowed down physically, and although our arteries had hardened a bit, and although our wind was short except for talking, and although we had lost something of our sex appeal, we had more than made up for it. We were supposed to have laid by stores of wisdom so that we could offer sound advice. Our very disabilities were supposed to have given us a long view of things, and a certain elevation above passion and action.

[3] We were supposed to dwell in the realm of ideas, and to survey all of history, so that we could speak profoundly when we condescended to advise our inferiors. We were supposed thus to be qualified to be the rulers of our wives, the mentors of our children, and the elder statesmen of the realm.

[4] Recently we have fallen to an all-time low. We are retired at an early age from business and the professions. We are hustled by our juniors in politics. And as to the armed services, we hear it said on every side that what they need is young officers. The Joffres and Hindenburgs are regarded as accidents. The success of the Germans is attributed to the youth of their officers, the failure of the French to the age of theirs.

[5] The most striking evidence of the downfall of the aged is to be found in the domestic circle. The authority of the father was first broken by the mother, and the children poured through the breach. The last remnant of paternal authority was the period in which the father was an ogre, who came home at the end of the day to deal with major offenses, and who could be invoked by the mother as a threat during his absence. Although he was no longer magistrate he was at least executioner.

[6] But even this role disappeared when domestic criminology was modernized, and the child's insubordination was regarded as a

personality problem to be solved by love, hygiene, and psychoanalysis. The father, knowing neither physiology nor Freud, and having been denied all natural affection in order to serve as the big stick, now played no part whatever in the civil order of the home. As head of the family he went definitely out, along with such ideas as naughtiness, punishment, discipline and obedience. He remained, of course, as bread winner, choreman, and studhorse, but these functions carried no prestige. The mother, who had conspired with the children to break down the authority of the father, lived to regret it. She suffered from the same age disability as the father and she was more continuously exposed to its consequences. The outcome was that both parents found themselves on the defensive.

[7] Children now learned the facts of life almost at birth, and parents could no longer deny their ultimate responsibility. They were overtaken with a sense of conscious guilt and spent their domestic life apologizing to their children for having brought them into existence and for having endowed them with all their less endearing traits.

[8] The institution of the school was originally created in order that the young might learn from the old, who had when young learned from their elders. The idea was that the infant was a vegetable, the small child an animal, the adult a human being, and the aged adult a wise human being with a touch of deity. On this theory the individual learned from a superior who had something to give.

[9] Progressive education (though just why progressive is not clear) reversed all this. The child being a genius and the adult a fossil, nobody taught anybody anything. The child unfolded in accordance with his own creative impulses and the adult provided the tools and conveniences. Meanwhile as the child grew to manhood he himself gradually fossilized until he became a dodo in his own right.

[10] Something of the same sort happened in the field of so-called higher education. It was supposed that the professor derived authority from his years, from his knowledge, and from his learning. This authority began to disappear as soon as the idea got abroad that there was no such thing as knowledge and that learning embraced only the obsolete litter of the dead past.

[11] Learning went out with the attic when the mind, like the house, became functional. So professors changed their tone, and began to use the subjunctive and interrogative instead of the indicative and affirmative. They presented so-called facts and tentative opinions and anxiously awaited the verdict of their students, promising when the verdict was unfavorable, to do better next time. They sought the guidance of "undergraduate opinion," deterred only by the fear of seeming to offer guidance. The students, meanwhile, tolerated the aged professor for reasons of humanity, but deprecated his large salary, encouraged his early retirement, and transferred their allegiance to the younger instructors who, being young themselves, could be counted upon to understand the young, and who, not having yet lived, could be counted upon to be in touch with the life of the times—or with the life of the times to come.

[12] There is an application of all this to the present situation in the world at large. The young having ceased to respect their elders have banded together and become a sort of social class or political party, under their own leaders. Their opinions and sentiments are treated as touchstones of policy.

[13] Those who are old enough to remember several wars are supposed on that account to be disqualified from judgment about this one [World War II]. Those whose judgment is respected, those who are supposed to know what war is, are those who have never experienced war and who have even forgotten their history. They tell us, for example, that wars never settle anything, and they are supposed to know. The elders being rejected from military service for physical reasons, may not offer counsel lest they be suspected of a sadistic desire to sacrifice the young.

[14] Such, in brief outline, is the story of the fall of age from its once high eminence. We have taken it. We have with pathetic eagerness tried to please our juniors and do whatever they would in a world of youth. But where does modesty get us? It is my mature opinion, discredited no doubt by its maturity, that it gets us nowhere. We are victims of the fallacy now known as appeasement. The more we try to please the more our opponents raise their

demand. Whereas once we were feared enough to provoke rebellion, we are rapidly approaching a position in which we shall inspire only contempt. If by this procedure we could excuse ourselves and evade responsibility, that would be something.

[15] But it hasn't worked that way. The children to whom we deferred turn upon us and say, "Why did you spoil us?" The students to whose opinions we have modestly deferred now turn upon us and say, "Why didn't you make us take the courses that were good for us? Why didn't you give us your solutions of the problems of life so that we would have some anchorage and landmark in a world of change?" So it appears that we are going to be blamed anyway; and if so, I say let us also enjoy the rank, the prerogatives, the esteem, and the authority.

[16] This is a serious matter. The vital statisticians tell us that the average age of living Americans is rapidly rising. In other words, at the same time that there is an increasing number of old men in the world there is less use for them; at the same time that people live longer there is a more rapid turnover and depreciation. Either the majority of mankind are going to be kept in idleness, or liquidated; or we have got to change our ideas of the value of age.

[17] Now I admit that it isn't easy to regain an ascendancy once lost. But let us begin by starting an age movement. Let us band together and not allow our force to be weakened by division. I do not mean that we should associate exclusively with one another. That has, as a matter of fact, been one of the sources of our weakness. We have acquired a sense of social inferiority until we hesitate to intrude upon the circles of youth, lest our accent, our manners or our clothes betray a trace of obsolescence. No, let us mingle freely with the young, with an air of confidence and length of life. After all, we don't say that a youth of eighteen is less alive than an infant of three weeks; though he is much older. Some individuals are born dead and remain dead. Some individuals are born with a low degree of vitality and grow more alive with the years.

[18] Between physical birth and physical death there is no fixed point at which men can be said to reach the maximum of liveliness.

It behooves us, then, as elders to take the view that the course of years is a passage from less to greater vitality, from inertness to activity. We can prove the idea by applying it, so that it comes back in the end to what you and I are going to do with our years.

[19] This is only a special application of a very general idea, which I think it is now time to proclaim. Every form and every stage of life has its own gifts, and its own pride. There is a pride of youth, and I would not have it one whit abated. But there is also a pride of age, which is ours if we will only affirm it. Let us leave off apologizing. The alternative is not boasting, which is only a compensation for self-distrust. But let us have confidence in our powers, and earn our own self-respect and the respect of others by asking much of ourselves. If we expect much of ourselves we shall rise to the high level of our own expectations.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. How does the introductory poem "set the key" for the remarks that follow?
2. Apparently this essay was delivered as a speech to what group? Does the identity of this group help explain the reference to Cicero?
3. What is the purpose of paragraphs 2, 3, and 4?
4. Explain the phrase "domestic criminology" (paragraph 7).
5. List the areas in which the authority of the aged has, according to the author, suffered eclipse.
6. Explain: "So professors changed their tone, and began to use the subjunctive and interrogative instead of the indicative and affirmative" (paragraph 12).
7. Can you summarize in one sentence the controlling idea of this speech?
8. So far as you can tell, has anything been done about Mr. Perry's proposal for an age movement? Would your parents subscribe to such a movement?

*The Rights of the Aged to Life, Liberty, and Happiness**

Martin Gumpert

[1] . . . I have felt old all my life. Whether I was ten or twenty or forty, I have always looked back and forward with an immense curiosity, which has continued to grow to the present day. Not only have I looked at my own life; I have always felt the solidarity of the human species and a kind of responsibility for everything that has ever happened and was ever going to happen. I remember that when I was ten years of age, someone returned from the wilds of Africa after ten years' absence. It seemed unbelievable to me that anyone could be cut off from the stream of events for a period that seemed tremendous because it comprised the experiences and adventures of my whole lifetime.

[2] This feeling has not changed as I have grown older. I lead the average life of an inhabitant of this century, full of excitement and worry and deadly danger, full of miracles, misconceptions, disillusions and hopes. So far, I have not cracked up. Indeed, I feel stronger, healthier and saner as the years go by. I have built up a mechanism of self-defense and restraint and humility that gives me more confidence. But I have seen others crack up: friends and patients, thousands who crossed my path. Many of them died, though they were young and did not want to die or need not have died. Others just could not or did not want to go on. Death and sickness become familiar to a doctor and, to some degree, lose their terror. Fear is mostly lack of knowledge. Children are easily frightened, and many people remain children up to the most advanced age. But death—that basic element of life—is no secret and has its own inherent laws, which can be studied and revealed.

[3] Most men are dead long before they die. They are on bad terms with life. They are rebels or cowards, or cannot forgive, or

* From *You Are Younger than You Think,* published by Duell, Sloan, and Pearce (1944), and reprinted by permission of the author.

they are just bored and tired. Every day is a challenge which has to be met with strong nerves, patience and a lot of good humor. The person who cannot manage himself inevitably gets sick.

[4] It is true that there are diseases of murderous power which kill the healthy. But during these last years we have acquired a miraculous ability to kill these diseases. Most sickness is our weaknesses and our sins. The idea that sickness is sin is not as irrational as it sounds. A man who is healthy will rarely be sick. Even before the onslaught of bacteria comes the willingness to give them the green light, or the unwillingness to fight them. But the man or woman who wants to live, and at the same time loves to be sick, should not be surprised at the results of this strange confusion of desires.

[5] This is one problem to which too little thought has been given: how much it depends on our own will whether or not we succumb to disease and death. There are many reasons for sacrificing one's life. There is despair so heartbreaking that we can understand withdrawal into death. There are catastrophes of mankind, war and flood and famine, in which the individual feels powerless. There is the wisdom of a good and pious end when one's harvest has been brought in. But the fact remains that millions of men die today before their time is up, for reasons of mismanagement, of insufficient care, of unjust neglect or, last but not least, of their own inertia. . . .

[6] It is a good thing to be old early: to have the fragility and sensitivity of the old, and a bit of wisdom, before the years of planning and building have run out. The old body and the old mind fortunately develop at a different pace. There is indeed nothing more precious than an old and healthy mind. For centuries the overstatements of youth have confused our judgment. We are prone to attribute to youth action and audacity and inventiveness, although often these qualities show nothing but inexperience and arrogance. How often do we wish we could do things over again because they were hopelessly muddled by our first youthful attempts! Imagine a world in which the very old and very wise were still physically able to retain power. Imagine leaders of our social life like Einstein, Charles Beard and Justice Stone, say, alive in the year 2000, their

voices still heard and respected. The mistakes and failures of their long life-span would be worth far more, in the lessons learned, than their victories and triumphs, and their gift of generous leadership would engender an unprecedented regime of wisdom and knowledge.

[7] Great men are rare and we have a foolish way of wasting their energy. But the physician, whose sacred duty it is to maintain life even in its most deteriorated form, cannot help being horrified by the tremendous waste of all living substance in our present society. The face of humanity—now not too pretty—could be entirely changed if we could decide to devote to mutual reconstruction and help, a fraction of the expenditure and moral effort that is now spent for mutual destruction.

[8] But how can anyone expect such effort in a world in which we start waiting and providing for death at an early age, in which voluntary or involuntary "retirement" from active life is considered a measure of social care, and in which people who survive their life expectancy are treated as statistical errors?

[9] Around 1800 we discovered the rights of man. Around 1900 we discovered the child and his rights, and we have done much good and some bad to make up for our previous neglect. We should not have to wait in this accelerated century until the year 2000 to discover the aged and their rights. We can do it here and now.

[10] But real revolutions cannot be managed for us. People who suffer have to free themselves by their own power or they will never be free. Old people are neither morons nor infants. Neither do they have to be cripples or invalids. Their diseases can be prevented and cured as well as the diseases of any other period of life. Their potential capacities are of the highest order and their participation in the activities of the community can change the community for the better.

[11] Eternal youth is a wishful dream of the immature and infantile, who lack the faculty of ripening. The term "rejuvenation" has done much damage. Eternal health, on the contrary, is not a Utopian idea. Throughout the entire cycle of life, certain functions begin to fail while others begin to grow mature. It is a mistake to

classify old age as the age of decline. Outgrown functions have to be discarded and new functions adopted, it is true, but this is a creative and adventurous act in the drama of life. And only the man who grows to like being old, who knows no regret, who declines to make himself the object of endless self-pity, will succeed in being a "modern" old man. The Incas in their rigid social structure erected a fixed age scheme: from eight to sixteen one was a boy playing, from sixteen to twenty one was a coca-picker, from twenty to twenty-five one was a worker, from twenty-five to fifty a head of a family and taxpayer, from fifty to sixty one was nearly old and after sixty one was "an old man sleeping." From "old man sleeping" to "old man awake"—this is the difference between a proud civilization that has perished and a proud civilization that will stand.

[12] "Old man awake" versus "old man asleep": that is the challenge of this book. Judge for yourself to which group you would rather belong. There is truth in the saying: "As one grows older more and more things are done for the last time and fewer and fewer are done for the first time." It is easy to accept this accurate old-age meter, but it is healthier to repudiate it. Many of us may discover at a deplorably early date that our lives fit this description. Like Boy Scouts performing their daily good deeds, at a certain stage of existence we should strive to make daily discoveries. We all agree that life is far too short to grasp more than an infinitesimal fraction of its opportunities. A prolonged and healthy life-span will help to fill at least some of the gaps of knowledge, of happiness, of unfulfilled dreams.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. How do the sentences of paragraph 1 contribute to the topic sentence: "I have felt old all my life"?
2. Explain: "The person who cannot manage himself inevitably gets sick."
3. "Eternal youth is a wishful dream of the immature and infantile." Comment, urbanely!
4. How does the author define "a 'modern' old man"?
5. What is the "old-age meter" (last paragraph)?

Rabbi Ben Ezra *

Robert Browning

[This poem should be read through rapidly once and then reread more slowly. The first reading will reveal the essentially conversational tone and the informal organization as well as much of the broad meaning. Carefully observe punctuation in the first and all subsequent readings. The controlling idea is that old age is as much a part of life as youth and a better part at that. The basic premise is that God made man and in doing so conceived of youth, age, and death as parts of a whole which will be brought to completion in an after-life. Since old age is nearer completion than youth, it is a better, more knowing phase of life. Incompleteness in this life is an attribute of human beings; completeness is an attribute of the lower animals who have only this life.]

I

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith "A whole I planned,
"Youth shows but half; trust God: see all nor be afraid!"

II

Not that, amassing flowers,
Youth sighed "Which rose make ours,
"Which lily leave and then as best recall?"
Not that, admiring stars,
It yearned "Nor Jove, nor Mars;
"Mine be some figured flame which blends, transcends them all!"

III

Not for such hopes and fears
Annulling youth's brief years,
Do I remonstrate: folly wide the mark!
Rather I prize the doubt
Low kinds exist without,
Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark.

* From *Dramatis Personae* (1864).

IV

Poor vaunt of life indeed,
Were man but formed to feed
On joy, to solely seek and find and feast:
Such feasting ended, then
As sure an end to men;
Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-crammed beast?

V

Rejoice we are allied
To That which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive!
A spark disturbs our clod;
Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must believe.

VI

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!

VII

For thence,—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks,—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me:
A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the scale.

VIII

What is he but a brute
Whose flesh has soul to suit,
Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want play?
To man, propose this test—
Thy body at its best,
How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?

IX

Yet gifts should prove their use:
I own the Past profuse
Of power each side, perfection every turn:
Eyes, ears took in their dole,
Brain treasured up the whole;
Should not the heart beat once "How good to live and learn?"

X

Not once beat "Praise be Thine!
"I see the whole design,
"I, who saw power, see now love perfect too:
"Perfect I call Thy plan:
"Thanks that I was a man!
"Maker, remake, complete,—I trust what Thou shalt do!"

XI

For pleasant is this flesh;
Our soul, in its rose-mesh
Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for rest;
Would we some prize might hold
To match those manifold
Possessions of the brute,—gain most, as we did best!

XII

Let us not always say
"Spite of this flesh to-day
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!"
As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry "All good things
"Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul!"

XIII

Therefore I summon age
To grant youth's heritage,
Life's struggle having so far reached its term:
Thence shall I pass, approved
A man, for aye removed
From the developed brute; a god though in the germ.

XIV

And I shall thereupon
Take rest, ere I be gone
Once more on my adventure brave and new:
Fearless and unperplexed,
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armour to indue.

XV

Youth ended, I shall try
My gain or loss thereby;
Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold:
And I shall weigh the same,
Give life its praise or blame:
Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old.

XVI

For note, when evening shuts,
A certain moment cuts
The deed off, calls the glory from the grey:
A whisper from the west
Shoots—"Add this to the rest,
"Take it and try its worth: here dies another day."

XVII

So, still within this life,
Though lifted o'er its strife,
Let me discern, compare, pronounce at last,
"This rage was right i' the main,
"That acquiescence vain:
"The Future I may face now I have proved the Past."

XVIII

For more is not reserved
To man, with soul just nerved
To act to-morrow what he learns to-day:
Here, work enough to watch
The Master work, and catch
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true play.

XIX

As it was better, youth
Should strive, through acts uncouth,
Toward making, than repose on aught found made:
So, better, age, exempt
From strife, should know, than tempt
Further. Thou waitedst age: wait death nor be afraid!

XX

Enough now, if the Right
And Good and Infinite
Be named here, as thou callest thy hand thine own,
With knowledge absolute,
Subject to no dispute
From fools that crowded youth, nor let thee feel alone.

XXI

Be there, for once and all,
Severed great minds from small,
Announced to each his station in the Past!
Was I, the world arraigned,
Were they, my soul disdained,
Right? Let age speak the truth and give us peace at last!

XXII

Now, who shall arbitrate?
Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive;
Ten, who in ears and eyes
Match me: we all surmise,
They this thing, and I that: whom shall my soul believe?

XXIII

Not on the vulgar mass
Called "work," must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had the price;
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice:

XXIV

But all, the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account;
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount:

XXV

Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

XXVI

Ay, note that Potter's wheel,
That metaphor! and feel
Why time spins fast, why passive lies our clay,—
Thou, to whom fools propound,
When the wine makes its round,
"Since life fleets, all is change; the Past gone, seize to-day!"

XXVII

Fool! All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure:
What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be:
Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter and clay endure.

XXVIII

He fixed thee mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance,
This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest:
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

XXIX

What though the earlier grooves
Which ran the laughing loves
Around thy base, no longer pause and press?
What though, about thy rim,
Skull-things in order grim
Grow out, in graver mood, obey the sterner stress?

XXX

Look not thou down but up!
To uses of a cup,
The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,
The new wine's foaming flow,
The Master's lips a-glow!
Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what need'st thou with earth's wheel?

XXXI

But I need, now as then,
Thee, God, who mouldest men;
And since, not even while the whirl was worst,
Did I,—to the wheel of life
With shapes and colours rife,
Bound dizzily,—mistake my end, to slake Thy thirst:

XXXII

So, take and use Thy work:
Amend what flaws may lurk
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
My times be in Thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. In line 7 what is the meaning of "flowers"? May they be identified with experiences?
2. In line 11, does "It" refer to youth?
3. What are "finished and finite clods" (line 18)?

4. Can you supply the missing words in line 24 ("care" is the subject of the first sentence of this line; "doubt" of the second)? What is the answer to these questions? Then, what does that prove?
5. What is the spark which "disturbs our clod" (line 28)?
6. What are the "tribes that take" (line 30)?
7. How does the reasoning down to Stanza VI justify the hearty advice to "welcome each rebuff"?
8. Define *paradox*. Explain the paradox of Stanza VII.
9. What are the "gifts" of line 49? From whence did they come?
10. What is the contention of Stanzas XI and XII?
11. What is the "adventure brave and new" (line 81)?
12. "Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old" (line 90). How can this be reconciled with the prizing of doubt in youth?
13. Does the word "rage" (line 100) probably mean "enthusiasm"? And what does "proved" (line 102) mean? (Compare: "The exception proves the rule.")
14. What limits to man's capacity are suggested by Stanza XVIII?
15. Compare Stanza XIX with Perry's statement: "As the years roll by I devote less and less time to doing things and more and more to advising other people to do them" ("Plea for an Age Movement").
16. Should old people "prize the doubt" as youth should (see Stanza XX)? Explain.
17. Are Stanzas XXII–XXV summarized in lines 148–150? Discuss this principle of aspiration versus accomplishment.
18. If you have read the *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*, do you believe Browning had that poem in mind in Stanza XXVI? Explain.
19. Who is the "thou" of line 165? How do you know?
20. Explain the phrase "now as then" (line 181).

Suggestions for Papers

You are in the forest of youthful experiences; the trees may obstruct your view. You are to try, however, to see as clearly as you can what youth really is and to measure it as best you can against what you believe old age will be. The selections in this chapter ought to be of more than ordinary use in helping you to clarify your feelings and your thoughts.

1. What are a youth's most obvious assets? What are his less obvious ones? Are they those which older people seem least to remember? What are a youth's most obvious liabilities? His less obvious ones? Are they those that older people seem to ignore? You need mainly to look intently within yourself for the answers to these questions, but observation of older people and of other young people should help. Cite apt passages, too, from your reading.

2. What has happened to the authority of older people? In "Plea for an Age Movement," the author says that the male aged have reached "an all-time low" in politics, military service, at home with the mother and the children, in school, and in college. Examine this observation in the light of your own experience.

3. How do you account for the friction between old age and youth? Is it basically that older persons have learned to make a compromise peace with life and try to force this compromise on youth? Look for what you think are the fundamentals of the conflict and illustrate your findings by specific examples.

4. How could the "fixed age scheme" of the Incas (see "The Rights of the Aged to Life, Liberty and Happiness") be applied to our social structure? For example, from six to sixteen would be boy (and girl) in school. There are other fairly arbitrary age limits for voting, for holding certain public offices, for marriage, for retirement, for obtaining driving licenses. Discuss these modern age rulings.

5. Consider Arnold's "On Growing Old" as an answer to Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra." Outline the reasoning of the Rabbi: life is an orderly process set in motion by God; youth, age, and death are but segments of the process, and so on. Now, examine Arnold's reply. Is it based on reason? Or does it consist of statements, denials, and a description of old age?

6. Is the average young person filled with doubts, fears, and uncertainties? If so, on what subjects? Religion? How to make a living? Sex? Education? Many educators feel that the *average* young person is not disturbed by any of these things but, on the contrary, is sure of all the answers. Who is right?

7. "All I could never be,/All, men ignored in me,/This, I was worth to God." Compare this statement with the philosophy of the Grammarian in "A Grammarian's Funeral" (Chapter 1). These are expressions of the Doctrine of the Imperfect: the idea that what you try to attain or have a vision of attaining is more important than what you do attain; more important because perfection is reserved for Heaven. Does this Doctrine apply equally to youth and old age? Discuss.

SOME TITLES FOR PAPERS

1. Here Today, Old Age Tomorrow!
2. Young Man Awake, Old Man Sleeping
3. Life Should Be Lived Backward
4. Young Fogies I Have Known
5. Satisfactions of Youth
6. Dissatisfactions of Youth
7. If I Were an Old Man (or Woman)
8. Advice to My Elders
9. Do My College Teachers Lack Authority?
10. The Doubts and Uncertainties of Youth
11. Is It a Young Man's World?
12. Youth and the Doctrine of Imperfection
13. Seize Today
14. "A Whole I Planned"
15. Trying to Understand Parents

10

Jobs

YOU may know already exactly the job you want. You may not. The great variety of possibilities may seem overwhelming. How is one to reduce all jobs to some sort of order, to a set of common characteristics? Richard Cabot has attempted an answer to this question (and to many others) in "The Call of the Job." He has, among other things, isolated seven qualities of all good jobs. Then, since "every fact in the universe depends on every other fact," the author suggests before he finishes his essay how an analysis of work can lead to a discussion of the meaning of life itself. As you read, you will naturally measure your idea of a job with his. Any job which you have had will come to mind for specific comparison. And you may wish to agree with or object to or amend or carry forward the philosophical suggestions at the end of the essay.

Robert Frost's poem, "Two Tramps in Mud Time," emphasizes the philosophy of work, the object of which is to unite avocation and vocation, "love and need." You may feel that the poem, perhaps in the last sixteen lines, is also an essay on "the call of the job."

*The Call of the Job**

Richard Cabot

[1] A camper starting into the woods on his annual vacation undertakes with enthusiasm the familiar task of carrying a Saranac boat upon a shoulder yoke. The pressure of the yoke on his shoulders feels as good as the grasp of an old friend's hand. The tautening of his muscles to the strain of carrying seems to gird up his loins and true up his whole frame. With the spring of the ground beneath him and the elastic rebound of the boat on its springy yoke, he seems to dance over the ground between two enlivening rhythms. It is pure fun.

[2] In the course of half a mile or so, the carry begins to feel like work. The pleasant, snug fit of the yoke has become a very respectable burden, cheerfully borne for the sake of the object in view, but not pleasant. The satisfaction of the carry is now something anticipated, no longer grasped in the present. The job is well worth while, but it is no joke. It will feel good to reach the end and set the boat down.

[3] Finally, if in about ten minutes more there is still no sight of the end, no blue sparkling glimmer of distant water low down among the trees, the work becomes drudgery. Will it ever end? Are we on the right trail at all? Is it worth while to go on?

[4] Perhaps not, but to stop means painfully lowering the boat to the ground and later heaving it up again, which is the worst task of all—worse than going on as we are. So we hang to it, but now in scowling, stumbling, swearing misery, that edges always nearer to revolt.

[5] In varying proportions every one's life mingles the experiences of that carry. At its best and for a few, work becomes play, at least for blessed jewel-like moments. By the larger number it is seen not a joy but as a tolerable burden, borne for the sake of the children's education, the butter on the daily bread, the hope

* From *The Atlantic Monthly*, CXII (November 1913), 599–609. Reprinted by permission of *The Atlantic Monthly*.

of promotion. Finally, for the submerged fraction of humanity who are forced to labor without choice and almost from childhood, life seems drudgery, borne simply because they cannot stop without still greater misery. They are committed to it, as to a prison, and they cannot get out.

[6] It is not often, I believe, that a whole life is possessed by any one of these elements,—play, work, or drudgery. Work usually makes up the larger part of life, with play and drudgery sprinkled in. Some of us at most seasons, all of us at some seasons, find work a galling yoke to which we have to submit blindly or angrily for a time, but with revolt in our hearts. Yet I have rarely seen drudgery so overwhelming as to crush out altogether the play of humor and good fellowship during the day's toil as well as after it.

[7] In play you have what you want. In work you know what you want and believe that you are serving or approaching it. In drudgery no desired object is in sight; blind forces push you on.

[8] In all work and all education the worker should be in touch with the distant sources of interest, else he is being trained to slavery, not to self-government and self-respect.

[9] Present good, future good, no good,—these possibilities are mingled in the crude ore which we ordinarily call work. Out of that we must smelt, if we can, the pure metal of a vocation fit for the spirit of man. The crude mass of "work" as it exists to-day in mines, stores, railroads, schoolrooms, studies, and ships, contains elements that should be abolished, elements that are hard, but no harder than we need to call out the best of us, and here and there a nugget of pure delight.

[10] Defined in this way, work is always, I suppose, an acquired taste. For its rewards are not immediate, but come in foretastes and aftertastes. It involves postponement and waiting. In the acquisition of wealth, economists rightly distinguish labor and waiting; but in another sense labor is always waiting. You work for your picture or your log-house because you want it, and because it cannot be had just for the asking. It awaits you in a future visible only to imagination. Into the further realization of that future you can penetrate only by work; meantime you must wait for your reward.

[11] Further, this future is never perfectly certain. There is many a slip between the cup and the lip, and even when gross accidents are avoided, your goal,—your promotion, your home, the degree for which you have worked,—usually do not turn out to be what you have pictured them. This variation you learn to expect, to discount, perhaps to enjoy, beforehand, if you are a trained worker, just because you have been trained in faith. For work is always justified by faith. Faith, holding the substance (not the details) of things unseen, keeps us at our tasks. We have faith that our efforts will some day reach their goal, and that this goal will be something like we expected. But no literalism will serve us here. If we are willing to accept nothing but the very pattern of our first desires, we are forever disappointed in work and soon grow slack in it. In the more fortunate of us, the love of work includes a love of the unexpected, and finds a pleasant spice of adventure in the difference between what we work for and what we actually get.

[12] Yet this working faith is not pure speculation. It includes a foretaste of the satisfaction to come. We plunge into it as we jump into a cold bath, not because the present sensations are altogether sweet, but because they are mingled with a dawning awareness of the glow to follow. We do our work happily because the future is alive in the present,—not like a ghost but like a leader.

[13] Where do we get this capacity to incarnate the future and to feel it swelling within us as a present inspiration? The power to go in pursuit of the future with seven-leagued boots or magic carpets can hardly be acquired or even longed for until we have had some actual experience of its rewards. We seem, then, to be caught in one of those circles which may turn out to be either vicious or virtuous. In the beginning something, or somebody, must magically entice us into doing a bit of work. Having done that bit, we can see the treasure of its results; these results will in turn spur us to redoubled efforts, and so once more to increased rewards. Given the initial miracle and we are soon established in the habit and in the enjoyment of work.

[14] But there is a self-maintaining circularity in disease, idleness, and sloth, as well as in work, virtue, and health. Until we

make the exertion (despite present pain and a barren outlook) we cannot taste the delightful result, or feel the spur to further effort. The wheel is at the dead point! Why should it ever move?

[15] Probably some of us are moved at first by the leap of an elemental instinct in our muscles, which act before and beyond our conscious reason. Other people are tempted into labor by the irrational contagion of example. We want to be "in it" with the rest of our gang, or to win some one's approval. So we get past the dead point,—often a most alarming point to parents and teachers,—and once in motion, keep at it by the circular process just described.

[16] Various auxiliary motives reinforce the ordinary energies of work. Here I will allude only to one—a queer pleasure in the mere stretch and strain of our muscles. If we are physically fresh and not worried, there is a grim exhilaration, a sort of frowning delight, in taking up a heavy load and feeling that our strength is adequate to it. It seems paradoxical to enjoy a discomfort, but the paradox is now getting familiar. For modern psychologists have satisfactorily bridged the chasm between pleasure and pain, so that we can now conceive what athletes and German poets have long felt, the delight in a complex of agreeable and disagreeable elements. In work we do not get as far as the "selige Schmerzen" so familiar in German lyrics, but we welcome difficulties, risks, and physical strains because (if we can easily conquer them) they add a spice to life,—a spice of play in the midst of labor.

[17] Work gets itself started, then, by the contagion of somebody else's activity or by an explosion of animal energies within us. After a few turns of the work-rest cycle we begin to get a foretaste of rewards. A flavor of enjoyment appears in the midst of strain. Habit then takes hold and carries us along until the taste for work is definitely acquired.

[18] In the crude job as we get it there is much rubbish. For work is a very human product. It is no better than we have made it, and even when it is redeemed from brutal drudgery it is apt to be scarred and warped by our stupidities and our ineptitudes. Out of the rough-hewn masses in which work comes to us it is our business—it is civilization's business—to shape a vocation fit for man.

We shall have to remake it again and again; meantime, before we reject what we now have, it is worth while to see what we want.

[19] What (besides better hours, better wages, healthier conditions) are the points of a good job? Imagine a sensible man looking for a satisfactory work, a vocational adviser guiding novices toward the best available occupation, and a statesman trying to mold the industrial world somewhat nearer to the heart's desire,—what should they try for? Physical and financial standards determine what we get *out* of a job. But what shall we get *in* it? Much or little, I think, according to its fitness or unfitness for our personality,—a factor much neglected nowadays.

[20] Among the points of a good job I shall name seven:—1. Difficulty and crudeness enough to call out our latent powers of mastery. 2. Variety and initiative balanced by monotony and supervision. 3. A boss. 4. A chance to achieve, to build something and to recognize what we have done. 5. A title and a place which is ours. 6. Connection with some institution, some firm, or some cause, which we can loyally serve. 7. Honorable and pleasant relations with our comrades in work.

[21] Fulfil these conditions and work is one of the best things in life. Let me describe them more fully.

[22] *We want a chance to subdue.* We want to encounter the raw and crude. Before the commercial age, war, hunting, and agriculture gave us this foil. We want it still, and for the lack of it often find our work too soft.

[23] Of course, we can easily get an over-dose of crude resistance. A good job should offer us a fair chance of our winning. We have no desire to be crushed without a struggle. But we are all the better pleased if the fish makes a good fight before he yields.

[24] Not only in the wilderness, but wherever we deal with raw material, our hands meet adventures. Every bit of wood and stone, every stream and every season has its own tantalizing but fascinating individuality, and as long as we have health and courage, these novelties strike not as a frustration but as a challenge.

[25] Even in half-tamed products, like leather or steel, there are, experts tell me, incalculable variations which keep us on the alert

if we are still close enough to the elemental to feel its fascinating materiality. When a clerk sells drygoods over the counter, I suppose he has to nourish his frontiersman's spirit chiefly in foiling the wily bargain-hunter or trapping the incautious countryman. But I doubt if the work is as interesting as a carpenter's or a plumber's. It reeks so strong of civilization and the "finished product" that it often sends us back to the woods to seek in a "vacation" that touch with the elemental which should properly form part of daily work.

[26] *We want both monotony and variety.* The monotony of work is perhaps the quality of which we complain most, and often justifiably. Yet monotony is really demanded by almost everyone. Even children cry for it, though in doses smaller than those which suit their elders. Your secretary does not like her work, if you put more than her regular portion of variety into it. She does not want to be constantly undertaking new tasks, adapting herself to new situations. She wants some regularity in her traveling, some plain stretches in which she can get up speed and feel quantity of accomplishment,—that is, she wants a reasonable amount of monotony. Change and novelty in work are apt to demand fresh thought, and reduce our speed.

[27] Naturally, there is a limit to this. We want some variety, some independence in our work. But we can easily get too much. I have heard as many complaints and felt in myself as many objections against variety as against monotony. I have seen and felt as much discontent with "uncharted freedom" as with irksome restraint. Bewilderment, a sense of incompetence and of rudderless drifting, are never far off from any one of us in our work. There is in all of us something that likes to trot along in harness,—not too tight or galling, to be sure,—but still in guidance and with support. That makes us show our best paces.

[28] Nor is there anything slavish or humiliating in this. It is simply the admission that we are not ready at every moment to be original, inventive, creative. We have found out the immense strain and cost of fresh thinking. We are certain that we were not born to be at it perpetually. We want some rest in our work, some relief from high tension. Monotony supplies that relief. Moreover

the rhythmic and habitual elements in us (ancient labor-saving devices) demand their representation. To do something again and again as the trees, the birds, and our own hearts do, is a fundamental need which demands and receives satisfaction in work as well as in play.

[29] For the tragedies and abominations, the slaveries and degradations of manual labor we cannot put all the blame on the large element of monotony and repetition which such labor often contains. We should revolt and destroy any work that was not somewhat monotonous. But the point is that work should offer to each worker as much variety and independence as he has originality and genius, no more and no less. Give us either more or less than our share and we are miserable. We can be crushed and overdriven by too much responsibility, as well as by too little. Our initiative, as well as our docility, can be overworked.

[30] *We want a boss,* especially in heavy or monotonous labor. Most monotonous work is of the sort that is cut out and supplied ready to hand. This implies that some one else plans and directs it. In so far as we want monotony, therefore, we want to be driven, though not overdriven, by a boss. If we are to do the pulling some one else should hold the reins. When I am digging my wife's garden beds I want her to specify where they shall go. We all want a master of some kind, and most of us want a master in human shape. The more manual our work is, the more we want him. Boatmen poling a scow through a creek need some one to steer and tell them which should push harder as they turn the bends of the stream. The steersman may be chosen by lot or each may steer in turn, but some boss we must have, for when we are poling we cannot well steer and we don't want the strain of trying fruitlessly to do both. This example is typical of the world's work. It demands to be bossed, and it is more efficient, even more original when it is bossed,—just enough!

[31] Monotony, then, and bossing we need, but in our own quantity and also of our own kind. For there are different kinds (as well as different doses) and some are better than others. For example, to go to the same place of work every day is a monotony that

simplifies life advantageously for most of us, but to teach the same subject over and over again is for most teachers an evil, though it may be just now a necessary evil.

[32] We must try to distinguish. When we delight in thinking ourselves abused, or allow ourselves the luxury of grumbling, we often single out monotony as the target of our wrath. But we must not take all complaints (our own or other people's) at their face value. A coat is a misfit if it is too big or too small, or if it puckers in the wrong place. A job can be a misfit in twenty different ways and can be complained of in as many different tones. Let us be clear about this. If our discontent is as divine as it feels, it is not because all monotony is evil, but because our particular share and kind of monotony has proved to be a degrading waste of energy.

[33] *We want to see the product of our work.* The bridge we planned, the house we built, the shoes we cobbled, help us to get before ourselves and so to realize more than a moment's worth of life and effort. The impermanence of each instant's thought, the transience of every flush of effort tends to make our lives seem shadowy even to ourselves. Our memory is like a sieve through which most that we pick up runs back like sand. But in work we find refuge and stability, because in the accumulated product of many days' labor we can build up and present at last to our own sight the durable structure of what we meant to do. Then we can believe that our intentions, our hopes, our plans, our daily food and drink, have not passed through us for nothing, for we have funded their worth in some tangible achievement which outlasts them.

[34] Further, such external proofs of our efficiency win us not only self-respect, but the recognition of others. We need something to show for ourselves, something to prove that our dreams are not impotent. Work gives us the means to prove it.

[35] I want to acknowledge here my agreement in the charge often brought against modern factory labor,—namely that since no workman plans or finishes his product, no one can recognize his product, take pride in it or see its defects. Even when factory labor is well paid, its impersonal and wholesale merging of the man in the machine goes to make it unfit for men and women.

[36] *We want a handle to our name.* Everyone has a right to the distinction which titles of nobility are meant to give, but it is from our work that we should get them. The grocer, the trapper, the night-watchman, the cook, is a person fit to be recognized, both by his own timid self and by the rest of the world. In time the title of our job comes to stand for us, to enlarge our personality and to give us permanence. Thus it supplements the standing which is given us by our product. To "hold down a job" gives us a place in the world, something approaching the home for which in some form or other everyone longs. "Have you any place for me?" we ask with eagerness, for until we find "a place" we are tramps,—men without a country.

[37] A man with a job has, at least in embryo, the kind of recognition which we all crave. He has won membership in a club that he wants to belong to and especially hates to be left out of. To be in it as a member in full standing gives a taste of self-respect and self-confidence.

[38] *We want congeniality in our fellow workmen.* One of the few non-physical "points" which people have already learned to look for in selecting work, is the temper and character of the "boss." Men, and especially women, care almost as much about this as about the hours and wages of the jobs. Young physicians will work in a laboratory at starvation wages for the sake of being near a great teacher, even though he rarely notices them. The congeniality of fellow workmen is almost as important as the temper of the boss. Two unfriendly stenographers in a single room will often give up their work and take lower wages elsewhere in order to escape each other.

[39] All this is so obvious to those who look for jobs that I wonder why so few employers have noticed it. The housewives who keep their servants, the manufacturers who avoid strikes, are not always those who pay the best wages and offer the best condition of work. The human facts—the personal relations of employer and employee—are often disregarded, but always at the employer's peril. The personal factor is as great as the economic in the industrial unrest of to-day. Are not even the "captains of industry" beginning to wake up to this fact?

[40] Payment can be given a working man only for what some other man might have done,—because his pay is fixed by estimate of "what the work is worth," that is, what you can get other people to do it for. Hence you never pay anyone for what he individually does, but for what "a man like him," that fictitious being, that supposedly fair specimen of his type and trade, can be expected to do. [41] The man himself you cannot pay. Yet anyone who does his work well or gets satisfaction out of it, puts himself into it. Moreover he does things that he cannot be given credit for, finishes parts that no one else will notice. Even a mediocre amateur musician knows that the best parts of his playing, his personal tributes to the genius of the composer whom he plays, are heard by no one but himself and "the God of things as they are." There might be bitterness in the thought that in our work we get paid or praised only for what is not particularly ours, while the work that we put our hearts into is not recognized or rewarded. But in the struggle for spiritual existence we adapt ourselves to the unappreciative features of our environment and learn to look elsewhere for recognition. We do not expect people to pay us for our best. We look to the approval of conscience, to the light of our ideal seen more clearly when our work is good, or to the judgment of God. Our terms differ more than our tendencies. The essential point is that for appreciation of our best work we look to a Judge more just and keen-sighted than our paymaster.

[42] Nevertheless there is a spiritual value in being paid in hard cash. For though money is no measure of the individual value in work, it gives precious assurance of some value, some usefulness to people out of the worker's sight. Workers who do not need a money wage for the sake of anything that they can buy with it, still need it for its spiritual value. Doctors find this out when they try to get invalids or neurasthenics to work for the good of their health. Exercise done for exercise's sake, is of very little value, even to the body, for half its purpose is to stimulate the will, and most wills refuse to work at chest-weights and treadmills, however disguised. But our minds are still harder to fool with hygienic exercise done for the sake of keeping busy. To get any health or satisfaction out of work it must seem to the worker to be of some use. If he knows

that the market for raffia baskets is *nil,* and that he is merely enticed into using his hands for the good of his muscles or of his soul, he soon gets a moral nausea at the whole attempt.

[43] This is the flaw in ideals of studiousness and self-culture. It is not enough that the self-culture shall seem good to President A. Lawrence Lowell or to some kind neurologist. The college boy himself, the psychoneurotic herself must feel some zest along with the labor if it is to do them any good. And this zest comes because they believe that by this bit of work they are "getting somewhere," winning some standing among those whose approval they desire, serving something or somebody besides the hired teacher or trainer.

[44] I once set a neurasthenic patient, formerly a stenographer, to helping me with the clerical work in my office. She began to improve at once, because the rapid return of her former technical skill made her believe (after many months of idleness and gnawing worry about money) that some day she might get back to work. But what did her far more good was the check which I sent her at the end of her first week's work. She had not expected it, for she did not think her work good enough. But she knew me well enough to know that I had sworn off lying in all forms (even the most philanthropic and hygienic) and would not deceive her by pretending to value her work. The money was good for what it would buy, but it was even better because it proved to her the world's need for what she could do, and thus gave her a right to space and time upon the earth.

[45] This is the spiritual value of pay. So far no one has thought of so convenient and convincing a way to wrap up and deliver at each citizen's door a parcel of courage for the future, and a morsel of self-respect which is food for the soul. But money is not the only means of paying people. The goods which money buys, the ends which it helps us to achieve are part of our reward, perhaps the most genuine part. But gratitude, service to others, and success to our aims are often thought of as the proper ends or rewards of work. Do we want them? Can we achieve them? Let us see.

[46] Gratitude given or received is one of the best things in the world. We need far more of it and far better quality. Yet I have never read any satisfactory account of what it so gloriously means.

Its value begins just where the value of pay ends. Thanks are personal, and attempt to fit an adequate response to the particular service performed. Pay is an impersonal coin which has been handed out to many before it reaches you, and will go to many others when it leaves you. It is your right and you are not grateful for it. But thanks are a free gift and enrich the giver. There is no nobler art than the art of expressing one's gratitude in fresh, unhackneyed, unexaggerated terms which answer devotion with fresh devotion, fancy with new fancy, clarity with sincerity. Artists who get their reward only in money and in the stale plaudits of clapping hands are restless for something more individual. They want to be intimately understood and beautifully answered. For such gratitude they look to brother artists, to the few who really understand. There they find their best reward:—but even this leaves something wanting. [47] Why is it so notoriously difficult to accept thanks? Most things that I am thanked for I am not conscious of having done at all. Obviously the thanks are misdirected. Or, if I am conscious of having done what the thanker is grateful for, I am likewise conscious that I only handed on to a third person what had previously been given to me. I learned from Smith and then enlightened Jones. Smith is the man to thank. Or, again, one is thanked for simply carrying out a contract; but one could not honorably do less. Thanks for going along the usual and necessary road seem gratuitous and undeserved. Or, finally one receives gratitude for what one did with joy; that seems as queer as being thanked for eating one's dinner. [48] But suppose that the deed one is thanked for was not an act of passing along what came originally from another as you pass money in a street car. Suppose a man has really originated something, an invention, a poem, a statue. He hardly claims it as his, for he does not know where it came from. He did not "make it up." It sprang into his mind, given to him as much as if he had received it from a friend. He does not feel that he is the one to receive thanks. The thanks should pass through him, as the gift did, to some one else,—to his parents who gave him and taught him so much, to his race, his nation, his health, his friends, his opportunities. That is where it all came from; that is where thanks are

due. But each of the influences is itself the recipient of countless other influences. Every fact in the universe depends on every other fact. Ultimately, then, not he but the universe must be thanked. [49] He deals with firms and employers, but he looks behind them, over their shoulders, and redirects their thanks elsewhere, ultimately, if he but knew it, to the World-Spirit. One may not remember that spirit. One often does not bother about the world's work. Thinking exhausts some people and fatally confuses others. But if one thinks at all he runs up hard against the world plan and finds it the bulkiest object in sight.

[50] The unsentimental male American is quick to reject the idea that he cares about *serving* anybody or anything. He may admit that he wants to "make good" in a fair and square way, according to the rules of the game. But "service" sounds too "stuck up" and Pharisaical for him.

[51] Nevertheless I firmly believe that his derision is only a ruse to conceal his morbid bashfulness and oafish sensitiveness. For in point of fact service is one of the things that pretty much everybody wants,—however much he may disguise it and conceal it from himself. I have never seen any more unsentimental and raw-boned being than the American medical student; yet he is simply hankering for service. Medical teachers spread before him banquets of tempting "opportunities," rare "cases," "beautiful" specimens, easy chances to distinguish himself in research and to absorb his medical food in predigested mouthfuls. He often remains indifferent. But the moment you give him a place to work in a clinic, to serve as Dr. Blank's fourteenth assistant in a hospital where good work is done, he will jump at the chance. The work is much harder and more monotonous than his regular studies. Much of it is not teaching him medicine. He has to go on doing Fehling's test for sugar and trying knee jerks long after he has learned the trick. He has to measure stomach contents, to weigh patients, to bandage legs, and to write down names and addresses in monotonous routine day after day. Yet he loves the job. Despite all the drudgery, he learns far more medicine by holding down an actual job of this kind, than by lec-

tures and classes. If you separate out the instructive portion of his day's work and present it to him without assigning him any regular position and duties, he does not like the work as well or learn so much.

[52] Extraordinarily sound those students' instincts! The men are bored when we offer them more opportunities to do what is easy and self-centered, but outside the current of reality. It is only when we give them hard, dry work like an assistantship in a clinic,—a place where they can accomplish something that has a real value in the actual world,—that they fall to with real appetite.

[53] The sense of somebody's need is, I believe, the most powerful motive in the world, one that appeals to the largest number of people of every age, race and kind. It wakes up the whole nature, the powers that learn as well as those that perform; it generates the vigor of interest that submerges selfishness and cowardice; it rouses the inventiveness and ingenuity that slumber so soundly in student's classrooms. For many of us, for more every time the world takes a step in the right direction, work which is service taps a great reservoir of power, sets free our caged and leashed energy.

[54] I conclude then that pay, gratitude, and service as ends of work, have each a value, though not exactly of the sort one might expect. What about *success* as a reward of work?

[55] Financial rewards are nowadays less advertised than the general prosperity which they express. Civic ideals are kept in the foreground, alike by "boosters," real-estate men, and chambers of commerce. According to these authorities business success means a flourishing city and a contented, healthy community. To help build up a fine city is what we are asked to do in case we take the investment offered us. A fine city is an efficiently managed, well-lighted community, with plenty of schools, parks, and churches. But stop a moment. What is the use of such a place?

[56] When we have built and finished this perfect city, with its smooth-running government, its crime-freed, sanitary streets will be swept and garnished, all ready to begin—what? It is hard to hear any answer. Few are interested enough even to attempt one. For

the interest of civic reform is mainly in the process,—far less in the result. Boys who build a boat or a play-house usually find that there is far more fun in the process of building than in using the finished product. So it is with the reform of a slum or a municipal government. The best of it is in the reforming. We shall hardly stop to notice it when it is perfect. We shall take it for granted as we do the safe delivery of the letters which we post, and be off on another campaign. Our civic goals are like the scented rushes in "Wood and Water." The most beautiful ones, Alice found, were always those just beyond her reach. Perfect adaptation to environment, which seems to be what the sanitary and civic reformers aim at, would mean absolute stagnation,—attainment that buds no more. For what should stir us further?

[57] "Well, anyway, to reform our city is the best thing in sight. It is certainly in the right direction." Ah, then we know what the right direction is! *That* is something far more significant than any single step in civic progress. If we know the true direction we can point beyond the civic models to something toward which they are on the road, and get our satisfaction all along its course.

[58] The worship of "the right direction" is a fundamental motive in art and play as well as in work. Every noble game and work of art calls for others, incites to pilgrimages, reforms and nobler arts. Art is not meant to give us something final; everything in it is pointing ahead and gets its justification because it is "in the right direction." Everything in art, as in civics, gets the courage to exist and to push on because of its readiness to be corrected by experience to a truer version of its own purpose. Sincere people want the true, in their work as well as in their thinking. But the truth is an Infinite, and the will to approach it is an infinitive intention. The fruit of this infinite intention would be our utter prostration of self before the vision, "Do with me as thou wilt." "Thy will not mine be done."

[59] I cannot see the end of all this. I see reform after reform of character and of civilization, progress after progress in science and art, rising like mountain ranges, one behind the other. But there is no conceivable sense in all these upheavals if they are mere changes,

mere uneasy shifts in the position of a dreaming world-spirit. To make sense they must be moving in a single direction.

[60] It is obvious enough that all work is supposed to fulfill some one's plan—the worker's plan or his master's. It is good for something. But every one of the goods we buy with our work is itself a means to something else, a coin with which to purchase something more. The goods we supply, the clothes, food, transportation, medicine, knowledge, inspiration which we give, are themselves means to something else, perhaps to comfort, health, education, courage. These again are means to better work, to civic perfection, to family happiness. But these once more are in themselves as worthless as fiat money or dolls stuffed with sawdust, unless there is absolute value behind them. Happiness, civic perfection, love, are sometimes named as the ultimate ends toward which the activities of busy men and women are means, but anybody who experiences any of these states and is not a Buddhist wallowing in vague bliss, finds that they incite us to new deeds. If they are not soporific drugs they are spurs to fresh action.

[61] Taken literally, the ideals of utility and civic reform are like the old myth which explained the world's support as the broad back of an elephant. Who supports the elephant? He rests on a gigantic tortoise; and who supports the tortoise? No answer is audible in the business sections of our cities, in the schoolrooms or in the colleges. The church's answer is derided or ignored by a large fraction of us. But it is the right one; and we shall learn to listen to it or pay the penalty. Government does not rest ultimately on the consent of the governed, but on their conformity to the will of the World-Spirit who makes and unmakes civilizations.

[62] Success in industry, in art, or in love is saved from bitterness and disappointment because we regard our achievements far more symbolically than we know, and rest far more than we are aware upon the backing of God.

[63] Assuming that in everyone there is an infinite and restless desire to get into the life of the World,—to share any and all life that is hot and urgent or cool and clear,—we can tackle this infinite task in two ways:

[64] By trying to understand the universe in the samples of it which come into our ken and to draw from these bits a knowledge which typifies and represents the whole. That is science.

[65] By trying to serve. Service is one of the ways by which a tiny insect like one of us can get a purchase on the whole universe. If he finds the job where he can be of use, he is hitched to the star of the world, and moves with it.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Differentiate *play, work,* and *drudgery.*
2. "For work is always justified by faith." Explain.
3. Work produces pleasure; pleasure is a stimulant to more work; more work, more pleasure, and so-on. How does the process get started?
4. The phrase *selige Schmerzen* means blissful melancholy or woe. What do athletes and German poets know about this odd combination?
5. Why are leather and steel called "half-tamed products"?
6. Is monotony the worst feature of a job? Or variety? Explain.
7. What connection is there between monotony and the need for a boss?
8. What is meant by the phrase "merging of the man in the machine"? Is there another name for this?
9. Which one of the seven characteristics of a job does the author fail to discuss?
10. "Payment may be given a working man only for what some other man might have done." Explain. Is this still an acceptable theory of wages?
11. Discuss "the spiritual value of pay."
12. Why does the author say that all thanks belong to "the World-Spirit"? Is the author a bit confused here? Can you prove it? How can gratitude be wonderful on the one hand and thanks undeserved on the other hand?
13. The author at the end of his essay attempts to explain life itself. Does he create more questions than he answers?

*Two Tramps in Mud Time**

Robert Frost

Out of the mud two strangers came
And caught me splitting wood in the yard.
And one of them put me off my aim
By hailing cheerily 'Hit them hard!'
I knew pretty well why he dropped behind
And let the other go on a way.
I knew pretty well what he had in mind:
He wanted to take my job for pay.

Good blocks of beech it was I split,
As large around as the chopping block;
And every piece I squarely hit
Fell splinterless as a cloven rock.
The blows that a life of self-control
Spares to strike for the common good
That day, giving a loose to my soul,
I spent on the unimportant wood.

The sun was warm but the wind was chill.
You know how it is with an April day
When the sun is out and the wind is still,
You're one month on in the middle of May.
But if you so much as dare to speak,
A cloud comes over the sunlit arch,
A wind comes off a frozen peak,
And you're two months back in the middle of March.

* From *Complete Poems of Robert Frost* by Robert Frost. Copyright, 1916, 1923, 1949, by Henry Holt and Company, Inc. Copyright, 1936, 1942, 1943, by Robert Frost.

A bluebird comes tenderly up to alight
And turns to the wind to unruffle a plume
His song so pitched as not to excite
A single flower as yet to bloom.
It is snowing a flake: and he half knew
Winter was only playing possum.
Except in color he isn't blue,
But he wouldn't advise a thing to blossom.

The water for which we may have to look
In summertime with a witching-wand,
In every wheelrut's now a brook,
In every print of a hoof a pond.
Be glad of water, but don't forget
The lurking frost in the earth beneath
That will steal forth after the sun is set
And show on the water its crystal teeth.

The time when most I loved my task
These two must make me love it more
By coming with what they came to ask.
You'd think I never had felt before
The weight of an ax-head poised aloft,
The grip on earth of outspread feet,
The life of muscles rocking soft
And smooth and moist in vernal heat.

Out of the woods two hulking tramps
(From sleeping God knows where last night,
But not long since in the lumber camps).
They thought all chopping was theirs of right.
Men of the woods and lumberjacks,
They judged me by their appropriate tool.
Except as a fellow handled an ax,
They had no way of knowing a fool.

Nothing on either side was said.
They knew they had but to stay their stay
And all their logic would fill my head:
As that I had no right to play
With what was another man's work for gain.
My right might be love but theirs was need.
And where the two exist in twain
Theirs was the better right—agreed.

But yield who will to their separation,
My object in living is to unite
My avocation and my vocation
As my two eyes make one in sight.
Only where love and need are one,
And the work is play for mortal stakes,
Is the deed ever really done
For Heaven and the future's sakes.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Explain the puns in the title of this poem. What is the rime scheme? How many syllables in each line?
2. What motivation for the wood-chopping is implied by lines 13–16?
3. Explain line 24.
4. Paraphrase the lines about the bluebird.
5. Compare lines 44–48 with the statement in Cabot's "The Call of the Job" that man wants a chance to subdue, to get close to the elemental.
6. What is the "logic" in the two tramps' silence (see line 59)?
7. Explain "love and need" in relation to one's work. Can you relate this conception to any part of Cabot's "The Call of the Job"?
8. Did the tramps get the job. Explain.

Suggestions for Papers

Since, in the broadest sense, a job is probably the central fact in everyone's life, a searching analysis of what a job should be is no waste of time. You have the opportunity to think this subject through, to relate it to yourself, and to set down on paper the results. Essentially, this sort of paper invites enumeration—that is, the listing of points with sufficient discussion to make each point clear.

1. Examine the seven "points of a good job" as discussed in "The Call of the Job." Measure any job that you have had by these requirements. The paper will be "self-organized," and its value must come from your ability to make clear the comparisons and contrasts.

2. How will the job which you hope to have after college measure up, so far as you can tell, to the seven points of a good job? If any of the seven points *may* be missing in your after-college job, will there be compensations? Discuss.

3. Professions are supposed to differ from jobs. Define *profession*. Name the vocations which are normally called professions. Select one for analysis of its "good points." Are its characteristics the same as those you associate with a job? What are the differences?

4. Young college women may write a particularly good paper by analysing the position known as "housewife" in the light of Cabot's seven essentials of a good job.

5. Ask your father about his job. Does he consider Cabot's seven points the essentials so far as his work is concerned? Would he add other characteristics of a good job? Would he minimize or delete any of those in Cabot's list?

6. If one of the seven characteristics of a good job that Cabot discussed has seemed of particular importance to you, concentrate on this characteristic as the controlling idea of your paper.

(*a*) *We want a chance to subdue.* Reread Cabot's explanation of this statement. Then relate an experience in which you have subdued "the raw and the crude"—made something of beauty or usefulness from it.

(*b*) *We want both monotony and variety.* Cabot says that we want a balance between monotony and variety. Will this balance vary with the individual? Which do you prefer? Illustrate with an anecdote from your own experience.

(*c*) *We want a boss.* Do *you* want a boss? Why? Even if you say, "I want to be my own boss," are you sure that you also want to accept all the responsibility such a statement implies? Furthermore, the man who thinks that he is his own boss, may actually be serving many bosses. How? Discuss.

(*d*) *We want to see the product of our work.* This point suggests a besetting fault of our machine age: the assembly line. Can the average modern job fulfill this requirement? Are we now conditioned to be satisfied with seeing the product of teamwork—not of our work alone?

(*e*) *We want a handle to our name.* Again, you may call on personal experience to illustrate this point. What titles have been yours? To what title do you aspire?

(*f*) *We want congeniality in our fellow workmen.* Good personnel men consider this an essential. Why? How, exactly, does congeniality fit into the planned efficiency of an office, a factory, a playground, a team?

7. Relate "Two Tramps in Mud Time" to "The Call of the Job." The poem simply mentions "love and need" as the basic characteristics of a good job. It also mentions the merging of avocation and vocation. But you will find much in the poem suggesting other of Cabot's seven characteristics of the ideal job.

8. At the end of "The Call of the Job" the author departs from the strict limits of his subject to remark on (1) the spiritual value of cash payment for work; (2) the drawbacks to self-culture; (3) gratitude; (4) accepting thanks; (5) the relation of thanks to the world plan; (6) the American male's pose as an opponent of service, with medical students as examples of the falsity of this pose; (7) civic reform and its meaning; (8) understanding through science, and service through jobs. Here, then, are eight more subjects for papers. Reread the portion of the essay which deals with any one of these; then expand the idea into a paper.

SOME TITLES FOR PAPERS

1. An Analysis of the Perfect Job
2. Athletes and *Seilge Schmerzen*
3. The Challenge of Manual Labor
4. I Want a Boss
5. I Do Not Want a Boss
6. Monotony on the Job
7. Too Much Responsibility
8. Names of the Jobs I Have Had
9. The Assembly Line (or Man, the Machine)
10. House Work Is a Job Too!
11. My Father's (Mother's) Job: An Analysis
12. Love and Need in Relation to Work
13. Gratitude and the Acceptance of Thanks
14. Are Medical Students Dedicated to Service?
15. Is Self-culture Possible?
16. Which Has More Meaning: the Reform or the Reforming?

II

Race Prejudice

THE most puzzling and disturbing of the internal problems besetting the United States is race prejudice. It is puzzling because, like all prejudices, it is irrational; the loudest proponents of white supremacy make no effort to be reasonable. It is disturbing because the whole conception of racial discrimination is in direct contradiction to democracy on the one hand and Christian principles on the other; race prejudice in a Christian democracy is theoretically not possible.

The three selections in this chapter are an article, a ballad, and a poem. The article, "Segregation and the Church," is an honest, straightforward indictment of the churches which profess to believe in the equal value of human souls, yet directly or indirectly enforce segregation of the races. The author makes it clear that the segregation of which he speaks is national, not regional. Anyone who has lived in the North and in the South knows that prejudice takes a different form in the two sections, but the question of where the Negro fares better is still debatable.

The ballad, "The Touchin' Case of Mr. and Mrs. Massa," deftly

punctures the myth which credits the Southerner with a peculiarly intuitive understanding of the Negro, his needs, and his problems. The last selection, Blake's "The Little Black Boy," dramatizes the one hope of any little black boy: the swift passage of life and compensation in a life hereafter.

Segregation and the Church *

Aubrey Burns

[1] In a world which, like a hornet's nest, is eternally swarming with problems, we do not choose which problems we will face and deal with. Willy-nilly our attention centers upon the problem with the deepest, most immediate, and most persistent sting.

[2] Domestically, the critical Gordian knot of our generation is the relationship between our Caucasian majority and our Negro minority. We hardly need sociologists, historians, statesmen, and prophets to tell us this obvious truth.

[3] Some Americans are trying desperately to pull the knot safely tight again; some are struggling to loosen it; while others cry for the stroke of an Alexander's sword. But whatever the solution, this is one problem America can no longer ignore.

[4] It is a strange sort of problem, in that the solution is apparent and simple. What makes it a problem at all is Caucasian unwillingness to accept that solution—our emotional fear that the cure will prove worse than the disease.

[5] So, like items and subtotals falsified to support the falsified balance of an embezzler, the items of race discrimination are "justified" in a futile effort to shore up the central Master Race myth. For without discrimination in the areas of religion, education, economics, and politics, how could the sensitive crux of the whole mat-

* From *Southwest Review*, Vol. XXXIV, No. 2 (Spring 1949). Published by permission of the author and the *Southwest Review*.

ter—social segregation—be maintained? Therefore, even though it be at the price of hypocrisy, loss of self-respect, and humiliation before the world, Caucasian America cannot "turn loose of this wildcat" for fear of fear.

[6] It is news to very few that these patterns are nationwide, and in no wise peculiar to the South. The Federal government itself maintains and perpetuates them. If any doubt of this fact existed, it was dispelled completely by the Report of the President's Committee on Civil Rights. Every American who cares for our country's honor and destiny should own and study this report, *To Secure These Rights,* which costs only one dollar. Southerners as well as Northerners will find evidence here that it is not simply the ex-Confederate ships of an otherwise seaworthy American fleet which are leaking and waterlogged, but that we are all in the same boat, even though we are not all on the same deck.

[7] Quite aside from the tensions which our Master Race theory creates between the Caucasian and Negro segments of our population —and these are by no means negligible—a whole series of tensions is created *within* the Caucasian majority group by the contradiction between principle and practice, between law and fact.

[8] Gunnar Myrdal has called this contradiction "An American Dilemma." The President's Committee on Civil Rights says: "The pervasive gap between our aims and what we actually do is creating a kind of moral dry rot which eats away at the emotional and rational bases of democratic beliefs."

[9] In recent years, despite our prejudices and our fears, we have been becoming aware with increasing swiftness that this disease is intolerable, and that it threatens to destroy the very roots of our national integrity. There is the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees, and even the great branches are shaken.

[10] Lynching has declined. Poll tax laws have been repealed. Negro suffrage is rapidly becoming a reality in many southern states. Justice is less often perverted. Negroes are serving in Congress and in state legislatures. Negro policemen are no longer rare. Court decisions are rejecting discriminatory legislation and interpretations.

[11] The C.I.O. repudiates all racial discrimination in union membership, and A.F. of L. unions are accepting increasing numbers of Negro members. Employers are opening to Negroes occupations formerly reserved for Caucasians. Negro motormen and conductors on San Francisco trolleys, and Negro bus operators, are accepted equally with Caucasian platform men. New York state has administered its recent civil rights statutes with excellent effect. Other states and cities have instituted fair employment practice laws. Negro baseball players have been introduced into both major leagues.

[12] Oklahoma, Texas, and Arkansas are struggling to break the bonds of educational segregation. Intercultural education projects growing out of the Springfield Plan have multiplied throughout the country. Segregation has been abolished in the school systems of Gary and Trenton. More than sixty Negro teachers are faculty members in twenty-five non-Negro colleges. The very concept of "separate but equal" education is under heavy fire as a self-contradiction.

[13] Nonsegregated residence is increasing as restrictive covenants fail. Marin City, across the Golden Gate Bridge from San Francisco, is but one of a number of nonsegregated housing developments which have proved over a period of several years that Negroes and Caucasians can live side by side harmoniously with mutual respect, and can become friends and neighbors in a perfectly normal way.

[14] Segregation and discrimination in military service are beginning to break down. Several experiments during the last war proved that men can fight and die together as equals without impairing military efficiency. New Jersey recently made the Department of Defense accept its reformed National Guard, nonsegregation and all.

[15] President Truman was elected last November, perhaps in spite of, but perhaps because of, his willingness to stake his political future on the program recommended by his Committee on Civil Rights. Should the Committee's report be translated fully into national policy and legislation, the pattern of Caucasian-Negro relationships in this

country would be revolutionized. For this would amount to our taking "the American dilemma" firmly by the horns.

[16] Today, then, we can look, not with complacency but with hope, upon evidences of race-relations progress in political, economic, educational, and social directions.

[17] But what about religion? Is the Church true to her genius and dedication, marching ahead of all the other institutions of our society? Is religion blazing the trail for government, for business and industry, for education, and for personal and group social relationships?

[18] In doctrine, in principle, in precept, the answer is Yes. Today the Church is unceasingly pointing out to the State, to business, to the schools, and to individuals the truth that God is our father and that all men are brothers. The combined weight of the Law, the Prophets, the Gospel, and the doctrines of the Church is being used to establish society's obligation to give all men equal justice, equal freedom, and equal opportunity. Official pronouncements more and more explicit have been issued more and more frequently by more and more denominations and ecclesiastical councils.

[19] But in all this there is the suggestion of "Don't do as I do—do as I say do." In point of actual internal practice, we who love the Church cannot be proud when we look at the growing trend away from the prevailing patterns of discrimination. Scores of nationwide and local secular organizations and agencies are working earnestly for better race relations, and are joining Caucasian and Negro in common action toward socially constructive ends. But last in the procession, behold the Church, the spotless Bride of Christ, reluctantly dragging her heels.

[20] The Church is White. The Church is Caucasian. The Church is Segregated. The Church, I am afraid we must admit, is of all our institutions the most race-conscious. And it is in the Protestant churches of America that the Master Race pattern prevails most inexorably. Here is the stronghold, the bastion, the sanction of the whole sordid business. Here the weight of Christ and the Cross, the authority and blessing of God, are placed, *not in principle* but

de facto, upon the American pattern of discrimination, of segregation and prejudice.

[21] The case is clearly stated by Dr. Howard Thurman in a recent lecture:

It is in this connection that American Christianity has betrayed the religion of Jesus almost beyond redemption. . . . The result is that in the one place in which normal free contacts might be most naturally established and in which the relations of the individual to his God should take priority over conditions of class, race, power, status, wealth or the like,—this place is one of the chief instruments for guaranteeing barriers. . . . The situation is so tragic that men of good will in all the specious classifications within our society find more cause for hope in the secular relations of life than in those of religion.

[22] Support for Dr. Thurman's position is found in the report of the World Council of Churches, which adjourned last September in Amsterdam. Section I of the report includes this sentence: "Even where there are no differences of theology, language, or liturgy, there exist churches segregated by race and color, a scandal within the Body of Christ."

[23] And Section III proves that the Church is, for all its shortcomings, capable of the severest kind of self-criticism:

If the Church can overcome the national and social barriers which now divide it, it can help society to overcome those barriers. This is especially clear in the case of racial distinction. It is here that the Church has failed most lamentably, where it has reflected and then by its example sanctified the racial prejudice that is rampant in the world. . . . It knows that it must call society away from prejudice based on race or color, and from the practices of discrimination and segregation, as denials of justice and human dignity; but it cannot say a convincing word to society until it takes steps to eliminate these from the Christian community, because they contradict all that it believes about God's love for all his children.

[24] Frank Loescher's recently published study, *The Protestant*

Church and the Negro, spells out this indictment with documentation and statistics. Here are some of his findings:

There are approximately 8,000,000 Protestant Negroes. About 7,500,000 are in separate Negro denominations. . . . The remaining 500,000 Negro Protestants—about 6 per cent—are in predominantly white denominations, and of these . . . at least 99 per cent . . . are in segregated congregations. . . . The number of white and Negro persons who ever gather together for worship under the auspices of Protestant Christianity is almost microscopic.

[25] Nonsegregated worship, then, exists for one per cent of six per cent—or six one-hundredths of one per cent—of American Negro Protestants. Just how microscopic can Christian fellowship get?

[26] As a Methodist, I am embarrassed by the Central Jurisdiction. The reunited Methodist Church is divided for administrative purposes into six Jurisdictions. Five of these are geographic, and the sixth—the Central Jurisdiction—has a deceivingly geographic name. But it is not geographic. It is an overlapping Jurisdiction, in a different dimension—the racial dimension. It is the Jim Crow car of the Methodist train. It was set up ostensibly as a sop to the M.E. Church, South, when race and segregation threatened to stand as barriers to the plan of union. But it is significant that all American Methodism, except in New England and the far western states, has taken advantage of its segregation function. It is symbolic that on the jurisdictional boundary map of the United States in *The Methodist Discipline,* the dark shading of the Central Jurisdiction lies over the white Jurisdictions like a great blot.

[27] Methodism is not unconscious of this stain. There is strong agitation to abolish the Central Jurisdiction entirely and absorb its constituent Negro Conferences into the five geographic Jurisdictions. Even now plans for this step are being drawn up.

[28] But this will not change the basic pattern of segregation. Probably it will mean only that besides meeting with the Caucasian brethren once in four years at the General Conference session, Negro Methodist leaders will also meet with the Caucasian brethren once in four years at the Jurisdictional Conferences. The Caucasian An-

nual Conferences still will have to be integrated with the Negro Annual Conferences. And even after that, integration will have to be achieved at the local church level. Cut off thus by inches, as it will be if it is ever cut off at all, Methodist segregation is a tail that seems destined to wag the dog in the matter of race fellowship for a long time to come.

[29] Even while Methodism *talks* sackcloth and ashes over this Central Jurisdiction blot, and *studies* plans for its eventual eradication, the blot is actually spreading, rather than shrinking. Between 1944 and 1948 the area of its domain has been extended by four states. This brings the total of states affected up to thirty-four. Of these, twenty-one are "Yankee" states. Only thirteen are "Dixie" states.

[30] There are 8,500,000 members of the Methodist Church, of whom only about 400 are Negroes worshiping in unsegregated congregations. But more than 330,000 of them are Negroes worshiping in segregated Negro congregations. More than a million and a half Negroes are members of separate Negro Methodist denominations.

[31] As a Methodist, I have no wish to make my own church out to be an only or even a chief offender. But the Methodist Church is the largest American Protestant denomination and this makes it a valid example. Further, in the confessional it is more seemly to particularize one's own sins than those of one's neighbor.

[32] Will W. Alexander explains the better record of the Roman Catholic Church in America by pointing out that for Catholics the church fulfils an almost exclusively *worship* function. Protestants, on the other hand, give great importance to the *social* function of their churches. It is not because of *religious* discrimination, we infer, that Protestant segregation of Negroes prevails, but because of *social* discrimination. Catholic churches can be inclusive in their worship without the danger of being confronted by inter-racial social fellowship. But this danger would become a reality to Protestant churches the moment they abandoned segregation in worship.

[33] Nevertheless the Catholics do not stand as a shining example for Protestants. Gunnar Myrdal says that in general the Roman

Catholic Church encourages Negroes to attend all-Negro churches, and discourages them from attending white churches. And statistics from several sources indicate that there are only about 300,000 Negro Catholics in the United States, of whom almost two-thirds are in separate Negro churches.

[34] It is not only in church organization and worship that Protestantism discriminates against the Negro. Restrictive covenants are the chief means, outside the South, for the enforcement and perpetuation of residential segregation, which automatically acts to keep Caucasians in "white" churches and Negroes in Negro churches. Until very recently all Protestant denominations had been silent on this subject. One reason is the fact that some of them own property bound by such covenants.

[35] In urban transition areas, where Negroes are moving into the territory served by a "white" church, Dr. Loescher's observation is that "the customary pattern in Protestantism is to resist the Negro invasion and then, when transition has occurred, to sell the property to a Negro group. . . . This survey . . . has failed to discover a single 'white' church with an 'open' or mixed membership *in an area undergoing transition.*"

[36] Denominations employ large numbers of persons. But there is no evidence that in their role as employers they have taken occasion to provide an example to commercial employers by eliminating race as a factor in choosing their own employees.

[37] Protestant denominations control a large segment of America's facilities for higher education. Here the record is no better. Leaving out of account the southern states where educational segregation is required by law, Loescher's researches showed that nearly all northern Negroes who attend college enroll in either southern Negro colleges, northern state universities, or northern private universities, while only "an insignificant number" attend church-controlled colleges. And a majority of such colleges are without any Negro students whatever. Church-controlled colleges, universities, secondary schools, and theological seminaries, almost without exception, have no Negroes on either their faculties or their boards of trustees.

[38] Many Protestant leaders who recognize the shameful irony

of current ecclesiastical practice rationalize the sense of guilt thus: "We're coming along as fast as we can, but you can't move great masses of average people too rapidly. You can't get too far ahead of the membership or you will lose contact."

[39] It is true that many top-level Protestants have aching consciences on this subject, and that encouragingly large numbers of them are saying and doing everything possible to correct the inconsistency. But these are chiefly among the clergy and the youth, the social service commissions, the missionary and religious education boards and staffs, some of the editors of religious publications, and interdenominational agencies.

[40] Three years ago the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America officially renounced the pattern of segregation in race relations as "unnecessary and undesirable and a violation of the Gospel of love and human brotherhood," and *requested* its constituent denominations to do likewise. The resolution concluded: "As proof of their sincerity in this renunciation they will work for a non-segregated Church and a non-segregated society."

[41] At least four denominations have adopted the statement as their own, three others have recommended that their churches welcome Negroes, and a few others have made kindred pronouncements.

[42] Late in 1948 the Federal Council reaffirmed this position. But the communions participating in the Federal Council are entirely sovereign and autonomous, and are not subject to the authority of the Council. It must be borne in mind that it is the more enlightened and liberal leaders who usually represent their denominations in the Council. And even when a denomination has adopted a forthright statement, the pronouncement may be no nearer to realization in practice than some of the pronouncements of the Declaration of Independence and of our national Constitution. Or than some of the courageous stands in many a forgotten party platform.

[43] It would be unfair not to give full credit to the leavening elements that do exist. But they are still merely voices crying in the wilderness, with few disciples. It is at the local church level that segregation touches the individual Negro worshiper, and only when

nonsegregation has reached the local church level *in practice* will it ever have any real meaning for the membership in general.

[44] Unfortunately only a small minority of the pastors in the field are sensitive to the problem. And in most of the denominations their power to speak or act in this area is limited by "the realities of the situation."

[45] In the congregationally governed denominations, and indirectly in the others as well, it is not good for a minister's tenure in his present pastorate, or for his advancement in his career, if he is too outspoken or too active in directions which arouse the disapproval of the majority of his lay membership, or even of a key handful possessed of money and influence. In recent years ministers have recognized that to be under suspicion of interracial leanings is to be on dangerous ground. It is more dangerous in some denominations than in others, and safer in some localities than in others. But the danger is there, and the pastors know it. Few pastors are eager to martyr themselves.

[46] Catholic hierarchical authoritarianism creates grave difficulties for the freedom of individual thought, but let us admit that Protestant democracy creates a majority-rule authoritarianism which holds a long whip over individual conviction, especially in the ministry, and makes stability of principle difficult.

[47] We Protestants believe that the Church belongs to the communicants, just as we believe that the State belongs to its citizens. But one unavoidable result is that ministers, like politicians, are pressed sorely to become weathervanes rather than compasses. For their courage Bishop William Scarlett of the Protestant Episcopal Church has these words: "There is . . . a tendency to overestimate the repercussions which will follow decisive Christian action. Repercussions there will be. The important thing, however, is not whether our churches are larger or smaller. The essential point is that those within that Church be committed to the Christian Cause."

[48] But there are many who do not swing with the wind, and I have no doubt that there are hundreds of ministers who would answer Yes! to the following questions:

[49] Would not the power of integrity prove more effective than the influence of size and prosperity?

[50] If having a social function prevents Protestant churches from fulfilling their more important moral and religious function, then would it not be better for them to sacrifice the former in order to fulfil the latter?

[51] Is it not probable that by fulfilling their moral and religious function, Protestant churches might soon find themselves able to resume their social function without excluding "God's stepchildren" from that fellowship?

[52] Let the Protestant churches of America take to heart and ponder solemnly certain questions far more penetrating:

> Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted? . . . For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? . . . And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but perceivest not the beam that is in thine own eye? . . . Can the blind lead the blind? shall they not both fall into the ditch?

[53] The Report of the President's Committee on Civil Rights makes mention of "the establishment of interracial churches in many communities." This development would reflect credit upon American Protestantism were it not for the fact that it has been *outside* the framework of the standard Protestant communions that most of these interracial churches have sprung up. They have struggled into existence against odds, usually as the expression of the dreams of single individuals or of small groups.

[54] Nevertheless it appears that it is in these "volunteer" sprouts that the chief hope of redemption and regeneration for Protestantism lies, insofar as the critical race issue is concerned. For here there is no dead hand of tradition lying heavy with inhibiting rigidity. Here there is no moral inertia to be overcome. Here there is no momentum of habit to be broken. Here there is no structure of self-deceiving rationalization to be torn down. And here there are no vested interests in the status quo to be defended.

[55] I do not mean to suggest that these struggling interracial

churches are meeting with opposition from the established faiths. On the contrary, many liberal minds, some of them powerful leaders within the great denominations, are frankly looking to these experiments as to a star in the night, and are lending them every aid and encouragement, in the hope that this glimmer of light will prove a beacon to the standard religious communions. I know of at least one interracial church which survived its crucial first years by means of direct grants of money from one of the major Protestant bodies.

[56] This interracial church, which I submit as an outstanding example, is San Francisco's Church for the Fellowship of All Peoples, founded five years ago by Dr. Alfred Fisk, professor of philosophy at San Francisco State College, who is also a Presbyterian minister.

[57] A grant of $3,600 a year, a meeting place, counsel, and encouragement—all these were provided at the beginning by the Board of National Missions and Church Extension of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A. Today, however, the congregation is organizationally and doctrinally autonomous, and financially self-supporting.

[58] A characteristic feature of the plan of "Fellowship Church" is the copastorship of two ministers, one Negro and the other Caucasian. But the interracial basis of the church is not merely Negro-Caucasian. It is universally inclusive. A Nisei minister and a Mexican-American minister are frequent participants in the worship leadership. In the congregation, Japanese, Chinese, Filipino, Indonesian, Mexican, and other non-Anglo-Saxon faces are scattered among those more numerous of black, white, and intermediate shades.

[59] No artificial control has been exercised to maintain these proportions, which prevail quite spontaneously. One reason for this is the deliberate location of the church sanctuary in a nonsegregated section of the city. Another reason is the careful avoidance of the "neighborhood church" or community settlement-house character.

[60] For Fellowship Church does not exist to work on the problem of race relations. Like any normal church, it exists as a center of

religion, personal and social. Its peculiar genius is that it frees the experience and practice of religion from the *exclusive* character which vitiates true Christian fellowship and mocks true Christian doctrine.

[61] Yet this is no watered-down lowest-common-denominator love feast seeking to be all things to all men. Its worship is solemn and profound. Its intellectual life, in the sermons and in its well-attended study groups, demands the most strenuous grappling of which tough minds are capable. Mentally, Fellowship Church digs steadily into bedrock.

[62] And to smooth the path for those who will follow after, this interracial church has exploded the bugaboo that haunts segregated Christendom, by enjoying a church life as thoroughly *social* as that practiced by Protestants anywhere in America. An after-service coffee hour, membership teas, neighborhood home parties, potluck church suppers, ethnic restaurant adventures, hayrides, and picnics—these are the delight of these heterogeneous people who actually love one another. Young people's groups, women's societies, men's groups, Church school gatherings of children, work projects for intercultural organizations—all are popular elements of the Fellowship Church program. In the relaxed, vigorous life of this congregation, whether in the sanctuary or out of it, one feels the living reality of the words of St. Paul:

> God . . . hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth. . . . For ye are all the children of God. . . . There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus.

[63] Already the conventional church life of San Francisco and the entire Bay Area is coming to look upon Fellowship Church as religion's "child of promise" in this region. But not for this region alone. There are influences reaching out from this center which may leaven the whole lump of American Protestantism.

[64] One promise of this is to be found in the internship character of the Caucasian copastorship. Texas-born Robert Meyners, a Con-

gregational minister, is the first of a projected series of carefully selected divinity school graduates destined for the ministry in the various major Protestant communions, who will serve a two-year "internship" of pastoral service with this "melting-pot" congregation.

[65] A second promise centers in the permanent Negro copastor, Dr. Howard Thurman, a Baptist minister who was formerly professor and dean of the chapel at Howard University. Since 1944 his has been the guiding spirit of Fellowship Church. The integrity of its direction and the wisdom of its social strategy are chiefly his contribution.

[66] In the judgment of many who know preachers and preaching, Dr. Thurman has few peers in the American pulpit. The 1947 Ingersoll Lecture at Harvard University was but one of the numerous lectures he gives annually in colleges and universities throughout the nation. His San Francisco congregation encourages such engagements, in the conviction that through these lectures, and through the many guest sermons he delivers in "Caucasian" pulpits each year, he is sowing seeds of the inclusive fellowship idea which will take root in hundreds of minds in dozens of strategic centers.

[67] It was for this reason that Fellowship Church concurred heartily in Dr. Thurman's decision to accept the invitation of the University of Iowa to join the faculty of its School of Religion temporarily for the spring semester, 1948, as professor of philosophy of religion. For through the selection of Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish professors of varying race and national origin, this seminary is undertaking, on the level of ministerial education, a venture in intercultural religion which is closely akin to the experiment which Fellowship Church is working out on the local church level.

[68] But the third conclusive promise lies in the membership, which is not only inclusively interracial, but also intercreedal. Adherents of all faiths are welcomed as affiliate members. Members, affiliate and primary, are scattered throughout the United States and in several other parts of the world. Many loyal friends, who for various reasons do not enroll themselves as members, are regular

participants in worship, in church activities, and in financial support. Besides Protestants of all denominations, a check of an average Sunday morning congregation will reveal also Catholics, Jews, humanists, and agnostics. Serious-minded people who love their fellow man, many of them disillusioned with organized religion on idealistic grounds, are enticed by enthusiastic friends to visit one service. They go away with their misgivings shaken, and come back again to see if it is really true.

[69] And it is true. There is a creative spirit of life in this fellowship. It is like being at the tip of a silent, groping root. For this is the growing edge. This sanctuary is not a room bounded, enclosing something, excluding someone. It is an open door between two dimensions, where humanity meets divinity. For here man finds God *in his brother man*—man unmodified by label or classification. Religion here is not "separate but equal" (or more honestly "separate and partial") but rather *undivided*, and therefore whole.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. What three attitudes of mind toward the race question are represented in paragraph 3?
2. Name a few race discriminations in each of these areas: religion, education, economics, politics.
3. Is race discrimination a practice peculiar to the South? Discuss.
4. What is the purpose of paragraphs 9–16? Does paragraph 16 summarize this purpose?
5. Explain the Central Jurisdiction within the Methodist Church.
6. Explain the difference in Protestant and Catholic problems in relation to segregation.
7. "Ministers . . . are pressed sorely to become weathervanes rather than compasses" (paragraph 47). Discuss.
8. What is an "ethnic restaurant adventure" (paragraph 62)?
9. In Fellowship Church what promise does the author find for the future of segregation within churches?

The Touchin' Case of Mr. and Mrs. Massa *

St. Clair McKelway

Oh, let's fix us a julep and kick us a houn'
(Sing "Yassah! Yassah! Yassah!")
And let's dig a place in de col', col' groun'
For Mr. and Mrs. Massa!

[Boogie-Woogie]

Oh, this Mr. and Mrs. Massa have always lived in old Virginia and old North Carolina and old South Carolina and old Alabama and old Kentucky and old So Forth and old So On and nobody has ever understood the colored people the way they do because down in old So Forth and old So On is where the white folks understand the colored folks like no other white folks on earth understand colored folks. Yassah, Massa! Yassah!

[Boogie-Woogie]

Oh, before the war and for some time afterward Mr. and Mrs. Massa understood the colored folks so well that they had a washerwoman they paid $1.50 a week and a cook they paid $1.75 a week and a butler they paid $2.25 a week and it was mighty lucky for these colored folks that the washerwoman was the cook's mother and the butler was the cook's husband because this enabled the three of them to live cozily in the fifth one-room shack from the left on the other side of the railroad tracks and thus pay $0.85 less a week for rent than the total of their combined salaries.

[Boogie-Woogie]

Oh, and over and above the total of their combined salaries Mrs. Massa every other week gave the cook a ham bone outright and Mr. Massa every other month gave the butler a whole quarter of a dollar extra right out of a clear sky. It was manna, Mammy! Manna!

* Reprinted by permission of the author Copyright 1943 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

[Boogie-Woogie]

Oh, but after the war had been going along for a while the butler, whose name was Charles F. Parker, came to Mr. Massa and told him he was going to quit because he had been offered a job as a counterman in the cafeteria of a defense plant at a salary of $15 a week plus three meals a day and Mr. Massa understood the colored folks so well he told Charles F. Parker that up to then he (Mr. Massa) had been able through influence to persuade the local draft board not to draft him (Charles F. Parker) but that if he (Charles F. Parker) quit his job as butler he (Mr. Massa) would have to persuade the draft board to go ahead and draft him (Charles F. Parker). Swing low, sweet Lincoln!

[Boogie-Woogie]

Oh, but then Charles F. Parker told Mr. Massa that as he (Charles F. Parker) understood the situation after conversations with the draft board he (Charles F. Parker) had already been classed as 4-F owing to a number of physical disabilities, including chronic hoecake poisoning, and that therefore he thought he would take the job at the defense-plant cafeteria but with all due respect to Mr. Massa, etc. and etc. Hit that hoecake, boys! Hit it!

[Boogie-Woogie]

Oh, so Mr. and Mrs. Massa saw the straws in the wind, saw which way the wind was blowing, and also recognized the trend of the time, so they took another tack, changed face, turned over new leaves, and each gave Charles F. Parker fifteen cents as a bonus and wished him success in his new job and raised the washerwoman (Esther G. Henderson) from $1.50 a week to $1.75 a week and raised the cook (Mrs. Charles F. Parker) from $1.75 a week to $1.85 a week with the understanding that Mrs. Esther G. Henderson would help out Mrs. Charles F. Parker in the kitchen and that Mrs. Charles F. Parker would wait on the table. Pass the hominy grits, boys! Pass it!

[Boogie-Woogie]

Oh, but at the end of the first week under the new arrangement Mrs. Charles F. Parker came to Mrs. Massa and said she was going to quit because she had been offered a job as cook at the defense-

plant cafeteria at a salary of $22.50 per week plus three meals a day and Mrs. Massa jus' had to cry. Weep some mo', my lady, oh, weep some mo'!

[Boogie-Woogie]

Oh, and then the washerwoman (Esther G. Henderson) came to Mrs. Massa and said she was going to quit because she was eighty-two years old and her back ached and her daughter and son-in-law were going to support her for nothing, and Mrs. Massa jus' had to cry some mo'!

[Boogie-Woogie]

Oh, and then one day a week after that Mr. and Mrs. Massa were walking back home after a dinner at the Old Southern Greek Chophouse and they saw Charles F. Parker and Mrs. Charles F. Parker and Esther G. Henderson coming out of the colored section of a movie house after having seen a Technicolored feature featuring Jack Benny and Mr. and Mrs. Massa noticed that Charles F. Parker had on a new suit and looked happy and that Mrs. Charles F. Parker had on a new dress and looked happy and that Esther G. Henderson had on a new shawl and looked happy and moreover was still laughing at the jokes Jack Benny had made inside the movie house and Mr. and Mrs. Massa saw the three of them go into a three-room stucco bungalow where Esther G. Henderson had a room all to herself and Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Parker had a room all to themselves and then Mr. and Mrs. Massa looked at each other understandingly and tears came into the eyes of Mrs. Massa and Mr. Massa put his hand on her shoulder and said to her softly, "Nevah you mind, there'll be a reckonin' one of these days!"

[Boogie-Woogie]

Oh, and so Mr. and Mrs. Massa finally closed up the house in old So Forth and old So On and came to New York and leased a suite at the Savoy-Plaza and the Savoy-Netherlands and the Savoy-So Forth and the Savoy-So On and any time you want to listen day or night as well as any time you don't want to listen day or night they will tell you for hours without stopping how they understand the colored people like no other white folks on earth understand colored folks and how the war and high wages are jus' ruinin' everything down in

old So Forth and old So On and how never you mind there's goin' to be a reckonin' one of these days. Reckon twice and hit it again, boys! Hit it!

[**Boogie-Woogie**]

Oh, and the bones of Mr. and Mrs. Massa are not growing cold and their heads are not bending low and no angel voices are calling to them and if nobody will carry them back to old So Forth and old So On, oh, then . . .

[**Boogie-Woogie**]

Let's fix us a julep and kick us a houn'
(Sing "Yassah! Yassah! Yassah!")
And let's dig a place in de col', col' groun'
For Mr. and Mrs. Massa!

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. What is "manna"? "hoecake"?
2. Is the matter of segregation mentioned? If so, is it satirized?
3. What is the central satire leveled at?
4. Is it probable, or not, that Southerners do understand Negroes better than Northerners do? Discuss.

The Little Black Boy *

William Blake

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black, but O my soul is white;
White as an angel is the English child,
But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,
And, sitting down before the heat of day,
She took me on her lap and kissed me,
And, pointing to the east, began to say:

* From *Songs of Innocence*, first published in 1789.

"Look on the rising sun,—there God does live,
And gives his light, and gives his heat away;
And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive
Comfort in morning, joy in the noon day.

"And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love;
And these black bodies and this sun-burnt face
Is but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

"For when our souls have learn'd the heat to bear,
The cloud will vanish, we shall hear his voice,
Saying: 'come out from the grove, my love and care,
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.' "

Thus did my mother say, and kissed me;
And thus I say to little English boy.
When I from black, and he from white cloud free,
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,

I'll shade him from the heat, till he can bear
To lean in joy upon our father's knee;
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
And be like him, and he will then love me.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Would you say this poem sets forth Christian doctrine? Explain.
2. What, according to the mother and the little black boy, is the purpose of this life?
3. What advantage will the little black boy have in a life to come?
4. Is there any direct plea for racial equality in this world? Any indirect plea? Discuss.

Suggestions for Papers

It is not difficult to face the theoretical problem of race prejudice. It is not easy, however, to face or clearly to understand the practical, personal problem. Nevertheless, every person is responsible for his own thinking and feeling on this subject. You can contribute to your own mental and moral growth by setting down on paper the reasons you have for thinking, feeling, and acting as you do toward Negroes.

1. If you belong to a church, write your paper on your church and its attitude toward Negroes. What is the *theory* of your church about Negroes? What is its *practice?* If theory and practice are not in harmony, what is the excuse for the practice? What would *you* have the practice be?

2. What is the attitude of your college toward Negroes? Is your college's policy set by state law? Or by church law? Or by registration procedures? Would you welcome Negroes as fellow students with all the social, athletic, and fraternal rights appertaining thereto?

3. What limits are placed upon Negroes in your community? Is there any sort of segregation, by Jim Crowism or by less obvious means? List all the forms of segregation of which you are aware. How many of these forms, if any, would you have abolished?

4. Do you believe that race prejudice is a national, not a purely southern problem? If so, show how prejudice differs in the North and the South. Take into consideration the different forms of segregation, opportunity for education, jobs, social equality and the like.

5. What do you consider to be the most encouraging signs of progress in reducing race prejudice? The Supreme Court decisions which will require equal, unsegregated education for whites and Negroes? The breakdown of the barriers in athletics? Legislation which forbids discrimination in employment? Choose the

evidence of progress which seems most far-reaching and significant to you and build your paper toward this as a climax. For example, you will briefly discuss this point, and then this one and this one—all signs of progress—but *this one* is most heartening of all.

6. Write your paper on athletics and race prejudice. Is the degree of prejudice dependent somewhat upon whether or not contact or noncontact sports are involved? Consider track. But what about tennis and golf? Consider football. But what about boxing? And baseball? Is baseball a "semicontact" sport? Is the problem solved in all organized baseball?

7. Define the word *prejudice*. Now, examine closely your personal thoughts and feelings toward Negroes. Are you prejudiced? You may want to check through the following questions: Do you think Negroes should vote? Hold public office? Be members of your church? Live next door? Work as a fellow employee? Be equal members in your fraternity or sorority? Marry into your family?

8. Does your prejudice, if any, extend to other groups of people besides Negroes? Using the list of questions at the end of suggestion 7, jot down an explanation of your reactions to some of the following races or nationals: British, Russians, Jews, Japanese, Germans, Mexicans, Italians, Chinese, Koreans, Poles, French. Choose for discussion only those groups which produce a strong response in you.

9. Prejudice shows up in many forms. Can you isolate a set of your prejudices? Can you "explain" how you acquired each prejudice? A reasonable dislike is not prejudice. Is your response to the items in the following list reasonable or otherwise? (1) southern cooking; (2) Koreans; (3) fellow travelers; (4) Henry Wallace; (5) Roman Catholic; (6) K.K.K.; (7) states' rights; (8) hillbilly music; (9) Shakespeare; (10) Dixiecrats; (11) Fair Deal; (12) Protestant; (13) whisky; (14) dancing; (15) sanity code (athletics); (16) Jews; (17) the Pope; (18) United Nations; (19) poetry; (20) atom bomb.

SOME TITLES FOR PAPERS

1. Am I Prejudiced?
2. My Church and Segregation
3. My College and the Negro
4. The Negro in My Community
5. I Know Mr. and Mrs. Massa
6. Racial Tolerance Has Taken Great Strides
7. The Negro Athlete: How He Fares
8. Race Prejudice in the North
9. Race Prejudice in the South
10. The Problem of Intermarriage
11. White Supremacy as a Political Issue
12. Negroes Aren't the Only Victims of Prejudice
13. The Absurdity of Jim Crow Laws
14. I Search out My Prejudices
15. Anti-prejudice Can Be as Bad as Prejudice
16. Minority Tyranny

12

Some Essentials of the Poetic Experience

AS *YOU* have observed, poems are an integral part of this book. You have been asked to read poems along with the prose selections, and no attempt has been made to emphasize a distinction between poetry and prose. The poems through contributing to the idea under discussion have earned the right to space. Furthermore, you may feel that at least some poets in some poems are concerned with ideas and not exclusively with sensation. You may recognize that a poet's "fundamental brainwork"—Rossetti's phrase—is very similar to the brainwork of any other writer. Since most people shy away from poetry as poetry, it has been at least a minor purpose in this book to neutralize this tendency by presenting poetry as idea.

In this chapter, some of the essentials of a full poetic experience are discussed. De Quincey, in the first selection, offers his classic distinction between the literature of knowledge and the literature of power. The former would include all scientific writing; the latter

all poetry, along with other forms of imaginative literature. The second selection, Max Eastman's "Poetic People," makes a distinction similar to De Quincey's. Eastman contrasts practical people with poetic people. Practical people, in a "pure" state, would be the writers and the readers of the literature of knowledge; poetic people, also in a "pure" state, would be the writers and the readers of the literature of power. Both selections are concerned with broad classifications; both emphasize the physical use of knowledge to the practical man and the spiritual uses of power to the impractical man. That most persons straddle these classifications will be apparent.

In the third selection, "Obscurity in Poetry," E. B. White pays his tribute to poetry and lists various kinds of obscurity which make some poems difficult to understand. Legitimate difficulty arises out of a need for indirection. This need for indirection is more fully discussed in the final selection, "On Reading Poetry." Also in this selection is presented the reasonable view that a poem is a unique attempt to communicate an experience and that it should not be prejudged because of authorship or the fact that it is poetry or for any other reason. With the honesty of good critics, the authors, Wright Thomas and S. G. Brown, then proceed to show in illuminating detail how a poem should be read. Obviously they believe that reading poetry can be exquisite fun.

Literature of Knowledge and Literature of Power *

Thomas De Quincey

[1] What is it that we mean by *literature?* Popularly, and amongst the thoughtless, it is held to include everything that is

* From *The Poetry of Pope* (1848).

printed in a book. Little logic is required to disturb *that* definition. . . .

[2] In that great social organ which, collectively, we call literature, there may be distinguished two separate offices, that may blend and often *do* so, but capable, severally, of a severe insulation, and naturally fitted for reciprocal repulsion. There is first, the literature of *knowledge,* and secondly, the literature of *power.* The function of the first is to *teach;* the function of the second is to *move:* the first is a rudder, the second an oar or a sail. The first speaks to the *mere* discursive understanding; the second speaks ultimately, it may happen, to the higher understanding, or reason, but always *through* affections of pleasure and sympathy. . . . Men have so little reflected on the higher functions of literature as to find it a paradox if one should describe it as a mean or subordinate purpose of books to give information. But this is a paradox only in the sense which makes it honorable to be paradoxical. Whenever we talk in ordinary language of seeking information or gaining knowledge, we understand the words as connected with something of absolute novelty. But it is the grandeur of all truth which *can* occupy a very high place in human interests that it is never absolutely novel to the meanest of minds: it exists eternally by way of germ or latent principle, in the lowest as in the highest, needing to be developed but never to be planted. To be capable of transplantation is the immediate criterion of a truth that ranges on a lower scale. Besides which, there is a rarer thing than truth, namely, *power,* or deep sympathy with truth. What is the effect, for instance, upon society, of children? By the pity, by the tenderness, and by the peculiar modes of admiration, which connect themselves with the helplessness, with the innocence, and with the simplicity of children, not only are the primal affections strengthened and continually renewed, but the qualities which are dearest in the sight of heaven—the frailty, for instance, which appeals to forbearance, the innocence which symbolizes the heavenly, and the simplicity which is most alien from the worldly—are kept up in perpetual remembrance, and their ideals are continually refreshed. A purpose of the same na-

ture is answered by the higher literature, *viz.*, the literature of power. What do you learn from *Paradise Lost?* Nothing at all. What do you learn from a cookery-book? Something new, something that you did not know before, in every paragraph. But would you therefore put the wretched cookery-book on a higher level of estimation than the divine poem? What you owe to Milton is not any knowledge, of which a million separate items are still but a million of advancing steps on the same earthly level; what you owe is *power,* that is, exercise and expansion to your own latent capacity of sympathy with the infinite, where every pulse and each separate influx is a step upwards, a step ascending as upon a Jacob's ladder from earth to mysterious altitudes above the earth. *All* the steps of knowledge, from first to last, carry you further on the same plane, but could never raise you one foot above your ancient level of earth; whereas the very *first* step in power is a flight, is an ascending movement into another element where earth is forgotten.

[3] Were it not that human sensibilities are ventilated and continually called out into exercise by the great phenomena of infancy, or of real life as it moves through chance and change, or of literature as it recombines these elements in the mimicries of poetry, romance, etc., it is certain that, like any animal power or muscular energy falling into disuse, all such sensibilities would gradually droop and dwindle. It is in relation to these great *moral* capacities of man that the literature of power, as contra-distinguished from that of knowledge, lives and has its field of action. It is concerned with what is highest in man; for the Scriptures themselves never condescended to deal by suggestion or cooperation with the mere discursive understanding: when speaking of man in his intellectual capacity, the Scriptures speak, not of the understanding, but of *"the understanding heart,"* making the heart,—that is, the great *intuitive* (or nondiscursive) organ, to be the interchangeable formula for man in his highest state of capacity for the infinite. Tragedy, romance, fairy tale, or epopee, all alike restore to man's mind the ideals of justice, of hope, of truth, of mercy, of retribution, which else (left to the support of daily life in its realities)

would languish for want of sufficient illustration. . . . It is certain that, were it not for the literature of power, these ideals would often remain amongst us as mere arid notional forms; whereas, by the creative forces of man put forth in literature, they gain a vernal life of restoration and germinate into vital activities. The commonest novel, by moving in alliance with human fears and hopes, with human instincts of wrong and right, sustains and quickens those affections. Calling them into action, it rescues them from torpor. And hence the pre-eminency, over all authors that merely *teach*, of the meanest that moves, or that teaches, if at all, indirectly *by* moving. The very highest work that has ever existed in the literature of knowledge is but a provisional work, a book upon trial and sufferance. . . . Let its teaching be even partially revised, let it be but expanded, nay, even let its teaching be but placed in a better order, and instantly it is superseded. Whereas the feeblest works in literature of power, surviving at all, survive as finished and unalterable among men. For instance, the *Principia* of Sir Isaac Newton was a book *militant* on earth from the first. In all stages of its progress it would have to fight for its existence: first, as regards absolute truth; secondly, when that combat was over, as regards its form, or mode of presenting the truth. And as soon as a La Place, or anybody else, builds higher upon the foundations laid by this book, effectually he throws it out of the sunshine into decay and darkness; by weapons won from this book he superannuates and destroys this book, so that soon the name of Newton remains as a mere *nominis umbra*, but his book, as a living power, has transmigrated into other forms. Now, on the contrary, the *Iliad*, the *Prometheus* of Æschylus, the *Othello* or *King Lear*, the *Hamlet* or *Macbeth*, and the *Paradise Lost* are not militant but triumphant forever, as long as the languages exist in which they speak or can be taught to speak. They never *can* transmigrate into new incarnations. To reproduce these in new forms or variations, even if in some things they should be improved, would be to plagiarize. A good steam-engine is properly superseded by a better. But one lovely pastoral valley is not superseded by another, nor a statue of Praxiteles by a statue of Michael

Angelo. These things are separated, not by imparity, but by disparity. They are not thought of as unequal under the same standard, but as different in *kind*, and, if otherwise equal, as equal under a different standard. Human works of immortal beauty and works of nature in one respect stand on the same footing: they never absolutely repeat each other, never approach so near as not to differ; and they differ not as better and worse, or simply by more and less; they differ by undecipherable and incommunicable differences, that cannot be caught by mimicries, that cannot be reflected in the mirror of copies, that cannot become ponderable in the scales of vulgar comparison.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Literature's one essential element is "some relation to a general and common interest of man" (paragraph 1). Discuss.
2. Why does the author call the literature of knowledge a "rudder" and the literature of power "an oar or a sail"?
3. What does the author mean when he says that all truth "is never absolutely novel [new] to the meanest mind" (paragraph 2)?
4. The author defines *power* as "deep sympathy with truth." How does he illustrate this definition?
5. Knowledge, says the author, consists of "a million separate items . . . a million of advancing steps on the same earthly level." Explain.
6. "The very highest work . . . in the literature of knowledge is but . . . a book upon trial and sufferance." Explain. What difference, for example, would one find in the Eleventh and the Fourteenth Editions of the *Encyclopædia Britannica?*
7. Explain the contrasting qualities of "a good steam-engine" and "a lovely pastoral valley" (paragraph 3, toward the end).
8. From the examples given of the literature of power, would you gather that De Quincey regards poetry as the highest form of the literature of power?

Poetic People *

Max Eastman

[1] A simple experiment will distinguish two types of human nature. Gather a throng of people and pour them into a ferryboat. By the time the boat has swung into the river you will find that a certain proportion have taken the trouble to climb upstairs, in order to be out on deck and see what is to be seen as they cross over. The rest have settled indoors, to think what they will do upon reaching the other side, or perhaps lose themselves, in apathy and tobacco smoke. But leaving out those apathetic, or addicted to a single enjoyment, we may divide all the alert passengers on the boat into two classes—those who are interested in crossing the river, and those who are merely interested in getting across.

[2] And we may divide all the people of the earth, or all the moods of people, in the same way. Some of them are chiefly occupied with attaining ends, and some with receiving experiences. The distinction of the two will be more marked when we name the first mind practical, and the second poetic, for common knowledge recognizes that a person poetic or in a poetic mood is impractical, and a practical person is intolerant of poetry.

[3] We can see the force of this intolerance too, and how deeply it is justified, if we make clear to our minds just what it means to be practical, and what a great thing it is. It means to be controlled in your doings by the consideration of ends yet unattained. The practical man is never distracted by things or aspects of things, which have no bearing on his purpose, but, ever seizing the significant he moves with a single mind and a single emotion toward the goal. And even when the goal is achieved you will hardly see him pause to rejoice in it; he is already on his way to another achievement. For this is the irony of his nature. His joy is not in any conquest or destination, but his joy is in getting toward it. To which joy he

* Reprinted from *The Enjoyment of Poetry* by Max Eastman; copyright 1913 by Charles Scribner's Sons, 1941 by Max Eastman; used by permission of the publishers.

adds the pleasure of being praised as a practical man, and a man who will arrive.

[4] In a more usual sense, perhaps, a practical man is a man occupied with attaining certain ends that people consider important. He must stick pretty close to the business of feeding and preserving life. Nourishment and shelter, money-making, maintaining respectability, and if possible a family—these are the things that give its meaning to the common word "practical." An acute regard for such features of the scenery, and the universe, as contribute or can be made to contribute to these ends, and a systematic neglect of all other features, are the traits of mind which this word popularly suggests. And it is because of the vital importance of these things to almost all people that the word "practical" is a eulogy, and is able to be so scornful of the word "poetic."

[5] "It is an earnest thing to be alive in this world. With competition, with war, with disease and poverty and oppression, misfortune and death on-coming, who but fools will give serious attention to what is not significant to the business."

[6] "Yes—but what is the *use* of being alive in the world, if life is so oppressive in its moral character that we must always be busy getting somewhere, and never simply realizing where we are? What were the value of your eternal achieving, if we were not here on our holiday to appreciate, among other things, some of the things you have achieved?"

[7] Thus, if we could discover a purely poetic and purely practical person, might they reason together. But we can discover nothing so satisfactory to our definitions, and therefore let us conclude the discussion of the difference between them. It has led us to our own end—a clearer understanding of the nature of poetic people, and of all people when they are in the poetic mood. They are lovers of the qualities of things. They are not engaged, as the learned say that all life is, in becoming adjusted to an environment; but they are engaged in becoming acquainted with it. They are possessed by the impulse to realize, an impulse as deep, and arbitrary, and unexplained as that "will to live" which lies at the bottom of all explanations. It seems but the manifestation, indeed, of that will itself in a concrete

and positive form. It is a wish to experience life and the world. That is the essence of the poetic temper.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Is the distinction between practical and poetic people in this essay similar to the distinction between knowledge and power of the previous essay? Discuss. Which type of literature do the practical people read? The poetic people?
2. What class of persons does the author exclude from consideration as either practical or poetic?
3. Are pure types of practical or of poetic persons rare? Which is rarer?
4. Does the chief power of the practical person consist of his ability to *exclude* from his attention the "non-essentials"? Explain.
5. "A person poetic or in a poetic mood is impractical." Why?

Obscurity in Poetry *

E. B. White

[1] "I wish poets could be clearer," shouted my wife angrily from the next room.

[2] Hers is a universal longing. We would all like it if the bards would make themselves plain, or we think we would. The poets, however, are not easily diverted from their high mysterious ways. A poet dares be just so clear and no clearer; he approaches lucid ground warily, like a mariner who is determined not to scrape his bottom on anything solid. A poet's pleasure is to withhold a little of his meaning, to intensify by mystification. He unzips the veil from beauty, but does not remove it. A poet utterly clear is a trifle glaring.

* From *One Man's Meat* by E. B. White. Copyright 1939 by E. B. White. Used by permission of the publishers, Harper & Brothers.

[3] The subject is a fascinating one. I think poetry is the greatest of the arts. It combines music and painting and storytelling and prophecy and the dance. It is religious in tone, scientific in attitude. A true poem contains the seed of wonder; but a bad poem, egg-fashion, stinks. I think there is no such thing as a long poem. If it is long it isn't a poem; it is something else. A book like *John Brown's Body,* for instance, is not a poem—it is a series of poems tied together with cord. Poetry is intensity, and nothing is intense for long.

[4] Some poets are naturally clearer than others. To achieve greater popularity or great fame it is of some advantage to be either extremely clear (like Edgar Guest) or thoroughly opaque (like Gertrude Stein). The first poet in the land—if I may use the word poet loosely—is Edgar Guest. He is the singer who, more than any other, gives to Americans the enjoyment of rhyme and meter. Whether he gives also to any of his satisfied readers that blinding, aching emotion which I get from reading certain verses by other writers is a question which interests me very much. Being democratic, I am content to have the majority rule in everything, it would seem, but literature.

[5] There are many types of poetical obscurity. There is the obscurity which results from the poet's being mad. This is rare. Madness in poets is as uncommon as madness in dogs. A discouraging number of reputable poets are sane beyond recall. There is also the obscurity which is the result of the poet's wishing to appear mad, even if only a little mad. This is rather common and rather dreadful. I know of nothing more distasteful than the work of a poet who has taken leave of his reason deliberately, as a commuter might of his wife.

[6] Then there is the unintentional obscurity, or muddiness, which comes from the inability of some writers to express even a simple idea without stirring up the bottom. And there is the obscurity which results when a fairly large thought is crammed into a three- or four-foot line. The function of poetry is to concentrate; but sometimes over-concentration occurs, and there is no more comfort in such a poem than there is in the subway at the peak hour.

[7] Sometimes a poet becomes so completely absorbed in the lyrical possibilities of certain combinations of sounds that he forgets what he started out to say, if anything, and here again a nasty tangle results. This type of obscurity is one which I have great sympathy for: I know that quite frequently in the course of delivering himself of a poem a poet will find himself in possession of a lyric bauble—a line as smooth as velvet to the ear, as pretty as a feather to the eye, yet a line definitely out of plumb with the frame of the poem. What to do with a trinket like this is always troubling to a poet, who is naturally grateful to his Muse for small favors. Usually he just drops the shining object into the body of the poem somewhere and hopes it won't look too giddy. (I sound as though I were contemptuous of poets; the fact is I am jealous of them. I would rather be one than anything.)

[8] My quarrel with poets (who will be surprised to learn that a quarrel is going on) is not that they are unclear but that they are too diligent. Diligence in a poet is the same as dishonesty in a bookkeeper. There are rafts of bards who are writing too much, too diligently, and too slyly. Few poets are willing to wait out their pregnancy—they prefer to have a premature baby and allow it to incubate after being safely laid in Caslon Old Style.

[9] I think Americans, perhaps more than other people, are impressed by what they don't understand, and the poets take advantage of this. Gertrude Stein has had an amazing amount of newspaper space, out of all proportion to the pleasure she has given people by her writings, it seems to me, although I am just guessing. Miss Stein is preoccupied with an experimental sort of writing which she finds diverting and exciting and which is all right by me. Her deep interest in the sound that words make is laudable; too little attention is paid by most writers to sound, and too many writers are completely tone-deaf. But on the other hand I am not ready to believe that any writer, except with dogged premeditation, would always work in so elegantly obscure and elliptical a fashion as the author of "A rose is a rose"—never in a more conventional manner. To be one hundred per cent roundabout one must be pure genius—and nobody is that good.

[10] On the whole, I think my wife is right: the poets could be a little clearer and still not get over on to ground which is unsuitably solid. I am surprised that I have gone on this way about them. I too am cursed with diligence. I bite my pencil and stare at a marked calendar.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. "Poetry is intensity, and nothing is intense for long" (paragraph 3). Explain.
2. List the causes of poetical obscurity. Can you name poets or poems to illustrate each type of obscurity?
3. Why is "extremely clear" poetry avoided by most poets? Is pleasure in rhyme and meter the limit of most people's enjoyment of poetry?
4. What meaning has the word *diligence* in paragraph 8? Why is diligence in a poet compared to dishonesty in a bookkeeper?

*On Reading Poems**

Wright Thomas and S. G. Brown

I

[1] In certain ways the art of reading poetry is like the art of listening to music: a trained listener, for example, listens to a Mozart Concerto or a Brahms Symphony with very great pleasure; but if we should ask him whether he likes "music" he would reply that he likes Mozart and Brahms, not simply "music." There is, for him no such thing as music; there are only musical compositions of which he likes many and dislikes others, even though he may have mastered the art of listening to most of them. And it is so with reading poetry. Before we set out to read a poem we ought to realize that

* From *Reading Poems* by Wright Thomas and S. G. Brown. Copyright 1941 by Oxford University Press, Inc.

there is really no such thing as "poetry"; there are only poems, of which we shall like many and dislike others. "Poetry" is a word which stands for our generalized idea of *all* poems, for our abstract notion, for our summary of all the poems we know anything about and those we do not know about. As such it is a useful word, but it is *only a word*. And it is not a word which stands for any *thing* that we can point to and say "There it is." We may say that *Hamlet, Paradise Lost,* the *Iliad* of Homer, and Sandburg's *Fog* are poetry, and this is often a useful convenience; but the poems are obviously so very different that we are not helped in reading them by knowing that they are "poetry." "Poetry," this is to say, stands for something in the subjective world, the world of our minds; it is an idea in our minds. If we start to read a *particular poem* as "poetry" we shall expect *this* poem to be whatever our notion of poetry happens to be. When we say "I don't like poetry," we are describing the general effect of displeasure left in our recollection by reading poems. And if we "do not like poetry" we shall not like *this* poem. Our position is hopeless; we shall never learn to like poems and one of the highest pleasures of the human mind will be permanently cut off from us. On the other hand, we shall get into the same sort of difficulty if we are satisfied to say that we "like poetry"; for in that case we shall in all probability read the particular poem with our minds only partly awake, assuming that we like it because we like "poetry." We may never actually come to a full comprehension of the poem at all, and hence never fully enjoy it.

[2] If our notion of poetry is clear and strong, it will try to force the particular poem we are reading to conform to it. For example, "poetry is all emotion"; therefore this poem will be all emotion. Or, "poetry is smooth in sound"; therefore this poem should be smooth in sound. "Poetry is all right for women but not for men." "Poetry is written by long-haired dreamers." "Poetry is good because it is cultural." "Poetry is ruined by careful study." These notions, and dozens of others, are created by our actual reading of poems, or by what we read about poetry, or by the notions about poetry that we hear from our friends or teachers, etc. Our notion may be pleasant or distasteful, adequate or narrow, justified or unjustified, but what-

ever it is it sets up expectations that are not useful to us in reading a particular poem—but, in fact, quite the opposite. Even when we expect to enjoy the poem in *certain ways* our reading of the poem will be distorted. For if it cannot be forced to fit these ways, we may even say "This isn't poetry."

[3] The danger of bringing abstract notions to the reading of a poem is never greater than when it is a question of notions about a particular author. For example, "Tennyson was a Victorian sentimentalist"; therefore this poem will be sentimental. Or, "Shakespeare was a great genius"; therefore this poem is perfect, wonderful, and probably beyond my powers of comprehension. Or again, "modern poetry is always very difficult and obscure"; therefore I shall not be able to understand this poem of W. H. Auden. The truth of the matter is that the only really useful expectation that a reader can bring to a poem is that it will be in certain ways unique, a thing in itself, and will provide him with a new experience. We might even make a parody of Gertrude Stein, "a poem is a poem is a poem is a poem."

[4] Reading a poem is an activity, not a passive reception. The reader must create; he must, in fact, *create a poem* where none existed before—that is, in his own consciousness. No one can do this for him. That this is true is clear if we ask the question: where is a poem? Is it in the mind of the poet? It *was*, but whether it is now or not is of no concern to us—the poet may well be dead. Is the poem in the ink marks on a page of this book? Obviously not. Is it in the sound waves made by someone speaking? No—these are just a succession of condensed and rarefied states of air. The fact is that a poem is not in existence at all until we create it in our consciousness; and this is the true meaning of "reading" a poem. In this essay . . . *when we speak of a "poem" we mean the experience which the reader creates in his mind by using the words of the poet, and by "reading" we mean the process by which he creates the poem.*

II

[5] It is obvious that the reader of a poem needs certain skills which are used in the creation of a poem. These skills are the special tal-

ents of the poet, but they are also possessed, in lesser degree, by everybody else. And, fortunately, they can be increased, like other skills, by training and exercise, and by understanding something of their nature and of the activities in which they are used. The most important of these activities is in *using language*. The reader, as well as the poet, must have skill in using the medium of communication between them. The poet is conscious of an experience; to him, from the point at which he starts to write, the poem is not the original experience but the experience which *these words* "mean" to him. The reader must use these words, in reverse order so to speak, to create in himself an experience. The first aim of the good reader, it follows, is to use the words of the poet to create in himself an experience which resembles as nearly as possible the experience which the words "meant" to the poet, to *re-create* the experience of the poet. This resemblance, of course, can never be complete; that fact must be accepted. But we ought not therefore to conclude that the reader should rest content with creating an experience vaguely like that of the poet. Nor does it follow that a number of readers cannot reach a reasonably close agreement on what the poem "means." We should *conclude*, on the other hand, that our comprehension of the poem is tentative, that we can come to a closer comprehension if we can know what it "means" to others, and that careful study of a poem will not tear it to pieces but will, rather, enable us to create an experience more nearly like that of the poet and hence to enjoy it more fully (or to dislike it for honest reasons). Above all, we should conclude that skill in the use of language is of first importance to the reader as well as to the poet.

[6] Most of us assume that we have a good deal of this skill in language, at least as readers. But the truth is not so flattering. Nearly everyone needs to use language much more effectively if he wishes to become a good reader. We can increase our efficiency by observing what happens when we read a poem, that is, when we create an experience by using the words of a poet. Here are words for us to use in creating a poetic experience:

1. *That time of year thou mayst in me behold*
2. *When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang*
3. *Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,*
4. *Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.*
5. *In me thou see'st the twilight of such day*
6. *As after sunset fadeth in the west,*
7. *Which by and by black night doth take away,*
8. *Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.*
9. *In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,*
10. *That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,*
11. *As the death-bed whereon it must expire,*
12. *Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.*
13. *This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,*
14. *To love that well which thou must leave ere long.*

An element of the experience of this poem is what we may call its *plain sense,* that part of its total meaning which can be summarized in prose: "You know that I am growing old; therefore you love me more, since you must soon leave me." We can call this plain sense the skeleton of the experience. The skeleton has an important function in any structure: it holds the other parts together. And it is by understanding the skeleton that we understand the general shape of the structure. In most poems (not in all) this plain sense meaning is of considerable importance; but it is never more than the skeleton of the experience. A person, as we see him, is not that particular person because of his bone-frame; his individuality, to us, is his whole appearance. So the plain sense of this poem might be the skeleton of a hundred poems, each different. The poem is itself unique, because of the flesh and blood (so to speak) on its skeleton—that is, the meaning of all the words working together as a whole. In our discussion of this experience, however, we can for convenience notice separately other elements of the whole.

[7] The plain sense of the first twelve lines is "You know that I am growing old." It is said three different times, ll. 1–4, 5–8, and 9–12. But the whole meaning of ll. 1–4 is not the same as that of the other lines. What are the elements of the whole meaning of ll. 1–4? One is the sight of trees in early winter shaken by cold winds. This

is the sight of the year growing old, as I am growing old. You remember that in the summer sweet birds sang in these branches, now bare, ruined—like the ruins of a cathedral, the broken arches of its choir, under which sweet voices once sang. This remembering and these sights of the dying year may make you feel as you feel when you know that I am growing old. I do not say what you feel: I say I am that time of year—those yellow leaves, or none, or few—hanging leaves—boughs shaking in the cold wind, bare, ruined—bare, ruined choirs—once the leaves of summer, sweet songs in trees and choir. The meaning of ll. 1–4 is the whole experience—plain sense, the sights, the sounds, the feelings. All these are present simultaneously in our consciousness as a unified experience; and our responses to them are continuously interacting—the aging man, the leaves, the boughs, the wind, the cold, the ruined choirs, and the remembrance of summer, birds, singing voices. This interaction is especially effective when the desolation of the cathedral is added, together with the contrasting joyousness of song both of the birds in summer and of the cathedral singers. This is brought about rapidly (in one line) so that the compression and condensation of a new sight (ruined choir) of desolation suddenly set against an earlier happiness, and the mental task of understanding "sweet birds" as both birds and choir singers, force into intense activity our creative ability, our power to fuse all these elements together into a unified experience of plain sense, sights, sounds, and feeling. Of these elements the first three, while they are important and necessary, are functioning here chiefly for the sake of the *feeling*. The feeling is not stated, named, or described. The reader must *create* it through his response to the plain sense, sights, and sounds. This is a typical occurrence in a poem.

[8] It is so typical and important that it deserves special consideration for a moment. We all know, in our everyday lives, how difficult it is to tell someone just what emotion or feeling we had at a certain moment yesterday. We can describe it directly only in very crude terms, by stating or naming it—"I was happy, joyous, cheerful, ecstatic, merry, etc." Dozens of such words fail to express the emotion; the person to whom we are talking hardly understands

at all, and certainly does not himself feel the emotion. To put the matter in the terms of this essay, he could not use our words to create in himself a similar experience. And this is what a poet wishes his words to be used for; he wishes his words to *communicate* his experience to the reader. Now, in everyday life, if we really wish our hearer to share our emotion, we quite naturally (with no thought of being a poet) do one of two things, or both. We may say "I felt like a million dollars—I had that wonderful feeling you get when the pain of a terrible headache suddenly leaves—I felt like writing a poem." Or we may set about describing all the circumstances of yesterday's moment—the things about us, the events, what she looked like, what she said, what we said. Or we may use both methods. What we are forced to do to communicate our feeling is what the poet is forced to do. In this poem the feeling of growing old is not stated or described; to communicate the feeling to us the poet describes *things* that arouse in us this feeling—leaves, branches; and then, to reinforce our feeling about these things, he shows us other *things*—choirs, birds. The feeling about the aging man is communicated through wintry branches which are communicated (in part) by choirs and birds. Here is the answer to a question often asked in all good faith by inexperienced readers, "Why doesn't the poet just say that his friend should feel sad because the poet is growing old, instead of beating about the bush and puzzling me with talk about branches, choirs and birds?" *Neither we nor the poet can communicate feeling directly.* Mr. T. S. Eliot has said this excellently, and given us a useful term for the *things* in a poem.

The only way of expressing emotion in the form of art [for example the art of poetry] is by finding an "objective correlative"; in other words, a set of objects, a situation, a chain of events which shall be the formula of that *particular* emotion; such that when the external facts, which must terminate in sensory experience, are given, the emotion is immediately evoked. [*Selected Essays,* Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1932, p. 124.]

In ll. 1–4 of this poem the branches, choirs, and birds are the objective correlatives of the emotion.

[a] We have said that in these lines the plain sense sights and

sounds are functioning chiefly for the sake of the feeling. Earlier we said that the skeleton of the whole poem was the plain sense and that the sense of ll. 1–4 was "You know I am growing old." We can now see that this plain sense is not the skeleton of the whole poem, or the most important part, or even the most important part of ll. 1–4. Notice the plain sense of the whole poem: "You know that I am growing old; therefore you love me more, since you must soon leave me." The word "therefore" means that greater love (in the person addressed by the poet) is aroused by his knowing that the poet is growing old; but this result is not likely unless the "knowing" first arouses *feelings* in him—the feelings that are in ll. 1–4. These feelings are therefore an even more important part of the experience of ll. 1–4 than is the plain sense. And this, too, is typical of a great many poems: although the plain sense meaning is important, it often functions chiefly for the sake of the feeling that accompanies it. A poet may even make statements whose plain sense is nonsense to many readers (or to all): if the reader understands that the statement is not made for its own sake (that is, to assert its truth) but for the sake of expressing feeling, the poet may succeed excellently in his purpose, which is to communicate an experience. Hyperbole is an example of this. Robert Burns, trying to communicate to his sweetheart his feeling of love, wrote:

> And I will luve thee still, my dear,
> Till a' the seas gang dry.

No one doubts that his sweetheart understood the meaning of that nonsense.

[**10**] The function of ll. 5–8 is to sharpen and focus still more immediately the experience which the reader has already had from ll. 1–4. The plain sense is "You see that I am approaching death," but this is very far from the whole meaning of the lines. Upon this skeleton the poet builds two comparisons, one immediate and the other implied. He is not only like the dying year, as he had already said, but like the "twilight" of day, that ambiguous period just before the blackness of night hides the day forever. But the blackness of night suggests that other blackness which engulfs everyone in the end, death itself. The reader is now forced to intensify his imaginative activity of re-creation by moving rapidly from the larger con-

ception of the year to the narrower image of day, while, in addition, he must recollect that night is like death because it swallows up light (which is like life) in blackness.

[11] The plain sense of ll. 9–12 is simply a more emphatic statement of the plain sense of the previous four lines. But here the plain sense is of almost no importance at all. The purport of the lines is to bring the whole experience into final and complete focus upon an image of fire: for a fire is "Consumed with that which it was nourished by." A dying fire lies upon the ashes of its youth, yet it still glows, preserving light and life; and so too the poet still retains within himself the spent energies of his youth, yet retains light and life. But the inevitability of a fire's dying out brings almost unendurably to the reader the experience of the inevitability of the life of a man dying out of his body.

[12] The experience is now complete and it remains only to draw the conclusion, to interpret its meaning. And the concluding couplet performs just that function: it makes a direct statement which does not need to be translated into prose. But after reading the poem with this thoroughness we do not make the mistake of supposing that it performs any *other function*. The couplet is not a statement of the "meaning" of the whole poem; it is a statement of the "meaning" of the *experience* of the poem. It has no meaning at all until the experience of ll. 1–12 has been fully re-created in the consciousness of the reader.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Is the comparison between "music" as a general term and "poetry" as a general term helpful? Are there many other such terms, such as sports, radio, food, etc.?
2. What two attitudes toward poetry make "our position hopeless" so far as appreciation of poetry is concerned (paragraph 1)?
3. Summarize the argument in paragraph 2 against a clear, strong notion of poetry. Can such a contention be carried too far? Can the notion *against* strong opinions about the notion of poetry be detrimental too?

5. Is pigeonholing authors a danger (paragraph 3)?
6. Much is said (paragraph 1–3) of wrong approaches to poetry. What is the right approach?
7. If one can legitimately ask "Where is a poem?" should he also ask the same question of a painting, a statue, or a radio program? Discuss.
8. Have the authors created a sort of mathematical formula for the approach to a poem? Poet *A* has experience *X* which he attempts to communicate as poem *Y*. Reader-poet *B* peruses poem *Y* in order to participate in experience *X*. *Y* is an approximation of *X* even for poet *A*. Reader-poet *B* in getting at the full flavor of *X* through *Y* requires a maximum of sympathetic effort.
9. The authors associate a cathedral with the word "choirs" in their interpretation of lines 1–4. Is this justified? Explain.
10. The author of "Obscurity in Poetry" observes that a certain amount of obscurity is essential to good poetry. He does not say why. What is said on this point in paragraph 8 of this essay? Is "objective correlative" a useful term? Why? Is it more inclusive than "metaphor"?
11. Do all poems have to have a sensible meaning?
12. The authors say that in lines 9–12 of Shakespeare's sonnet "the plain sense is of almost no importance at all" (paragraph 11). Do you agree?
13. Why do the authors withhold the information that the sonnet which they analyze was written by Shakespeare? Would knowledge of the authorship help in any way? See question 9, above, for example.

Suggestions for Papers

You have acquired some sort of attitude toward the word *poetry* and perhaps toward a few poems. In reading the selections in this chapter, you have had the opportunity to decide what place poetry should have in your life. Poetry, of course, is not the life business

of anyone except the professional poets. Therefore, your thinking on the subject of poetry and you should keep perspective. You should know something of science, of warfare, of democracy, of communism—how much should you know of poetry?

1. Explain why the literature of knowledge is always provisional. How many natural *laws* are there? Consider, too, the vast number of *hypotheses* which never attain the dignity of *theories*. Select one or two striking examples to illustrate the constant shifting and adjustment in the field of knowledge.

2. When, where, and by whom were you first introduced to poetry? Describe as accurately as you can this first experience. Next, what has been your subsequent experience with poetry? Finally, how do you now feel about it?

3. You have read a few poems in the preceding chapters. Look back at several of those poems and then write about their effectiveness in relation to the idea of the chapter in which they appeared. Were they more or less effective than the prose selections in the same chapters? Why or why not?

4. Do you classify yourself as one of Eastman's practical or one of his poetic people? What would you be doing while crossing water on a ferry? Substitute if possible an actual experience of your own that will help to classify you as practical or poetic. It is unlikely, of course, that you will fall completely into either category.

5. Do you agree with the wife of E. B. White ("Obscurity in Poetry") that poets should be clearer? Is there any limit to the clearness which you desire? Select one of the poems in an earlier chapter and show just what you mean by objectionable obscurity; then suggest a clearer statement. Finally, decide whether or not the added clearness has spoiled the poem.

6. Edgar Guest and Gertrude Stein may represent the extremes of simpleness and unintelligibility in poetry. Which commits the greater crime? Show the limits to the enjoyment of simpleness; then examine the same limits with respect to unintelligibility. If you can find samples of Guest and Gertrude Stein for use as examples, so much the better.

7. Apply the reasoning about the term *poetry* ("On Reading Poems," paragraphs 1–2) to several other general terms: sports, Jews, Negroes, Southern cooking, painting, sculpture. Add to the list; then choose three or four terms for analysis with examples. Is this kind of reasoning essentially "democratic"? Why?

8. What are the disadvantages of a clear, strong opinion about the term *poetry?* "On Reading Poems" contains a representative list of generalizations about poetry. Have you used some of these generalizations? Which ones? Is the case against their use sufficiently strong for you to abandon them? If not, defend them.

9. Select a short poem for the kind of analysis that Thomas and Brown applied to the sonnet in "On Reading Poetry." Several poems from the preceding or succeeding chapters are suitable for this purpose. (If you follow this suggestion now, perhaps your instructor will approve of your doing another similar paper in connection with the selections in the next chapter.)

10. Base your paper on one of the following quotations:

(*a*) "*All* the steps of knowledge, from first to last, carry you further on the same plane, but could never raise you one foot above your ancient level of earth."

(*b*) "Human works of immortal beauty and works of nature in one respect stand on the same footing: they never absolutely repeat each other."

(*c*) "A person poetic or in a poetic mood is impractical, and a practical person is intolerant of poetry."

(*d*) "A poet dares to be just so clear and no clearer."

(*e*) "I think there is no such thing as a long poem."

(*f*) "To be one hundred per cent roundabout one must be pure genius—and nobody is that good."

(*g*) "Reading a poem is an activity, not a passive reception."

SOME TITLES FOR PAPERS

1. My Experience with Poetry
2. Facts May Change but Wisdom Lingers
3. Literary and Scientific Plagiarism: The Difference
4. The Practical *vs.* the Poetic

5. The Challenge of Obscure Poems
6. Meeting Poems Halfway
7. The Poet Creates; the Reader Re-creates
8. The Poet and the Scientist: A Contrast
9. Simpleness in Poetry
10. Objective Correlatives Illustrated
11. The Whole Meaning of a Short Poem
12. My Favorite Poem and Why
13. Poetry Requires a Mind Alive
14. The Plain Sense of Poems

13

Melancholy Moods and Ironies

MANY are the moods of man, and poets are aware of this. But the characteristic mood of the poets themselves is not gay. It is a mood sometimes lightly touched with sadness, sometimes deep dyed in melancholy. Perhaps this is so because gaiety is essentially active and its moments pass away in an explosion of energy. If one recollects these active moments of high spirits, he must do so in quiet reflectiveness, and the very gaiety of the past becomes the occasion for sadness. If gaiety is thus transmuted, the memory of pain, disappointments, frustrations is doubly melancholy. The consequence is a poetic literature filled with shadows and darkness. Most of us respond pleasurably to these lamentations because they provide companionship in our own fits of melancholy.

The selections in this chapter are all more or less dark in mood. They were chosen as representing some of the everlasting reasons man has for dejection. They were chosen, too, as illustrations of the thesis that poetic writing, though it repeat the plain sense of other pieces of poetic writing, remains in its whole meaning a unique record of an experience. (See "On Reading Poetry" Chapter 12.)

The first selection presents in its title, "The Vanity and Shortness of Man's Life," the most ancient, the most medieval, and the most modern reason for man's gloom. Here today, gone tomorrow; the day is short, tomorrow is forever. Thus man broods. For Jeremy Taylor the vanity and shortness of life is a warning to man that he should prepare himself for "holy dying." Andrew Marvell, on the other hand, took warning from the shortness of life that he and his coy mistress should enjoy passionate living. But coyness in love is but one of a lover's troubles. Byrd's "Love's Immortality" describes a woman's faith writ in sand, and Meredith bleakly recalls in "Tragic Memory" a happier time when love seemed immortal.

If love is coy, faithless, and passing, so is fame; and those who attain it, as did Ozymandias and the unnamed poet in "Earth's Immortalities," will find their very memorial stones neglected by those who come after them. With "Fame" as the second of "Earth's Immortalities," Browning links "Love," a tiny, staccato poem which takes care of a year of love in nine short lines. The linking of love and fame occurs also to Sandburg, who finds in the "Cool Tombs" a proper place for Lincoln to forget the sins visited upon him and Grant to forget the sins he visited upon others; neither will fare better than lovers. Again, in "Love among the Ruins," love is shown to be superior to the pomp and circumstance of a proud city—a city that might well have been subject to another Ozymandias.

In "Dover Beach" the aimlessness of a world from which the Sea of Faith has begun its "long, withdrawing roar" brings dejection to the poet. What remains is a plea that he and his love be true to each other, for without this, the world would be completely blind chaos. "Ode to a Nightingale" contrasts the blithe singing of the bird with the bitter misery and suffering in the world of men. The poet thinks of three avenues of escape: wine, poetry, suicide. He rejects them, one by one, and returns to his "sole self" as the song of the bird fades from his hearing.

*The Vanity and Shortness of Man's Life**

Jeremy Taylor

[1] A man is a bubble: . . . and some of these instantly sink into the deluge of their first parent, and are hidden in a sheet of water, having had no other business in the world but to be born that they might be able to die: others float up and down two or three turns, and suddenly disappear, and give their place to others: and they that live longest upon the face of the waters, are in perpetual motion, restless and uneasy; and being crushed with the great drop of a cloud sink into flatness and a froth; the change not being great, it being hardly possible it should be more a nothing than it was before. So is every man: he is born in vanity and sin; he comes into the world like morning mushrooms, soon thrusting up their heads into the air, and conversing with their kindred of the same production, and as soon they turn into dust and forgetfulness: some of them without any other interest in the affairs of the world but that they made their parents a little glad, and very sorrowful; others ride longer in the storm; it may be until seven years of vanity be expired, and then peradventure the sun shines hot upon their heads, and they fall into the shades below, into the cover of death and darkness of the grave to hide them. But if the bubble stands the shock of a bigger drop, and outlives the chances of a child, of a careless nurse, of drowning in a pail of water, of being overlaid by a sleepy servant, or such little accidents, then the young man dances like a bubble, empty and gay, and shines like a dove's neck, or the image of a rainbow, which hath no substance, and whose very imagery and colors are fantastical; and so he dances out the gaiety of his youth, and is all the while in a storm, and endures only because he is not knocked on the head by a drop of bigger rain, or crushed by the pressure of a load of indigested meat, or quenched by the disorder of an ill-placed humor: and to preserve a man alive in the midst of so many chances and hostilities, is as great a miracle as to create him; to preserve him from rushing into nothing, and at first to draw him up from

* From *Holy Dying* (1651), Chapter I, Section 1.

nothing, were equally the issues of an almighty power. And therefore the wise men of the world have contended who shall best fit man's condition with words signifying his vanity and short abode. Homer calls a man "a leaf," the smallest, the weakest piece of a short-lived unsteady plant: Pindar calls him "the dream of a shadow": another, "the dream of the shadow of smoke": but St. James spake by a more excellent spirit, saying, "our life is but a vapor," viz., drawn from the earth by a celestial influence; made of smoke, or the lighter parts of water, tossed with every wind, moved by the motion of a superior body, without virtue in itself, lifted up on high or left below, according as it pleases the sun its foster-father. But it is lighter yet; it is but "appearing"; a fantastic vapor, an apparition, nothing real: it is not so much as a mist, not the matter of a shower, nor substantial enough to make a cloud. . . . And yet the expression is one degree more made diminutive: a "vapor," and "fantastical," or a "mere appearance," and this but for a little while neither; the very dream, the phantasm disappears in a small time, "like the shadow that departeth"; or "like a tale that is told"; or "as a dream when one awaketh." A man is so vain, so unfixed, so perishing a creature, that he cannot long last in the scene of fancy: a man goes off, and is forgotten, like the dream of a distracted person. The sum of all is this: that thou art a man, than whom there is not in the world any greater instance of heights and declensions, of lights and shadows, of misery and folly, of laughter and tears, of groans and death.

[2] And because this consideration is of great usefulness and great necessity to many purposes of wisdom and the spirit; all the succession of time, all the changes in nature, all the varieties of light and darkness, the thousand thousands of accidents in the world, and every contingency to every man, and to every creature, doth preach our funeral sermon, and calls us to look and see how the old sexton Time throws up the earth, and digs a grave where we must lay our sins or our sorrows, and sow our bodies, till they rise again in a fair or in an intolerable eternity. Every revolution which the sun makes about the world, divides between life and death; and death possesses both those portions by the next morrow; and we are dead to all those

over again: and still God makes little periods of our age. First we change our world, when we come from the womb to feel the warmth of the sun. Then we sleep and enter into the image of death, in which state we are unconcerned in all the changes of the world: and if our mothers or our nurses die, or a wild boar destroy our vineyards, or our king be sick, we regard it not, but during that state are as disinterested as if our eyes were closed with the clay that weeps in the bowels of the earth. At the end of seven years our teeth fall and die before us, representing a formal prologue to the tragedy; and still every seven years it is odds but we shall finish the last scene: and when nature, or chance, or vice, takes our body in pieces, weakening some parts and loosing others, we taste the grave and the solemnities of our own funerals, first in those parts that ministered to vice, and next in them that served for ornament, and in a short time even they that served for necessity become useless, and entangled like the wheels of a broken clock. Baldness is but a dressing to our funerals, the proper ornament of mourning, and of a person entered very far into the regions and possession of death: and we have many more of the same signification; gray hairs, rotten teeth, dim eyes, trembling joints, short breath, stiff limbs, wrinkled skin, short memory, decayed appetite. Every day's necessity calls for a reparation of that portion which death fed on all night, when we lay in his lap, and slept in his outer chambers. The very spirits of a man prey upon the daily portion of bread and flesh, and every meal is a rescue from one death, and lays up for another; and while we think a thought, we die; and the clock strikes, and reckons on our portion of eternity: we form our words with the breath of our nostrils, we have the less to live upon for every word we speak.

[3] Thus nature calls us to meditate of death by those things which are the instruments of acting it: and God by all the variety of His providence makes us see death everywhere, in all variety of circumstances, and dressed up for all the fancies and the expectation of every single person. Nature hath given us one harvest every year, but death hath two, and the spring and the autumn send throngs of men and women to charnelhouses; and all the summer long men are recovering from their evils of the spring, till the dog days come, and then the Sirian star makes the summer deadly; and the fruits of

autumn are laid up for all the year's provision, and the man that gathers them eats and surfeits, and dies and needs them not, and himself is laid up for eternity; and he that escapes till winter only stays for another opportunity which the distempers of that quarter minister to him with great variety. Thus death reigns in all the portions of our time; the autumn with its fruits provides disorders for us, and the winter's cold turns them into sharp diseases, and the spring brings flowers to strew our hearse, and the summer gives green turf and brambles to bind upon our graves. Calentures and surfeit, cold and agues, are the four quarters of the year, and all minister death; and you can go no whither but you tread upon a dead man's bones. . . .

[4] There is no state, no accident, no circumstance of our life, but it hath been soured by some sad instance of a dying friend: a friendly meeting often ends in some sad mischance, and makes an eternal parting: and when the poet Aeschylus was sitting under the walls of his house, an eagle hovering over his bald head mistook it for a stone, and let fall his oyster, hoping there to break the shell, but pierced the poor man's skull.

[5] Death meets us everywhere, and is procured by every instrument and in all chances, and enters in at many doors; by violence and secret influence, by the aspect of a star and the stink of a mist, by the emissions of a cloud and the meeting of a vapor, by the fall of a chariot and the stumbling at a stone, by a full meal or an empty stomach, by watching at the wine or by watching at prayers, by the sun or the moon, by a heat or a cold, by sleepless nights or sleeping days, by water frozen into the hardness and sharpness of a dagger, or water thawed into the floods of a river, by a hair or a raisin, by violent motion or sitting still, by severity or dissolution, by God's mercy or God's anger; by everything in providence and everything in manners, by everything in nature and everything in chance; . . . we take pains to heap up things useful to our life, and get our death in the purchase; and the person is snatched away, and the goods remain. And all this is the law and constitution of nature; it is a punishment to our sins, the unalterable event of providence, and the decree of heaven: the chains that confine us to this condition are strong as destiny, and immutable as the eternal laws of God.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Is the theology of the statement that man "is born in vanity and sin" orthodox?
2. What is the effect of the series of metaphors and similes?
3. Fully explain the metaphor of man as a bubble. Does the figure suggest raindrops striking the surface of water?
4. Comment on the appropriateness of comparing man to *morning mushrooms* and the emptiness and gaiety of young men to a *dove's neck* or a *rainbow*.
5. Which of the figures describing the vanity and shortness of life do you think is most effective (paragraph 1)?
6. What does the author mean by "a fair or . . . an intolerable eternity"?
7. Explain: "we taste the grave and the solemnities of our own funerals, first in those parts that ministered to vice, and next in them that served for ornament."

To His Coy Mistress *

Andrew Marvell

Had we but world enough, and time,
This coyness, Lady, were no crime.
We would sit down and think which way
To walk and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst rubies find; I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the Flood,
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.

* First published in 1681.

My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires, and more slow;
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes and on thy forehead gaze;
Two hundred to adore each breast,
But thirty thousand to the rest;
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart.
For, Lady, you deserve this state,
Nor would I love at lower rate.
  But at my back I always hear
Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near;
And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found,
Nor in thy marble vault shall sound
My echoing song; then worms shall try
That long preserved virginity,
And your quaint honor turn to dust,
And into ashes all my lust:
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.
  Now therefore, while the youthful hue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may,
And now, like amorous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour
Than languish in his slow-chapt power.
Let us roll all our strength and all
Our sweetness, up into one ball,
And tear our pleasures with rough strife
Thorough the iron gates of life:
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. "To His Coy Mistress" and Herrick's "To the Virgins" (Chapter 9) are two of the best-known poems on the theme of shortness of the time for love-making. How do the two poems differ?
2. What constitutes the tinge of melancholy in this poem?
3. The first twenty lines seem light with a lover's fretful hyperbole. Beginning with line 21 what becomes of the fretfulness?
4. Compare "Time's wingèd chariot" (l. 22) and "the old sexton Time" ("The Vanity and Shortness of Man's Life").
5. Does "To His Coy Mistress" suggest the young man who "dances like a bubble, empty and gay, and shines like a dove's neck, or the image of a rainbow, which hath no substance" ("The Vanity and Shortness of Man's Life")?
6. If "To His Coy Mistress" expresses the need for passionate living because of the shortness of time, what need is expressed in "The Vanity and Shortness of Life"?

*Love's Immortality**

William Byrd

Crowned with flowers I saw fair Amaryllis
  By Thyrsis sit, hard by a fount of crystal;
And with her hand, more white than snow or lilies,
  On sand she wrote, "My faith shall be immortal":
And suddenly a storm of wind and weather
Blew all her faith and sand away together.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Is the title a good example of irony?
2. How is capriciousness suggested?

* From *Psalms, Sonnets, and Songs*, first published in 1588.

3. Is time an element in this poem as it was in "To His Coy Mistress" and "The Vanity and Shortness of Life"?
4. Does the poem do more than record the fact of Amaryllis's fickleness? Is there any explanation? Is one justified in deducing that faithlessness is a characteristic of women?

*Tragic Memory**

George Meredith

In our old shipwrecked days there was an hour,
When in the firelight steadily aglow,
Joined slackly, we beheld the red chasm grow
Among the clicking coals. Our library-bower
That eve was left to us: and hushed we sat
As lovers to whom Time is whispering.
From sudden-opened doors we heard them sing:
The nodding elders mixed good wine with chat.
Well knew we that Life's greatest treasure lay
With us, and of it was our talk. "Ah, yes!
Love dies!" I said: I never thought it less.
She yearned to me that sentence to unsay.
Then when the fire domed blackening, I found
Her cheek was salt against my kiss, and swift
Up the sharp scale of sobs her breast did lift:—
Now am I haunted by that taste! that sound!

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Explain the title.
2. Does the final line illuminate the preceding fifteen lines?
3. Why does the lover say "Ah, yes!/ Love dies!" since he did not believe it?

* From *Modern Love*, first published in 1862.

4. What was Time whispering (line 6)? Compare "To His Coy Mistress" (line 21).
5. Is there any hint in this poem of what caused love's death? Compare "Love's Immortality."
6. Is there any symbolic relation between the "fire" of this poem and the "sand" in "Love's Immortality"?

*Ozymandias**

Percy Bysshe Shelley

I met a traveler from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed.
And on the pedestal these words appear:
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings;
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Why does the poet simply report the traveler's story without comment?
2. "The hand" (line 8) is the sculptor's. To what does *them* in the same line refer?
3. Compare this poem with each of the preceding selections.
4. Could this poem aptly bear the title of any one of the succeeding selections?

* First published in *The Examiner*, January 11, 1819.

*Earth's Immortalities**

Robert Browning

Fame

See, as the prettiest graves will do in time,
Our poet's wants the freshness of its prime;
Spite of the sexton's browsing horse, the sods
Have struggled through its binding osier rods;
Headstone and half-sunk footstones lean awry,
Wanting the brick-work promised by-and-by;
How the minute grey lichens, plate o'er plate,
Have softened down the crisp-cut name and date!

Love

So, the year's done with!
(*Love me for ever!*)
All March begun with,
April's endeavour;
May-wreaths that bound me
June needs must sever;
Now snows fall round me,
Quenching June's fever—
(*Love me for ever!*)

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. The neglect of a poet's grave implies what?
2. Is there an extra measure of irony in lines 3–4 of "Fame"? Explain.
3. What kind of neglect is suggested by "the brick-work promised by-and-by" (line 6)?
4. Compare in detail "Ozymandias" and "Fame." Which poem comes nearer to a direct comment? Explain.
5. Discuss the arrangement of details in "Fame." How does this arrangement serve to relate the speaker to the poet's grave?

* From *Dramatic Romances* (1845).

6. In "Love," explain the difference in tone of line 2 and the same words in line 9.
7. Compare "Love" and "Love's Immortality." Does either poem explain what caused love's decay?
8. Does it make any difference that the sex of the speaker in "Love" is not given? Do you think you know which it is?
9. What progress have the lovers made in each of the months?

Cool Tombs*

Carl Sandburg

When Abraham Lincoln was shoveled into the tombs, he forgot the copperheads and the assassin . . . in the dust, in the cool tombs.

And Ulysses Grant lost all thought of con men and Wall Street, cash and collateral turned ashes . . . in the dust, in the cool tombs.

Pocahontas' body, lovely as a poplar, sweet as a red haw in November or a pawpaw in May did she wonder? does she remember? . . . in the dust, in the cool tombs?

Take any streetful of people buying clothes and groceries cheering a hero or throwing confetti and blowing tin horns . . . tell me if the lovers are losers . . . tell me if any get more than the lovers . . . in the dust . . . in the cool tombs.

* From *Cornhuskers* by Carl Sandburg. Copyright, 1918, by Henry Holt and Company, Inc. Copyright, 1946, by Carl Sandburg. Used by permission of the publishers.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Does this poem express a different view of love's immortality from that set forth in the previous poems on the subject?
2. Why did the poet choose Lincoln, Grant, and Pocahontas for examples of those who occupy the "cool tombs"?
3. What are "copperheads"? Who was the "assassin"?
4. What is a "con man"? Why associate Grant with "con men and Wall Street, cash and collateral"?

*Love among the Ruins**

Robert Browning

I

Where the quiet-coloured end of evening smiles
Miles and miles
On the solitary pastures where our sheep
Half-asleep
Tinkle homeward thro' the twilight, stray or stop
As they crop—
Was the site once of a city great and gay,
(So they say)
Of our country's very capital, its prince
Ages since
Held his court in, gathered councils, wielding far
Peace or war.

II

Now,—the country does not even boast a tree
As you see,
To distinguish slopes of verdure, certain rills
From the hills
Intersect and give a name to, (else they run
Into one)

* From *Men and Women* (1855).

Where the domed and daring palace shot its spires
Up like fires
O'er the hundred-gated circuit of a wall
Bounding all,
Made of marble, men might march on nor be pressed,
Twelve abreast.

III

And such plenty and perfection, see, of grass
Never was!
Such a carpet as, this summer-time, o'erspreads
And embeds
Every vestige of the city, guessed alone,
Stock or stone—
Where a multitude of men breathed joy and woe
Long ago;
Lust of glory pricked their hearts up, dread of shame
Struck them tame;
And that glory and that shame alike, the gold
Bought and sold.

IV

Now,—the single little turret that remains
On the plains,
By the caper overrooted, by the gourd
Overscored,
While the patching houseleek's head of blossom winks
Through the chinks—
Marks the basement whence a tower in ancient time
Sprang sublime,
And a burning ring, all round, the chariots traced
As they raced,
And the monarch and his minions and his dames
Viewed the games.

V

And I know, while thus the quiet-coloured eve
Smiles to leave
To their folding, all our many-tinkling fleece
In such peace,

And the slopes and rills in undistinguished grey
Melt away—
That a girl with eager eyes and yellow hair
Waits me there
In the turret whence the charioteers caught soul
For the goal,
When the king looked, where she looks now, breathless, dumb
Till I come.

VI

But he looked upon the city, every side,
Far and wide,
All the mountains topped with temples, all the glades'
Colonnades,
All the causeys, bridges, aqueducts,—and then,
All the men!
When I do come, she will speak not, she will stand,
Either hand
On my shoulder, give her eyes the first embrace
Of my face,
Ere we rush, ere we extinguish sight and speech
Each on each.

VII

In one year they sent a million fighters forth
South and North,
And they built their gods a brazen pillar high
As the sky,
Yet reserved a thousand chariots in full force—
Gold, of course.
Oh heart! oh blood that freezes, blood that burns!
Earth's returns
For whole centuries of folly, noise and sin!
Shut them in,
With their triumphs and their glories and the rest!
Love is best.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Is this poem an extension of the theme in "Ozymandias"? Discuss.
2. What caused the fall of the "city great and gay" (lines 25–36)?
3. What is the occupation of the speaker?
4. Compare this poem and "Cool Tombs." What part does love play in each?

*Dover Beach**

Matthew Arnold

The sea is calm tonight,
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the Straits—on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window; sweet is the night-air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanched land,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Aegean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,

* From *New Poems* (1867).

Hearing it by this distant northern sea.
The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. To whom does the speaker say "come to the window" (line 6)?
2. What is the "eternal note of sadness" (line 14)? Upon what train of thought does this "note" set the speaker?
3. Can you follow the sequence of the poet's thinking? The scene of quiet beauty, the low cadence of the sea with its sad undertones remind the poet of Sophocles, who had lived over two thousand years before and had brooded over the suggestive sadness of the sea's rhythm. Complete the sequence.
4. When did the Sea of Faith engirdle the earth? Is this an exaggeration?
5. What are the different meanings of *love* as used in line 29 and in line 33?
6. This poem is a love poem, but the love element is unobtrusive. Why?
7. Compare "Dover Beach" and "Love among the Ruins."

*Ode to a Nightingale**

John Keats

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
  My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
  One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
  But being too happy in thine happiness,—
    That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,
      In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
  Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage! that hath been
  Cool'd a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
  Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South!
  Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
    With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
      And purple-stainèd mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
  And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
  What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
  Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
  Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
    Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
      And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
  Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

* First published in 1820.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen: and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Is the nightingale related to Keats's thoughts in the same way that the sea is related to Arnold's thoughts in "Dover Beach"? Discuss.
2. How does the listener to the nightingale interpret the song? Is it to him the essence of carefree happiness? Then, does this essence suggest other concentrations, such as "a beaker full of the warm South"?
3. If in lines 11–20 the poet longs for wine to lift him from his sorrow, what does he turn to in lines 31–40?
4. In lines 21–30 is the essential theme the shortness of time? Or is it that misery and suffering are man's unavoidable lot? Or is it simply a personal complaint? Do the last two lines recall the warning in "To His Coy Mistress"?
5. Since it is dark, how does the poet know so well his surroundings?
6. Explain lines 51–60. Is this the third idea the poet has had for ridding himself of the intolerable present? What were the other two?

7. Can you find the two lines in this poem which have been called among the most hauntingly suggestive in all English poetry? When you have found them, do you think they might qualify as the kind of lines E. B. White describes in paragraph 7 of "Obscurity in Poetry"? Why or why not?

Suggestions for Papers

Everyone is subject to dark moods. The reasons may be very personal, but even personal reasons must be linked with the world and its ways. The preceding selections describe some of the causes for melancholy. You have seen how these causes attach themselves to generalizations about life. You may wish to examine your own depressed states or to make some observations on these moods in others.

1. What in life makes you saddest? Its shortness? Its apparent aimlessness? Its cruelty? Its coldness? Its inequalities? Its insecurity? Or what? If what makes you saddest is something more personal than the qualities suggested, can you link your gloom to some sort of generalization about life?

2. Discuss the word *fame*. First, define the word; then determine what fame implies. How does one achieve fame? Select two examples of famous men, one deserving and the other, in your opinion, undeserving of the honor. By definition, can the second of your examples be called famous? What word would better describe him? And, finally, is the uneven distribution of "fame" a proper cause for gloom?

3. Discuss the selections in this chapter which comment directly or indirectly on fame. "The Vanity and Shortness of Man's Life," "Ozymandias," "Fame" from "Earth's Immortalities," and "Cool Tombs" will each yield material for this paper.

4. Discuss the range of experiences represented in the selections on love. Isolate the differences and then present what may be called a composite poetic view of love.

5. It has been said that a hundred poems may be written upon the same idea, yet each poem will be unique. (See "On Reading Poems," Chapter 12.) Show the truth of this observation by analyzing the poems in this chapter that are alike in theme. How, for example, are "Ozymandias" and "Fame" alike? How are they unique?

6. Select a poem from this chapter for complete analysis with the object to reveal its whole meaning. (Review first the method demonstrated in "On Reading Poems," Chapter 12.)

7. Is "The Vanity and Shortness of Man's Life" prose or poetry? Could it be arranged into irregular lines? Examine the figures of speech. Are they touched with poetic imagination?

8. Compare "Dover Beach" and "Ode to a Nightingale." What, in each instance, inspires the poet? Is Sophocles an extra element in "Dover Beach"? What makes the world an almost intolerable place to each poet? Keats mentions three possible escapes. What are they? Arnold mentions but one possible comfort. What is it? How do the figures of speech in each poem grow out of the original impetus for writing the poem?

9. Suppose the author of "The Vanity and Shortness of Man's Life," Jeremy Taylor, had read the nine poems of this chapter. Would he have been more, or less, convinced of the vanity (the vainness) of man's life? Show how he would have interpreted the nine poems.

10. Write about the point of view (the position of the observer-poet or speaker) in each of the following poems: "Ozymandias," "Fame," "Dover Beach," and "Ode to a Nightingale." For example, the observer-reader may follow the eyes of the speaker in "Fame" as they move from the whole appearance of the poet's grave to the details of the tombstone. Is there a similar process in the other poems?

SOME TITLES FOR PAPERS

1. My Darkest Mood
2. A Tale Told by an Idiot
3. To Make Much of Time
4. Time's Wingèd Chariot
5. Fame Is Maligned
6. Our Names Are Writ in Water
7. Judas Is Remembered Too

8. My Tragic Memory
9. Hitler: The Modern Ozymandias
10. Some Monuments Remain
11. Vanity Demonstrated (in the poems of this chapter)
12. Poems Alike but Unique
13. Down the Shingles of the World
14. The Whole Meaning of a Poem
15. Irony Defined and Illustrated
16. Metaphor Defined and Illustrated
17. Is Love Best?
18. Love's Many Meanings
19. Love's Heights and Declensions
20. Is It Better to Have Loved and Lost?
21. Love and the Poets

14

Freedom for All

BECAUSE freedom is one of Man's noblest conceptions, it is not difficult to find noble utterances on the subject. Because freedom is never completely won but always in process of being won, it is a valuable discipline to think through for oneself the essential applied meaning of the word. Aid to this sort of thinking is provided in the selections of this chapter.

Throughout history freedom has had its isolated champions. One of the first of these was Socrates. Under threat of death, he refused to violate his intellectual honor. All the pressures of official Athens, of frightened little men who feared the keen assaults of Socrates on their secure little beliefs, could not force a change in the heroically stubborn old man. He accepted death but would not accept mental slavery.

For two thousand years after Socrates, freedom had its isolated voices which became a slowly augmented chorus as the centuries wore on. In mid-seventeenth century, Milton applied his great mind to the problem of a free press and, since all freedoms are interlaced, enunciated the classic requirement for freedom: freedom of choice. When choice is lacking, freedom is lacking.

Another two hundred years passed. In the Western World the chorus had achieved fuller voice, and another great mind, the relentless instrument of John Stuart Mill, applied itself to a full-scale analysis of freedom for all, a conception unknown in the world of Socrates and only partially realized in the world of Milton.

The poet Clough, a contemporary of Mill's, wrote his poem, "Say Not the Struggle Nought Availeth," as a spur to those who are fretful over the dimness of their achievements. Surely the poem is addressed to those, among others, who become weary in the incessant fight to keep men free.

"The Unexamined Life Is Not Worth Living"*

Socrates

[Socrates, charged with disbelief in the gods and with corrupting the youth of Athens, is on trial for his life. In the following passage he explains his code of intellectual integrity.]

[1] Some one will say: And are you not ashamed, Socrates, of a course of life which is likely to bring you to an untimely end? To him I may fairly answer: There you are mistaken: a man who is good for anything ought not to calculate the chance of living or dying; he ought only to consider whether in doing anything he is doing right or wrong—acting the part of a good man or of a bad. . . . For wherever a man's place is, whether the place which he has chosen or that in which he has been placed by a commander, there he ought

* Taken from the *Apology* in *Dialogues of Plato* translated into English by Benjamin Jowett, Oxford University Press.

to remain in the hour of danger; he should not think of death or of anything but of disgrace. And this, O men of Athens, is a true saying.

[2] Strange, indeed, would be my conduct, O men of Athens, if I who, when I was ordered by the generals whom you chose to command me at Potidaea and Amphipolis and Delium, remained where they placed me, like any other man, facing death—if now, when, as I conceive and imagine, God orders me to fulfil the philosopher's mission of searching into myself and other men, I were to desert my post through fear of death, or any other fear; that would indeed be strange, and I might justly be arraigned in court for denying the existence of the gods, if I disobeyed the oracle because I was afraid of death, fancying that I was wise when I was not wise. For the fear of death is indeed the pretense of wisdom, and not real wisdom, being a pretense of knowing the unknown; and no one knows whether death, which men in their fear apprehend to be the greatest evil, may not be the greatest good. Is not this ignorance of a disgraceful sort, the ignorance which is the conceit that a man knows what he does not know? And in this respect only I believe myself to differ from men in general, and may perhaps claim to be wiser than they are:—that whereas I know but little of the world below, I do not suppose that I know; but I do know that injustice and disobedience to a better, whether God or man, is evil and dishonorable, and I will never fear or avoid a possible good rather than a certain evil. And therefore if you let me go now, and are not convinced by Anytus, who said that since I had been prosecuted I must be put to death (or if not that I ought never to have been prosecuted at all); and that if I escape now, your sons will all be utterly ruined by listening to my words—if you say to me, Socrates, this time we will not mind Anytus, and you shall be let off, but upon one condition, that you are not to enquire and speculate in this way any more, and that if you are caught doing so again you shall die;—if this was the condition on which you let me go, I should reply: Men of Athens, I honor and love you; but I shall obey God rather than you, and while I have life and strength I shall never cease from the practice and teaching of philosophy, exhorting anyone whom I meet and saying to him after my manner: You, my

friend,—a citizen of the great and mighty and wise city of Athens,—are you not ashamed of heaping up the greatest amount of money and honor and reputation, and caring so little about wisdom and truth and the greatest improvement of the soul, which you never regard or heed at all? And if the person with whom I am arguing, says: Yes, but I do care; then I do not leave him or let him go at once; but I proceed to interrogate and examine and cross-examine him, and if I think that he has no virtue in him, but only says that he has, I reproach him with undervaluing the greater, and over-valuing the less. And I shall repeat the same words to everyone whom I meet, young and old, citizen and alien, but especially to the citizens, inasmuch as they are my brethren. For know that this is the command of God; and I believe that no greater good has ever happened in the state than my service to the God. For I do nothing but go about persuading you all, old and young alike, not to take thought for your persons or your properties, but first and chiefly to care about the greatest improvement of the soul. I tell you that virtue is not given by money, but that from virtue comes money and every other good of man, public as well as private. This is my teaching, and if this is the doctrine which corrupts the youth, I am a mischievous person. But if anyone says that this is not my teaching, he is speaking an untruth. Wherefore, O men of Athens, I say to you, do as Anytus bids or not as Anytus bids, and either acquit me or not; but whichever you do, understand that I shall never alter my ways, not even if I have to die many times.

[3] Men of Athens, do not interrupt, but hear me; there was an understanding between us that you should hear me to the end: I have something more to say, at which you may be inclined to cry out; but I believe that to hear me will be good for you, and therefore I beg that you will not cry out. I would have you know, that if you kill such an one as I am, you will injure yourselves more than you will injure me. Nothing will injure me, not Meletus nor yet Anytus—they cannot, for a bad man is not permitted to injure a better than himself. I do not deny that Anytus may, perhaps, kill him, or drive him into exile, or deprive him of civil rights; and he may imagine, and others may imagine, that he is inflicting a great

injury upon him: but there I do not agree. For the evil of doing as he is doing—the evil of unjustly taking away the life of another—is greatest far.

[4] And now, Athenians, I am not going to argue for my own sake, as you may think, but for yours, that you may not sin against the God by condemning me, who am his gift to you. For if you kill me you will not easily find a successor to me, who, if I may use such a ludicrous figure of speech, am a sort of gadfly, given to the state by God; and the state is a great and noble steed who is tardy in his motions owing to his very size, and requires to be stirred into life. I am that gadfly which God has attached to the state, and all day long and in all places am always fastening upon you, arousing and persuading and reproaching you. You will not easily find another like me, and therefore I would advise you to spare me. I dare say that you may feel out of temper (like a person who is suddenly awakened from sleep), and you think that you might easily strike me dead as Anytus advises, and then you would sleep on for the remainder of your lives, unless God in his care of you sent you another gadfly. When I say that I am given to you by God, the proof of my mission is this:—if I had been like other men, I should have not neglected all my own concerns or patiently seen the neglect of them during all these years, and have been doing yours, coming to you individually like a father or elder brother, exhorting you to regard virtue: such conduct, I say, would be unlike human nature. If I had gained anything, or if my exhortations had been paid, there would have been some sense in my doing so; but now, as you will perceive, not even the impudence of my accusers dares to say that I have ever exacted or sought pay of any one; of that they have no witness. And I have a sufficient witness to the truth of what I say—my poverty.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. How does the first paragraph make clear that *discipline* is part of Socrates's conception of freedom? What two kinds of discipline are implied in the words: "whether the place which he has chosen or that in which he has been placed by a commander"?

2. What is "the philosopher's mission"?
3. What is an *oracle*?
4. Why is fear of death "a pretense of wisdom"?
5. To what does Socrates refer as "the world below"?
6. Comment on Anytus's idea that since Socrates had been prosecuted, he should be put to death.
7. Is it clear why Socrates was unpopular with Athenian citizens? Explain.
8. At what points does this speech of Socrates seem to be almost a stenographic transcription of what he said?
9. "A bad man is not permitted to injure a better than himself." Explain.
10. What is Socrates's conception of his function in society? How does he make vivid this conception?
11. How does he prove that he is God-appointed to his function?

*Freedom to Choose**

John Milton

[1] Good and evil we know in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably; and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed upon Psyche as an incessant labor to cull out, and sort asunder, were not more intermixed. It was from out the rind of one apple tasted that the knowledge of good and evil, as two twins cleaving together, leaped forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil, that is to say, of knowing good by evil.

[2] As, therefore, the state of man now is, what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear, without the knowledge of

* From *Areopagitica* (1644).

evil? He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true wayfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, inexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world; we bring impurity much rather; that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. That virtue, therefore, which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a pure; her whiteness is but an excremental [superficial] whiteness, which was the reason why our sage and serious poet Spenser, whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas, describing true temperance under the person of Guion, brings him in with his palmer through the cave of Mammon, and the bower of earthly bliss, that he might see and know, and yet abstain. [3] Since, therefore, the knowledge and survey of vice is in this world so necessary to the constituting of human virtue, and the scanning of error to the confirmation of truth, how can we more safely, and with less danger, scout into the regions of sin and falsity than by reading all manner of tractates and hearing all manner of reason? And this is the benefit which may be had of books promiscuously read.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Your instructor may ask for individual reports on (1) Psyche and the confused seeds; (2) Scotus; (3) Aquinas; (4) Spenser; (5) Guion's adventure in the Cave of Mammon (*Faerie Queene*, 2:7); (6) Guion's adventure in the Bower of Bliss (*Faerie Queene*, 2:12).
2. To what apple does Milton refer in the second sentence?
3. Explain the phrase "knowing good *by* evil."
4. How does Milton define "the true wayfaring Christian"?
5. Summarize Milton's argument as it applies to prohibition of evil.

*On Liberty**

John Stuart Mill

[1] Like other tyrannies, the tyranny of the majority was at first, and is still vulgarly, held in dread, chiefly as operating through the acts of the public authorities. But reflecting persons perceived that when society is itself the tyrant—society collectively, over the separate individuals who compose it—its means of tyrannizing are not restricted to the acts which it may do by the hands of its political functionaries. Society can and does execute its own mandates: and if it issues wrong mandates instead of right, or any mandates at all in things with which it ought not to meddle, it practises a social tyranny more formidable than many kinds of political oppression, since, though not usually upheld by such extreme penalties, it leaves fewer means of escape, penetrating much more deeply into the details of life, and enslaving the soul itself. Protection, therefore, against the tyranny of the magistrate is not enough: there needs protection also against the tyranny of the prevailing opinion and feeling; against the tendency of society to impose, by other means than civil penalties, its own ideas and practices as rules of conduct on those who dissent from them; to fetter the development, and, if possible, prevent the formation, of any individuality not in harmony with its ways, and compel all characters to fashion themselves upon the model of its own. There is a limit to the legitimate interference of collective opinion with individual independence: and to find that limit, and maintain it against encroachment, is as indispensable to a good condition of human affairs, as protection against political despotism.

[2] But though this proposition is not likely to be contested in general terms, the practical question, where to place the limit—how to make the fitting adjustment between individual independence and social control—is a subject on which nearly everything remains to be done. All that makes existence valuable to any one, depends on the enforcement of restraints upon the action of other people. Some

* From *On Liberty* (1859).

rules of conduct, therefore, must be imposed, by law in the first place, and by opinion on many things which are not fit subjects for the operation of law. What these rules should be, is the principal question in human affairs; but if we except a few of the most obvious cases, it is one of those which least progress has been made in resolving. No two ages, and scarcely any two countries, have decided it alike; and the decision of one age or country is a wonder to another. Yet the people of any given age and country no more suspect any difficulty in it, than if it were a subject on which mankind had always been agreed. The rules which obtain among themselves appear to them self-evident and self-justifying. This all but universal illusion is one of the examples of the magical influence of custom, which is not only, as the proverb says, a second nature, but is continually mistaken for the first. The effect of custom, in preventing any misgiving respecting the rules of conduct which mankind impose on one another, is all the more complete because the subject is one on which it is not generally considered necessary that reasons should be given, either by one person to others, or by each to himself. People are accustomed to believe, and have been encouraged in the belief by some who aspire to the character of philosophers, that their feelings, on subjects of this nature, are better than reasons, and render reasons unnecessary. The practical principle which guides them to their opinions on the regulation of human conduct, is the feeling in each person's mind that everybody should be required to act as he, and those with whom he sympathizes, would like them to act. . . .

[3] This, then, is the appropriate region of human liberty. It comprises, first, the inward domain of consciousness; demanding liberty of conscience, in the most comprehensive sense; liberty of thought and feeling; absolute freedom of opinion and sentiment on all subjects, practical or speculative, scientific, moral, or theological. The liberty of expressing and publishing opinions may seem to fall under a different principle, since it belongs to that part of the conduct of an individual which concerns other people; but, being almost of as much importance as the liberty of thought itself, and resting in great part on the same reasons, it is practically inseparable from it. Secondly, the principle requires liberty of tastes and pursuits; of framing

the plan of our life to suit our own character; of doing as we like, subject to such consequences as may follow: without impediment from our fellow creatures, so long as what we do does not harm them, even though they should think our conduct foolish, perverse, or wrong. Thirdly, from this liberty of each individual, follows the liberty, within the same limits, of combination among individuals; freedom to unite, for any purpose not involving harm to others; the persons combining being supposed to be of full age, and not forced or deceived.

[4] No society in which these liberties are not, on the whole, respected, is free, whatever may be its form of government; and none is completely free in which they do not exist absolute and unqualified. The only freedom which deserves the name, is that of pursuing our own good in our own way, so long as we do not attempt to deprive others of theirs, or impede their efforts to obtain it. Each is the proper guardian of his own health, whether bodily, or mental, or spiritual. Mankind are greater gainers by suffering each other to live as seems good to themselves, than by compelling each to live as seems good to the rest.

[5] Though this doctrine is anything but new, and, to some persons, may have the air of a truism, there is no doctrine which stands more directly opposed to the general tendency of existing opinion and practice. . . .

[6] The time, it is to be hoped, is gone by, when any defense would be necessary to the "liberty of the press" as one of the securities against corrupt or tyrannical government. No argument, we may suppose, can now be needed, against permitting a legislature or an executive, not identified in interest with the people, to prescribe opinions to them and determine what doctrines or what arguments they shall be allowed to hear. This aspect of the question, besides, has been so often and so triumphantly enforced by preceding writers, that it needs not be specially insisted on in this place. . . .

[7] Let us suppose . . . that the government is entirely at one with the people, and never thinks of exerting any power of coercion unless in agreement with what it conceives to be their voice. But I deny the right of the people to exercise such coercion, either by

themselves or by their government. The power itself is illegitimate. The best government has no more title to it than the worst. It is as noxious, or more noxious, when exerted in accordance with public opinion, than when in opposition to it. If all mankind minus one, were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person, than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind. Were an opinion a personal possession of no value except to the owner; if to be obstructed in the enjoyment of it were simply a private injury, it would make some difference whether the injury was inflicted only on a few persons or on many. But the peculiar evil of silencing the expression of an opinion is, that it is robbing the human race; posterity as well as the existing generation; those who dissent from the opinion, still more than those who hold it. If the opinion is right, they are deprived of the opportunity of exchanging error for truth; if wrong, they lose, what is almost as great a benefit, the clearer perception and livelier impression of truth, produced by its collision with error. . . .

[8] We have now recognized the necessity to the mental well-being of mankind (on which all their other well-being depends) of freedom of opinion, and freedom of the expression of opinion, on four distinct grounds; which we will now briefly recapitulate.

[9] First, if any opinion is compelled to silence, that opinion may, for aught we can certainly know, be true. To deny this is to assume our own infallibility.

[10] Secondly, though the silenced opinion be an error, it may, and very commonly does, contain a portion of truth; and since the general or prevailing opinion on any subject is rarely or never the whole truth, it is only by the collision of adverse opinions that the remainder of the truth has any chance of being supplied.

[11] Thirdly, even if the received opinion be not only true, but the whole truth; unless it is suffered to be, and actually is, vigorously and earnestly contested, it will, by most of those who receive it, be held in the manner of a prejudice, with little comprehension or feeling of its rational grounds. And not only this, but, fourthly, the meaning of the doctrine itself will be in danger of being lost, or en-

feebled, and deprived, of its vital effect on the character and conduct: the dogma becoming a mere formal profession, inefficacious for good, but cumbering the ground, and preventing the growth of any real and heartfelt conviction, from reason or personal experience.

[12] Before quitting the subject of freedom of opinion, it is fit to take some notice of those who say, that the free expression of all opinions should be permitted, on condition that the manner be temperate, and do not pass the bounds of fair discussion. Much might be said on the impossibility of fixing where these supposed bounds are to be placed; for if the test be offense to those whose opinion is attacked, I think experience testifies that this offence is given whenever the attack is telling and powerful, and that every opponent who pushes them hard, and whom they find it difficult to answer, appears to them if he shows any strong feeling on the subject, an intemperate opponent. But this, though an important consideration in a practical point of view, merges in a more fundamental objection. Undoubtedly the manner of asserting an opinion, even though it be a true one, may be very objectionable, and may justly incur severe censure. But the principal offences of the kind are such as it is mostly impossible, unless by accidental self-betrayal, to bring home to conviction. The gravest of them is, to argue sophistically, to suppress facts or arguments, to misstate the elements of the case, or misrepresent the opposite opinion. But all this, even to the most aggravated degree, is so continually done in perfect good faith, by persons who are not considered, and in many other respects may not deserve to be considered, ignorant or incompetent, that it is rarely possible on adequate grounds conscientiously to stamp the misrepresentation as morally culpable; and still less could law presume to interfere with this kind of controversial misconduct. With regard to what is commonly meant by intemperate discussion, namely invective, sarcasm, personality, and the like, the denunciation of these weapons would deserve more sympathy if it were ever proposed to interdict them equally to both sides; but it is only desired to restrain the employment of them against the prevailing opinion: against the unprevailing they may not only be used without general disapproval, but will be likely to obtain for him who uses them the praise of honest

zeal and righteous indignation. Yet whatever mischief arises from their use, is greatest when they are employed against the comparatively defenseless; and whatever unfair advantage can be derived by any opinion from this mode of asserting it, accrues almost exclusively to received opinions. The worst offense of this kind which can be committed by a polemic, is to stigmatize those who hold the contrary opinion as bad and immoral men. To calumny of this sort, those who hold any unpopular opinion are peculiarly exposed, because they are in general few and uninfluential, and nobody but themselves feels much interested in seeing justice done them; but this weapon is, from the nature of the case, denied to those who attack a prevailing opinion: they can neither use it with safety to themselves, nor, if they could, would it do anything but recoil on their own cause. In general, opinions contrary to those commonly received can only obtain a hearing by studied moderation of language, and the most cautious avoidance of unnecessary offense, from which they hardly ever deviate even in a slight degree without losing ground: while unmeasured vituperation employed on the side of the prevailing opinion, really does deter people from professing contrary opinions, and from listening to those who profess them. For the interest, therefore, of truth and justice, it is far more important to restrain this employment of vituperative language than the other; and, for example, if it were necessary to choose, there would be much more need to discourage offensive attacks on infidelity, than on religion. It is, however, obvious that law and authority have no business with restraining either, while opinion ought, in every instance, to determine its verdict by the circumstances of the individual case; condemning every one, on whichever side of the argument he places himself, in whose mode of advocacy either want of candour, or malignity, bigotry, or intolerance of feeling manifest themselves; but not inferring these vices from the side which a person takes, though it be the contrary side of the question to our own: and giving merited honour to every one, whatever opinion he may hold, who has calmness to see and honesty to state what his opponents and their opinions really are, exaggerating nothing to their discredit, keeping nothing back which tells, or can be supposed to tell, in their favour.

This is the real morality of public discussion: and if often violated, I am happy to think that there are many controversialists who to a great extent observe it, and a still greater number who conscientiously strive towards it.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Define what Mill means by "social tyranny."
2. Give examples to illustrate the truth of this statement: "All that makes existence valuable to any one, depends on the enforcement of restraints upon the action of other people."
3. Comment upon the phrase, "the magical influence of custom."
4. What are the three divisions of the "region of human liberty"?
5. Does Mill take liberty of the press for granted as one freedom that has been permanently won? Comment.
6. What is "the peculiar evil of silencing the expression of an opinion"?
7. Name four reasons for not silencing the expression of opinion.
8. Why does Mill see greater need "to discourage offensive attacks on infidelity than on religion"?
9. What rules for controversialists does Mill advocate?

Say Not the Struggle Nought Availeth *

Arthur Hugh Clough

Say not the struggle nought availeth,
  The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
  And as things have been they remain.

* Published posthumously in *Poems* (1862).

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
  It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
  And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
  Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
  Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And now by eastern windows only,
  When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
  But westward, look, the land is bright.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. What three distinct figures of speech does Clough use to indicate man's slow but sure gaining of victory?
2. In line 8 what does the phrase "but for you" imply?
3. Can you fit into the meaning of this poem man's long struggle for freedom?

Suggestions for Papers

According to the slogan, "Freedom is everybody's job." It is specifically your business this week. Discover for yourself, with legitimate assists from Socrates, Milton, and Mill, the basic reasonableness of freedom for all. An analysis of the complexities of freedom can best be achieved through the use of generalizations followed by specific illustrations or examples.

1. Socrates speaks of the state as a "noble steed" and of himself as "a gadfly" sent on a mission to keep the steed restless. Choose some contemporary public figure who apparently considers it his function to sting the nation (the state, the county, or the city) into

restlessness. Such a figure is not likely to be popular. Do you think his actions worth defending even if you yourself do not agree with him?

2. Socrates did not think of freedom as absolute. A man, he thought, had duties to forces outside himself and to forces within himself. Explain with examples, this idea of freedom. (Reread paragraph 1 of "The Unexamined Life Is Not Worth Living.")

3. "Give me liberty, or give me death," said Patrick Henry. Show how this sort of choice—the ultimate freedom—is made reasonable by Socrates. Then explain why this conception is *not* the ideal of most men.

4. Would Milton consider a monastic life a good life in the moral sense? What would his attitude be toward censorship, prohibition, and any legislative restrictions on moral choices? Defend or attack his position.

5. Mill distinguishes two kinds of tyrannies of the majority. Name these two and illustrate with modern examples the workings of each. Defend or attack the action of the majority in each instance. (For instance, the majority may decree, by law, that motion pictures may not be shown on Sunday; or, it may decree, by social pressures, that men shall give their seats to women on streetcars.)

6. Write a paper about freedom of the press. Is this a completely good thing? Suppose a city has a single newspaper or two newspapers owned by the same person or syndicate. Do advertisers affect newspaper policy? Do politics color the presentation of news stories? Is there any alternative to a free press?

7. Mill offers four reasons for not silencing the expression of unpopular opinions. Name these reasons and offer specific examples of opinions which may fall under each category. (Suggestions: "the world is round"; "all men are created free and equal"; "liquor is poison"; "woman is the lesser man"; "the sales tax is the fairest tax"; etc. Dozens of true, partly true, and untrue opinions will occur to you. Should any of them be suppressed?)

8. Defend or attack Mill's statement that "if it were necessary to choose, there would be much more need to discourage offensive attacks on infidelity, than on religion."

9. Why is freedom to choose the basis of all freedom? Cite Socrates, Milton, and Mill on this point; then offer examples of what it would be like to live in a world in which choice had been removed. Commonplace examples will serve best: one man to vote for; one doctor to consult; one woman (or man) to marry; one church to attend; one newspaper to read; one beverage to drink, etc.

10. Is there any such thing as the tyranny of the minority even within the framework of a democracy? Does a democracy in trying to be fair to minority groups sometimes run the danger of being unfair to the majority? Consider subsidies for farmers, the right to strike, the protection of communists, etc. Can, however, a democracy afford not to run these dangers?

SOME TITLES FOR PAPERS

1. Enforcing Social Customs
2. No Choice, No Freedom
3. Discipline and Freedom
4. Anytus Is the Average Citizen (see the selection from Socrates)
5. You Can Kill a Man but Not an Idea
6. The Function of a Gadfly
7. Good and Evil Are Intertwined
8. The True Wayfaring Christian
9. Books Promiscuously Read
10. The Legal Tyranny of the Majority
11. The Social Tyranny of the Majority
12. The Tyranny of the Minority
13. "The Magical Influence of Custom"
14. Human Liberty Is Made Up of Three Parts
15. How Do I Benefit from Liberty of the Press?
16. Give the People Light and They Will Find Their Way
17. All Mankind Minus One
18. The Value of Wrong Opinions
19. Freedom Is the Right to Err
20. How to Keep a Right Opinion Fresh and Green
21. Should Demagogues Be Silenced?
22. When Is Controversy Intemperate?
23. The Ideal Controversialist: a Definition

15

Freedom for Teachers

THIS chapter is a continuation of the previous chapter. Freedom for all should include teachers. Sometimes, however, in some places freedom which is readily granted other citizens is denied to teachers in secondary schools and in colleges. It is for this reason that academic freedom—or freedom for teachers—is a term to describe a need rather than a special favor. Because teachers, in colleges especially, are by necessity always on the frontiers of knowledge, they are always in a region of possible controversy. If college teachers are to perform their function, they must keep up with the latest findings in the world of facts and ideas. They must explain the facts and air the new ideas. Most people find old facts and old ideas too comfortable to abandon. They resent the new and particularly resent persons who force the new on their attention. Therefore, freedom for teachers means that men and women with trained minds shall be allowed to teach the truth *as they see it.*

The three selections in this chapter examine closely the idea of academic freedom. Recently, several professors who admitted that they were communists were dismissed from the faculty of a western

university. The dismissals created a tremendous stir and a whole new literature on the subject of freedom for teachers. Two of the clearest and most astute articles on the subject are presented here. The first, by Professor Sidney Hook, argues against communist teachers in colleges; the second, by Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn, offers a rebuttal. The reasoning of both these men is close, keen, and objective, and their methods are models of argument.

The third article, by H. L. Mencken, was written in 1925 as a report and commentary on the trial of a high school biology teacher who deliberately tested the state law which forbade the teaching of the theory of evolution. Mencken's conception of the teacher as a hired hand makes a teacher's pretensions to academic freedom seem ridiculous.

*Should Communists Be Permitted to Teach?**

Sidney Hook

[1] The academic community throughout the United States is currently being disturbed by the perennial issue of the nature and limits of academic freedom. The specific event which has precipitated intense interest and discussion, not only in college classrooms but in all circles interested in education, is the expulsion of some professors from the University of Washington for being members of the Communist party. The arresting thing about this case is that for the first time in the history of education the grounds given for the expulsion of the professors is that *they* have been guilty of violating the principles of academic freedom, and therefore of "conduct unbecoming a teacher."

* Reprinted from *The New York Times Magazine*, February 27, 1949, by permission of *The New York Times* and Mr. Hook.

[2] Here is certainly a startling reversal which reflects the emergence of new problems in culture and education not dreamed of when John Dewey and Arthur T. Lovejoy organized the American Association of University Professors to further the interests of their profession and defend academic freedom and tenure.

[3] Because the decision may set an important precedent in higher education, it invites a reconsideration of first principles in the light of the facts.

[4] If, as Cardinal Newman has observed, the function of a university is the discovery and publication of the truth in all branches of knowledge, then academic freedom is essential to its very life. For without the freedom to inquire, to challenge and to doubt, truth cannot be well-grounded or error refuted. Since not everything which has been accepted is true, nor everything which is newly proposed is false, the result of inquiry sometimes undermines the customary and supports the novel. When this takes place in non-controversial areas, it is recognized as the natural operation of the discipline of scientific inquiry; when it affects controversial issues, vested interests and emotions are often aroused and attempts are made to safeguard some special doctrine and conclusion from the consequences of critical scrutiny.

[5] Anything may be regarded as a controversial subject, from the heliocentric hypothesis and the theory of evolution to the causes of World War II and the wisdom of the Marshall Plan. That is why universities from the time of their origin have been compelled to fight the battle for academic freedom over and over again. Although in the West, in matters of pure science, there are no longer powerful special interests that can be outraged by the progress of inquiry, in the social studies, arts and philosophy, convictions are not so clearly a function of evidence. Conclusions in these fields touch on issues of contemporary political or social concern in relation to which almost everyone believes he is something of an authority. One man's truth is often another man's propaganda.

[6] None the less no distinction in principle can be drawn between non-controversial and controversial themes, especially if we

recognize that all human judgments are fallible. The presumption is that university professors engaged in the search for truth are qualified by their professional competence. The judges of their competence can only be their intellectual peers or betters in their own fields. If this is denied, the university loses its *raison d'etre* as an institution, not only for free research but critical teaching.

[7] In consequence, any doctrinal impositions, no matter what their source, which set up limits beyond which the professor cannot go, affect him both as a scholar and a teacher. As a scholar, he loses professional standing in the intellectual community if it is suspected that his findings must fit the predetermined conclusions and prejudices of those whose first loyalty is not to the objective methods of seeking the truth. As a teacher, he cannot engage in the honest presentation and reasoned investigation of all relevant *alternatives* to the theories and policies he is considering. He runs the risk of forfeiting the respect of his students, who look to him for candid evaluation and intellectual stimulus, if they believe that he is timeserving or prudent beyond the call of scientific evidence.

[8] If in the honest exercise of his academic freedom an individual reaches views which bring down about his head charges of "Communist," "Fascist," or what not, the academic community is duty bound to protect him irrespective of the truth of the charges. And since these words are often epithets of disparagement rather than of precise description, there is all the more reason why the university must stand firm. It places its faith in the loyalty of its teachers to the ethics and logic of scientific inquiry. The heresies of yesterday are often the orthodoxies of today. In the interests of winning new truths, it is better to err on the side of toleration than of proscription.

[9] This means that the professor occupies a position of trust not only in relation to the university and his students, but to the democratic community which places its faith and hope in the processes of education. ("If a nation expects to be ignorant and free, in a state of civilization," wrote Jefferson, "it expects what never was and what never will be.") Academic freedom therefore carries with it

duties correlative with rights. No professor can violate them under the pretext that he is exercising his freedom. That is why the graduate faculty of the New School of Social Research explicitly declares that in the interests of academic freedom, "no member of the faculty can be a member of any political party or group which asserts the right to dictate in matters of science or scientific opinion."

[10] So far the analysis of principles can take us. There remains the important question of fact. Is a member of the Communist party, so long as he remains a member, free to exercise his rights and fulfill his duties as an objective scholar and teacher? To answer this question we must look at what the Communist party itself teaches, its conditions of membership, and what has come to light about the actual behavior of known members of the Communist party. We are not dealing now with the right to hold Communist *beliefs* but with what is entailed by the *act* of membership in the Community party as it affects educational practice.

[11] First of all, it is important to recognize that there are no "sleepers" or passive members of the Communist party. The statutes of membership define a party member as one who not only "accepts the party program, attends the regular meetings of the membership branch of his place of work" but "who is *active* in party work." Inactivity as well as disagreement with the decisions of any party organization or committee are grounds for expulsion. The concluding sentence of the pledge which the member inducted into the Communist party takes since 1935 reads: "I pledge myself to remain at all times a vigilant and firm defender of the Leninist line of the party, the only line that insures the triumph of Soviet power in the United States." (*Daily Worker,* April 2, 1936.)

[12] The "place of work" of the Communist party teacher is the school or university. How is a Communist party member active in party work at the university? Here are some directives from the official organ of the Communist party (*The Communist,* May, 1937):

[13] "Party and Y. C. L. fractions set up within classes and departments must supplement and combat by means of discussions,

brochures, etc., bourgeois omissions and distortions in the regular curriculum. *Marxist-Leninist analysis must be injected into every class.*

[14] "Communist teachers must take advantage of their positions, without exposing themselves, to give their students to the best of their ability working-class education.

[15] "To enable the teachers in the party to do the latter, the party must take careful steps to see that all teacher comrades are given thorough education in the teaching of Marxism-Leninism. Only when teachers have really mastered Marxism-Leninism will they be able skillfully to inject it into their teaching at the least risk of exposure and at the same time conduct struggles around the schools in a truly Bolshevik manner."

[16] Two things are significant here. The first is the injunction to cooperate with Communist party fractions among students in order—I am still quoting from official sources—*"to guide and direct that spirit of rebelliousness which already exists."* The practice, many years ago, was to organize Communist students and teachers in the same cells, but since this led to exposure when students dropped out, teachers and students are now separately organized and meet only through carefully selected committees.

[17] The second noteworthy thing is that the Communist party teachers are fearful of exposure and quite aware that their practices violate accepted notions of academic freedom and responsibility. That is why when literature appears under their imprint it is anonymous. Since no one takes personal responsibility, what is said about things and persons, including non-Communist colleagues, is not likely to be scrupulous or accurate. Sometimes it is downright scurrilous.

[18] How is it possible for the Communist party to control the thinking of its members who teach in so many different fields? What have literature, philosophy, science and mathematics got to do with its political program? The answer is to be found in the fact that according to the Communist party itself politics is bound up, through the class struggle, with every field of knowledge. On

the basis of its philosophy of dialectical materialism, a party line is laid down for every area of thought from art to zoology. No person who is known to hold a view incompatible with the party line is accepted as a member. For example, if he is a historian he cannot become a member if he teaches that the economic factor is not the most decisive factor in history or, if a political scientist, that the state is not the executive committee of the ruling class or that the Soviet Union is not a democracy. Individuals have been denied membership in the Communist party because they did not believe in "dialectics" in nature.

[19] If a philosopher, to cite cases from my own field, accepts the theories of Mach or Carnap or Husserl or Alexander or Dewey or T. H. Green or G. E. Moore, upon joining the Communist party he will criticize the doctrines he had espoused previously. He cannot ever criticize dialectical materialism or the theories of Lenin and Stalin whom he now regards as great philosophers. If a physicist or mathematician becomes a member of the Communist party he is required, wherever it is possible for him to do so, to relate his subject to the growth of technology, its impact upon social divisions, the class uses to which discovery is put, and the liberating role it can play in a Communist economy. The general theme is: science under capitalism makes for death and poverty; under communism, science makes for life and abundance.

[20] The party line, however, is not constant in all fields. It changes with political exigencies. The life of a Communist party teacher, therefore, is not a happy one, since he may have to prove the opposite of what he once so fervently taught. His difficulties are mitigated by the fact that in different terms he faces different students whose memories are apt to be short in any event. But English teachers who have been members of the Communist party during the last few years have had to reverse their judgments about the same novelists, and sometimes even about the same books, e. g. Malraux's "Man's Fate," Dos Passos' "U. S. A.," Wright's "Native Son," because of changes in the party line toward these authors.

[21] In the social sciences Communist party teachers taught in 1934 that Roosevelt was a Fascist; in 1936, during the Popular Front,

a progressive; in 1940, during the Nazi-Stalin Pact, a warmonger and imperialist; in 1941, after Hitler invaded the Soviet Union, a leader of the oppressed peoples of the world.

[22] Whether with respect to specific issues Communist teachers have been right or wrong in these kaleidoscopic changes is not the relevant question. What is relevant is that their conclusions are not reached by a free inquiry into the evidence. To stay in the Communist party, they must believe and teach what the party line decrees. If anyone doubts this we have the objective evidence provided by Granville Hicks in his public letter of resignation from the Communist party. Hicks resigned because he was refused even the right to *suspend judgment* on the Nazi-Stalin pact. "If the party," he writes, "had left any room for doubt, I could go along with it. . . . But they made it clear that if I eventually found it impossible to defend the pact, and defend it in their terms, there was nothing for me to do but resign." (*New Republic,* Oct. 4, 1939.)

[23] It is argued by some civil libertarians, who are prepared to grant the foregoing, that this is still not sufficient evidence to impugn the integrity of teachers who are members of the Communist party. They must be judged by their individual actions in the classroom; they must, so to speak, be "caught in the act" of inculcating the party line in the minds of their students.

[24] This has two fatal difficulties. It would require spying in every classroom to detect the party line, and disorganize or intimidate not only Communist party members but the entire faculty, since a member of the Communist party admits membership only when faced with a charge of perjury, and not always then. The academic community would wrathfully and rightfully repudiate any such practice.

[25] Second, it would be very difficult to determine when a teacher was defending a conclusion because he honestly believed it followed from the evidence, and when he was carrying out his task as a good soldier in the party cause.

[26] Those who contend that membership in the Communist party is *prima facie* evidence that a teacher does not believe in or practice

academic freedom, insist that such membership is an *act,* not merely an expression of opinion. They deny that they are invoking the principle of guilt by association, for no one who joins and remains a member of the Communist party could be ignorant of what classroom practices are required of him. If he were ignorant, the Communist party itself would drop him for "inactivity."

[27] It is interesting to note that this position is independent of the questions whether a teacher has a right to be a member of a legal party or whether the Communist party is or should be a legal organization. Paraphrasing Justice Holmes' famous remark about the Boston policeman, a man may have a constitutional right to be a member of the Communist party but he has no constitutional right to be a college professor unless he is free to accept the duties as well as rights of academic freedom. Anyone is free to join or leave the Communist party: but once he joins and remains a member, he is not a free mind.

[28] Some administrative authorities have taken the position that they would not knowingly engage members of the Communist party, otherwise thought competent, but that they would not discharge them after they discovered the fact of their membership. This is obviously inconsistent. The reason which explains their reluctance to take on a member of the Communist party, if valid, still operates when he has already joined the faculty. If on educational grounds a Communist party member is objectionable *before* he has begun working for the party line, is he any less objectionable when he is actually in action? If anything, a person, known from the very outset as a member of the Communist party, may be assigned to a post where he can do far less damage than someone who has successfully concealed the fact of his membership.

[29] There remains the question as to whether expulsion on grounds of membership in the Communist party does not set a dangerous precedent. Communists under fire in a sudden accession of concern for Catholics, express fear lest this threaten the tenure of teachers who are members of the Catholic Church.

[30] As one who cannot be taxed with undue sympathy for Thomist doctrine, I should maintain there is no evidence whatso-

ever of the operation of Catholic cells in nonsectarian universities which impose a party line in all the arts and sciences that must be followed by all Catholic teachers on pain of excommunication. The comparison is a red herring. The danger to free inquiry in education from Catholic quarters comes not from teachers but from outside pressure groups.

[31] If any other organization exists which operates like the Communist party, its members should be treated equitably with the members of the Communist party. Members of the Nazi party were under similar discipline. But in their case, before and after the Stalin-Hitler alliance, the Communists demanded their peremptory dismissal.

[32] The problem of the "fellow-traveler" is even a more difficult and involved question. But its solution, paradoxical as it may appear, is simple. It must be left entirely to the enlightened good sense of the academic community, which can apply various sanctions short of dismissal. The term "fellow-traveler" is hopelessly vague. "Fellow-travelers" come and go. They are of all varieties. No one is wise enough to pick out the dumb, innocent sheep from the cunning and dishonest goats. So long as they are not under the discipline of the Communist party, they may still be sensitive to the results of honest inquiry. Whatever harm they do is incomparably less than the harm that would result from any attempt to purge them. Without the steel core of the Communist party fraction on the campus to magnetize them, they will fly off in all the directions their scattered wits take them.

[33] Although the exclusion of Communist party teachers from the academic community seems justified in *principle*, this by itself does not determine whether it is a wise or prudent action in *all* circumstances. Sometimes the consequences of removing an unmitigated evil may be such as to make its sufferance preferable. If removal of Communist party members were to be used by other reactionary elements as a pretext to hurl irresponsible charges against professors whose views they disapprove, a case might be made for suspending action. On the other hand, failure to act in a situation where the academic process has been flagrantly suborned may lead

to public suspicion and reprisals that injure innocent and guilty alike. [34] How to protect the innocent, as well as those who have genuinely broken with the Communist party, from dangers attending a policy justified in principle is too large a theme to explore here. But I am confident that *if the execution of the policy were left to university faculties themselves,* and not to administrators and trustees who are harried by pressure groups, there would be little ground for complaint. In the last analysis there is no safer repository of the integrity of teaching and scholarship than the dedicated men and women who constitute the faculties of our colleges and universities.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. What makes the expulsion of professors from the faculty of the University of Washington something new in the history of education?
2. Compare Hook with Mill (Chapter 15) on human fallibility.
3. According to the author, are there certain noncontroversial questions?
4. "The heresies of yesterday are often the orthodoxies of today." Explain and give examples.
5. Upon what essentially does Hook build his case against allowing communists to teach? Compare Meiklejohn's attitude on this point. Is there a true disagreement here?
6. Would a communist English teacher have more or less difficulty in following the party line than a communist teacher in some other field?
7. What two objections are there to judging the communist teacher by his actions and not simply by the fact that he is a communist?
8. Is there a legitimate analogy between communist teachers and Catholic teachers? Explain.
9. What is a "fellow-traveler"? What does the author think of such persons?
10. According to Hook, what group should have control of the policy toward communist teachers?

*Should Communists Be Allowed to Teach?**

Alexander Meiklejohn

[1] The president and regents of the University of Washington have dismissed three professors and have placed three others on probation. That statement fails to mention the most significant feature of what has been done. The entire faculty is now on probation. Every scholar, every teacher, is officially notified that if, in his search for the truth, he finds the policies of the American Communist party to be wise, and acts on that belief, he will be dismissed from the university.

[2] In one of the dismissal cases, the evidence is not clear enough to enable an outsider to measure the validity of the decision. But the other five cases force an issue on which everyone who cares for the integrity and freedom of American scholarship and teaching must take his stand. Cool and careful consideration of that issue should be given by all of us, whether or not we agree with the teachers in question, but especially if we do not agree with them.

[3] The general question in dispute is that of the meaning of academic freedom. But that question has three distinct phases. The first of these has to do with the organization of a university. It asks about the rights and duties of the faculty in relation to the rights and duties of the administration. And the principle at issue corresponds closely to that which, in the Government of the United States, is laid down by the First Amendment to the Constitution. Just as that Amendment declares that "Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech," so, generally, our universities and colleges have adopted a principle which forbids the administration to abridge the intellectual freedom of scholars and teachers. And, at this point, the question is whether or not the president and regents at Washington have violated an agreement, made in good faith, and of vital importance to the work of the university.

* Reprinted from *The New York Times Magazine*, March 27, 1949, by permission of the author and the publisher.

[4] The principle of academic freedom was clearly stated by Sidney Hook in THE NEW YORK TIMES Magazine of Feb. 27, 1949. After noting that "administrators and trustees" are "harried by pressure-groups," Mr. Hook concluded his argument by saying, "In the last analysis, there is no safer repository of the integrity of teaching and scholarship than the dedicated men and women who constitute the faculties of our colleges and universities." On the basis of that conviction, the Association of University Professors has advocated, and most of our universities, including Washington, have adopted, a "tenure system." That system recognizes that legal authority to appoint, promote, and dismiss teachers belongs to the president and regents. But so far as dismissals are concerned, the purpose of the tenure agreement is to set definite limits to the exercise of that authority.

[5] This limitation of their power, governing boards throughout the nation have gladly recognized and accepted. To the Association of University Professors it has seemed so important that violations of it have been held to justify a "blacklisting" of a transgressor institution—a recommendation by the association that scholars and teachers refuse to serve in a university or college which has thus broken down the defenses of free inquiry and belief.

[6] It is essential at this point to note the fact that the fear expressed by the tenure system is a fear of action by the president and regents. Since these officers control the status and the salaries of teachers, it is only through them or by them that effective external pressure can be used to limit faculty freedom. To say, then, as we must, that the explicit purpose of the tenure system is to protect freedom against the president and regents is not to say that these officials are more evil than others. It says only that they are more powerful than others. Theirs is the power by which, unless it is checked by a tenure system, evil may be done.

[7] Under the excellent code adopted at the University of Washington, it is agreed that, after a trial period in which the university makes sure that a teacher is competent and worthy of confidence, he is given "permanence" of tenure. This means that he is secure from dismissal unless one or more of five carefully specified charges are

proved against him. And the crucial feature of this defense of freedom is that the holding of any set of opinions, however unpopular or unconventional, is scrupulously excluded from the list of proper grounds for dismissal. The teacher who has tenure may, therefore, go fearlessly wherever his search for the truth may lead him. And no officer of the university has authority, openly or by indirection, to abridge that freedom.

[8] When, under the Washington code, charges are made against a teacher, it is provided that prosecution and defense shall be heard by a tenure committee of the faculty, which shall judge whether or not the accusations have been established. In the five cases here under discussion, the only charge made was that of present or past membership in the American Communist party. Specific evidence of acts revealing unfitness or misconduct in university or other activities was deliberately excluded from the prosecution case. And, further, since the alleged fact of party membership was frankly admitted by the defense, the only question at issue was the abstract inquiry whether or not such membership is forbidden under the five provisions of the tenure code.

[9] Upon that issue, the faculty committee decided unanimously that, in the cases of the ex-members of the Communist party, there were, under the code, no grounds for dismissal. And, by a vote of eight to three, the same conclusion was reached concerning the two men who were still members of the party. In the discussions of the committee, the suggestion was made that the code should be so amended that party membership would give ground for dismissal. But that action was not recommended. In its capacity as the interpreter of the code which now protects academic freedom, the committee, in all five cases, declared the charges to be not supported by the evidence presented.

[10] In response to this judgment upon teachers by their intellectual peers, the regents, on recommendation of the president, dismissed the two party members. And, second, going beyond the recommendation of the president, they placed the three ex-members "on probation" for two years. These actions are clearly a violation of the agreement under which faculty members have accepted or continued

service in the university. They deserve the condemnation of everyone who respects the integrity of a covenant, of everyone who values faculty freedom and faculty responsibility for the maintaining of freedom.

[11] The second phase of the general question goes deeper than the forms of university organization. It challenges the wisdom of the tenure code as it now stands. It may be that, though the regents are wrong in procedure, they are right in principle. Here, then, we must ask whether President Allen is justified in saying that a teacher who is "sincere in his belief in communism" cannot "at the same time be a sincere seeker after truth which is the first obligation of the teacher." In a press interview, Mr. Allen is quoted as saying, "I insist that the Communist party exercises thought control over every one of its members. That's what I object to." Such teachers, he tells us, are "incompetent, intellectually dishonest, and derelict in their duty to find and teach the truth." Can those assertions be verified? If so, then the tenure code should be amended. If not, then the action of the university should be immediately and decisively reversed.

[12] No one can deny that a member of the American Communist party accepts a "discipline." He follows a party "line." As the policies of the party shift, he shifts with them. That statement is in some measure true of all parties, whose members agree to work together by common tactics toward a common end. But the Communist discipline, it must be added, is unusually rigid and severe. Our question is, then, whether submission to that discipline unfits for university work men who, in grounds of scholarship and character, have been judged by their colleagues to be fitted for it.

[13] For the judging of that issue we must examine the forces by means of which the discipline of the American Communist party is exercised. It is idle to speak of "thought control" except as we measure the compulsions by which that control is made effective. What, then, are the inducements, the dominations which by their impact upon the minds of these university teachers, rob them of the scholar's proper objectivity?

[14] So far as inducements are concerned, good measuring of them

requires that we place side by side the advantages offered to a scholar by the Communist party and those offered by the president and regents of a university. On the one hand, as seen in the present case, the administration can break a man's career at one stroke. It has power over every external thing he cares for. It can destroy his means of livelihood, can thwart his deepest inclinations and intentions. For example, in very many of our universities it is today taken for granted that a young scholar who is known to be a Communist has not the slightest chance of a faculty appointment. He is barred from academic work. And, as against this, what has the American Communist party to offer? Its "inducements" are the torments of suspicion, disrepute, insecurity, personal and family disaster.

[15] Why, then, do men and women of scholarly training and taste choose party membership? Undoubtedly, some of them are, hysterically, attracted by disrepute and disaster. But, in general, the only explanation which fits the facts is that these scholars are moved by a passionate determination to follow the truth where it seems to lead no matter what may be the cost to themselves and their families. If anyone wishes to unearth the "inducements" which threaten the integrity of American scholarship he can find far more fruitful lines of inquiry than that taken by the administration of the University of Washington.

[16] But Communist controls, we are told, go far deeper than "inducements." The members of the party, it is said, "take orders from Moscow"; they are subject to "thought control by a foreign power." Now, here again, the fact of rigid party discipline makes these assertions, in some ambiguous sense, true. But, in the sense in which President Allen and his regents interpret them, they are radically false.

[17] Let us assume as valid the statement that, in the American Communist party "orders" do come from Moscow. But by what power are those orders enforced in the United States? In the Soviet Union, Mr. Stalin and his colleagues can, and do, enforce orders by police and military might. In that nation their control is violent and dictatorial. But by what form of "might" do they

control an American teacher in an American university? What can they do to him? At its extreme limit, their only enforcing action is that of dismissal from the party. They can say to him, "You cannot be a member of this party unless you believe our doctrine, unless you conform to our policies." But, under that form of control, a man's acceptance of doctrines and policies is not "required." It is voluntary.

[18] To say that beliefs are required as "conditions of membership" in a party is not to say that the beliefs are required by force, unless it is shown that membership in the party is enforced. If membership is free, then the beliefs are free.

[19] Misled by the hatreds and fears of the cold war, President Allen and his regents are unconsciously tricked by the ambiguities of the words, "control," and "require," and "free," and "objective." The scholars whom they condemn are, so far as the evidence shows, free American citizens. For purposes of social action, they have chosen party affiliation with other men, here and abroad, whose beliefs are akin to their own. In a word, they do not accept Communist beliefs because they are members of the party. They are members of the party because they accept Communist beliefs.

[20] Specific evidence to support the assertion just made was staring President Allen and his regents in the face at the very time when they were abstractly denying that such evidence could exist. Three of the five men whom they condemned as enslaved by party orders had already, by their own free and independent thinking, resigned from the party. How could they have done that if, as charged, they were incapable of free and independent thinking? Slaves do not resign.

[21] At the committee hearings, these men explained, simply and directly, that under past conditions, they had found the party the most effective available weapon for attack upon evil social forces but that, with changing conditions, the use of that weapon seemed no longer advisable. Shall we say that the decision to be in the party gave evidence of a lack of objectivity while the decision to resign gave evidence of the possession of it? Such a statement would have no meaning except as indicating our own lack of objectivity.

[22] In these three cases, as in the more famous case of Granville Hicks who, some years ago, resigned party membership with a brilliant account of his reasons for doing so, the charge made cannot be sustained. The accusation as it stands means nothing more than that the president and regents are advocating one set of ideas and are banning another. They are attributing to their victims their own intellectual sins. And the tragedy of their action is that it has immeasurably injured the cause which they seek to serve and, correspondingly, has advanced the cause which they are seeking to hold back.

[23] The third phase of our question has to do with the wisdom, the effectiveness, of the educational policy under which teachers have been dismissed or put on probation. And, on this issue, the evidence against the president and regents is clear and decisive. However good their intention, they have made a fatal blunder in teaching method.

[24] As that statement is made, it is taken for granted that the primary task of education in our colleges and universities is the teaching of the theory and practice of intellectual freedom, as the first principle of the democratic way of life. Whatever else our students may do or fail to do, they must learn what freedom is. They must learn to believe in it, to love it, and most important of all, to trust it.

[25] What, then, is this faith in freedom, so far as the conflict of opinions is concerned? With respect to the world-wide controversy now raging between the advocates of the freedom of belief and the advocates of suppression of belief, what is our American doctrine? Simply stated, that doctrine expresses our confidence that whenever, in the field of ideas, the advocates of freedom and the advocates of suppression meet in fair and unabridged discussion, freedom will win. If that were not true, if the intellectual program of democracy could not hold its own in fair debate, then that program itself would require of us its own abandonment. That chance we believers in self-government have determined to take. We have put our faith in democracy.

[26] But the president and regents have, at this point, taken the opposite course. They have gone over to the enemy. They are

not willing to give a fair and equal hearing to those who disagree with us. They are convinced that suppression is more effective as an agency of freedom than is freedom itself.

[27] But this procedure violates the one basic principle on which all teaching rests. It is impossible to teach what one does not believe. It is idle to preach what one does not practice. These men who advocate that we do to the Russians what the Russians, if they had the power, would do to us are declaring that the Russians are right and that we are wrong. They practice suppression because they have more faith in the methods of dictatorship than in those of a free self-governing society.

[28] For many years the writer of these words has watched the disastrous educational effects upon student opinion and attitude when suppression has been used, openly or secretly, in our universities and colleges. The outcome is always the same. Dictatorship breeds rebellion and dissatisfaction. High-spirited youth will not stand the double-dealing which prates of academic freedom and muzzles its teachers by putting them "on probation."

[29] If we suggest to these young people that they believe in democracy, then they will insist on knowing what can be said against it as well as what can be said for it. If we ask them to get ready to lay down their lives in conflict against an enemy, they want to know not only how strong or how weak are the military forces of that enemy, but also what he has to say for himself as against what we are saying for ourselves.

[30] Many of the students in our colleges and universities are today driven into an irresponsible radicalism. But that drive does not come from the critics of our American political institutions. It comes chiefly from the irresponsible defenders of those institutions—the men who make a mockery of freedom by using in its service the forces of suppression.

[31] Underlying and surrounding the Washington controversy is the same controversy as it runs through our national life. The most tragic mistake of the contemporary American mind is its failure to recognize the inherent strength and stability of free institutions when they are true to themselves. Democracy is not a

weak and unstable thing which forever needs propping up by the devices of dictatorship. It is the only form of social life and of government which today has assurance of maintaining itself.

[32] As contrasted with it, all governments of suppression are temporary and insecure. The regimes of Hitler and Mussolini flared into strength, and quickly died away. The power of the Soviet Union cannot endure unless that nation can find its way into the practices of political freedom. And all the other dictatorships are falling, and will fall, day by day. Free self-government alone gives promise of permanence and peace. The only real danger which threatens our democracy is that lack of faith which leads us into the devices and follies of suppression.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Why should one "especially" consider the views of those with whom one disagrees (paragraph 2)?
2. Name the first phase of the dispute over academic freedom.
3. Do Professor Hook and Dr. Meiklejohn agree at any point? At what precise place in the argument do they part ways?
4. What is meant by "a tenure system"? How did the idea of tenure start? Discuss.
5. Try to find out if the "blacklisting" of an institution by the A.A.U.P. means exactly what Dr. Meiklejohn says it does (paragraph 5).
6. Does the author name the five charges that are considered justification for dismissal?
7. What is "scrupulously excluded from the list of proper grounds for dismissal"? Why does the author emphasize this point?
8. How could the regents be "wrong in procedure" but "right in principle" (paragraph 11)?
9. Name the second phase of the dispute over academic freedom.
10. How does the author seek to dispose of the argument that "thought control" is practiced on American communists (paragraph 19)?
11. "Slaves do not resign" (paragraph 20). Explain.

12. Is the author willing to accept the word of a communist at its face value? Discuss.
13. Name the third phase of the dispute over academic freedom.
14. Is this phase the most important of all? Discuss.

*In Tennessee**

H. L. Mencken

[Thomas Scopes, a schoolteacher, agreed to violate, as a test, the Tennessee law which forbade the teaching in public schools that man is a part of the evolutionary scheme. He was tried and convicted in July 1925. More than a hundred reporters attended the trial at Dayton, Tenn., and filed 165,000 words of coverage per day. Interest in academic freedom cannot claim full credit for all this excitement; the presence of Clarence Darrow, famous criminal lawyer and atheist, as special defense attorney and William Jennings Bryan, great orator and fundamentalist, as special prosecuting attorney, accounted for much of the public's curiosity.]

[1] Always in this great republic, controversies depart swiftly from their original terms and plunge into irrelevancies and false pretenses. The case of prohibition is salient. Who recalls the optimistic days before the Eighteenth Amendment, and the lofty prognostications of the dry mullahs, clerical and lay? Prohibition, we were told, would empty the jails, reduce the tax rate, abolish poverty, and put an end to political corruption. Today even the Prohibitionists know better, and so they begin to grow discreetly silent upon the matter. Instead, they come forward with an entirely new Holy Cause. What began as a campaign for a Babbitt's Utopia becomes transformed into a mystical campaign for Law Enforcement. Prohibition is a grotesque failure, but the fight must go on. A transcendental motive takes the place of a practical motive. One categorical imperative goes out and another comes in.

[2] So, now, in Tennessee, where a rural pedagogue stands ar-

* Reprinted from *The Nation,* CXXI (July 1, 1925), 21–22, by permission of *The Nation* and the author.

raigned before his peers for violating the school law. At bottom, a quite simple business. The hinds of the State, desiring to prepare their young for life there, set up public schools. To man those schools they employ pedagogues. To guide those pedagogues they lay down rules prescribing what is to be taught and what is not to be taught. Why not, indeed? How could it be otherwise? Precisely the same custom prevails everywhere else in the world, wherever there are schools at all. Behind every school ever heard of there is a definite concept of its purpose—of the sort of equipment it is to give to its pupils. It cannot conceivably teach everything; it must confine itself by sheer necessity to teaching what will be of the greatest utility, cultural or practical, to the youth actually in hand. Well, what could be of greater utility to the son of a Tennessee mountaineer than an education making him a good Tennessean, content with his father, at peace with his neighbors, dutiful to the local religion, and docile under the local mores?

[3] That is all the Tennessee anti-evolution law seeks to accomplish. It differs from other regulations of the same sort only to the extent that Tennessee differs from the rest of the world. The State, to a degree that should be gratifying, has escaped the national standardization. Its people show a character that is immensely different from the character of, say, New Yorkers or Californians. They retain, among other things, the anthropomorphic religion of an elder day. They do not profess it; they actually believe in it. The Old Testament, to them, is not a mere sacerdotal whizz-bang, to be read for its pornography; it is an authoritative history, and the transactions recorded in it are as true as the story of Barbara Frietchie, or that of Washington and the cherry tree, or that of the late Woodrow's struggle to keep us out of the war. So crediting the sacred narrative, they desire that it be taught to their children, and any doctrine that makes game of it is immensely offensive to them. When such a doctrine, despite their protests, is actually taught, they proceed to put it down by force.

[4] Is that procedure singular? I don't think it is. It is adopted everywhere, the instant the prevailing notions, whether real or false, are challenged. Suppose a school teacher in New York began

entertaining his pupils with the case against the Jews, or against the Pope. Suppose a teacher in Vermont essayed to argue that the late Confederate States were right, as thousands of perfectly sane and intelligent persons believe—that Lee was a defender of the Constitution and Grant a traitor to it. Suppose a teacher in Kansas taught that prohibition was evil, or a teacher in New Jersey that it was virtuous. But I need not pile up suppositions. The evidence of what happens to such a contumacious teacher was spread before us copiously during the late uproar about Bolsheviks. And it was not in rural Tennessee but in the great cultural centers which now laugh at Tennessee that punishments came most swiftly, and we were most barbarous. It was not Dayton but New York City that cashiered teachers for protesting against the obvious lies of the State Department.

[5] Yet now we are asked to believe that some mysterious and vastly important principle is at stake at Dayton—that the conviction of Professor Scopes will strike a deadly blow at enlightenment and bring down freedom to sorrow and shame. Tell it to the marines! No principle is at stake at Dayton save the principle that school teachers, like plumbers, should stick to the job that is set before them, and not go roving about the house, breaking windows, raiding the cellar, and demoralizing the children. The issue of free speech is quite irrelevant. When a pedagogue takes his oath of office, he renounces his right to free speech quite as certainly as a bishop does, or a colonel in the army, or an editorial writer on a newspaper. He becomes a paid propagandist of certain definite doctrines and attitudes, mainly determined specifically and in advance, and every time he departs from them deliberately he deliberately swindles his employers.

[6] What ails Mr. Scopes, and many like him, is that they have been filled with subversive ideas by specialists in human liberty, of whom I have the honor to be one. Such specialists, confronted by the New York cases, saw a chance to make political capital out of them, and did so with great effect. I was certainly not backward in that enterprise. The liars of the State Department were fair game, and any stick is good enough to beat a dog with. Even a

pedagogue, seized firmly by the legs, makes an effective shillelagh. (I have used, in my time, yet worse: a congressman, a psychiatrist, a birth controller to maul an archbishop.) Unluckily, some of the pedagogues mistook the purpose of the operation. They came out of it full of a delusion that they were apostles of liberty, of the search for knowledge, of enlightenment. They have been worrying and exasperating their employers ever since.

[7] I believe it must be plain that they are wrong, and that their employers, by a necessary inference, are right. A pedagogue, properly so called—and a high-school teacher in a country town is properly so called—is surely not a searcher for knowledge. His job in the world is simply to pass on what has been chosen and approved by his superiors. In the whole history of the world no such pedagogue has ever actually increased the sum of human knowledge. His training unfits him for it; moreover, he would not be a pedagogue if he had either the taste or the capacity for it. He is a workingman, not a thinker. When he speaks, his employers speak. What he says has behind it all the authority of the community. If he would be true to his oath he must be very careful to say nothing that is in violation of the communal mores, the communal magic, the communal notion of the good, the beautiful, and the true.

[8] Here, I repeat, I speak of the pedagogue, and use the word in its strict sense—that is, I speak of the fellow whose sole job is teaching. Men of great learning, men who genuinely know something, men who have augmented the store of human knowledge—such men, in their leisure, may also teach. The master may take an apprentice. But he does not seek apprentices in the hill towns of Tennessee, or even on the East Side of New York. He does not waste himself upon children whose fate it will be, when they grow up, to become Rotarians or Methodist deacons, bootleggers or moonshiners. He looks for his apprentices in the minority that has somehow escaped that fate—that has, by some act of God, survived the dreadful ministrations of schoolteachers. To this minority he may submit his doubts as well as his certainties. He may present what is dubious and of evil report along with what is official, and hence good. He may be wholly himself. Liberty of teaching begins where teaching ends.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Why does the author open his article with a paragraph about prohibition?
2. Do you think the last sentence of paragraph 2 is a good definition of education?
3. Is the author making fun of Tennessee? What other states does he belabor and why?
4. How, according to the author, are teachers like plumbers?
5. When and in what way does a teacher swindle his employer?
6. Compare Mencken's conception of a teacher as a "paid propagandist" and Meiklejohn's ideal teacher who deserves full freedom. Which is the more realistic view?
7. Define *pedagogue*.
8. Is it valid to imply that "men of great learning" never come from "the hill towns of Tennessee" or "the East Side of New York"?

Suggestions for Papers

Why should you be concerned with the problem of freedom for teachers? Some of you will be teachers. More important, all of you are being taught, and most of you will have children who will be taught. It is not too soon for you to define your attitude toward what restrictions, if any, should be placed upon teachers; or, if you are not ready for a personal definition, to examine critically what others have said on the subject.

1. What is "academic freedom"? Divide the term: What is "freedom"? What is the effect of "academic"? Does it broaden or narrow the word *freedom?* Does "academic freedom" represent a *need* or an *extra privilege?* Is it a benefit to the teacher alone? Does it consist solely of the right to state both sides of a question? For whom is this sort of freedom most necessary—for a communist teacher in Moscow, for a capitalistic teacher in Washington, or for a communist teacher in Washington and a capitalistic teacher in

Moscow? Jot down answers to these questions; then organize a paper in which you state what academic freedom is *not* and then what it *is*. Quotations from your reading will strengthen your paper.

2. It has been said that "it is the purpose of higher education" to "unsettle the minds of young men, to widen their horizons, to inflame their intellects. It is not to reform them, to amuse them, or to make them expert technicians in any field. It is to teach them to think, to think straight, if possible; but to think for themselves." (Robert Maynard Hutchins.) Write your paper as a comment on this conception of education. (Suggested approach: I Hutchins' statement; II Meiklejohn's response; III Hook's response; IV Mencken's response; V My response.)

3. What constitutes a controversial question? Is it literally true that there are two sides to every question? If so, what becomes of the advice that professors can keep out of trouble by avoiding controversial questions? Or of the advice, actually given by a college president, that one, to avoid difficulties, needs only to teach the truth? Are *preferences* different from *truths?* Can you relate *choice* as a basic element of freedom (see Milton, Chapter 14) to *controversy* which simply dramatizes choice?

4. Should a communist be allowed to teach in an American college? Before you answer this question, ask yourself this one: Would I exclude others besides communists? Would I exclude a Catholic? An atheist? An orthodox Jew? A fascist? An extreme conservative? A fundamentalist? (Assume for the sake of your argument that all these persons are adequately trained in the subject that they are to teach.) If you would exclude any of these others, would it be for the same reason each time? Does the communist differ essentially from the persons in these other categories?

5. Examine Meiklejohn's reasoning in his rebuttal to the charge that American communists are the victims of "thought control" (paragraphs 11–22). Is the basic question this: Can there be an *American* communist? Does Dr. Meiklejohn assume that there can be? Does Professor Hook assume that there cannot ("Should Communists Be Permitted to Teach?")? Which reasoning and which facts appeal to you as more convincing?

6. Write out a close, point-by-point comparison of Dr. Meiklejohn's and Professor Hook's articles. Does Professor Hook offer some information about communism and communists which may justify his apparent disagreement with Dr. Meiklejohn? Be sure to add your own opinion to the discussion.

7. Compare Meiklejohn's and Hook's attitude toward teachers with Mencken's. Start by copying down exactly what each says about those who teach. You will discover some basic differences of opinion. After discussing these differences, place yourself as squarely as possible in one camp or the other.

8. In an article called "Teachers and Controversial Questions" (*Harper's Magazine*, June 1938, CLXXVII, 15–22), Dr. Meiklejohn advanced the thesis that teachers should be advocates of their personally held beliefs. Has Dr. Meiklejohn in any way modified this stand? Support or attack this idea. How, for example, would a propagandist differ from a teacher-advocate? Your answer should show what a teacher should not be and then what a teacher should be. What risks, if any, are involved in the practice of the theory of teacher-advocates? Are *you* willing to run such risks? Why, or why not?

SUGGESTED TITLES FOR PAPERS

1. Academic Freedom: A Need or a Privilege?
2. How to Avoid Controversial Subjects
3. One Man's Meat Is Another Man's Poison
4. Choice Implies Controversy
5. Education Should Settle the Mind
6. Education Should Unsettle the Mind
7. The Teacher I Would Not Hire
8. Teachers Are Like Plumbers
9. The Best Teacher: Neutral or Partisan?
10. Do I Know What My Teachers Believe?
11. Yesterday's Heresies Are Today's Orthodoxies
12. Is an Avowed Communist Teacher Dangerous?
13. A Capitalist Teacher in Moscow: A Fantasy
14. If I Were a Teacher
15. Learn by Arguing

16

Democracy

WHAT is a democratic government? The word *democratic* is used to describe the political systems in Russia, Argentina, and the United States. So used, a word loses its meaning. Obviously a more precise definition is needed.

Carl Becker's purpose in his essay, *The Ideal Democracy*, is to present the basic, historical definition of democracy and to disentangle this definition from modern abuse of the term (1) as applied to nondemocratic governments and (2) as applied to the practical compromises in democratic politics which modify the ideal. The word *ideal* as used here means existing as the archetype or perfect original from which copies less perfect may be made. In other words, Becker describes the perfect pattern of a democracy in which the source of political authority must be vested in the people, not in the ruler.

Edwin Markham's poem, "The Man with the Hoe," is a powerful statement of the plight of the people as represented by one of their number, a laborer. It is a specific charge that "masters, lords, and rulers" are responsible for molding this "brother to the ox."

Carl Sandburg, in his poem, "The People Will Live On," expresses his confidence in the ultimate destiny of the people. It is this confidence that every believer in a nearer approach to ideal democracy must have. The man with the hoe will live on and become something better; as he improves, so will the effectiveness of democracy improve.

The Ideal Democracy *

Carl L. Becker

I

[1] Democracy, like liberty or science or progress, is a word with which we are all so familiar that we rarely take the trouble to ask what we mean by it. It is a term, as the devotees of semantics say, which has no "referent"—there is no precise or palpable thing or object which we all think of when the word is pronounced. On the contrary, it is a word which connotes different things to different people, a kind of conceptual Gladstone bag which, with a little manipulation, can be made to accommodate almost any collection of social facts we may wish to carry about in it. In it we can as easily pack a dictatorship as any other form of government. We have only to stretch the concept to include any form of government supported by a majority of the people, for whatever reasons and by whatever means of expressing assent, and before we know it the empire of Napoleon, the Soviet regime of Stalin, and the Fascist systems of Mussolini and Hitler are all safely in the bag. But if this is what we mean by democracy, then virtually all forms of government are democratic, since virtually all governments, except in times of revolution, rest upon the explicit or implicit consent of the

* From Carl L. Becker's *Modern Democracy*, Yale University Press, 1941. Reprinted by permission of the publisher.

people. In order to discuss democracy intelligently it will be necessary, therefore, to define it, to attach to the word a sufficiently precise meaning to avoid the confusion which is not infrequently the chief result of such discussions.

[2] All human institutions, we are told, have their ideal forms laid away in heaven, and we do not need to be told that the actual institutions conform but indifferently to these ideal counterparts. It would be possible then to define democracy either in terms of the ideal or in terms of the real form—to define it as government of the people, by the people, for the people; or to define it as government of the people, by the politicians, for whatever pressure groups can get their interests taken care of. But as a historian I am naturally disposed to be satisfied with the meaning which, in the history of politics, men have commonly attributed to the word—a meaning, needless to say, which derives partly from the experience and partly from the aspirations of mankind. So regarded, the term democracy refers primarily to a form of government, and it has always meant government by the many as opposed to government by the one—government by the people as opposed to government by a tyrant, a dictator, or an absolute monarch. This is the most general meaning of the word as men have commonly understood it.

[3] In this antithesis there are certain implications, almost tacitly understood, which give a more precise meaning to the term. Peisistratus, for example, was supported by a majority of the people, but his government was never regarded as a democracy for all that. Caesar's power derived from a popular mandate, conveyed through established republican forms, but that did not make his government any less a dictatorship. Napoleon called his government a democratic empire, but no one, least of all Napoleon himself, doubted that he had destroyed the last vestiges of the democratic republic. Since the Greeks first used the term, the essential test of democratic government has always been this: the source of political authority must be and remain in the people and not in the ruler. A democratic government has always meant one in which the citizens, or a sufficient number of them to represent more or less effectively the common will, freely act from time to time, and according to estab-

lished forms, to appoint or recall the magistrates and to enact or revoke the laws by which the community is governed. This I take to be the meaning which history has impressed upon the term democracy as a form of government. It is, therefore, the meaning which I attach to it in these lectures.

[4] The most obvious political fact of our time is that democracy as thus defined has suffered an astounding decline in prestige. Fifty years ago it was not impossible to regard democratic government, and the liberties that went with it, as a permanent conquest of the human spirit. In 1886 Andrew Carnegie published a book entitled *Triumphant Democracy*. Written without fear and without research, the book was not an achievement of the highest intellectual distinction perhaps; but the title at least expressed well enough the prevailing conviction—the conviction that democracy had fought the good fight, had won the decisive battles, and would inevitably, through its inherent merits, presently banish from the world the most flagrant political and social evils which from time immemorial had afflicted mankind. This conviction could no doubt be most easily entertained in the United States, where even the tradition of other forms of government was too remote and alien to color our native optimism. But even in Europe the downright skeptics, such as Lecky, were thought to be perverse, and so hardheaded a historian as J. B. Bury could proclaim with confidence that the long struggle for freedom of thought had finally been won.

[5] I do not need to tell you that within a brief twenty years the prevailing optimism of that time has been quite dispelled. One European country after another has, willingly enough it seems, abandoned whatever democratic institutions it formerly enjoyed for some form of dictatorship. The spokesmen of Fascism and Communism announce with confidence that democracy, a sentimental aberration which the world has outgrown, is done for; and even the friends of democracy support it with declining conviction. They tell us that democracy, so far from being triumphant, is "at the cross roads" or "in retreat," and that its future is by no means assured. What are we to think of this sudden reversal in fortune and prestige? How explain it? What to do about it?

II

[6] One of the presuppositions of modern thought is that institutions, in order to be understood, must be seen in relation to the conditions of time and place in which they appear. It is a little difficult for us to look at democracy in this way. We are so immersed in its present fortunes that we commonly see it only as a "close-up," filling the screen to the exclusion of other things to which it is in fact related. In order to form an objective judgment of its nature and significance, we must therefore first of all get it in proper perspective. Let us then, in imagination, remove from the immediate present scene to some cool high place where we can survey at a glance five or six thousand years of history, and note the part which democracy has played in human civilization. The view, if we have been accustomed to take democratic institutions for granted, is a bit bleak and disheartening. For we see at once that in all this long time, over the habitable globe, the great majority of the human race has neither known nor apparently much cared for our favorite institutions.

[7] Civilization was already old when democracy made its first notable appearance among the small city states of ancient Greece, where it flourished brilliantly for a brief century or two and then disappeared. At about the same time something that might be called democracy appeared in Rome and other Italian cities, but even in Rome it did not survive the conquest of the world by the Roman Republic, except as a form of local administration in the cities of the empire. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries certain favorably placed medieval cities enjoyed a measure of self-government, but in most instances it was soon replaced by the dictatorship of military conquerors, the oligarchic control of a few families, or the encroaching power of autocratic kings. The oldest democracy of modern times is the Swiss Confederation, the next oldest is the Dutch republic. Parliamentary government in England does not antedate the late seventeenth century, the great American experiment is scarcely older. Not until the nineteenth century did democratic government make its way in any considerable part of the world—in the great states of continental Europe, in South America, in Canada and Australia, in South Africa and Japan.

[8] From this brief survey it is obvious that, taking the experience of mankind as a test, democracy has as yet had but a limited and temporary success. There must be a reason for this significant fact. The reason is that democratic government is a species of social luxury, at best a delicate and precarious adventure which depends for success upon the validity of certain assumptions about the capacities and virtues of men, and upon the presence of certain material and intellectual conditions favorable to the exercise of these capacities and virtues. Let us take the material conditions first.

[9] It is a striking fact that until recently democracy never flourished except in very small states—for the most part in cities. It is true that in both the Persian and the Roman empires a measure of self-government was accorded to local communities, but only in respect to purely local affairs; in no large state as a whole was democratic government found to be practicable. One essential reason is that until recently the means of communication were too slow and uncertain to create the necessary solidarity of interest and similarity of information over large areas. The principle of representation was well enough known to the Greeks, but in practice it proved impracticable except in limited areas and for special occasions. As late as the eighteenth century it was still the common opinion that the republican form of government, although the best ideally, was unsuited to large countries, even to a country no larger than France. This was the view of Montesquieu, and even of Rousseau. The view persisted into the nineteenth century, and English conservatives, who were opposed to the extension of the suffrage in England, consoled themselves with the notion that the American Civil War would confirm it—would demonstrate that government by and for the people would perish, if not from off the earth, at least from large countries. If their hopes were confounded the reason is that the means of communication, figuratively speaking, were making large countries small. It is not altogether fanciful to suppose that, but for the railroad and the telegraph, the United States would today be divided into many small republics maneuvering for advantage and employing war and diplomacy for maintaining an unstable balance of power.

[10] If one of the conditions essential to the success of democratic government is mobility, ease of communication, another is a certain measure of economic security. Democracy does not flourish in communities on the verge of destitution. In ancient and medieval times democratic government appeared for the most part in cities, the centers of prosperity. Farmers in the early Roman Republic and in the Swiss Cantons were not wealthy to be sure, but equality of possessions and of opportunity gave them a certain economic security. In medieval cities political privilege was confined to the prosperous merchants and craftsmen, and in Athens and the later Roman Republic democratic government was found to be workable only on condition that the poor citizens were subsidized by the government or paid for attending the assemblies and the law courts.

[11] In modern times democratic institutions have, generally speaking, been most successful in new countries, such as the United States, Canada, and Australia, where the conditions of life have been easy for the people; and in European countries more or less in proportion to their industrial prosperity. In European countries, indeed, there has been a close correlation between the development of the industrial revolution and the emergence of democratic institutions. Holland and England, the first countries to experience the industrial revolution, were the first also (apart from Switzerland, where certain peculiar conditions obtained) to adopt democratic institutions; and as the industrial revolution spread to France, Belgium, Germany, and Italy, these countries in turn adopted at least a measure of democratic government. Democracy is in some sense an economic luxury, and it may be said that in modern times it has been a function of the development of new and potentially rich countries, or of the industrial revolution which suddenly dowered Europe with unaccustomed wealth. Now that prosperity is disappearing round every next corner, democracy works less well than it did.

[12] So much for the material conditions essential for the success of democratic government. Supposing these conditions to exist, democratic government implies in addition the presence of certain capacities and virtues in its citizens. These capacities and virtues are bound up with the assumptions on which democracy rests, and

are available only in so far as the assumptions are valid. The primary assumption of democratic government is that its citizens are capable of managing their own affairs. But life in any community involves a conflict of individual and class interests, and a corresponding divergence of opinion as to the measures to be adopted for the common good. The divergent opinions must be somehow reconciled, the conflict of interests somehow compromised. It must then be an assumption of democratic government that its citizens are rational creatures, sufficiently so at least to understand the interests in conflict; and it must be an assumption that they are men of good will, sufficiently so toward each other at least to make those concessions of individual and class interest required for effecting workable compromises. The citizens of a democracy should be, as Pericles said the citizens of Athens were, if not all originators at least all sound judges of good policy.

[13] These are what may be called the minimum assumptions and the necessary conditions of democratic government anywhere and at any time. They may be noted to best advantage, not in any state, but in small groups within the state—in clubs and similar private associations of congenial and like-minded people united for a specific purpose. In such associations the membership is limited and select. The members are, or may easily become, all acquainted with each other. Everyone knows, or may easily find out, what is being done and who is doing it. There will of course be differences of opinion, and there may be disintegrating squabbles and intrigues. But on the whole, ends and means being specific and well understood, the problems of government are few and superficial; there is plenty of time for discussion; and since intelligence and good will can generally be taken for granted there is the disposition to make reasonable concessions and compromises. The analogy must be taken for what it is worth. States may not be the mystical blind Molochs of German philosophy, but any state is far more complex and intangible than a private association, and there is little resemblance between such associations and the democracies of modern times. Other things equal, the resemblance is closest in very small states, and it is in connection with the small city of ancient Greece that the resemblance can best be noted.

[14] The Greek states were limited in size, not as is often thought solely or even chiefly by the physiography of the country, but by some instinctive feeling of the Greek mind that a state is necessarily a natural association of people bound together by ties of kinship and a common tradition of rights and obligations. There must then, as Aristotle said, be a limit:

For if the citizens of a state are to judge and distribute offices according to merit, they must know each other's characters; where they do not possess this knowledge, both the elections to offices and the decisions in the law courts will go wrong. Where the population is very large they are manifestly settled by haphazard, which clearly ought not to be. Besides, in overpopulous states foreigners and metics will readily acquire citizenship, for who will find them out?

It obviously did not occur to Aristotle that metics and foreigners should be free to acquire citizenship. It did not occur to him, or to any Greek of his time, or to the merchants of the self-governing medieval city, that a state should be composed of all the people inhabiting a given territory. A state was rather an incorporated body of people within, but distinct from, the population of the community.

[15] Ancient and medieval democracies had thus something of the character of a private association. They were, so to speak, purely pragmatic phenomena, arising under very special conditions, and regarded as the most convenient way of managing the affairs of people bound together by community of interest and for the achievement of specific ends. There is no suggestion in Aristotle that democracy (polity) is intrinsically a superior form of government, no suggestion that it derives from a special ideology of its own. If it rests upon any superiority other than convenience, it is the superiority which it shares with any Greek state, that is to say, the superiority of Greek over barbarian civilization. In Aristotle's philosophy it is indeed difficult to find any clear-cut distinction between the democratic form of government and the state itself; the state, if it be worthy of the name, is always, whatever the form of government, "the government of freemen and equals," and in any state it is always necessary that "the freemen who compose the bulk of the people should have absolute power in some things." In Aristotle's phi-

losophy the distinction between good and bad in politics is not between good and bad types of government, but between the good and bad form of each type. Any type of government—monarchy, aristocracy, polity—is good provided the rulers aim at the good of all rather than at the good of the class to which they belong. From Aristotle's point of view neither democracy nor dictatorship is good or bad in itself, but only in the measure that it achieves, or fails to achieve, the aim of every good state, which is that "the inhabitants of it should be happy." It did not occur to Aristotle that democracy (polity), being in some special sense in harmony with the nature of man, was everywhere applicable, and therefore destined by fate or the gods to carry throughout the world a superior form of civilization.

[16] It is in this respect chiefly that modern democracy differs from earlier forms. It rests upon something more than the minimum assumptions. It is reinforced by a full-blown ideology which, by endowing the individual with natural and imprescriptible rights, sets the democratic form of government off from all others as the one which alone can achieve the good life. What then are the essential tenets of the modern democratic faith?

III

[17] The liberal democratic faith, as expressed in the works of eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century writers, is one of the formulations of the modern doctrine of progress. It will be well, therefore, to note briefly the historical antecedents of that doctrine.

[18] In the long history of man on earth there comes a time when he remembers something of what has been, anticipates something that will be, knows the country he has traversed, wonders what lies beyond—the moment when he becomes aware of himself as a lonely, differentiated item in the world. Sooner or later there emerges for him the most devastating of all facts, namely, that in an indifferent universe which alone endures, he alone aspires, endeavors to attain, and attains only to be defeated in the end. From that moment his immediate experience ceases to be adequate, and he endeavors to project himself beyond it by creating ideal worlds of semblance, Utopias of other time or place in which all has been, may be, or will be well.

[19] In ancient times Utopia was most easily projected into the unknown past, pushed back to the beginning of things—to the time of P'an Ku and the celestial emperors, to the Garden of Eden, or the reign of King Chronos when men lived like gods free from toil and grief. From this happy state of first created things there had obviously been a decline and fall, occasioned by disobedience and human frailty, and decreed as punishment by fate or the angry gods. The mind of man was therefore afflicted with pessimism, a sense of guilt for having betrayed the divine purpose, a feeling of inadequacy for bringing the world back to its original state of innocence and purity. To men who felt insecure in a changing world, and helpless in a world always changing for the worse, the future had little to offer. It could be regarded for the most part only with resignation, mitigated by individual penance or well-doing, or the hope of some miraculous intervention by the gods, or the return of the god-like kings, to set things right again, yet with little hope that from this setting right there would not be another falling away. [20] This pervasive pessimism was gradually dispelled in the Western world, partly by the Christian religion, chiefly by the secular intellectual revolution occurring roughly between the fifteenth and the eighteenth centuries. The Christian religion gave assurance that the lost golden age of the past would be restored for the virtuous in the future, and by proclaiming the supreme worth of the individual in the eyes of God enabled men to look forward with hope to the good life after death in the Heavenly City. Meantime, the secular intellectual revolution, centering in the matter-of-fact study of history and science, gradually emancipated the minds of men from resignation to fate and the angry gods. Accumulated knowledge of history, filling in time past with a continuous succession of credible events, banished all lost golden ages to the realm of myth, and enabled men to live without distress in a changing world since it could be regarded as not necessarily changing for the worse. At the same time, a more competent observation and measurement of the action of material things disclosed an outer world of nature, indifferent to man indeed, yet behaving, not as the unpredictable sport of the gods, but in ways understandable to human reason and therefore ultimately subject to man's control.

[21] Thus the conditions were fulfilled which made it possible for men to conceive of Utopia, neither as a lost golden age of the past nor as a Heavenly City after death prepared by the gods for the virtuous, but as a future state on earth of man's own devising. In a world of nature that could be regarded as amenable to man's control, and in a world of changing social relations that need not be regarded as an inevitable decline and fall from original perfection, it was possible to formulate the modern doctrine of progress: the idea that, by deliberate intention and rational direction, men can set the terms and indefinitely improve the conditions of their mundane existence.
[22] The eighteenth century was the moment in history when men first fully realized the engaging implications of this resplendent idea, the moment when, not yet having been brought to the harsh appraisal of experience, it could be accepted with unclouded optimism. Never had the universe seemed less mysterious, more open and visible, more eager to yield its secrets to common-sense questions. Never had the nature of man seemed less perverse, or the mind of man more pliable to the pressure of rational persuasion. The essential reason for this confident optimism is that the marvels of scientific discovery disclosed to the men of that time a God who still functioned but was no longer angry. God the Father could be conceived as a beneficent First Cause who, having performed his essential task of creation, had withdrawn from the affairs of men, leaving them competently prepared and fully instructed for the task of achieving their own salvation. In one tremendous sentence Rousseau expressed the eighteenth-century world view of the universe and man's place in it. "Is it simple," he exclaimed, "is it natural that God should have gone in search of Moses in order to speak to Jean Jacques Rousseau?"
[23] God had indeed spoken to Rousseau, he had spoken to all men, but his revelation was contained, not in Holy Writ interpreted by Holy Church, but in the great Book of Nature which was open for all men to read. To this open book of nature men would go when they wanted to know what God had said to them. Here they would find recorded the laws of nature and of nature's God, disclosing a universe constructed according to a rational plan; and that

men might read these laws aright they had been endowed with reason, a bit of the universal intelligence placed within the individual to make manifest to him the universal reason implicit in things and events. "Natural law," as Volney so clearly and confidently put it, "is the regular and constant order of facts by which God rules the universe; the order which his wisdom presents to the sense and reason of men, to serve them as an equal and common rule of conduct, and to guide them, without distinction of race or sect, toward perfection and happiness." Thus God had devised a planned economy, and had endowed men with the capacity for managing it: to bring his ideas, his conduct, and his institutions into harmony with the universal laws of nature was man's simple allotted task.

[24] At all times political theory must accommodate itself in some fashion to the prevailing world view, and liberal-democratic political theory was no exception to this rule. From time immemorial authority and obedience had been the cardinal concepts both of the prevailing world view and of political and social theory. From time immemorial men had been regarded as subject to overruling authority—the authority of the gods, and the authority of kings who were themselves gods, or descended from gods, or endowed with divine authority to rule in place of gods; and from time immemorial obedience to such divine authority was thought to be the primary obligation of men. Even the Greeks, who were so little afraid of their gods that they could hobnob with them in the most friendly and engaging way, regarded mortals as subject to them; and when they lost faith in the gods they deified the state as the highest good and subordinated the individual to it. But the eighteenth-century world view, making man the measure of all things, mitigated if it did not destroy this sharp contrast between authority and obedience. God still reigned but he did not govern. He had, so to speak, granted his subjects a constitution and authorized them to interpret it as they would in the supreme court of reason. Men were still subject to an overruling authority, but the subjection could be regarded as voluntary because self-imposed, and self-imposed because obedience was exacted by nothing more oppressive than their own rational intelligence.

[25] Liberal-democratic political theory readily accommodated itself to this change in the world view. The voice of the people was now identified with the voice of God, and all authority was derived from it. The individual instead of the state or the prince was now deified and endowed with imprescriptible rights; and since ignorance or neglect of the rights of man was the chief cause of social evils, the first task of political science was to define these rights, the second to devise a form of government suited to guarantee them. The imprescriptible rights of man were easily defined, since they were self-evident: "All men are created equal, [and] are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." From this it followed that all just governments would remove those artificial restraints which impaired these rights, thereby liberating those natural impulses with which God had endowed the individual as a guide to thought and conduct. In the intellectual realm, freedom of thought and the competition of diverse opinion would disclose the truth, which all men, being rational creatures, would progressively recognize and willingly follow. In the economic realm, freedom of enterprise would disclose the natural aptitudes of each individual, and the ensuing competition of interests would stimulate effort, and thereby result in the maximum of material advantage for all. Liberty of the individual from social constraint thus turned out to be not only an inherent natural right but also a preordained natural mechanism for bringing about the material and moral progress of mankind. Men had only to follow reason and self-interest: something not themselves, God and Nature, would do whatever else was necessary for righteousness.

[26] Thus modern liberal-democracy is associated with an ideology which rests upon something more than the minimum assumption essential to any democratic government. It rests upon a philosophy of universally valid ends and means. Its fundamental assumption is the worth and dignity and creative capacity of the individual, so that the chief aim of government is the maximum of individual self-direction, the chief means to that end the minimum of compulsion by the state. Ideally considered, means and ends are conjoined in the concept of freedom: freedom of thought, so that the truth may prevail; freedom of occupation, so that careers may be open to talent;

freedom of self-government, so that no one may be compelled against his will.

[27] In the possibility of realizing this ideal the prophets and protagonists of democracy exhibited an unquestioned faith. If their faith seems to us somewhat naïve, the reason is that they placed a far greater reliance upon the immediate influence of good will and rational discussion in shaping the conduct of men than it is possible for us to do. This difference can be conveniently noted in a passage from the *Autobiography* of John Stuart Mill, in which he describes his father's extraordinary faith in two things—representative government and complete freedom of discussion:

> So complete was my father's reliance on the influence of reason over the minds of mankind, whenever it was allowed to reach them, that he felt as if all would be gained if the whole population were taught to read, if all sorts of opinions were allowed to be addressed to them by word and writing, and if by means of the suffrage they could nominate a legislature to give effect to the opinions they adopted. He thought that when the legislature no longer represented a class interest, it would aim at the general interest, honestly and with adequate wisdom; since the people would be sufficiently under the guidance of educated intelligence to make in general good choice of persons to represent them, and having done so to leave to those whom they had chosen a liberal discretion. Accordingly, aristocratic rule, the government of the few in any of its shapes, being in his eyes the only thing that stood between mankind and the administration of its affairs by the best wisdom to be found amongst them, was the object of his sternest disapprobation, and a democratic suffrage the principal articles of his political creed.

The beliefs of James Mill were shared by the little group of Philosophical Radicals who gathered about him. They were, indeed, the beliefs of all those who in the great crusading days placed their hopes in democratic government as a panacea for injustice and oppression. The actual working of democratic government, as these devoted enthusiasts foresaw it, the motives that would inspire men and the objects they would pursue in that ideal democracy which so many honest men have cherished and fought for, have never been better described than by James Bryce in his *Modern Democracies*. In this ideal democracy, says Bryce,

the average citizen will give close and constant attention to public affairs, recognizing that this is his interest as well as his duty. He will try to comprehend the main issues of policy, bringing to them an independent and impartial mind, which thinks first not of its own but of the general interest. If, owing to inevitable differences of opinion as to what are the measures needed for the general welfare, parties become inevitable, he will join one, and attend its meetings, but will repress the impulses of party spirit. Never failing to come to the polls, he will vote for his party candidate only if satisfied by his capacity and honesty. He will be ready to . . . be put forward as a candidate for the legislature (if satisfied of his own competence), because public service is recognized as a duty. With such citizens as electors, the legislature will be composed of upright and capable men, single-minded in their wish to serve the nation. Bribery in constituencies, corruption among public servants, will have disappeared. Leaders may not always be single-minded, nor assemblies always wise, nor administrators efficient, but all will be at any rate honest and zealous, so that an atmosphere of confidence and good will will prevail. Most of the causes that make for strife will be absent, for there will be no privileges, no advantages to excite jealousy. Office will be sought only because it gives opportunity for useful public service. Power will be shared by all, and a career open to all alike. Even if the law does not—perhaps it cannot—prevent the accumulation of fortunes, these will be few and not inordinate, for public vigilance will close the illegitimate paths to wealth. All but the most depraved persons will obey and support the law, feeling it to be their own. There will be no excuse for violence, because the constitution will provide a remedy for every grievance. Equality will produce a sense of human solidarity, will refine manners, and increase brotherly kindness.

[28] Such is the ideal form of modern democracy laid away in heaven. I do not need to tell you that its earthly counterpart resembles it but slightly.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Define *semantics.*
2. What is the purpose of paragraph 1? Is a democracy "any form of government supported by a majority of the people"?
3. Discuss sentence 2 of paragraph 2.
4. To what does "this antithesis" refer in sentence 1 of paragraph 3?

5. Historically the essential test of a democratic government has been what?
6. What has happened to democracy during the twentieth century?
7. "Democracy has as yet had but a limited and temporary success." What reasons does the author advance for this fact?
8. What influence do the following factors have on democracy: means of communication, economic security?
9. What are the minimum assumptions concerning the people of a democracy?
10. How does Aristotle's idea of democracy differ from the modern idea?
11. What does the author call "the most devastating of all facts" (paragraph 18)?
12. Why did man first seek a Utopia in the past? What turned his eyes to the future?
13. How does the doctrine of progress promote democracy?
14. Examine James Bryce's description of ideal democracy (paragraph 27). In what respects has this ideal particularly failed in its practical application?

*The Man with the Hoe**

Edwin Markham

Written after seeing Millet's world-famous painting of a toiler in the abyss of labor.

God made man in his own image: in the image of God made He him.—Genesis.

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair, 5

* Copyright 1899 and 1924; reprinted by permission of Virgil Markham.

A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And markt their ways upon the ancient deep?
Down all the caverns of Hell to their last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with cries against the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More packt with danger to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Thru this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Thru this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Powers that made the world,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quencht?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake all shores?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall rise to judge the world,
After the silence of the centuries?

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. You may find in your library a print of Millet's painting. Compare the picture and the poem. Which is more expressive?
2. Is the quotation from Genesis intended as irony? Explain.
3. What does "the world's blind greed" (line 19) have to do with the plight of the man with the hoe?
4. Explain: "A protest that is also prophecy" (line 32).
5. Does the poet suggest what will make "this dumb terror" rise against his oppressors?
6. Are men with the hoes ripe for democracy or for what? Discuss.

*The People Will Live On**

Carl Sandburg

The people will live on.
The learning and blundering people will live on.
They will be tricked and sold and again sold
And go back to the nourishing earth for rootholds,
The people so peculiar in renewal and comeback,
You can't laugh off their capacity to take it.
The mammoth rests between his cyclonic dramas.

* From *The People, Yes,* by Carl Sandburg, copyright, 1936, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc.

The people so often sleepy, weary, enigmatic,
is a vast huddle with many units saying:
"I earn my living.
I make enough to get by
and it takes all my time.
If I had more time
I could do more for myself
and maybe for others.
I could read and study
and talk things over
and find out about things.
It takes time.
I wish I had the time."
The people is a tragic and comic two-face: hero and hoodlum:
phantom and gorilla twisting to moan with a gargoyle
mouth: "They buy me and sell me . . . it's a game . . . sometime I'll break loose . . ."

Once having marched
Over the margins of animal necessity,
Over the grim line of sheer subsistence
Then man came
To the deeper rituals of his bones,
To the lights lighter than any bones,
To the time for thinking things over,
To the dance, the song, the story,
Or the hours given over to dreaming,
Once having so marched.

Between the finite limitations of the five senses
and the endless yearnings of man for the beyond
the people hold to the humdrum bidding of work and food
while reaching out when it comes their way
for lights beyond the prison of the five senses,
for keepsakes lasting beyond any hunger or death.
This reaching is alive.

The panderers and liars have violated and smutted it.
Yet this reaching is alive yet
for lights and keepsakes.

The people know the salt of the sea
and the strength of the winds
lashing the corners of the earth.
The people take the earth
as a tomb of rest and a cradle of hope.
Who else speaks for the Family of Man?
They are in tune and step
with constellations of universal law.

The people is a polychrome,
a spectrum and a prism
held in a moving monolith,
a console organ of changing themes,
a clavilux of color poems
wherein the sea offers fog
and the fog moves off in rain
and the Labrador sunset shortens
to a nocturne of clear stars
serene over the shot spray
of northern lights.
The steel mill sky is alive.
The fire breaks white and zigzag
shot on a gun-metal gloaming.
Man is a long time coming.
Man will yet win.
Brother may yet line up with brother:

This old anvil laughs at many broken hammers.
There are men who can't be bought.
The fireborn are at home in fire.
The stars make no noise.
You can't hinder the wind from blowing.

Time is a great teacher.
Who can live without hope?

In the darkness with a great bundle of grief the people march.
In the night, and overhead a shovel of stars for keeps, the people march:
Where to? what next?"

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Are "learning and blundering" people the hope of a democracy?
2. Does Sandburg imply the same distinction between the people and overlords which Markham states clearly in "The Man with the Hoe"? (See, for example, line 23.) Is there a threat in "The People Will Live On"?
3. Discuss lines 10–20. Have you heard this sort of talk?
4. Is the theme of this poem that man will never be satisfied with material things, that man cannot truly live by bread alone? Cite lines to indicate that this may be the theme.
5. What are the "lights" and the "keepsakes" (line 44)?
6. What is "this old anvil" of line 70?
7. Does line 76, "Who can live without hope?", explain the statements of the previous six lines?
8. What, do you think, is the answer to the last two questions of this poem?

Suggestions for Papers

Although ideal democracy and democracy in practice are still far apart, the hope of bringing them closer together lies first of all in a recognition of those respects in which practice falls short of the ideal. It is particularly important that college students should be personally aware of the promise of democracy and its performance. Your paper should be a statement concerned with what democracy is, what it is not, and what it could be.

1. Would you say that the last paragraph of *The Ideal Democracy* is true? If you think it is true, specifically cite examples of political practices which are hardly ideally democratic. Your own city or state government should provide enough examples.

2. Why does democracy work imperfectly? Search through "The Ideal Democracy" for the reasons. See particularly the quotation from James Bryce (paragraph 27).

3. If you feel that you have taken democracy for granted, you might write a "confession" in which you reveal what you do *not* know about the practical working of a democratic system. How, for example, are candidates chosen for state representative, for mayor of your city, for county tax assessor, etc.?

4. Define a program of education best suited, in your opinion, for preparing youth to be citizens in an *ideal* democracy.

5. You have doubtless noted the structural symmetry of "The Ideal Democracy." Outline the essay and show how the three main sections form an excellent example of extended definition.

6. Whenever in America a club or association of any sort is formed, a committee is appointed or elected to draw up a constitution and by-laws. Americans, in short, constantly think in a democratic way. Examine critically the constitution and by-laws of some club with which you are associated. Are essentially democratic principles observed? Do you note a certain amount of impatience with the democratic process? Explain.

7. "If all mankind minus one, were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person, than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind." (John Stuart Mill, *On Liberty,* paragraph 7.) Does this add a new element to the definition of democracy as formulated in *The Ideal Democracy?*

8. "You do not allow a palpable madman to leap over precipices; . . . his true liberty were that a wiser man, that any and every wiser man, could, by brass collars, or in whatever milder or sharper way, lay hold of him when he was going wrong, and order and compel him to go a little righter." (Thomas Carlyle, *Past and Present.*) Is this recommendation contrary to democratic procedure? Interpret this

passage as it may be related by contrast to "The Ideal Democracy."

9. "The Man with the Hoe" contains a threat: the men with hoes will some day rise and sweep away bad rulers. There is something of this same threat in "The People Will Live On." Has this threat of the people been carried out anywhere yet? If so, with what advantage or disadvantage to the people?

10. Becker in "The Ideal Democracy" says that in the people must be vested political authority. "The Man with the Hoe" presents a representative specimen of the people. "The People Will Live On" takes a more hopeful view of the people's capacities. What is the dilemma suggested by the people on the one hand and the demands of democracy on the other? Is a working democracy harder to achieve than a working authoritarianism?

11. List the qualities an average person should have in order to take his place effectively in a democracy. (See paragraph 27 of "The Ideal Democracy.") How far short of these qualities do the people symbolized by "The Man with the Hoe" fall? Do the people in "The People Will Live On" come nearer to qualifying?

SOME TITLES FOR PAPERS

1. Why I Prefer Democracy
2. A Suggestion for Improving the Democratic Process
3. My Understanding of Ideal Democracy
4. *The Ideal Democracy:* A Study in Structure
5. Would the Ideal Democracy Be Utopian?
6. Is the Majority Always Right?
7. The Strict Logic of Democracy
8. Are Men Supposed to Be Free and Equal?
9. Can the People Be Trusted?
10. The People: A Definition
11. Millet's Picture and Markham's Poem: A Comparison
12. The Implications of *The Man With the Hoe*
13. Would Science Approve of Markham's Thesis?
14. Markham as a Prophet
15. The Aspiration of the People
16. Democracy Depends on Hopeful People
17. The Strange Wisdom of the People
18. An Analysis of "The People Will Live On."
19. Annotations for "The People Will Live On."

17

The Theory of Communism

NEXT in importance to an understanding of democracy is an understanding of the theory and practice of communism. Just as one needs to know what produces health in a nation, so also it is wise to know what may produce—what has produced—mortal disease in a nation. Two considerable secondary advantages can also be derived from at least a nodding acquaintance with communist theory: (1) accurate knowledge of the theory provides a basis for examining the practice; (2) the same knowledge helps to restrict irresponsible application of the word *Communist* to all persons with whom one disagrees. Communism is a hard, clear doctrine, not a vague drifting. That this is true the selections in this chapter will indicate.

The fathers of theoretical communism are Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels. Together in 1848 they produced the basic document of communism, *The Communist Manifesto*. which asserts (1) that history is determined inexorably by economic conditions; (2) that the

bourgeoisie (industrialists) in cut-throat competition with each other create a larger and larger slave class (the proletariat); (3) that because the proletariat is without property, private ownership of property must be abolished; (4) that abolition of private ownership of property must be achieved by violence; (5) that after a short period under the dictatorship of a leader, the proletariat will dictate to a society free from special privileges for any class. The selection from the *Manifesto* reprinted here outlines the theoretical basis for class struggle between bourgeoisie and proletariat.

The second selection on "Marx and Socialist Doctrine" emphasizes the fundamentals of communist theory.

*The Class Struggle**

Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels

[1] The bourgeoisie, historically, has played a most revolutionary part.

[2] The bourgeoisie, wherever it has got the upper hand, has put an end to all feudal, patriarchal, idyllic relations. It has pitilessly torn asunder the motley feudal ties that bound man to his "natural superiors," and has left no other bond between man and man than naked self-interest, than callous "cash payment." It has drowned the most heavenly ecstasies of religious fervour, of chivalrous enthusiasm, of philistine sentimentalism, in the icy water of egotistical calculation. It has resolved personal worth into exchange value, and in place of the numberless indefeasible chartered freedoms, has set up that single, unconscionable freedom—Free Trade. In one word, for exploitation, veiled by religious and political illusions, it has substituted naked, shameless, direct, brutal exploitation.

[3] The bourgeoisie has stripped of its halo every occupation hitherto honoured and looked up to with reverent awe. It has con-

* From "Bourgeois and Proletarians," *The Manifesto of the Communist Party*, authorized English translation, Kerr & Co., 1888.

verted the physician, the lawyer, the priest, the poet, the man of science, into its paid wage-labourers.

[4] The bourgeoisie has torn away from the family its sentimental veil, and has reduced the family relation to a mere money relation.

[5] The bourgeoisie has disclosed how it came to pass that the brutal display of vigour in the Middle Ages, which reactionaries so much admire, found its fitting complement in the most slothful indolence. It has been the first to show what man's activity can bring about. It has accomplished wonders far surpassing Egyptian pyramids, Roman aqueducts, and Gothic cathedrals; it has conducted expeditions that put in the shade all former migrations of nations and crusades.

[6] The bourgeoisie cannot exist without constantly revolutionising the instruments of production, and thereby the relations of production, and with them the whole relations of society. Conservation of the old modes of production in unaltered form, was, on the contrary, the first condition of existence for all earlier industrial classes. Constant revolutionising of production, uninterrupted disturbance of all social conditions, everlasting uncertainty and agitation distinguish the bourgeois epoch from all earlier ones. All fixed, fast-frozen relations, with their train of ancient and venerable prejudices and opinions, are swept away, all new-formed ones become antiquated before they can ossify. All that is solid melts into air, all that is holy is profaned, and man is at last compelled to face with sober senses, his real conditions of life and his relations with his kind.

[7] The need of a constantly expanding market for its products chases the bourgeoisie over the whole surface of the globe. It must nestle everywhere, settle everywhere, establish connections everywhere.

[8] The bourgeoisie has through its exploitation of the world market given a cosmopolitan character to production and consumption in every country. To the great chagrin of reactionaries, it has drawn from under the feet of industry the national ground on which it stood. All old-established national industries have been destroyed or are daily being destroyed. They are dislodged by new industries, whose introduction becomes a life and death question for all civilised

nations, by industries that no longer work up indigenous raw material, but raw material drawn from the remotest zones; industries whose products are consumed, not only at home, but in every quarter of the globe. In place of the old wants, satisfied by the production of the country, we find new wants, requiring for their satisfaction the products of distant lands and climes. In place of the old local and national seclusion and self-sufficiency, we have intercourse in every direction, universal inter-dependence of nations. And as in material, so also in intellectual production. The intellectual creations of individual nations become common property. National one-sidedness and narrow-mindedness become more and more impossible, and from the numerous national and local literatures there arises a world literature.

[9] The bourgeoisie, by the rapid improvement of all instruments of production, by the immensely facilitated means of communication, draws all nations, even the most barbarian, into civilisation. The cheap prices of its commodities are the heavy artillery with which it batters down all Chinese walls, with which it forces the barbarians' intensely obstinate hatred of foreigners to capitulate. It compels all nations, on pain of extinction, to adopt the bourgeois mode of production; it compels them to introduce what it calls civilisation into their midst, *i.e.*, to become bourgeois themselves. In a word, it creates a world after its own image.

[10] The bourgeoisie has subjected the country to the rule of the towns. It has created enormous cities, has greatly increased the urban population as compared with the rural, and has thus rescued a considerable part of the population from the idiocy of rural life. Just as it has made the country dependent on the towns, so it has made barbarian and semi-barbarian countries dependent on the civilised ones, nations of peasants on nations of bourgeoisie, the East on the West.

[11] More and more the bourgeoisie keeps doing away with the scattered state of the population, of the means of production, and of property. It has agglomerated population, centralised means of production, and has concentrated property in a few hands. The necessary consequence of this was political centralisation. Inde-

pendent, or but loosely connected provinces, with separate interests, laws, governments, and systems of taxation, became lumped together into one nation, with one government, one code of laws, one national class interest, one frontier and one customs tariff.

[12] The bourgeoisie, during its rule of scarce one hundred years, has created more massive and more colossal productive forces than have all preceding generations together. Subjection of nature's forces to man, machinery, application of chemistry to industry and agriculture, steam-navigation, railways, electric telegraphs, clearing of whole continents for cultivation, canalisation of rivers, whole populations conjured out of the ground—what earlier century had even a presentiment that such productive forces slumbered in the lap of social labor?

[13] We see then that the means of production and of exchange, which served as the foundation for the growth of the bourgeoisie, were generated in feudal society. At a certain stage in the development of these means of production and of exchange, the conditions under which feudal society produced and exchanged, the feudal organisation of agriculture and manufacturing industry, in a word, the feudal relations of property became no longer compatible with the already developed productive forces; they became so many fetters. They had to be burst asunder; they were burst asunder.

[14] Into their place stepped free competition, accompanied by a social and political constitution adapted to it, and by the economical and political sway of the bourgeois class.

[15] A similar movement is going on before our own eyes. Modern bourgeois society with its relations of production, of exchange and of property, a society that has conjured up such gigantic means of production and of exchange, is like the sorcerer who is no longer able to control the powers of the nether world whom he has called up by his spells. For many a decade past, the history of industry and commerce is but the history of the revolt of modern productive forces against modern conditions of production, against the property relations that are the conditions for the existence of the bourgeoisie and of its rule. It is enough to mention the commercial crises that by their periodical return put the existence of the entire bourgeois society

on trial, each time more threateningly. In these crises a great part not only of the existing products, but also of the previously created productive forces, are periodically destroyed. In these crises there breaks out an epidemic that, in all earlier epochs, would have seemed an absurdity—the epidemic of over-production. Society suddenly finds itself put back into a state of momentary barbarism; it appears as if a famine, a universal war of devastation had cut off the supply of every means of subsistence; industry and commerce seem to be destroyed. And why? Because there is too much civilisation, too much means of subsistence, too much industry, too much commerce. The productive forces at the disposal of society no longer tend to further the development of the conditions of bourgeois property; on the contrary, they have become too powerful for these conditions by which they are fettered, and no sooner do they overcome these fetters than they bring disorder into the whole of bourgeois society, endanger the existence of bourgeois property. The conditions of bourgeois society are too narrow to comprise the wealth created by them. And how does the bourgeoisie get over these crises? On the one hand by enforced destruction of a mass of productive forces; on the other, by the conquest of new markets, and by the more thorough exploitation of the old ones. That is to say, by paving the way for more extensive and more destructive crises, and by diminishing the means whereby crises are prevented.

[16] The weapons with which the bourgeoisie felled feudalism to the ground are now turned against the bourgeoisie itself.

[17] But not only has the bourgeoisie forged the weapons that bring death to itself; it has also called into existence the men who are to wield those weapons—the modern working class—the proletarians.

[18] In proportion as the bourgeoisie, *i.e.*, capital, is developed, in the same proportion is the proletariat, the modern working class, developed—a class of labourers, who live only so long as they find work, and who find work only so long as their labour increases capital. These labourers, who must sell themselves piecemeal, are a commodity, like every other article of commerce, and are consequently exposed to all the vicissitudes of competition, to all the fluctuations of the market.

[19] Owing to the extensive use of machinery and to division of labour, the work of the proletarians has lost all individual character, and, consequently, all charm for the workman. He becomes an appendage of the machine, and it is only the most simple, most monotonous, and most easily acquired knack that is required of him. Hence, the cost of production of a workman is restricted, almost entirely, to the means of subsistence that he requires for his maintenance, and for the propagation of his race. But the price of a commodity, and therefore also of labour, is equal to its cost of production. In proportion, therefore, as the repulsiveness of the work increases, the wage decreases. Nay more, in proportion as the use of machinery and division of labour increases, in the same proportion the burden of toil also increases, whether by prolongation of the working hours, by increase of the work exacted in a given time, or by increased speed of the machinery, etc.

[20] Modern industry has converted the little workshop of the patriarchal master into the great factory of the industrial capitalist. Masses of labourers, crowded into the factory, are organised like soldiers. As privates of the industrial army they are placed under the command of a perfect hierarchy of officers and sergeants. Not only are they slaves of the bourgeois class, and of the bourgeois state; they are daily and hourly enslaved by the machine, by the overlooker, and, above all, by the individual bourgeois manufacturer himself. The more openly this despotism proclaims gain to be its end and aim, the more petty, the more hateful and the more embittering it is.

[21] The less the skill and exertion of strength implied in manual labour, in other words, the more modern industry develops, the more is the labour of men superseded by that of women. Differences of age and sex have no longer any distinctive social validity for the working class. All are instruments of labour, more or less expensive to use, according to their age and sex.

[22] No sooner has the labourer received his wages in cash, for the moment escaping exploitation by the manufacturer, than he is set upon by the other portions of the bourgeoisie, the landlord, the shopkeeper, the pawnbroker, etc.

[23] The lower strata of the middle class—the small tradespeople, shopkeepers, and retired tradesmen generally, the handicraftsmen and peasants—all these sink gradually into the proletariat, partly because their diminutive capital does not suffice for the scale on which modern industry is carried on, and is swamped in the competition with the large capitalists, partly because their specialised skill is rendered worthless by new methods of production. Thus the proletariat is recruited from all classes of the population.

[24] The proletariat goes through various stages of development. With its birth begins its struggle with the bourgeoisie. At first the contest is carried on by individual labourers, then by the work people of a factory, then by the operatives of one trade, in one locality, against the individual bourgeois who directly exploits them. They direct their attacks not against the bourgeois conditions of production, but against the instruments of production themselves; they destroy imported wares that compete with their labour, they smash machinery to pieces, they set factories ablaze, they seek to restore by force the vanished status of the workman of the Middle Ages.

[25] At this stage the labourers still form an incoherent mass scattered over the whole country, and broken up by their mutual competition. If anywhere they unite to form more compact bodies, this is not yet the consequence of their own active union, but of the union of the bourgeoisie, which class, in order to attain its own political ends, is compelled to set the whole proletariat in motion, and is moreover still able to do so for a time. At this stage, therefore, the proletarians do not fight their enemies, but the enemies of their enemies, the remnants of absolute monarchy, the landowners, the non-industrial bourgeois, the petty bourgeoisie. Thus the whole historical movement is concentrated in the hands of the bourgeoisie; every victory so obtained is a victory for the bourgeoisie.

[26] But with the development of industry the proletariat not only increases in number; it becomes concentrated in greater masses, its strength grows, and it feels that strength more. The various interests and conditions of life within the ranks of the proletariat are more and more equalised, in proportion as machinery obliterates all distinctions of labor and nearly everywhere reduces wages to the same

low level. The growing competition among the bourgeois, and the resulting commercial crises, make the wages of the workers ever more fluctuating. The unceasing improvement of machinery, ever more rapidly developing, makes their livelihood more and more precarious; the collisions between individual workmen and individual bourgeois take more and more the character of collisions between two classes. Thereupon the workers begin to form combinations (trade unions) against the bourgeoisie; they club together in order to keep up the rate of wages; they found permanent associations in order to make provision beforehand for these occasional revolts. Here and there the contest breaks out into riots.

[27] Now and then the workers are victorious, but only for a time. The real fruit of their battles lies, not in the immediate result, but in the ever expanding union of the workers. This union is furthered by the improved means of communication which are created by modern industry, and which place the workers of different localities in contact with one another. It was just this contact that was needed to centralise the numerous local struggles, all of the same character, into one national struggle between classes. But every class struggle is a political struggle. And that union, to attain which the burghers of the Middle Ages with their miserable highways, required centuries, the modern proletarians, thanks to railways, achieve in a few years.

[28] This organisation of the proletarians into a class, and consequently into a political party, is continually being upset again by the competition between the workers themselves. But it ever rises up again, stronger, firmer, mightier. It compels legislative recognition of particular interests of the workers by taking advantage of the divisions among the bourgeoisie itself. Thus the ten-hour-bill in England was carried.

[29] Altogether, collisions between the classes of the old society further the course of development of the proletariat in many ways. The bourgeoisie finds itself involved in a constant battle. At first with the aristocracy; later on, with those portions of the bourgeoisie itself whose interests have become antagonistic to the progress of industry; at all times with the bourgeoisie of foreign countries. In

all these battles it sees itself compelled to appeal to the proletariat, to ask for its help, and thus, to drag it into the political arena. The bourgeoisie itself, therefore, supplies the proletariat with its own elements of political and general education, in other words, it furnishes the proletariat with weapons for fighting the bourgeoisie.

[30] Further, as we have already seen, entire sections of the ruling classes are, by the advance of industry, precipitated into the proletariat, or are at least threatened in their conditions of existence. These also supply the proletariat with fresh elements of enlightenment and progress.

[31] Finally, in times when the class struggle nears the decisive hour, the process of dissolution going on within the ruling class, in fact within the whole range of old society, assumes such a violent, glaring character that a small section of the ruling class cuts itself adrift and joins the revolutionary class, the class that holds the future in its hands. Just as, therefore, at an earlier period, a section of the nobility went over to the bourgeoisie, so now a portion of the bourgeoisie goes over to the proletariat, and in particular, a portion of the bourgeois ideologists, who have raised themselves to the level of comprehending theoretically the historical movement as a whole.

[32] Of all the classes that stand face to face with the bourgeoisie today, the proletariat alone is a really revolutionary class. The other classes decay and finally disappear in the face of modern industry; the proletariat is its special and essential product.

[33] The lower middle class, the small manufacturer, the shopkeeper, the artisan, the peasant, all these fight against the bourgeoisie, to save from extinction their existence as fractions of the middle class. They are therefore not revolutionary, but conservative. Nay more, they are reactionary, for they try to roll back the wheel of history. If by chance they are revolutionary, they are so only in view of their impending transfer into the proletariat; they thus defend not their present, but their future interests; they desert their own standpoint to adopt that of the proletariat.

[34] The "dangerous class," the social scum (*lumpenproletariat*), that passively rotting mass thrown off by the lowest layers of old society, may, here and there, be swept into the movement by a

proletarian revolution; its conditions of life, however, prepare it far more for the part of a bribed tool of reactionary intrigue.

[35] The social conditions of the old society no longer exist for the proletariat. The proletarian is without property; his relation to his wife and children has no longer anything in common with bourgeois family relations; modern industrial labour, modern subjection to capital, the same in England as in France, in America as in Germany, has stripped him of every trace of national character. Law, morality, religion, are to him so many bourgeois prejudices, behind which lurk in ambush just as many bourgeois interests.

[36] All the preceding classes that got the upper hand sought to fortify their already acquired status by subjecting society at large to their conditions of appropriation. The proletarians cannot become masters of the productive forces of society, except by abolishing their own previous mode of appropriation, and thereby also every other previous mode of appropriation. They have nothing of their own to secure and to fortify; their mission is to destroy all previous securities for, and insurances of, individual property.

[37] All previous historical movements were movements of minorities, or in the interest of minorities. The proletarian movement is the self-conscious, independent movement of the immense majority, in the interest of the immense majority. The proletariat, the lowest stratum of our present society, cannot stir, cannot raise itself up, without the whole superincumbent strata of official society being sprung into the air.

[38] Though not in substance, yet in form, the struggle of the proletariat with the bourgeoisie is at first a national struggle. The proletariat of each country must, of course, first of all settle matters with its own bourgeoisie.

[39] In depicting the most general phases of the development of the proletariat, we traced the more or less veiled civil war, raging within existing society, up to the point where that war breaks out into open revolution, and where the violent overthrow of the bourgeoisie lays the foundation for the sway of the proletariat.

[40] Hitherto, every form of society has been based, as we have already seen, on the antagonism of oppressing and oppressed classes.

But in order to oppress a class, certain conditions must be assured to it under which it can, at least, continue its slavish existence. The serf, in the period of serfdom, raised himself to membership in the commune, just as the petty bourgeois, under the yoke of feudal absolutism, managed to develop into a bourgeois. The modern labourer, on the contrary, instead of rising with the progress of industry, sinks deeper and deeper below the conditions of existence of his own class. He becomes a pauper, and pauperism develops more rapidly than population and wealth. And here it becomes evident, that the bourgeoisie is unfit any longer to be the ruling class in society, and to impose its conditions of existence upon society as an over-riding law. It is unfit to rule because it is incompetent to assure an existence to its slave within his slavery, because it cannot help letting him sink into such a state, that it has to feed him, instead of being fed by him. Society can no longer live under this bourgeoisie, in other words, its existence is no longer compatible with society.

[41] The essential condition for the existence and sway of the bourgeois class is the formation and augmentation of capital; the condition for capital is wage-labour. Wage-labour rests exclusively on competition between the labourers. The advance of industry, whose involuntary promoter is the bourgeoisie, replaces the isolation of the labourers, due to competition, by their revolutionary combination, due to association. The development of modern industry, therefore, cuts from under its feet the very foundation on which the bourgeoisie produces and appropriates products. What the bourgeoisie therefore produces, above all, are its own grave-diggers. Its fall and the victory of the proletariat are equally inevitable.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Can you give reasons for thinking the term "Free Trade" (paragraph 2) should be interpreted "Free Competition"?
2. For a different view of "cash payment," see Cabot's "Call of the Job" (Chapter 10).
3. Comment as you go on each charge brought against the bourgeoisie: stripping the halo from each occupation; reducing the family to a money relationship; etc.

4. Analyze the first sentence of paragraph 6. Do succeeding paragraphs 7–12 illustrate this sentence? Do you find it curious that the very advances upon which our capitalistic society prides itself are described accurately but disapprovingly in these paragraphs?
5. "The conditions of bourgeois society are too narrow to comprise the wealth created by them" (paragraph 15). Comment. Does this paragraph contain a good account of a "depression"?
6. What is the weapon which the bourgeoisie forge for their own destruction? Who will wield the weapon? (See last two sentences of paragraph 15; also paragraphs 16 and 17.)
7. Describe the labor of the proletariat. What generalizations do the authors make on this subject (paragraph 19)?
8. Paragraphs 24–39 trace the theoretical growth of the proletariat until it revolts against the capitalists. What factors have delayed and may permanently delay any such revolt in the United States? Are classes so clear-cut here? Discuss.

*Marx and Socialist Doctrine**

Bertrand Russell

[1] Socialism, like everything else that is vital, is rather a tendency than a strictly definable body of doctrine. A definition of Socialism is sure neither to include some views which many would regard as not Socialistic, or to exclude others which claim to be included. But I think we shall come nearest to the essence of Socialism by defining it as the advocacy of communal ownership of land and capital. Communal ownership may mean ownership by a democratic State, but cannot be held to include ownership by any State which is not democratic. Communal ownership may also be understood, as Anarchist Communism understands it, in the sense of ownership by the free association of the men and women in a com-

* From *Roads to Freedom* (1919), Ch. 1. Reprinted by permission of George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.

munity without those compulsory powers which are necessary to constitute a State. Some Socialists expect communal ownership to arrive suddenly and completely by a catastrophic revolution, while others expect it to come gradually, first in one industry, then in another. Some insist upon the necessity of completeness in the acquisition of land and capital by the public while others would be content to see lingering islands of private ownership, provided they were not too extensive or powerful. What all forms have in common is democracy and the abolition, virtual or complete, of the present capitalistic system. The distinction between Socialists, Anarchists and Syndicalists turns largely upon the kind of democracy which they desire. Orthodox Socialists are content with parliamentary democracy in the sphere of government, holding that the evils apparent in this form of constitution at present would disappear with the disappearance of capitalism. Anarchists and Syndicalists, on the other hand, object to the whole parliamentary machinery, and aim at a different method of regulating the political affairs of the community. But all alike are democratic in the sense that they aim at abolishing every kind of privilege and every kind of artificial inequality: all alike are champions of the wage-earner in existing society. All three also have much in common in their economic doctrine. All three regard capital and the wages system as a means of exploiting the laborer in the interests of the possessing classes, and hold that communal ownership, in one form or another, is the only means of bringing freedom to the producers. But within the framework of this common doctrine there are many divergencies, and even among those who are strictly to be called Socialists, there is a very considerable diversity of schools.

[2] Socialism as a power in Europe may be said to begin with Marx. It is true that before his time there were Socialist theories, both in England and in France. It is also true that in France, during the revolution of 1848, Socialism for a brief period acquired considerable influence in the State. But the Socialists who preceded Marx tended to indulge in Utopian dreams and failed to found any strong or stable political party. To Marx, in collaboration with Engels, are due both the formulation of a coherent body of Socialist

doctrine, sufficiently true or plausible to dominate the minds of vast numbers of men, and the formation of the International Socialist movement, which has continued to grow in all European countries throughout the last fifty years. . . . .

[3] The most essential of Marx's doctrines may be reduced to three: first, what is called the materialistic interpretation of history; second, the law of the concentration of capital; and, third, the class-war.

[4] 1. *The Materialistic Interpretation of History.*—Marx holds that in the main all the phenomena of human society have their origin in material conditions, and these he takes to be embodied in economic systems. Political constitutions, laws, religions, philosophies—all these he regards as, in their broad outlines, expressions of the economic régime in the society that gives rise to them. It would be unfair to represent him as maintaining that the conscious economic motive is the only one of importance; it is rather that economics molds character and opinion, and is thus the prime source of much that appears in consciousness to have no connection with them. He applies his doctrine in particular to two revolutions, one in the past, the other in the future. The revolution in the past is that of the bourgeoisie against feudalism, which finds its expression, according to him, particularly in the French Revolution. The one in the future is the revolution of the wage-earners, or proletariat, against the bourgeoisie, which is to establish the Socialist Commonwealth. The whole movement of history is viewed by him as necessary, as the effect of material causes operating upon human beings. He does not so much advocate the Socialist revolution as predict it. He holds, it is true, that it will be beneficent, but he is much more concerned to prove that it must inevitably come. The same sense of necessity is visible in his exposition of the evils of the capitalist system. He does not blame capitalists for the cruelties of which he shows them to have been guilty; he merely points out that they are under an inherent necessity to behave cruelly so long as private ownership of land and capital continues. But their tyranny will not last forever, for it generates the forces that must in the end overthrow it.

[5] 2. *The Law of the Concentration of Capital.*—Marx pointed out that capitalist undertakings tend to grow larger and larger. He foresaw the substitution of trusts for free competition, and predicted that the number of capitalist enterprises must diminish as the magnitude of single enterprises increased. He supposed that this process must involve a diminution, not only in the number of businesses, but also in the number of capitalists. Indeed, he usually spoke as though each business were owned by a single man. Accordingly, he expected that men would be continually driven from the ranks of the capitalists into those of the proletariat, and that the capitalists, in the course of time, would grow numerically weaker and weaker. He applied this principle not only to industry but also to agriculture. He expected to find the landowners growing fewer and fewer while their estates grew larger and larger. This process was to make more and more glaring the evils and injustices of the capitalist system, and to stimulate more and more the forces of opposition.

[6] 3. *The Class War.*—Marx conceives the wage-earner and the capitalist in a sharp antithesis. He imagines that every man is or must soon become, wholly the one or wholly the other. The wage-earner, who possesses nothing, is exploited by the capitalists, who possess everything. As the capitalist system works itself out and its nature becomes more clear, the opposition of bourgeoisie and proletariat becomes more and more marked. The two classes, since they have antagonistic interests, are forced into a class war which generates within the capitalist régime internal forces of disruption. The working men learn gradually to combine against their exploiters, first locally, then nationally, and at last internationally. When they have learned to combine internationally they must be victorious. They will then decree that all land and capital shall be owned in common; exploitation will cease; the tyranny of the owners of wealth will no longer be possible; there will no longer be any division of society into classes, and all men will be free.

[7] All these ideas are already contained in the "Communist Manifesto," a work of the most amazing vigor and force, setting forth with terse compression the titanic forces of the world, their epic battle, and the inevitable consummation. Their work is of such importance in the development of Socialism and gives such an ad-

mirable statement of the doctrines set forth at greater length and with more pedantry in "Capital," that its salient passages must be known by anyone who wishes to understand the hold which Marxian Socialism has acquired over the intellect and imagination of a large proportion of working-class leaders. . . .

[8] Two questions are raised by Marx's work: First, Are his laws of historical development true? Second, Is Socialism desirable? The second of these questions is quite independent of the first. Marx professes to prove that Socialism *must* come, but scarcely concerns himself to argue that when it comes it will be a good thing. It may be, however, that if it comes, it will be a good thing, even though all Marx's arguments to prove that it must come should be at fault. In actual fact, time has shown many flaws in Marx's theories. The development of the world has been sufficiently like his prophecy to prove him a man of very unusual penetration, but has not been sufficiently like to make either political or economic history exactly such as he predicted that it would be. Nationalism, so far from diminishing, has increased, and has failed to be conquered by the cosmopolitan tendencies which Marx rightly discerned in finance. Although big businesses have grown bigger and have over a great area reached the stage of monopoly, yet the number of shareholders in such enterprises is so large that the actual number of individuals interested in the capitalist system has continually increased. Moreover, though large firms have grown larger, there has been a simultaneous increase in firms of medium size. Meanwhile the wage-earners who were, according to Marx, to have remained at the bare level of subsistence at which they were in the England of the first half of the nineteenth century, have instead profited by the general increase of wealth, though in a lesser degree than the capitalists. The supposed iron law of wages has been proved untrue, so far as labor in civilized countries is concerned. If we wish now to find examples of capitalist cruelty analogous to those with which Marx's book is filled, we shall have to go for most of our material to the Tropics, or at any rate to regions where there are men of inferior races to exploit. Again: the skilled worker of the present day is an aristocrat in the world of labor. It is a question with him whether he shall ally himself with the unskilled worker against the capitalist,

or with the capitalist against the unskilled worker. Very often he is himself a capitalist in a small way, and if he is not so individually, his trade union or his friendly society is pretty sure to be so. Hence the sharpness of the class war has not been maintained. There are gradations, intermediate ranks between rich and poor, instead of the clear-cut logical antithesis between the workers who have nothing and the capitalists who have all.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Why could communal ownership not exist in a nondemocratic state?
2. How does the author define "Anarchist Communism"?
3. What two points, according to the author, do all forms of socialism hold to be necessary?
4. Is the abolition of "every kind of privilege and every kind of artificial inequality" essential to democracy? Would it be undemocratic if the majority of the people wished to preserve certain kinds of privilege and certain degrees of inequality? Is absolute equality a manifest absurdity?
5. Marx "does not so much advocate the Socialist revolution as predict it" (paragraph 4). Check the accuracy of this statement by reviewing the preceding selection, "The Class Struggle."
6. Is a materialistic interpretation of history a denial that man can choose what he wants to do and do it—a denial, that is, of free will? Is the whole theory of the inevitability of communism a denial of free will?
7. Do you detect the fallacy in Marx's "Law concerning the concentration of capital"? Which class, percentagewise, has possibly outgrown the other—the noncapitalist or the capitalist?
8. Analyze the alleged facts and the reasoning in paragraph 6.
9. Marxian doctrine depends upon chain reasoning. A break in the chain, virtually reduces the reasoning to isolated fragments of truth. Examine the weak and the nonexistent links as noted by the author in the final paragraph of this article. What other fallacies have you detected in the Marxian theory?

Suggestions for Papers

Military intelligence officers are charged with the duty of finding out what the enemy is thinking as well as what he is doing or preparing to do. In like manner, it is the duty of all citizens of a capitalistic state to know what the enemies of capitalism are thinking, how those thoughts originated, what those thoughts may lead to. As it was necessary to examine the basic tenets of democracy, so now it will be of almost equal value to examine the fundamentals of communism.

1. Discuss the equalitarian phase of communistic doctrine. Are all men equal? Would it be desirable to legislate equality? Assuming that such a law of equalization could be passed and enforced, what would be the result? Who would benefit? Would the superior person be the only one to suffer? (Structure: I. Are all men equal?; II. Can laws bring about equality or only equality of opportunity?; III. What would become of society under equalization laws?)

2. Suppose that materialism does determine history. Read "The Class Struggle" again with particular attention to the list of material improvements credited to capitalism. If capitalism in a hundred years outstripped previous materialistic gains in history, does it follow that history—the creature of materialism—will destroy its parent? Furthermore, does communism promise a less materialistic view in its era of "the dictatorship of the proletariat"? If not, what becomes of the materialistic view of history?

3. What are some popular misconceptions of communism? Think of persons on the local or national scene who have been accused of being communists. In so far as you know the personal beliefs of these persons, would you class them as communists? Discuss.

4. Discuss the so-called Marxian law of the greater and greater concentration of wealth into fewer and fewer hands. What forces of law have limited this concentration? What other forces have operated to spread ownership of large industries? Why are capi-

talists eager to see the slogan "Every man a capitalist" come true?

5. Many small communal experiments have been tried, both before and after Marx. What, do you suppose, made them fail? "From each according to his ability; to each according to his need." Examine that communist statement closely. Are both *ability* and *need* difficult to define for even a single individual?

6. Neither of the selections in this chapter mentions the "short period" during which the proletariat, for its own good, must submit to the dictatorship of a leader. Discuss the likely state of affairs immediately after the revolt of a sprawling proletariat. Only a few know what to do. They do it. In doing it they drink the intoxicant called power. What happens then?

7. Communism, which cannot exist in a nondemocratic state according to Bertrand Russell, has never yet in any country legally polled a majority of votes. In Russia the Communist party at the time of the revolution consisted of 2 percent of the Russian people. Discuss the Marxian principle that the proletariat is a revolutionary group. Does Marx, or Russell in his explanation of Marx, say anything about *voting* communism into power? Why not?

8. Base your paper on a careful analysis, with comments, of one of the following statements:

(*a*) "The bourgeoisie, during its rule of scarce one hundred years, has created more massive and more colossal productive forces than have all the preceding generations together."

(*b*) "The commercial crises . . . by their periodical return put on its trial, each time more threateningly, the existence of the entire bourgeois society."

(*c*) "Owing to the extensive use of machinery and to division of labor, the work of the proletarian has lost all individual character, and consequently, all charm for the workman."

(*d*) "The proletariat is recruited from all classes of the population."

(*e*) "Of all the classes that stand face to face with the bourgeoisie today the proletariat alone is a really revolutionary class."

(*f*) "The proletarian movement is the self-conscious, independent movement of the immense majority."

(*g*) "The proletariat of each country must, of course, first of all settle matters with its own bourgeoisie."

(*h*) "What the bourgeoisie therefore produces, above all, are its own grave-diggers. Its fall and the victory of the proletariat are equally inevitable."

(*i*) "Time has shown many flaws in Marx's theories."

(*j*) "The basic aim of communism is the abolition of property."

SOME TITLES FOR PAPERS

1. What Communism Means to Me
2. What's Wrong with Owning Property?
3. Property Rights Are Human Rights Too
4. The Proletarian in Theory and in Fact
5. The Capitalist in Theory and in Fact
6. The Thawing of Concentrated Wealth
7. After the Proletarian—What?
8. Nothing to Gain but Chains
9. Artificial Equality
10. Intellectual Communists Despise the Proletariat
11. Grains of Truth in Marx
12. Basic Assumptions of Marx Examined
13. How Communism Would Work in My Town
14. The Limits of State Monopoly
15. Why I Prefer Capitalism
16. Religion and Communism: Comparison and Contrast

18

The Practice of Totalitarianism

THIS chapter is a sequel to Chapter Seventeen, "The Theory of Communism." Marx did not advocate a totalitarian state, but his theory made such a state virtually inevitable. In Russia, for example, Marx's prediction that the unwieldy proletariat would rise against its oppressors failed to materialize. Instead, a tiny minority of terrorists and revolutionists did manage the overthrow of a corrupt and weakened Czarist régime. Power passed, therefore, from one minority to another minority. One observes that the present dictatorship is as far from the dictatorship of the proletariat as was the reign of Genghis Khan from a people's republic. Totalitarianism, however, is a peculiar form of government which has no necessary connection with any economic theory. In a totalitarian state, power takes priority over all other considerations; maintenance and extension of power become the exclusive concern of the dictatorship. Marxian communism is practiced nowhere in the world today.

The selections in this chapter reveal some totalitarian methods for maintaining and extending power. The first pair of excerpts, "The Arrest of Arlova" and "The End of Bogrov," from Arthur Koestler's novel *Darkness at Noon,* offer glimpses of the dictator's procedure in dealing with the faintest or even the imagined appearance of opposition. *Darkness at Noon* is based upon the Moscow Trials, unique spectacles which revealed for the first time that certain refinements of torture could produce from the defendants any sort of confession desired. The Moscow Trials and subsequent trials have taught Soviet citizens one clear lesson: there is but one voice of authority in all matters. The second selection in this chapter, "Politics and Music in the USSR," indicates clearly that a dictatorship will exercise power simply for the sake of the exercise. Caliban, the primitive savage, conceived that Setebos, his god, would smash any creature which did not acknowledge the power of Setebos. So it is with the dictator. And he best shows his limitless power by first praising and then condemning the same action—in this case the same piece of music, an opera. That the musicians and composers of the USSR have ever in mind the penalties for displeasing, reasonably or unreasonably, their Setebos is revealed in the abject letter of apology which they composed and signed.

The final selection, "Memory Holes," from George Orwell's novel, *Nineteen Eighty-four,* projects the totalitarian state about one generation into the future. Crude tortures have been refined and perfected. Men can be made to say and *believe* that two times two makes five. A new language, from which all words pertaining to freedom have been removed, is in use. History is made and remade by printing presses. This last process is described in "Memory Holes." All techniques for the maintenance of power have been perfected. Dictatorship will now last forever.

The reader should keep in mind that the practice of totalitarianism has grown directly out of the theory of communism. The theory itself, therefore, should be highly suspect. What deadly flaws do you discover in the Marxian doctrine?

*Darkness at Noon**

Arthur Koestler

[The following episodes represent models of the Soviet technique for making effective the will of No. 1. The central character is N. S. Rubashov, who is, according to Koestler, "a synthesis of the lives of a number of men who were victims of the so-called Moscow Trials." Arlova, an ardent revolutionist herself, is Rubashov's mistress. The first episode describes the preliminaries to the arrest of Arlova. The second episode occurs in a cell block of a Moscow prison after Rubashov himself has been arrested. All the prisoners know and use "the quadratic alphabet" to tap out messages to each other through the cell walls.]

The Arrest of Arlova

[1] It was the time of preparation for the second great trial of the opposition. The air in the Legation had become peculiarly thin. Photographs and portraits disappeared from walls overnight; they had hung there for years, nobody had looked at them, but now the light patches leaped to the eye. The staff restricted their conversation to service matters; they spoke to each other with a careful and reserved politeness. At meals in the Legation canteen, when conversation was unavoidable, they stuck to the stock phrases of official terminology, which, in the familiar atmosphere, appeared grotesque and rather uneasy; it was as though, between requests for salt-cellar and mustard-pot, they called out to each other the catch-words of the latest Congress manifesto. Often it happened that somebody protested against a supposed false interpretation of what he had just said, and called his neighbours to witness, with precipitate exclamations of "I did not say that," or "That is not what I meant." The whole thing gave Rubashov the impression of a queer and ceremonious marionette-play with figures, moving on

* From Arthur Koestler, *Darkness at Noon*. Copyright 1941 by The Macmillan Company and used with their permission.

wires, each saying their set piece. Arlova alone, with her silent, sleepy manner, seemed to remain unchanged.

[2] Not only the portraits on the walls, but also the shelves in the library were thinned out. The disappearance of certain books and brochures happened discreetly, usually the day after the arrival of a new message from above. Rubashov made his sarcastic commentaries on it while dictating to Arlova, who received them in silence. Most of the works on foreign trade and currency disappeared from the shelves—their author, the People's Commissar for Finance, had just been arrested; also nearly all old Party Congress reports treating the same subject; most books and reference-books on the history and antecedents of the Revolution; most works by living authors on jurisprudence and philosophy; all pamphlets dealing with the problems of birth control; the manuals on the structure of the People's Army; treatises on trade unionism and the right to strike in the People's state; practically every study of the problems of political constitution more than two years old, and, finally, even the volumes of the *Encyclopaedia* published by the Academy—a new revised edition being promised shortly.

[3] New books arrived, too; the classics of social science appeared with new footnotes and commentaries, the old histories were replaced by new histories, the old memoirs of dead revolutionary leaders were replaced by new memoirs of the same defunct. Rubashov remarked jokingly to Arlova that the only thing left to be done was to publish a new and revised edition of the back numbers of all newspapers.

[4] In the meantime, a few weeks ago, an order had come from "above," to appoint a librarian who would take the political responsibility for the contents of the Legation library. They had appointed Arlova to this post. At first Rubashov had mumbled something about a "kindergarten" and had held the whole thing for an imbecility, up to the evening when, at the weekly meeting of the Legation Party cell, Arlova had been sharply attacked from several sides. Three or four speakers, amongst whom was the First Secretary, rose and complained that some of the most important speeches of No. 1 were not to be found in the library, that on the

other hand, it was still full of oppositional works, and that books by politicians who had since been unmasked as spies, traitors and agents of foreign Powers had until quite recently occupied prominent positions in the shelves; so that one could hardly avoid a suspicion of an intentional demonstration. The speakers were dispassionate and cuttingly business-like; they used carefully selected phrases. It seemed as though they were giving each other the cues for a pre-arranged text. All speeches ended with the conclusion that the Party's chief duty was to be watchful, to denounce abuses mercilessly, and that whoever did not fulfil this duty made himself an accomplice of the vile *saboteurs*. Arlova, summoned to make a statement, said with her usual equanimity, that she was far from having any evil intent; and that she had followed every instruction given her; but while she was speaking in her deep, slightly blurred voice, she let her glance rest a long time on Rubashov, which she otherwise never did in the presence of others. The meeting ended with the resolution to give Arlova a "serious warning."

[5] Rubashov, who knew only too well the methods lately brought into use in the Party, became uneasy. He guessed that there was something in store for Arlova and felt helpless, because there was nothing tangible to fight against.

[6] The air in the Legation became even thinner. Rubashov stopped making personal comments while dictating, and that gave him a singular feeling of guilt. There was apparently no change in his relations with Arlova, but this curious feeling of guilt, which was solely due to the fact that he no longer felt capable of making witty remarks while dictating, prevented him stopping behind her chair and putting his hands on her shoulders, as he used to do. After a week, Arlova stayed away from his room one evening, and did not come the following evenings either. It was three days before Rubashov could bring himself to ask her the reason. She answered something about a migraine in her sleepy voice and Rubashov did not press her any further. From then on she did not come again, with one exception.

[7] This was three weeks after the cell meeting which had pro-

nounced the "serious warning," and a fortnight after she had first stopped visiting him. Her behavior was almost as usual, but the whole evening Rubashov had the feeling that she was waiting for him to say something decisive. He only said, however, that he was glad she was back again, and that he was overworked and tired—which actually was the case. In the night he noticed repeatedly that she was awake and staring into the dark. He could not get rid of this tormenting sense of guilt; also his toothache had started again. That was her last visit to him.

[8] Next day, before Arlova had appeared in his office, the Secretary told Rubashov, in a manner which was supposed to be confidential, but with each sentence carefully formulated, that Arlova's brother and sister-in-law had been arrested a week ago "over there." Arlova's brother had married a foreigner; they were both accused of having treasonable connections with her native country in the service of the opposition.

[9] A few minutes later Arlova arrived for work. She sat, as always, on her chair in front of the desk, in her embroidered blouse, slightly bent forward. Rubashov walked up and down behind her, and all the time he had before his eyes her bent neck, with the skin slightly stretched over the neck-bones. He could not take his eyes off this piece of skin, and felt an uneasiness which amounted to physical discomfort. The thought would not leave him that "over there" the condemned were shot through the back of the neck.

[10] At the next meeting of the Party cell Arlova was dismissed from her post as librarian because of political untrustworthiness, on the motion of the First Secretary. No comment was made and there was no discussion. Rubashov, who was suffering from almost intolerable toothache, had excused himself from attending the meeting. A few days afterwards Arlova and another member of the staff were recalled. Their names were never mentioned by their former colleagues; but, during the months he remained in the Legation before he was himself recalled, the sisterly scent of her large, lazy body clung to the walls of his room and never left them. . . .

The End of Bogrov

[11] Rubashov had never witnessed an execution—except, nearly, his own; but that had been during the Civil War. He could not well picture to himself how the same thing looked in normal circumstances, as part of an orderly routine. He knew vaguely that the executions were carried out at night in the cellars, and that the delinquent was killed by a bullet in the neck; but the details of it he did not know. In the Party death was no mystery, it had no romantic aspect. It was a logical consequence, a factor with which one reckoned and which bore rather an abstract character. Also death was rarely spoken of, and the word "execution" was hardly ever used; the customary expression was "physical liquidation." The words "physical liquidation" again evoked only one concrete idea: The cessation of political activity. The act of dying itself was a technical detail, with no claim to interest; death as a factor in a logical equation had lost any intimate bodily feature.

[12] Rubashov stared into the darkness through his pince-nez. Had the proceedings already started? Or was it still to come? He had taken off shoes and socks; his bare feet at the other end of the blanket stuck up palely in the darkness. The silence became even more unnatural. It was not the usual comforting absence of noise; it was a silence which had swallowed all sound and smothered it, a silence vibrating like a taut drum-skin. Rubashov stared at his bare feet and slowly moved the toes. It looked grotesque and uncanny, as though the white feet led a life of their own. He was conscious of his own body with unusual intensity, felt the lukewarm touch of the blanket on his legs and the pressure of his hand under his neck. Where did the "physical liquidation" take place? He had the vague idea that it must take place below, under the stairs which led down, beyond the barber's room. He smelled the leather of Gletkin's revolver belt and heard the crackling of his uniform. What did he say to his victim? "Stand with your face to the wall"? Did he add "please"? Or did he say: "Don't be afraid. It won't hurt . . ."? Perhaps he shot without any warning, from behind, while they were walking along—but the victim would be constantly

turning his head round. Perhaps he hid the revolver in his sleeve, as the dentist hides his forceps. Perhaps others were also present. How did they look? Did the man fall forward or backwards? Did he call out? Perhaps it was necessary to put a second bullet in him to finish him off.

[13] Rubashov smoked and looked at his toes. It was so quiet that one heard the crackling of the burning cigarette paper. He took a deep pull on his cigarette. Nonsense, he said to himself. Penny novelette. In actual fact, he had never believed in the technical reality of "physical liquidation." Death was an abstraction, especially one's own. Probably it was now all over, and what is past has no reality. It was dark and quiet, and No. 402 had stopped tapping.

[14] He wished that outside somebody might scream to tear this unnatural silence. He sniffed and noticed that for some time already he had the scent of Arlova in his nostrils. Even the cigarettes smelled of her; she had carried a leather case in her bag and every cigarette out of it had smelled of her powder. . . . The silence persisted. Only the bunk creaked slightly when he moved.

[15] Rubashov was just thinking of getting up and lighting another cigarette when the ticking in the wall started again. THEY ARE COMING, said the ticking.

[16] Rubashov listened. He heard his pulses hammering in his temples and nothing else. He waited. The silence thickened. He took off his pince-nez and tapped:

[17] I HEAR NOTHING. . . .

[18] For a whole while No. 402 did not answer. Suddenly he tapped, loudly and sharply:

[19] NO. 380. PASS IT ON.

[20] Rubashov sat up quickly. He understood: the news had been tapped on through eleven cells, by the neighbours of No. 380. The occupants of the cells between 380 and 402 formed an acoustic relay through darkness and silence. They were defenseless, locked within their four walls; this was their form of solidarity. Rubashov jumped from his bunk, pattered over bare-footed to the other wall, posted himself next to the bucket, and tapped to No. 406:

[21] ATTENTION. NO. 380 IS TO BE SHOT NOW. PASS IT ON.

[22] He listened. The bucket stank; its vapours had replaced the scent of Arlova. There was no answer. Rubashov pattered hastily back to the bunk. This time he tapped not with the pince-nez but with his knuckles:

[23] WHO IS NO. 380?

[24] There was again no answer. Rubashov guessed that, like himself, No. 402 was moving pendulum-like between the two walls of his cell. In the eleven cells beyond him, the inhabitants were hurrying noiselessly, with bare feet, backwards and forwards between the walls. Now No. 402 was back again at his wall; he announced:

[25] THEY ARE READING THE SENTENCE TO HIM. PASS IT ON.

[26] Rubashov repeated his previous question:

[27] WHO IS HE?

[28] But No. 402 had gone again. It was no use passing the message on to Rip Van Winkle, yet Rubashov pattered over to the bucket side of the cell and tapped it through; he was driven by an obscure sense of duty, the feeling that the chain must not be broken. The proximity of the bucket made him feel sick. He pattered back to the bed and waited. Still not the slightest sound was heard from outside. Only the wall went on ticking:

[29] HE IS SHOUTING FOR HELP.

[30] HE IS SHOUTING FOR HELP, Rubashov tapped to 406. He listened. One heard nothing. Rubashov was afraid that the next time he went near the bucket he would be sick.

[31] THEY ARE BRINGING HIM. SCREAMING AND HITTING OUT. PASS IT ON, tapped No. 402.

[32] WHAT IS HIS NAME? Rubashov tapped quickly, before 402 had quite finished his sentence. This time he got an answer:

[33] BOGROV. OPPOSITIONAL. PASS IT ON.

[34] Rubashov's legs suddenly became heavy. He leant against the wall and tapped through to No. 406:

[35] MICHAEL BOGROV, FORMER SAILOR ON BATTLESHIP POTEMKIN. COMMANDER OF THE EASTERN FLEET, BEARER OF THE FIRST REVOLUTIONARY ORDER, LED TO EXECUTION.

[36] He wiped the sweat from his forehead, was sick into the bucket and ended the sentence:

[37] PASS IT ON.

[38] He could not call back to his memory the visual image of Bogrov, but he saw the outlines of his gigantic figure, his awkward, trailing arms, the freckles on his broad, flat face with the slightly turned-up nose. They had been room-mates in exile after 1905; Rubashov had taught him reading, writing and the fundamentals of historical thought; since then, wherever Rubashov might happen to be, he received twice a year a hand-written letter, ending invariably with the words: "Your comrade, faithful unto the grave, Bogrov."

[39] THEY ARE COMING, tapped No. 402 hastily, and so loudly that Rubashov, who was still standing next to the bucket with his head leaning against the wall, heard it across the cell! STAND AT THE SPY-HOLE. DRUM. PASS IT ON.

[40] Rubashov stiffened. He tapped the message through to No. 406: STAND AT THE SPY-HOLE. DRUM. PASS IT ON. He pattered through the dark to the cell door and waited. All was silent as before.

[41] In a few seconds there came again the ticking in the wall: NOW.

[42] Along the corridor came the low, hollow sound of subdued drumming. It was not tapping nor hammering: the men in the cells 380 to 402 who formed the acoustic chain and stood behind their doors like a guard of honour in the dark, brought out with deceptive resemblance the muffled, solemn sound of a roll of drums, carried by the wind from the distance. Rubashov stood with his eyes pressed to the spy-hole, and joined the chorus by beating with both hands rhythmically against the concrete door. To his astonishment, the stifled wave was carried on to the right, through No. 406 and beyond; Rip Van Winkle must have understood after all; he too was drumming. At the same time Rubashov heard to his left, at some distance still from the limits of his range of vision, the grinding of iron doors back on their slidings. The drumming to his left became slightly louder; Rubashov knew that the iron door which separated the isolation cells from the ordinary ones, had been opened.

A bunch of keys jangled, now the iron door was shut again; now he heard the approach of steps, accompanied by sliding and slipping noises on the tiles. The drumming to the left rose in a wave, a steady, muffled crescendo. Rubashov's field of vision, limited by cells No. 401 and 407, was still empty. The sliding and squealing sounds approached quickly, now he distinguished also a moaning and whimpering, like the whimpering of a child. The steps quickened, the drumming to the left faded slightly, to the right swelled.

[43] Rubashov drummed. He gradually lost the sense of time and of space, he heard only the hollow beating as of jungle tom-toms; it might have been apes that stood behind the bars of their cages, beating their chests and drumming; he pressed his eye to the judas, rising and falling rhythmically on his toes as he drummed. As before, he saw only the stale, yellowish light of the electric bulb in the corridor; there was nothing to be seen save the iron doors of Nos. 401 and 407, but the roll of drums rose, and the creaking and whimpering approached. Suddenly shadowy figures entered his field of vision: they were there. Rubashov ceased to drum and stared. A second later they had passed.

[44] What he had seen in these few seconds, remained branded on Rubashov's memory. Two dimly lit figures had walked past, both in uniform, big and indistinct, dragging between them a third, whom they held under the arms. The middle figure hung slack and yet with doll-like stiffness from their grasp, stretched out at length, face turned to the ground, belly arched downwards. The legs trailed after, the shoes skated along on the toes, producing the squealing sound which Rubashov had heard from the distance. Whitish strands of hair hung over the face turned towards the tiles, with the mouth wide open. Drops of sweat clung to it; out of the mouth spittle ran thinly down the chin. When they had dragged him out of Rubashov's field of vision, further to the right and down the corridor, the moaning and whimpering gradually faded away; it came to him only as a distant echo, consisting of three plaintive vowels: "u-a-o." But before they had turned the corner at the end of the corridor, by the barber's shop, Bogrov bellowed out loudly twice, and this time Rubashov heard not only the vowels, but the whole word; it was his own name, he heard it clearly: Ru-ba-shov.

[45] Then, as if at a signal, silence fell. The electric lamps were burning as usual, the corridor was empty as usual. Only in the wall No. 406 was ticking:

[46] ARI|S|E, YE WRETCHED OF THE EARTH.

[47] Rubashov was lying on his bunk again, without knowing how he had got there. He still had the drumming in his ears, but the silence was now a true silence, empty and relaxed. No. 402 was presumably asleep. Bogrov, or what had remained of him, was presumably dead by now.

[48] "Rubashov, Rubashov. . . ." That last cry was branded ineffaceably in his acoustic memory. The optic image was less sharp. It was still difficult for him to identify with Bogrov that doll-like figure with wet face and stiff, trailing legs, which had been dragged through his field of vision in those few seconds. Only now did the white hair occur to him. What had they done to Bogrov? What had they done to this sturdy sailor, to draw this childish whimpering from his throat? Had Arlova whimpered in the same way when she was dragged along the corridor?

[49] Rubashov sat up and leant his forehead against the wall behind which No. 402 slept; he was afraid he was going to be sick again. Up till now, he had never imagined Arlova's death in such detail. It had always been for him an abstract occurrence; it had left him with a feeling of strong uneasiness, but he had never doubted the logical rightness of his behaviour. Now, in the nausea which turned his stomach and drove the wet perspiration from his forehead, his past mode of thought seemed lunacy. The whimpering of Bogrov unbalanced the logical equation. Up till now Arlova had been a factor in this equation, a small factor compared to what was at stake. But the equation no longer stood. The vision of Arlova's legs in their high-heeled shoes trailing along the corridor upset the mathematical equilibrium. The unimportant factor had grown to the immeasurable, the absolute; Bogrov's whining, the inhuman sound of the voice which had called out his name, the hollow beat of the drumming, filled his ears; they smothered the thin voice of reason, covered it as the surf covers the gurgling of the drowning.

[50] Exhausted Rubashov fell asleep, sitting—his head leaning against the wall, the pince-nez before his shut eyes.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Keep in mind the contents of paragraph 2 and 3 as a preparation for reading "Memory Holes," the final selection in this chapter. Note particularly the last sentence of paragraph 3.
2. Why did Arlova "let her glance rest a long time on Rubashov" (paragraph 4)?
3. Why was Arlova dismissed from her job as librarian?
4. What fascinated Rubashov about the back of Arlova's neck?
5. What impression do you have of Arlova?
6. "In the Party death was no mystery." Why?
7. What are "the fundamentals of historical thought" which Rubashov had taught Bogrov? (See Chapter 17.)
8. What was the purpose of the drumming as Bogrov passed?
9. The author describes Bogrov as Rubashov had known him. Why?
10. Is there any connection between the way Bogrov closed his letters to Rubashov and the shouting of Rubashov's name at the end of this episode? Explain.
11. Did Rubashov have anything to do with the death of Arlova? Explain. (See question 2, above.)

*Politics and Music in the USSR**

George S. Counts and Nucia Lodge

[1] Months passed before the Central Committee of the Party struck again. Probably many leaders in the artistic and intellectual life of the Soviet Union, as well as numerous students of Soviet affairs abroad, had begun to think that the purge of the cultural

* Extracted from "Music as a Weapon" in George S. Counts and Nucia Lodge's *The Country of the Blind* (1949), by permission Houghton, Mifflin Company, publishers.

apparatus had been completed with the three resolutions on literature, the drama, and the cinema. It appeared that the resolutions had served their purpose, not only in the specific fields toward which they had been directed, but also throughout the ranks of the intelligentsia. Their meaning had been made abundantly clear. The new policy called in unmistakable terms for an assault on all things Western and the glorification of all things Soviet. And most Soviet citizens knew from experience that the "voice of the Party is the voice of God." Moreover, declarations of abject loyalty had come from the most diverse groups and organizations. It seemed that the new "line" had been fully established. . . .

[2] On February 10, 1948, the Central Committee carried the offensive into a new realm. It issued a fourth resolution, and this time on a subject which in other parts of the world is regarded as rather remote from politics—on music. The Committee chose as the immediate object of its attack an opera which had been presented on the most celebrated occasion of the Soviet calendar for 1947—the Thirtieth Anniversary of the Great October Revolution.

[3] The selection of this composition for unqualified condemnation was an act loaded with drama. It had been lauded in the Soviet press for the "great breadth" of its music, for the "fullness" of its "vocal expression," for the "noble beauty" of its "melodic lines," for its "excellent folk scenes." It was declared to be so "saturated with the mighty optimism of a strong and complete feeling of life" that "it often takes possession of you, carries you away, and conquers you." The critic speaks of the "remarkable assurance and sweep" with which the composer "brings into a single synthesis the legendary grandeur of the old man Dzhemali—the incarnation of the wisdom and conscience of the people—and the profound simplicity of the Bolshevik commissar, the epic tale of Dzhemali about the hero who conquers the dragon and the passionate speech of the commissar about Lenin who brings happiness and light to the people."[1] Moreover, many of the great in Soviet music must have had a hand in the choice of the opera which was calculated to reveal to the Party and the world the "unprecedented flowering of social

[1] *Sovietskoie Iskusstvo*, November 15, 1947, p. 3.

art." Obviously by no other measure could the Central Committee have struck such a shattering blow at the entire musical fraternity and dramatized so powerfully the new policy which it desired to propagate.

[4] The resolution censured not only the opera and its composer, Vano Muradeli, but also the foremost Soviet composers—Shostakovich, Prokofiev, Khachaturian, Shebalin, Miaskovsky, and Popov. The full shock of the attack can only be sensed if one realizes that these men had been the idols of the musical world right down to the day that the contents of the resolution became known. The issue of *Sovietskoie Iskusstvo* for August 15, 1947, contained an article entitled "Musical Moscow Past and Present." According to this article the "pedagogical faculty" of the Moscow Conservatory, "with such names as Miaskovsky, Shostakovich, Shebalin, Igumanov, Oistrakh, and many others, has no equal in the entire world." [2] An issue of the same authoritative journal for October devoted its leading editorial to "The Concert Season." After announcing that Soviet music is "generally acclaimed as the leading progressive force of universal musical art," the writer boasts that "even the most irreconcilable enemies of the Soviet Union have nothing to compare with the philosophically profound symphonism of Shostakovich and Maiskovsky, the joyous compositions of Prokofiev, and the emotional brilliance of the creations of Khachaturian." [3] In November, Shostakovich, Prokofiev, Khachaturian, and Shebalin were awarded the highly coveted honor of "People's Artist of the RSFSR" and Muradeli and Popov the title of "Honored Leader of Art of the RSFSR." [4] Then on February 10, 1948, the Central Committee issued the following resolution "On the Opera *Velikaia Druzhba* by V. Muradeli": [5]

[5] The Central Committee of the All-Union Communist Party considers the opera *Velikaia Druzhba* (Music by Vano Muradeli, Libretto by G. Mdivani) produced at the Bolshoi Theatre of the USSR on the Thirtieth Anniversary of the October Revolution to be

[2] *Sovietskoie Iskusstvo*, August 15, 1947, p. 2.
[3] *Ibid.*, October 4, 1947, p. 1.
[4] *Ibid.*, November 15, 1947, p. 1.
[5] *Sovietskaia Muzyka*, No. 1, 1948, pp. 3–8.

vicious and inartistic in both its music and its subject matter. . . . [A long tirade against the opera, top Soviet composers, and music critics ensues and is concluded as follows:]

[6] The Central Committee of the Party considers that the situation and the attitude toward the tasks of Soviet music which are found in the Committee on the Arts of the Council of Ministers of the USSR and in the Organizational Committee of the Union of Soviet Composers can no longer be tolerated because they do immeasurable harm to the development of Soviet music. During recent years the cultural needs and the level of artistic taste of the Soviet people have advanced greatly. They expect from composers works of high quality and ideological content in all categories—in operas, in symphonic music, in song writing, in choral and dance music. In our country composers enjoy unlimited opportunities for creative work and all the conditions essential for the genuine flowering of musical culture. They have an audience such as no composer of the past has ever known. For them to fail to make use of all these rich possibilities and to direct their creative efforts along the correct realistic path should be inexcusable. . . .

[7] The response of the musicians was immediate and overwhelming. For the purpose of "discussing the historic resolution of the Central Committee" a conference of local composers and students of music was held in Moscow from the seventeenth to the twenty-sixth of February, 1948. . . .

[8] The Moscow conference concluded its deliberations with the following letter addressed to "the Great Leader of the Soviet People, Comrade Stalin":[6]

Dear Joseph Vissarionovich!

[9] The composers and musicians of the Soviet capital, assembled for the discussion of the historic resolution of the Central Committee of the All-Union Communist Party of February 10, 1948, on the opera by Muradeli, *Velikaia Druzhba,* send you, our dear leader and teacher, ardent greetings and wishes for your good health.

[10] We experience a feeling of tremendous gratitude to the Central Committee of the Party and to you personally, dear Comrade Stalin, for the stern but profoundly just appraisal of the present condition of Soviet musical art, and for the attention which you and the Central Committee of our Party have manifested toward the cause of the development of Soviet music and toward us, Soviet musicians.

[6] *Ibid.,* pp. 27–28.

[11] The conference of the leaders of Soviet music in the Central Committee of the Party, and particularly the address of Comrade Zhdanov and the resolution of the Central Committee of January 10 are events of historic significance. The extraordinary forceful, profound, and precise analysis of the present state of Soviet musical art and the indication of clear ways for freeing it from these defects—all of this is an invaluable aid to us, testimony to the great power and sagacity of the Communist Party.

[12] We, composers and musicians of the city of Moscow, acknowledge the full justice of the Party's criticism of Soviet music, which henceforth liberates us from the deadening effect of bourgeois-formalistic routine, from decadent influences.

[13] It is clear to us that representatives of the tendency discussed in the resolution of the Central Committee of the Party, proceeding along the road of formalistic pseudo-innovations, have lost contact with the songs of the people, have forgotten the musical speech of their own people, have humiliated themselves by subjugating their talent to models and dogmas of West-European and American modernism. In the presence of the Soviet people whose voice sounds in every line of the resolution of the Central Committee of the Party we confess that many of us had forgotten the great traditions of Russian musical realism. The words of the brilliant Glinka, who proclaimed "the people create music, and we, artists, only arrange it," did not find full expression in the creative work of Soviet composers. Consequently the popular element in our operatic and symphonic art was ignored and the fundamentally vicious subjective-idealistic theory was disseminated—the theory that the broad mass of auditors, supposedly, is not "mature enough" to understand modern music.

[14] For us, Soviet musicians, yet more grievous is the consciousness that we have been unable to draw true and logical conclusions from those warnings, which our Party has made not infrequently, whenever Soviet musical art has strayed from the true realistic path. . . .

[15] The Soviet artist is a servant of the people. Here is the conclusion which must be drawn by all Soviet composers and musicians. To this high democratic principle the creative genius of every Soviet musician must be wholly subjected. Not for snobs must music sound, but for all of our great people.

[16] We assure you, our dear leader and teacher, that the appeals of the Central Committee of the All-Union Communist Party, addressed to us Soviet musicians, will become the militant program of our creative work. We shall devote all of our strength to the cause of a new and unprecedentedly high upsurge of Soviet musical art.

[17] We swear to you and to the entire Soviet people to direct our art along the road of socialist realism, to labor untiringly for the creation in all branches of music of models worthy of our great epoch, to strive to make our music loved by all of the great Soviet people, and to find in our art a vivid and imaginative expression of the great ideas which will inspire our people to their universal-historic deeds.
[18] Long live the Leninist-Stalinist people, the people industrious, the people victorious, conquering a truly socialist art, the most advanced in the world!
[19] Long live the Leninist-Stalinist Central Committee of the All-Union Communist Party!
[20] Long live our leader and teacher, father of the people, the great STALIN!

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Why did the condemning of Muradeli's opera come as such a shock? Try to imagine a parallel situation occurring in the United States.
2. "In our country [the USSR] composers enjoy unlimited opportunities for creative work. . . ." Comment upon the irony of this statement.
3. What effect does the composers' letter addressed to "the Great Stalin" have upon your conception of democracy in the USSR?

*Memory Holes**

George Orwell

Glossary of Words

[*telescreen:* a device by which pictures and sound were transmitted to a central government receiving station. Operators at the government station could see and address directly anyone within range of the device. Telescreens were placed everywhere so that all "citizens" were under government scrutiny at all times, day and night.

* From *Nineteen Eighty-four* by George Orwell. Copyright, 1949, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc.

speakwrite: a device which would record speech directly into typed form.

newspeak: a new, very much curtailed vocabulary through which only ideas acceptable to the dictator could be transmitted. A Newspeak word was formed as follows: *good; ungood; doubleungood; doubleplusungood.*

Big Brother: the name for the dictator.

Oceania: the one third of the world over which Big Brother ruled.

Two Minutes Hate: a daily frenzy of synthetic hatred directed against the current enemy of Oceania and against the imagined counter-revolutionists within Oceania.

vaporized: executed (compare the phrase "physical liquidation" in "The End of Bogrov").

the Party: Oceania has three levels of society: the Inner Party; the Party; the proletariat, or proles, a vast mass of people who live in squalor and ignorance which make Karl Marx's proletariat seem bourgeoisie.

Ingsoc: apparently an abbreviation for English Socialism.

the Spies: children trained to spy on their parents and neighbors and report their findings to the Thought Police.

Junior Anti-Sex League: children of party members who were taught to despise sex because sex involved tenderness, love, and loyalty for persons rather than for party and Big Brother.]

[1] With the deep, unconscious sigh which not even the nearness of the telescreen could prevent him from uttering when his day's work started, Winston pulled the speakwrite toward him, blew the dust from its mouthpiece, and put on his spectacles. Then he unrolled and clipped together four small cylinders of paper which had already flopped out of the pneumatic tube on the right-hand side of his desk.

[2] In the walls of the cubicle there were three orifices. To the right of the speakwrite, a small pneumatic tube for written messages; to the left, a larger one for newspapers; and in the side wall, within easy reach of Winston's arm, a large oblong slit protected by a wire grating. This last was for disposal of waste paper. Similar slits existed in thousands or tens of thousands throughout the building,

not only in every room but at short intervals in every corridor. For some reason they were nicknamed memory holes. When one knew that any document was due for destruction, or even when one saw a scrap of waste paper lying about, it was an automatic action to lift the flap of the nearest memory hole and drop it in, whereupon it would be whirled away on a current of warm air to the enormous furnaces which were hidden somewhere in the recesses of the building.

[3] Winston examined the four slips of paper which he had unrolled. Each contained a message of only one or two lines, in the abbreviated jargon—not actually Newspeak, but consisting largely of Newspeak words—which was used in the Ministry for internal purposes. They ran:

times 17.3.84 bb speech malreported africa rectify

times 19.12.83 forcasts 3 yp 4th quarter 83 misprints verify current issue

times 14.2.84 miniplenty malquoted chocolate rectify

times 3.12.83 reporting bb dayorder doubleplusungood refs unpersons rewrite fullwise upsub antefiling.

[4] With a faint feeling of satisfaction Winston laid the fourth message aside. It was an intricate and responsible job and had better be dealt with last. The other three were routine matters, though the second one would probably mean some tedious wading through lists of figures.

[5] Winston dialed "back numbers" on the telescreen and called for the appropriate issues of the *Times,* which slid out of the pneumatic tube after only a few minutes' delay. The messages he had received referred to articles or news items which for one reason or another it was thought necessary to alter, or, as the official phrase had it, to rectify. For example, it appeared from the *Times* of the seventeenth of March that Big Brother, in his speech of the previous day, had predicted that the South Indian front would remain quiet but that a Eurasian offensive would shortly be launched in North Africa. As it happened, the Eurasian Higher Command had launched its offensive in South India and left North Africa alone. It was therefore necessary to rewrite a paragraph of Big Brother's speech in such a way as to make him predict the thing that had

actually happened. Or again, the *Times* of the nineteenth of December had published the official forecasts of the output of various classes of consumption goods in the fourth quarter of 1983, which was also the sixth quarter of the Ninth Three-Year Plan. Today's issue contained a statement of the actual output, from which it appeared that the forecasts were in every instance grossly wrong. Winston's job was to rectify the original figures by making them agree with the later ones. As for the third message, it referred to a very simple error which could be set right in a couple of minutes. As short a time ago as February, the Ministry of Plenty had issued a promise (a "categorical pledge" were the official words) that there would be no reduction of the chocolate ration during 1984. Actually, as Winston was aware, the chocolate ration was to be reduced from thirty grams to twenty at the end of the present week. All that was needed was to substitute for the original promise a warning that it would probably be necessary to reduce the ration at some time in April.

[6] As soon as Winston had dealt with each of the messages, he clipped his speakwritten corrections to the appropriate copy of the *Times* and pushed them into the pneumatic tube. Then, with a movement which was as nearly as possible unconscious, he crumpled up the original message and any notes that he himself had made, and dropped them into the memory hole to be devoured by the flames.

[7] What happened in the unseen labyrinth to which the pneumatic tubes led, he did not know in detail, but he did know in general terms. As soon as all the corrections which happened to be necessary in any particular number of the *Times* had been assembled and collated, that number would be reprinted, the original copy destroyed, and the corrected copy placed on the files in its stead. This process of continuous alteration was applied not only to newspapers, but to books, periodicals, pamphlets, posters, leaflets, films, sound tracks, cartoons, photographs—to every kind of literature or documentation which might conceivably hold any political or ideological significance. Day by day and almost minute by minute the past was brought up to date. In this way every prediction made by the Party could be shown by documentary evidence to have been correct; nor was any

item of news, or any expression of opinion, which conflicted with the needs of the moment, ever allowed to remain on record. All history was a palimpsest, scraped clean and reinscribed exactly as often as was necessary. In no case would it have been possible, once the deed was done, to prove that any falsification had taken place. The largest section of the Records Department, far larger than the one in which Winston worked, consisted simply of persons whose duty it was to track down and collect all copies of books, newspapers, and other documents which had been superseded and were due for destruction. A number of the *Times* which might, because of changes in political alignment, or mistaken prophesies uttered by Big Brother, have been rewritten a dozen times still stood on the files bearing its original date, and no other copy existed to contradict it. Books, also, were recalled and rewritten again and again, and were invariably reissued without any admission that any alteration had been made. Even the written instructions which Winston received, and which he invariably got rid of as soon as he had dealt with them, never stated or implied that an act of forgery was to be committed; always the reference was to slips, errors, misprints, or misquotations which it was necessary to put right in the interests of accuracy.

[8] But actually, he thought as he readjusted the Ministry of Plenty's figures, it was not even forgery. It was merely the substitution of one piece of nonsense for another. Most of the material that you were dealing with had no connection with anything in the real world, not even the kind of connection that is contained in a direct lie. Statistics were just as much a fantasy in their original version as in their rectified version. A great deal of the time you were expected to make them up out of your head. For example, the Ministry of Plenty's forecast had estimated the output of boots for the quarter at a hundred and forty-five million pairs. The actual output was given as sixty-two millions. Winston, however, in rewriting the forecast, marked the figure down to fifty-seven millions, so as to allow for the usual claim that the quota had been overfulfilled. In any case, sixty-two millions was no nearer the truth than fifty-seven millions, or than a hundred and forty-five millions.

Very likely no boots had been produced at all. Likelier still, nobody knew how many had been produced, much less cared. All one knew was that every quarter astronomical numbers of boots were produced on paper, while perhaps half the population of Oceania went barefoot. And so it was with every class of recorded fact, great or small. Everything faded away into a shadow-world in which, finally, even the date of the year had become uncertain.

[9] Winston glanced across the hall. In the corresponding cubicle on the other side a small, precise-looking, dark-chinned man named Tillotson was working steadily away, with a folded newspaper on his knee and his mouth very close to the mouthpiece of the speakwrite. He had the air of trying to keep what he was saying a secret between himself and the telescreen. He looked up and his spectacles darted a hostile flash in Winston's direction.

[10] Winston hardly knew Tillotson, and had no idea what work he was employed on. People in the Records Department did not readily talk about their jobs. In the long, windowless hall, with its double row of cubicles and its endless rustle of papers and hum of voices murmuring into speakwrites, there were quite a dozen people whom Winston did not even know by name, though he daily saw them hurrying to and fro in the corridors or gesticulating in the Two Minutes Hate. He knew that in the cubicle next to him the little woman with sandy hair toiled day in, day out, simply at tracking down and deleting from the press the names of people who had been vaporized and were therefore considered never to have existed. There was a certain fitness in this, since her own husband had been vaporized a couple of years earlier. And a few cubicles away a mild, ineffectual, dreamy creature named Ampleforth, with very hairy ears and a surprising talent for juggling with rhymes and meters, was engaged in producing garbled versions—definitive texts, they were called—of poems which had become ideologically offensive but which for one reason or another were to be retained in the anthologies. And this hall, with its fifty workers or thereabouts, was only one sub-section, a single cell, as it were, in the huge complexity of the Records Department. Beyond, above, below, were other swarms of workers engaged in an unimaginable multitude of

jobs. There were the huge printing shops with their sub-editors. their typography experts, and their elaborately equipped studios for the faking of photographs. There was the teleprograms section with its engineers, its producers, and its teams of actors specially chosen for their skill in imitating voices. There were the armies of reference clerks whose job was simply to draw up lists of books and periodicals which were due for recall. There were the vast repositories where the corrected documents were stored, and the hidden furnaces where the original copies were destroyed. And somewhere or other, quite anonymous, there were the directing brains who coordinated the whole effort and laid down the lines of policy which made it necessary that this fragment of the past should be preserved, that one falsified, and the other rubbed out of existence.

[11] And the Records Department, after all, was itself only a single branch of the Ministry of Truth, whose primary job was not to reconstruct the past but to supply the citizens of Oceania with newspapers, films, textbooks, telescreen programs, plays, novels—with every conceivable kind of information, instruction, or entertainment, from a statue to a slogan, from a lyric poem to a biological treatise, and from a child's spelling book to a Newspeak dictionary. And the Ministry had not only to supply the multifarious needs of the Party, but also to repeat the whole operation at a lower level for the benefit of the proletariat. There was a whole chain of separate departments dealing with proletarian literature, music, drama, and entertainment generally. Here were produced rubbishy newspapers containing almost nothing except sport, crime, and astrology, sensational five-cent novelettes, films oozing with sex, and sentimental songs which were composed entirely by mechanical means on a special kind of kaleidoscope known as a versificator. There was even a whole sub-section—*Pornosec,* it was called in Newspeak—engaged in producing the lowest kind of pornography, which was sent out in sealed packets and which no Party member, other than those who worked on it, was permitted to look at.

[12] Three messages had slid out of the pneumatic tube while Winston was working; but they were simple matters, and he had

disposed of them before the Two Minutes Hate interrupted him. When the Hate was over he returned to his cubicle, took the Newspeak dictionary from the shelf, pushed the speakwrite to one side, cleaned his spectacles, and settled down to his main job of the morning.

[13] Winston's greatest pleasure in life was in his work. Most of it was a tedious routine, but included in it there were also jobs so difficult and intricate that you could lose yourself in them as in the depths of a mathematical problem—delicate pieces of forgery in which you had nothing to guide you except your knowledge of the principles of Ingsoc and your estimate of what the Party wanted you to say. Winston was good at this kind of thing. On occasion he had even been entrusted with the rectification of the *Times* leading articles, which were written entirely in Newspeak. He unrolled the message that he had set aside earlier. It ran:

times 3.12.83 reporting bb dayorder doubleplusungood refs unpersons rewrite fullwise upsub antefiling.

In Oldspeak (or standard English) this might be rendered:

The reporting of Big Brother's Order for the Day in the Times of December 3rd 1983 is extremely unsatisfactory and makes references to nonexistent persons. Rewrite it in full and submit your draft to higher authority before filing.

[14] Winston read through the offending article. Big Brother's Order for the Day, it seemed, had been chiefly devoted to praising the work of an organization known as FFCC, which supplied cigarettes and other comforts to the sailors in the Floating Fortress. A certain Comrade Withers, a prominent member of the Inner Party, had been singled out for special mention and awarded a decoration, the Order of Conspicuous Merit, Second Class.

[15] Three months later FFCC had suddenly been dissolved with no reasons given. One could assume that Withers and his associates were now in disgrace, but there had been no report of the matter in the press or on the telescreen. That was to be expected, since it was unusual for political offenders to be put on trial or even publicly denounced. The great purges involving thousands of people, with public trials of traitors and thought-criminals who made

abject confession of their crimes and were afterwards executed, were special showpieces not occurring oftener than once in a couple of years. More commonly, people who had incurred the displeasure of the Party simply disappeared and were never heard of again. One never had the smallest clue as to what had happened to them. In some cases they might not even be dead. Perhaps thirty people personally known to Winston, not counting his parents, had disappeared at one time or another.

[16] Winston stroked his nose gently with a paper clip. In the cubicle across the way Comrade Tillotson was still crouching secretively over his speakwrite. He raised his head for a moment: again the hostile spectacle-flash. Winston wondered whether Comrade Tillotson was engaged on the same job as himself. It was perfectly possible. So tricky a piece of work would never be entrusted to a single person; on the other hand, to turn it over to a committee would be to admit openly that an act of fabrication was taking place. Very likely as many as a dozen people were now working away on rival versions of what Big Brother had actually said. And presently some master brain in the Inner Party would select this version or that, would re-edit it and set in motion the complex processes of cross-referencing that would be required, and then the chosen lie would pass into the permanent records and become truth.

[17] Winston did not know why Withers had been disgraced. Perhaps it was for corruption or incompetence. Perhaps Big Brother was merely getting rid of a too-popular subordinate. Perhaps Withers or someone close to him had been suspected of heretical tendencies. Or perhaps—what was likeliest of all—the thing had simply happened because purges and vaporizations were a necessary part of the mechanics of government. The only real clue lay in the words "refs unpersons," which indicated that Withers was already dead. You could not invariably assume this to be the case when people were arrested. Sometimes they were released and allowed to remain at liberty for as much as a year or two years before being executed. Very occasionally some person whom you had believed dead long since would make a ghostly reappearance

at some public trial where he would implicate hundreds of others by his testimony before vanishing, this time forever. Withers, however, was already an *unperson*. He did not exist; he had never existed. Winston decided that it would not be enough simply to reverse the tendency of Big Brother's speech. It was better to make it deal with something totally unconnected with its original subject. [18] He might turn the speech into the usual denunciation of traitors and thought-criminals, but that was a little too obvious, while to invent a victory at the front, or some triumph of overproduction in the Ninth Three-Year Plan, was a piece of pure fantasy. Suddenly there sprang into his mind, ready-made as it were, the image of a certain Comrade Ogilvy, who had recently died in battle, in heroic circumstances. There were occasions when Big Brother devoted his Order for the Day to commemorating some humble, rank-and-file Party member whose life and death he held up as an example worthy to be followed. Today he should commemorate Comrade Ogilvy. It was true that there was no such person as Comrade Ogilvy, but a few lines of print and a couple of faked photographs would soon bring him into existence.

[19] Winston thought for a moment, then pulled the speakwrite toward him and began dictating in Big Brother's familiar style: a style at once military and pedantic, and, because of a trick of asking questions and then promptly answering them ("What lessons do we learn from this fact, comrades? The lessons—which is also one of the fundamental principles of Ingsoc—that," etc., etc.), easy to imitate. [20] At the age of three Comrade Ogilvy had refused all toys except a drum, a submachine gun, and a model helicopter. At six—a year early, by a special relaxation of the rules—he had joined the Spies; at nine he had been a troop leader. At eleven he had denounced his uncle to the Thought Police after overhearing a conversation which appeared to him to have criminal tendencies. At seventeen he had been a district organizer of the Junior Anti-Sex League. At nineteen he had designed a hand grenade which had been adopted by the Ministry of Peace and which, at its first trial, had killed thirty-one Eurasian prisoners in one burst. At twenty-three he had perished in action. Pursued by enemy jet planes while

flying over the Indian Ocean with important despatches, he had weighted his body with his machine gun and leapt out of the helicopter into the deep water, despatches and all—an end, said Big Brother, which it was impossible to contemplate without feelings of envy. Big Brother added a few remarks on the purity and single-mindedness of Comrade Ogilvy's life. He was a total abstainer and a nonsmoker, had no recreations except a daily hour in the gymnasium, and had taken a vow of celibacy, believing marriage and the care of a family to be incompatible with a twenty-four-hour-a-day devotion to duty. He had no subjects of conversation except the principles of Ingsoc, and no aim in life except the defeat of the Eurasian enemy and the hunting-down of spies, saboteurs, thought-criminals, and traitors generally.

[21] Winston debated with himself whether to award Comrade Ogilvy the Order of Conspicuous Merit; in the end he decided against it because of the unnecessary cross-referencing that it would entail.

[22] Once again he glanced at his rival in the opposite cubicle. Something seemed to tell him with certainty that Tillotson was busy on the same job as himself. There was no way of knowing whose version would finally be adopted, but he felt a profound conviction that it would be his own. Comrade Ogilvy, unimagined an hour ago, was now a fact. It struck him as curious that you could create dead men but not living ones. Comrade Ogilvy, who had never existed in the present, now existed in the past, and when once the act of forgery was forgotten, he would exist just as authentically, and upon the same evidence, as Charlemagne or Julius Caesar.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. The shortened form for various ministries of government were, for example, Miniplenty (Ministry of Plenty). What does the prefix *mini* suggest? Comment.
2. What was Winston's job?
3. Why did the fourth item on his list interest him?
4. Is there anything ironical about the phrase, "the sixth quarter of the Ninth Three-Year Plan"?

5. Compare the account of the destruction and alteration of records in "Memory Holes" with a similar account in Arlova's Arrest. What conclusion do you draw from this sequence?
6. What is a *palimpsest?*
7. How do the statistics on the manufacture of boots demonstrate that "rectifying" the records was all nonsense?
8. The primary job of the Ministry of Truth (Minitruth) was what? Compare this function with that undertaken by the present regime in the USSR. (See "Politics and Music.")
9. How often did the great purges occur?
10. Why was Winston confident that his piece on Comrade Ogilvy would be accepted?

Suggestions for Papers

In the past, totalitarian regimes have failed because they could not manage over a long period of time great masses of people. New techniques for this sort of management have been developed and threaten the free peoples of the world as never before. You will turn over in your mind the implications of the selections in this chapter and write down the reflections which occur to you.

1. Why may totalitarianism grow out of any economic system? Why, however, is it most likely to grow out of a system in which the state owns everything? How may a balance of ownership be maintained so that dictatorship may be avoided? What should the state own? What should individuals own? Devote a single paragraph to each of the first two questions, and a paragraph to the last three.

2. Write a paper in which you describe the development of man-control techniques as exhibited in the selections of this chapter. The first selection from *Darkness at Noon* describes methods in use in the 1930's. The second selection from *The Country of the Blind* moves forward to the late 1940's. The third selection prophesies how things

will be in 1984. Show how the techniques of 1984 grow out of the realities of the '30's and the '40's.

3. A line from the Communist song, the *Internationale,* is this: "Arise, ye wretched of the earth!" Show the complete irony of this line in "The End of Bogrov." Then, extend the irony as it applies to the Russian musicians and composers and to the people of 1984. Who, in other words, are the *new* wretched of the earth?

4. Write a fantasy, in which you parallel for musicians in the United States what occurred to musicians in Russia. ("Music and Politics in the USSR.") You may substitute poets, or dramatists, or scientists, or doctors, or preachers, or any other professional people.

5. Write your paper on the idea of *power.* Begin with an analysis of what you know about your own urge to have your own way. How far does this urge go? Does it have limits? If so, what are they? If not, what would best express a limitless power? Consider, as an example, the capricious exercise of power in "Politics and Music in the USSR."

6. Would you say that *fear* is the basic characteristic of a totalitarian regime? Does this fear dominate both the government and the people governed? Prove this thesis by references to the selections in this chapter. Why was Arlova arrested and executed? Why was Rubashov arrested? Bogrov? Why were the musicians and composers deliberately humiliated? Most important, why all the elaborate effort to falsify (rectify) every written record in "Memory Holes"? Does a democracy have such benumbing fears?

7. A democracy prizes opposition. Why? What would happen without it? Use a simple example to illustrate, an athletic team, perhaps. Why does a good coach create a B team? A dictatorship crushes opposition. Why? What would happen with it?

8. There are two preliminary steps to action: thought and communication (speech and/or writing). Is this the reason for the Thought Police? Is the slogan of the dictator: "Nip the action in the thought"? Does this explain the arrest of Arlova? Of Rubashov? Does it account for suspicion concerning the loyalty of the Soviet musicians? Is the ultimate solution of such a problem some such device as telescreens?

SOME TITLES FOR PAPERS

1. The Right to Be Wrong
2. Unreasonable Power
3. Man's Inhumanity to Man
4. Arlova's Crime
5. Fear Motivates Dictators
6. How Political Is Music?
7. Man Control
8. The Wretched of the Earth—Now
9. Dictators Fear the Printed Word
10. Thought Control
11. A Totalitarian Community: How It Would Work
12. Democracy's Willingness to Blunder
13. The Value of Opposition
14. Totalitarian Nonsense

19

God and Man

FROM your earliest years you have been taught certain attitudes toward religion. You may have discussed with your companions many questions pertaining to God and religion. It is unlikely, therefore, that you come to the reading in this chapter unprepared to understand what is said. Yet, because the approaches may be fresh to you, especially in the first selection, you may feel that the material is difficult and some of it, perhaps, disturbing. The university man or woman learns to examine critically conflicting points of view and then to exercise a liberty of choice, that basic requirement of Milton's "wayfaring Christian."

The four selections in this chapter discuss man's relation to God, or to the Force which is behind or in all things. "Man against Darkness" asserts that the universe is purposeless and that whatever man does, he does as a result of a chain of causes over which he has little control. The blame for this dark view is laid at the door of science, which has pronounced that "Nature is nothing but matter in motion," a motion governed entirely by "blind force and laws." Man is matter and nothing more, and, therefore, his motions are also

blindly governed. The author calls the belief in spirit and a benevolent God "The Great Illusion." The reader will ask, perhaps, if the older phrase, "The Grand Perhaps," is not at least more scientific than "The Great Illusion."

The conclusions of the first selection represent a minority report. In the next three, the majority speaks its belief in a world of purpose presided over by a benign Deity whose immediate intentions may not be demonstrable—or even clear—but whose ultimate concern is satisfactorily to complete the lives of those who believe in Him.

A scientist of our own time states in summary form "Seven Reasons Why a Scientist Believes in God." Is he or is the author of the preceding article interpreting correctly the findings of science?

In "The Biography Cure" the thesis is that God works differently in the hearts of various men, but that ultimately these differences will be resolved. It has been said that the function of any religion is to provide man with access to his God and to secure for him the friendliness of God. "The Biography Cure" illustrates how three men went about fulfilling the function and purpose of religion.

The final selection is Tennyson's confession of faith—or strong hope—in the "Prologue" to *In Memoriam*. The poet summarizes the chief reasons which led him to a clear trust in God's purposes.

*Man against Darkness**

W. T. Stace

I

[1] The Catholic bishops of America recently issued a statement in which they said that the chaotic and bewildered state of the modern world is due to man's loss of faith, his abandonment of God and religion. For my part I believe in no religion at all. Yet I en-

* From *The Atlantic Monthly*, CLXXXII (September 1948), 53–58. Reprinted by permission of the author and *The Atlantic Monthly*.

tirely agree with the bishops. It is no doubt an oversimplification to speak of *the* cause of so complex a state of affairs as the tortured condition of the world today. Its causes are doubtless multitudinous. Yet allowing for some element of oversimplification, I say that the bishops' assertion is substantially true.

[2] M. Jean-Paul Sartre, the French existentialist philosopher, labels himself an atheist. Yet his views seem to me plainly to support the statement of the bishops. So long as there was believed to be a God in the sky, he says, men could regard him as the source of their moral ideals. The universe, created and governed by a fatherly God, was a friendly habitation for man. We could be sure that, however great the evil in the world, good in the end would triumph and the forces of evil would be routed. With the disappearance of God from the sky all this has changed. Since the world is not ruled by a spiritual being, but rather by blind forces, there cannot be any ideals, moral or otherwise, in the universe outside us. Our ideals, therefore, must proceed only from our own minds; they are our own inventions. Thus the world which surrounds us is nothing but an immense spiritual emptiness. It is a dead universe. We do not live in a universe which is on the side of our values. It is completely indifferent to them.

[3] Years ago Mr. Bertrand Russell, in his essay *A Free Man's Worship,* said much the same thing.

> Such in outline, but even more purposeless, more void of meaning, is the world which Science presents for our belief. Amid such a world, if anywhere, our ideals henceforward must find a home. . . . Blind to good and evil, reckless of destruction, omnipotent matter rolls on its relentless way; for man, condemned today to lose his dearest, tomorrow himself to pass through the gate of darkness, it remains only to cherish, ere yet the blow falls, the lofty thoughts that ennoble his little day; . . . to sustain alone, a weary but unyielding Atlas, the world that his own ideals have fashioned despite the trampling march of unconscious power.

[4] It is true that Mr. Russell's personal attitude to the disappearance of religion is quite different from either that of M. Sartre or the bishops or myself. The bishops think it a calamity. So do I.

M. Sartre finds it "very distressing." And he berates as shallow the attitude of those who think that without God the world can go on just the same as before, as if nothing had happened. This creates for mankind, he thinks, a terrible crisis. And in this I agree with him. Mr. Russell, on the other hand, seems to believe that religion has done more harm than good in the world, and that its disappearance will be a blessing. But his picture of the world, and of the modern mind, is the same as that of M. Sartre. He stresses the *purposelessness* of the universe, the facts that man's ideals are his own creations, that the universe outside him in no way supports them, that man is alone and friendless in the world.

[5] Mr. Russell notes that it is science which has produced this situation. There is no doubt that this is correct. But the way in which it has come about is not generally understood. There is a popular belief that some particular scientific discoveries or theories, such as the Darwinian theory of evolution, or the views of geologists about the age of the earth, or a series of such discoveries, have done the damage. It would be foolish to deny that these discoveries have had a great effect in undermining religious dogmas. But this account does not at all go to the root of the matter. Religion can probably outlive any scientific discoveries which could be made. It can accommodate itself to them. The root cause of the decay of faith has not been any particular discovery of science, but rather the general spirit of science and certain basic assumptions upon which modern science, from the seventeenth century onwards, has proceeded.

2

[6] It was Galileo and Newton—notwithstanding that Newton himself was a deeply religious man—who destroyed the old comfortable picture of a friendly universe governed by spiritual values. And this was effected, not by Newton's discovery of the law of gravitation nor by any of Galileo's brilliant investigations, but by the general picture of the world which these men and others of their time made the basis of the science, not only of their own day, but of all succeeding generations down to the present. That is why the century immediately following Newton, the eighteenth century,

was notoriously an age of religious skepticism. Skepticism did not have to wait for the discoveries of Darwin and the geologists in the nineteenth century. It flooded the world immediately after the age of the rise of science.

[7] Neither the Copernican hypothesis nor any of Newton's or Galileo's particular discoveries were the real causes. Religious faith might well have accommodated itself to the new astronomy. The real turning point between the medieval age of faith and the modern age of unfaith came when the scientists of the seventeenth century turned their backs upon what used to be called "final causes." The final cause of a thing or event meant the purpose which it was supposed to serve in the universe, its cosmic purpose. What lay back of this was the presupposition that there is a cosmic order or plan and that everything which exists could in the last analysis be explained in terms of its place in this cosmic plan, that is, in terms of its purpose.

[8] Plato and Aristotle believed this, and so did the whole medieval Christian world. For instance, if it were true that the sun and the moon were created and exist for the purpose of giving light to man, then this fact would explain why the sun and the moon exist. We might not be able to discover the purpose of everything, but everything must have a purpose. Belief in final causes thus amounted to a belief that the world is governed by purposes, presumably the purposes of some overruling mind. This belief was not the invention of Christianity. It was basic to the whole of Western civilization, whether in the ancient pagan world or in Christendom, from the time of Socrates to the rise of science in the seventeenth century.

[9] The founders of modern science—for instance, Galileo, Kepler, and Newton—were mostly pious men who did not doubt God's purposes. Nevertheless they took the revolutionary step of consciously and deliberately expelling the idea of purpose as controlling nature from their new science of nature. They did this on the ground that inquiry into purposes is useless for what science aims at: namely, the prediction and control of events. To predict an eclipse, what you have to know is not its purpose but its causes. Hence science from the seventeenth century onwards became exclusively

an inquiry into causes. The conception of purpose in the world was ignored and frowned on. This, though silent and almost unnoticed, was the greatest revolution in human history, far outweighing in importance any of the political revolutions whose thunder has reverberated through the world.

[10] For it came about in this way that for the past three hundred years there has been growing up in men's minds, dominated as they are by science, a new imaginative picture of the world. The world, according to this new picture, is purposeless, senseless, meaningless. Nature is nothing but matter in motion. The motions of matter are governed, not by any purpose, but by blind forces and laws. Nature on this view, says Whitehead—to whose writings I am indebted in this part of my paper—is "merely the hurrying of material, endlessly, meaninglessly." You can draw a sharp line across the history of Europe dividing it into two epochs of very unequal length. The line passes through the lifetime of Galileo. European man before Galileo—whether ancient pagan or more recent Christian—thought of the world as controlled by plan and purpose. After Galileo European man thinks of it as utterly purposeless. This is the great revolution of which I spoke.

[11] It is this which has killed religion. Religion could survive the discoveries that the sun, not the earth, is the center; that men are descended from simian ancestors; that the earth is hundreds of millions of years old. These discoveries may render out of date some of the details of older theological dogmas, may force their restatement in new intellectual frameworks. But they do not touch the essence of the religious vision itself, which is the faith that there is plan and purpose in the world, that the world is a moral order, that in the end all things are for the best. This faith may express itself through many different intellectual dogmas, those of Christianity, of Hinduism, of Islam. All and any of these intellectual dogmas may be destroyed without destroying the essential religious spirit. But that spirit cannot survive destruction of belief in a plan and purpose of the world, for that is the very heart of it. Religion can get on with any sort of astronomy, geology, biology, physics. But it cannot get on with a purposeless and meaningless universe.

[12] If the scheme of things is purposeless and meaningless, then the life of man is purposeless and meaningless too. Everything is futile, all effort is in the end worthless. A man may, of course, still pursue disconnected ends, money, fame, art, science, and may gain pleasure from them. But his life is hollow at the center. Hence the dissatisfied, disillusioned, restless spirit of modern man.

[13] The picture of a meaningless world, and a meaningless human life, is, I think, the basic theme of much modern art and literature. Certainly it is the basic theme of modern philosophy. According to the most characteristic philosophies of the modern period from Hume in the eighteenth century to the so-called positivists of today, the world is just what it is, and that is the end of all inquiry. There is no reason for its being what it is. Everything might just as well have been quite different, and there would have been no reason for that either. When you have stated what things are, what things the world contains, there is nothing more which could be said, even by an omniscient being. To ask any question about *why* things are thus, or what purpose their being so serves, is to ask a senseless question, because they serve no purpose at all. For instance, there is for modern philosophy no such thing as the ancient problem of evil. For this once famous question presupposes that pain and misery, though they seem so inexplicable and irrational to us, must ultimately subserve some rational purpose, must have their places in the cosmic plan. But this is nonsense. There is no such overruling rationality in the universe. Belief in the ultimate irrationality of everything is the quintessence of what is called the modern mind.

[14] It is true that, parallel with these philosophies which are typical of the modern mind, preaching the meaninglessness of the world, there has run a line of idealistic philosophies whose contention is that the world is after all spiritual in nature and that moral ideals and values are inherent in its structure. But most of these idealisms were simply philosophical expressions of romanticism, which was itself no more than an unsuccessful counterattack of the religious against the scientific view of things. They perished, along with romanticism in literature and art, about the beginning of the present century, though of course they still have a few adherents.

[15] At the bottom these idealistic systems of thought were rationalizations of man's wishful thinking. They were born of the refusal of men to admit the cosmic darkness. They were comforting illusions within the warm glow of which the more tender-minded intellectuals sought to shelter themselves from the icy winds of the universe. They lasted a little while. But they are shattered now, and we return once more to the vision of a purposeless world.

3

[16] Along with the ruin of the religious vision there went the ruin of moral principles and indeed of all values. If there is a cosmic purpose, if there is in the nature of things a drive towards goodness, then our moral systems will derive their validity from this. But if our moral rules do not proceed from something outside us in the nature of the universe—whether we say it is God or simply the universe itself—then they must be our own inventions. Thus it came to be believed that moral rules must be merely an expression of our own likes and dislikes. But likes and dislikes are notoriously variable. What pleases one man, people, or culture displeases another. Therefore morals are wholly relative.

[17] This obvious conclusion from the idea of a purposeless world made its appearance in Europe immediately after the rise of science, for instance in the philosophy of Hobbes. Hobbes saw at once that if there is no purpose in the world there are no values either. "Good and evil," he writes, "are names that signify our appetites and aversions; which in different tempers, customs, and doctrines of men are different. . . . Every man calleth that which pleaseth him, good; and that which displeaseth him, evil."

[18] This doctrine of the relativity of morals, though it has recently received an impetus from the studies of anthropologists, was thus really implicit in the whole scientific mentality. It is disastrous for morals because it destroys their entire traditional foundation. That is why philosophers who see the danger signals, from the time at least of Kant, have been trying to give to morals a new foundation, that is, a secular or nonreligious foundation. This attempt may very well be intellectually successful. Such a foundation, independent of the religious view of the world, might well be found.

But the question is whether it can ever be a *practical* success, that is, whether apart from its logical validity and its influence with intellectuals, it can ever replace among the masses of men the lost religious foundation. On that question hangs perhaps the future of civilization. But meanwhile disaster is overtaking us.

[19] The widespread belief in "ethical relativity" among philosophers, psychologists, ethnologists, and sociologists is the theoretical counterpart of the repudiation of principle which we see all around us, especially in international affairs, the field in which morals have always had the weakest foothold. No one any longer effectively believes in moral principles except as the private prejudices either of individual men or of nations or cultures. This is the inevitable consequence of the doctrine of ethical relativity, which in turn is the inevitable consequence of believing in a purposeless world.

[20] Another characteristic of our spiritual state is loss of belief in the freedom of the will. This also is a fruit of the scientific spirit, though not of any particular scientific discovery. Science has been built up on the basis of determinism, which is the belief that every event is completely determined by a chain of causes and is therefore theoretically predictable beforehand. It is true that recent physics seems to challenge this. But so far as its practical consequences are concerned, the damage has long ago been done. A man's actions, it was argued, are as much events in the natural world as is an eclipse of the sun. It follows that men's actions are as theoretically predictable as an eclipse. But if it is certain now that John Smith will murder Joseph Jones at 2:15 P.M. on January 1, 1963, what possible meaning can it have to say that when that time comes John Smith will be *free* to choose whether he will commit the murder or not? And if he is not free, how can he be held responsible?

[21] It is true that the whole of this argument can be shown by a competent philosopher to be a tissue of fallacies—or at least I claim that it can. But the point is that the analysis required to show this is much too subtle to be understood by the average entirely unphilosophical man. Because of this, the argument against free will is generally swallowed whole by the unphilosophical. Hence the

thought that man is not free, that he is the helpless plaything of forces over which he has no control, has deeply penetrated the modern mind. We hear of economic determinism, cultural determinism, historical determinism. We are not responsible for what we do because our glands control us, or because we are the products of environment or heredity. Not moral self-control, but the doctor, the psychiatrist, the educationist, must save us from doing evil. Pills and injections in the future are to do what Christ and the prophets have failed to do. Of course I do not mean to deny that doctors and educationists can and must help. And I do not mean in any way to belittle their efforts. But I do wish to draw attention to the weakening of moral controls, the greater or less repudiation of personal responsibility which, in the popular thinking of the day, result from these tendencies of thought.

4

[22] What, then, is to be done? Where are we to look for salvation from the evils of our time? All the remedies I have seen suggested so far are, in my opinion, useless. Let us look at some of them.

[23] Philosophers and intellectuals generally can, I believe, genuinely do something to help. But it is extremely little. What philosophers can do is to show that neither the relativity of morals nor the denial of free will really follows from the grounds which have been supposed to support them. They can also try to discover a genuine secular basis for morals to replace the religious basis which has disappeared. Some of us are trying to do these things. But in the first place philosophers unfortunately are not agreed about these matters, and their disputes are utterly confusing to the non-philosophers. And in the second place their influence is practically negligible because their analyses necessarily take place on a level on which the masses are totally unable to follow them.

[24] The bishops, of course, propose as remedy a return to belief in God and in the doctrines of the Christian religion. Others think that a new religion is what is needed. Those who make these proposals fail to realize that the crisis in man's spiritual condition is something unique in history for which there is no sort of analogy in the past. They are thinking perhaps of the collapse of the

ancient Greek and Roman religions. The vacuum then created was easily filled by Christianity, and it might have been filled by Mithraism if Christianity had not appeared. By analogy they think that Christianity might now be replaced by a new religion, or even that Christianity itself, if revivified, might bring back health to men's lives.

[25] But I believe that there is no analogy at all between our present state and that of the European peoples at the time of the fall of paganism. Men had at that time lost their belief only in particular dogmas, particular embodiments of the religious view of the world. It had no doubt become incredible that Zeus and the other gods were living on the top of Mount Olympus. You could go to the top and find no trace of them. But the imaginative picture of a world governed by purpose, a world driving towards the good—which is the inner spirit of religion—had at that time received no serious shock. It had merely to re-embody itself in new dogmas, those of Christianity or some other religion. Religion itself was not dead in the world, only a particular form of it.

[26] But now the situation is quite different. It is not merely that particular dogmas, like that of the virgin birth, are unacceptable to the modern mind. That is true, but it constitutes a very superficial diagnosis of the present situation of religion. Modern skepticism is of a wholly different order from that of the intellectuals of the ancient world. It has attacked and destroyed not merely the outward forms of the religious spirit, its particularized dogmas, but the very essence of that spirit itself, belief in a meaningful and purposeful world. For the founding of a new religion a new Jesus Christ or Buddha would have to appear, in itself a most unlikely event and one for which in any case we cannot afford to sit and wait. But even if a new prophet and a new religion did appear, we may predict that they would fail in the modern world. No one for long would believe in them, for modern men have lost the vision, basic to all religion, of an ordered plan and purpose of the world. They have before their minds the picture of a purposeless universe, and such a world-picture must be fatal to any religion at all, not merely to Christianity.

[27] We must not be misled by occasional appearances of revival of the religious spirit. Men, we are told, in their disgust and disillusionment at the emptiness of their lives, are turning once more to religion, or are searching for a new message. It may be so. We must expect such wistful yearnings of the spirit. We must expect men to wish back again the light that is gone, and to try to bring it back. But however they may wish and try, the light will not shine again,—not at least in the civilization to which we belong.

[28] Another remedy commonly proposed is that we should turn to science itself, or the scientific spirit, for our salvation. Mr. Russell and Professor Dewey both make this proposal, though in somewhat different ways. Professor Dewey seems to believe that discoveries in sociology, the application of scientific method to social and political problems, will rescue us. This seems to me to be utterly naive. It is not likely that science, which is basically the cause of our spiritual troubles, is likely also to produce the cure for them. Also it lies in the nature of science that, though it can teach us the best means for achieving our ends, it can never tell us what ends to pursue. It cannot give us any ideals. And our trouble is about ideals and ends, not about the means for reaching them.

5

[29] No civilization can live without ideals, or to put it in another way, without a firm faith in moral ideas. Our ideals and moral ideas have in the past been rooted in religion. But the religious basis of our ideals has been undermined, and the superstructure of ideals is plainly tottering. None of the commonly suggested remedies on examination seems likely to succeed. It would therefore look as if the early death of our civilization were inevitable.

[30] Of course we know that it is perfectly possible for individual men, very highly educated men, philosophers, scientists, intellectuals in general, to live moral lives without any religious convictions. But the question is whether a whole civilization, a whole family of peoples, composed almost entirely of relatively uneducated men and women, can do this.

[31] It follows, of course, that if we could make the vast majority of men as highly educated as the very few are now, we might save the

situation. And we are already moving slowly in that direction through the techniques of mass education. But the critical question seems to concern the time-lag. Perhaps in a few hundred years most of the population will, at the present rate, be sufficiently highly educated and civilized to combine high ideals with an absence of religion. But long before we reach any such stage, the collapse of our civilization may have come about. How are we to live through the intervening period?

[32] I am sure that the first thing we have to do is to face the truth, however bleak it may be, and then next we have to learn to live with it. Let me say a word about each of these two points. What I am urging as regards the first is complete honesty. Those who wish to resurrect Christian dogmas are not, of course, consciously dishonest. But they have that kind of unconscious dishonesty which consists in lulling oneself with opiates and dreams. Those who talk of a new religion are merely hoping for a new opiate. Both alike refuse to face the truth that there is, in the universe outside man, no spirituality, no regard for values, no friend in the sky, no help or comfort for man of any sort. To be perfectly honest in the admission of this fact, not to seek shelter in new or old illusions, not to indulge in wishful dreams about this matter, this is the first thing we shall have to do.

[33] I do not urge this course out of any special regard for the sanctity of truth in the abstract. It is not self-evident to me that truth is the supreme value to which all else must be sacrificed. Might not the discoverer of a truth which would be fatal to mankind be justified in suppressing it, even in teaching men a falsehood? Is truth more valuable than goodness and beauty and happiness? To think so is to invent yet another absolute, another religious delusion in which Truth with a capital T is substituted for God. The reason why we must now boldly and honestly face the truth that the universe is non-spiritual and indifferent to goodness, beauty, happiness, or truth is not that it would be wicked to suppress it, but simply that it is too late to do so, so that in the end we cannot do anything else but face it. Yet we stand on the brink, dreading the icy plunge. We need courage. We need honesty.

[34] Now about the other point, the necessity of learning to live with the truth. This means learning to live virtuously and happily, or at least contentedly, without illusions. And this is going to be extremely difficult because what we have now begun dimly to perceive is that human life in the past, or at least human happiness, has almost wholly depended upon illusions. It has been said that man lives by truth, and that the truth will make us free. Nearly the opposite seems to me to be the case. Mankind has managed to live only by means of lies, and the truth may very well destroy us. If one were a Bergsonian one might believe that nature deliberately puts illusions into our souls in order to induce us to go on living.

[35] The illusions by which men have lived seem to be of two kinds. First, there is what one may perhaps call the Great Illusion—I mean the religious illusion that the universe is moral and good, that it follows a wise and noble plan, that it is gradually generating some supreme value, that goodness is bound to triumph in it. Secondly, there is a whole host of minor illusions on which human happiness nourishes itself. How much of human happiness notoriously comes from the illusions of the lover about his beloved? Then again we work and strive because of the illusions connected with fame, glory, power, or money. Banners of all kinds, flags, emblems, insignia, ceremonials, and rituals are invariably symbols of some illusion or other. The British Empire, the connection between mother country and dominions, is partly kept going by illusions surrounding the notion of kingship. Or think of the vast amount of human happiness which is derived from the illusion of supposing that if some nonsense syllable, such as "sir" or "count" or "lord," is pronounced in conjunction with our names, we belong to a superior order of people.

[36] There is plenty of evidence that human happiness is almost wholly based upon illusions of one kind or another. But the scientific spirit, or the spirit of truth, is the enemy of illusions and therefore the enemy of human happiness. That is why it is going to be so difficult to live with the truth.

[37] There is no reason why we should have to give up the host of minor illusions which render life supportable. There is no reason

why the lover should be scientific about the loved one. Even the illusions of fame and glory may persist. But without the Great Illusion, the illusion of a good, kindly, and purposeful universe, we shall *have* to learn to live. And to ask this is really no more than to ask that we become genuinely civilized beings and not merely sham civilized beings.

[38] I can best explain the difference by a reminiscence. I remember a fellow student in my college days, an ardent Christian, who told me that if he did not believe in a future life, in heaven and hell, he would rape, murder, steal, and be a drunkard. That is what I call being a sham civilized being. On the other hand, not only could a Huxley, a John Stuart Mill, a David Hume, live great and fine lives without any religion, but a great many others of us, quite obscure persons, can at least live decent lives without it.

[39] To be genuinely civilized means to be able to walk straightly and to live honorably without the props and crutches of one or another of the childish dreams which have so far supported men. That such a life is likely to be ecstatically happy I will not claim. But that it can be lived in quiet content, accepting resignedly what cannot be helped, not expecting the impossible, and thankful for small mercies, this I would maintain. That it will be difficult for men in general to learn this lesson I do not deny. But that it will be impossible I would not admit since so many have learned it already.

[40] Man has not yet grown up. He is not adult. Like a child he cries for the moon and lives in a world of fantasies. And the race as a whole has perhaps reached the great crisis of its life. Can it grow up as a race in the same sense as individual men grow up? Can man put away childish things and adolescent dreams? Can he grasp the real world as it actually is, stark and bleak, without its romantic or religious halo, and still retain his ideals, striving for great ends and noble achievements? If he can, all may yet be well. If he cannot, he will probably sink back into the savagery and brutality from which he came, taking a humble place once more among the lower animals.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. What four opinions about man and God does the author cite? The author, the bishops, and M. Sartre agree in what way? How does Bertrand Russell differ?
2. What has science had to do with the decline in religion?
3. How did a shift from concern with purpose to concern with cause bring about a flood of skepticism?
4. The "essence of the religious vision itself . . . is the faith that there is plan and purpose in the world, that the world is a moral order, that in the end all things are for the best." Compare the idea that religion is designed "to give man access to the powers which seem to control him" and "to induce those powers to be friendly to him."
5. What is the basic view of modern philosophy (paragraph 13)?
6. Relate purposelessness in the universe to relativity of morals.
7. If every event is determined by a chain of causes, do man's actions become as predictable as a sun's eclipse? What example does the author use to illustrate this point (paragraph 20)? Can you detect a fallacy here? Define *determinism.*
8. If the masses are unable to follow the thinking of philosophers in their cerebrations on free will and the relativity of morals (paragraph 23), does it not follow that maybe the masses haven't yet followed the scientists and philosophers who discredit purpose in the world? Discuss. Can you see a parallel here of the Biblical story of the Tower of Babel?
9. Does the author believe that a new philosophy or a new religion might cure the world? Discuss.
10. What does the author set up as two preliminary conditions for continuing to live in this world?
11. "Mankind has managed to live only by means of lies, and the truth may very well destroy us." Since a fallible man, the author of this article, makes this statement, does it carry any more authority than "the truth will make you free"? In other words, the first statement is an attempt to represent truth, and by that fact it puts the capital T back into the word *Truth.*

Seven Reasons Why a Scientist Believes in God*

A. Cressy Morrison

[1] We are still in the dawn of the scientific age and every increase of light reveals more brightly the handiwork of an intelligent Creator. In the 90 years since Darwin we have made stupendous discoveries; with a spirit of scientific humility and of faith grounded in knowledge we are approaching even nearer to an awareness of God.

[2] For myself, I count seven reasons for my faith:

[3] First: *By unwavering mathematical law we can prove that our universe was designed and executed by a great engineering Intelligence.*

[4] Suppose you put ten pennies, marked from one to ten, into your pocket and give them a good shuffle. Now try to take them out in sequence from one to ten, putting back the coin each time and shaking them all again. Mathematically we know that your chance of first drawing number one is one to ten; of drawing one and two in succession, one to 100; of drawing one, two and three in succession, one in a thousand, and so on; your chance of drawing them all, from number one to number ten in succession, would reach the unbelievable figure of one chance in ten billion.

[5] By the same reasoning, so many exacting conditions are necessary for life on the earth that they could not possibly exist in proper relationship by chance. The earth rotates on its axis one thousand miles an hour; if it turned at one hundred miles an hour, our days and nights would be ten times as long as now, and the hot sun would then burn up our vegetation each long day while in the long night any surviving sprout would freeze.

[6] Again, the sun, source of our life, has a surface temperature of

* From *Man Does Not Stand Alone*, by A. Cressy Morrison; Fleming H. Revell Company, publishers (1944), as adapted in *Reader's Digest* (December 1946), pp. 11–14. By permission of the author and both publishers.

12,000 degrees Fahrenheit, and our earth is just far enough away so that this "eternal fire" warms us *just enough and not too much!* If the sun gave off only one half its present radiation, we would freeze and if it gave half as much more, we would roast.

[7] The slant of the earth, tilted at an angle of 23 degrees, gives us our seasons; if it had not been so tilted, vapors from the ocean would move north and south, piling up for us continents of ice. If our moon was, say, only 50 thousand miles away instead of its actual distance, our tides would be so enormous that twice a day all continents would be submerged; even the mountains would soon be eroded away. If the crust of the earth had been only ten feet thicker, there would be no oxygen, without which animal life must die. Had the ocean been a few feet deeper, carbon dioxide and oxygen would have been absorbed and no vegetable life could exist. Or if our atmosphere had been much thinner, some of the meteors, now burned in space by the millions every day, would be striking all parts of the earth, setting fires everywhere.

[8] Because of these and a host of other examples, there is not one chance in millions that life on our planet is an accident.

[9] Second: *The resourcefulness of life to accomplish its purpose is a manifestation of all-pervading Intelligence.*

[10] What life itself is, no man has fathomed. It has neither weight nor dimensions, but it does have force; a growing root will crack a rock. Life has conquered water, land and air, mastering the elements, compelling them to dissolve and reform their combinations.

[11] Life, the sculptor, shapes all living things; an artist, it designs every leaf of every tree, and colors every flower. Life is a musician and has taught each bird to sing its love songs, the insects to call each other in the music of their multitudinous sounds. Life is a sublime chemist, giving taste to fruits and spices, and perfume to the rose, changing water and carbonic acid into sugar and wood, and, in so doing, releasing oxygen that animals may have the breath of life.

[12] Behold an almost invisible drop of protoplasm, transparent, jellylike, capable of motion, drawing energy from the sun. This single cell, this transparent mistlike droplet, holds within itself the

germ of life, and has the power to distribute this life to every living thing, great and small. The powers of this droplet are greater than our vegetation and animals and people, for all life came from it. Nature did not create life; fire-blistered rocks and a saltless sea could not meet the necessary requirements.

[13] Who, then, has put it here?

[14] Third: *Animal wisdom speaks irresistibly of a good Creator who infused instinct into otherwise helpless little creatures.*

[15] The young salmon spends years at sea, then comes back to his own river, and travels up the very side of the river into which flows the tributary where he was born. What brings him back so precisely? If you transfer him to another tributary he will know at once that he is off his course and he will fight his way down and back to the main stream and then turn up against the current to finish his destiny accurately.

[16] Even more difficult to solve is the mystery of eels. These amazing creatures migrate at maturity from all ponds and rivers everywhere—those from Europe across thousands of miles of ocean—all bound for the same abysmal deeps near Bermuda. There they breed and die. The little ones, with no apparent means of knowing anything except that they are in a wilderness of water, nevertheless start back and find their way not only to the very shore from which their parents came but thence to the rivers, lakes or little ponds—so that each body of water is always populated with eels. No American eel has ever been caught in Europe, no European eel in American waters. Nature has even delayed the maturity of the European eel by a year or more to make up for its longer journey. Where does the directing impulse originate?

[17] A wasp will overpower a grasshopper, dig a hole in the earth, sting the grasshopper in exactly the right place so that he does not die but becomes unconscious and lives on as a form of preserved meat. Then the wasp will lay her eggs handily so that her children when they hatch can nibble without killing the insect on which they feed; to them dead meat would be fatal. The mother then flies away and dies; she never sees her young. Surely the wasp must have done all this right the first time and every time, else there would

be no wasps. Such mysterious techniques cannot be explained by adaptation; they were bestowed.

[18] Fourth: *Man has something more than animal instinct—the power of reason.*

[19] No other animal has ever left a record of its ability to count ten, or even to understand the meaning of ten. Where instinct is like a single note of a flute, beautiful but limited, the human brain contains all the notes of all the instruments in the orchestra. No need to belabor this fourth point; thanks to human reason we can contemplate the possibility that we are what we are only because we have received a spark of Universal Intelligence.

[20] Fifth: *Provision for all living is revealed in phenomena which we know today but which Darwin did not know—such as the wonders of genes.*

[21] So unspeakably tiny are these genes that, if all of them responsible for all living people in the world could be put in one place, there would be less than a thimbleful. Yet these ultramicroscopic genes and their companions, the chromosomes, inhabit every living cell and are the absolute key to all human, animal and vegetable characteristics. A thimble is a small place in which to put all the individual characteristics of two billions of human beings. However, the facts are beyond question. Well, then—how do genes lock up all the normal heredity of a multitude of ancestors and preserve the psychology of each in such an infinitely small space?

[22] Here evolution really begins—at the cell, the entity which holds and carries the genes. How a few million atoms, locked up as an ultramicroscopic gene, can absolutely rule all life on earth is an example of profound cunning and provision that could emanate only from a Creative Intelligence; no other hypothesis will serve.

[23] Sixth: *By the economy of nature, we are forced to realize that only infinite wisdom could have foreseen and prepared with such astute husbandry.*

[24] Many years ago a species of cactus was planted in Australia as a protective fence. Having no insect enemies in Australia the cactus soon began a prodigious growth; the alarming abundance persisted until the plants covered an area as long and wide as

England, crowding inhabitants out of the towns, and villages, and destroying their farms. Seeking a defense, the entomologists scoured the world; finally they turned up an insect which lived exclusively on cactus, and would eat nothing else. It would breed freely, too; and it had no enemies in Australia. So animal soon conquered vegetable and today the cactus pest has retreated, and with it all but a small protective residue of the insects, enough to hold the cactus in check forever.

[25] Such checks and balances have been universally provided. Why have not fast-breeding insects dominated the earth? Because they have no lungs such as man possesses; they breathe through tubes. But when insects grow large, their tubes do not grow in ratio to the increasing size of the body. Hence there never has been an insect of great size; this limitation on growth has held them all in check. If this physical check had not been provided, man could not exist. Imagine meeting a hornet as big as a lion!

[26] Seventh: *The fact that man can conceive the idea of God is in itself a unique proof.*

[27] The conception of God rises from a divine faculty of man, unshared with the rest of our world—the faculty we call imagination. By its power, man and man alone can find the evidence of things unseen. The vista that power opens up is unbounded; indeed, as man's perfected imagination becomes a spiritual reality, he may discern in all the evidences of design and purpose the great truth that heaven is wherever and whatever; that God is everywhere and in everything but nowhere so close as in our hearts.

[28] It is scientifically as well as imaginatively true, as the Psalmist said: *The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork.*

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Discuss the phrase "reasons for my faith." Is there a contradiction in terms between *reasons* and *faith?* Yet, can you justify the phrase?

2. Reasoning by analogy is dangerous. Is there a true analogy between the experiment with the ten pennies and the following statements about the earth's characteristics?
3. Compare these statements (1) "our universe was designed and executed by a great engineering Intelligence" and (2) "Nature is nothing but matter in motion . . . governed by blind forces and laws."
4. Under Morrison's third point, the instance of the wasp and the grasshopper is cited. Comment on the plight of the grasshopper.
5. Which, to your mind, is the scientist's most important point?
6. Explain nature's system of checks and balances. Can man upset this balance?

*The Biography Cure**

Lon Call

[1] I wonder if you have ever heard of the "Biography Cure." It is the remedy one finds for his spiritual ills by going to the lives of great men for inspiration and for insight and for interpretation of abstract ideas. When Longfellow wrote the great words, "Lives of great men all remind us, We can make our lives sublime," he was talking about the Biography Cure. . . .

[2] This is especially true in religion. So today I am presenting three ways of looking at life by looking at three great religious men. The three men are John Henry Newman, the Catholic, Charles Haddon Spurgeon, the Baptist preacher and evangelist, and James Martineau, Unitarian minister, writer and scholar.

[3] No names stand higher in any sphere than the three I have named, and they have much in common although they were worlds apart in religious conviction. They lived at the same time. They were contemporary Londoners, but I doubt if they ever met although

* Delivered as a sermon in March 1949. Reprinted by permission of the author.

each would have been the richer had he known the others. In his own way each achieved about as much honor as his church could bestow. They died as the nineteenth century was dying, but their lives continue to shine as stars in our time with increasing brightness. They were devout and honest men and sincerely questful of the kindly light of religious faith. Roman Catholic culture is embodied in Newman who sought the seat of religious authority and found it in Rome. Evangelical Protestantism is embodied in Spurgeon who sought religious authority and found it in the Bible. Liberal religion has never had a greater prophet than Martineau who found the source of religion, not in a Church or Book, but in the instincts of a pure conscience and in the convictions of unclouded reason. Today when so many find their ideal in Newman, while others find theirs in Spurgeon and still others in Martineau, it seems to me that we can learn to understand and appreciate these vastly conflicting points of view by knowing something of these three men. . . .

[4] At fifteen Newman joined the Anglican Church, firmly convinced that he was elected to eternal glory. At sixteen he had a profound conviction that for him marriage was not to be, and he held to that idea throughout life with occasional misgivings, as is likely to happen to any healthy-minded young man.

[5] There was a time when he was drawn to religious liberalism. He and his associates in college formed a discussion club where everything was called into question with no appeal to authority other than reason. He did not become a liberal, but the experience freed him from narrow views of religion, gave him a breadth of sympathy for the point of view of others, and also served to make him restless with the orthodoxy he had inherited. Knowing that it was impossible to continue in orthodoxy, he faced the future with liberalism on the one hand and Rome on the other. He chose Rome.

[6] His reasons for denouncing liberalism are interesting to us liberals, and I should like to bring you some of them gleaned from statements he made, not in his youth but in his full maturity. Here are seven of them:

[7] First, as to mystery. The liberal says no one can believe what he does not understand. Then, says Newman, it follows that there

are no mysteries in religion. But there are, for religion begins and ends in mystery.

[8] Second, as to belief. The liberal asserts that a theological doctrine is nothing more than an opinion which happens to be held by certain groups of men. Then, says Newman, no creed is necessary for salvation. But it is, since salvation is by belief.

[9] Third, as to his own profession, the priesthood. The liberal asserts that Christianity is modified by the growth of civilization and the exigencies of time and place. Then, says Newman, the Catholic priesthood, necessary to the Middle Ages, may be superseded now.

[10] Fourth, as to Christianity. The liberal says there is a religious point of view more simply true than Christianity as it has been taught. Then, says Newman, Christianity is like a grain of wheat that has died, and may or may not eventually bear fruit. But it is Christianity alone that must bear fruit.

[11] Fifth, as to science. The liberal holds that no doctrine can reasonably stand in the way of scientific conclusions. Then, says Newman, the science of political economy may reverse our Lord's teachings about poverty and riches.

[12] Sixth, as to the church. The liberal declares the right of private judgment and asserts that there is no existing authority competent to interfere with the liberty of individuals to reason for themselves. Then, says Newman, religious establishments that require assent to dogmas, such as the church, are outmoded.

[13] Seventh, as to morality. The liberal maintains that virtue is the child of knowledge and vice the child of ignorance. Then, says Newman, a population can be made moral and happy by education, literature, travel, ventilation and drainage. And this, of course, is certainly not the case.

[14] Today, in view of our widespread acceptance of these principles of religious liberalism, it is clear that we are in quite another world from that in which the mystic and saintly Newman moved a hundred years ago.

[15] So he went to Rome on a visit, and his reasons for becoming Catholic are worthy of note. At first he was very dubious of Catholicism. Standing on an eminence overlooking the Vatican he

cried, "What shall I call thee, light of the wide west, or heinous error's seat?" At one sanctuary he was so impressed that he exclaimed, "Oh, that thy creed were sound, thou Church of Rome!" On his return to England his boat was becalmed for an entire week during which he was much alone with his tortured soul. It was at that time that he composed the noble poem, "Lead, kindly light." To sing that hymn at a funeral is a mistake. It is a hymn-poem for a restless soul seeking serenity.

[16] Two years more and Newman resigned his Anglican pastorate to become a Roman Catholic, but during those two years it is generally conceded that his sermons were extremely brilliant. As we read them today it is evident that we have no pulpit prose now to compare with them. One man who heard him often declared that you could listen to his sermon and come away still not believing in his creed, but you would have to be harder than most men if you did not feel more than ever ashamed of all coarseness and selfishness. Beauty of dream, of thought and of utterance, yes and of life, was Newman's passion. Having believed always in the unreality of material phenomena, he lived and moved and had his being in the world of the spirit. Looking back now at his career, one is tempted to say that all through his long life he strove to make the Arabian fairy tales come true.

[17] Critics now agree that he always did credit to his imagination at the expense of his reason. He was not at home in his world. He liked to think himself back into the eighteenth century, even the seventeenth. Some even place him in the Middle Ages. No one ever rated him modern. He resented theological reform and declared that modern thought should itself be reformed in the light of the Christian revelation. He was unmoved by the social reforms of his time and gave himself completely to the development of Catholic doctrine, its growth even in a rationalistic age and the classics in an age of science. One of his biographers declared that he was a skeptic determined to be a saint. Newman declared that going into Catholicism was like putting into port after a rough voyage. The Church was for him the seat of authority, the kindly light of religious faith.

[18] Newman was celebrating his forty-fourth birthday when a

boy named Charles Spurgeon, a self-taught youngster, just turned sixteen, started one morning from his Cambridge home with a companion to conduct a Baptist meeting in a cottage in an outlying community. Each thought the other was to be the preacher of the occasion until they were actually at the meeting. Someone had tricked them. Well, it was Spurgeon who preached. Two years later he was pastor of a church. At twenty he gathered a church in London, rented a hall and outgrew it. At twenty-two he was the most popular preacher in London. The reasons for his popularity were many. Partly it was oratory; partly, at first, his youth; always it was his humor and his tears, also his endless stories and illustrations, his voice and manner and, of course, his orthodoxy.

[19] Spurgeon rooted his faith in the Bible. He feared and scorned the appeal to reason and preached against it. He resented the developments of Biblical criticism. Sometime, somewhere, he seems to have been drawn to religious liberalism but we are at a loss to know when or where. Once he stated that he had made "one tempestuous sailing over the ocean of free thought . . . but faith took the helm and steered me back and I cast my anchor on Calvary."

[20] He was not only anti-liberal, but anti-Catholic. He and Newman may have been in the same city, but they were poles apart in religious conviction. Spurgeon wrote a very scathing book against the Catholics which he called "Anti-Christ and Her Brood, or Popery Unmasked." Spurgeon could find no grounds for believing in the human reason, for sin he said had robbed mankind of such possibility. Neither could he find grounds for authority in the See of a bishop or pope. Only in the Bible did he fix his faith declaring that even if conscience dictates anything to the contrary, it must be the work of the devil.

[21] Spurgeon once declared that "a chasm is opening between men who believe their Bible and the men who are prepared for an advance upon scripture. Inspiration and speculation cannot long abide in peace. We cannot hold to the inspiration of the Word and yet reject it; we cannot believe in the atonement and deny it; we cannot hold to the doctrine of the fall of man from his state of perfection and yet to the idea of the evolution of spiritual life from

human nature. . . . One way or the other we must go." And Spurgeon went to the Bible. It was his kindly light.

[22] Spurgeon spoke the language of the throng. He addressed himself to their untutored minds. He made the most of every opportunity to get converts. He advised every minister to do likewise and never to be satisfied with less than conversions at every meeting. He said, don't be like the boy who went fishing and came back to report, "Well, I didn't catch a single fish but I drowned a lot of worms."

[23] The world has seldom seen a more popular preacher than Spurgeon. On one occasion twenty thousand people were turned away from a meeting at which he was to preach. Enormous collections were taken but remained uncounted because Sunday was no day to work, even in counting so much of the Lord's money. Much of the money went to charity. Over twenty-two hundred separate sermons were printed and distributed throughout the world, and Spurgeon's books reached amazing sales. His church, the London Metropolitan Tabernacle, numbered six thousand members. One man who heard him often declared that "Spurgeon is the world's greatest living talker." He spoke of trees as if he had studied nothing else. He seemed as familiar with the stars as a schoolmaster with the alphabet. He discussed physiology with the knowledge of a trained physician. And always, with his appeal to Biblical authority, was the urgency of human goodness. He was the avowed and constant enemy of evil.

[24] There are many people who, when they think of beauty, recall the life and preaching of Cardinal Newman. There are also many who, when they think of goodness, think of the life and preaching of Charles H. Spurgeon. And there are very many indeed who, when they think of truth, recall the life and influence of James Martineau.

[25] James Martineau was older than Spurgeon but younger than Newman. When Newman was reaching for his cardinal's robes, and Spurgeon was turning thousands away from his revival meetings, Martineau ended a Unitarian pastorate of twenty-five years in Liverpool and took a church in London. It was the world of Thomas Carlyle, John Stuart Mill, Alfred Tennyson, Charles Dar-

win and the great Gladstone, who once declared that Martineau was the first among living English thinkers.

[26] It was said of Newman that he lifted one out of coarseness. It was said of Spurgeon that he was the world's best talker. And Gladstone said of Martineau that he was England's greatest living thinker.

[27] Born into a Unitarian home, James was an unusually thoughtful child. There is one story out of his childhood to the effect that set by his mother to the task of Bible reading one rainy Sunday afternoon, he announced an hour or so later that he had finished it. "But you couldn't have," she replied. "Well," he said, "I skipped the nonsense." Martineau had his head set upon a career as an engineer, but the death of a dear friend so impressed him that he turned to religious study. He examined and re-examined the claims of the Roman Catholic Church. He studied the historical significance of the Christian religion. He delved deeply into the origin and character of the Bible, its authority and the claims made for its infallibility. But he gave pre-eminence to neither church nor book. He once declared that for more than fifty years his one aim had been the substitution of religion at first hand, straight out of the interaction of the soul and God, for religion at second hand fetched by what had been copied out of the anonymous traditions of the eastern Mediterranean world eighteen centuries before. He came through honest and rigorous study to see Jesus, not as a Jewish Messiah, but as a prince of human saints who revealed the highest possibilities of the human soul. The seat of religious authority he found in man himself; in man's reason, his conscience and his affections. The sphere of judgment he transferred from authorities outside of a man to springs of action within. He once declared that he could more surely feel that reason was the gift of God than any book or church.

[28] Martineau felt that we must trust implicitly our natural powers; our senses as reporters of the world about us; our understanding as interpreters of that world; our reason and conscience in ordering that world, and reason and conscience in finding and knowing God.

[29] The ultimate appeal—let us here proclaim it to our age as Martineau proclaimed it to his—the seat of authority, the basis of religion, is in reason and conscience. Whoever tries to shake that authority, though he think himself a saint in doing so, is an infidel. Whoever thinks or declares that any religious authority can be above reason or conscience, no matter what may be the book or the church, is secretly pulling up all belief by the roots. Whoever tells me that any apostle or prophet, priest or preacher can set himself above my own reason and conscience fixes upon such a messenger of God the sign of impostor. Without this appeal to the rational nature in man duty loses its sacredness, the spiritual values their significance and man becomes a slave, earth a prison, and God a devil.

[30] Such was, all too sketchily, the abiding service of this great man. Here was a clear, honest, profound religious synthesis which transferred the sphere of judgment from outward authorities to inward springs of action. Here was the access of the soul to divine things. Here was first-hand religion. Here was the true ground for the idea of the indwelling God. Here was human freedom defined and vindicated. Here was the court of appeal from all authorities, from church and ceremony, from book and creed. Here was the kindly light.

[31] And because James Martineau followed that light, you and I are today set where otherwise our feet would not have climbed. Because he ran and was not weary, we walk and do not faint.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Examine Newman's seven reasons for "denouncing liberalism." Does authority underlie each of Newman's "reasons"?
2. "Going into Catholicism was like putting into port after a rough voyage." Comment. What was the "rough voyage"? What does the "port" represent?
3. What is meant by "evangelical protestantism"?
4. In what way were Newman and Spurgeon in agreement? In disagreement?

5. Why did Spurgeon reject: (*a*) human reason; (*b*) an authoritarian church; (*c*) conscience?
6. In what way is the account of Martineau's rapid reading of the Bible a key to his life?
7. Does Martineau agree in any way with Newman or Spurgeon?
8. Comment on each sentence of paragraph 29.

*In Memoriam A. H. H.**

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Obit MDCCCXXXIII

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
  Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
  By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
  Thou madest Life in man and brute;
  Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
  Thou madest man, he knows not why;
  He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
  The highest, holiest manhood, thou:
  Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

* From *In Memoriam*, 1850. A. H. H. are the initials of Arthur Henry Hallam, Tennyson's friend, whose sudden death in 1833 caused the poet to write *In Memoriam*. The "Prologue," though placed first, was written last.

Our little systems have their day;
  They have their day and cease to be:
  They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith: we cannot know;
  For knowledge is of things we see;
  And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
  But more of reverence in us dwell;
  That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
  We mock thee when we do not fear:
  But help thy foolish ones to bear;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me;
  What seem'd my worth since I began;
  For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
  Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
  I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
  Confusions of a wasted youth;
  Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. What are the "orbs of light and shade"?
2. Are "Death" and "the skull" the same thing? If so, what is meant by "thy foot/ Is on the skull"? Define *die,* line 11.
3. Explain the reasoning in Stanza 3. Is line 12 made up of two hypotheses? What are "the little systems" of line 17?
4. The poet calls knowledge "A beam in darkness." Contrast this view with that set forth in "Man against Darkness."
5. "We mock thee when we do not fear." Comment.
6. Why does the poet ask forgiveness for grief (line 37)?

Suggestions for Papers

Your own experience with religion will doubtless serve as a guide to your response to the selections in this chapter. You will note a sharp clash between the thought in the first article and the ideas in the remaining three selections. Try to understand clearly what is said, then in your paper take your stand.

1. The author of "Man against Darkness" writes confidently of "the disappearance of religion" because science has forced men to abandon the older idea that everything in the universe fits into a cosmic scheme presided over by an Overruling Mind. Has religion disappeared? Is everyone aware that he lives in a purposeless universe? Can science prove its contention of purposelessness? Devote a paragraph to each of these questions; add personal comment.

2. Are there any new reasons for disbelieving in man's control—at least partial control—of his own destiny? It is said that a chain of circumstances leads to every action and that the action itself then takes its place as a link in the chain. Can man break the chain or is he simply pulled along by it? How many actions are unavoidable? Consider laziness, heroism, cowardice, alcoholism. Do these terms become meaningless if one denies free will?

3. The thesis of "Man against Darkness" is that religion is no longer possible. Does the author provide an argument for the necessity of religion? Whence, for example, comes the author's

feeling that loss of religion is a calamity? Has religion ever been scientifically provable? (A scientific faith is a contradiction in terms, is it not?) *Can* faith be scientifically discredited?

4. Compare "Man against Darkness" and "Seven Reasons Why a Scientist Believes in God." Here are two points which you might consider: the conceptions of a world with purpose versus a world without purpose; the conceptions of a world which just happened and could well be regulated differently versus a world which could not be altered without disastrous effect. Does "Man against Darkness" lose the first point and win the second?

5. The actions of salmons, eels, and wasps are remarkable ("Seven Reasons Why a Scientist Believes in God"), but do their actions really prove the author's contention of a "good Creator"? Is there anything either good or bad about the young salmon's return to his river or the odd action of the eels or the fresh meat of the wasp? What possibly should be one's conclusion about such examples?

6. Which person—Newman, Spurgeon, or Martineau ("The Biography Cure")—represents most nearly your own thinking about religion? Give reasons for rejecting the religious approach of two of these men and then give reasons for agreeing with one of them. Or reject all three and add your own independent view of religion.

7. Write a paper on Martineau ("The Biography Cure") as a civilized man. Use the definition of a civilized man as set forth in "Man against Darkness." Was Martineau a victim of "the Great Illusion"? If so, does he qualify otherwise as a civilized person?

8. On the basis of Tennyson's "Prologue," how would you compare the poet's beliefs with those of Newman? Spurgeon? Martineau? (All from "The Biography Cure.") Does Tennyson in stanza 3 add a justification for faith not included in any other selection?

9. First explain, then attack or defend any one of the following statements:

(*a*) "The chaotic and bewildered state of the modern world is due to man's loss of faith, his abandonment of God and religion."

(*b*) "Our ideals . . . must proceed from our own minds; they are our own inventions."

(*c*) "Blind to good and evil, reckless of destruction, omnipotent matter rolls on its relentless way."

(*d*) "Inquiry into purposes is useless for what science aims at: namely, the prediction and control of events."

(*e*) "The world is just what it is, and that is the end of all inquiry. There is no reason for its being what it is. Everything might just as well have been different, and there would have been no reason for that either."

(*f*) "Every man calleth that which pleaseth him, good; and that which displeaseth him, evil."

(*g*) "God hath appointed a strait and narrow way, that leadeth to life." Contrast with (*f*).

(*h*) "Pills and injections in the future are to do what Christ and the prophets failed to do."

(*i*) "Inspiration and speculation cannot long abide in peace."

(*j*) "The ultimate appeal . . . the seat of authority, the basis of religion, is in reason and conscience."

(*k*) Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

SOME TITLES FOR PAPERS

1. The Best Religion
2. *Cause* and *Purpose* Defined
3. Science Cannot Touch Religion
4. In the Heart, Not in the Head
5. Direction in a "Purposeless" World
6. I Am Morally Responsible
7. Religion and Morals Are Separate Things
8. What Is the Purpose of Purposelessness?
9. Is Science an Acceptable God?
10. Relativity of Morals
11. My Reasons for Believing in God
12. A Scientist's Reasoning
13. Authority in Religion
14. The Bible as Authority
15. Reason and Conscience as Authority
16. Tennyson's Religion Deduced from the Prologue to "In Memoriam"
17. A Scientific Examination of "Man against Darkness"
18. The Clash between Science and Religion

20

Science Attains

THE findings of science have never before claimed such awed attention from so many people. There are numerous reasons for this: a greatly expanded educational program which enables more people to understand, at least partly, what scientists are up to; a shorter cut than heretofore from scientific theory to practical application; spectacular demonstrations such as those at Hiroshima and, experimentally, at Bikini and elsewhere. Most important, perhaps, is the fact of world tension which has dramatized the laboratories and focused anxious eyes on men of science. You as a college student have all these reasons for being vitally concerned with what science has so far done. You will not, of course, learn science in your English class, but it is an appropriate place for oral and written discussion of the findings of science and what these findings mean.

Thomas Henry Huxley, the greatest expositor of the claims of science, lays down the rules for scientific investigation. He establishes the close relationship between everyday reasoning and scientific reasoning. His comparisons are so homely and simple as to be

disarming. You will have the feeling while reading "The Scientific Method" that nothing evil could possibly result from a process at once so human and so reasonable. If you are uncomfortable in a world threatened by the achievements of science, you may feel resentment at a method which seems not to be "human" after all. But if Huxley is correct and the scientific method represents "the *necessary* mode of working of the human mind," then you may wonder in what direction to turn your resentment.

The Editors of *Time* in "Steep Curve to Level Four" possibly were thinking of Huxley as one of the "grave, sedate scientists of the late Nineteenth Century" to whom "the physical world seemed almost as orderly as Queen Victoria's garden parties." Huxley himself was not so very grave and sedate, but the remainder of the statement is true enough. Nevertheless, the twentieth-century scientist has made no advance on the method defined by Huxley as "the necessary mode of working of the human mind." "Steep Curve to Level Four" describes in swift summary how this mode of working has been vastly accelerated during the past fifty years.

The chief scientific advance involves the atom. "The Atom: A Layman's Primer of What the World Is Made Of" gives in simple detail the history of the atom and relates it to physical laws. There may be a basis for a new philosophy in the recent atomic discoveries. Already new behavior is called for. The triumph of science over the submicroscopic world brings to man both a promise and a threat.

It is already apparent from the experience in Korea, Indo-China, and elsewhere that the predicted push-button war is not yet feasible. Large armies are still necessary, and the draft, as you know, will provide the man power. It is apparent, moreover, that peacetime uses of fissionable material will have to await a peaceful world. As usual, the attainments of science are not an unmixed blessing for all mankind.

*The Scientific Method**

Thomas Henry Huxley

[1] The method of scientific investigation is nothing but the expression of the necessary mode of working of the human mind. It is simply the mode at which all phenomena are reasoned about, rendered precise and exact. There is no more difference, but there is just the same kind of difference, between the mental operations of a man of science and those of an ordinary person, as there is between the operations and methods of a baker or of a butcher weighing out his goods in common scales, and the operations of a chemist in performing a difficult and complex analysis by means of his balance and finely graduated weights. It is not that the action of the scales in the one case, and the balance in the other, differ in the principles of their construction or manner of working; but the beam of one is set on an infinitely finer axis than the other, and of course turns by the addition of a much smaller weight.

[2] You will understand this better, perhaps, if I give you some familiar example. You have all heard it repeated, I dare say, that men of science work by means of induction and deduction, and that by the help of these operations, they, in a sort of sense, wring from Nature certain other things, which are called natural laws, and causes, and that out of these, by some cunning skill of their own, they build up hypotheses and theories. And it is imagined by many, that the operations of the common mind can be by no means compared with these processes, and that they have to be acquired by a sort of special apprenticeship to the craft. To hear all these large words, you would think that the mind of a man of science must be constituted differently from that of his fellow men; but if you will not be frightened by terms, you will discover that you are quite wrong, and that all these terrible apparatus are being used by yourselves every day and every hour of your lives.

[3] There is a well-known incident in one of Molière's plays, where the author makes the hero express unbounded delight on

* From *Collected Essays* (1893).

being told that he had been talking prose during the whole of his life. In the same way, I trust that you will take comfort, and be delighted with yourselves, on the discovery that you have been acting on the principles of inductive and deductive philosophy during the same period. Probably there is not one here who has not in the course of the day had occasion to set in motion a complex train of reasoning, of the very same kind, though differing of course in degree, as that which a scientific man goes through in tracing the causes of natural phenomena.

[4] A very trivial circumstance will serve to exemplify this. Suppose you go into a fruiterer's shop, wanting an apple—you take up one, and on biting it, you find it is sour; you look at it, and see that it is hard and green. You take up another one and that too is hard, green, and sour. The shopman offers you a third; but, before biting it, you examine it, and find that it is hard and green, and you immediately say that you will not have it, as it must be sour, like those that you have already tried.

[5] Nothing can be more simple than that, you think; but if you will take the trouble to analyse and trace out into its logical elements what has been done by the mind, you will be greatly surprised. In the first place you have performed the operation of induction. You found that, in two experiences, hardness and greenness in apples went together with sourness. It was so in the first case, and it was confirmed by the second. True, it is a very small basis, but still it is enough to find sourness in apples where you get hardness and greenness. You found upon that a general law that all hard and green apples are sour; and that, so far as it goes, is a perfect induction. Well, having got your natural law in this way, when you are offered another apple which you find is hard and green, you say, "All hard and green apples are sour; this apple is hard and green, therefore this apple is sour." That train of reasoning is what logicians call a syllogism, and has all its various parts and terms—its major premiss, its minor premiss, and its conclusion. And, by the help of further reasoning, which, if drawn out, would have to be exhibited in two or three other syllogisms, you arrive at your final determination, "I will not have that apple." So that, you see, you have, in the

first place, established a law by induction, and upon that you have founded a deduction, and reasoned out the special particular case. Well now, suppose, having got your conclusion of the law, that at some time afterwards you are discussing the qualities of apples with a friend: you will say to him, "It is a very curious thing, but I find that all hard and green apples are sour!" Your friend says to you, "But how do you know that?" You at once reply, "Oh, because I have tried them over and over again, and have always found them to be so." Well, if we were talking science instead of common sense, we should call that an experimental verification. And, if still opposed, you go further, and say, "I have heard from the people in Somersetshire and Devonshire, where a large number of apples are grown, that they have observed the same thing. It is also found to be the case in Normandy, and in North America. In short, I find it to be the universal experience of mankind wherever attention has been directed to the subject." Whereupon, your friend, unless he is a very unreasonable man, agrees with you, and is convinced that you are quite right in the conclusion you have drawn. He believes, although perhaps he does not know he believes it, that the more extensive verifications are—that the more frequently experiments have been made, and results of the same kind arrived at—that the more varied the conditions under which the same results are attained, the more certain is the ultimate conclusion, and he disputes the question no further. He sees that the experiment has been tried under all sorts of conditions, as to time, place, and people, with the same result; and he says with you, therefore, that the law you have laid down must be a good one, and he must believe it. In science we do the same thing—the philosopher exercises precisely the same faculties, though in a much more delicate manner. In scientific inquiry it becomes a matter of duty to expose a supposed law to every possible kind of verification, and to take care, moreover, that this is done intentionally, and not left to a mere accident, as in the case of the apples. And in science, as in common life, our confidence in a law is in exact proportion to the absence of variation in the result of our experimental verifications. For instance, if you let go your grasp of an article you may have in your hand, it will im-

mediately fall to the ground. That is a very common verification of one of the best established laws of nature—that of gravitation. The method by which men of science establish the existence of that law is exactly the same as that by which we have established the trivial proposition about the sourness of hard and green apples. But we believe it in such an extensive, thorough, and unhesitating manner because the universal experience of mankind verifies it, and we can verify it ourselves at any time; and that is the strongest possible foundation on which any natural law can rest.

[6] So much, then, by way of proof that the method of establishing laws in science is exactly the same as that pursued in common life. Let us now turn to another matter (though really it is but another phase of the same question), and that is, the method by which, from the relations of certain phenomena, we prove that some stand in the position of causes towards the others.

[7] I want to put the case clearly before you, and I will therefore show you what I mean by another familiar example. I will suppose that one of you, on coming down in the morning to the parlour of your house, finds that a tea-pot and some spoons which had been left in the room on the previous evening are gone—the window is open, and you observe the mark of a dirty hand on the window-frame, and perhaps, in addition to that, you notice the impress of hob-nailed shoes on the gravel outside. All these phenomena have struck your attention instantly, and before two seconds have passed you say, "Oh, somebody has broken open the window, entered the room, and run off with the spoons and the tea-pot!" That speech is out of your mouth in a moment. And you will probably add, "I know there has; I am quite sure of it!" You mean to say exactly what you know; but in reality you are giving expression to what is, in all essential particulars, an hypothesis. You do not know it at all; it is nothing but an hypothesis rapidly framed in your own mind. And it is an hypothesis founded on a long train of inductions and deductions.

[8] What are those inductions and deductions, and how have you got at this hypothesis? You have observed in the first place, that the window is open; but by a train of reasoning involving many inductions and deductions, you have probably arrived long before

at the general law—and a very good one it is—that windows do not open of themselves; and you therefore conclude that something has opened the window. A second general law that you have arrived at in the same way is, that tea-pots and spoons do not go out of a window spontaneously, and you are satisfied that, as they are not now where you left them, they have been removed. In the third place, you look at the marks on the window-sill, and the shoe-marks outside, and you say that in all previous experience the former kind of mark has never been produced by anything else but the hand of a human being; and the same experience shows that no other animal but man at present wears shoes with hob-nails in them such as would produce the marks in the gravel. I do not know, even if we could discover any of those "missing links" that are talked about, that they would help us to any other conclusion! At any rate the law which states our present experience is strong enough for my present purpose. You next reach the conclusion that, as these kinds of marks have not been left by any other animal than man, or are liable to be formed in any other way than by a man's hand and shoe, the marks in question have been formed by a man in that way. You have, further, a general law, founded on observation and experience, and that, too, is, I am sorry to say, a very universal and unimpeachable one—that some men are thieves; and you assume at once from all these premisses—and that is what constitutes your hypothesis—that the man who made the marks outside and on the windowsill, opened the window, got into the room, and stole your tea-pot and spoons. You have now arrived at a vera causa—you have assumed a cause which, it is plain, is competent to produce all the phenomena you have observed. You can explain all these phenomena only by the hypothesis of a thief. But that is a hypothetical conclusion, of the justice of which you have no absolute proof at all; it is only rendered highly probable by a series of inductive and deductive reasonings.

[9] I suppose your first action, assuming that you are a man of ordinary common sense, and that you have established this hypothesis to your own satisfaction, will very likely be to go off for the police, and set them on the track of the burglar, with the view to the recovery of your property. But just as you are starting with this object,

some person comes in, and on learning what you are about, says, "My good friend, you are going on a great deal too fast. How do you know that the man who really made the marks took the spoons? It might have been a monkey that took them, and the man may have merely looked in afterwards." You would probably reply, "Well, that is all very well, but you see it is contrary to all experience of the way tea-pots and spoons are abstracted; so that, at any rate, your hypothesis is less probable than mine." While you are talking the thing over in this way, another friend arrives, one of the good kind of people that I was talking of a little while ago. And he might say, "Oh, my dear sir, you are certainly going on a great deal too fast. You are most presumptuous. You admit that all these occurrences took place when you were fast asleep, at a time when you could not possibly have known anything about what was taking place. How do you know that the laws of Nature are not suspended during the night? It may be that there has been some kind of supernatural interference in this case." In point of fact, he declares that your hypothesis is one of which you cannot at all demonstrate the truth, and that you are by no means sure that the laws of Nature are the same when you are asleep as when you are awake.

[10] Well, now, you cannot at the moment answer that kind of reasoning. You feel that your worthy friend has you somewhat at a disadvantage. You will feel perfectly convinced in your own mind, however, that you are quite right, and you say to him, "My good friend, I can only be guided by the natural probabilities of the case, and if you will be kind enough to stand aside and permit me to pass, I will go and fetch the police." Well, we will suppose that your journey is successful, and that by good luck you meet with a policeman; that eventually the burglar is found with your property on his person, and the marks correspond to his hand and to his boots. Probably any jury would consider those facts a very good experimental verification of your hypothesis, touching the cause of the abnormal phenomena observed in your parlour, and would act accordingly.

[11] Now, in this supposititious case, I have taken phenomena of a very common kind, in order that you might see what are the dif-

ferent steps in an ordinary process of reasoning, if you will only take the trouble to analyse it carefully. All the operations I have described, you will see, are involved in the mind of any man of sense in leading him to a conclusion as to the course he should take in order to make good a robbery and punish the offender. I say that you are led, in that case, to your conclusion by exactly the same train of reasoning as that which a man of science pursues when he is endeavouring to discover the origin and laws of the most occult phenomena. The process is, and always must be, the same; and precisely the same mode of reasoning was employed by Newton and Laplace in their endeavours to discover and define the causes of the movements of the heavenly bodies, as you, with your own common sense, would employ to detect a burglar. The only difference is, that the nature of the inquiry being more abstruse, every step has to be most carefully watched, so that there may not be a single crack or flaw in your hypothesis. A flaw or crack in many of the hypotheses of daily life may be of little or no moment as affecting the general correctness of the conclusions at which we may arrive; but, in a scientific inquiry, a fallacy, great or small, is always of importance, and is sure to be in the long run constantly productive of mischievous if not fatal results.

[12] Do not allow yourselves to be misled by the common notion that an hypothesis is untrustworthy simply because it is an hypothesis. It is often urged, in respect to some scientific conclusion, that, after all, it is only an hypothesis. But what more have we to guide us in nine-tenths of the most important affairs of daily life than hypotheses, and often very ill-based ones? So that in science, where the evidence of an hypothesis is subjected to the most rigid examination, we may rightly pursue the same course. You may have hypotheses, and hypotheses. A man may say, if he likes, that the moon is made of green cheese: that is an hypothesis. But another man, who has devoted a great deal of time and attention to the subject, and availed himself of the most powerful telescopes and the results of the observations of others, declares that in his opinion it is probably composed of materials very similar to those of which our own earth is made up: and that is also only an hypothesis. But I need not tell you

that there is an enormous difference in the value of the two hypotheses. That one which is based on sound scientific knowledge is sure to have a corresponding value; and that which is a mere hasty random guess is likely to have but little value. Every great step in our progress in discovering causes has been made in exactly the same way as that which I have detailed to you. A person observing the occurrence of certain facts and phenomena asks, naturally enough, what process, what kind of operation known to occur in Nature, applied to the particular case, will unravel and explain the mystery? Hence you have the scientific hypothesis; and its value will be proportionate to the care and completeness with which its basis had been tested and verified. It is in these matters as in the commonest affairs of practical life; the guess of the fool will be folly, while the guess of the wise man will contain wisdom. In all cases, you see that the value of the result depends on the patience and faithfulness with which the investigator applies to his hypothesis every possible kind of verification.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. What does the author mean by "the necessary mode of working of the human mind"?
2. How does the comparison of the butcher and the chemist help to make clear Huxley's definition of scientific method?
3. How does the author make clear the inductive method?
4. What necessary relationship is there between induction and deduction?
5. What is likely to be the greatest weakness in the inductive process?
6. Define "experimental verification."
7. How does the scientist differ from the layman in his demand for proof?
8. What illustration does Huxley use to show the method of proving that certain phenomena stand in the position of *causes* of other phenomena (paragraph 7)?

9. To what does the author allude in his reference to "missing links" (paragraph 8)? (Hint: this lecture was part of a series on Darwin.) And why does he use a "monkey" in one of the counter-hypotheses? Explain, too, the attitude of "one of the good kind of people" who mentions the possible suspending of the laws of Nature and supernatural interference.
10. "In a scientific inquiry, a fallacy, great or small, is always of importance." Comment. Is any scientific inquiry ever brought to conclusion?

*Steep Curve to Level Four**

The Editors of *Time*

[1] The 20th Century has a characteristic unique in history—the headlong, accelerating growth of scientific knowledge. The curve of knowledge is exponential, growing steeper like the curve of squares (1—4—9—16—25—36—49 . . .). It has changed men's lives more in the past 20 years than in the previous 50; more in that 50 years than in the previous 200. Man cannot, dare not stop its growth, though he does not know where it is taking him.

[2] The most startling discoveries came in the last 50 years, and they were made when many scientists had decided that the age of discovery was about over.

[3] **Orderly World.** To the grave, sedate scientists of the late 19th Century, the physical world seemed almost as orderly as Queen Victoria's garden parties. Its byways held a few shadows still, but these most scientists were sure would soon be lightened.

[4] The physicists of those days believed that the universe was built foursquare on Newton's Laws of Motion. Their laboratories

* Reprinted from *Time* (January 2, 1950), 38–39. Courtesy of *Time*. Copyright Time Inc. 1950.

were stiff with reassuring certainties. Matter was matter, they stated dogmatically. It could, of course, be used in combustion to release energy, but matter itself could not be turned into energy. The chemical elements were indestructible; no atom of one could be transmuted into an atom of another. The scientists were confident that if they applied such well-known rules with greater and greater precision, they could eventually explain everything in the universe. Few of them suspected, and fewer dared suggest, that the basic rules might be wrong.

[5] With hindsight it is plain to modern scientists that classical physics was dodging issues. It had nothing to say about X rays (discovered by Röntgen in 1895) or about radioactivity (Becquerel, 1896). Yet these were no small shadow patches. They were signposts pointing to a new world of knowledge.

[6] **Frivolous Jumps.** In the neatly appropriate year of 1900, a discovery was made that was to knock the props from under classical physics. In his Berlin laboratory, Max Planck, a 42-year-old German physicist, was trying to describe mathematically the emission of light by glowing bodies. No one had done it and Planck could not do it either—until, in a sort of desperation, he assumed that light does not flow in a smooth stream, as everyone supposed, but in tiny, indivisible bursts.

[7] At the time this was frivolity, almost like saying that a railroad train moves in one-foot jumps. But as soon as Planck made his daring assumption, his equations came to heel, describing the emission of radiant energy with elegant precision.

[8] Here was something important, but Planck did not realize it. For years he worked to eliminate the frivolous jumps of energy. They refused to get out of the picture; when Planck made light flow smoothly, his equations would not work. At last he accepted the jumps as actually existing. He named them "quanta" and found that they vary in size with the frequency of light. Then he wrote his famous equation. Said Planck: "One quantum of energy equals 'h' times the frequency of light."

[9] **Mighty Constant.** To laymen "h" (Planck constant) is a tiny number (.000 000 000 000 000 000 000 000 006 6 . . .), but it shook

the scientific world. The little quanta of energy are the building stones of the universe, far more fundamental than big, clumsy atoms or even protons or electrons. Out of their discovery grew Einstein's relativity, including his historic proof, not then considered fraught with danger to civilization, that matter is equivalent to energy. Out of it grew Niels Bohr's description of the atom as a sort of sun surrounded by electron planets which jump from orbit to orbit emitting quanta of light. Out of it developed the quantum theory, to laymen more arcane than the inner reaches of medieval theology; the quantum theory reduces solid matter to "waves of probability." Out of it blossomed the atomic bomb. No more appropriate discovery than Planck's could have opened the 20th Century.

[10] What were the practical effects of these discoveries? For the first few decades of the century, there were essentially none. Once or twice the public took interest, as it did when the first atoms were "smashed" by Rutherford in 1919. For the most part the new physics ticked like a time bomb underground.

[11] **Age of Harvest.** Practical technology did not need the new physics. Classical physics, along with chemistry and biology, gave technicians all the tools they could handle.

[12] The early part of the 20th Century was not an age of great invention. It was rather a period of harvest. Most of the modern objects which are used so lavishly today had beginnings before 1900. Internal combustion engines, which made automobiles and airplanes inevitable, were running in the 1880s. Radio waves were discovered by Hertz in 1887, and the first paid radiogram was sent from the Isle of Wight in 1898. The first public telephone exchange was opened in New Haven, Conn. in 1878. The "germ theory" of disease dates from the 1860s. It is hard to find an important technological element in modern life that did not have its roots in the age of pre-Planckian innocence.

[13] The wide exploitation of these inventions, largely in the past 50 years, was another matter. Since 1900, the life of technological man has changed beyond recognition. He acquired unprecedented mobility, and electronic eyes and ears. Through public sanitation and chemotherapy, his internal parasites (disease micro-organisms)

were practically eliminated as causes of death in advanced countries. Nothing comparable had happened since man's external parasites (carnivorous animals) were licked back in the Stone Age. As a result, the average civilized man lives to a good old age instead of dying young. The effects of this deep biological change are being felt in every sector of modern society.

[14] **Leisure to Invest.** Modern man's increased leisure, largely due to power-driven machines, is having an effect only a little less basic. For one thing, the average man now can let his children be educated; they are not needed immediately for productive work. More and more of their early years can be invested in education—which makes them more productive later on. In the 19th Century few children went beyond grammar school. Now some 40% of U. S. children go through high school, about 7% graduate from college. One important byproduct: more trained personnel for the research laboratories that are the reproductive organs of our technical culture.

[15] Perhaps the deepest change is the disappearance of the economically self-sufficient individual. In pretechnical times most people were cultivators who lived very largely (and usually poorly) on what they produced at home. Throughout the 19th Century, this type lost ground steadily. Now in advanced countries it is almost extinct. The U. S. farmer who raises cash crops with the help of complex machines is as specialized as an airplane pilot and as dependent on others. This ever-tightening cooperation is unprecedented among mammals. The nearest biological analogies are the colonial ants and termites.

[16] Man's culture may develop further along these same lines. But some students of cultural growth believe that by 1940 it was close to its peak. The lack of new, basic inventions is one proof they offer. Power-driven production machines were still growing more productive, but at a slower rate. According to these theorists, the original impetus given to cultural development by fuel-burning engines was almost exhausted.

[17] **Levels of Culture.** These students of culture (Professor Leslie A. White of the University of Michigan wants to call them

"culturologists") divide human history into "levels of energy use." All life, including human life, they hold, struggles to capture free energy. Men first captured energy by gathering edible wild plants or by catching edible wild animals. This method, used until about 5000 B. C., yielded poor returns. Man never raised a high culture on what nature put directly in his hands.

[18] The first breakthrough came with the domestication (almost simultaneous) of plants and animals. Agricultural man, who appeared in the Middle East about 7,000 years ago, filled whole fields with food plants and thus turned more solar energy into a form he could use. This method (level two) was much more effective than level one. About 1,000 years after its start, high civilizations were flourishing, with big cities, proud kings, complex religions, and devastating wars. Many such cultures rose and fell with rhythmic repetition. But except for such cycles, there was little change for nearly 6,000 years.

[19] The next breakthrough (level three) came in the early 1700s, when western Europeans began using fossil fuels: coal, then later oil and natural gas. Their use in various heat-engines started a new cultural cycle that soon shot far above the peaks of level two. Many fossil fuel cultures might have risen and fallen, but they never got a chance. Before the first of them, our own, had reached its peak, level four began when the first atomic bomb was set off at Alamogordo, N. Mex., July 16, 1945.

[20] **Scientific Underground.** During the first four decades of the 20th Century, the new physics had developed a kind of unintended secrecy. Walled off from public comprehension by the difficulty of their subject, the physicists battered their way into the heart of matter. Just before World War II they made the critical discovery: the fission of uranium (Otto Hahn, 1939). Whipped on by wartime urgency, theory turned into technology in six racing years.

[21] So far, atomic power has not been used for any constructive purpose. The most important peacetime gifts of the fissioning atoms are radioactive tracers, which have already revolutionized biology and medical research. Biologists hope that such research will produce a cure for cancer. It may postpone senility; many physiol-

ogists believe that human beings could live vigorously for 125 years if the chemistry of their bodies were understood.

[22] The greatest promise of level four culture is practically costless power. There have been guesses about how it might be used: in air-conditioning cities, freshening seawater for irrigating deserts, blasting away mountain ranges. But atomic technology is still too new to furnish any guides for guessing. When the first crude Newcomen steam engines began pumping out British coal mines in 1711, no one could have imagined how they would transform society. One way to help in the projection of the atomic age is to compare present-day life with that of driven Egyptian slaves or verminous medieval peasants. Descendants of present-day man, on the high plateau of level four, may be just as far from life in 1950.

[23] **Means for Suicide.** To guess at all is starry-eyed, for atomic energy still means the A-bomb, a world of terror, not of promise. Uranium fission is only a beginning. The building-up of hydrogen into helium, if it could be achieved, would theoretically yield vastly more energy—which could also be used for bombs. The quantum theorists, roaming in abstract ecstasy among their lacy equations, long ago entered a world where matter and energy are almost indistinguishable. They talk matter-of-factly of turning all of a sample of matter into energy. A single pound of anything, unfrozen in this way, will yield as much power as burning about 4 billion pounds of coal. Wrote Professor Henry D. Smyth (now an AE Commissioner) in his famous 1945 Report: "Should a scheme be devised for converting to energy as much as a few percent of some common material, civilization would have the means to commit suicide at will."

[24] Many people, alarmed by these possibilities, wish that science could be "stopped." Novelist E. M. Forster has denounced the "implacable offensive of Science," blaming it for the world's present confusion.

[25] **The Way of an Airplane.** But to stop science (even if it could be done) would create more problems than solutions. Aside from military considerations (a nation without fast-moving science is militarily helpless), it would be disastrous to freeze culture at its

present high point. The highly technical civilization of the 20th Century is like an airplane in flight, supported by its forward motion. It cannot stop without falling. If all the world's inhabitants, for instance, learn to use natural resources as fast as Americans do now, many necessary substances would be exhausted. Scientists confidently count on improvements, including atomic energy, to provide ample substitutes. Present techniques won't do it.

[26] A deeper reason is that the present moment is probably the worst time to stop. The world's fourth-level culture possesses a frightful means of destruction, but it has not yet discovered how to keep it from being used. Many scientists hope that science can find an "inhibitor" of some sort; man, who studies atoms, can also study himself and his social institutions for a solution to his direful problem.

[27] Where will man's curve of scientific knowledge take him ultimately? The surprises since 1900 have made scientists humble. They know that as science grows it only penetrates deeper into mystery. Human knowledge may be visualized as an expanding sphere whose volume grows larger as its diameter increases. But the area of the sphere's surface, its frontier with the unknown, increases as the square of the diameter. Beyond that frontier—nobody can know, until the frontier advances.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Explain the curve of squares.
2. Why does man not dare to stop the growth of science?
3. If nineteenth-century scientists were wrong about the "basic rules," may twentieth-century scientists be wrong too?
4. Did Planck work inductively or deductively to discover quanta?
5. Why does the author use the phrase "big, clumsy atoms" (paragraph 9)?
6. Is the twentieth century an age of invention? Explain.
7. Explain the term "man's external parasites" (paragraph 13).
8. List some of the effects on man's way of living which may be attributed to science.
9. Name the three culture levels, with dates, preceding level four.

10. What is the greatest promise of level four?
11. "As science grows it only penetrates deeper into mystery" (paragraph 27). Comment.
12. Explain the comparison of human knowledge and an expanding sphere (paragraph 27).

*The Atom: A Layman's Primer of What the World Is Made Of**

The Editors of *Life*

[1] "Sweetness and bitterness, warmth, cold and color are only appearances; in truth, nothing exists but atoms and the void." This flash of insight, put into words 2,500 years ago by the Greek philosopher Democritus, was the first expression of the theory which in our time has led to the release of the greatest force in the universe.

[2] The Greeks of the Sixth Century B.C. had inherited a world of myth and superstition, a world in which events, from the motion of the sun to the rising of the tides, occurred at the will of gods and demons. It was not a world to be understood but only to be feared. Democritus and his contemporaries found this view repugnant. They insisted that the events of nature must happen in an orderly and necessary sequence and that man could understand something of the machinery and causes behind them. Democritus tried to explain change and the existence of individual things by assuming that everything is caused by the motion and aggregation of incredibly tiny and indestructible masses.

[3] Five centuries later the atomic theory was expanded by the Roman, Lucretius. In a poem, *On the Nature of Things,* Lucretius champions atomism in a vivid appeal to experience. "Water dripping from the eaves hollows a stone, the bent ploughshare of iron imperceptibly decreases in the fields . . . the brass statues too at the

* Reprinted from *Life* (May 16, 1949), 68–84. Copyright Time Inc. 1949.

gates show their right hands to be wasted by the touch of the numerous passers-by who greet them. These things then we see are lessened . . . but what bodies depart at any given time the nature of vision has jealously shut out of our seeing. . . . Nature therefore works by unseen bodies." Lucretius realized that the hardness and solidity of many things could only be accounted for by a force holding atoms together. Though this force was not discovered for nearly 20 centuries, Lucretius conceived an ingenious theory. He imagined some atoms to have hooks: "Things which look to us hard and dense must consist of particles more hooked together. . . . Those things which are liquid and of more fluid body ought to consist more of smooth and round elements."

[4] For 1,500 years the atomic theory lay where Lucretius had left it. But with the Renaissance of the 16th Century the edifice of modern science was begun, and atomism appeared to be the theory of matter most in harmony with the growing conception of nature as an intricate mechanism obeying mathematical laws. One curious branch of science was already far advanced. This was alchemy, the search for an elixir to make man eternally young and for a means of changing useless substances into gold. Fruitless as this search was, it furnished a basis for chemistry. In 1661 Robert Boyle, an Englishman, published *The Skeptical Chymist,* in which he discarded the quest of the alchemists and recommended instead an attempt to understand nature. Boyle introduced atoms into his chemistry, describing chemical changes as the result of atoms of one kind forcing themselves between others already united. During the same century Sir Isaac Newton announced one of the great achievements of science—his law of universal gravitation—which showed that all bodies, whether they be planets or stones, mutually attract each other. Though he did not try to prove it, Newton suggested an atomic theory of chemistry in which atoms combined because of attractive forces between them. In his book on optics, he asks, "Have not the small Particles of Bodies certain Powers, Virtues or Forces, by which they act at a distance . . . upon one another for producing a great part of the Phaenomena of Nature? . . . The Attractions of Gravity, Magnetism and Electricity, reach to very sensible distances

. . . and there may be others which reach to so small distances as hitherto escape observation."

[5] In the course of the following century chemistry grew more and more fruitful and chemical analysis brought to light many basic elementary substances. In 1780 the Frenchman Lavoisier listed nearly 50 such elements and made accurate measurements of the quantities involved in chemical combinations. The concept of atoms grew increasingly plausible, but not until the following century would the English chemist John Dalton demonstrate convincingly, from the way elements combine, that they must be made of tiny particles. All that could be said at the close of the 18th Century was that atoms might exist. But no one had proved it.

[6] The last 150 years have witnessed both the confirmation of the atomic theory and the discovery of atomic properties not even suspected in the 18th Century. As knowledge about the forces of matter increased, the science of physics exerted a growing influence on the human community. The discovery of the electrical properties of atoms contributed to the industrial revolution of the 19th Century which brought a radical change in man's way of living. The recent discovery of the forces buried within the atom may have an even greater effect on the life of modern man. As a source of limitless power, atomic energy may transform the whole structure of modern industry. As a research tool it has already led to new discoveries in medicine, agriculture and the basic sciences. And as a weapon it has proved itself capable of destroying the very civilization to which it promises so much. . . .

THE BASIC ELEMENTS

[7] Man's senses tell him that the physical world in which he lives is an assemblage of infinitely varied and infinitely changeable substances. The countless kinds of minerals, vegetables, animals which compose it take on almost every imaginable form, ranging from tough metals and intangible gases to growing leaves and living flesh. All these things change and sometimes even seem to disappear: metals rust, gases burn, leaves and flesh decay. But though matter is changeable it cannot be destroyed, for all its endless forms are made

up of a few changeless and chemically irreducible substances. These are the elements, the building blocks of the universe.

[8] It is this indestructibility which distinguishes the elements from the far more numerous substances that they combine to form. There is no readily apparent difference between elements and other kinds of matter; yet they are fundamentally different. For though their physical form may vary (each of them can exist as a solid, a liquid or a gas), their chemical properties do not. Nonelemental substances lack this stability: under the effects of heat or electric current or acids they lose their original properties and break down into their ultimate components—the unalterable elements of which they were composed.

MATTER CANNOT BE DESTROYED

[9] The two most significant facts about matter—that it is indestructible and composed of elements—can be illustrated by the homely example of a burning candle. Seemingly the candle vanishes into thin air, devoured by its own consuming flame. Actually its substance is not destroyed but only converted into other forms of matter. Convincing proof of this fact is given by a demonstration in which a burning candle is sealed in a flask of oxygen and balanced precisely on a scale. The candle burns away, yet the weight of the flask and its contents remains completely unchanged. Fire has changed the quality but not the quantity of matter.

[10] Normally the products of the candle's burning are invisible. They rise from the flame in infinitesimal particles and are dissipated. But they can be trapped and identified: a screen held over the flame picks up a soft, black coating of carbon; a container in which the candle burns becomes lined with water droplets. As the wax disintegrates, carbon and water are formed. These two substances must contain the elements of which the candle was made, for they remain when the candle has burned away. Carbon is itself an element. Water, a compound, is made up of two elements, hydrogen and oxygen. But the oxygen in the water could not have come from the candle, which must take oxygen from the air in order to burn. Therefore the candle must have been made of carbon and hydrogen;

two radically different elements which combined to form it and were released again by its destruction.

ATOMIC THEORY IS BASED UPON INDIRECT EVIDENCE

[11] No microscope will ever reveal the basic structure of matter. No chemical test will ever define it, for the elemental substances are chemically irreducible. But elements, the ingredients of which all matter is composed, give a clue to its nature in the way they interact. A single characteristic fact—that elements always combine in fixed and definite proportions—provides the first evidence of what matter is made of.

[12] The theory of fixed proportions is demonstrated by hydrolysis, the classic high-school experiment. . . . Here water is broken down by electricity into its component elements, hydrogen and oxygen. As the water disintegrates, oxygen bubbles up around the coiled electrode at left, hydrogen around the electrode at right. The rising gases are caught in inverted glasses placed over the two coils to give a visual measure of the amounts produced. These show that the decomposing water continually yields twice as much hydrogen as oxygen. Therefore it must be made of these two elements combined in the precise and invariable proportion of two to one. All other elements also unite by whole units to form compounds: three parts to two, four parts to one, etc. And in any given compound the proportions involved never change.

[13] The logic by which these facts are made to reveal the structure of matter is roundabout but nevertheless persuasive. The reasoning is this: elements must be composed either of a uniform, infinitely divisible substance or of ultimate particles which cannot themselves be divided. If elements are infinitely divisible, then any two of them should mix together in any proportion to produce endless variations of a given compound just as red and white paint mix to produce endless variations of pink. But compounds are not variable in their make-up. Therefore the elements cannot be infinitely divisible but must be made of particles, or atoms. When two volumes of hydrogen combine with one of oxygen to form water, pairs of hydrogen atoms are uniting with single oxygen atoms to create single units, or molecules, of the compound.

[14] It is on this kind of indirect but significant evidence that the atomic theory of matter is based. The atom itself is too infinitesimally small ever to be seen or directly measured. Yet all knowledge amassed since the atom was first conceived supports the belief that it does in fact exist.

THE BEHAVIOR OF MATTER REVEALS THE PROPERTIES OF ATOMS

[15] If everything is made of atoms, the behavior of visible matter must reflect the qualities of invisible atoms. The three most fundamental of these qualities are 1) that atoms are always in motion, 2) that they attract one another and 3) that they have different electric charges. These characteristics can be tested and proved by known facts and events that can be seen.

[16] That atoms move is shown by the example of Brownian Motion, in which the effect of their collisions is visible under a microscope. As for the attraction of atoms to one another, it is proved by the very existence of solid objects. If the iron atoms that make up an anvil were not powerfully bound together the tough metal would disintegrate. The relationship between these two factors of atomic attraction and atomic motion is shown in the three states of matter—solid, liquid and gas—which are caused by that relationship. Ice and steam, for example, are simply different forms of water. They are chemically identical. But when water is chilled its moving particles slow down so that the attractive force between them takes hold and binds them into a solid. As temperature rises the particles move faster and faster, finally overcoming the pull that holds them together and escaping as steam into the air.

[17] The third characteristic of atoms, their electrical charge, is suggested by the way elements combine. The unvarying proportions of elements in compounds cannot be explained as the result of an indiscriminate attraction of all atoms for each other. This would mean that any element would combine with any other, and in any proportion whatever, whereas in fact certain elements will not combine with each other at all. But if it is assumed that different atoms have different charges, then the way in which they combine becomes clear. . . . This assumption that atoms are charged does not apply in all instances. Under many conditions they are neutral. But when

atoms of different kinds are brought together they do acquire charges, some positive and some negative. And these charges evidently determine how atoms combine.

EXPERIMENTS SHOW THAT ATOMS THEMSELVES HAVE PARTS

[18] The characteristics of the atom, described above . . . raise a question about its very nature. Can the atom, with all its special qualities, be nothing more than a simple, solid particle like a tiny billiard ball? The atom is made of even smaller particles. In an electrified tube filled with hydrogen, atoms break apart into light, negatively charged particles and heavier, positively charged masses. The light particles are called electrons, the heavy ones protons. Since these two particles can be found in the atoms of all elements they must be basic units of atomic structure.

[19] The hydrogen atom, which is the simplest of all, consists of only a single proton and a single electron held together by the attraction of their opposite electrical charges. The proton with its greater weight acts as a central core or nucleus, while the almost weightless electron circles it at a relatively vast distance. The total volume of the atom is mostly empty space. All atoms, regardless of their weight or complexity, are constructed in this same general way. In all of them the nucleus is a minute, compact mass surrounded by widely scattered electrons.

[20] Proof of the insubstantial nature of the atom comes from an experiment in which metal foil is bombarded by tiny fragments ejected by a bit of radioactive radium. When the particles strike the foil almost all of them pass through it unimpeded, showing that the atoms of the foil are more space than substance. But occasionally one of these missiles hits a nucleus, knocking out a proton or being itself deflected by it. These infrequent collisions supply the evidence that 1) nuclei are extremely dense and heavy, and 2) that they are only tiny specks inside their electron shells.

[21] This ephemeral structure of diffuse and evermoving particles, the atom, is held firmly together by the mutual attractions of its parts. Every proton in the nucleus attracts one negatively charged electron, so that in any atom there is an equal number of each. The balance

of forces between these two permits the atom to exist as a permanent unit.

[22] Protons and electrons are integral parts of all atoms. But are they the only subatomic particles? Evidently they are not, for their total weight does not account for the total weight of the atom. The helium nucleus, for instance, has two protons as against one for the hydrogen nucleus; yet it weighs four times as much. Since it has only the two plus charges given it by its two protons, the additional particles which account for its total weight must be neutral. Therefore they are called neutrons.

[23] The concept of the atom as an aggregate of electrons, protons and neutrons is by and large a logical one. But it involves one mystery: what holds the nucleus together? Its charged particles are all positive and therefore should tend to repel each other. Apparently they are gripped by some yet-to-be discovered force which binds them together despite their natural tendency to fly apart. This force must be an immensely powerful one. For when it is broken in the process of fission (that is, when the nucleus is split), the nucleus flies apart with a violent explosion.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Judging from your reading of this article, would you say that man's brain power has increased any in 2500 years? Explain.
2. Was Lucretius reasoning inductively or deductively (paragraph 3)? Explain.
3. What were the two purposes of alchemy? What practical good did alchemy do?
4. Define *element*. What is a nonelemental substance?
5. What does the experiment with the candle demonstrate (paragraph 9)?
6. "In any given compound the proportions involved never change." Modern philosophy states that blind force rules the universe. Can you comment on the possible relation between the two preceding statements?
7. Is the logic of "ultimate particles" clear to you (paragraph 13)?

8. What are the three fundamental qualities of atoms (paragraph 15)? How have the qualities been tested and proved?
9. "The total volume of the atom is mostly empty space" (paragraph 19). Is this hard to conceive? Can one imagine absolute emptiness? How can an electron move in emptiness?
10. Why the name *neutron?*

Suggestions for Papers

For a nonscientist to write about science or scientists is, admittedly, a tricky assignment. It is easy to be worshipful. It is even easier to be foolishly critical. You should try in your paper to avoid these extremes, unless, of course, you deliberately wish to be satirical. Whatever you choose for your topic, relate it to the theory and practice of science or to both.

1. Huxley says that we act daily on inductive principles. Define induction; then show how the following hypotheses are a result of inductive reasoning: proficiency in your college work is denoted by the letter A; lack of proficiency is denoted by the letter F. Now define syllogism and draw up two syllogisms to fit your two inductions.

2. Look up a work on pomology (the science of apples) and test Huxley's illustrative induction that all green, hard apples are sour. Now comment on the fallacy of jumping to conclusions.

3. "The exception proves the rule" is a saying which is seldom understood in its correct sense. Give the ordinary interpretation of this saying. Can such an interpretation be squared with Huxley's statement: "in a scientific inquiry, a fallacy . . . is . . . sure to be in the long run constantly productive of mischievous if not fatal results"? End your paper with the correct meaning of the saying.

4. The Editors of *Time* say that "the surprises since 1900 have made scientists humble." Write a paper to show how reasonable this humility, if it exists, is. Upon what is it based?

5. In "Steep Curve to Level Four" toward the end of the article,

reasons are given for not stopping science. Examine carefully and comment upon these reasons, particularly the figurative statement: "The highly technical civilization of the 20th century is like an airplane in flight, supported by its forward motion. It cannot stop without falling."

6. Explain and comment upon the statement: "Perhaps the deepest change is the disappearance of the economically self-sufficient individual." Select some individual, your father perhaps, and show how intermeshed his work is with other parts of the economic system.

7. Science attempts to control its experiments, to see to it that a supposed law is intentionally subjected to every sort of test which may upset the law. Do you find in this phase of the scientific method something different from "the necessary mode of working of the human mind"? Do most minds resist or shy away from facts which may upset their pet ideas? Discuss your answers and use specific illustrations.

8. Someone has said that success in science rests upon the ability to ask questions that can be answered. This implies that scientists dodge the hard questions and devote themselves to things that can be weighed and measured. What are some of the questions which science avoids? Why are many scientists agnostics (not-knowers) in matters of religion? Does the method of scientific investigation have something to do with this? Discuss carefully.

9. The poet Browning has said that a scientific faith is an impossibility. What did he mean? Did he probably have in mind the method of scientific investigation? Show how faith and science are different modes of the working of the human mind.

10. What do you conceive to be the goals of science? Write a prediction of what will occur at the peak of "level four."

11. Huxley says that experimental verification is part of the method of science. List examples of this method drawn from "The Atom: A Layman's Primer of What the World Is Made of." How much of the knowledge concerning the atom is dependent upon deduction? How much on induction? How much on pure inference?

12. On the evidence of the article on "The Atom," what do you conclude about the orderliness of the physical world? Does it seem

to you that the recent findings of science make it more likely or less likely that the world is governed by blind chance? Review "Man against Darkness" and "Why a Scientist Believes in God" (Chapter 19). Do the scientific findings in "The Atom" help you to decide for the point of view in one of these articles and against the other?

SOME TITLES FOR PAPERS

1. Daily Hypotheses
2. Some Sample Deductions
3. Deduction and Induction with Examples of Each
4. Science Is Measurement
5. Some Things Can't Be Measured
6. Is This a Disorderly World?
7. Can Science Be Stopped?
8. The Meaning of "Costless Power"
9. When Man Has No More Work to Do
10. Has Science Produced Leisure?
11. A Direct Application of the Scientific Method
12. A Healthy Skepticism about the Wonders of Science
13. Science Is the Hope of Man
14. Will There Be a Level Five?
15. Science Changes: Does It Advance?
16. The Structure of the Atom
17. Reasoning about Things Unseen
18. Blind Chance and the Elements
19. The World Is a Clock Which Will Run Down
20. The Empty Spaces of the Atom
21. Science Discovers an Orderly World

21

Science Threatens

IN THE previous chapter we examined the scientific method and reviewed the advances of science in our own country. We read that a basic principle in scientific investigation is control of the experiment. So long as such experiments have involved sticks and stones, vegetables and the lower animals, man has looked on approvingly. What harm could come from such investigation? Obviously, however, scientists have always had man as their ultimate interest and have moved ever closer to direct experimentation with human beings. For the most part, so far, they have been concerned with measuring: measuring intelligence, testing aptitudes, polling opinions, and the like. They have amassed mountains of statistics. Most scientists may be willing to go on measuring and describing, but those men (infrequently scientists themselves) who aspire to control man see in science an indispensable ally in making such man-control an easy certainty.

All through the ages the man who would rule has used force either to gain his power or to maintain it. Men of science have always been at hand to provide the latest sorts of force, the weapons of war.

They are more busily at this job now than ever before in history. There is nothing new in this. What may be new is the slow realization by those ambitious to be rulers that the application of direct force is a means of gaining only a temporary control over men. Force has not yet been able to stamp out the desire for freedom. Has science an answer? Can science eliminate the desire for freedom? There are crude beginnings which indicate that perhaps it can.

John Stuart Mill had no idea of suggesting "thought slavery" when he subscribed to the theory of "the association of ideas," a theory he had taken over from his father John Mill. He did see that education was a hit-and-miss affair which did not fix either pleasure or pain as a part of each thing being learned. Now, he reasoned, if teaching could be done in such a way that in the learner's mind *right ideas* are always associated with *pleasure* and *wrong ideas* are always associated with *pain,* it would be easy enough to make *right ideas* prevail. One may name at least three difficulties confronting this theory of the association of ideas: (1) What are *right ideas?* (2) How can freedom be maintained if ideas, no matter how right, are forced on everybody? (3) How can pleasure and pain be attached to ideas?

Some crude answers to the third and least important of the difficulties may be now in the making. Suppose science can provide a way for man to learn *without conscious effort?* J. D. Ratcliff's article, "Learn While You Sleep," sets forth the steps which science has thus far taken to accomplish this result.

As usual the announced purpose of producing a technique of sleep teaching is benefit to mankind. Aldous Huxley, however, visualizes the perfection of the technique and in his *Brave New World* shows the "benefits" man may gain. His "stable society" is one imaginative writer's conception of what science may do to man.

The final selection, "An Outline of Scientists," pokes fun at some of the pretensions of science. This amused—and amusing—attitude is a healthy antidote for the current awe with which many people regard everything labeled scientific.

*The Association of Ideas**

John Stuart Mill

[1] My course of study had led me to believe, that all mental and moral feelings and qualities, whether of a good or of a bad kind, were the results of association; that we love one thing, and hate another, take pleasure in one sort of action or contemplation, and pain in another sort, through the clinging of pleasurable or painful ideas to those things, from the effect of education or of experience.

[2] As a corollary from this, I had always heard it maintained by my father, and was myself convinced, that the object of education should be to form the strongest possible associations of the salutary class; association of pleasure with all things beneficial to the great whole, and of pain with all things hurtful to it. This doctrine appeared inexpugnable; but it now seemed to me, on retrospect, that my teachers had occupied themselves but superficially with the means of forming and keeping up these salutary associations. They seemed to have trusted altogether to the old familiar instruments, praise and blame, reward and punishment.

[3] Now, I did not doubt that by these means, begun early, and applied unremittingly, intense associations of pain and pleasure, especially of pain, might be created, and might produce desires and aversions capable of lasting undiminished to the end of life. But there must always be something artificial and casual in associations thus produced. The pains and pleasures thus forcibly associated with things, are not connected with them by any natural tie; and it is therefore, I thought, essential to the durability of these associations, that they should have become so intense and inveterate as to be practically indissoluble, before the habitual exercise of the power of analysis had commenced.

* From *Autobiography*. The paragraphing of this passage is the editor's, not Mill's.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Can you offer an illustration of what Mill means by "the clinging of pleasurable or painful ideas"? How, for example, were you taught honesty—by praise for an honest act and punishment for a dishonest one? Suppose, on the other hand, your "gang" followed a code which gave rewards of praise and admiration for petty stealing and condemnation for refusal to steal. What kind of "association" would that be?
2. In what way does Mill feel that education has failed to take advantage of the doctrine of association?
3. How does *analysis* differ from *association?*

*Learn While You Sleep**

J. D. Ratcliff

[1] In his book, *Brave New World,* Aldous Huxley pictured the world 600 years from now. In his grimly efficient civilization, children learned lessons while they slept—by means of "hypnopaedia" or sleep teaching.

[2] Present evidence indicates, however, that we won't have to wait six centuries for sleep teaching. A machine to do the job is already available. In a series of remarkable experiments at the University of North Carolina, it has been shown that a person's brain can absorb knowledge while he is sleeping. Over and over again, a phonograph repeated a meaningless list of words to a group of soundly sleeping students. On awakening, they were able to memorize the list almost 20 per cent faster than another group of comparable intelligence.

[3] The experiments, and their results, create an exciting prospect. Up to now, human beings have had to spend a third of their lives

* Reprinted from *Look* (March 14, 1950), 46–53, by permission of Cowles Magazine, Inc.

blacked out in sleep. The way may now be open to use profitably at least part of this time in constructive study.

[4] For a long time, psychologists have guessed that at least part of the brain stays awake while the rest of the body sleeps. We roll to the edge of the bed, but rarely roll out. Some portion of the brain warns of danger. When bedcovers slip on cold nights, we pull them up without awakening. Mothers sleep peacefully through the scream of train whistles and the blare of auto horns—but are instantly alert when a child emits the faintest whimper. Apparently, some "warning area" of the brain stays awake, alert to danger—and possibly alert to new ideas.

[5] There have been a number of attempts to implant thoughts in this wakeful area of the brain. Until fairly recently, workers in this field faced a series of handicaps. First, there was no way to determine positively when a subject was actually in deep sleep. The electrical brain-wave machine, the electroencephalograph readings, when diagrammed, showed that the brain gives off three basic wave patterns. In thought, the waves are short, sharp, slightly irregular and with a notably high per-second frequency. In relaxation (or the waking condition midway between thought and sleep), they are tall, relatively uniform in size and shape, clean and evenly spaced. In sleep, the electrical pattern is rambling, rounded off and almost lazy-looking.

[6] Although the electroencephalograph solved the problem of how to recognize a sleeping brain, it could do nothing about teaching it something it didn't already know. Automatic and highly unusual phonographs were needed to drum thoughts into these brains. The phonographs would have to operate very quietly in order not to awaken the student. Necessarily, they would be equipped with a clocking device that could set the instrument in operation often and at any time during the night. Until a short time ago, such machines were not available.

[7] This particular difficulty was corrected by Max Sherover, a remarkable mite of a man who is president of Linguaphone Institute of New York. This concern makes records for teaching 29 languages, including several African tribal languages such as Efik and

Hausa. Sherover, who is barely over five feet tall and weighs 130 lbs., was born in Cracow, Austria (now Poland). He came to the United States in 1903, when he was 14 years old, and started climbing the American ladder three rungs at a time. In the next 25 years, he made several fortunes: as publisher of a world-trade magazine in Japan; as an importer of bricks from Belgium; as a world textile trader; as a promoter of inventions. His good fortune took a nose dive in 1928 when he financed a $3,000,000 apartment-hotel in Brooklyn and was caught by sky-rocketing construction costs. In a spirit of hope rather than desperation, he took a boat to France to look for a new export-import business. While there, he came upon the British-owned Linguaphone technique for teaching languages with phonograph records. The idea appealed to him and he acquired the American rights.

[8] The imaginative Sherover saw possibilities in Linguaphone never grasped by its British sponsors. If you could play records to people and teach them while they were awake, said Sherover, why couldn't you teach them when they were asleep? If you could funnel knowledge into a sleeping mind, you could cut years from the educational process. Businessmen, engineers and doctors could familiarize themselves with difficult problems during the waste hours of midnight to 8 A.M. Lawyers could get a head start on complicated briefs. Overnight, men could absorb the scores of symphonies and in a few days learn calculus.

[9] Sherover's interest was both strong and genuine and he turned first to small-scale experimenting. When his son Charles had to learn poems in grade school, Sherover would read them at his bedside while the boy slept. The process *seemed* to work. But it was monotonous business sitting up half the night reading to a sleeping boy. Sherover set about building a phonograph to do the job. His first model was a crude luggage-type machine with a clock attachment. It could be pre-set to play at any time during the night. Although it was workable, it was not entirely satisfactory. Sherover went on improving it. By the mid 40's he had perfected a clock-controlled phonograph which would play any record, or any selection of records, at any time during the night. It could be set to play at, say, 2 A.M. and at 4 A.M. for any desired lengths of time. At this

point, all that was needed was a test of the validity of the basic sleep-teaching-by-phonograph idea.

[10] The opportunity for such a test was presented by Charles P. Elliott, at the time working for his doctor's degree at the University of North Carolina. Under rigidly controlled conditions, Elliott set out to learn whether the brain of a sleeping person could absorb information.

[11] He drew the outlines of his experiment. Two groups of subjects would be used with 20 students in each group. They would be pretested to determine their learning ability and to make certain that the intelligence of the two groups matched.

[12] After this preliminary work was completed, experiments got under way. The work took two years to complete. Volunteer students were told that tests were being made with the brain-wave machine. Sleep teaching was never mentioned. The students agreed to sleep in a laboratory cubicle, alongside another laboratory where all the machinery was installed. Tested one at a time, students had electrodes from the machine fastened to their skulls with collodion.

[13] This procedure was used on 20 students: When the brain-wave machine said they were soundly asleep, the phonograph was turned on sending sound through a concealed pillow microphone. Over and over again, for a total of 30 times, a record repeated a list of fifteen three-letter words: boy, egg, say, art, run, not, sir, leg . . . If the brain-wave machine showed that the students were about to awaken, the phonograph was silenced. Another 20 students went through exactly the same process, but with one difference: the phonograph did not play the list of words to them during the night.

[14] The critical part of the experiment came when students awakened in the morning. All were asked to memorize the list of words. If those who heard it during the night learned it significantly faster, there would be but one conclusion. The sleeping brain could absorb knowledge.

[15] Careful stop-watch checks showed that those who had heard the record during the night were able to memorize the list almost 20 per cent faster than those who had not. Further, they made far fewer errors in the course of learning. It was as if they were recalling something temporarily forgotten.

[16] The North Carolina work does not promise that tomorrow's university will be an innerspring mattress. But it does indicate that exposure to new knowledge can, in a single night's time, measurably hasten the learning process. What of repeated exposure night after night? As yet, there is no sure answer to that. But another piece of work suggests what the answer may be.

[17] Dr. Lawrence Leshan of the College of William and Mary wished to see what could be accomplished by suggestion during sleep. For his experiment, he selected 20 boys in an upstate New York summer camp. All were fingernail biters. He wanted to see if by suggestion made during sleep he could break them of the habit.

[18] Over and over again, while the boys slept, a record repeated one sentence: "My fingernails taste terribly bitter. My fingernails taste terribly bitter. My fingernails . . ." The sentence was repeated 600 times each night.

[19] The experiment got underway on July 5. For weeks it looked like it was leading nowhere, no matter how much the phonograph droned its monotonous message. Then, on Aug. 7, one boy stopped biting his nails. On August 20, two more gave up the unpleasant habit. On August 29, five more stopped. By the time camp closed for the summer, eight out of 20 had given up a firmly rooted habit. Dr. Leshan, a true scientist, naturally suspected that the camp environment, and not the recordings, brought on the improvements. Checks with other nail-biting campers proved this untrue—they were chewing their nails as busily as ever.

[20] Some of the most challenging data turned up by Sherover's machine (it sells for a below-cost price of $85) has come from individual researchers. For example, one well-known psychiatrist used it in treating a problem child. Conflicts in school had grown to a point where this youngster could no longer attend classes. Further education seemed out of the question. The world had another unruly, rebellious misfit. Then treatment got underway. The psychiatrist drew up points he wished to implant in the boy's mind and recorded them at a radio station.

[21] Monotonously, over and over again, the record played while the boy slept: "You will always like to study hard and work hard be-

cause you know that all things worthwhile are gotten by hard study and hard work. You always study hard, then it will be fun to take examinations, because you will know that you can pass examinations easily. You will be proving to yourself and others that you have studied and worked hard . . . that you have a better mind than most people. All the great men and women in the world became great by hard, honest study and work. You, too, want to be great. . . . Playing, going to shows, going on trips will always be great fun because you will know you have earned your fun. . . ."

[22] Under the influence of this suggestion, repeated night after night, the boy began to straighten out. Unconsciously, he accepted the ideas expressed and began to adopt them as his own. Sherover's idea was entering the effectual stage. . . .

[23] How sleep teaching works, no one knows. For that matter, no one knows what sleep itself is. One old theory states that sleep comes when toxic products accumulate in the blood. But no one has been able to find these toxic products. Further, one member of a pair of Siamese twins will often doze while the other is wide awake—despite the fact that they share a common blood supply. Another theory states that we sleep when the volume of blood flowing to the brain decreases. But there is no good explanation as to what makes the blood supply diminish in the first place.

[24] We don't know *why* the brain goes to sleep. But the work cited here demonstrates pretty conclusively that some portion of the brain is awake and on the job all the time.

[25] So far, research men have made no more than a halting start toward understanding sleep teaching. This is surprising in the light of the idea's tremendous allure.

[26] Education in large part consists of learning isolated facts: names, dates, equations, the verse of renowned poets. . . . If sleep teaching can hasten such learning no more than 20 per cent, it will still cut years from the educational process. It could open cultural pursuits to older people, now denied them by lack of time. It is even possible to imagine educational radio programs which would run the night through, assisting people to learn languages, music, mathematics.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. How do psychologists "guess" that part of the brain remains awake (paragraph 4)?
2. Of what elements is the word *electroencephalograph* formed? What is the purpose of this device?
3. Explain the phrase: "climbing the American ladder three rungs at a time" (paragraph 7).
4. "If you could funnel knowledge into a sleeping mind, you could cut years from the educational process" (paragraph 8). Comment.
5. Does the Elliott experiment at the University of North Carolina (paragraphs 10–15) illustrate Huxley's definition of the scientific? (See "The Scientific Method," Chapter 20.)
6. How do the purposes of the Elliott test and the Leshan test differ? Is it a fundamental difference? Compare also the test on the "problem child" (paragraphs 20–22).
7. "Education in large part consists of learning isolated facts." Comment.
8. Can you see the possible close relation of sleep teaching and the doctrine of association (see previous selection)?

A Stable Society*

Aldous Huxley

["A Stable Society" is taken from Aldous Huxley's novel, *Brave New World*. The "brave new world" is a society in which science has, with a few negligible exceptions, triumphed over all man's problems. It has particularly answered his craving for stability. It controls exactly and literally all man's actions from before birth to death. How this method of control originated and was brought to perfection is partly explained in this chapter.

* From *Brave New World* by Aldous Huxley. Copyright, 1932, by Aldous Huxley. Reprinted by permission of Harper and Brothers.

There are five, strictly regulated classes of society ranging from the highly intelligent Alphas to the less intelligent Betas, to the middle-class Gammas, to the subnormal Deltas, and ending with the moronic Epsilons. Each class is produced in numbers sufficient to care for the work to be done by that class. The state controls the hatcheries in which the embryo babies are grown in bottles. Intelligence within a group is standardized by a process involving varying degrees of brain-stunting in the embryos. After removal from the bottle, the infant is ready for conditioning, a process described in this chapter. Conditioning is largely devoted to making the infant, then the child, and finally the adult satisfied with his status in life. Hypnopaedia, or sleep teaching, is an important instrument in the conditioning program.

Henry Ford is the god in this new society, a position which he earned through his discovery of the assembly-line technique. This technique carried out to perfection has in the brave new world stabilized society. Since Ford is the god, "Oh, Ford" is a form of profanity.]

[1] Mr. Foster was left in the Decanting Room. The D. H. C. [Director of Hatcheries and Conditioning] and his students stepped into the nearest lift and were carried up to the fifth floor.

[2] Infant Nurseries. Neo-Pavlovian Conditioning Rooms, announced the notice board.

[3] The Director opened a door. They were in a large bare room, very bright and sunny; for the whole of the southern wall was a single window. Half a dozen nurses, trousered and jacketed in the regulation viscose-linen uniform, their hair aseptically hidden under white caps, were engaged in setting out bowls of roses in a long row across the floor. Big bowls, packed tight with blossom. Thousands of petals, ripe-blown and silkily smooth, like the cheeks of innumerable little cherubs, but of cherubs, in that bright light, not exclusively pink and Aryan, but also luminously Chinese, also Mexican, also apoplectic with too much blowing of celestial trumpets, also pale as death, pale with the posthumous whiteness of marble.

[4] The nurses stiffened to attention as the D. H. C. came in.

[5] "Set out the books," he said curtly.

[6] In silence the nurses obeyed his command. Between the rose bowls the books were duly set out—a row of nursery quartos opened

invitingly each at some gaily coloured image of beast or fish or bird.

[7] "Now bring in the children."

[8] They hurried out of the room and returned in a minute or two, each pushing a kind of tall dumbwaiter laden, on all its four wire-netted shelves, with eight-month-old babies, all exactly alike (a Bokanovsky Group, it was evident) and all (since their caste was Delta) dressed in khaki.

[9] "Put them down on the floor."

[10] The infants were unloaded.

[11] "Now turn them so that they can see the flowers and books."

[12] Turned, the babies at once fell silent, then began to crawl towards those clusters of sleek colours, those shapes so gay and brilliant on the white pages. As they approached, the sun came out of a momentary eclipse behind a cloud. The roses flamed up as though with a sudden passion from within; a new and profound significance seemed to suffuse the shining pages of the books. From the ranks of the crawling babies came little squeals of excitement, gurgles and twitterings of pleasure.

[13] The Director rubbed his hands. "Excellent!" he said. "It might almost have been done on purpose."

[14] The swiftest crawlers were already at their goal. Small hands reached out uncertainly, touched, grasped, unpetaling the transfigured roses, crumpling the illuminated pages of the books. The Director waited until all were happily busy. Then, "Watch carefully," he said. And, lifting his hand, he gave the signal.

[15] The Head Nurse, who was standing by a switchboard at the other end of the room, pressed down a little lever.

[16] There was a violent explosion. Shriller and ever shriller, a siren shrieked. Alarm bells maddeningly sounded.

[17] The children started, screamed; their faces were distorted with terror.

[18] "And now," the Director shouted (for the noise was deafening), "now we proceed to rub in the lesson with a mild electric shock."

[19] He waved his hand again, and the Head Nurse pressed a second lever. The screaming of the babies suddenly changed its

tone. There was something desperate, almost insane, about the sharp spasmodic yelps to which they now gave utterance. Their little bodies twitched and stiffened; their limbs moved jerkily as if to the tug of unseen wires.

[20] "We can electrify that whole strip of floor," bawled the Director in explanation. "But that's enough," he signalled to the nurse.

[21] The explosions ceased, the bells stopped ringing, the shriek of the siren died down from tone to tone into silence. The stiffly twitching bodies relaxed, and what had become the sob and yelp of infant maniacs broadened out once more into a normal howl of ordinary terror.

[22] "Offer them the flowers and books again."

[23] The nurses obeyed; but at the approach of the roses, at the mere sight of those gaily-coloured images of pussy and cock-a-doodle-doo and baa-baa black sheep, the infants shrank away in horror; the volume of their howling suddenly increased.

[24] "Observe," said the Director triumphantly, "observe."

[25] Books and loud noises, flowers and electric shocks—already in the infant mind these couples were compromisingly linked; and after two hundred repetitions of the same or a similar lesson would be wedded indissolubly. What man has joined, nature is powerless to put asunder.

[26] "They'll grow up with what the psychologists used to call an 'instinctive' hatred of books and flowers. Reflexes unalterably conditioned. They'll be safe from books and botany all their lives." The Director turned to his nurses. "Take them away again."

[27] Still yelling, the khaki babies were loaded on to their dumb-waiters and wheeled out, leaving behind them the smell of sour milk and a most welcome silence.

[28] One of the students held up his hand; and though he could see quite well why you couldn't have lowercaste people wasting the Community's time over books, and that there was always the risk of their reading something which might undesirably decondition one of their reflexes, yet . . . well, he couldn't understand about the flowers. Why go to the trouble of making it psychologically impossible for Deltas to like flowers?

[29] Patiently the D. H. C. explained. If the children were made to scream at the sight of a rose, that was on grounds of high economic policy. Not so very long ago (a century or thereabouts), Gammas, Deltas, even Epsilons, had been conditioned to like flowers—flowers in particular and wild nature in general. The idea was to make them want to be going out into the country at every available opportunity, and so compel them to consume transport.

[30] "And didn't they consume transport?" asked the student.

[31] "Quite a lot," the D. H. C. replied. "But nothing else."

[32] Primroses and landscapes, he pointed out, have one grave defect: they are gratuitous. A love of nature keeps no factories busy. It was decided to abolish the love of nature, at any rate among the lower classes; to abolish the love of nature, but *not* the tendency to consume transport. For of course it was essential that they should keep on going to the country, even though they hated it. The problem was to find an economically sounder reason for consuming transport than a mere affection for primroses and landscapes. It was duly found.

[33] "We condition the masses to hate the country," concluded the Director. "But simultaneously we condition them to love all country sports. At the same time, we see to it that all country sports shall entail the use of elaborate apparatus. So that they consume manufactured articles as well as transport. Hence those electric shocks."

[34] "I see," said the student, and was silent, lost in admiration.

[35] There was a silence; then, clearing his throat, "Once upon a time," the Director began, "while our Ford was still on earth, there was a little boy called Reuben Rabinovitch. Reuben was the child of Polish-speaking parents." The Director interrupted himself. "You know what Polish is, I suppose?"

[36] "A dead language."

[37] "Like French and German," added another student, officiously showing off his learning.

[38] "And 'parent'?" questioned the D. H. C.

[39] There was an uneasy silence. Several of the boys blushed. They had not yet learned to draw the significant but often very fine

distinction between smut and pure science. One, at last, had the courage to raise a hand.

[40] "Human beings used to be . . ." he hesitated; the blood rushed to his cheeks. "Well, they used to be viviparous."

[41] "Quite right." The Director nodded approvingly.

[42] "And when the babies were decanted . . ."

[43] "'Born'," came the correction.

[44] "Well, then they were the parents—I mean, not the babies, of course; the other ones." The poor boy was overwhelmed with confusion.

[45] "In brief," the Director summed up, "the parents were the father and mother." The smut that was really science fell with a crash into the boys' eye-avoiding silence. "Mother," he repeated loudly rubbing in the science; and leaning back in his chair, "These," he said gravely, "are unpleasant facts; I know it. But then most historical facts *are* unpleasant."

[46] He returned to Little Reuben—to Little Reuben, in whose room, one evening, by an oversight, his father and mother (crash, crash!) happened to leave the radio turned on.

[47] ("For you must remember that in those days of gross viviparous reproduction, children were always brought up by their parents and not in State Conditioning Centres.")

[48] While the child was asleep, a broadcast program from London suddenly started to come through; and the next morning, to the astonishment of his crash and crash (the more daring of the boys ventured to grin at one another), Little Reuben woke up repeating word for word a long lecture by that curious old writer ("one of the very few whose works have been permitted to come down to us"), George Bernard Shaw, who was speaking, according to a well-authenticated tradition, about his own genius. To little Reuben's wink and snigger, this lecture was, of course, perfectly incomprehensible and, imagining that their child had suddenly gone mad, they sent for a doctor. He, fortunately, understood English, recognized the discourse as that which Shaw had broadcasted the previous evening, realized the significance of what had happened, and sent a letter to the medical press about it.

[49] "The principle of sleep-teaching, or hypnopaedia, had been discovered." The D. H. C. made an impressive pause.

[50] The principle had been discovered; but many, many years were to elapse before that principle was usefully applied.

[51] "The case of Little Reuben occurred only twenty-three years after Our Ford's first T-Model was put on the market." (Here the Director made a sign of the T on his stomach and all the students reverently followed suit.) "And yet . . ."

[52] Furiously the students scribbled *"Hypnopaedia, first used officially in A. F. 214. Why not before? Two reasons. (a) . . ."*

[53] "These early experimenters," the D. H. C. was saying, "were on the wrong track. They thought that hypnopaedia could be made an instrument of intellectual education . . ."

[54] (A small boy asleep on his right side, the right arm stuck out, the right hand hanging limp over the edge of the bed. Through a round grating in the side of a box a voice speaks softly.

[55] "The Nile is the longest river in Africa and the second in length of all the rivers of the globe. Although falling short of the length of the Mississippi-Missouri, the Nile is at the head of all rivers as regards the length of its basin, which extends through 35 degrees of latitude . . ."

[56] At breakfast the next morning, "Tommy," some one says, "do you know which is the longest river in Africa?" A shaking of the head. "But don't you remember something that begins: The Nile is the . . ."

[57] "The-Nile-is-the-longest-river-in-Africa-and-the-second-in-length-of-all-the-rivers-of-the-globe . . ." The words came rushing out. "Although-falling-short-of . . ."

[58] "Well now, which is the longest river in Africa?"

[59] The eyes are blank. "I don't know."

[60] "But the Nile, Tommy."

[61] "The-Nile-is-the-longest-river-in-Africa-and-second . . ."

[62] "Then which river is the longest, Tommy?"

[63] Tommy bursts into tears. "I don't know," he howls.)

[64] That howl, the Director made it plain, discouraged the earliest investigators. The experiments were abandoned. No further at-

tempt was made to teach children the length of the Nile in their sleep. Quite rightly. You can't learn a science unless you know what it's all about.

[65] "Whereas, if they'd only started on *moral* education," said the Director, leading the way towards the door. The students followed him, desperately scribbling as they walked and all the way up in the lift. "Moral education, which ought never, in any circumstances, to be rational."

[66] "Silence, silence," whispered a loud speaker as they stepped out at the fourteenth floor, and "Silence, silence," the trumpet mouths indefatigably repeated at intervals down every corridor. The students and even the Director himself rose automatically to the tips of their toes. They were Alphas, of course; but even Alphas have been well conditioned. "Silence, silence." All the air of the fourteenth floor was sibilant with the categorical imperative.

[67] Fifty yards of tiptoeing brought them to a door which the Director cautiously opened. They stepped over the threshold into the twilight of a shuttered dormitory. Eighty cots stood in a row against the wall. There was a sound of light regular breathing and a continuous murmur, as of very faint voices remotely whispering.

[68] A nurse rose as they entered and came to attention before the Director.

[69] "What's the lesson this afternoon?" he asked.

[70] "We had Elementary Sex for the first forty minutes," she answered. "But now it's switched over to Elementary Class Consciousness."

[71] The Director walked slowly down the long line of cots. Rosy and relaxed with sleep, eighty little boys and girls lay softly breathing. There was a whisper under every pillow. The D. H. C. halted and, bending over one of the little beds, listened attentively.

[72] "Elementary Class Consciousness, did you say? Let's have it repeated a little louder by the trumpet."

[73] At the end of the room a loud speaker projected from the wall. The Director walked up to it and pressed a switch.

[74] ". . . all wear green," said a soft but very distinct voice, beginning in the middle of a sentence, "and Delta Children wear khaki.

Oh no, I don't want to play with Delta children. And Epsilons are still worse. They're too stupid to be able to read or write. Besides they wear black, which is such a beastly colour. I'm *so* glad I'm a Beta."

[75] There was a pause; then the voice began again.

[76] "Alpha children wear grey. They work much harder than we do, because they're so frightfully clever. I'm really awfully glad I'm a Beta, because I don't work so hard. And then we are much better than the Gammas and the Deltas. Gammas are stupid. They all wear green, and Delta children wear khaki. Oh no, I *don't* want to play with Delta children. And Epsilons are still worse. They're too stupid to be able . . ."

[77] The Director pushed back the switch. The voice was silent. Only its thin ghost continued to mutter from beneath the eighty pillows.

[78] "They'll have that repeated forty or fifty times more before they wake; then again on Thursday, and again on Saturday. A hundred and twenty times three times a week for thirty months. After which they go on to a more advanced lesson."

[79] Roses and electric shocks, the khaki of Deltas and a whiff of asafœtida—wedded indissolubly before the child can speak. But wordless conditioning is crude and wholesale; cannot bring home the finer distinctions, cannot inculcate the more complex courses of behaviour. For that there must be words, but words without reason. In brief, hypnopaedia.

[80] "The greatest moralizing and socializing force of all time."

[81] The students took it down in their little books. Straight from the horse's mouth.

[82] Once more the Director touched the switch.

[83] ". . . so frightfully clever," the soft, insinuating, indefatigable voice was saying. "I'm really awfully glad I'm a Beta, because . . ."

[84] Not so much like drops of water, though water, it is true, can wear holes in the hardest granite; rather, drops of liquid sealing-wax, drops that adhere, incrust, incorporate themselves with what they fall on, till finally the rock is all one scarlet blob.

[85] "Till at last the child's mind *is* these suggestions, and the sum of the suggestions *is* the child's mind. And not the child's mind only. The adult's mind too—all his life long. The mind that judges and desires and decides—made up of these suggestions. But all these suggestions are *our* suggestions!" The Director almost shouted in his triumph. "Suggestions from the State." He banged the nearest table. "It therefore follows . . ."

[86] A noise made him turn round.

[87] "Oh, Ford!" he said in another tone, "I've gone and woken the children."

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. What does the D. H. C. mean when he says, "It might almost have been done on purpose" (paragraph 13)?
2. Explain: "What man has joined, nature is powerless to put asunder" (paragraph 25). Compare "The Association of Ideas" and "Learn While You Sleep."
3. Why were Deltas conditioned to dislike flowers and books?
4. Explain the phrase "consume transport" (paragraph 29).
5. Why does Huxley put the words "(crash, crash!)" after "mother" (paragraph 46)?
6. Compare the story of Reuben Rabinovich and the accounts of sleep-teaching experiments in "Learn While You Sleep."
7. What is the significance of making a sign of the "T" on the stomach (paragraph 51)?
8. Is there any logical fallacy in Huxley's representing the D. H. C. as a lecturer and students furiously scribbling notes?
9. What is the purpose of paragraphs 54–63?
10. What is described as "the greatest moralizing and socializing force of all time" (paragraph 80)? Discuss, particularly paragraph 85.
11. Does this selection make you feel that the *instability* of society may be a blessing?

An Outline of Scientists *

James Thurber

[1] Having been laid up by a bumblebee for a couple of weeks, I ran through the few old novels there were in the cottage I had rented in Bermuda and finally was reduced to reading "The Outline of Science, a Plain Story Simply Told," in four volumes. These books were published by Putnam's fifteen years ago and were edited by J. Arthur Thomson, Regius Professor of Natural History at the University of Aberdeen. The volumes contained hundreds of articles written by various scientists and over eight hundred illustrations, forty of which, the editor bragged on the flyleaf, were in color. A plain story simply told with a lot of illustrations, many of them in color, seemed just about the right mental fare for a man who had been laid up with a bee. Human nature being what it is, I suppose the morbid reader is more interested in how I happened to be laid up by a bee than in what I found in my scientific research, so I will dismiss that unfortunate matter in a few words. The bee stung me in the foot and I got an infection (staphylococcus, for short). It was the first time in my life that anything smaller than a turtle had ever got the best of me, and naturally I don't like to dwell on it. I prefer to go on to my studies in "The Outline of Science," if everybody is satisfied.

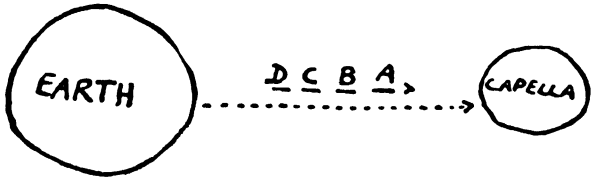
[2] I happened to pick up Volume IV first, and was presently in the midst of a plain and simple explanation of the Einstein theory, a theory about which in my time I have done as much talking as the next man, although I admit now that I never understood it very clearly. I understood it even less clearly after I had tackled a little problem about a man running a hundred-yard dash and an aviator in a plane above him. Everything, from the roundness of the earth to the immortality of the soul, has been demonstrated by the figures of men in action, but here was a new proposition. It seems that if

* From *Let Your Mind Alone,* by James Thurber (Harper and Brothers, 1937). Reprinted by permission. Copyright 1936, James Thurber. Originally published in *The New Yorker*

the aviator were traveling as fast as light, the stop watch held by the track judge would not, from the aviator's viewpoint, move at all. (You've got to make believe that the aviator could see the watch, which is going to be just as hard for you as it was for me.) You might think that this phenomenon of the unmoving watch hand would enable the runner to make a hundred yards in nothing flat, but, if so, you are living in a fool's paradise. To an aviator going as fast as light, the hundred-yard track would shrink to nothing at all. If the aviator were going *twice* as fast as light, the report of the track judge's gun would wake up the track judge, who would still be in bed in his pajamas, not yet having got up to go to the track meet. This last is my own private extension of the general theory, but it seems to me as sound as the rest of it.

[3] I finally gave up the stop watch and the airplane, and went deeper into the chapter till I came to the author's summary of a scientific romance called "Lumen," by the celebrated French astronomer, M. Flammarion (in my youth, the Hearst Sunday feature sections leaned heavily on M. Flammarion's discoveries). The great man's lurid little romance deals, it seems, with a man who died in 1864, and whose soul flew with the speed of thought to one of the stars in the constellation Capella. This star was so far from the earth that it took light rays seventy-two years to get there, hence the man's soul kept catching up with light rays from old historical events and passing them. Thus the man's soul was able to see the battle of Waterloo, fought backward. First the man's soul—oh, let's call him Mr. Lumen—first Mr. Lumen saw a lot of dead soldiers and then he saw them get up and start fighting. "Two hundred thousand corpses, come to life, marched off the field in perfect order," wrote M. Flammarion. Perfect order, I should think, only backward.

[4] I kept going over and over this section of the chapter on the Einstein theory. I even tried reading it backward, twice as fast as light, to see if I could capture Napoleon at Waterloo while he was still home in bed. If you are interested in the profound mathematical theory of the distinguished German Scientist, you may care to glance at a diagram I drew for my own guidance as follows:



[5] Now, A represents Napoleon entering the field at Waterloo and B represents his defeat there. The dotted line is, of course, Mr. Lumen, going hell-for-leather. C and D you need pay no particular attention to; the first represents the birth of Mr. George L. Snively, an obscure American engineer, in 1819, and the second the founding of the New England Glass Company, in 1826. I put them in to give the thing roundness and verisimilitude and to suggest that Mr. Lumen passed a lot of other events besides Waterloo.

[6] In spite of my diagram and my careful reading and rereading of the chapter on the Einstein theory, I left it in the end with a feeling that my old grip on it, as weak as it may have been, was stronger than my new grip on it, and simpler, since it had not been mixed up with aviators, stop watches, Mr. Lumen, and Napoleon. The discouraging conviction crept over me that science was too much for me, that these brooding scientists, with their bewildering problems, many of which work backward, live on an intellectual level which I, who think of a hundred-yard dash as a hundred-yard dash, could never attain to. It was with relief that I drifted on to Chapter XXXVI, "The Story of Domesticated Animals." There wouldn't be anything in that going as fast as light or faster, and it was more the kind of thing that a man who has been put to bed by a bee should read for the alleviation of his humiliation. I picked out the section on dogs, and very shortly I came to this: "There are few dogs which do not inspire affection; many crave it. But there are some which seem to repel us, like the bloodhound. True, man has made him what he is. Terrible to look at and terrible to encounter, man has raised him up to hunt down his fellowman." Accompanying the article was a picture of a dignified and mournful-looking bloodhound, about

as terrible to look at as Abraham Lincoln, about as terrible to encounter as Jimmy Durante.

[7] Poor, frightened little scientist! I wondered who he was, this man whom Mr. J. Arthur Thomson, Regius Professor of Natural History at the University of Aberdeen, had selected to inform the world about dogs. Some of the chapters were signed, but this one wasn't, and neither was the one on the Einstein theory (you were given to understand that they had all been written by eminent scientists, however). I had the strange feeling that both of these articles had been written by the same man. I had the strange feeling that *all* scientists are the same man. Could it be possible that I had isolated here, as under a microscope, the true nature of the scientist? It pleased me to think so; it still pleases me to think so. I have never liked or trusted scientists very much, and I think now that I know why: they are afraid of bloodhounds. They must, therefore, be afraid of frogs, jack rabbits, and the larger pussycats. This must be the reason that most of them withdraw from the world and devote themselves to the study of the inanimate and the impalpable. Out of my analysis of those few sentences on the bloodhound, one of the gentlest of all breeds of dogs, I have arrived at what I call Thurber's Law, which is that scientists don't really know anything about anything. I doubt everything they have discovered. I don't think light has a speed of 7,000,000 miles per second at all (or whatever the legendary speed is). Scientists just think light is going that fast, because they are afraid of it. It's so terrible to look at. I have always suspected that light just plodded along, and now I am positive of it.

[8] I can understand how that big baby dropped the subject of bloodhounds with those few shuddering sentences, but I propose to scare him and his fellow-scientists a little more about the huge and feral creatures. Bloodhounds are sometimes put on the trail of old lost ladies or little children who have wandered away from home. When a bloodhound finds an old lady or a little child, he instantly swallows the old lady or the little child whole, clothes and all. This is probably what happened to Charlie Ross, Judge Crater, Agnes

Tufverson, and a man named Colonel Appel, who disappeared at the battle of Shiloh. God only knows how many thousands of people bloodhounds have swallowed, but it is probably twice as many as the Saint Bernards have swallowed. As everybody knows, the Saint Bernards, when they find travelers fainting in the snow, finish them off. Monks have notoriously little to eat and it stands to reason they couldn't feed a lot of big, full-grown Saint Bernards; hence they sick them on the lost travelers, who would never get anywhere, anyway. The brandy in the little kegs the dogs wear around their necks is used by the Saint Bernards in drunken orgies that follow the killings.

[9] I guess that's all I have to say to the scientists now, except *boo!*

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Although this essay is written with the lightest touch, in what way does it set forth the problem of the scientist who writes for the layman and the layman who tries to understand the scientist?
2. "I had the strange feeling that *all* scientists are the same man" (paragraph 7). Do you have the same strange feeling about scientists?
3. What is Thurber's Law (paragraph 7)?
4. Can you deduce what the persons mentioned in paragraph 8 had in common?

Suggestions for Papers

The attainments of science are visible all about us. Some of the obvious dangers of science, such as the atom bomb, the H-bomb, and biological warfare, are hovering threateningly near us. The potential dangers, however, are not so easy to see. The selections in this chapter point up, not what science may do *for* man, but what science may do *to* man. Your paper should take into account this dual nature of science, with the emphasis on the lurking dangers.

1. Would you want all persons to think as you do? To find out how you think, choose a particular controversial subject—say, gambling—and examine your attitude on this subject. Suppose science could make your point of view the point of view of all men. Would you call in science to do so? Why, or why not? (Gambling, of course, does not have to be the topic.)

2. The next time that you attend church jot down notes on the sort of conduct recommended by the pastor. Arrange these notes in the form of a monologue which could be recorded and be reproduced on one of Sherover's "sleep-teaching sets" (see "Learn While You Sleep"). Would you accept this help from science in trying to convert the world to this sort of conduct? Why, or why not?

3. If you had one of the "sleep-teaching sets" to what specific use would you put it? What, in other words, would you like most to learn? Give a specific example or examples of recordings which you would want murmured to you while you sleep. You will have to compose the words for your ideal lessons, but you may, of course, quote from any source you like.

4. Society is unstable because of the struggle between classes of people, say Communist thinkers. Huxley has imagined one way of getting rid of the class struggle (see "A Stable Society"). Does the method he suggests appeal to you? Discuss your point of view.

5. In Huxley's *Brave New World,* the processes of birth and education are completely under the control of the state. The state sets quotas of so many infants to be produced in each class of society. The mentality of the infants is carefully controlled. At "decanting time" the conditioning of the infants begins. Thereafter no dissatisfaction is possible. Is there anything basically wrong with this process? What balance, if any, is there between what such a civilization would gain or lose? You will have to do some careful thinking here!

6. You have some sort of ideal for life. Suppose you were a dictator and had at your command all the world's top scientists. Upon what would you *first* put them to work? Be specific. Choose something which you consider to be fundamental.

7. "Man does not live by bread alone." What is the full meaning of this statement? Is there a clear distinction in your mind between what is "bread" and what is "not bread"? Do the things which science does *for* man all fall under the classification of "bread"? Are the things which science may do *to* man likely to destroy all but bread? Offer specific examples to illustrate any general statement which you may make.

8. Show how each of the selections in this chapter contributes to the topic "What Science May Do to Man."

9. Discuss lie detectors and truth drugs. Lie detectors are devices which indicate an emotional disturbance when a person tells an untruth. Truth drugs are supposed to render a person incapable of telling a lie—incapable of even refusing to talk. These scientific devices appear to be good things for society. Are there any dangers involved? Suppose an all-powerful, unscrupulous state had at its disposal both the sleep-teaching sets (see "Learn While You Sleep") and lie detectors or truth drugs. How could such a state capture the will of an individual who opposed it? Dramatize your paper, if you like.

10. Is there any close connection between democracy and science? Do you think science flourishes best in a democracy, or is science indifferent to politics? Which form of government is likely to emphasize what science may do *to* men? Use both real and imagined examples.

11. "An Outline of Scientists" expresses delightfully a layman's skepticism concerning what scientists say they know. What is *your* private opinion on this subject? Have you some specific doubts about some of the claims of scientists? Write about two or three "scientific facts" which you regard with suspicion.

12. It has been said that scientists have the highest respect for averages. What is good about this attitude? What is bad? Is your life being constantly averaged? Your weight? Your grades? Your life expectancy? Your intelligence? Is it a tendency of science to aim at the average?

SOME TITLES FOR PAPERS

1. Education as Scientific Conditioning
2. Where Science Leaves Off
3. The Great God Average
4. Advantages of Hit-and-Miss Education
5. Who Wants a Stable Society?
6. Sleep-taught Robots
7. Vocabulary and Freedom
8. Could Science Produce Men of Good Will?
9. Science Will Serve Any Master
10. Why Scientists are Amoral
11. Everybody Makes *A*
12. Why I Trust Science
13. Why I Distrust Science
14. Can Science Make Me Happy?
15. Men Are the Best Guinea Pigs
16. Truth Drugs and Lie Detectors
17. Science Can Undress Your Mind
18. Are Popular Polls Scientific?
19. Science and Dictators
20. Analysis and Criticism of—(Choose any one of the selections in this chapter for analysis and criticism.)

22

The Unquenchable Spark

HOW evil can a man be? How good? Can he completely eliminate the one or the other? There have been saintly men, but such men in dredging their own hearts have always found depths to which evil clung. There have been—and are—monstrously evil men, but such men have a faculty of rising above themselves for brief but shining moments. Most human relationships assume the reality of an inner compulsion to good. This assumption may be called the theory of the unquenchable spark.

The controlling idea of Stevenson's essay *"Pulvis et Umbra"* (Dust and Shadows) is that there is an essential nobility in man, a nobility for which there is no reasonable accounting. Bret Harte's thesis in "The Luck of Roaring Camp" is much the same as Stevenson's: even the dregs of mankind, under the right circumstances, will reveal traits of kindness, pity, tenderness, and love. Stevenson chose to say his say in a semiformal essay and to build his effects through a magnificent rhetoric. Harte pins down to cases the theory of man's core of goodness and demonstrates the thesis in a short story.

Albert Einstein, in his essay "The Real Problem Is in the Hearts

of Men," implies that man will have to depend upon this core of goodness if he is to survive. The reader will see that there is a curious relationship between Einstein's contention and Bret Harte's.

In a Paris morgue Browning looks at three men who have committed suicide. Their failure, he concludes, is only apparent and not real, for "What began best, can't end worst." This conclusion goes a step beyond Stevenson's contention, for it is based upon a belief that nobility in man is God-implanted and cannot be extinguished even by suicide. Browning's suicides have been defeated, incidentally, by the frustration inherent in the world that Stevenson describes.

Pulvis et Umbra *

Robert Louis Stevenson

[1] We look for some reward for our endeavors and are disappointed; not success, not happiness, not even peace of conscience, crowns our ineffectual efforts to do well. Our frailties are invincible, our virtues barren; the battle goes sore against us to the going down of the sun. The canting moralist tells us of right and wrong; and we look abroad, even on the face of our small earth, and find them change with every climate, and no country where some action is not honored for a virtue and none where it is not branded for a vice; and we look in our experience, and find no vital congruity in the wisest rules, but at the best a municipal fitness. It is not strange if we are tempted to despair of good. We ask too much. Our religions and moralities have been trimmed to flatter us, till they are all emasculate and sentimentalized, and only please and weaken. Truth is of a rougher strain. In the harsh face of life,

* First printed in *Scribner's Magazine*, III (April 1888), 509–512.

faith can read a bracing gospel. The human race is a thing more ancient than the ten commandments; and the bones and revolutions of the Kosmos, in whose joints we are but moss and fungus, more ancient still.

I

[2] Of the Kosmos in the last resort, science reports many doubtful things and all of them appalling. There seems no substance to this solid globe on which we stamp; nothing but symbols and ratios. Symbols and ratios carry us and bring us forth and beat us down; gravity that swings the incommensurable suns and worlds through space, is but a figment varying inversely as the squares of distances; and the suns and worlds themselves, imponderable figures of abstraction, NH_3 and H_2O. Consideration dares not dwell upon this view; that way madness lies; science carries us into zones of speculation, where there is no habitable city for the mind of man.

[3] But take the Kosmos with a grosser faith, as our senses give it to us. We behold space sown with rotatory islands, suns and worlds and the shards and wrecks of systems: some, like the sun, still blazing; some rotting, like the earth; others, like the moon, stable in desolation. All of these we take to be made of something we call matter: a thing which no analysis can help us to conceive; to whose incredible properties no familiarity can reconcile our minds. This stuff, when not purified by the lustration of fire, rots uncleanly into something we call life; seized through all its atoms with a pediculous malady; swelling in tumors that become independent, sometimes even (by an abhorrent prodigy) locomotory; one splitting into millions, millions cohering into one, as the malady proceeds through varying stages. This vital putrescence of the dust, used as we are to it, yet strikes us with occasional disgust, and the profusion of worms in a piece of ancient turf, or the air of a marsh darkened with insects, will sometimes check our breathing so that we aspire for cleaner places. But none is clean: the moving sand is infected with lice; the pure spring, where it bursts out of the mountain, is a mere issue of worms; even in the hard rock the crystal is forming.

[4] In two main shapes this eruption covers the countenance of the earth: the animal and the vegetable: one in some degree the

inversion of the other: the second rooted to the spot; the first detached out of its natal mud, and scurrying abroad with the myriad feet of insects or towering into the heavens on the wings of birds: a thing so inconceivable that, if it be well considered, the heart stops. To what passes with the anchored vermin, we have little clue: doubtless they have their joys and sorrows, their delights and killing agonies: it appears not how. But of the locomotory, to which we ourselves belong, we can tell more. These share with us a thousand miracles: the miracles of sight, of hearing, of the projection of sound, things that bridge space; the miracles of memory and reason, by which the present is conceived, and when it is gone, its image kept living in the brains of man and brute; the miracle of reproduction, with its imperious desires and staggering consequences. And to put the last touch upon this mountain mass of the revolting and the inconceivable, all these prey upon each other, lives tearing other lives in pieces, cramming them inside themselves, and by that summary process, growing fat: the vegetarian, the whale, perhaps the tree, not less than the lion of the desert; for the vegetarian is only the eater of the dumb.

[5] Meanwhile our rotatory island, loaded with predatory life, and more drenched with blood, both animal and vegetable, than ever mutinied ship, scuds through space with unimaginable speed, and turns alternate cheeks to the reverberation of a blazing world, ninety million miles away.

II

[6] What a monstrous specter is this man, the disease of the agglutinated dust, lifting alternate feet or lying drugged with slumber; killing, feeding, growing, bringing forth small copies of himself; grown upon with hair like grass, fitted with eyes that move and glitter in his face; a thing to set children screaming;—and yet looked at nearlier, known as his fellows know him, how surprising are his attributes! Poor soul, here for so little, cast among so many hardships, filled with desires so incommensurate and so inconsistent, savagely surrounded, savagely descended, irremediably condemned to prey upon his fellow lives: who should have blamed him had he been of a piece with his destiny and a being merely barbarous? And

we look and behold him instead filled with imperfect virtues: infinitely childish, often admirably valiant, often touchingly kind; sitting down, amidst his momentary life, to debate of right and wrong and the attributes of the deity; rising up to do battle for an egg or die for an idea; singling out his friends and his mate with cordial affection; bringing forth in pain, rearing with long-suffering solicitude, his young. To touch the heart of his mystery, we find in him one thought, strange to the point of lunacy: the thought of duty; the thought of something owing to himself, to his neighbor, to his God: an ideal of decency, to which he would rise if it were possible; a limit of shame, below which, if it be possible, he will not stoop. The design in most men is one of conformity; here and there, in picked natures, it transcends itself and soars on the other side, arming martyrs with independence; but in all, in their degrees, it is a bosom thought.—Not in man alone, for we trace it in dogs and cats whom we know fairly well, and doubtless some similar point of honor sways the elephant, the oyster, and the louse, of whom we know so little.—But in man, at least, it sways with so complete an empire that merely selfish things come second, even with the selfish: that appetites are starved, fears are conquered, pains supported; that almost the dullest shrinks from the reproof of a glance, although it were a child's; and all but the most cowardly stand amid the risks of war; and the more noble, having strongly conceived an act as due to their ideal, affront and embrace death. Strange enough if, with their singular origin and perverted practice, they think they are to be rewarded in some future life: stranger still, if they are persuaded of the contrary, and think this blow, which they solicit, will strike them senseless for eternity. I shall be reminded what a tragedy of misconception and misconduct man at large presents: of organized injustice, cowardly violence, and treacherous crime; and of the damning imperfections of the best. They cannot be too darkly drawn. Man is indeed marked for failure in his efforts to do right. But where the best consistently miscarry, how tenfold more remarkable that all should continue to strive; and surely we should find it both touching and inspiriting, that in a field from which success is banished, our race should not cease to labor.

[7] If the first view of this creature, stalking in his rotatory isle, be a thing to shake the courage of the stoutest, on this nearer sight he startles us with an admiring wonder. It matters not where we look, under what climate we observe him, in what stage of society, in what depth of ignorance, burthened with what erroneous morality; by camp-fires in Assiniboia, the snow powdering his shoulders, the wind plucking his blanket, as he sits, passing the ceremonial calumet and uttering his grave opinions like a Roman senator; in ships at sea, a man inured to hardship and vile pleasures, his brightest hope a fiddle in a tavern and a bedizened trull who sells herself to rob him, and he for all that simple, innocent, cheerful, kindly like a child, constant to toil, brave to drown, for others; in the slums of cities, moving among indifferent millions to mechanical employment, without hope of change in the future, with scarce a pleasure in the present, and yet true to his virtues, honest up to his lights, kind to his neighbors, tempted perhaps in vain by the bright gin-palace, perhaps long-suffering with the drunken wife that ruins him; in India (a woman this time) kneeling with broken cries and streaming tears as she drowns her child in the sacred river; in the brothel, the discard of society, living mainly on strong drink, fed with affronts, a fool, a thief, the comrade of thieves, and even here keeping the point of honor and the touch of pity, often repaying the world's scorn with service, often standing firm upon a scruple, and at a certain cost, rejecting riches:—everywhere some virtue cherished or affected, everywhere some decency of thought and carriage, everywhere the ensign of man's ineffectual goodness—ah! if I could show you this! if I could show you these men and women all the world over, in every stage of history, under every abuse of error, under every circumstance of failure, without hope, without health, without thanks, still obscurely fighting the lost fight of virtue, still clinging, in the brothel or on the scaffold, to some rag of honor, the poor jewel of their souls! They may seek to escape, and yet they cannot; it is not alone their privilege and glory, but their doom, they are condemned to some nobility all their lives long, the desire of good is at their heels, the implacable hunter.

[8] Of all earth's meteors, here at least is the most strange and

consoling; that this ennobled lemur, this hair-crowned bubble of the dust, this inheritor of a few years and sorrows, should yet deny himself his rare delights, and add to his frequent pains, and live for an ideal, however misconceived. Nor can we stop with man. A new doctrine, received with screams a little while ago by canting moralists, and still not properly worked into the body of our thoughts, lights us a step farther into the heart of this rough but noble universe. For nowadays the pride of man denies in vain his kinship with the original dust. He stands no longer like a thing apart. Close at his heels we see the dog, prince of another genus: and in him too, we see dumbly testified the same cultus of an unattainable ideal, the same constancy in failure. Does it stop with the dog? We look at our feet where the ground is blackened with the swarming ant; a creature so small, so far from us in the hierarchy of brutes, that we can scarce trace and scarce comprehend his doings; and here also, in his ordered polities and rigorous justice, we see confessed the law of duty and the fact of individual sin. Does it stop, then, with the ant? Rather this desire of well-doing and this doom of frailty run through all the grades of life; rather is this earth, from the frosty top of Everest to the next margin of the internal fire, one stage of ineffectual virtues and one temple of pious tears and perseverance. The whole creation groaneth and travaileth together. It is the common and godlike law of life. The browsers, the biters, the barkers, the hairy coats of field and forest, the squirrel in the oak, the thousand-footed creeper in the dust, as they share with us the gift of life, share with us the love of an ideal; strive like us—like us are tempted to grow weary of the struggle—to do well; like us receive at times unmerited refreshment, visitings of support, returns of courage; and are condemned like us to be crucified between that double law of the members and the will. Are they like us, I wonder, in the timid hope of some reward, some sugar with the drug? do they too stand aghast at unrewarded virtues, at the sufferings of those whom, in our partiality, we take to be just, and the prosperity of such as, in our blindness, we called wicked? It may be, and yet God knows what they should look for. Even while they look, even while they repent, the foot of man treads them by thousands in the dust, the

yelping hounds burst upon their trail, the bullet speeds, the knives are heating in the den of the vivisectionist; or the dew falls, and the generation of a day is blotted out. For these are creatures, compared with whom our weakness is strength, our ignorance wisdom, our brief span eternity.

[9] And as we dwell, we living things, in our isle of terror and under the imminent hand of death, God forbid it should be man the erected, the reasoner, the wise in his own eyes—God forbid it should be man that wearies in well-doing, that despairs of unrewarded effort, or utters the language of complaint. Let it be enough for faith, that the whole creation groans in mortal frailty, strives with unconquerable constancy: surely not all in vain.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Does the author believe that there is an absolute right and wrong (paragraph 1)? Do you? Discuss.
2. The word *municipal* means "of or pertaining to the local government of a town or city." Explain the author's use of the word as a modifier of *fitness* (paragraph 1).
3. Relate the last two sentences of paragraph 1 to each other.
4. Why is the way of science the way of madness (paragraph 2)?
5. Why does the author regard matter as something which "rots uncleanly into something we call life" (paragraph 3)? What is a "pediculous malady"? What, "vital putrescence of the dust"?
6. Why are vegetables called "anchored vermin" (paragraph 4)?
7. What is the theme of section I of this essay? Why is its tone important to the thesis of the whole essay? Is the theme of section I similar to that of "Man against Darkness" (Chapter 19)? Discuss.
8. At what precise point does condemnation of man turn to awe and praise (paragraph 6)?
9. Was *Gulliver's Travels* possibly in the author's mind when he mentions doing "battle for an egg" (paragraph 6)? Explain.
10. Is the thesis of the whole essay contained in paragraph 6? If so, in what sentence?

11. "Merely selfish things come second, even with the selfish" (paragraph 6). Comment.
12. Does the author find the defiance of death stranger in a theist or in an atheist (paragraph 6)? Why?
13. If paragraph 6 contains the theory of the unquenchable spark, what is the purpose of paragraph 7?
14. How is paragraph 8 an extension of paragraph 7?
15. Stevenson called this essay a "Darwinian sermon." Why?

The Luck of Roaring Camp *

Bret Harte

[1] There was commotion in Roaring Camp. It could not have been a fight, for in 1850 that was not novel enough to have called together the entire settlement. The ditches and claims were not only deserted, but "Tuttle's grocery" had contributed its gamblers, who, it will be remembered, calmly continued their game the day that French Pete and Kanaka Joe shot each other to death over the bar in the front room. The whole camp was collected before a rude cabin on the outer edge of the clearing. Conversation was carried on in a low tone, but the name of a woman was frequently repeated. It was a name familiar enough in the camp—"Cherokee Sal."

[2] Perhaps the less said of her the better. She was a coarse and, it is to be feared, a very sinful woman. But at that time she was the only woman in Roaring Camp, and was just then lying in sore extremity, when she most needed the ministration of her own sex. Dissolute, abandoned, and irreclaimable, she was yet suffering a martyrdom hard enough to bear even when veiled by sympathizing womanhood, but now terrible in her loneliness. The primal curse had come to her in that original isolation which must have made the punishment of the first transgression so dreadful. It was, perhaps, part of the expiation of her sin that, at a moment when she most

* From *The Luck of Roaring Camp, and Other Sketches,* Houghton Mifflin Co., 1899.

lacked her sex's intuitive tenderness and care, she met only the half-contemptuous faces of her masculine associates. Yet a few of the spectators were, I think, touched by her sufferings. Sandy Tipton thought it was "rough on Sal," and, in the contemplation of her condition, for a moment rose superior to the fact that he had an ace and two bowers in his sleeve.

[3] It will be seen also that the situation was novel. Deaths were by no means uncommon in Roaring Camp, but a birth was a new thing. People had been dismissed from the camp effectively, finally, and with no possibility of return; but this was the first time that anybody had been introduced *ab intrio*. Hence the excitement.

[4] "You go in there, Stumpy," said a prominent citizen known as "Kentuck," addressing one of the loungers. "Go in there, and see what you kin do. You've had experience in them things."

[5] Perhaps there was a fitness in the selection. Stumpy, in other climes, had been the putative head of two families; in fact, it was owing to some legal informality in these proceedings that Roaring Camp—a city of refuge—was indebted to his company. The crowd approved the choice, and Stumpy was wise enough to bow to the majority. The door closed on the extempore surgeon and midwife, and Roaring Camp sat down outside, smoked its pipe, and awaited the issue.

[6] The assemblage numbered about a hundred men. One or two of these were actual fugitives from justice, some were criminal, and all were reckless. Physically they exhibited no indication of their past lives and character. The greatest scamp had a Raphael face, with a profusion of blond hair; Oakhurst, a gambler, had the melancholy air and intellectual abstraction of a Hamlet; the coolest and most courageous man was scarcely over five feet in height, with a soft voice and an embarrassed, timid manner. The term "roughs" applied to them with a distinction rather than a definition. Perhaps in the minor details of fingers, toes, ears, etc., the camp may have been deficient, but these slight omissions did not detract from their aggregate force. The strongest man had but three fingers on his right hand; the best shot had but one eye.

[7] Such was the physical aspect of the men that were dispersed

around the cabin. The camp lay in a triangular valley between two hills and a river. The only outlet was a steep trail over the summit of a hill that faced the cabin, now illuminated by the rising moon. The suffering woman might have seen it from the rude bunk whereon she lay—seen it winding like a silver thread until it was lost in the stars above.

[8] A fire of withered pine boughs added sociability to the gathering. By degrees the natural levity of Roaring Camp returned. Bets were freely offered and taken regarding the result. Three to five that "Sal would go through with it"; even that the child would survive; side bets as to the sex and complexion of the coming stranger. In the midst of an excited discussion an exclamation came from those nearest the door, and the camp stopped to listen. Above the swaying and moaning of the pines, the swift rush of the river, and the crackling of the fire rose a sharp, querulous cry—a cry unlike anything heard before in the camp. The pines stopped moaning, the river ceased to rush, and the fire to crackle. It seemed as if Nature had stopped to listen too.

[9] The camp rose to its feet as one man! It was proposed to explode a barrel of gunpowder; but in consideration of the situation of the mother, better counsels prevailed, and only a few revolvers were discharged; for, whether owing to the rude surgery of the camp, or some other reason, Cherokee Sal was sinking fast. Within an hour she had climbed, as it were, that rugged road that led to the stars, and so passed out of Roaring Camp, its sin and shame, forever. I do not think that the announcement disturbed them very much, except in speculation as to the fate of the child. "Can he live now?" was asked of Stumpy. The answer was doubtful. The only other being of Cherokee Sal's sex and maternal condition in the settlement was an ass. There was some conjecture as to fitness, but the experiment was tried. It was less problematical than the ancient treatment of Romulus and Remus, and apparently as successful.

[10] When these details were complete, which exhausted another hour, the door was opened, the anxious crowd of men, who had already formed themselves into a queue, entered in single file.

Beside the low bunk or shelf, on which the figure of the mother was starkly outlined below the blankets, stood a pine table. On that a candle-box was placed, and within it, swathed in staring red flannel, lay the last arrival at Roaring Camp. Beside the candle-box was placed a hat. Its use was soon indicated. "Gentlemen," said Stumpy, with a singular mixture of authority and *ex-officio* complacency—"gentlemen will please pass in the front door, round the table, and out at the back door. Them as wishes to contribute anything toward the orphan will find a hat handy." The first man entered with his hat on; he uncovered, however, as he looked about him, and so unconsciously set an example to the next. In such communities good and bad actions are catching. As the procession filed in, comments were audible—criticisms addressed perhaps rather to Stumpy in the character of showman: "Is that him?" "Mighty small specimen"; "Hasn't more'n got the color"; "Ain't bigger nor a derringer." The contributions were as characteristic: a silver tobacco-box; a doubloon; a navy revolver, silver-mounted; a gold specimen; a very beautifully embroidered lady's handkerchief (from Oakhurst the gambler); a diamond breastpin; a diamond ring (suggested by the pin, with the remark from the giver that he "saw that pin and went two diamonds better"); a slung-shot; a Bible (contributor not detected); a golden spur; a silver teaspoon (the initials, I regret to say, were not the giver's); a pair of surgeon's shears; a lancet; a Bank of England note for five pounds; and about two hundred dollars in loose gold and silver coin. During these proceedings Stumpy maintained a silence as impassive as the dead on his left, a gravity as inscrutable as that of the newly born on his right. Only one incident occurred to break the monotony of the curious procession. As Kentuck bent over the candle-box half curiously, the child turned, and in a spasm of pain, caught at his groping finger, and held it fast for a moment. Kentuck looked foolish and embarrassed. Something like a blush tried to assert itself in his weather-beaten cheek. "The d—d little cuss!" he said, as he extricated his finger, with perhaps more tenderness and care than he might have been deemed capable of showing. He held that finger a little apart from its fellows as he went out, and examined it curiously.

The examination provoked the same original remark in regard to the child. In fact, he seemed to enjoy repeating it. "He rastled with my finger," he remarked to Tipton, holding up the member, "the d—d little cuss!"

[11] It was four o'clock before the camp sought repose. A light burnt in the cabin where the watchers sat, for Stumpy did not go to bed that night. Nor did Kentuck. He drank quite freely, and related with great gusto his experience, invariably ending with his characteristic condemnation of the new-comer. It seemed to relieve him of any unjust implication of sentiment, and Kentuck had the weaknesses of the nobler sex. When everybody else had gone to bed, he walked down to the river and whistled reflectingly. Then he walked up the gulch past the cabin, still whistling with demonstrative unconcern. At a large redwood tree he paused and retraced his steps, and again passed the cabin. Half-way down to the river's bank he again paused, and then returned and knocked at the door. It was opened by Stumpy. "How goes it?" said Kentuck, looking past Stumpy toward the candle-box. "All serene!" replied Stumpy. "Anything up?" "Nothing." There was a pause—an embarrassing one—Stumpy still holding the door. Then Kentuck had recourse to his finger, which he held up to Stumpy. "Rastled with it—d—d little cuss," he said, and retired.

[12] The next day Cherokee Sal had such rude sepulture as Roaring Camp afforded. After her body had been committed to the hillside, there was a formal meeting of the camp to discuss what should be done with her infant. A resolution to adopt it was unanimous and enthusiastic. But an animated discussion in regard to the manner and feasibility of providing for its wants at once sprang up. It was remarkable that the argument partook of none of those fierce personalities with which discussions were usually conducted at Roaring Camp. Tipton proposed that they should send the child to Red Dog—a distance of forty miles—where female attention could be procured. But the unlucky suggestion met with fierce and unanimous opposition. It was evident that no plan which entailed parting from their new acquisition would for a moment be entertained. "Besides," said Tom Ryder, "them fellows at Red Dog would swap

it, and ring in somebody else on us." A disbelief in the honesty of other camps prevailed at Roaring Camp, as in other places.

[13] The introduction of a female nurse in the camp also met with objection. It was argued that no decent woman could be prevailed on to accept Roaring Camp as her home, and the speaker urged that "they didn't want any more of the other kind." This unkind allusion to the defunct mother, harsh as it may seem, was the first spasm of propriety—the first symptom of the camp's regeneration. Stumpy advanced nothing. Perhaps he felt a certain delicacy in interfering with the selection of a possible successor in office. But when questioned, he averred stoutly that he and "Jinny"—the mammal before alluded to—could manage to rear the child. There was something original, independent, and heroic about the plan that pleased the camp. Stumpy was retained. Certain articles were sent for to Sacramento. "Mind," said the treasurer, as he pressed a bag of gold-dust into the expressman's hand, "the best that can be got—lace, you know, and filigree-work and frills—d—n the cost!"

[14] Strange to say, the child thrived. Perhaps the invigorating climate of the mountain camp was compensation for material deficiencies. Nature took the foundling to her broader breast. In that rare atmosphere of the Sierra foothills—that air pungent with balsamic odor, that ethereal cordial at once bracing and exhilarating—he may have found food and nourishment, or a subtle chemistry that transmuted ass's milk to lime and phosphorus. Stumpy inclined to the belief that it was the latter and good nursing. "Me and that ass," he would say, "has been father and mother to him! Don't you," he would add, apostrophizing the helpless bundle before him, "never go back on us."

[15] By the time he was a month old, the necessity of giving him a name became apparent. He had generally been known as "The Kid," "Stumpy's Boy," "The Coyote" (an allusion to his vocal powers), and even by Kentuck's endearing diminutive of "The d—d little cuss." But these were felt to be vague and unsatisfactory, and were at last dismissed under another influence. Gamblers and adventurers are generally superstitious, and Oakhurst one day declared

that the baby had brought "the luck" to Roaring Camp. It was certain that of late they had been successful. "Luck" was the name agreed upon, with the prefix of Tommy for greater convenience. No allusion made to the mother, and the father was unknown.

[16] "It's better," said the philosophical Oakhurst, "to take a fresh deal all round. Call him Luck, and start him fair." A day was accordingly set apart for the christening. What was meant by this ceremony the reader may imagine who has already gathered some idea of the reckless irreverence of Roaring Camp. The master of ceremonies was one "Boston," a noted wag, and the occasion seemed to promise the greatest facetiousness. This ingenious satirist had spent two days in preparing a burlesque of the Church service, with pointed local allusions. The choir was properly trained, and Sandy Tipton was to stand godfather. But after the procession had marched to the grove with music and banners, and the child had been deposited before a mock altar, Stumpy stepped before the expectant crowd. "It ain't my style to spoil fun, boys," said the little man, stoutly eyeing the faces around him, "but it strikes me that this thing ain't exactly on the squar. It's playin' it pretty low down on this yer baby to ring in fun on him that he ain't goin' to understand. And ef there's goin' to be any godfathers round, I'd like to see who's got any better rights than me." A silence followed Stumpy's speech. To the credit of all humorists be it said that the first man to acknowledge its justice was the satirist thus stopped of his fun. "But," said Stumpy, quickly following up his advantage, "we're here for a christening, and we'll have it. I proclaim you Thomas Luck, according to the laws of the United States and the State of California, so help me God." It was the first time that the name of the Deity had been otherwise uttered than profanely in the camp. The form of christening was perhaps even more ludicrous than the satirist had conceived; but strangely enough, nobody saw it and nobody laughed. "Tommy" was christened as seriously as he would have been under a Christian roof, and cried and was comforted in an orthodox fashion.

[17] And so the work of regeneration began in Roaring Camp.

Almost imperceptibly a change came over the settlement. The cabin assigned to "Tommy Luck"—or "The Luck," as he was more frequently called—first showed signs of improvement. It was kept scrupulously clean and whitewashed. Then it was boarded, clothed, and papered. The rosewood cradle, packed eighty miles by mule, had, in Stumpy's way of putting it, "sorter killed the rest of the furniture." So the rehabilitation of the cabin became a necessity. The men who were in the habit of lounging in at Stumpy's to see "how 'The Luck' got on" seemed to appreciate the change, and in self-defence the rival establishment of "Tuttle's grocery" bestirred itself and imported a carpet and mirrors. The reflections of the latter on the appearance of Roaring Camp tended to produce stricter habits of personal cleanliness. Again, Stumpy imposed a kind of quarantine upon those who aspired to the honor and privilege of holding The Luck. It was a cruel mortification to Kentuck—who, in the carelessness of a large nature and the habits of frontier life, had begun to regard all garments as a second cuticle, which, like a snake's, only sloughed off through decay—to be debarred this privilege from certain prudential reasons. Yet such was the subtle influence of innovation that he hereafter appeared regularly every afternoon in a clean shirt and face still shining from his ablutions. Nor were moral and social sanitary laws neglected. "Tommy," who was supposed to spend his whole existence in a persistent attempt to repose, must not be disturbed by noise. The shouting and yelling, which had gained the camp its infelicitous title, were not permitted within hearing distance of Stumpy's. The men conversed in whispers or smoked with Indian gravity. Profanity was tacitly given up in these sacred precincts, and throughout the camp a popular form of expletive, known as "D—n the luck!" and "Curse the luck!" was abandoned, as having a new personal bearing. Vocal music was not interdicted, being supposed to have a soothing, tranquillizing quality; and one song, sung by "Man-o'-War Jack," an English sailor from Her Majesty's Australian colonies, was quite popular as a lullaby. It was a lugubrious recital of the exploits of "the *Arethusa,* Seventy-Four," in a muffled minor, ending with a prolonged dying fall at

the burden of each verse, "On b-oo-o-ard of the *Arethusa.*" It was a fine sight to see Jack holding The Luck, rocking from side to side as if with the motion of a ship, and crooning forth this naval ditty. Either through the peculiar rocking of Jack or the length of his song—it contained ninety stanzas, and was continued with conscientious deliberation to the bitter end—the lullaby generally had the desired effect. At such times the men would lie at full length under the trees in the soft summer twilight, smoking their pipes and drinking in the melodious utterances. An indistinct idea that this was pastoral happiness pervaded the camp. "This 'ere kind o' thing," said the Cockney Simmons, meditatively reclining on his elbow, "is 'evingly." It reminded him of Greenwich.

[18] On the long summer days The Luck was usually carried to the gulch from whence the golden store of Roaring Camp was taken. There, on a blanket spread over pine boughs, he would lie while the men were working in the ditches below. Latterly there was a rude attempt to decorate this bower with flowers and sweet-smelling shrubs, and generally someone would bring him a cluster of wild honeysuckles, azaleas, or the painted blossoms of Las Mariposas. The men had suddenly awakened to the fact that there were beauty and significance in these trifles, which they had so long trodden carelessly beneath their feet. A flake of glittering mica, a fragment of variegated quartz, a bright pebble from the bed of the creek, became beautiful to eyes thus cleared and strengthened, and were invariably put aside for The Luck. It was wonderful how many treasures the woods and hillsides yielded that "would do for Tommy." Surrounded by playthings such as never child out of fairyland had before, it is to be hoped that Tommy was content. He appeared to be serenely happy, albeit there was an infantine gravity about him, a contemplative light in his round gray eyes, that sometimes worried Stumpy. He was always tractable and quiet, and it is recorded that once, having crept beyond his "corral"—a hedge of tassellated pine boughs, which surrounded his bed—he dropped over the bank on his head in the soft earth, and remained with his mottled legs in the air in that position for at least five minutes with unflinching gravity. He was extricated without a murmur. I hesitate to record the many

other instances of his sagacity, which rest, unfortunately, upon the statements of prejudiced friends. Some of them were not without a tinge of superstition. "I crep' up the bank just now," said Kentuck one day, in a breathless state of excitement, "and dern my skin if he wasn't a-talkin' to a jaybird as was a-sittin' on his lap. There they was, just as free and sociable as anything you please, a-jawin' at each other just like two cherrybums." Howbeit, whether creeping over the pine boughs or lying lazily on his back blinking at the leaves about him, to him the birds sang, the squirrels chattered, and the flowers bloomed. Nature was his nurse and playfellow. For him she would let slip between the leaves golden shafts of sunlight that fell just within his grasp; she would send wandering breezes to visit him with the balm of bay and resinous gum; to him the tall redwoods nodded familiarly and sleepily, the bumble-bees buzzed, and the rooks cawed a slumbrous accompaniment.

[19] Such was the golden summer of Roaring Camp. They were "flush times," and the luck was with them. The claims had yielded enormously. The camp was jealous of its privileges and looked suspiciously on strangers. No encouragement was given to immigration, and, to make their seclusion more perfect, the land on either side of the mountain wall that surrounded the camp they duly preempted. This, and a reputation for singular proficiency with the revolver, kept the reserve of Roaring Camp inviolate. The expressman—their only connecting link with the surrounding world—sometimes told wonderful stories of the camp. He would say, "They've a street up there in 'Roaring' that would lay over any street in Red Dog. They've got vines and flowers round their houses, and they wash themselves twice a day. But they're mighty rough on strangers, and they worship an Ingin baby."

[20] With the prosperity of the camp came a desire for further improvement. It was proposed to build a hotel in the following spring, and to invite one or two decent families to reside there for the sake of The Luck, who might perhaps profit by female companionship. The sacrifice that this concession to the sex cost these men, who were fiercely sceptical in regard to its general virtue and usefulness, can only be accounted for by their affection for Tommy. A few still held

out. But the resolve could not be carried into effect for three months, and the minority meekly yielded in the hope that something might turn up to prevent it. And it did.

[21] The winter of 1851 will long be remembered in the foothills. The snow lay deep on the Sierras, and every mountain creek became a river, and every river, a lake. Each gorge and gulch was transformed into a tumultuous watercourse that descended the hillsides, tearing down giant trees and scattering its drift and debris along the plain. Red Dog had been twice under water, and Roaring Camp had been forewarned. "Water put the gold into them gulches," said Stumpy. "It's been here once and will be here again!" And that night the North Fork suddenly leaped over its banks and swept up the triangular valley of Roaring Camp.

[22] In the confusion of rushing water, crashing trees, and crackling timber, and the darkness which seemed to flow with the water and blot out the fair valley, but little could be done to collect the scattered camp. When the morning broke, the cabin of Stumpy, nearest the river-bank, was gone. Higher up the gulch they found the body of its unlucky owner; but the pride, the hope, the joy, The Luck, of Roaring Camp had disappeared. They were returning with sad hearts when a shout from the bank recalled them.

[23] It was a relief-boat from down the river. They had picked up, they said, a man and an infant, nearly exhausted, about two miles below. Did anybody know them, and did they belong here?

[24] It needed but a glance to show them Kentuck lying there, cruelly crushed and bruised, but still holding The Luck of Roaring Camp in his arms. As they bent over the strangely assorted pair, they saw that the child was cold and pulseless. "He is dead," said one. Kentuck opened his eyes. "Dead?" he repeated feebly. "Yes, my man, and you are dying, too." A smile lit the eyes of the expiring Kentuck. "Dying!" he repeated. "He's a-takin' me with him. Tell the boys I've got The Luck with me now"; and the strong man, clinging to the frail babe as a drowning man is said to cling to a straw, drifted away into the shadowy river that flows forever to the unknown sea.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. What was "the punishment of the first transgression" (paragraph 2)?
2. As you read, did you note in what ways this story illustrates the central point of *"Pulvis et Umbra"?* How? Name specific details.
3. Why does Harte personify "Roaring Camp" (paragraph 5)?
4. What is the purpose of paragraph 6? If the men were physically not what they seemed to be, does this observation apply to their morals too?
5. Can you justify the assertions in the last two sentences of paragraph 8?
6. What was "the ancient treatment of Romulus and Remus" (paragraph 10)?
7. How does Harte make Kentuck's first experience with the baby seem natural (paragraph 10)?
8. At what point did the regeneration of Roaring Camp begin?
9. Is there any indication that time would "cure" the regeneration?
10. Is the death of Kentuck and The Luck sentimentally contrived? Discuss.

The Real Problem Is in the Hearts of Men*

Albert Einstein

[1] Many persons have inquired concerning a recent message of mine that "a new type of thinking is essential if mankind is to survive and move to higher levels."

[2] Often in evolutionary processes a species must adapt to new

* Reprinted from *The New York Times Magazine*, June 23, 1946, by permission of the author and the publisher.

conditions in order to survive. Today the atomic bomb has altered profoundly the nature of the world as we knew it, and the human race consequently finds itself in a new habitat to which it must adapt its thinking.

[3] In the light of new knowledge, a world authority and an eventual world state are not just *desirable* in the name of brotherhood, they are *necessary* for survival. In previous ages a nation's life and culture could be protected to some extent by the growth of armies in national competition. Today we must abandon competition and secure cooperation. This must be the central fact in all our considerations of international affairs; otherwise we face certain disaster. Past thinking and methods did not prevent world wars. Future thinking *must* prevent wars.

[4] Modern war, the bomb, and other discoveries or inventions present us with revolutionary circumstances. Never before was it possible for one nation to make war on another without sending armies across borders. Now with rockets and atomic bombs no center of population on the earth's surface is secure from surprise destruction in a single attack.

[5] America has a temporary superiority in armament, but it is certain that we have no lasting secret. What nature tells one group of men, she will tell in time to any other group interested and patient enough in asking the questions. But our temporary superiority gives this nation the tremendous responsibility of leading mankind's effort to surmount the crisis.

[6] Being an ingenious people, Americans find it hard to believe there is no foreseeable defense against atomic bombs. But this is a basic fact. Scientists do not even know of any field which promises us any hope of adequate defense. The militaryminded cling to old methods of thinking and one Army department has been surveying possibilities of going underground, and in wartime placing factories in places like Mammoth Cave. Others speak of dispersing our population centers into "linear" or "ribbon" cities.

[7] Reasonable men with new facts to consider refuse to contemplate a future in which our culture would attempt to survive in ribbons or in underground tombs. Neither is there reassurance in

proposals to keep a hundred thousand men alert along the coasts scanning the sky with radar. There is no radar defense against the V-2, and should a "defense" be developed after years of research, it is not humanly possible for any defense to be perfect. Should one rocket with atomic warhead strike Minneapolis, that city would look almost exactly like Nagasaki. Rifle bullets kill men, but atomic bombs kill cities. A tank is a defense against a bullet but there is no defense in science against the weapon which can destroy civilization.

[8] Our defense is not in armaments, nor in science, nor in going underground. Our defense is in law and order.

[9] Henceforth, every nation's foreign policy must be judged at every point by one consideration: does it lead us to a world of law and order or does it lead us back toward anarchy and death? I do not believe that we can prepare for war and at the same time prepare for a world community. When humanity holds in its hand the weapon with which it can commit suicide, I believe that to put more power into the gun is to increase the probability of disaster.

[10] Remembering that our main consideration is to avoid this disaster, let us briefly consider international relations in the world today, and start with America. The war which began with Germany using weapons of unprecedented frightfulness against women and children ended with the United States using a supreme weapon killing thousands at one blow.

[11] Many persons in other countries now look on America with great suspicion, not only for the bomb but because they fear she will become imperialistic. Before the recent turn in our policy I was sometimes not quite free from such fears myself.

[12] Others might not fear Americans if they knew us as we know one another, honest and sober and neighbors. But in other countries they know that a sober nation can become drunk with victory. If Germany had not won a victory in 1870, what tragedy for the human race might have been averted!

[13] We are now making bombs and the bombs are making hate and suspicion. We are keeping secrets and secrets breed distrust. I do not say we should now turn the secret of the bomb loose in the world, but are we ardently seeking a world in which there will be no

need for bombs or secrets, a world in which science and men will be free?

[14] While we distrust Russia's secrecy and she distrusts ours we walk together to certain doom.

[15] The basic principles of the Acheson-Lilienthal Report are scientifically sound and technically ingenious, but as Mr. Baruch wisely said, it is a problem not of physics but of ethics. There has been too much emphasis on legalisms and procedure; it is easier to denature plutonium than it is to denature the evil spirit of man.

[16] The United Nations is the only instrument we have to work with in our struggle to achieve something better. But we have used U.N. and U.N. form and procedure to outvote the Russians on some occasions when the Russians were right. Yes, I do not think it is possible for any nation to be right all the time or wrong all the time. In all negotiations, whether over Spain, Argentina, Palestine, food or atomic energy, so long as we rely on procedure and keep the threat of military power, we are attempting to use old methods in a world which is changed forever.

[17] No one gainsays that the United Nations Organization at times gives great evidence of eventually justifying the desperate hope that millions have in it. But time is not given to us in solving the problems science and war have brought. Powerful forces in the political world are moving swiftly toward crisis. When we look back to the end of the war it does not seem ten months—it seems ten years ago! Many leaders express well the need for world authority and an eventual world government, but actual planning and action to this end have been appallingly slow.

[18] Private organizations anticipate the future, but government agencies seem to live in the past. In working away from nationalism toward a supranationalism, for example, it is obvious that the national spirit will survive longer in armies than anywhere else. This might be tempered in the United Nations' military forces by mixing the various units together, but certainly not by keeping a Russian unit intact side by side with an intact American unit, with the usual inter-unit competition added to the national spirit of the soldiers in this world enforcement army. But if the military staffs of the

U.N. are working out concrete proposals along these lines, for a true internationally minded force, I have yet to read of it.

[19] Similarly, we are plagued in the present world councils over the question of representation. It does not seem fair to some, for example, that each small Latin-American nation should have a vote while much larger nations are also limited to one vote. On the other hand, representation on a population basis may seem unfair to the highly developed states, because surely great masses of ignorant, backward peoples should not carry as much voice in the complicated technology of our world as those with greater experience.

[20] Fremont Rider in an excellent book, "The Great Dilemma of World Organizations," discusses the idea of representation on the basis of education and literacy—number of teachers, physicians, and so on. Backward nations looking forward to greater power in the councils of men would be told, "To get more votes you must *earn* them."

[21] These and a hundred other questions concerning the desirable evolution of the world seem to be getting very little attention. Meanwhile, men high in government propose defense or war measures which would not only compel us to live in a universal atmosphere of fear but would cost untold billions of dollars and ultimately destroy our American free way of life—even before a war.

[22] To retain even a temporary total security in an age of total war, government will have to secure total control. Restrictive measures will be required by the necessities of the situation, not through the conspiracy of wilful men. Starting with the fantastic guardianship now imposed on innocent physics professors, outmoded thinkers will insidiously change men's lives more completely than did Hitler, for the forces behind them will be more compelling.

[23] Before the raid on Hiroshima, leading physicists urged the War Department not to use the bomb against defenseless women and children. The war could have been won without it. The decision was made in consideration of possible future loss of American lives—and now we have to consider possible loss in future atomic bombings of *millions of lives*. The American decision may have been a fatal error, for men accustom themselves to thinking a weapon which was used once can be used again.

[24] Had we shown other nations the test explosion at Alamogordo, New Mexico, we could have used it as an education for new ideas. It would have been an impressive and favorable moment to make considered proposals for world order to end war. Our renunciation of this weapon as too terrible to use would have carried great weight in negotiations and made convincing our sincerity in asking other nations for a binding partnership to develop these newly unleashed powers for good.

[25] The old type of thinking can raise a thousand objections of "realism" against this simplicity. But such thought ignores the *psychological realities.* All men fear atomic war. All men hope for benefits from these new powers. Between the realities of man's true desires and the realities of man's danger, what are the obsolete "realities" of protocol and military protection?

[26] During the war many persons fell out of the habit of doing their own thinking, for many had to do simply what they were told to do. Today lack of interest would be a great error, for there is much the average man can do about this danger.

[27] This nation held a great debate concerning the menace of the Axis, and again today we need a great chain reaction of awareness and communication. Current proposals should be discussed in the light of the basic facts, in every newspaper, in schools, churches, in town meetings, in private conversations, and neighbor to neighbor. Merely reading about the bomb promotes knowledge in the mind, but only talk between men promotes feeling in the heart.

[28] Not even scientists completely understand atomic energy, for each man's knowledge is incomplete. Few men have ever seen the bomb. But all men if told a few facts can understand that this bomb and the danger of war is a very real thing, and not something far away. It directly concerns every person in the civilized world. We cannot leave it to generals, Senators, and diplomats to work out a solution over a period of generations. Perhaps five years from now several nations will have made bombs and it will be too late to avoid disaster.

[29] Ignoring the realities of faith, good-will and honesty in seeking a solution, we place too much faith in legalisms, treaties, and mechanisms. We must begin through the U. N. Atomic Energy

Commission to work for binding agreement, but America's decision will not be made over a table in the United Nations. Our representatives in New York, in Paris, or in Moscow depend ultimately on decisions made in the village square.

[30] To the village square we must carry the facts of atomic energy. From there must come America's voice.

[31] This belief of physicists promoted our formation of the Emergency Committee of Atomic Scientists, with headquarters at Princeton, N. J., to make possible a great national campaign for education on these issues, through the National Committee on Atomic Information. Detailed planning for world security will be easier when negotiators are assured of public understanding of our dilemmas.

[32] Then our American proposals will be not merely documents about machinery, the dull, dry statements of a government to other governments, but the embodiment of a message to humanity from a nation of human beings.

[33] Science has brought forth this danger, but the real problem is in the minds and hearts of men. We will not change the hearts of other men by mechanisms, but by changing *our* hearts and speaking bravely.

[34] We must be generous in giving to the world the knowledge we have of the forces of nature, after establishing safeguards against abuse.

[35] We must be not merely willing but actively eager to submit ourselves to binding authority necessary for world security.

[36] We must realize we cannot simultaneously plan for war and peace.

[37] When we are clear in heart and mind—only then shall we find courage to surmount the fear which haunts the world.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. "Future thinking *must* prevent war" (paragraph 3). This was written in 1946. What has happened since?
2. What is meant by "'ribbon' cities" (paragraph 6)?
3. How does Einstein interpret Germany's victory in 1870 (paragraph 12)? Why does he cite the consequences of this victory?

4. "It is a problem not of physics but of ethics" (paragraph 15). Comment.
5. Is there any evidence that so far as procedure and military power are concerned the world "is changed forever" (paragraph 16)?
6. What does Einstein recommend in the way of a United Nations' military force (paragraph 18)? How has such a force been organized?
7. Discuss Rider's suggestion of a method to select representatives for the U.N. (paragraph 20).
8. What is the author's attitude toward American use of the A-bomb on Japan (paragraphs 23–24)? Do you agree?
9. What was "the axis" (paragraph 27)?
10. "Talk between men promotes feeling in the heart" (paragraph 27). Compare "The Luck of Roaring Camp."
11. Upon what does Einstein's proposal basically depend? What does he assume about human beings? Compare *"Pulvis et Umbra"* and "The Luck of Roaring Camp." If the Luck regenerated a mining camp, what is the threat of the A-bomb supposed to do?

*Apparent Failure**

Robert Browning

"We shall soon lose a celebrated building."
Paris Newspaper

I

No, for I'll save it! Seven years since,
I passed through Paris, stopped a day
To see the baptism of your Prince;
Saw, made my bow, and went my way:
Walking the heat and headache off,
I took the Seine-side, you surmise,

* From *Dramatis Personæ* (1864).

Thought of the Congress, Gortschakoff,
  Cavour's appeal and Buol's replies,
So sauntered till—what met my eyes?

II

Only the Doric little Morgue!
  The dead-house where you show your drowned:
Petrarch's Vaucluse makes proud the Sorgue,
  Your Morgue has made the Seine renowned.
One pays one's debt in such a case;
  I plucked up heart and entered,—stalked,
Keeping a tolerable face
  Compared with some whose cheeks were chalked:
Let them! No Briton's to be baulked!

III

First came the silent gazers; next,
  A screen of glass, we're thankful for;
Last, the sight's self, the sermon's text,
  The three men who did most abhor
Their life in Paris yesterday,
  So killed themselves: and now, enthroned
Each on his copper couch, they lay
  Fronting me, waiting to be owned.
I thought, and think, their sin's atoned.

IV

Poor men, God made, and all for that!
  The reverence struck me; o'er each head
Religiously was hung its hat,
  Each coat dripped by the owner's bed,
Sacred from touch: each had his berth,
  His bounds, his proper place of rest,
Who last night tenanted on earth
  Some arch, where twelve such slept abreast,—
Unless the plain asphalt seemed best.

V

How did it happen, my poor boy?
  You wanted to be Buonaparte

And have the Tuileries for toy,
  And could not, so it broke your heart?
You, old one by his side, I judge,
  Were, red as blood, a socialist,
A leveller! Does the Empire grudge
  You've gained what no Republic missed?
Be quiet, and unclench your fist!

VI

And this—why, he was red in vain,
  Or black,—poor fellow that is blue!
What fancy was it turned your brain?
  Oh, women were the prize for you!
Money gets women, cards and dice
  Get money, and ill-luck gets just
The copper couch and one clear nice
  Cool spirt of water o'er your bust,
The right thing to extinguish lust!

VII

It's wiser being good than bad;
  It's safer being meek than fierce:
It's fitter being sane than mad.
  My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
  That, after Last, returns the First,
Though a wide compass round be fetched;
  That what began best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. What is the purpose of the first stanza?
2. What is "the sermon's text" (line 21)? What conclusion does the poet draw from the text (line 27)? Does the remainder of the poem justify this conclusion?
3. What were the vices which, the poet imagines, drove the three men to kill themselves (lines 37–54)? Does the poet interpret these vices as evidences of generous personalities? Discuss.

4. How should lines 55–57 be interpreted? As pious belief or as statements which imply that badness, fierceness, and madness are possibly simply extremes of virtues?
5. Do the final two lines of the poem express the faith upon which the whole contention of the poem rests?
6. How does the theme of this poem differ from that of *"Pulvis et Umbra"?*

Suggestions for Papers

The general idea of your essay or anecdote will be related to the conception that man has, at worst, an irreducible minimum of good in him. Of course, you do not have to agree with this idea. Your job is to write about it with understanding. Cite passages from your reading to support your own belief or to assail ideas with which you disagree.

1. Stevenson says that there is "no country where some action is not honored for a virtue and none where it is not branded for a vice." If this is true, can there be any such thing as an absolute standard of conduct? If there is no absolute standard, is one action as good, or as bad, as another? What do you think makes one action right and another wrong? Defend or attack Stevenson's position. (Compare "Man against Darkness," Chapter 19.)

2. Show how the main point of "The Luck of Roaring Camp" can be linked with the main point of *"Pulvis et Umbra."* Quote passages which will show this linking.

3. It may be a farfetched comparison, but can you find a curious link between the baby Luck (of Roaring Camp) and the atom bomb (of Einstein's essay)? If you can do this, you should be able to comment, too, on Einstein's idea for controlling the atom bomb.

4. You have seen more than one motion picture in which a character who is the victim of every kind of weakness and sin rises in the end to noble heights. Recall the plot of such a motion picture and compare and contrast it with "The Luck of Roaring Camp."

5. If you know an unpromising person who has in a quiet or a spectacular way demonstrated his "core of goodness," relate his story.

6. Society is said to be a collection of individuals. Individuals are said (as you have seen) to be for the most part men of good will. How, then, do you account for Einstein's not very hopeful appeal to "the hearts of men"?

7. Paraphrase "Apparent Failure" and comment upon its full meaning. Do you agree or disagree with Browning's contention? Be reasonable, tolerant, and specific.

8. Stevenson speculates that "the anchored vermin" (vegetables) may have "their joys and sorrows, their delights and killing agonies." Speculate on this possibility.

9. Browning in "Apparent Failure" speculates on reasons for the suicide of the three men he has viewed in the "Doric little Morgue." Starting with these speculations, fill in the possible story of one of the men. Could the suicide have been caused by a mistaken notion of what was right to do?

SOME TITLES FOR PAPERS

1. My Standard of Conduct
2. Comments upon a Statement in *"Pulvis et Umbra"*
3. Is "The Luck of Roaring Camp" Credible?
4. Can Man Be Frightened into Being Good?
5. What Began Best, Can't End Worst
6. Ethics and Vegetarianism
7. Morals Where I Live and Elsewhere
8. Can Suicide Be Justified?
9. The Idealism of Anarchy
10. The Core of Badness
11. How to Subdue Your Conscience
12. My Favorite Villain
13. The Seventh Stanza of "Apparent Failure"
14. One Heart—One World
15. A Curious Sort of Hero (or Heroine)
16. Colloquy among the Cabbages
17. The Story of a Strange Custom
18. "Nature Red in Tooth and Claw"
19. "All but the Most Cowardly"
20. The Story of an Apparent Failure
21. Is Man Morally Irresponsible?

23

Best of Possible Worlds?

IS *THIS* the best of possible worlds? Probably few would say that the answer to this question is an unqualified yes. Nobody is so happy that he cannot imagine a better state of existence. Yet, if this is not the best of possible worlds, why isn't it? A benevolent, all-powerful God could have made it so. Why didn't He? Believers in a benevolent God (theists) say that He did not because His cosmic plans call for a world like this one. By this kind of speculation, the theists assert that from a cosmic view this is, after all, the best of all possible worlds. This must be so because anything less than a perfect cosmic plan could not have been conceived by Omniscience. Any flaw would indicate a flaw in the Engineer.

The first selection in this chapter is a poem, "Exhibit Home," which implies that this world would not seem the best possible world to prospects free to choose an earthly residence. In contrast, the famous song, "The Day's at the Morn," implies in its last two lines the whole argument of the preceding paragraph. If God's in his heaven, all *must,* at least in cosmic context, be right with the world.

The third selection, "Why Is God Silent While Evil Rages?", takes for granted that God's ways are inscrutable and that man cannot with his finite capacities understand the infinite. Nevertheless, God's silence in the face of loud evil is, the author says, particularly puzzling, but the answer, he feels, is that quiet good is actually the eventual victor over noisy evil.

It is the goal of all reformers to visualize a viceless world here and now, one in which noisy evil has been conquered and all men are virtuous. Would such a world be the best of possible worlds in fact? Goldsmith poses this question in "Asem, an Eastern Tale," a short allegory in which a viceless world is exhibited. Without evil, this world exists in vegetablelike apathy. Are man's vices, then, as essential as his virtues? Mandeville, in his "An Inquiry into the Origin of Moral Virtue," asserts that they are. Man is essentially selfish and stubborn and will not submit to force alone. Because of his pride, however, he can be managed by wise politicians who use the weapon of flattery. Thus pride, a vice, is susceptible to flattery, a form of lying. The interaction of these two vices produces good to society in the form of a cooperative spirit and a regard for one's fellows. Mandeville's reasoning is both plausible and tricky. Can you detect any flaws in it?

*Exhibit Home**

Christopher Morley

The Celestial Realtor
Was showing earth to prospects.
Now this he said is our Exhibit Home:
Ranch-house type, in case of cyclone;

* From "Honorable World" (More Translations from the Chinese). Reprinted from *The New York Times Magazine*, March 19, 1950, by permission of the author and the publisher.

Geiger proofed against radiation,
And, of course, a hydrogen-cellar.
Antennaed for all TV channels,
Built in safe for tax receipts,
Barbecue pit for week-end guests.
Naborhood Liquor and Delicatessen,
And Yellowcopter service to town
In case of a coal strike.

I don't need to tell you (He whispered)
Mundane Park is carefully Restricted.
I think, said the timid Unborn Tenant,
I'll look a little farther—
Maybe one of the other planets.

QUESTION ON CONTENT

1. List the features of the Exhibit Home in Mundane Park. Which ones would be most likely to send prospects to another planet?

"The Year's at the Spring"*

Robert Browning

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;

The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

* From *Pippa Passes* (1841).

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Contrast this song with "Exhibit Home."
2. Interpret the last two lines. Compare "Man against Darkness" (Chapter 19).

Why Is God Silent While Evil Rages? *

Harry Emerson Fosdick

[1] No thoughtful person can live through an era like this without asking searching questions about God. With no desire and no intention to be atheists, still, questions rise within us and among them inevitably this: Why is God so silent in a world filled with noisy evil? We hear, as though it were a lovely truth, that amid earthquake, wind, and fire ravaging the world, God moves like a still, small voice, but far from being a lovely truth that is what often troubles us. Why, in a world of turbulent evil, can God the Almighty do no better than be a still, small voice? Why does he not speak up, and make a noise in the interest of righteousness? So Carlyle, earnest believer though he was, exclaimed once, "God sits in heaven and does nothing," and long before Carlyle the writer of the eighty-third Psalm cried,

> O God, keep not thou silence:
> Hold not thy peace, and be not still, O God.
> For, lo, thine enemies make a tumult.

[2] The contrast between the blatant violence of evil and the quietness of those spiritual forces in which goodness dwells is a mystery. In what contrast stand a thunderstorm and a mother's love—the one obtrusive, boisterous, the other inaudible, imperceptible

* From *A Great Time to Be Alive*, by Harry Emerson Fosdick. Copyright 1944 Harper & Brothers.

tible, save as one quietly listens! Why should evil have thus the advantage of noise, and goodness always be a still, small voice?

[3] This question gains added difficulty when, believing that these spiritual forces have behind them the might and majesty of the Eternal, we bring God in. Why should the sovereign God of all this universe be so shy? Long ago, during the Hebrew Exile, when proud Babylon violently ruled the earth, the Great Isaiah cried, "Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour."

[4] No one can crowd the explanation of an infinite universe into a finite head, and the full answer to this question we have asked has depths no human plummet fathoms, but surely some things can be said about it. This, I ask you, to start with, that when I use the word "God" you will not have in your imagination some human picture of him, like a king seated on a throne. Let us begin with something more realistic and indubitable than that! In one sense of the word no one doubts the existence of God, not even one who calls himself an atheist. There is, behind and in this universe, creative power. That is fact, not theory. This world and we within it are the consequence of creative power. In what terms we shall think of that creative power, whether in terms material or spiritual, is a further and momentous question, but it is certain that creative power itself is here. From it, all that is came. In it, all that is exists. Without it, nothing is at all. It is the sovereign, basic, original, indubitable fact.

[5] Yet, strangely enough, we have never heard it. It makes no noise. Upon its cosmic loom it weaves millions of solar systems and swings stars and planets in their courses, but as the nineteenth Psalm says,

> There is no speech nor language;
> Their voice is not heard.

Here, surely, is the place for our thoughts to start. Theists and atheists alike, we all are in the same boat here: We face a universe whose sovereign creative power is silent.

[6] Today consider some facts about this mysteriously quiet power

from which all things come, that, so it seems to me, lead us straight to the truth of our Christian faith.

[7] For example, we face at once a stern and ominous fact: This silent power does do something rigorous and austere—it works inevitable retribution upon evil. Like it or not, in this universe there is what the ancient Greeks called Nemesis—the doom that, however long delayed, falls upon arrogance and cruelty and braggart pride. In our days we shall see that Nemesis again, and when Hitler's nazidom breaks down, old texts will come to mind:

> He hath made a pit, and digged it,
> And is fallen into the ditch which he made.

[8] Just as in the physical realm the noiseless force of gravitation brings inevitable consequence on those who disobey its laws, so the law-abiding nature of the cosmos silently reveals itself in the moral realm. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap"—that is a metaphor of silence. The processes of growth are quiet; no one can hear that harvest of retribution grow, but grow it does. So, while it is true that God is silent, it is not true that he "sits in heaven and does nothing."

[9] These are highly emotional days, and among the emotions that naturally roil our spirits is the rebellious mood, resentment and complaint directed often against the very things that once we trusted most. Is anyone here so placid and saintly, so little stirred by the brutal evils of our time, that he has felt no rebellion against God himself? Is not God sovereign? Why does he not speak up? See the blatant wrongs that curse the earth. So we complain as Dr. Moffat translates our text,

> Keep not still, O God,
> speak, stir, O God!
> Here are thy foes in uproar.

[10] Nevertheless, any way we look at it, the determining creative forces in this universe are silent, and one major thing they do is noiselessly to work inevitable retribution. Recall the Bible's dramatic presentation of this truth! The Jewish Exile was at its climax.

Babylon ruled the world. Then Belshazzar, the king, made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, where they drank wine and praised the gods of gold and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood and of stone, until upon that scene of insolent evil a sudden silence fell. For out of the unseen and the unheard there "came forth the fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace: . . . MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN"—weighed, weighed in the balances and found wanting. "Then the king's countenance was changed . . . and his thoughts troubled him; and the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another."

[11] As Theodor Mommsen, the historian, wrote: "History has a Nemesis for every sin." God does not sit in heaven and do nothing. We frail human beings are not alone the originators, improvisers, and backers of goodness in this world. There is, as Matthew Arnold said, a "power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness." Today we deeply need to believe that. Evil towers so high, seems so strong, makes such a tumult, that we could easily despair were not our hope still where the great souls of other days have found it. Long ago a valiant warrior against a tyrant cried, "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera," and on the threshold of our own era a modern echoed him:

> And for the everlasting right
> The silent stars are strong.

[12] Come further, now, and consider that despite our complaints about God's silence, these spiritual forces making no noise reach deeper, take hold harder, and last longer than any others. We human beings are naturally sensitive to noise. Loud things claim our attention. Yet, when we go deeply within ourselves to note what means most to us, how soon we enter a quiet realm where great thoughts walk with still feet, and great loves feel what they cannot say, and great faiths lift their noiseless aspirations! The creative factors in our lives dwell in the realm of silence. It is there that personally we meet the Eternal. In these days, filled with the din of man's brutality, we need to renew our insight into the reality,

the creative power, the abiding persistence, the ultimate dominance of these quiet spiritual forces that are God's still, small voice.

[13] Even as cold-blooded history reveals the truth, what is it that lasts? All that made a noise in ancient Greece is gone, but the *Iliad,* the *Odyssey,* the *Dialogues of Plato,* the dream of beauty and the love of truth—these have not gone. All that made a noise in ancient Israel has vanished, even the Temple with not one stone left upon another; but the faiths of the psalmists and the insights of the prophets—they have not vanished. How will the atheist handle this realistic fact, that, not because of anything man alone plans to do or is capable of doing, but because of the nature of things, there is a power here that, dropping out the stentorian, vociferous things that split the eardrums of contemporaries, preserves the quiet, spiritual forces, so that while empires rise and fall, truths that hardly lift their voices go on and on.

Egypt's might is tumbled down
  Down a-down the deeps of thought;
Greece is fallen and Troy town,
Glorious Rome hath lost her crown,
  Venice's pride is nought.

But the dreams their children dreamed
  Fleeting, unsubstantial, vain,
Shadowy as the shadows seemed,
Airy nothing, as they deemed,
  These remain.

[14] Moreover, far from being merely a historic matter, this truth has important applications to our times. We are dreadfully tempted now to trust the noisy, outward, violent forces to achieve our end. Many, for example, discussing a new society of nations, say, This time we will have an international police force and that will keep order and make the thing go. Now, I agree that some form of internationally used force is necessary, but if we trust that to hold a society of nations together, we have lost our game before we start. An expert on police affairs recently said that in the United States with our 135,000,000 citizens we have about 150,000 policemen all

told, and that no more than 50,000 of them are on duty at any one time. Is it 50,000 policemen who keep this nation a nation and preserve order among 135,000,000 citizens? Granted the necessity of police to handle the fringes of criminal disorder, what keeps us together, makes of us a loyal, devoted, and on the whole united nation is not something you can put in uniform and arm with a gun. These coherent forces that make of our communities decent places to live in and of America a cooperative people are spiritual. Quiet as the sun that when it rises makes no noise, but that is still the light of all our seeing and the creator of all that grows strong and beautiful, some spiritual faiths and hopes, loves and loyalties, have shined upon us here to make possible our national family. Do we think an international family is possible without that? Any decent world we ever get must be grounded in, buttressed by, and held together with, intelligent, undiscourageable goodwill.

[15] This is not poetry but political realism. Harold Butler was for years Director of the International Labor Office in Geneva under the League of Nations. Listen, then, as he sums up what he regards as the cause of the League's failure: "More than for any other reason the peace was lost because the policies of nations were empty of charity towards each other." All history is a running commentary on that.

[16] How can the atheist handle this fact that the most powerful, creative, persistent forces in human life are spiritual, and that always when the earthquake, wind and fire have spent their force the still, small voice is there?

[17] Come a step further now and note that God may be silent but that he or someone mighty like him does do marvelous things in this world. Alike the ultimate mystery and glory of human life is great personality, and you cannot get that out of noisy things. At the age of forty-three Louis Pasteur was a humiliated wreck. One whole side paralyzed, he looked impotently on while war ravaged France, and his fellow-townsmen taunted him with being a useless mouth eating needed food, so that once, grown man though he was, he came home weeping with the sting of their jibes. Yet now when all that made the big noise is gone, Pasteur towers higher every year.

Even on that day when he wept for shame he said to his wife, "I have something to give France that men with swords cannot give." Well, inwardly sustained by the disinterested love of truth, he gave it, and years afterwards, he himself explained his own experience as he understood it: "Christ," he said, "made me what I am." How does an atheist deal with such facts—this indubitable presence of silent power, transforming, sustaining, illumining, the builder and maker of great souls? Believe me, God does not sit in heaven and do nothing!

[18] Moreover, this is not merely an individual matter. These souls, from Elijah to Pasteur, nourished on the still, small voice, lift the world. Even in the physical cosmos the silent force of gravitation is a deep mystery, but not so deep a mystery as the gravitation by which strong souls lift the world. Long ago on Calvary the violent forces of the age successfully engineered a crucifixion. They finished him off, the Man of Nazareth who troubled them, and Pilate and Caiaphas and all the noisy crowd that had cried "Crucify him" went home content, while there he hung, a man condemned, dying a felon's death. In any world whose creative power is merely materialistic, would not that have been indeed the end, that man extinguished like a blown-out candle, his light forever gone? Instead, Pilate and Caiaphas and the shouting crowds are dead and buried in reproach and shame, and that man they crucified is lifting still, with a silent gravitation that will outlast the noisiest earthquakes that ever shake the world.

[19] To be sure, this does present a problem. The least important and least valuable things are the noisiest and thus the most easily perceived and proved, while the most important and most valuable things are hardest to be absolutely sure about. One cannot doubt a thunderstorm; one cannot doubt a war—see the noise they make! But love and liberty and truth and the profoundest meanings and values of our souls—men can doubt them. One cannot doubt an air raid siren—what a blare it makes! But one can doubt God, for he is a still, small voice. This is a mystery and a problem, but thus to state the problem frankly is in part to solve it. Think of be-

ing a man who goes through life believing in only the least important and least valuable things because they are obvious and noisy! Fish, they say, in a quiet lake do not recognize the existence of water because they live and move and have their being in it. Shall we, like them, be so insensitive and not perceive that the silent forces of the Eternal Spirit, whose noiseless presence is the life of all our being, are real?

[20] I do not pretend to understand the full reason why God so hides himself in quietness. Perhaps it is because if he should speak out with all the thundering compulsion of his power, making himself as terribly evident as we sometimes wish he would, we would be utterly overborne, helpless automatons with no freedom to make our doing of his will a voluntary choice. But whatever the reason for his silent method, it does not mean that he is doing nothing. Everything in this universe that does most is silent.

> What tho', in solemn silence, all
> Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
> What tho' no real voice nor sound
> Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
> In reason's ear they all rejoice,
> And utter forth a glorious voice,
> Forever singing as they shine,
> "The hand that made us is divine."

[21] As for the personal conclusion of the matter, that surely is evident. In days like these we need the inward reinforcement of spiritual power, and nothing noisy can supply it. There are families here whose anxious thoughts follow their deepest loves to the ends of the earth today. There are homes here where already the War Department's fateful announcement has arrived with news more difficult to meet than any that they ever faced before. And all of us, tossed by the turbulence and wearied with the din of this violent time, need to have our souls restored. But thundering airplanes and falling bombs do not restore the soul, no, nor clanging subways, shouting crowds, and all the blaring noises of our busy days. As God lives his deepest life in silence, so do we. It is

when our quiet responds to his quiet that we find him. Only when he leads us in green pastures and beside still waters can he restore our souls.

[22] And when from that silent place one who knows its secret goes out again to face the world, not all its din can overawe his spirit. The destiny of creation is in the hand of forces that make no noise. So, from the complaint of one psalmist we turn to the insight of another who heard the Eternal say, "Be still, and know that I am God."

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Comment on the contrast between a thunderstorm and a mother's love (paragraph 2). Can the contrast be consistently maintained?
2. "No one can crowd the explanation of an infinite universe into a finite head" (paragraph 4). Explain.
3. Why does Fosdick ask his listeners not to think of God "like a king seated on a throne"?
4. What is the meeting ground between theists and atheists (paragraph 5)?
5. How does Fosdick seek to prove that a silent power "works inevitable retribution for evil" (paragraph 7)? Do you agree that this is true?
6. What is his next proof that silence is to be preferred to noise?
7. Does Fosdick believe that God creates charity in men? Explain.
8. The author challenges the atheist to account for the spirituality of man (paragraph 16). Without being an atheist, can you answer this? (Compare "Man against Darkness," Chapter 19.)
9. Does the author suggest that God is silent in order to encroach as little as possible on man's free will (paragraph 20)? If God encroaches at all, silently or otherwise, is that a complete negation of free will?
10. Does this sermon cast light on the lines "God's in his heaven— All's right with the world"?

Asem, an Eastern Tale

Or a Vindication of the Wisdom of Providence in the Moral Government of the World *

Oliver Goldsmith

[1] When Tauris lifts its head above the storm, and presents nothing to the sight of the distant traveller but a prospect of nodding rocks, falling torrents, and all the variety of tremendous Nature; on the bleak bosom of this frightful mountain, secluded from society, and detesting the ways of men, lived Asem the Man-hater.
[2] Asem had spent his youth with men; had shared in their amusements; and had been taught to love his fellow-creatures with the most ardent affection; but from the tenderness of his disposition he exhausted all his fortune in relieving the wants of the distressed. The petitioner never sued in vain; the weary traveller never passed his door; he only desisted from doing good when he had no longer the power of relieving.
[3] From a fortune thus spent in benevolence he expected a grateful return from those he had formerly relieved; and made his application with confidence of redress: the ungrateful world soon grew weary of his importunity; for pity is but a short-lived passion. He soon therefore began to view mankind in a very different light from that in which he had before beheld them; he perceived a thousand vices he had never before suspected to exist: wherever he turned, ingratitude, dissimulation, and treachery, contributed to increase his detestation of them. Resolved, therefore, to continue no longer in a world which he hated, and which repaid his detestation with contempt, he retired to this region of sterility, in order to brood over his resentment in solitude, and converse with the only honest heart he knew, namely with his own.
[4] A cave was his only shelter from the inclemency of the

* First printed in the *Royal Magazine*, December 1759.

weather; fruits, gathered with difficulty from the mountain's side, his only food; and his drink was fetched with danger and toil from the headlong torrent. In this manner he lived, sequestered from society, passing the hours in meditation, and sometimes exulting that he was able to live independently of his fellow-creatures.

[5] At the foot of the mountain an extensive lake displayed its glassy bosom, reflecting on its broad surface the impending horrors of the mountain. To this capacious mirror he would sometimes descend, and reclining on its steep banks, cast an eager look on the smooth expanse that lay before him. "How beautiful," he often cried, "is nature! How lovely even in her wildest scenes! How finely contrasted is the level plain that lies beneath me, with yon awful pile that hides its tremendous head in clouds! But the beauty of these scenes is no way comparable with their utility; from hence an hundred rivers are supplied, which distribute health and verdure to the various countries through which they flow. Every part of the universe is beautiful, just, and wise, but man: vile man is a solecism in nature; the only monster in the creation. Tempests and whirlwinds have their use; but vicious ungrateful man is a blot in the fair page of universal beauty. Why was I born of that detested species, whose vices are almost a reproach to the wisdom of the divine Creator? Were men entirely free from vice, all would be uniformity, harmony, and order. A world of moral rectitude should be the result of a perfect moral agent. Why, why then, O Alla! must I be thus confined in darkness, doubt, and despair?"

[6] Just as he uttered the word Despair, he was going to plunge into the lake beneath him, at once to satisfy his doubts, and put a period to his anxiety; when he perceived a most majestic being walking on the surface of the water, and approaching the bank on which he stood. So unexpected an object at once checked his purpose; he stopped, contemplated, and fancied he saw something awful and divine in his aspect.

[7] "Son of Adam," cried the Genius, "stop thy rash purpose; the Father of the faithful has seen thy justice, thy integrity, thy miseries, and hath sent me to afford and administer relief. Give me thine hand, and follow without trembling wherever I shall lead; in me

behold the Genius of Conviction, kept by the Great Prophet to turn from their errors those who go astray, not from curiosity, but a rectitude of intention. Follow me and be wise."

[8] Asem immediately descended upon the lake, and his guide conducted him along the surface of the water; till coming near the centre of the lake, they both began to sink; the waters closed over their heads; they descended several hundred fathoms, till Asem, just ready to give up his life as inevitably lost, found himself with his celestial guide in another world, at the bottom of the waters, where human foot had never trod before. His astonishment was beyond description, when he saw a sun like that he had left, a serene sky over his head, and blooming verdure under his feet.

[9] "I plainly perceive your amazement," said the Genius; "but suspend it for a while. This world was formed by Alla, at the request, and under the inspection, of our great Prophet: who once entertained the same doubts which filled your mind when I found you, and from the consequence of which you were so lately rescued. The rational inhabitants of this world are formed agreeable to your own ideas; they are absolutely without vice. In other respects it resembles your earth, but differs from it in being wholly inhabited by men who never do wrong. If you find this world more agreeable than that you so lately left, you have free permission to spend the remainder of your days in it; but permit me for some time to attend you, that I may silence your doubts, and make you better acquainted with your company and your new habitation."

[10] "A world without vice! Rational beings without immorality!" cried Asem in a rapture; "I thank thee, O Alla, who hast at length heard my petitions; this, this indeed will produce happiness, ecstasy, and ease. O for an immortality to spend it among men who are incapable of ingratitude, injustice, fraud, violence, and a thousand other crimes, that render society miserable!"

[11] "Cease thine acclamations," replied the Genius. "Look around thee; reflect on every object and action before us, and communicate to me the result of thine observations. Lead wherever you think proper, I shall be your attendant and instructor." Asem and his companion travelled on in silence for some time, the former being entirely lost in astonishment; but at last, recovering his former

serenity, he could not help observing, that the face of the country bore a near resemblance to that he had left, except that this subterranean world still seemed to retain its primæval wildness.

[12] "Here," cried Asem, "I perceive animals of prey, and others that seem only designed for their subsistence; it is the very same in the world over our heads. But had I been permitted to instruct our Prophet, I would have removed this defect, and formed no voracious or destructive animals which only prey on the other parts of the creation." "Your tenderness for inferior animals is, I find, remarkable," said the Genius, smiling. "But with regard to meaner creatures this world exactly resembles the other, and indeed for obvious reasons; for the earth can support a more considerable number of animals, by their thus becoming food for each other, than if they had lived entirely on the vegetable productions. So that animals of different natures thus formed, instead of lessening their multitude, subsist in the greatest number possible. But let us hasten on to the inhabited country before us, and see what that offers for instruction."

[13] They soon gained the utmost verge of the forest, and entered the country inhabited by men without vice: and Asem anticipated in idea the rational delight he hoped to experience in such an innocent society. But they had scarce left the confines of the wood, when they beheld one of the inhabitants flying with hasty steps, and terror in his countenance, from an army of squirrels that closely pursued him. "Heavens!" cried Asem, "why does he fly? What can he fear from animals so contemptible?" He had scarcely spoke when he perceived two dogs pursuing another of the human species, who with equal terror and haste attempted to avoid them. "This," cried Asem to his guide, "is truly surprising; nor can I conceive the reason for so strange an action." "Every species of animals," replied the Genius, "has of late grown very powerful in this country; for the inhabitants at first thinking it unjust to use either fraud or force in destroying them, they have insensibly increased, and now frequently ravage their harmless frontiers." "But they should have been destroyed," cried Asem; "you see the consequence of such neglect." "Where is then that tenderness you so lately expressed

for subordinate animals?" replied the Genius, smiling; "you seem to have forgot that branch of justice." "I must acknowledge my mistake," returned Asem; "I am now convinced that we must be guilty of tyranny and injustice to the brute creation, if we would enjoy the world ourselves. But let us no longer observe the duty of man to these irrational creatures, but survey their connections with one another."

[14] As they walked farther up the country, the more he was surprised to see no vestiges of handsome houses, no cities, nor any mark of elegant design. His conductor, perceiving his surprise, observed, that the inhabitants of this new world were perfectly content with their ancient simplicity; each had an house, which, though homely, was sufficient to lodge his little family; they were too good to build houses, which could only increase their own pride, and the envy of the spectator; what they built was for convenience, and not for show. "At least, then," said Asem, "they have neither architects, painters, nor statuaries, in their society; but these are idle arts, and may be spared. However, before I spend much more time here, you should have my thanks for introducing me into the society of some of their wisest men: there is scarcely any pleasure to me equal to a refined conversation; there is nothing of which I am so much enamoured as wisdom." "Wisdom!" replied his instructor, "how ridiculous! We have no wisdom here, for we have no occasion for it; true wisdom is only a knowledge of our own duty, and the duty of others to us; but of what use is such wisdom here? Each intuitively performs what is right in himself, and expects the same from others. If by wisdom you should mean vain curiosity, and empty speculation, as such pleasures have their origin in vanity, luxury, or avarice, we are too good to pursue them." "All this may be right," says Asem; "but methinks I observe a solitary disposition prevail among the people; each family keeps separately within their own precincts, without society or without intercourse." "That indeed is true," replied the other; "here is no established society; nor should there be any; all societies are made either through fear or friendship; the people we are among are too good to fear each other; and there are no motives to private friendship, where all are

equally meritorious." "Well then," said the sceptic, "as I am to spend my time here, if I am to have neither the polite arts, nor wisdom, nor friendship, in such a world, I should be glad at least of an easy companion, who may tell me his thoughts, and to whom I may communicate mine." "And to what purpose should either do this?" says the Genius; "flattery or curiosity are vicious motives, and never allowed of here; and wisdom is out of the question."

[15] "Still however," said Asem, "the inhabitants must be happy; each is contented with his own possessions, nor avariciously endeavours to heap up more than is necessary for his own subsistence: each has therefore leisure for pitying those that stand in need of his compassion." He had scarce spoken when his ears were assaulted with the lamentations of a wretch who sat by the way-side, and in the most deplorable distress seemed gently to murmur at his own misery. Asem immediately ran to his relief, and found him in the last stage of a consumption. "Strange," cried the son of Adam, "that men who are free from vice should thus suffer so much misery without relief!" "Be not surprised," said the wretch who was dying; "would it not be the utmost injustice for beings, who have only just sufficient to support themselves, and are content with a bare subsistence, to take it from their own mouths to put it into mine? They never are possessed of a single meal more than is necessary; and what is barely necessary cannot be dispensed with." "They should have been supplied with more than is necessary," cried Asem; "and yet I contradict my own opinion but a moment before: all is doubt, perplexity, and confusion. Even the want of ingratitude is no virtue here, since they never received a favour. They have, however, another excellence yet behind; the love of their country is still, I hope, one of their darling virtues." "Peace, Asem!" replied the Guardian, with a countenance not less severe than beautiful, "nor forfeit all thy pretensions to wisdom; the same selfish motives, by which we prefer our own interest to that of others, induce us to regard our country preferably to that of another. Nothing less than universal benevolence is free from vice, and that, you see, is practised here." "Strange!" cries the disappointed pilgrim, in an agony of distress; "what sort of a world am I now introduced to? There is

scarce a single virtue, but that of temperance, which they practise; and in that they are in no way superior to the very brute creation. There is scarce an amusement which they enjoy: fortitude, liberality, friendship, wisdom, conversation, and love of country, all are virtues entirely unknown here; thus it seems that to be unacquainted with vice is not to know virtue. Take me, O my Genius, back to that very world which I have despised; a world which has Alla for its contriver is much more wisely formed than that which has been projected by Mahomet. Ingratitude, contempt, and hatred, I can now suffer, for perhaps I have deserved them. When I arraigned the wisdom of Providence, I only showed my own ignorance; henceforth let me keep from vice myself, and pity it in others."

[16] He had scarce ended, when the Genius, assuming an air of terrible complacency, called all his thunders around him, and vanished in a whirlwind. Asem, astonished at the terror of the scene, looked for his imaginary world; when, casting his eyes around, he perceived himself in the very situation, and in the very place, where he first began to repine and despair; his right foot had been just advanced to take the fatal plunge, nor had it been yet withdrawn: so instantly did Providence strike the series of truths, just imprinted on his soul. He now departed from the waterside in tranquillity, and leaving his horrid mansion, travelled to Segestan, his native city; where he diligently applied himself to commerce, and put in practice that wisdom he had learned in solitude. The frugality of a few years soon produced opulence; the number of his domestics increased; his friends came to him from every part of the city, nor did he receive them with disdain: and a youth of misery was concluded with an old age of elegance, affluence, and ease.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. "Vile man is a solecism in nature" (paragraph 5). Explain.
2. What, according to Asem, would make the world perfect (paragraph 5)?
3. How did Asem expect "to satisfy his doubts" by drowning himself?

4. Into what kind of world is Asem escorted by the Genius of Conviction?
5. What was the first thing Asem noted about the new world?
6. Is there any indirect reference to vegetarianism in Asem's discussion with his guide?
7. How is the control of the vices of pride and envy ruinous to all arts?
8. Explain the viceless world's attitude toward wisdom (paragraph 14).
9. "There are no motives to private friendship, where all are equally meritorious." Discuss.
10. Is there a break in the logic of this tale when Asem finds the "wretch who was dying"? Explain.
11. Which sentence in paragraph 15 states the moral of this tale?
12. Is the following sentence an admission that "God's in his heaven—All's right with the world": "When I arraigned the wisdom of Providence, I only showed my own ignorance"? Compare the main point of the sermon: "Why Is God Silent While Evil Rages?".

*An Enquiry into the Origin of Moral Virtue**

Bernard Mandeville

[1] All untaught animals are only solicitous of pleasing themselves, and naturally follow the bent of their own inclinations, without considering the good or harm that from their being pleased will accrue to others. This is the reason, that in the wild state of Nature those creatures are fittest to live peaceably together in great numbers, that discover the least of understanding, and have the fewest ap-

* First published as part of *The Fable of the Bees* (1714).

petites to gratify; and consequently no species of animals is, without the curb of government, less capable of agreeing long together in multitudes than that of man; yet such are his qualities, whether good or bad, I shall not determine, that no creature besides himself can ever be made sociable. But being an extraordinary selfish and headstrong, as well as cunning animal, however he may be subdued by superior strength, it is impossible by force alone to make him tractable, and receive the improvements he is capable of.

[2] The chief thing, therefore, which lawgivers and other wise men, that have laboured for the establishment of society, have endeavoured, has been to make the people they were to govern, believe, that it was more beneficial for every body to conquer than indulge his appetites, and much better to mind the public than what seemed his private interest. . . .

[3] Whence it is evident, that the first rudiments of morality, broached by skilful politicians, to render men useful to each other as well as tractable, were chiefly contrived that the ambitious might reap the more benefit from, and govern vast numbers of them with the greater ease and security. This foundation of politics being once laid, it is impossible that man should long remain uncivilized: For even those who only strove to gratify their appetites, being continually crossed by others of the same stamp, could not but observe, that whenever they checked their inclinations or but followed them with more circumspection, they avoided a world of troubles, and often escaped many of the calamities that generally attended the too eager pursuit after pleasure.

[4] First they received, as well as others, the benefit of those actions that were done for the good of the whole society, and consequently could not forbear wishing well to those of the superior class that performed them. Secondly, the more intent they were in seeking their own advantage, without regard to others, the more they were hourly convinced, that none stood so much in their way as those that were most like themselves.

[5] It being the interest then of the very worst of them, more than any, to preach up public-spiritedness, that they might reap the fruits of the labour and self-denial of others, and at the same time indulge

their own appetites with less disturbance, they agreed with the rest, to call every thing which without regard to the public, man should commit to gratify any of his appetites, VICE; if in that action there could be observed the least prospect, that it might either be injurious to any of the society, or ever render himself less serviceable to others: and to give the name of VIRTUE to every performance, by which man contrary to the impulse of nature, should endeavour the benefit of others, or the conquest of his own passions out of a rational ambition of being good.

[6] It shall be objected, that no society was ever any ways civilized before the major part had agreed upon some worship or other of an over-ruling power, and consequently that the notions of good and evil, and the distinction between *Virtue* and *Vice,* were never the contrivance of politicians, but the pure effect of religion. Before I answer this objection, I must repeat what I have said already, that in this *Enquiry into the Origin of Moral Virtue,* I speak neither of Jews or Christians, but man in his state of nature and ignorance of the true Deity; and then I affirm, that the idolatrous superstitions of all other nations, and the pitiful notions they had of the Supreme Being, were incapable of exciting man to virtue, and good for nothing but to awe and amuse a rude and unthinking multitude. It is evident from history, that in all considerable societies, how stupid or ridiculous soever people's received notions have been, as to the Deities they worshipped, human nature has ever exerted itself in all its branches, and that there is no earthly wisdom or moral virtue, but at one time or other men have excelled in it in all monarchies and commonwealths, that for riches and power have been any ways remarkable.

[7] The Ægyptians, not satisfied with having deified all the ugly monsters they could think on, were so silly as to adore the onions of their own sowing; yet at the same time their country was the most famous nursery of arts and sciences in the world, and themselves more eminently skilled in the deepest mysteries of nature than any nation has been since.

[8] No states or kingdoms under heaven have yielded more or greater patterns in all sorts of moral virtues than the Greek and

Roman Empires, more especially the latter; and yet how loose, absurd and ridiculous were their sentiments as to sacred matters? For without reflecting on the extravagant number of their deities, if we only consider the infamous stories they fathered upon them, it is not to be denied but that their religion, far from teaching men the conquest of their passions, and the way to virtue, seemed rather contrived to justify their appetites, and encourage their vices. But if we would know what made 'em excel in fortitude, courage and magnanimity, we must cast our eyes on the pomp of their triumphs, the magnificence of their monuments and arches; their trophies, statues, and inscriptions; the variety of their military crowns, their honours decreed to the dead, public encomiums on the living, and other imaginary rewards they bestowed on men of merit; and we shall find, that what carried so many of them to the utmost pitch of self-denial, was nothing but their policy in making use of the most effectual means that human pride could be flattered with.

[9] It is visible then that it was not any heathen religion or other idolatrous superstition, that first put man upon crossing his appetites and subduing his dearest inclinations, but the skilful management of wary politicians; and the nearer we search into human nature, the more we shall be convinced, that the moral virtues are the political offspring which flattery begot upon pride.

[10] There is no man of what capacity or penetration soever, that is wholly proof against the witchcraft of flattery, if artfully performed, and suited to his abilities. Children and fools will swallow personal praise, but those that are more cunning, must be managed with greater circumspection; and the more general the flattery is, the less it is suspected by those it is levelled at. What you say in commendation of a whole town is received with pleasure by all the inhabitants: speak in commendation of Letters in general, and every man of learning will think himself in particular obliged to you. You may safely praise the employment a man is of, or the country he was born in; because you give him an opportunity of screening the joy he feels upon his own account, under the esteem which he pretends to have for others.

[11] It is common among cunning men, that understand the

power which flattery has upon pride when they are afraid they shall be imposed upon, to enlarge tho' much against their conscience, upon the honour, fair dealing and integrity of the family, country, or sometimes the profession of him they suspect; because they know that men often will change their resolution, and act against their inclination, that they may have the pleasure of continuing to appear in the opinion of some, what they are conscious not to be in reality. Thus sagacious moralists draw men like angels, in hopes that the pride at least of some will put 'em upon copying after the beautiful originals which they are represented to be.

[12] When the incomparable Sir Richard Steele, in the usual elegance of his easy style, dwells on the praises of his sublime species, and with all the embellishments of rhetoric sets forth the excellency of human nature, it is impossible not to be charmed with his happy turns of thought, and the politeness of his expressions. But tho' I have been often moved by the force of his eloquence, and ready to swallow the ingenious sophistry with pleasure, yet I could never be so serious, but reflecting on his artful encomiums I thought on the tricks made use of by the women that would teach children to be mannerly. When an awkward girl, before she can either speak or go, begins after many entreaties to make the first rude essays of curt'sying, the nurse falls in an ecstasy of praise: *There's a delicate curt'sy! O fine Miss! There's a pretty lady! Mama! Miss can make a better curt'sy than her sister Molly!* The same is echoed over by the maids, whilst Mama almost hugs the child to pieces; only Miss Molly, who being four years older knows how to make a very handsome curt'sy, wonders at the perverseness of their judgment, and swelling with indignation is ready to cry at the injustice that is done her; till, being whispered in the ear that it is only to please the baby, and that she is a woman, she grows proud at being let into the secret, and rejoicing at the superiority of her understanding, repeats what has been said with large additions, and insults over the weakness of her sister, whom all this while she fancies to be the only bubble among them. These extravagant praises would by any one, above the capacity of an infant, be called fulsome flatteries, and, if you will, abominable lies, yet experience teaches us, that by

the help of such gross encomiums, young misses will be brought to make pretty curt'sies, and behave themselves womanly much sooner, and with less trouble, than they would without them. 'Tis the same with boys, whom they'll strive to persuade, that, all fine gentlemen do as they are bid, and that none but beggar boys are rude, or dirty their clothes; nay, as soon as the wild brat with his untaught fist begins to fumble for his hat, the mother, to make him pull it off, tells him before he is two years old, that he is a man; and if he repeats that action when she desires him, he's presently a captain, a Lord Mayor, a King, or something higher if she can think of it, till egged on by the force of praise, the little urchin endeavours to imitate man as well as he can, and strains all his faculties to appear what his shallow noddle imagines he is believed to be.

[13] The meanest wretch puts an inestimable value upon himself, and the highest wish of the ambitious man is to have all the world, as to that particular, of his opinion: so that the most insatiable thirst after fame that ever hero was inspired with, was never more than an ungovernable greediness to engross the esteem and admiration of others in future ages as well as his own; and (what mortification soever this truth might be to the second thoughts of an Alexander or a Caesar) the great recompence in view, for which the most exalted minds have with so much alacrity sacrificed their quiet, health, sensual pleasures, and every inch of themselves, has never been anything else but the breath of man, the aerial coin of praise. Who can forbear laughing when he thinks on all the great men that have been so serious on the subject of that Macedonian madman, his capacious soul, that mighty heart, in one corner of which, according to Lorenzo Gratian, the world was so commodiously lodged, that in the whole there was room for six more? Who can forbear laughing, I say, when he compares the fine things that have been said of Alexander, with the end he proposed to himself from his vast exploits, to be proved from his own mouth; when the vast pains he took to pass the Hydaspes forced him to cry out, *Oh ye Athenians, could you believe what dangers I expose myself to, to be praised by you!* To define then the reward of glory in the amplest manner,

the most that can be said of it is, that it consists in a superlative felicity which a man, who is conscious of having performed a noble action, enjoys in self-love, whilst he is thinking on the applause he expects of others.

[14] But here I shall be told, that besides the noisy toils of war and public bustle of the ambitious, there are noble and generous actions that are performed in silence; that virtue being its own reward, those who are really good have a satisfaction in their consciousness of being so, which is all the recompence they expect from the most worthy performances; that among the heathens there have been men, who, when they did good to others, were so far from coveting thanks and applause, that they took all imaginable care to be for ever concealed from those on whom they bestowed their benefits, and consequently that pride has no hand in spurring man on to the highest pitch of self-denial.

[15] In answer to this I say, that it is impossible to judge of a man's performance, unless we are thoroughly acquainted with the principle and motive from which he acts. Pity, tho' it is the most gentle and the least mischievous of all our passions, is yet as much a frailty of our nature, as anger, pride, or fear. The weakest minds have generally the greatest share of it, for which reason none are more compassionate than women and children. It must be owned, that of all our weaknesses it is the most amiable, and bears the greatest resemblance to virtue; nay, without a considerable mixture of it the society could hardly subsist: but as it is an impulse of nature, that consults neither the public interest nor our own reason, it may produce evil as well as good. It has helped to destroy the honour of virgins, and corrupted the integrity of judges; and whoever acts from it as a principle, what good soever he may bring to the society, has nothing to boast of but that he has indulged a passion that has happened to be beneficial to the public. There is no merit in saving an innocent babe ready to drop into the fire: the action is neither good nor bad, and what benefit soever the infant received, we only obliged ourselves; for to have seen it fall, and not strove to hinder it, would have caused a pain, which self-preservation compelled us to prevent: nor has a rich prodigal, that happens to be of a commiserating temper, and loves to gratify his passions, greater virtue to boast

of when he relieves an object of compassion with what to himself is a trifle.

[16] But such men, as without complying with any weakness of their own, can part from what they value themselves, and, from no other motive but their love to goodness, perform a worthy action in silence: such men, I confess, have acquired more refined notions of virtue than those I have hitherto spoke of; yet even in these (with which the world has yet never swarmed) we may discover no small symptoms of pride, and the humblest man alive must confess, that the reward of a virtuous action, which is the satisfaction that ensues upon it, consists in a certain pleasure he procures to himself by contemplating on his own worth: which pleasure, together with the occasion of it, are as certain signs of pride, as looking pale and trembling at any imminent danger, are the symptoms of fear.

[17] If the too scrupulous reader should at first view condemn these notions concerning the origin of moral virtue, and think them perhaps offensive to Christianity, I hope he'll forbear his censures, when he shall consider, that nothing can render the unsearchable depth of the Divine Wisdom more conspicuous than that *Man,* whom Providence had designed for Society, should not only by his own frailties and imperfections be led into the road to temporal happiness, but likewise receive, from a seeming necessity of natural causes, a tincture of that knowledge, in which he was afterwards to be made perfect by the True Religion, to his eternal welfare.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Arrange the reasoning in paragraph 1 into a chain of cause and effect which leads to the conclusion that man cannot be made tractable by force alone.
2. What two beliefs did the lawgivers and other wise men seek to have people accept (paragraph 2)?
3. Comment on the definitions of *vice* and *virtue* (paragraph 5).
4. What does the author say about the effect of religion on the *origin* of moral virtue (paragraph 6)? How does he support his view that moral virtue and religion are distinct from each other?

5. Comment on Mandeville's famous conclusion "that the moral virtues are the political offspring which flattery begot upon pride" (paragraph 9).
6. Is the author astute in his analysis of flattery in paragraphs 10–12?
7. What is the author's definition of "thirst for fame" (paragraph 13)? Compare the poems on fame in Chapter 13.
8. How can pity "produce evil as well as good" (paragraph 14)? Are paragraphs 14–15 arguments for the unavoidable selfishness of men? Discuss.
9. Relate the controlling idea of this essay to the moral of "Asem, an Eastern Tale."

Suggestions for Papers

One finds so much in this world to complain about, it is sometimes well to relate these complaints to fundamentals. Are there basic reasons for believing that things should be different from what they are? What kind of moral world is this anyway? You have read some orthodox and some unorthodox reasoning on this subject in the selections of this chapter. Your paper will be some sort of response to the chapter heading: Best of Possible Worlds?

1. Discuss fully "Exhibit Home." Make a list of the things which made the prospects dubious about this planet. Do you consider every item on the list a black mark against our world? Remember that each item represents a whole class of things—that is, the cyclone (1. 4) represents Nature's destructive violence. What do the other "conveniences" represent?

2. "God's in his heaven—All's right with the world." Write your paper about these two lines. Does the second line depend entirely upon the first? What kind of God is assumed? Is "heaven" related to "world"? What does "right" mean? What does "world" mean?

3. Is the idea expressed in the lines "God's in his heaven—All's right with the world" the thesis of "Why Is God Silent While Evil Rages?" Discuss fully your reasons for thinking as you do.

4. Examine carefully the answers given to the question "Why Is God Silent While Evil Rages?" Does "silent power" bring "inevitable retribution upon evil"? The author cites examples to illustrate this point. Can you cite other examples? Or, perhaps, some examples of the apparent triumph of evil? What do *you* conclude about retribution and evil?

5. Does the exhibiting of a viceless world in "Asem, an Eastern Tale" prove the need for vice in our world? To answer this question, consider the abstract terms: *pride* and *envy*. Are these absolute vices? May they, by a shift in emphasis, become virtues? May virtues, by a shift in emphasis, become vices? Consider *gratitude* and *pity* as examples. Is, therefore, the world visited by Asem really a viceless world?

6. Is the subtitle of "Asem, an Eastern Tale" another way of saying "God's in his heaven—All's right with the world"? Discuss fully.

7. Show how "Asem, an Eastern Tale" serves to illustrate the controlling idea in "An Enquiry into the Origin of Moral Virtue." Do both authors agree that vice exists? Does one show the impotence of virtue without vice? Does the other show ways in which vice may be put to good use? What do you conclude about the interaction of vice and virtue?

8. According to Mandeville ("An Enquiry into the Origin of Moral Virtue"), religion had nothing to do with the origin of morals. Examine his reasons for believing this; then agree or disagree with his belief.

9. Examine what Mandeville has to say about flattery. Can you recall several striking instances of the effective use of flattery? Are you susceptible to compliments? Do you use them to affect other persons' actions?

10. Base your paper on one of the following quotations:

(*a*) "No one can crowd the explanation of an infinite universe into a finite head."

(*b*) "In one sense of the word no one doubts the existence of God, not even one who calls himself an atheist."

(*c*) "Just as in the physical realm the noiseless force of gravitation brings inevitable consequence on those who disobey its laws,

so the law-abiding nature of the cosmos silently reveals itself in the moral realm."

(*d*) "Were men entirely free from vice, all would be uniformity, harmony, and order."

(*e*) "Every part of the universe is beautiful, just, and wise, but man: vile man is a solecism in nature; the only monster in the creation."

(*f*) "True wisdom is only a knowledge of our own duty, and the duty of others to us."

(*g*) "All societies are made either through fear or friendship; the people we are among are too good to fear each other; and there are no motives to private friendship, where all are equally meritorious."

(*h*) "To be unacquainted with vice is not to know virtue."

(*i*) "The moral virtues are the political offspring which flattery begot upon pride."

(*j*) "The most insatiable thirst after fame that every hero was inspired with, was never more than an ungovernable greediness to engross the esteem and admiration of others in future ages as well as his own."

SOME TITLES FOR PAPERS

1. Perhaps Some Other Planet
2. Does Evil Diminish?
3. The Relative Noisiness of Good and Evil
4. International Police or Good Will Among Nations
5. Nemesis in Pursuit of Evil-doers
6. Quiet Things Live On
7. The Uses of Evil
8. The Neat Balance of Vice and Virtue
9. Asem Next Visits a Completely Vicious World
10. Oversolicitude for Animals
11. Pride and Envy Are Useful to Society
12. Wisdom in a Viceless Society
13. Charity in a Viceless Society
14. The Interaction of Flattery and Pride
15. Examples of Political Flattery in the United States
16. Would There Be Morality without Religion?
17. If the Ends Are Good, the Means May Be Evil
18. Striving Counts for More than Achieving

24

Love and Marriage

MARRIAGE is a simple term meaning the legal union of a man with a woman. Love, on the other hand, is a complex emotion which, like poetry, can be felt but not defined. Unless the word *marriage* is otherwise qualified (as in *marriage of convenience*), it is assumed that *love* is the qualifier. As a result, marriage loses its simplicity in the combination *love-marriage*. Just what love has to do with marriage is the subject of a library of books and the staple of periodicals. Love and marriage, separately or in combination, concern everyone.

Stevenson in "On Marriage" is dubious that the high passion of love as described by the poets is suited to the calm and comfortable estate of marriage. All his recommendations are directed toward achieving peace in a relationship which otherwise offers unlimited opportunity for perpetual battle. Housman's little poem, "When I was One-and-Twenty," may be regarded as a regretful comment upon the wisdom of Stevenson's advice.

The third selection, "Love in America," contains a Frenchman's view of love and marriage in the United States. The author observes

that Americans make a fetish of success in everything, including love-marriages. If the love-marriage does not work, the ingredients have been wrong or inaccurately measured. Success must be possible. Couples try to find the trouble with their recipe and in seeking for it have frank discussions of their respective faults. They tell each other home truths and thereby, observes De Roussy De Sales, jeopardize further their marriage. On this point—and fittingly the final selection on the subject of marriage—"A Woman's Last Word" has something to say. The poem opens at the conclusion of what must have been a frank discussion between husband and wife. Home truths have been indulged in. The speaker—the wife—is sure that truths which endanger love are essentially false.

On Marriage *

Robert Louis Stevenson

[1] . . . The fact is, we are much more afraid of life than our ancestors, and cannot find it in our hearts either to marry or not to marry. Marriage is terrifying, but so is a cold and forlorn old age. The friendships of men are vastly agreeable, but they are insecure. You know all the time that one friend will marry and put you to the door; a second accept a situation in China, and become no more to you than a name, a reminiscence, and an occasional crossed letter, very laborious to read; a third will take up with some religious crotchet and treat you to sour looks thenceforward. So, in one way or another, life forces men apart and breaks up the goodly fellowships forever. The very flexibility and ease which make men's friendships so agreeable while they endure, make them the easier to destroy and forget. And a man who has a few friends, or one who has a dozen (if there be any one so wealthy on this earth),

* From *Virginibus Puerisque* (1881).

cannot forget on how precarious a base his happiness reposes; and how by a stroke or two of fate—a death, a few light words, a piece of stamped paper, a woman's bright eyes—he may be left, in a month, destitute of all. Marriage is certainly a perilous remedy. Instead of on two or three, you stake your happiness on one life only. But still, as the bargain is more explicit and complete on your part, it is more so on the other; and you have not to fear so many contingencies; it is not every wind that can blow you from your anchorage; and so long as Death withholds his sickle, you will always have a friend at home. People who share a cell in the Bastille, or are thrown together on an uninhabited island, if they do not immediately fall to fisticuffs, will find some possible ground of compromise. They will learn each other's ways and humors, so as to know where they must go warily, and where they may lean their whole weight. The discretion of the first years becomes the settled habit of the last; and so, with wisdom and patience, two lives may grow indissolubly into one.

[2] But marriage, if comfortable, is not at all heroic. It certainly narrows and damps the spirits of generous men. In marriage, a man becomes slack and selfish, and undergoes a fatty degeneration of his moral being. It is not only when Lydgate misallies himself with Rosamond Vincy, but when Ladislaw marries above him with Dorothea, that this may be exemplified. The air of the fireside withers out all the fine wildings of the husband's heart. He is so comfortable and happy that he begins to prefer comfort and happiness to everything else on earth, his wife included. Yesterday he would have shared his last shilling; to-day "his first duty is to his family," and is fulfilled in large measure by laying down vintages and husbanding the health of an invaluable parent. Twenty years ago this man was equally capable of crime or heroism; now he is fit for neither. His soul is asleep, and you may speak without constraint; you will not wake him. It is not for nothing that Don Quixote was a bachelor and Marcus Aurelius married ill. For women, there is less of this danger. Marriage is of so much use to a woman, opens out to her so much more of life, and puts her in the way of so much more freedom and usefulness, that, whether she

marry ill or well, she can hardly miss some benefit. It is true, however, that some of the merriest and most genuine of women are old maids; and that those old maids, and wives who are unhappily married, have often most of the true motherly touch. And this would seem to show, even for women, some narrowing influence in comfortable married life. But the rule is none the less certain: if you wish the pick of men and women, take a good bachelor and a good wife.

[3] I am often filled with wonder that so many marriages are passably successful, and so few come to open failure, the more so as I fail to understand the principle on which people regulate their choice. I see women marrying indiscriminately with staring burgesses and ferret-faced, white-eyed boys, and men dwelling in contentment with noisy scullions, or taking into their lives acidulous vestals. It is a common answer to say the good people marry because they fall in love; and of course you may use and misuse a word as much as you please, if you have the world along with you. But love is at least a somewhat hyperbolical expression for such lukewarm preference. It is not here, anyway, that Love employs his golden shafts; he cannot be said, with any fitness of language, to reign here and revel. Indeed, if this be love at all, it is plain the poets have been fooling with mankind since the foundation of the world. And you have only to look these happy couples in the face, to see they have never been in love, or in hate, or in any other high passion, all their days. When you see a dish of fruit at dessert, you sometimes set your affections upon one particular peach or nectarine, watch it with some anxiety as it comes round the table, and feel quite a sensible disappointment when it is taken by some one else. I have used the phrase "high passion." Well, I should say this was about as high a passion as generally leads to marriage. One husband hears after marriage that some poor fellow is dying of his wife's love. "What a pity!" he exclaims; "you know I could so easily have got another!" And yet that is a very happy union. Or again: A young man was telling me the sweet story of his love. "I like it well enough as long as her sisters are there," said this amorous swain; "but I don't know what to do when we're alone." Once more: A

married lady was debating the subject with another lady. "You know, dear," said the first, "after ten years of marriage, if he is nothing else, your husband is always an old friend." "I have many old friends," returned the other, "but I prefer them to be nothing more." "Oh, perhaps I might *prefer* that also!" There is a common note in these three illustrations of the modern idyll; and it must be owned the god goes among us with a limping gait and blear eyes. You wonder whether it was so always; whether desire was always equally dull and spiritless, and possession equally cold. I cannot help fancying most people make, ere they marry, some such table of recommendations as Hannah Godwin wrote to her brother William anent her friend, Miss Gay. It is so charmingly comical, and so pat to the occasion, that I must quote a few phrases. "The young lady is in every sense formed to make one of your disposition really happy. She has a pleasing voice, with which she accompanies her musical instrument with judgment. She has an easy politeness in her manners, neither free nor reserved. She is a good housekeeper and a good economist, and yet of a generous disposition. As to her internal accomplishments, I have reason to speak still more highly of them: good sense without vanity, a penetrating judgment without a disposition to satire, with about as much religion as my William likes, struck me with a wish that she was my William's wife." That is about the tune: pleasing voice, moderate good looks, unimpeachable internal accomplishments after the style of the copy-book, with about as much religion as my William likes; and then, with all speed, to church.

[4] To deal plainly, if they only married when they fell in love, most people would die unwed; and among the others, there would be not a few tumultuous households. The Lion is the King of Beasts, but he is scarcely suitable for a domestic pet. In the same way, I suspect love is rather too violent a passion to make, in all cases, a good domestic sentiment. Like other violent excitements, it throws up not only what is best, but what is worst and smallest, in men's characters. Just as some people are malicious in drink, or brawling and virulent under the influence of religious feeling, some are moody, jealous, and exacting when they are in love, who are

honest, downright, good-hearted fellows enough in the everyday affairs and humors of the world.

[5] How then, seeing we are driven to the hypothesis that people choose in comparatively cold blood, how is it they choose so well? One is almost tempted to hint that it does not much matter whom you marry; that, in fact, marriage is a subjective affection, and if you have made up your mind to it, and once talked yourself fairly over, you could "pull it through" with anybody. But even if we take matrimony at its lowest, even if we regard it as no more than a sort of friendship recognized by the police, there must be degrees in the freedom and sympathy realized, and some principle to guide simple folk in their selection. Now what should this principle be? Are there no more definite rules than are to be found in the Prayer-book? Law and religion forbid the bans on the grounds of propinquity or consanguinity; society steps in to separate classes; and in all this most critical matter, has common-sense, has wisdom, never a word to say? In the absence of more magisterial teaching, let us talk it over between friends: even a few guesses may be of interest to youths and maidens.

[6] In all that concerns eating and drinking, company, climate, and ways of life, community of taste is to be sought for. It would be trying, for instance, to keep bed and board with an early riser or a vegetarian. In matters of art and intellect, I believe it is of no consequence. Certainly it is of none in the companionships of men, who will dine more readily with one who has a good heart, a good cellar, and a humorous tongue, than with another who shares all their favorite hobbies and is melancholy withal. If your wife likes Tupper, that is no reason why you should hang your head. She thinks with the majority, and has the courage of her opinions. I have always suspected public taste to be a mongrel product out of affectation by dogmatism; and felt sure, if you could only find an honest man of no special literary bent, he would tell you he thought much of Shakespeare bombastic and most absurd, and all of him written in very obscure English and wearisome to read. And not long ago I was able to lay by my lantern in content, for I found the honest man. He was a fellow of parts, quick, humorous, a clever painter, and with an eye for certain poetical effects of sea and ships.

I am not much of a judge of that kind of thing, but a sketch of his comes before me sometimes at night. How strong, supple, and living the ship seems upon the billows! With what a dip and rake she shears the flying sea! I cannot fancy the man who saw this effect, and took it on the wing with so much force and spirit, was what you call commonplace in the last recesses of the heart. And yet he thought, and was not ashamed to have it known of him, that Ouida was better in every way than William Shakespeare. If there were more people of his honesty, this would be about the staple of lay criticism. It is not taste that is plentiful, but courage that is rare. And what have we in place? How many, who think no otherwise than the young painter, have we not heard disbursing second-hand hyperboles? Have you never turned sick at heart, O best of critics! when some of your own sweet adjectives were returned on you before a gaping audience? Enthusiasm about art is become a function of the average female being, which she performs with precision and a sort of haunting sprightliness, like an ingenious and well-regulated machine. Sometimes, alas! the calmest man is carried away in the torrent, bandies adjectives with the best, and out-Herods Herod for some shameful moments. When you remember that, you will be tempted to put things strongly, and say you will marry no one who is not like George the Second, and cannot state openly a distaste for poetry and painting.

[7] The word "facts" is, in some ways, crucial. I have spoken with Jesuits and Plymouth Brethren, mathematicians and poets, dogmatic republicans and dear old gentlemen in bird's-eye neckcloths; and each understood the word "facts" in an occult sense of his own. Try as I might, I could get no nearer the principle of their division. What was essential to them, seemed to me trivial or untrue. We could come to no compromise as to what was, or what was not, important in the life of man. Turn as we pleased, we all stood back to back in a big ring, and saw another quarter of the heavens, with different mountain-tops along the sky-line and different constellations overhead. We had each of us some whimsy in the brain, which we believed more than anything else, and which discolored all experience to its own shade. How would you have people agree, when one is deaf and the other blind? Now this is

where there should be community between man and wife. They should be agreed on their catchword in *"facts of religion,"* or *"facts of science,"* or *"society, my dear"*; for without such an agreement all intercourse is a painful strain upon the mind. "About as much religion as my William likes," in short that is what is necessary to make a happy couple of any William and his spouse. For there are differences which no habit nor affection can reconcile, and the Bohemian must not intermarry with the Pharisee. Imagine Consuelo as Mrs. Samuel Budgett, the wife of the successful merchant! The best of men and the best of women may sometimes live together all their lives, and for want of some consent on fundamental questions, hold each other lost spirits to the end.

[8] A certain sort of talent is almost indispensable for people who would spend years together and not bore themselves to death. But the talent, like the agreement, must be for and about life. To dwell happily together, they should be versed in the niceties of the heart, and born with a faculty for willing compromise. The woman must be talented as a woman, and it will not much matter although she is talented in nothing else. She must know her *métier de femme*, and have a fine touch for the affections. And it is more important that a person should be a good gossip, and talk pleasantly and smartly of common friends and the thousand and one nothings of the day and hour, than that she should speak with the tongues of men and angels; for awhile together by the fire, happens more frequently in marriage than the presence of a distinguished foreigner to dinner. That people should laugh over the same sort of jests, and have many a story of "grouse in the gun-room," many an old joke between them which time cannot wither nor custom stale, is a better preparation for life, by your leave, than many other things higher and better sounding in the world's ears. You could read Kant by yourself, if you wanted; but you must share a joke with some one else. You can forgive people who do not follow you through a philosophical disquisition; but to find your wife laughing when you had tears in your eyes, or staring when you were in a fit of laughter, would go some way toward a dissolution of the marriage.

[9] I know a woman, who, from some distaste or disability, could

never so much as understand the meaning of the word *politics,* and has given up trying to distinguish Whigs from Tories; but take her on her own politics, ask her about other men or women and the chicanery of everyday existence—the rubs, the tricks, the vanities on which life turns—and you will not find many more shrewd, trenchant, and humorous. Nay, to make plainer what I have in mind, this same woman has a share of the higher and more poetical understanding, frank interest in things for their own sake, and enduring astonishment at the most common. She is not to be deceived by custom, or made to think a mystery solved when it is repeated. I have heard her say she could wonder herself crazy over the human eyebrow. Now in a world where most of us walk very contentedly in the little lit circle of their own reason, and have to be reminded of what lies without by specious and clamant exceptions—earthquakes, eruptions of Vesuvius, banjos floating in mid-air at a *séance,* and the like—a mind so fresh and unsophisticated is no despicable gift. I will own I think it a better sort of mind than goes necessarily with the clearest views on public business. It will wash. It will find something to say at an odd moment. It has in it the spring of pleasant and quaint fancies. Whereas I can imagine myself yawning all night long until my jaws ached and the tears came into my eyes, although my companion on the other side of the hearth held the most enlightened opinions on the franchise or the ballot.

[10] The questions of professions, in as far as they regard marriage, was only interesting to women until of late days, but it touches all of us now. Certainly, if I could help it, I would never marry a wife who wrote. The practice of letters is miserably harassing to the mind; and after an hour or two's work, all the most human portion of the author is extinct; he will bully, backbite, and speak daggers. Music, I hear, is not much better. But painting, on the contrary, is often highly sedative; because so much of the labor, after your picture is once begun, is almost entirely manual, and of that skilled sort of manual labor which offers a continual series of successes, and so tickles a man, through his vanity, into good-humor. Alas! in letters there is nothing of this sort. You may write as beautiful a hand as you will, you have always something else to think of, and cannot

pause to notice your loops and flourishes; they are beside the mark, and the first law stationer could put you to the blush. Rousseau, indeed, made some account of penmanship, even made it a source of livelihood, when he copied out the *Héloise* for *dilettante* ladies; and therein showed that strange eccentric prudence which guided him among so many thousand follies and insanities. It would be well for all of the *genus irritabile* thus to add something of skilled labor to intangible brain-work. To find the right word is so doubtful a success and lies so near to failure, that there is no satisfaction in a year of it; but we all know when we have formed a letter perfectly; and a stupid artist, right or wrong, is almost equally certain he has found a right tone or a right color, or made a dexterous stroke with his brush. And, again, painters may work out of doors; and the fresh air, the deliberate seasons, and the "tranquillizing influence" of the green earth, counterbalance the fever of thought, and keep them cool, placable, and prosaic.

[11] A ship captain is a good man to marry if it is a marriage of love, for absences are a good influence in love and keep it bright and delicate; but he is just the worst man if the feeling is more pedestrian, as habit is too frequently torn open and the solder has never time to set. Men who fish, botanize, work with the turning-lathe, or gather sea-weeds, will make admirable husbands; and a little amateur painting in water-color shows the innocent and quiet mind. Those who have a few intimates are to be avoided; while those who swim loose, who have their hat in their hand all along the street, who can number an infinity of acquaintances and are not chargeable with any one friend, promise an easy disposition and no rival to the wife's influence. I will not say they are the best of men, but they are the stuff out of which adroit and capable women manufacture the best of husbands. It is to be noticed that those who have loved once or twice already are so much the better educated to a woman's hand; the bright boy of fiction is an odd and most uncomfortable mixture of shyness and coarseness, and needs a deal of civilizing. Lastly (and this is, perhaps, the golden rule), no woman should marry a teetotaller, or a man who does not smoke. It is not for nothing that this "ignoble tabagie," as Michelet calls it, spreads over all the world. Michelet rails against it because it renders you happy apart from

thought or work; to provident women this will seem no evil influence in married life. Whatever keeps a man in the front garden, whatever checks wandering fancy and all inordinate ambition, whatever makes for lounging and contentment, makes just so surely for domestic happiness.

[12] These notes, if they amuse the reader at all, will probably amuse him more when he differs than when he agrees with them; at least they will do no harm, for nobody will follow my advice. But the last word is of more concern. Marriage is a step so grave and decisive that it attracts light-headed, variable men by its very awfulness. They have been so tried among the inconstant squalls and currents, so often sailed for islands in the air or lain becalmed with burning heart, that they will risk all for solid ground below their feet. Desperate pilots, they run their sea-sick, weary bark upon the dashing rocks. It seems as if marriage were the royal road through life, and realized, on the instant, what we have all dreamed on summer Sundays when the bells ring, or at night when we cannot sleep for the desire of living. They think it will sober and change them. Like those who join a brotherhood, they fancy it needs but an act to be out of the coil and clamor forever. But this is a wile of the devil's. To the end, spring winds will sow disquietude, passing faces leave a regret behind them, and the whole world keep calling and calling in their ears. For marriage is like life in this—that it is a field of battle, and not a bed of roses.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. What is the chief advantage of marriage (paragraph 1)? The chief disadvantage (paragraph 2)? How does the first affect the second?
2. Why is marriage more advantageous to a woman than to a man?
3. The figure of passing the fruit at dessert is used to illustrate what (paragraph 3)?
4. Which god "goes among us with a limping gait"?
5. What does love have to do with marriage? Why is love compared to a lion?

6. What community of tastes, does the author think, should be shared by couples who are to marry?
7. Discuss Stevenson's opinion that public taste is "a mongrel product out of affectation by dogmatism" (paragraph 6). What has this observation to do with the task of choosing a wife?
8. Look up Tupper, Ouida, and George the Second in a biographical dictionary; then explain the references to them in paragraph 6.
9. Explain the contrasts in the second sentence, paragraph 7. In what way does Stevenson consider "facts" relative?
10. In which of the arts—literature, music, composition, or painting—does Stevenson think it safe for a wife to indulge?
11. What is the "golden rule" for women in the choice of a husband? Comment.

"When I Was One-and-Twenty"*

A. E. Housman

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
'Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free.'
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
'The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
'Tis paid with sighs a plenty
And sold for endless rue.'
And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

* From *A Shropshire Lad* by A. E. Housman. Reprinted by permission of Henry Holt and Company, Inc.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Compare Stevenson's warning and that given by the "wise man" in this poem.
2. Explain line 14.

*Love in America**

Raoul de Roussy de Sales

I

[1] America appears to be the only country in the world where love is a national problem.

[2] Nowhere else can one find a people devoting so much time and so much study to the question of the relationship between men and women. Nowhere else is there such concern about the fact that this relationship does not always make for perfect happiness. The great majority of the Americans of both sexes seem to be in a state of chronic bewilderment in the face of a problem which they are certainly not the first to confront, but which—unlike other people—they still refuse to accept as one of those gifts of the gods which one might just as well take as it is: a mixed blessing at times, and at other times a curse or merely a nuisance.

[3] The prevailing conception of love, in America, is similar to the idea of democracy. It is fine in theory. It is the grandest system ever evolved by man to differentiate him from his ancestors, the poor brutes who lived in caverns, or from the apes. Love is perfect, in fact, and there is nothing better. But, like democracy, it does not work, and the Americans feel that something should be done about it. President Roosevelt is intent on making democracy work. Everybody is trying to make love work, too.

[4] In either case the result is not very satisfactory. The probable

* Reprinted from *The Atlantic Monthly*, CLXI (May 1938), 645–651, by permission of Mrs. de Roussy de Sales.

reason is that democracy and love are products of a long and complicated series of compromises between the desires of the heart and the exactions of reason. They have a peculiar way of crumbling into ashes as soon as one tries too hard to organize them too well.

[5] The secret of making a success out of democracy and love in their practical applications is to allow for a fairly wide margin of errors, and not to forget that human beings are absolutely unable to submit to a uniform rule for any length of time. But this does not satisfy a nation that, in spite of its devotion to pragmatism, also believes in perfection.

[6] For a foreigner to speak of the difficulties that the Americans encounter in such an intimate aspect of their mutual relationship may appear as an impertinence. But the truth is that no foreigner would ever think of bringing up such a subject of his own accord. In fact, foreigners who come to these shores are quite unsuspecting of the existence of such a national problem. It is their initial observation that the percentage of good-looking women and handsome men is high on this continent, that they are youthful and healthy in mind and body, and that their outlook on life is rather optimistic.

[7] If the newcomers have seen enough American moving pictures before landing here—and they usually have—they must have gathered the impression that love in America is normally triumphant, and that, in spite of many unfortunate accidents, a love story cannot but end very well indeed. They will have noticed that these love stories which are acted in Hollywood may portray quite regrettable situations at times and that blissful unions get wrecked by all sorts of misfortunes. But they never remain wrecked: even when the happy couple is compelled to divorce, this is not the end of everything. In most cases it is only the beginning. Very soon they will remarry, sometimes with one another, and always—without ever an exception—for love.

[8] The observant foreigner knows, of course, that he cannot trust the movies to give him a really reliable picture of the American attitude towards love, marriage, divorce, and remarriage. But they nevertheless indicate that in such matters the popular mind likes to be entertained by the idea (1) that love is the only reason why a man

and a woman should get married; (2) that love is always wholesome, genuine, uplifting, and fresh, like a glass of Grade A milk; (3) that when, for some reason or other, it fails to keep you uplifted, wholesome, and fresh, the only thing to do is to begin all over again with another partner.

[9] Thus forewarned, the foreigner who lands on these shores would be very tactless indeed if he started questioning the validity of these premises. Besides, it is much more likely that he himself will feel thoroughly transformed the moment he takes his first stroll in the streets of New York. His European skepticism will evaporate a little more at each step, and if he considers himself not very young any more he will be immensely gratified to find that maturity and even old age are merely European habits of thought, and that he might just as well adopt the American method, which is to be young and act young for the rest of his life—or at least until the expiration of his visa.

[10] If his hotel room is equipped with a radio, his impression that he has at last reached the land of eternal youth and perfect love will be confirmed at any hour of the day and on any point of the dial. No country in the world consumes such a fabulous amount of love songs. Whether the song is gay or nostalgic, the tune catchy or banal, the verses clever or silly, the theme is always love and nothing but love.

[11] Whenever I go back to France and listen to the radio, I am always surprised to find that so many songs can be written on other subjects. I have no statistics on hand, but I think that a good 75 per cent of the songs one hears on the French radio programmes deal with politics. There are love songs, of course, but most of them are far from romantic, and this is quite in keeping with the French point of view that love is very often an exceedingly comical affair.

[12] In America the idea seems to be that love, like so much else, should be sold to the public, because it is a good thing. The very word, when heard indefinitely, becomes an obsession. It penetrates one's subconsciousness like the name of some unguent to cure heartaches or athlete's foot. It fits in with the other advertisements, and one feels tempted to write to the broadcasting station for a free sample of this thing called Love.

[13] Thus the visitor from Europe is rapidly permeated with a delightful atmosphere of romanticism and sweetness. He wonders why Italy and Spain ever acquired their reputation of being the lands of romance. This, he says to himself, is the home of poetry and passion. The Americans are the real heirs of the troubadours, and station WXZQ is their love court.

[14] To discover that all this ballyhoo about love (which is not confined to the radio or the movies) is nothing but an aspect of the national optimistic outlook on life does not take very long. It usually becomes evident when the foreign visitor receives the confidences of one or more of the charming American women he will chance to meet. This normally happens after the first or second cocktail party to which he has been invited.

II

[15] I wish at this point to enter a plea in defense of the foreign visitor, against whom a great many accusations are often made either in print or in conversation. These accusations fall under two heads. If the foreigner seems to have no definite objective in visiting America, he is strongly suspected of trying to marry an heiress. If for any reason he cannot be suspected of this intention, then his alleged motives are considerably more sinister. Many American men, and quite a few women, believe that the art of wrecking a happy home is not indigenous to this continent, and that in Europe it has been perfected to such a point that to practise it has become a reflex with the visitors from abroad.

[16] It is very true that some foreign visitors come over here to marry for money in exchange for a title or for some sort of glamour. But there are many more foreigners who marry American women for other reasons besides money, and I know quite a few who have become so Americanized that they actually have married for love and for nothing else.

[17] As for the charge that the Europeans are more expert than the Americans in spoiling someone else's marital happiness, it seems to me an unfair accusation. In most cases the initiative of spoiling whatever it is that remains to be spoiled in a shaky marriage is nor-

mally taken by one of the married pair, and the wrecker of happiness does not need any special talent to finish the job.

[18] What is quite true, however, is that the American woman entertains the delightful illusion that there *must* be some man on this earth who can understand her. It seems incredible to her that love, within legal bonds or outside of them, should not work out as advertised. From her earliest years she has been told that success is the ultimate aim of life. Her father and mother made an obvious success of their lives by creating her. Her husband is, or wants to be, a successful business man. Every day 130,000,000 people are panting and sweating to make a success of something or other. Success—the constant effort to make things work perfectly and the conviction that they can be made to—is the great national preoccupation.

[19] And what does one do to make a success?

[20] Well, the answer is very simple: one learns how, or one consults an expert.

[21] That is what her husband does when he wants to invest his money or improve the efficiency of his business. That is what she did herself when she decided to "decorate" her house. In the American way of life there are no insoluble problems. You may not know the answer yourself, but nobody doubts that the answer exists—that there is some method or perhaps some trick by which all riddles can be solved and success achieved.

[22] And so the European visitor is put to the task on the presumption that the accumulation of experience which he brings with him may qualify him as an expert in questions of sentiment.

[23] The American woman does not want to be understood for the mere fun of it. What she actually wishes is to be helped to solve certain difficulties which, in her judgment, impede the successful development of her inner self. She seldom accepts the idea that maladjustments and misunderstandings are not only normal but bearable once you have made up your mind that, whatever may be the ultimate aim of our earthly existence, perfect happiness through love or any other form of expression is not part of the programme.

III

[24] One of the greatest moral revolutions that ever happened in America was the popularization of Freud's works.

[25] Up to the time that occurred, as far as I am able to judge, America lived in a blissful state of puritanical repression. Love, as a sentiment, was glorified and sanctified by marriage. There was a general impression that some sort of connection existed between the sexual impulses and the vagaries of the heart, but this connection was not emphasized, and the consensus was that the less said about it the better. The way certain nations, and particularly the French, correlated the physical manifestations of love and its more spiritual aspects was considered particularly objectionable. Love, in other words,—and that was not very long ago,—had not changed since the contrary efforts of the puritanically-minded and the romantic had finally stabilized it midway between the sublime and the parlor game.

[26] The important point is that up to then (and ever since the first Pilgrims set foot on this continent) love had been set aside in the general scheme of American life as the one thing which could not be made to work better than it did. Each one had to cope with his own difficulties in his own way and solve them as privately as he could. It was not a national problem.

[27] Whether or not people were happier under that system is beside the point. It probably does not matter very much whether we live and die with or without a full set of childish complexes and repressions. My own view is that most people are neither complex nor repressed enough as a rule; I wish sometimes for the coming of the Anti-Freud who will complicate and obscure everything again.

[28] But the fact is that the revelations of psychoanalysis were greeted in America as the one missing link in the general programme of universal improvement.

[29] Here was a system, at last, that explained fully why love remained so imperfect. It reduced the whole dilemma of happiness to sexual maladjustments, which in turn were only the result of the mistakes made by one's father, mother, or nurse, at an age when one could certainly not be expected to foresee the consequences. Psychoanalysis integrated human emotions into a set of mechanistic for-

mulas. One learned with great relief that the failure to find happiness was not irreparable. Love, as a sublime communion of souls and bodies, was not a legend, nor the mere fancy of the poets. It was real, and—more important still—practically attainable. Anybody could have it, merely by removing a few obstructions which had been growing within himself since childhood like mushrooms in a dark cellar. Love could be made to work like anything else.

[30] It is true that not many people are interested in psychoanalysis any more. As a fad or a parlor game, it is dead. Modern debutantes will not know what you are talking about if you mention the Œdipus complex or refer to the symbolic meaning of umbrellas and top hats in dreams. Traditions die young these days. But the profound effect of the Freudian revelation has lasted. From its materialistic interpretation of sexual impulses, coupled with the American longing for moral perfection, a new science has been born: the dialectics of love; and also a new urge for the American people—they want to turn out, eventually, a perfect product. They want to get out of love as much enjoyment, comfort, safety, and general sense of satisfaction, as one gets out of a well-balanced diet or a good plumbing installation.

IV

[31] Curiously enough, this fairly new point of view which implies that human relationships are governed by scientific laws has not destroyed the romantic ideal of love. Quite the contrary. Maladjustments, now that they are supposed to be scientifically determined, have become much more unbearable than in the horse-and-buggy age of love. Husbands and wives and lovers have no patience with their troubles. They want to be cured, and when they think they are incurable they become very intolerant. Reformers always are.

[32] Usually, however, various attempts at readjustment are made with devastating candor. Married couples seem to spend many precious hours of the day and night discussing what is wrong with their relationship. The general idea is that—according to the teachings of most modern psychologists and pedagogues—one should face the truth fearlessly. Husbands and wives should be absolutely frank

with one another, on the assumption that if love between them is real it will be made stronger and more real still if submitted, at frequent intervals, to the test of complete sincerity on both sides.

[33] This is a fine theory, but it has seldom been practised without disastrous results. There are several reasons why this should be so. First of all, truth is an explosive, and it should be handled with care, especially in marital life. It is not necessary to lie, but there is little profit in juggling with hand grenades just to show how brave one is. Secondly, the theory of absolute sincerity presupposes that, if love cannot withstand continuous blasting, then it is not worth saving anyway. Some people want their love life to be a permanent battle of Verdun. When the system of defense is destroyed beyond repair, then the clause of hopeless maladjustment is invoked by one side, or by both. The next thing to do is to divorce and find someone else to be recklessly frank with for a season.

[34] Another reason why the method of adjustment through truth-telling is not always wise is that it develops fiendish traits of character which might otherwise remain dormant.

[35] I know a woman whose eyes glitter with virtuous self-satisfaction every time she has had a "real heart-to-heart talk" with her husband, which means that she has spent several hours torturing him, or at best boring him to distraction, with a ruthless exposure of the deplorable status of their mutual relationship to date. She is usually so pleased with herself after these periodical inquests that she tells most of her friends, and also her coiffeur, about it. "Dick and I had such a wonderful time last evening. We made a real effort to find out the real truth about each other—or, at least, I certainly did. I honestly believe we have found a new basis of adjustment for ourselves. What a marvelous feeling that is—don't you think so?"

[36] Dick, of course, if he happens to be present, looks rather nervous or glum, but that is not the point. The point is that Dick's wife feels all aglow because she has done her bit in the general campaign for the improvement of marital happiness through truth. She has been a good girl scout.

[37] A man of my acquaintance, who believes in experimenting

outside of wedlock, is unable to understand why his wife would rather ignore his experiments. "If I did not love her and if she did not love me," he argues, "I could accept her point of view. But why can't she see that the very fact that I want her to know everything I do is proof that I love her? If I have to deceive her or conceal things from her, what is the use of being married to her?"

[38] Be it said, in passing, that this unfortunate husband believes that these extra-marital "experiments" are absolutely necessary to prevent him from developing a sense of inferiority, which, if allowed to grow, would destroy not only the love he has for his wife, but also his general ability in his dealings with the outside world.

V

[39] The difference between an American cookbook and a French one is that the former is very accurate and the second exceedingly vague. A French recipe seldom tells you how many ounces of butter to use to make *crêpes Suzette,* or how many spoonfuls of oil should go into a salad dressing. French cookbooks are full of esoteric measurements such as a *pinch* of pepper, a *suspicion* of garlic, or a *generous sprinkling* of brandy. There are constant references to seasoning to *taste,* as if the recipe were merely intended to give a general direction, relying on the experience and innate art of the cook to make the dish turn out right.

[40] American recipes look like doctors' prescriptions. Perfect cooking seems to depend on perfect dosage. Some of these books give you a table of calories and vitamins—as if that had anything to do with the problem of eating well!

[41] In the same way, there is now flourishing in America a great crop of books which offer precise recipes for the things you should do, or avoid doing, in order to achieve happiness and keep the fires of love at a constant temperature. In a recent issue of *Time* magazine, four such books were reviewed together. Their titles are descriptive enough of the purpose of the authors as well as the state of mind of the readers: *Love and Happiness, So You're Going to Get Married, Marriages Are Made at Home, Getting Along Together.*

[42] I have not read all these books, but, according to the reviewer,

they all tend to give practical answers to the same mysterious problem of living with someone of the opposite sex. They try to establish sets of little rules and little tricks which will guarantee marital bliss if carefully followed, in the same way that cookbooks guarantee that you will obtain pumpkin pie if you use the proper ingredients properly measured.

[43] As the publisher of one of these books says on the jacket: "There is nothing in this book about the complicated psychological problems that send men and women to psychoanalysts, but there is a lot in it about the little incidents of daily married life—the things that happen in the parlor, bedroom and bath—that handled one way enable people to live together happily forever after, and handled another way lead to Reno."

[44] *Time's* review of these books is very gloomy in its conclusion: "Despite their optimistic tone," it says, "the four volumes give a troubled picture of United States domestic life—a world in which husbands are amorous when wives are not, and vice versa; where conflicts spring up over reading in bed or rumpling the evening paper . . . the whole grim panorama giving the impression that Americans are irritable, aggravated, dissatisfied people for whom marriage is an ordeal that only heroes and heroines can bear."

[45] But I believe that the editors of *Time* would be just as dejected if they were reviewing four volumes about American cooking, and for the same reasons. You cannot possibly feel cheerful when you see the art of love or the art of eating thus reduced to such automatic formulas, even if the experts in these matters are themselves cheerful and optimistic. Good food, the pleasures of love, and those of marriage depend on imponderables, individual taste, and no small amount of luck.

VI

[46] Thus the problem of love in America seems to be the resultant of conflicting and rather unrealistic ways of approaching it. Too many songs, too many stories, too many pictures, and too much romance on the one hand, and too much practical advice on the other. It is as if the experience of being in love could only be one of two things: a superhuman ecstasy, the way of reaching heaven on

earth and in pairs; or a psychopathic condition to be treated by specialists.

[47] Between these two extremes there is little room for compromise. That the relationship between men and women offers a wide scale of variations seldom occurs to the experts. It is not necessarily true that there is but one form of love worth bothering about, and that if you cannot get the de luxe model, with a life guarantee of perfect functioning, nothing else is worth-while. It is not true either that you can indefinitely pursue the same quest for perfection, or that if a man and a woman have not found ideal happiness together they will certainly find it with somebody else. Life unfortunately does not begin at forty, and when you reach that age, in America or anywhere else, to go on complaining about your sentimental or physiological maladjustments becomes slightly farcical.

[48] It is not easy, nor perhaps of any use, to draw any conclusion from all this, especially for a European who has lost the fresh point of view of the visitor because he lives here, and who is not quite sure of what it means to be a European any more. I sometimes wonder if there is any real difference between the way men and women get along—or do not get along—together on this side of the Atlantic and on the other. There are probably no more real troubles here than anywhere else. Human nature being quite remarkably stable, why should there be? But there is no doubt that the revolt against this type of human inadequacy is very strong indeed here, especially among the women who imagine that the Europeans have found better ways of managing their heart and their senses than the Americans.

[49] If this is at all true, I believe the reason is to be found in a more philosophical attitude on the part of the Europeans towards such matters. There are no theories about marital bliss, no recipes to teach you how to solve difficulties which, in the Old World, are accepted as part of the common inheritance.

[50] Men and women naturally want to be happy over there, and, if possible, with the help of one another; but they learn very young that compromise is not synonymous with defeat. Even in school (I am speaking more particularly of France now) they are taught,

through the literature of centuries, that love is a phenomenon susceptible of innumerable variations, but that—even under the best circumstances—it is so intertwined with the other experiences of each individual life that to be overromantic or too dogmatic about it is of little practical use. *"La vérité est dans les nuances,"* wrote Benjamin Constant, who knew a good deal about such matters.

[51] And, speaking of the truly practical and realistic nature of love, it is a very strange thing that American literature contains no work of any note, nor even essays, on love as a psychological phenomenon. I know of no good study of the process of falling in and out of love, no analytical description of jealousy, coquettishness, or the development of tediousness. No classification of the various brands of love such as La Rochefoucauld, Pascal, Stendhal, Proust, and many others have elaborated has been attempted from the American angle. The interesting combinations of such passions as ambition, jealousy, religious fervor, and so forth, with love are only dimly perceived by most people and even by the novelists, who, with very few exceptions, seem to ignore or scorn these complicated patterns. These fine studies have been left to the psychiatrists, the charlatans, or the manufacturers of naïve recipes.

[52] The reason for this neglect on the part of real thinkers and essayists may be that for a long time the standards imposed by the puritanical point of view made the whole study more or less taboo with respectable authors. And then the Freudian wave came along and carried the whole problem out of reach of the amateur observer and the artist. In other words, conditions have been such that there has been no occasion to fill this curious gap in American literature.

[53] Of course, nothing is lost. The field remains open, and there is no reason to suppose that love in America will not cease to be a national problem, a hunting ground for the reformer, and that it will not become, as everywhere else, a personal affair very much worth the effort it takes to examine it as such. All that is necessary is for someone to forget for a while love as Hollywood—or the professor—sees it, and sit down and think about it as an eternally fascinating subject for purely human observation.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. What similarity does the author find between love and democracy (paragraphs 3–5)?
2. Hollywood taught the author what lessons about love in America?
3. Are his observations concerning Hollywood's three teachings on the subject of love and marriage correct (paragraph 8)? Explain.
4. How do the French and Americans differ in the amount and kind of love put into songs?
5. What connection does the author find between the American belief in success and the problem of making love work (paragraph 17)?
6. Explain the last sentence of paragraph 26.
7. Why does the author think Freud is responsible for the shift in America's attitude toward love (section III)?
8. Does the author recommend that married couples be utterly frank with each other? Discuss.
9. Is there any significance in the difference between a French and an American cookbook? How does the author apply this analogy?
10. What is the author's chief recommendation about making love work?

*A Woman's Last Word**

Robert Browning

I

Let's contend no more, Love,
Strive nor weep:
All be as before, Love,
—Only sleep!

II

What so wild as words are?
I and thou
In debate, as birds are,
Hawk on bough!

* From *Men and Women* (1855).

III

See the creature stalking
While we speak!
Hush and hide the talking,
Cheek on cheek!

IV

What so false as truth is,
False to thee?
Where the serpent's tooth is
Shun the tree—

V

Where the apple reddens
Never pry—
Lest we lose our Edens,
Eve and I.

VI

Be a god and hold me
With a charm!
Be a man and fold me
With thine arm!

VII

Teach me, only teach, Love!
As I ought
I will speak thy speech, Love,
Think thy thought—

VIII

Meet, if thou require it,
Both demands,
Laying flesh and spirit
In thy hands.

IX

That shall be to-morrow,
Not to-night:
I must bury sorrow
Out of sight:

X

—Must a little weep, Love,
(Foolish me!)
And so fall asleep, Love,
Loved by thee.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. If the "birds" in line 7 represent the lovers, what does the "hawk" represent?
2. What scene preceded the opening of the poem? Explain.
3. The author of "Love in America" warns against frank discussion between man and wife. Does the speaker in this poem recognize this danger? (Interpret lines 13–14.)
4. What warning is meant by the reference to the "serpent's tooth," "the tree," "the apple," and "Edens" (lines 15–19)?
5. Would you say that the speaker in this poem is Victorian? Discuss.

Suggestions for Papers

You may already be a partner in a marriage enterprise. The chances are, however, that so far you are still a bystander, one who has observed at least one marriage at close range and who has already developed some rather definite ideas about alliances between males and females. Whatever your status, you cannot very well avoid this ubiquitous concern of all human beings. Your views will take shape from contact with what others in the selections of this chapter have to say on the subject of love and marriage.

1. What sort of person would fit your ideal as a partner in marriage? Consider the relative importance of the following ingredients: beauty, intelligence, disposition, social position, money, community of tastes (in what specific things?). Now, where do you place *love?* Does it affect your other demands?

2. Stevenson believes that marriage is less beneficial to men than to women. What are his reasons for thinking so? State your reasons for agreeing or disagreeing with him.

3. Stevenson says that the chief advantage of marriage is comfort and the chief disadvantage the quelling of "the fine wildings in the husband's heart." Examine this point of view; admit or attack the truth of it. Agreement may be qualified by skepticism concerning the fineness of the "wildings" in a husband's heart.

4. Stevenson apparently feels that marriage is an attitude and that "if you have made up your mind to it, and once talked yourself fairly over, you could 'pull it through' with anybody." Upon what would "pulling it through" depend?

5. Make a list of all Stevenson's recommendations concerning marriage requirements. Are they all related to undisturbed comfort? Which items on the list seem most important? Less and least important?

6. What kind of person is the speaker in "When I Was One-and-Twenty"? What kind of person did he marry? Did he marry for love? Or, do you believe that he was jilted? Why, perhaps, did he

fail to "pull through"? All your answers will depend partly upon imagination and partly upon a close reading of the poem.

7. Compare "On Marriage" and "Love in America" on the following points concerning marriage: love as a necessary ingredient; the value of compromise; the need for community of interests.

8. Discuss the probable limits to absolute frankness in marriage. Does the ideal flower during days of courtship? "Love in America" presents the theory of truth-at-all-costs and "A Woman's Last Word" offers a case in point. Thackeray's "On Being Found Out" (Chapter 4) also comments on the subject.

9. Show how apropos is the analogy in "Love in America" between French ideas of cooking and French ideas of love and marriage on the one hand and American ideas of cooking and American ideas of love and marriage on the other.

SOME TITLES FOR PAPERS

1. Ideal Marriage
2. Relative Success in Marriage
3. Can Love Survive Marriage?
4. Comfort Versus the Heroic
5. Some Advice about Marriage
6. Marriage Is an Attitude
7. Curious Combinations in Marriage
8. Some Observations on the Marriage I Know Best
9. Why I Choose Single Blessedness
10. Old Maids and Old Bachelors: A Comparison
11. Compromise: The Key to Successful Marriage
12. Can Love Always Survive the Truth?
13. Marriage Demands Rose-tinted Glasses
14. Nobody Listens to Advice about Marriage
15. The French Idea of Marriage as Gleaned from "Love in America"
16. The Hollywood Conception of Love and Marriage (with current examples)
17. An Analysis of Love as Seen by Popular Song Writers (with current examples)
18. Advice to the Lovelorn (with current examples)
19. Demand for Success Makes Many Marriages Fail
20. Married Couples I Have Known

25

Women

IT *HAS* been reported that the New York Public Library contains more than ten thousand titles of books about women. The male as a male, and not as the generic representative of mankind, has been the subject of only a few hundred books. Most of the literature about women (1) is written by men and (2) is concerned with the mystery of feminine thinking and acting. That the mystery persists is perhaps a compliment to the adroitness of women. One part of this adroitness may doubtless be attributed to a selective reticence: women seldom indulge in autobiography and never in one so revealing as that of, say, Rousseau. Moreover, women never seem to find men a mystery and therefore are credited with intuition, a mysterious power!

The attitude of male writers on women ranges from the adoration of the poets (with notable exceptions) to the acidity of the philosophers. Schopenhauer represents the latter in his opinions "On Women." In the first paragraph of this essay, he quickly disposes of women's virtues and then devotes himself to the thesis that women "form the *sexus sequior*—the second sex, inferior in every respect to the first." He stresses the inability of women to be "perfectly truth-

ful." John Donne in "Go and Catch a Falling Star" vigorously supports a corollary of this view by naming a number of impossible exploits, the least possible of which would be the discovery of "a woman true, and fair."

Schopenhauer was a German philosopher and Donne an English poet. Both were concerned with what they assumed to be the characteristics of all members of the female sex. The next three selections are aimed particularly at American women. A Chinese, Helena Kuo, gives her impressions of the contrast of American and Chinese women in their attitude toward marriage. Her thesis in "American Women Are Different" is that the Chinese have more wisdom about womanliness than do Americans. James Thurber's "Case against Women" names a half-dozen actions of women that disturb the even tenor of men's ways. Finally, Robert Ruark poses the question: "Woman—the Weaker Sex?". His answer reminds one of Lord Byron's recommendations of appropriate feminine employments: ". . . a little gardening and ploughing now and then. I have seen them mending the roads in Epirus with good success. Why not, as well as hay-making and milking?" (See "On Women.")

The selections in this chapter doubtless give a one-sided view of women, but as Stevenson remarked at the end of his essay "On Marriage": "These notes, if they amuse the reader at all, will probably amuse him more when he differs than when he agrees with them."

On Women *

Arthur Schopenhauer

[1] Schiller's poem in honour of women, *Worde der Frauen,* is the result of much careful thought, and it appeals to the reader by its

* Reprinted from *Schopenhauer Selections,* edited by DeWitt H. Parker; copyright 1928 by Charles Scribner's Sons; used by permission of the publisher.

antithetic style and its use of contrast; but as an expression of the true praise which should be accorded to them, it is, I think, inferior to these few words of Jouy's: *Without women the beginning of our life would be helpless; the middle, devoid of pleasure; and the end, of consolation.* The same thing is more feelingly expressed by Byron in *Sardanapalus*:—

> The very first
> Of human life must spring from woman's breast,
> Your first small words are taught you from her lips,
> Your first tears quench'd by her, and your last sighs
> Too often breathed out in a woman's hearing,
> When men have shrunk from the ignoble care
> Of watching the last hour of him who led them.
> (Act I, Scene 2.)

These two passages indicate the right standpoint for the appreciation of women.

[2] You need only look at the way in which she is formed to see that woman is not meant to undergo great labour, whether of the mind or of the body. She pays the debt of life not by what she does but by what she suffers; by the pains of childbearing and care for the child, and by submission to her husband, to whom she should be a patient and cheering companion. The keenest sorrows and joys are not for her, nor is she called upon to display a great deal of strength. The current of her life should be more gentle, peaceful and trivial than man's, without being essentially happier or unhappier.

[3] Women are directly fitted for acting as the nurses and teachers of our early childhood by the fact that they are themselves childish, frivolous and short-sighted; in a word, they are big children all their life long—a kind of intermediate stage between the child and the full-grown man, who is man in the strict sense of the word. See how a girl will fondle a child for days together, dance with it and sing to it; and then think what a man, with the best will in the world, could do if he were put in her place.

[4] With young girls Nature seems to have had in view what, in the language of the drama, is called *a coup de théâtre.* For a few years she dowers them with a wealth of beauty and is lavish in her gift of charm, at the expense of the rest of their life, in order that during

those years they may capture the fantasy of some man to such a degree that he is hurried into undertaking the honourable care of them, in some form or other, as long as they live—a step for which there would not appear to be any sufficient warranty if reason only directed his thoughts. Accordingly Nature has equipped woman, as she does all her creatures, with the weapons and implements requisite for the safeguarding of her existence, and for just as long as it is necessary for her to have them. Here, as elsewhere, Nature proceeds with her usual economy; for just as the female ant, after fecundation, loses her wings, which are then superfluous, nay, actually a danger to the business of breeding; so, after giving birth to one or two children, a woman generally loses her beauty; probably, indeed, for similar reasons.

[5] And so we find that young girls, in their hearts, look upon domestic affairs or work of any kind as of secondary importance, if not actually as a mere jest. The only business that really claims their attention is love, making conquests, and everything connected with this—dress, dancing, and so on.

[6] The nobler and more perfect a thing is, the later and slower it is in arriving at maturity. A man reaches the maturity of his reasoning powers and mental faculties hardly before the age of twenty-eight; a woman, at eighteen. And then, too, in the case of woman, it is only reason of a sort—very niggard in its dimensions. That is why women remain children their whole life long; never seeing anything but what is quite close to them, cleaving to the present moment, taking appearance for reality, and preferring trifles to matters of the first importance. For it is by virtue of his reasoning faculty that man does not live in the present only, like the brute, but looks about him and considers the past and the future; and this is the origin of prudence, as well as of that care and anxiety which so many people exhibit. Both the advantages and the disadvantages which this involves, are shared in by the woman to a smaller extent because of her weaker power of reasoning. She may, in fact, be described as intellectually shortsighted, because, while she has an intuitive understanding of what lies quite close to her, her field of vision is narrow and does not reach to what is remote: so that things which are ab-

sent or past or to come have much less effect upon women than upon men. This is the reason why women are more often inclined to be extravagant, and sometimes carry their inclination to a length that borders upon madness. In their hearts women think that it is men's business to earn money and theirs to spend it—if possible during their husband's life, but, at any rate, after his death. The very fact that their husband hands them over his earnings for purposes of housekeeping strengthens them in this belief.

[7] However many disadvantages all this may involve, there is at least this to be said in its favour: that the woman lives more in the present than the man, and that, if the present is at all tolerable, she enjoys it more eagerly. This is the source of that cheerfulness which is peculiar to woman, fitting her to amuse man in his hours of recreation, and, in case of need, to console him when he is borne down by the weight of his cares.

[8] It is by no means a bad plan to consult women in matters of difficulty, as the Germans used to do in ancient times; for their way of looking at things is quite different from ours, chiefly in the fact that they like to take the shortest way to their goal, and, in general, manage to fix their eyes upon what lies before them; while we, as a rule, see far beyond it, just because it is in front of our noses. In cases like this, we need to be brought back to the right standpoint, so as to recover the near and simple view.

[9] Then, again, women are decidedly more sober in their judgment than we are, so that they do not see more in things than is really there; whilst, if our passions are aroused, we are apt to see things in an exaggerated way, or imagine what does not exist.

[10] The weakness of their reasoning faculty also explains why it is that women show more sympathy for the unfortunate than men do, and so treat them with more kindness and interest; and why it is that, on the contrary, they are inferior to men in point of justice, and less honourable and conscientious. For it is just because their reasoning power is weak that present circumstances have such a hold over them, and those concrete things which lie directly before their eyes exercise a power which is seldom counteracted to any extent by abstract principles of thought, by fixed rules of conduct, firm resolu-

tions, or, in general, by consideration for the past and the future, or regard for what is absent and remote. Accordingly, they possess the first and main elements that go to make a virtuous character, but they are deficient in those secondary qualities which are often a necessary instrument in the formation of it.

[11] Hence it will be found that the fundamental fault of the female character is that it has *no sense of justice.* This is mainly due to the fact, already mentioned, that women are defective in the powers of reasoning and deliberation; but it is also traceable to the position which Nature has assigned to them as the weaker sex. They are dependent, not upon strength, but upon craft; and hence their instinctive capacity for cunning, and their ineradicable tendency to say what is not true. For as lions are provided with claws and teeth, and elephants and boars with tusks, bulls with horns, and the cuttle fish with its cloud of inky fluid, so Nature has equipped woman, for her defence and protection, with the arts of dissimulation; and all the power which Nature has conferred upon man in the shape of physical strength and reason has been bestowed upon women in this form. Hence dissimulation is innate in woman, and almost as much a quality of the stupid as of the clever. It is as natural for them to make use of it on every occasion as it is for animals to employ their means of defence when they are attacked; they have a feeling that in doing so they are only within their rights. Therefore a woman who is perfectly truthful and not given to dissimulation is perhaps an impossibility, and for this very reason they are so quick at seeing through dissimulation in others that it is not a wise thing to attempt it with them. But this fundamental defect which I have stated, with all that it entails, gives rise to falsity, faithlessness, treachery, ingratitude, and so on. Perjury in a court of justice is more often committed by women than by men. It may, indeed, be generally questioned whether women ought to be sworn at all. From time to time one finds repeated cases everywhere of ladies, who want for nothing, taking things from shop-counters when no one is looking and making off with them.

[12] Nature has appointed that the propagation of the species shall be the business of men who are young, strong and handsome;

so that the race may not degenerate. This is the firm will and purpose of Nature in regard to the species, and it finds its expression in the passions of women. There is no law that is older or more powerful than this. Woe, then, to the man who sets up claims and interests that will conflict with it; whatever he may say and do, they will be unmercifully crushed at the first serious encounter. For the innate rule that governs women's conduct, though it is secret and unformulated, nay, unconscious in its working, is this: *We are justified in deceiving those who think they have acquired rights over the species by paying little attention to the individual, that is, to us. The constitution and, therefore, the welfare of the species have been placed in our hands and committed to our care, through the control we obtain over the next generation, which proceeds from us; let us discharge our duties conscientiously.* But women have no abstract knowledge of this leading principle; they are conscious of it only as a concrete fact; and they have no other method of giving expression to it than the way in which they act when the opportunity arrives. And then their conscience does not trouble them so much as we fancy; for in the darkest recesses of their heart they are aware that, in committing a breach of their duty towards the individual, they have all the better fulfilled their duty towards the species, which is infinitely greater.

[13] And since women exist in the main solely for the propagation of the species, and are not destined for anything else, they live, as a rule, more for the species than for the individual, and in their hearts take the affairs of the species more seriously than those of the individual. This gives their whole life and being a certain levity; the general bent of their character is in a direction fundamentally different from that of man; and it is this which produces that discord in married life which is so frequent, and almost the normal state.

[14] The natural feeling between men is mere indifference, but between women it is actual enmity. The reason of this is that trade-jealousy which, in the case of men, does not go beyond the confines of their own particular pursuit but with women embraces the whole sex; since they have only one kind of business. Even when they meet in the street women look at one another like Guelphs and Ghibellines.

And it is a patent fact that when two women make first acquaintance with each other they behave with more constraint and dissimulation than two men would show in a like case; and hence it is that an exchange of compliments between two women is a much more ridiculous proceeding than between two men. Further, whilst a man will, as a general rule, always preserve a certain amount of consideration and humanity in speaking to others, even to those who are in a very inferior position, it is intolerable to see how proudly and disdainfully a fine lady will generally behave towards one who is in a lower social rank (I do not mean a woman who is in her service), whenever she speaks to her. The reason of this may be that, with women, differences of rank are much more precarious than with us; because, while a hundred considerations carry weight in our case, in theirs there is only one, namely, with which man they have found favour; as also that they stand in much nearer relations with one another than men do, in consequence of the one-sided nature of their calling. This makes them endeavour to lay stress upon differences of rank.

[15] It is only the man whose intellect is clouded by his sexual impulses that could give the name of *the fair sex* to that undersized, narrow-shouldered, broad-hipped, and short-legged race: for the whole beauty of the sex is bound up with this impulse. Instead of calling them beautiful, there would be more warrant for describing women as the unæsthetic sex. Neither for music, nor for poetry, nor for fine art, have they really and truly any sense or susceptibility; it is a mere mockery if they make a pretence of it in order to assist their endeavour to please. Hence, as a result of this, they are incapable of taking a *purely objective interest* in anything; and the reason of it seems to me to be as follows. A man tries to acquire *direct* mastery over things, either by understanding them or by forcing them to do his will. But a woman is always and everywhere reduced to obtaining this mastery *indirectly,* namely through a man; and whatever direct mastery she may have is entirely confined to him. And so it lies in woman's nature to look upon everything only as a means for conquering man; and if she takes an interest in anything else it is simulated—a mere roundabout way of gaining her ends by

coquetry and feigning what she does not feel. Hence even Rousseau declared: *Women have, in general, no love of any art; they have no proper knowledge of any; and they have no genius.*

[16] No one who sees at all below the surface can have failed to remark the same thing. You need only observe the kind of attention women bestow upon a concert, an opera, or a play—the childish simplicity, for example, with which they keep on chattering during the finest passages in the greatest masterpieces. If it is true that the Greeks excluded women from their theatres, they were quite right in what they did; at any rate you would have been able to hear what was said upon the stage. In our day, besides, or in lieu of saying, *Let a woman keep silence in the church,* it would be much to the point to say, *Let a woman keep silence in the theatre.* This might, perhaps, be put up in big letters on the curtain.

[17] And you cannot expect anything else of women if you consider that the most distinguished intellects among the whole sex have never managed to produce a single achievement in the fine arts that is really great, genuine, and original; or given to the world any work of permanent value in any sphere. This is most strikingly shown in regard to painting, where mastery of technique is at least as much within their power as within ours—and hence they are diligent in cultivating it; but still, they have not a single great painting to boast of, just because they are deficient in that objectivity of mind which is so directly indispensable in painting. They never get beyond a subjective point of view. It is quite in keeping with this that ordinary women have no real susceptibility for art at all; for Nature proceeds in strict sequence—*non facit saltum.* The case is not altered by particular and partial exceptions; taken as a whole, women are, and remain, thorough-going philistines, and quite incurable. Hence, with that absurd arrangement which allows them to share the rank and title of their husbands, they are a constant stimulus to his ignoble ambitions. And, further, it is just because they are philistines that modern society, where they take the lead and set the tone, is in such a bad way. Napoleon's saying—that *women have no rank*—should be adopted as the right standpoint in determining their position in society; and as regards their other qualities

Chamfort makes the very true remark: *They are made to trade with our own weaknesses and our follies, but not with our reason. The sympathies that exist between them and men are skin-deep only, and do not touch the mind or the feelings or the character.* They form the *sexus sequior*—the second sex, inferior in every respect to the first; their infirmities should be treated with consideration; but to show them great reverence is extremely ridiculous, and lowers us in their eyes. When nature made two divisions of the human race, she did not draw the line exactly through the middle. These divisions are polar and opposed to each other, it is true; but the difference between them is not qualitative merely, it is also quantitative.

[18] This is just the view which the ancients took of woman, and the view which people in the East take now; and their judgment as to her proper position is much more correct than ours, with our old French notions of gallantry and our preposterous system of reverence—that highest product of Teutonico-Christian stupidity. These notions have served only to make women more arrogant and overbearing; so that one is occasionally reminded of the holy apes of Benares, who in consciousness of their sanctity and inviolable position think they can do exactly as they please.

[19] But in the West the woman, and especially the *lady*, finds herself in a false position; for woman, rightly called by the ancients *sexus sequior*, is by no means fit to be the object of our honour and veneration, or to hold her head higher than man and be on equal terms with him. The consequences of this false position are sufficiently obvious. Accordingly it would be a very desirable thing if this Number Two of the human race were in Europe also relegated to her natural place, and an end put to that lady-nuisance, which not only moves all Asia to laughter but would have been ridiculed by Greece and Rome as well. It is impossible to calculate the good effects which such a change would bring about in our social, civil and political arrangements. There would be no necessity for the Salic law: it would be a superfluous truism. In Europe the *lady*, strictly so-called, is a being who should not exist at all; she should be either a housewife or a girl who hopes to become one; and she should be brought up, not to be arrogant, but to be thrifty and submissive. It is just because there are such people as *ladies* in Europe

that the women of the lower classes, that is to say, the great majority of the sex, are much more unhappy than they are in the East. And even Lord Byron says: *Thought of the state of women under the ancient Greeks—convenient enough. Present state, a remnant of the barbarism of the chivalric and the feudal ages—artificial and unnatural. They ought to mind home—and be well fed and clothed —but not mixed in society. Well educated, too, in religion—but to read neither poetry nor politics—nothing but books of piety and cookery. Music—drawing—dancing—also a little gardening and ploughing now and then. I have seen them mending the roads in Epirus with good success. Why not, as well as hay-making and milking?*

[20] The laws of marriage prevailing in Europe consider the woman as the equivalent of the man—start, that is to say, from a wrong position. In our part of the world where monogamy is the rule, to marry means to halve one's rights and double one's duties. Now when the laws gave women equal rights with man, they ought to have also endowed her with a masculine intellect. But the fact is that, just in proportion as the honours and privileges which the laws accord to women exceed the amount which Nature gives, there is a diminution in the number of women who really participate in these privileges; and all the remainder are deprived of their natural rights by just so much as is given to the others over and above their share. For the institution of monogamy, and the laws of marriage which it entails, bestow upon the woman an unnatural position of privilege, by considering her throughout as the full equivalent of the man, which is by no means the case; and seeing this men who are shrewd and prudent very often scruple to make so great a sacrifice and to acquiesce in so unfair an arrangement.

[21] Moreover, the bestowal of unnatural rights upon women has imposed upon them unnatural duties, and nevertheless a breach of these duties makes them unhappy. Let me explain. A man may often think that his social or financial position will suffer if he marries, unless he makes some brilliant alliance. His desire will then be to win a woman of his own choice under conditions other than those of marriage, such as will secure her position and that of the children. However fair, reasonable, fit and proper these conditions may be, if

the woman consents by foregoing that undue amount of privilege which marriage alone can bestow, she to some extent loses her honour, because marriage is the basis of civic society; and she will lead an unhappy life, since human nature is so constituted that we pay an attention to the opinion of other people which is out of all proportion to its value. On the other hand, if she does not consent, she runs the risk either of having to be given in marriage to a man whom she does not like, or of being landed high and dry as an old maid; for the period during which she has a chance of being settled for life is very short. And in view of this aspect of the institution of monogamy, Thomasius' profoundly learned treatise *On Concubinage* is well worth reading; for it shows that, amongst all nations and in all ages, down to the Lutheran Reformation, concubinage was permitted; nay, that it was an institution which was to a certain extent actually recognized by law, and attended with no dishonour. It was only the Lutheran Reformation that degraded it from this position. It was seen to be a further justification for the marriage of the clergy; and then, after that, the Catholic Church did not dare to remain behindhand in the matter.

[22] The first love of a mother for her child is, with the lower animals as with men, of a purely *instinctive* character, and so it ceases when the child is no longer in a physically helpless condition. After that, the first love should give way to one that is based on habit and reason; but this often fails to make its appearance, especially where the mother did not love the father. The love of a father for his child is of a different order, and more likely to last; because it has its foundation in the fact that in the child he recognizes his own inner self; that is to say, his love for it is metaphysical in its origin.

[23] In almost all nations, whether of the ancient or the modern world, even amongst the Hottentots, property is inherited by the male descendants alone; it is only in Europe that a departure has taken place; but not amongst the nobility, however. That the property which has cost men long years of toil and effort, and been won with so much difficulty, should afterwards come into the hands of women, who then, in their lack of reason, squander it in a short time, or otherwise fool it away, is a grievance and a wrong, as serious as it is common, which should be prevented by limiting the right of women

to inherit. In my opinion the best arrangement would be that by which women, whether widows or daughters, should never receive anything beyond the interest for life on property secured by mortgage, and in no case the property itself, or the capital, except where all male descendants fail. The people who make money are men, not women; and it follows from this that women are neither justified in having unconditional possession of it, nor fit persons to be entrusted with its administration. When wealth, in any true sense of the word, that is to say, funds, houses or land, is to go to them as an inheritance, they should never be allowed the free disposition of it. In their case a guardian should always be appointed; and hence they should never be given the free control of their own children, wherever it can be avoided. The vanity of women, even though it should not prove to be greater than that of men, has this much danger in it that it takes an entirely material direction. They are vain, I mean, of their personal beauty, and then of finery, show and magnificence. That is just why they are so much in their element in society. It is this, too, which makes them so inclined to be extravagant, all the more as their reasoning power is low. But with men vanity often takes the direction of non-material advantages, such as intellect, learning, courage.

[24] That woman is by nature meant to obey may be seen by the fact that every woman who is placed in the unnatural position of complete independence, immediately attaches herself to some man, by whom she allows herself to be guided and ruled. It is because she needs a lord and master. If she is young, it will be a lover; if she is old, a priest.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. What constitutes man's debt to women in each part of his life (paragraph 1)?
2. Does the author justify the assertion that women are not formed for great labor of the mind (paragraph 2)?
3. In what way are women fitted to be nurses and teachers of the young (paragraph 3)?
4. How does the author illustrate Nature's *coup de théâtre* with women (paragraph 4)?

5. To what use does the author put this assertion: "The nobler and more perfect a thing is, the later and slower it is in arriving at maturity" (paragraph 6)? What can be objected to this "reasoning"?
6. What are the advantages of woman's tendency to live in the present (paragraphs 7–9)?
7. How do men and women stand in their approach to the abstractions: mercy and justice (paragraph 10–11)? What is woman's greatest protective weapon? What does this have to do with her sense of justice?
8. How do women in the "darkest recesses of their heart" justify dissimulation (paragraph 12)?
9. Compare the description of women (paragraph 15) with a previous statement about the appearance of girls (paragraph 4). Are the statements consistent?
10. What accounts for women's lack of objectivity (paragraph 15)?
11. In what sense does the author use the word *philistine* in paragraph 17? Guess the meaning of the word from the context; then look it up in a dictionary.
12. Does the author make a distinction between the vanity of men and of women? Explain.

"Go and Catch a Falling Star"*

John Donne

Go and catch a falling star,
  Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all past years are,
  Or who cleft the devil's foot,

* First published in 1633.

Teach me to hear mermaids singing,
Or to keep off envy's stinging,
And find
What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'st born to strange sights,
Things invisible to see,
Ride ten thousand days and nights,
Till age snow white hairs on thee,
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
All strange wonders that befell thee,
And swear
No where
Lives a woman true, and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know,
Such a pilgrimage were sweet;
Yet do not, I would not go,
Though at next door we might meet;
Though she were true when you met her,
And till last you write your letter,
Yet she
Will be
False, ere I come, to two or three.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. What is the theme of this poem?
2. How does the poet emphasize the impossibility of succeeding in the quest for a constant woman? Compare Schopenhauer on this point.
3. Why does the poet lose interest in the sight of "a woman true, and fair"?

American Women Are Different*

Helena Kuo

I

[1] When I first came to America from China, it seemed to me that American women were the most wonderful creatures in creation. They looked so pretty, so smart, so free, so physically fit that I felt like a weed in an exhibition flower bed. I still look upon them with some awe, but I am no longer so sure that they are in all ways superior to our women of China. I have come to feel that too many American women are failures as women. They seem to have graduated in everything but the natural art of being females. Somehow, in the headlong rush for feminism, they have lost their femininity.

[2] Perhaps I am wrong. But that's how it seems to me, a native of Canton, a newspaper woman from Shanghai, after about two years of life in your broad and amazing country.

[3] I used to wonder when I read American papers and magazines why they gave so much space to "it" and "oomph" and "sex appeal." Now I think I know at least part of the answer. Especially among the sophisticated, but by imitation also among others, femininity has been glamorized out of existence; the real thing has become as rare as the dodo and everyone, man or woman, is seeking it desperately. They hasten to the movies or the slick magazines for a peep at human females as though it were a kind of miracle. I am still shocked by American women who rush to buy artificial bosoms to make them look like "sweater girls."

[4] It seems to me that American women are making some tragic mistakes. They have allowed big business to take femininity away from them and turn it into a product. It has become something you shop for in the screen, on glossy paper and in drug stores. The counters of any 5-and-10 emporium are loaded with female

* From *The American Mercury*, LIV (June 1942), 728–732; reprinted by permission of the author and the publisher.

charm at cut prices. Femininity is being manufactured and completely distorted in its package wrappings. As a result, the American city women, with their standardized faces, legs, shoes and figures, seem so uniform that we of the East cannot recognize them individually. In China, we always had great difficulty in telling your film stars from one another. We had a system of numbers to identify them until Garbo came along—and then, alas, a bevy of them began to look like Garbo, necessitating another system of numbers.

[5] American city women seem to come off the production line so rapidly that they look like members of a Rockette dancing chorus. If a man misses the type he wants one year, he will find her when she comes off the high school or college assembly line the next year. She will be definitely blonde or platinum, flat-chested or high-bosomed, bold or coy, if such is the style of the year. She will say the same things at parties and give or withhold her charms in the same degree as all others.

[6] When he marries her, she will take him for granted as a meal ticket just as the one he missed would have done. She will expect him to keep her better than she has ever been kept before and would be shocked by the idea—an idea that is so natural to a Chinese wife—that she must share the full burden. He will turn her into a fur-bearing animal at his own expense, the fur to be changed at regular intervals as recommended by the magazines.

[7] From cocktail parties, he will be privileged to take her home in a condition that would have been dangerous to her reputation in spinsterhood, but is ever so smart when covered by a marriage certificate. At parties, she will be more provocative to other men and will have acquired new glamor in being a young married. Even if she is "fond" of her man, she somehow regards the whole arrangement as the unavoidable preliminary to a divorce. I am constantly amazed by how well versed even happily married American women seem to be in the intricacies of divorce law, especially as it affects alimony.

[8] No wonder there are so many gray-haired young men in your country, and so many tinted-haired women lunching alone or in groups in the autumn of their lives!

[9] Our Chinese ideal is quite the reverse of the mass-produced glamor women of your country. I am, myself, one of the new "emancipated" generation of Chinese women, and passed as a feminist at home. But I am distinctly "backward," if not quite primitive, in contrast to your women here. They have been emancipated to the point where they are scarcely women any more, even in the elementary biological sense. The casualness of the sex relation here is not easy for a Chinese to understand. Our ancient institution of concubinage seems highly moral by comparison.

[10] We Chinese believe that all women are desirable to some men, just as all men are desirable to some women. We do not assume that all men favor the same kind of woman, but that they seek out women for their individual tastes. But if our women try for individuality in outward appearance, they are much alike inwardly. They are instinctively and without question devoted to their families and their husbands. When things go badly with a Chinese wife, she remembers the age-old saying, "If you marry a dog, you must follow a dog," which is her way of saying that she must stick to the man she has chosen for good or ill.

[11] From the beginning of their lives, Chinese women are taught that their main job is to be real women. We are taught in our school books that there are three obediences and four virtues and we cling to them more tightly than to the one "virtue" the Anglo-Saxon language associates with its women. 'Way back in the second century A.D., China had its first "career woman." Her name was Ban Tso. After being widowed, and at the Emperor's request, she recorded that women should be polite, know when to talk and when to keep silent, be well dressed, and not extravagant in anything. These precepts have become second nature with us. The result is that an unmarried Chinese woman is a rare person. There are very few Chinese maiden ladies of uncertain age and China has the lowest divorce rate of any country, though divorce is exceedingly easy.

II

[12] In America, I have noticed, many plain women have the most attractive and attentive husbands, while many beautiful women are lonely and nervous and cannot "hold their man." This is easy for Chinese to understand, because we can see that these plain women

have learned how to be real women—a lesson Chinese women have been learning for many thousand years.

[13] Chinese women are taught that they are the beginning of life, but not the end. They have a philosophy that lies close to the earth they cultivate. "Others gave birth to us, we give birth to others." We have sweated, toiled and starved by the side of our men—that is why we can defy flood, famine and invasions as we are now doing. Divorce is painful to us. It is as disfiguring as losing a leg, or being condemned to spend the rest of one's life with a scarred face. A Chinese woman whose marriage goes awry just hides her face in sorrow, as a decent-minded American might when her husband dies. She has lost him. She mourns him accordingly, even if the "blame" is his. In your country, I have been invited to gay parties to celebrate a divorce!

[14] American women, when they marry, want to "preserve their independence." They insist on their right to be attractive to other men. Well, they get their independence at the price of giving up their unique role as women. When we Chinese women marry, we want to believe that we have moulded our lives into another life. We feel it as an act of creation. We believe that "woman is made of water and man of clay." The meaning of this is that the clay of man cracks unless it is permeated by water—a discovery made by the Creator when he made man of clay and saved him from crumbling into nothingness by adding water.

[15] Madame Kuan Tao-sheng, wife of the great Yuan painter, Chao Meng-fu, expressed this idea when she found her husband's ardor was cooling. One day, when he was moping for his mistress, she wrote the following poem and her husband's heart was so touched that he gave up his mistress and returned to his wife.

Between you and me
There's too much passion
That's the reason why
There's such agitation!
Take a lump of clay
Wet it, pat it,
Make it a statue of you,
And a statue of me.

Then shatter them, clatter them.
Add some water,
And break them, and mould them,
Into a statue of you,
And a statue of me.
Then in mine there're bits of you,
And in you there're bits of me.
Nothing ever shall keep us apart.
When living, we'll sleep under the same cover,
When dead, we'll be buried together.

We Chinese women struggle to save our marriages when danger threatens. We don't "run home to mamma"; we stay and reason and usually win.

[16] Life has been relatively easy for American women and that perhaps explains their basic tragedy. Even childbirth has been simplified for them into a painless dream. Indeed, they have solved every problem in life except how to be women and how to understand woman's natural instincts. Recently, I watched a lot of mass-produced city women here looking hungrily at a motion picture of sturdy pioneer life. It seemed to me that they are really hungry for simple things beyond highflown philosophizing: children, homes under their own direct care, and husbands into whose clay they can completely mould their own characters.

[17] I realize that there are millions of exceptions, that there are American women close to the elemental pattern of our Chinese womanhood. But the national ideal, worshipped in your mass literature and mass entertainment, is the glamor woman, so that even the least glamorous American woman shares in this machine-made pattern. I think that much of this glamor-woman's confusion is in the misuse of the word love and the idea of love. With us Chinese, love is not a diversion or a pastime or a career. Our language is very descriptive. The Chinese word for love means "gift of the heart" and it implies a gift that can be given only once, since there is but one heart.

[18] American women have so much that they can teach us "backward" Chinese females. But I make bold to suggest that perhaps we Chinese women can teach them something in return—something they have forgotten.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Does it seem curious to have a Chinese woman say that all American girls look so much alike that Orientals cannot tell them apart (paragraph 4)? Comment.
2. Would the Chinese wife as hinted at in this article fit Schopenhauer's idea of women? Explain.
3. What would Mr. de Roussy de Sales' comment (in "Love in America," Chapter 24) be upon the Chinese belief that "All women are desirable to some men" (paragraph 10)?
4. How does Miss Kuo define real women (paragraph 11)?
5. How did the Creator save the clay of man from crumbling (paragraph 15)?
6. Is there truth in the observation of this Chinese observer?

*The Case against Women**

James Thurber

[1] A bright-eyed woman, whose sparkle was rather more of eagerness than of intelligence, approached me at a party one afternoon and said, "Why do you hate women, Mr. Thurber?" I quickly adjusted my fixed grin and denied that I hated women; I said I did not hate women at all. But the question remained with me, and I discovered when I went to bed that night that I had been subconsciously listing a number of reasons why I do hate women. It might be interesting—at least it will help pass the time—to set down these reasons, just as they came up out of my subconscious.

[2] In the first place, I hate women because they always know where things are. At first blush, you might think that a perverse

* From *Let Your Mind Alone!* by James Thurber, Harper & Brothers (1937). Reprinted by permission. Copyright 1936 by James Thurber. Originally published in *The New Yorker*.

and merely churlish reason for hating women, but it is not. Naturally, every man enjoys having a woman around the house who knows where his shirt studs and his briefcase are, and things like that, but he detests having a woman around who knows where *everything* is, even things that are of no importance at all, such as, say, the snapshots her husband took three years ago at Elbow Beach. The husband has never known where these snapshots were since the day they were developed and printed; he hopes, in a vague way, if he thinks about them at all, that after three years they have been thrown out. But his wife knows where they are, and so do his mother, his grandmother, his greatgrandmother, his daughter, and the maid. They could put their fingers on them in a moment, with that quiet air of superior knowledge which makes a man feel that he is out of touch with all the things that count in life.

[3] A man's interest in old snapshots, unless they are snapshots of himself in action with a gun, a fishing rod, or a tennis racquet, languishes in about two hours. A woman's interest in old snapshots, particularly of groups of people, never languishes; it is always there, as the years roll on, as strong and vivid as it was right at the start. She remembers the snapshots when people come to call, and just as the husband, having mixed drinks for everybody, sits down to sip his own, she will say, "George, I wish you would go and get those snapshots we took at Elbow Beach and show them to the Murphys." The husband, as I have said, doesn't know where the snapshots are; all he knows is that Harry Murphy doesn't want to see them; Harry Murphy wants to talk, just as he himself wants to talk. But Grace Murphy says that she wants to see the pictures; she is crazy to see the pictures; for one thing, the wife, who has brought the subject up, wants Mrs. Murphy to see the photo of a certain costume that the wife wore at Elbow Beach in 1933. The husband finally puts down his drink and snarls, "Well, where are they, then?" The wife, depending on her mood, gives him either the look she reserves for spoiled children or the one she reserves for drunken workmen, and tells him he knows perfectly well where they are. It turns out, after a lot of give and take, the slightly bitter edge of which is covered by forced laughs, that the snapshots are in

the upper right-hand drawer of a certain desk, and the husband goes out of the room to get them. He comes back in three minutes with the news that the snapshots are not in the upper right-hand drawer of the certain desk. Without stirring from her chair, the wife favors her husband with a faint smile (the one that annoys him most of all her smiles) and reiterates that the snapshots *are* in the upper right-hand drawer of the desk. He simply didn't look, that's all. The husband knows that he looked; he knows that he prodded and dug and excavated in that drawer and that the snapshots simply are not there. The wife tells him to go look again and he will find them. The husband goes back and looks again—the guests can hear him growling and cursing and rattling papers. Then he shouts out from the next room. "They are *not* in this *drawer,* just as I told you, Ruth!" The wife quietly excuses herself and leaves the guests and goes into the room where her husband stands, hot, miserable, and defiant—and with a certain nameless fear in his heart. He has pulled the desk drawer out so far that it is about to fall on the floor, and he points at the disarray of the drawer with bitter triumph (still mixed with that nameless fear). "Look for yourself!" he snarls. The wife does not look. She says with quiet coldness, "What is that you have in your hand?" What he has in his hand turns out to be an insurance policy and an old bankbook—and the snapshots. The wife gets off the old line about what it would have done if it had been a snake, and the husband is upset for the rest of the evening; in some cases he cannot keep anything on his stomach for twenty-four hours.

[4] Another reason I hate women (and I am speaking, I believe for the American male generally) is that in almost every case where there is a sign reading "Please have exact change ready," a woman never has anything smaller than a ten-dollar bill. She gives ten-dollar bills to bus conductors and change men in subways and other such persons who deal in nickels and dimes and quarters. Recently, in Bermuda, I saw a woman hand the conductor on the little railway there a bill of such huge denomination that I was utterly unfamiliar with it. I was sitting too far away to see exactly what it was, but I had the feeling that it was a five-hundred-dollar bill. The con-

ductor merely ignored it and stood there waiting—the fare was just one shilling. Eventually, scrabbling around in her handbag, the woman found a shilling. All the men on the train who witnessed the transaction tightened up inside; that's what a woman with a ten-dollar bill or a twenty or a five-hundred does to a man in such situations—she tightens him up inside. The episode gives him the feeling that some monstrous triviality is threatening the whole structure of civilization. It is difficult to analyze this feeling, but there it is.

[5] Another spectacle that depresses the male and makes him fear women, and therefore hate them, is that of a woman looking another woman up and down, to see what she is wearing. The cold, flat look that comes into a woman's eyes when she does this, the swift coarsening of her countenance, and the immediate evaporation from it of all humane quality make the male shudder. He is likely to go to his stateroom or his den or his private office and lock himself in for hours. I know one man who surprised that look in his wife's eyes and never afterward would let her come near him. If she started toward him, he would dodge behind a table or a sofa, as if he were engaging in some unholy game of tag. That look, I believe, is one reason men disappear, and turn up in Tahiti or the Arctic or the United States Navy.

[6] I (to quit hiding behind the generalization of "the male") hate women because they almost never get anything exactly right. They say, "I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, after my fashion" instead of "in my fashion." They will bet you that Alfred Smith's middle name is Aloysius, instead of Emanuel. They will tell you to take the 2:57 train, on a day that the 2:57 does not run, or, if it does run, does not stop at the station where you are supposed to get off. Many men, separated from a woman by this particular form of imprecision, have never showed up in her life again. Nothing so embitters a man as to end up in Bridgeport when he was supposed to get off at Westport.

[7] I hate women because they have brought into the currency of our language such expressions as "all righty" and "yes indeedy" and hundreds of others. I hate women because they throw baseballs (or plates or vases) with the wrong foot advanced. I marvel that more

of them have not broken their backs. I marvel that women, who coordinate so well in languorous motion, look uglier and sillier than a goose-stepper when they attempt any form of violent activity.

[8] I have a lot of other notes jotted down about why I hate women, but I seem to have lost them all, except one. That one is to the effect that I hate women because, while they never lose old snapshots or anything of that sort, they invariably lose one glove. I believe that I have never gone anywhere with any woman in my whole life who did not lose one glove. I have searched for single gloves under tables in crowded restaurants and under the feet of people in darkened movie theatres. I have spent some part of every day or night hunting for a woman's glove. If there were no other reason in the world for hating women, that one would be enough. In fact, you can leave all the others out.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Which of Thurber's charges against women fit Schopenhauer's observations on women?
2. How does Thurber's mood compare with Schopenhauer's? Donne's? Miss Kuo's? (See previous selections in this chapter.)
3. How many of Thurber's charges are justified?

*Woman—the Weaker Sex?**

Robert C. Ruark

[1] A Chicago doctor, expert in diseases of the aged, recently confirmed a quiet suspicion of mine that the term "weaker sex" has been worn by the wrong gender. He set off a mild tempest by stating quietly that the average lady faces eight years of widowhood

* Published in the Scripps-Howard newspapers, January 17, 1949. Reprinted by permission of the author.

unless she takes steps to coddle her true love into a longer life expectancy.

[2] His suggestion that the ladies rise, on public conveyances, to surrender their seats to poor, weak men, was greeted with outraged howls, of course. This is standard technique within the guild, which is dedicated to the ruthless acquisition of all worthwhile male prerogatives, while clinging firmly to all the little frilly privileges which time has erroneously endowed.

MAN IS SENSITIVE

[3] Anyone who has ever lived much in the company of women knows them to be physically stronger than draft horses, with iron nerves and limitless endurance. Man, conversely, is a delicately wrought creation—sensitive, nervous, prone to hysteria and quick to tire. Some of this combat fatigue, which cuts him down before his time, is due to the fact that he is forced to treat women as delicate blossoms. That or have his fragile disposition further deranged by the rumpus in the roost.

[4] It is an unfortunate truth that the American woman continues to regard herself as a willowy sprite, even though in reality she may be six foot tall, with the muscles of an oarsman and the appetite of a goat. One of the greatest ills today is predicated on the lady's erroneous infatuation with herself as a fairy princess destined to dwell in a rosy fog of amorous foolishness till the scythe hits her.

AN ENDLESS DREAM

[5] This view is held chiefly by the burly American woman, who has fattened on such a steady diet of perfume ads, romantic movies, soap operas, slick fiction and sweeping nonsense from the agony writers that she regards matrimony as an endless dream of gooey bliss, uninterrupted by reality. Her demands on her husband are generally more economic than romantic, yet she squalls to the heavens that he is a lousy, inconsiderate lover. She inflicts on her mate a stifling possessiveness that would soak all the starch out of Benvenuto Cellini.

[6] I was reading a piece the other day by a lady writer who charges the average American husband "is illiterate about love and marriage. . . . He is responsible for a great many broken homes because he is ignorant of the first rules of feminine psychology—that women will love any old reprobate if he gives them enough petting."

DIFFICULT TO PET 'EM

[7] I submit that it is becoming increasingly difficult to pet the modern madame, as she bustles about her career, her clubs, her political involvements, her ideological commitments. As a critic of government, an interpreter of the press, as an outspoken argufier with everything, she has become considerably less amenable to a pat on the head. She even dresses to suit the evil whims of ladies who don't like gentlemen, and gentlemen who don't like ladies.

[8] With education and emancipation, there has developed an active female dislike for, and resentment of men. This resentment has certainly fruited since the war, as the impassioned feminists wave their typewriters and breed a broadening dissatisfaction with what we used to call "woman's lot." I have recently seen one serious suggestion that marriage, as such, be abolished, with a non-existent status proposed for fathers. The lady could keep him around the house or not, as it pleased her.

[9] I am pleased, in the face of a growing usurpation of man's estate by his women-folk, that the pendulum is beginning to swing back. Git up out of that easy chair, woman, and let little weary me set down, or else I'll die and put you back to work.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Is the observation on women in this selection similar to that made by Miss Kuo in "American Women Are Different"? Explain your reasoning.
2. Can you find similarities in the opinions of Schopenhauer? Of Thurber?
3. Is the humor of this piece based on exaggeration?

Suggestions for Papers

Indispensable as they are to each other, nevertheless there is an abiding conflict between men and women. As a result, any analysis of one sex always involves comparisons with the other sex. Whether you are male or female, you will want to have a part in this argument and to set down on paper your best thinking on the subject.

1. Examine Schopenhauer's reasons in "On Women" for saying that "the fundamental fault of the female character is that it *has no sense of justice.*" Rephrase his reasons, then offer illustrations which support or refute these reasons.

2. Glean from the essay "On Women" all the *favorable* statements about women. Do these, added together, justify the conclusion that women are different from men but not necessarily inferior to men? (Example: women are shortsighted; men farsighted. Does not each way of seeing have its advantages? Schopenhauer says yes to this, but should he not also see the advantages in other differences?)

3. What in "On Women" is meant by "the lady-nuisance"? (*Lady* is not a synonym for *woman.*) Schopenhauer was thinking of European class distinctions, but does the United States have a "lady-nuisance" of its own? See Ruark's "Woman—the Weaker Sex?" What are your own observations on the status of "ladies" in our country? Has there been a decline in "lady-prerogatives"? If so, why?

4. Do you believe that women practice untruth and deception more than men do? What is said on this subject in "On Women," "Go and Catch a Falling Star," and "American Women Are Different"? Discuss the accusation in the light of your own observation and experience.

5. Would Chinese women as described in "American Women Are Different" fit into "woman's place" as defined in "On Women"? Cite the passages in "On Women" to support your answer. Both Schopenhauer and Miss Kuo believe that Western women would be happier to accept the Eastern idea of woman's place. Do you?

6. Examine closely and list the characteristics of American women

set forth in the article "American Women Are Different." Is the author accurate? Does she observe things which are significant? Can you defend American women from her charges or explain them away?

7. Thurber's "Case against Women" differs from "On Women" in what respects? Show how Schopenhauer would have treated Thurber's specific objections to certain of women's actions. What philosophic reasons—or reasons in Nature—might he have named to account for such things as a woman's knowing where everything is, her undying interest in snapshots, her refusal to have the exact change ready, her "cold, flat look" at other women's clothes, her inability to get anything right, her awkwardness in any form of violent activity, and her persistence in losing one glove?

8. Write an essay on "My Case against Men." Select three or four irritating male qualities for which you can find illustrations. Be as specific as Thurber is in his "Case against Women."

9. Why do women outlive men? Does this in itself prove that they are the stronger sex? If so, how? If not so, why not? A paper on this subject can be in agreement or disagreement with the contentions of "Woman—the Weaker Sex?"

10. Base your paper on any one of the following quotations:

(*a*) "Women are directly fitted for acting as the nurses and teachers of our early childhood by the fact that they are themselves childish, frivolous and short-sighted."

(*b*) "The nobler and more perfect a thing is, the later and slower it is in arriving at maturity."

(*c*) "It is by no means a bad plan to consult women in matters of difficulty."

(*d*) "Women are decidedly more sober in their judgment than we are."

(*e*) "The woman lives more in the present than the man."

(*f*) "Women show more sympathy for the unfortunate than men do."

(*g*) "The fundamental fault of the female character is that it has *no sense of justice.*"

(*h*) "Dissimulation is innate in women, and almost as much a quality of the stupid as of the clever."

(*i*) "The natural feeling between men is mere indifference, but between women it is actual enmity."

(*j*) "The most distinguished feminine intellects . . . have never . . . given to the world any work of permanent value in any sphere."

(*k*) "To marry means to halve one's rights and double one's duties."

SOME TITLES FOR PAPERS

1. Male versus Female
2. My Idea of Woman's Place
3. What Is Man's Place?
4. Do Women Want to Be Like Men?
5. Men and Women Are Alike but Different
6. The Truth Is (Not) in Them
7. Advantages of the Feminine Short View
8. Which Is the Weaker Sex?
9. My Case against Men
10. My Case against Women
11. Chinese Women Are Right (Wrong)
12. Women Control Men Who Control Everything Else
13. Women Love a Pedestal
14. The New Status of Women
15. Courtship and After?
16. A Woman's Sense of Justice
17. Women Live in the Present
18. Differences in Male and Female Vanity

26

Trailing Clouds of Glory

THE phenomena of birth and infancy contain a basic challenge to man's speculation about himself. As though to keep the secret, Nature makes blank all memory of our first months on earth and thereby invites the scientist and the poet alike to uncover the mystery, experimentally or imaginatively, of those lost months. Science has so successfully traced the physical life of the embryo that recently a psychiatrist struck out a new course for investigation: the psychoanalysis of yet unborn babies! (He said they tend to be surly about the whole business!) Poets and philosophers, too, have since Plato wondered about the marvel of new life.

The first selection in this chapter is an excellent, popular account of what the author calls "the miracle" of birth. His facts are strictly scientific, but the treatment is effectively dramatic. Embryonic life is shown to be completely self-centered, completely intent upon precisely following Nature's plan. Mark Twain's "The Babies" is an after-dinner speech about the continuing disregard of the infant for

anything but his own interests. In "Birth" and "The Babies" the beginning of life is treated as an engrossing physical fact.

Poets and philosophers, on the other hand, have tended to speculate on the nonphysical, the unsubstantial spirit of which science can find no trace in embryo or baby. Plato, for example, recalled saying to Socrates: "Your favorite doctrine, Socrates, that knowledge is simply recollection, if true, also necessarily implies a previous time in which we learned that which we now recollect. But this would be impossible unless our soul was in some place before existing in the human form; here, then, is another argument for the soul's immortality" (*Phaedo*). This is the basic idea of the third selection in this chapter, Henry Vaughan's "The Retreat." The title means a return, a reversion to, the celestial home from which, as an angel-infant, the poet feels he came. Wordsworth in possibly the best known and most musical of his poems, "Ode: Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood," develops precisely the same idea as that set forth in "The Retreat." You will find every element of Vaughan's poem repeated in Wordsworth's, with, however, much additional material in the later poem.

You will note in this chapter written specimens of the characteristic working of the scientific and the poetic mind. In addition, you will observe once more how two poets can be inspired by the same idea from which will result two entirely different poems.

Birth *

J. D. Ratcliff

[1] Comprehend, if you can, how the most minute fragment of life—a single cell, just on the fringe of the microscopic world—can divide and redivide to make the billions of cells in the body of a baby. Think of the inordinate number of tissues and organs

* Reprinted from *Better Homes & Gardens* magazine, May 1949. Copyright 1949, Meredith Publishing Company, Des Moines, Iowa.

that spring from this initial fleck of clay: the hair, the nails, the skin, the brain, the eyes, the ductless glands. Each step of the creative process represents a series of exquisitely intricate events, each timed to the other in hair-line sequence.

[2] Almost any high-school biology student feels competent to explain the facts of life. The research man lacks this self-assurance. There are, he readily admits, great gaps in his knowledge. At best, he can supply only the crudest outline of the stirring drama.

[3] It has not been his fortune to observe the evolution of a human life—as Dr. William Beaumont in the last century charted man's digestive processes. Beaumont, an army surgeon stationed at Mackinac Island, had as a patient a French-Canadian whose abdomen had been opened by a gunshot wound. The wound failed to heal, and for several years Beaumont made direct observation on the human digestive process.

[4] Lacking such an opportunity to study human reproduction, scientists have pieced together the picture as best they can. They have used X-rays to peer into the womb and observe the growing life. They have studied the end products of abortion to visualize the orderly steps of fetal development. And they have performed thousands of autopsies on pregnant women who died of accident or disease.

[5] Furthermore, they have checked their findings with studies of animals—the development of all mammalian life being remarkably the same. The sperms of horses and the eggs of sheep look almost exactly like their human counterparts. A whale and a mouse spring from eggs approximately the same size as those that produce a human life. In the early stages of development, it is almost impossible to tell a dog's embryo from a human embryo. And, later on, it is similarly difficult to differentiate between the man child and the monkey.

[6] Each month one or the other of a woman's two ovaries—small (an inch and a half long), almond-shaped glands that hang on either side of the pelvis—produce a single egg. The egg is a minute, fragile, opalescent thing so tiny as to be barely visible to the sharpest eyes. Globe-shaped, the egg is barely $\frac{1}{200}$th of an inch in diameter.

It would require 2,000,000 eggs to fill a sewing thimble. Still, the egg is the largest cell in the human body.

[7] At the other extreme, the sperm produced by man is the tiniest cell. Shaped something like a microscopic tadpole, it has a head 1/6,000th of an inch in diameter, and a threadlike tail with which it kicks itself along. No larger than a red blood cell, the spermatozoon has some remarkable traits. The most striking: its selectivity. It passes millions of body cells on its journey seeking the egg, yet displays interest in none of them. A similar disdain is expressed by the sperm cells of one species for the egg cells of another—dog sperm, for example, will make no effort to penetrate the egg cells of rabbits. Another remarkable fact about sperm cells is their staggering number—225,000,000 of them will be implanted at a single time. Yet, out of this vast number, only one will complete its destiny: fertilization of the egg.

[8] The actual mating takes place in the Fallopian tube, the 3- to 5-inch canal that conveys the egg from ovary to uterus, or womb. The process of fertilization has been observed in animals. Not long ago, Drs. John Rock and Arthur T. Hertig, of Harvard, conducted an epochal research. They recovered human ova from Fallopian tubes removed from women because of disease. They mated these eggs with male sperm. Under their microscopes they watched sperm attack eggs—and saw the first halting steps toward life as cell division started in the egg.

[9] At the same time the process is no less wondrous for the fact that it has been observed. It is astonishing that the minute, fragile sperm can bore its way into the large and relatively tough egg. Possibly it produces a chemical which softens the shell, or possibly the shell itself weakens to permit entrance. In either case, only one sperm is admitted. After that, all others are turned away. To accomplish this turning away, the eggs of some creatures shoot out tiny fingers pushing away unwanted sperm. It has also been suggested that once a sperm cell has gained admittance, the shell hardens instantly to bar the way to all others.

[10] The particular sperm the egg accepts determines the sex of the child which will be born 280 days later (for comparison, the

gestation period of an opossum is 11 days, of an elephant 600 days). Half of all male cells carry girl-producing X chromosomes, half boy-producing Y chromosomes. The egg carries only the X's. Hence, if an X-bearing chromosome enters the egg, a girl baby will result; if a Y, there will be a boy. Sex, therefore, is dependent on the father.

[11] Once the cells fuse, the curtain slowly rises on the most fundamental of all dramas. The egg, now fertilized, is still in the Fallopian tube—a threadlike opening, no larger than a broom straw. This channel contains thousands of minute cilia—hair-like protrusions which wave like wheat in the wind. It is their job to move the fragile egg on a leisurely journey toward the uterus—a trip that requires something like three days. During this time, cell division has started in the egg. The original cell has split apart to make two cells, these two to make four, etc.

[12] A stirring rush of events gets underway with perfect timing. First, the ovary secretes a hormone, estrogen, which it empties into the blood stream. This remarkable chemical has an all-important job to perform. It has a specific action on the uterus. Under its influence, walls of that organ thicken. Networks of new blood vessels spring up with amazing rapidity, and there is an enormous increase in uterine glands. The purpose of this activity is to provide nourishment for the new life. Once this job is completed, the ovary springs to new activity. The tiny crater from which the egg erupted rapidly fills with a yellowish, waxy stuff—the corpus luteum. It, too, produces a hormone—progesterone. It is the job of this chemical to quiet the rhythmic contractions of the uterus—otherwise, the fragile egg might be injured or discarded.

[13] In a sense, all of this activity is like preparing a house—the uterus—for an honored guest. If the guest—a fertilized ovum—does not arrive, all the preparations have been in vain. Excess tissue breaks down and is discarded. But in the case we are interested in, the guest *does* arrive, right on schedule.

[14] Once the fertilized egg reaches the uterus—a muscular organ approximately the size and shape of a small pear—it leads an apparently aimless existence for six days. It drifts around the uterine

cavity, carried by fluid currents. Were any foreign body placed in the uterus, that organ would contract to expel it. But it makes no effort to discard the new life.

[15] This six-day period of apparently aimless—or at least unexplained—drifting represents a highly critical period for the fertilized egg. By now its food supply, the microscopic yolk of the original egg, is near exhaustion. The life it carries is dangerously near extinction. The egg reacts to this hazard. It selects a spot on the red, velvet-smooth uterine wall. It apparently secretes something—possibly an enzyme—which eats a tiny niche in the wall. Then it shoots out tiny feelers with which to draw nourishment. Now, at last, the embryo is safe. It has a nest, and has tapped an always dependable source of food.

[16] From this point out, one wonder piles rapidly on top of another. The rounded clump of cells becomes the morula—which is Latin for mulberry. Then this minute berry of life grows into a tiny hollow sphere, which is filled with fluid. Over it, a membrane forms which will become the placenta. Through this placenta the growing life will take nourishment from the mother, and will discharge its body wastes—to be excreted by her kidneys. From now on, until the moment of birth, it will live a submarine life, immersed in a bath of amniotic fluid—the watery stuff that fills the sac in which the baby is forming. At one point in its development, the baby will even have primitive gill slits—a reminder of the fact that all life sprang from the seas.

[17] By the end of the third week, the growing life is a tiny fleck of grayish tissue. But even at this point, it has a primitive heart, a tiny pulsating tube; and its own system of blood vessels. Already it is manufacturing its own blood which is quite independent of the blood supply of the mother, separated from the mother's circulatory system by the placental barrier. The baby's blood, note in passing, may be an entirely different type blood from that of the mother.

[18] During this third week, other striking things have happened. A rudimentary nervous system has been forming; a brain of microscopic proportions, a threadlike spinal cord, even smaller nerves.

[19] The first evidences of a bony structure don't appear until the

end of the sixth week. Up to this point, the embryo has been indistinguishable from the embryos of other mammals. But by the end of the sixth week it is recognizable, even to the unaided eye, as a human being. The head is forming, and during the following week, fingers and toes will appear. By the end of the ninth week, the face, a tiny miniature, is completely formed. Still, the baby is almost unbelievably small. At this point, it weighs only 1/15th of an ounce.

[20] By the end of the third month, most organs are completed and functioning, but the head is large in proportion to the rest of the body. If born at this time, and placed in a bowl of warm water, the infant will make feeble movements in a vain struggle for life. But it is not nearly ready for an independent existence in a hostile world.

[21] Up to this point, the mother is aware of the new life only by external signs. She may feel morning sickness and has, of course, ceased menstruating. Now she can feel a small lump just above the pelvic area—the rapidly enlarging uterus. At first, pearshaped, the uterus assumes a globular form, then, later on, an ovoid, or bottle shape. By now, the uterus has undergone almost unbelievable expansion. By volume, it has increased 500 times! It has pushed other organs aside, almost filling the abdominal cavity, and even pushing against the diaphragm to cause breathing difficulties.

[22] There is a general misconception that the forming infant leads a cramped life, that it is folded tightly within the uterus. This is not true. At least in its early stage of development, it floats lazily about in the amniotic fluid—which acts as a kind of shock absorber. A prospective mother may undergo violent injury—she may fall down stairs, out a window, or be involved in an auto crash—but there is little likelihood of her baby suffering, even up to the time that birth is imminent. The watery bath in which the baby lives takes up shocks which might otherwise be fatal.

[23] By the middle of the fourth month, the infant can twist its face into a grimace and contract eyes into a wink—even though eyelids are still fused together. It can swallow, and it discharges urine into the fluid in which it floats. At this time, the mother feels the

first stirrings of life within her. The baby thrashes arms and legs but lacks energy—and oxygen—for sustained movement. It cannot gulp air into its lungs to get oxygen it needs for any extended exercise—it has to depend on the supply available in the mother's blood. So, after a short period of wakefulness, it is tired and goes back to sleep.

[24] By the fifth month, it has hair, eyebrows, and lashes, and weighs nearly two pounds. Its heartbeat is now detectable by ordinary clinical means such as the stethoscope. Earlier, the faint beat could be heard only with elaborate amplifiers. In this connection, let's straighten out another common misconception. There is a widespread, and erroneous, belief that hearts of girl babies beat more rapidly than those of boys—and that the physician can thereby tell the sex of the unborn child with his stethoscope. There is no clinical support whatsoever for this belief.

[25] By now, the baby is an altogether remarkable individual. The original single cell has grown to a point where the new life now has its full lifetime complement of nerve cells—a staggering total of 12 billion of them!

[26] By the seventh month, the baby is complete enough to stand a good chance of survival if born prematurely. An old wives' tale states that a seven-months baby has a better chance of survival than an eight-months baby. This isn't true. The longer a baby stays within its mother, the better its chances for life. In a sense, the eighth and ninth months are nature's safety factors. The child has a chance if born before, but it has a far better chance if given these two months in the womb to grow sturdier and stronger.

[27] During this period, the placenta has assumed other tasks besides those of nourishing the baby and disposing of wastes. It has also become a gland of internal secretion. It would be impossible for the ovaries to secrete enough progesterone to keep the enormously enlarged uterus quiet, to keep it from contracting and expelling the fetus. Hence, the placenta starts manufacturing progesterone. The placenta also starts making estrogen, another ovarian hormone, which is needed to stimulate tissue-building in the uterus. Evidence now arrives that there is a third female sex hormone—one called relaxin.

Its job is what its name implies: to relax tendons and tissues in the pelvic area to facilitate birth.

[28] In its final stages of development, the baby takes the first steps toward acquiring a personality. He swallows and even makes breathing motions with his chest. He may even be subject to hiccups, or take up thumb-sucking. One physician reported an infant born with a sore and reddish thumb. While the doctor was examining it, the infant pulled it away, popped it into his mouth.

[29] The forming baby reacts to external environment. If its mother smokes a cigarette, it derives enough nicotine from her blood to speed up its heart. This, however, seems to do little or no harm. Some sounds apparently cause irritation—or at least excitement—to the baby. Research men have found that certain sounds from tuning forks cause rapid movement of the baby's arms and legs.

[30] While living its nesting existence, the baby is the world's supreme egotist. It is an utterly selfish sprout of life, interested only in its own well-being. Without regard for his mother's welfare, he draws on her for essential proteins with which to build tissue. He burdens her kidneys with his own wastes; pushes her organs aside to make room for himself. To build a blood supply of his own, he draws heavily on her reserve of iron—possibly producing anemia in her while remaining robustly healthy himself.

[31] He robs her teeth of calcium to build bones for himself, and takes glycogen—a starchy stuff that provides energy—from her liver. He helps himself to whatever he wants. Yet, as always, there is a pattern and a wisdom here. Only by such selfishness can the baby insure his own survival. The mother can seek help from a hundred or a thousand people. The baby is completely dependent on one. Thus, the baby prepares himself for the supreme moment of his life: his birth.

[32] Once again, the mother's body has undergone elaborate preparations for the event. Nothing has been forgotten in the whole, vastly complex procedure. The placenta has generated enough surplus hormones to prepare the breasts for their waiting job. The breasts contain a treelike structure of milk ducts, the nipples representing the trunks. Under pressure of increased hor-

mone production, these tree structures become enormously enlarged—shooting out thousands of new branches and twigs.

[33] Everything is in readiness to provide food for the new life. Actual milk production, however, won't start until the pituitary gland at the base of the mother's brain gives the word. A few hours after birth, it gives this word. It starts producing minute amounts of the hormone, prolactin. This, in turn, starts the breasts functioning.

[34] Other dramatic things have happened within the mother's body. The normally hard cervix, or mouth of the womb, through which the baby must pass, has changed in consistency. Medical students are taught that it is normally of the approximate hardness of the tip of the nose, but that during pregnancy it becomes softened like the lips. The birth canal itself has been provided with a new supply of blood vessels, and with a special lubricant to facilitate passage of the infant. Nothing has been forgotten. The moment of birth is at hand.

[35] How does the body decide that the child is ready to be born? Physicians would dearly love to have a sure answer for this question. If they knew what triggered labor, they might find a means of stopping labor when it started too early. As things stand, there are only guesses—some of them feeble—as to how the body decides the moment has come.

[36] One theory is that the vastly enlarged uterus has been stretched beyond its endurance. The uterus expresses itself by contracting in an effort to expel the irritant—the baby. Another theory is that the body chooses this moment to produce a mysterious chemical which inaugurates labor, but no such chemical has ever been found.

[37] A third theory has some support in experimental evidence. Just before the birth process begins there is a dramatically sharp decline in the amounts of sex hormones circulating in the blood. It appears possible that the placenta has become senile and is no longer able to produce the hormones which have made the uterus lie quiet for nine months. In any case, this rapid decline of hormones in the blood stream is a signal that labor is about to begin. The uterus, which is made up almost entirely of muscular tissue, starts rhythmic contractions.

[38] The head of the baby—over 95 percent of all babies are head

downward at the time of birth—pushes with increasing force against the cervix. This opening, no larger than a pencil lead in non-pregnant women, must expand to four or five inches. To achieve this, relatively enormous forces are required. It has been shown, for example, that a pull of as much as 100 pounds is required for a forceps delivery.

[39] Once again, the uterus has prepared itself for the job awaiting it. As pregnancy advanced, it grew thicker and stronger at its upper levels, adding new strands of muscle tissue. At lower levels, it grew thinner. Thus, when the moment arrived, it would be able to apply the greatest forces where they were most needed. The first pains—the first contractions of birth—usually rupture the amniotic sac.

[40] Up to this point, nature alone has been in command of the situation—and is quite competent to finish the job. But the modern physician has demonstrated an ability to complete the task with less danger and less pain. He has taken care to measure the pelvis to be sure that there is enough room in this bony cradle for passage of the infant's head. If there is any doubt, he may take stereoscopic—three dimensional—X-ray pictures. Then he can *see* the size of the head in relation to the size of the pelvic ring.

[41] The question of anesthesia looms large in every delivery. The physician wants to spare the mother as much pain as possible. At the same time, he does not want to drug her so heavily that her muscular cooperation will be lost, or so that the infant will be drugged heavily enough to endanger its life. Walking a professional tightrope, the obstetrician has worked out an intricate schedule of anesthesia. A sample schedule would include a barbiturate to allay pain, plus scopolamine to erase memory. These drugs are administered by hypodermic before the mother enters the delivery room.

[42] Once on the table, with strong contractions coming with increasing regularity, the mother is given nitrous oxide (laughing gas) along with oxygen. She gets enough of this mixture to allay as much pain as possible without interfering with contractions. In the final stages of birth—when assistance of her muscles is no longer needed—she is given ether.

[43] Thus, a new life comes into the world—to greet the world with a cry of rage with its first lungful of air. It is a wonder that there are so many people on this earth. It is a wonder that there are any at all. For the process which created each man or woman is a miracle almost beyond comprehension.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Why does the author cite the experience of Dr. Beaumont (paragraph 3)?
2. In what way is the study of animal embryos a help in understanding human embryos (paragraph 5)?
3. What is the most striking trait of the spermatozoon (paragraph 7)? How does the author dramatize this trait?
4. Of the 225,000,000 sperm cells which set out on identical journeys, how many may complete their "destiny" (paragraph 7)?
5. Does the sex of an offspring depend upon the father or the mother? Why? Are there mathematically more chances for girls than boys?
6. What are some of the processes in birth which are still unknown?
7. Recall the article "Man against Darkness" (Chapter 19) and its contention that life is governed by "blind chance." In the light of this article, comment upon this contention.

*The Babies**

Mark Twain

[1] We have not all had the good fortune to be ladies. We have not all been Generals, or poets, or statesmen, but when the toast works down to the babies we stand on common ground, for we have all been babies. It is a shame that, for a thousand years, the world's

* An after-dinner speech made in honor of General U. S. Grant. From *Mark Twain's Speeches.* Copyright, 1923, by Mark Twain Co.

banquets have utterly ignored the baby, as if he didn't amount to anything. If you will stop and think a minute—if you will go back 50 to 100 years to your early married life and recontemplate your first baby—you will remember that he amounted to a good deal, and even something over. You soldiers all know that when that little fellow arrived at family headquarters you had to hand in your resignation. He took entire command. You became his lackey—his mere body-servant, and you had to stand around, too. He was not a commander who made allowances for time, distance, weather, or anything else. You had to execute his order whether it was possible or not. And there was only one form of marching in his manual of tactics, and that was the double-quick. He treated you with every sort of insolence and disrespect, and the bravest of you didn't dare to say a word. You could face the death storm of Donelson and Vicksburg, and give back blow for blow, but when he clawed your whiskers, and pulled your hair, and twisted your nose, you had to take it. When the thunders of war were sounding in your ears you set your faces toward the batteries, and advanced with steady tread, but, when he turned on the terrors of his war-whoop, you advanced in the other direction, and mighty glad of the chance too. When he called for soothing sirup, did you venture to throw out any side remarks about certain services being unbecoming an officer and a gentleman? No. You got up and got it. When he ordered his pap bottle and it was not warm, did you talk back? Not you. You went to work and warmed it. You even descended so far in your menial office as to take a suck at that warm, insipid stuff, just to see if it was right—three parts water to one of milk—a touch of sugar to modify the colic, and a drop of peppermint to kill those immortal hiccoughs. I can taste that stuff yet. And how many things you learned as you went along! Sentimental young folks still take stock in that beautiful old saying that when the baby smiles, it is because the angels are whispering to him. Very pretty, but too thin—simply wind on the stomach, my friends. If the baby proposed to take a walk at his usual hour, 2 o'clock in the morning, didn't you rise up promptly and remark, with a mental addition which would not improve a Sunday-school book much, that that was

the very thing you were about to propose yourself? Oh! you were under good discipline, and, as you went faltering up and down the room in your undress uniform, you not only prattled undignified baby-talk, but even tuned up your martial voices and tried to sing!—"Rock-a-by baby in the treetop," for instance. What a spectacle for an Army of the Tennessee! And what an affliction for the neighbors too, for it is not everybody within a mile around that likes military music at 3 in the morning. And when you had been keeping this sort of thing up two or three hours, and your little velvet-head intimated that nothing suited him like exercise and noise, what did you do? You simply went on until you dropped in the last ditch. The idea that a baby doesn't amount to anything! Why, one baby is just a house and a front yard full of itself. One baby can furnish more business than you and your whole Interior Department can attend to. He is enterprising, irrepressible, brimful of lawless activities. Do what you please, you can't make him stay on the reservation. Sufficient unto the day is one baby. As long as you are in your right mind don't you ever pray for twins. Twins amount to a permanent riot. And there ain't any real difference between triplets and an insurrection.

[2] Yes, it was high time for a toast to the masses to recognize the importance of the babies. Think what is in store for the present crop! Fifty years from now we shall all be dead, I trust, and then this flag, if it still survive (and let us hope it may), will be floating over a Republic numbering 200,000,000 souls, according to the settled laws of our increase. Our present schooner of State will have grown into a political leviathan—a *Great Eastern*. The cradled babies of to-day will be on deck. Let them be well trained, for we are going to leave a big contract on their hands. Among the three or four million cradles now rocking in the land are some which this Nation would preserve for ages as sacred things, if we could know which ones they are. In one of these cradles the unconscious Farragut of the future is at this moment teething; think of it, and putting in a word of dead earnest, unarticulated, but perfectly justifiable profanity over it too. In another the future renowned astronomer is blinking at the shining milky way with but a liquid interest, poor

little chap! and wondering what has become of that other one they call the wet-nurse. In another the future great historian is lying—and doubtless will continue to lie until his earthly mission is ended. In another the future President is busying himself with no profounder problem of state than what the mischief has become of his hair so early, and in a mighty array of other cradles there are now some 60,000 future office-seekers, getting ready to furnish him occasion to grapple with that same old problem a second time. And in still one more cradle, somewhere under the flag, the future illustrious Commander-in-Chief of the American armies is so little burdened with his approaching grandeurs and responsibilities as to be giving his whole strategic mind at this moment to trying to find out some way to get his big toe into his mouth—an achievement which, meaning no disrespect, the illustrious guest of this evening turned his entire attention to some fifty-six years ago; and if the child is but a prophecy of the man, there are mighty few who will doubt that he succeeded.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. This speech was delivered at a banquet honoring General Ulysses S. Grant. Does Mark Twain make any effort to justify a toast to babies on this occasion?
2. When does the "selfishness" of the baby begin? (Compare "Birth.")
3. How could you find out in what year Mark Twain expected the United States to have a population of 200,000,000?
4. List the *puns* in this speech.
5. What particular observation of Mark Twain's indicates a scientific rather than a poetic attitude toward babies? (Compare the remark of Kentuck to the baby in "The Luck of Roaring Camp," Chapter 22.)
6. How could this speech be turned from humorous to sentimental?

*The Retreat**

Henry Vaughan

Happy those early days, when I
Shined in my angel-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white, celestial thought;
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back, at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of his bright face;
When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense,
A several sin to every sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.
O, how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track,
That I might once more reach that plain,
Where first I left my glorious train;—
From whence the enlightened spirit sees
That shady city of palm trees.
But ah! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way!
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move;
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

* From *Silex Scintillans* (1650).

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. To what does "second race" refer (line 4)? "first love" (line 8)? "his bright face" (line 10)? "the black art" (line 17)? "shady city of palm trees" (line 26)?
2. What has made the soul drunk "with too much stay" (lines 27–28)?
3. Compare Mark Twain's attitude toward infancy with that expressed here. Does Mark Twain stand nearer to the scientist ("Birth") or to the poets ("The Retreat" and "Intimations")?

Ode

*Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood**

William Wordsworth

The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

I

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream;
It is not now as it hath been of yore,—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

* First published in 1807.

II

The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose,
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

III

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief;
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong:
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every Beast keep holiday;—
Thou Child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
Shepherd-boy!

IV

Ye blessèd Creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make, I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival
My head hath its coronal,

The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
Oh evil day! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May-morning,
And the Children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm:—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
—But there's a Tree, of many, one,
A single Field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The Pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

V

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows
He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;

At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

VI

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And even with something of a Mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely Nurse doth all she can
To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learnèd art;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral,
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little Actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

VIII

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy Soul's immensity;
Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—
Mighty Prophet! seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX

Oh joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise,

But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright

Be now forever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
Is lovely yet;
The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality.
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. What does "Intimations" in the title mean?
2. Does "alone" (line 22) mean *solitary* or *only?*
3. To what does "timely utterance" (line 23) probably refer? Is the experience referred to in lines 23–25 an ordinary way of relieving sorrow? Discuss.

4. Stanzas I–IV state the poet's problem. Restate it in your own words. Note the steady rise in the joyous excitement of the poet through Stanza III and to nearly the end of Stanza IV (line 50). What causes the happy mood of the poet to die away? How does this prepare for the thoughtful lines in Stanza V?
5. "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting" (line 58) states what about pre-existence? How can life be a "sleep"? What do we forget at birth?
6. If the Soul "Hath had elsewhere its setting," does this suggest a previous life for the Soul on earth? Discuss.
7. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy" (line 66), says the poet. Does the scientist ("Birth") mention this? Does the humorist ("The Babies")? Discuss.
8. What is the "prison-house" (line 67)?
9. What does the "east" represent (line 71)? "the vision" (line 73)? "the light of common day" (line 76)?
10. With what previous term should "Inmate Man" (line 82) be connected?
11. What attributes does the poet bestow upon "Earth" in Stanza VI?
12. To what does "imperial palace" (line 84) refer?
13. When did the six-year-old have his "dream of human life" (line 91)?
14. Who is the "best Philosopher" (line 110)? Who are "the blind" (line 111)? Does "That" (line 112) refer to "heritage" or "blind"?
15. To what universal eagerness in children do lines 123–124 refer?
16. Expand the meaning of "custom" (line 127).
17. Lines 139–160 express the poet's recollection of the unreality of this physical world and the ideal reality of the world from which he came. Do you still have "shadowy recollections" of such feelings, a part of which would be the feeling that you would never die?
18. Explain the mood of "the philosophic mind" (line 186).
19. What compensation does the poet finally find in the process of becoming mature (lines 200–204)?
20. In what way is this poem like "The Retreat"? Different?

Suggestions for Papers

At what time in life does the mind first record experience so that it can later be recollected? The answer would vary for individuals. Moreover, reliable answers are rare, because what one actually remembers is usually inextricably entangled with what his parents or someone else has remembered for him. Genuine personal recollection may go back to perhaps the fourth year, but Wordsworth was probably not far off in selecting a child of six as a person emerging from the lost months and still competent to store memorable impressions of his daily life.

1. Write your paper on Nature's concern for the perpetuation of the race. Select from "Birth" the facts to sustain your thesis. What does this concern mean? Does it extend to the mother? If not, why not? If so, how?

2. Note briefly, in summary, Nature's concern for the prenatal existence of the baby, and then on the basis of your own observation account for the exquisite care a baby receives during its months of helplessness. You may wish to refer to "The Luck of Roaring Camp" (Chapter 22) and to "On Women" (Chapter 25) for apt quotations on this subject.

3. At every stage in the prebirth process, scientists have observed that the way is prepared for the next stage by the release of certain chemicals—estrogen, progesterone, relaxin and others as yet unnamed. Does the observation or the naming of these substances remove any of the mystery from the creation of life? Discuss.

4. Mark Twain speculates about cradles—which ones, he wonders in "The Babies," contain the great men of tomorrow? Would such speculation have tempted an after-dinner speaker in the time of the Pharaohs? Why or why not? Would it be appropriate in our own time? What about the chances of such a speech in *Brave New World* (see "A Stable Society," Chapter 21)?

5. How far back can you remember? Can you find any present significance in what you are able to recall about your early child-

hood? Can you explain *why* you recall the particular experience? Does this earliest recollection grow out of anything your parents recall about your early characteristics?

6. Do you think you were a "Philosopher," in Wordsworth's sense, at age six? Do you recall any of your thoughts and feelings at that time? What was your attitude toward the outdoors? Toward birds and animals? Toward sisters, brothers, parents, and playmates? Did the world seem as real to you then as it does now? Explain.

7. Compare "The Retreat" and "Intimations." Show how the latter includes all elements of the former, if it does; then show (1) how different is Wordsworth's treatment of the subject, and (2) what additions have been made to Vaughan's version.

8. With the four selections of this chapter as reference material, write a paper on the scientific versus the poetic method. Does the chief difference lie in fact versus fancy? So far as the question "Why?" is concerned, is science more factual than poetry? Is the difference largely a matter of vocabulary? Are a scientist's physical cells activated by an unobserved chemical—*factin* perhaps—and a poet's cells activated by a different chemical, also as yet unobserved—*poeten* perhaps?

9. Write your paper on Section V of "Intimations." After a brief introductory paragraph, carefully paraphrase the lines in this section. Explain the meaning of *sleep, forgetting, nakedness, clouds of glory, prison-house, the light, the east, Nature's Priest, the vision splendid, common day.* Comment on the meaning of the whole section.

10. Write your paper on any section of "Intimations" or on the whole of "The Retreat." Follow the suggested procedure in 9 above. Include your own selection of words for explanation.

SOME TITLES FOR PAPERS

1. The Lost Days of Early Childhood
2. The Commonest Miracle: Birth
3. Ego in the Embryo
4. Some Popular Fallacies about the Embryo and Its Development

5. Nature's Jealous Care
6. What Babies Get By With and Why
7. Cradles Endlessly Rocking
8. My Earliest Recollections
9. Do I Remember Clouds of Glory?
10. Mother Earth Chastises Dreamers
11. What Wordsworth Owed Nature—and Vaughan
12. A Full Explanation of Stanza (any stanza) of "Intimations"
13. A Full Explanation of "The Retreat"
14. Science and Poetry
15. Some Science and Some Poetry in All of Us
16. Babies Observed
17. Wordsworth and Mark Twain: A Contrast

27

Education Progresses

THERE are three major contentions about the function of education: (1) it should directly prepare students to earn a living; (2) it should directly prepare students to live but not to earn a living; (3) it should do some of both. Each of these contentions has strong adherents who offer a variety of proposals for achieving the aim of education which they support. The chief cleavage among educators of whatever stamp is over the question of method versus content. The extremists on the side of content say that what is taught is of far more importance than how it is taught. Probably the consensus among informed educators is that some method is desirable but that content is obviously the core of the educational process.

The selections in this chapter begin with "A Liberal Education Defined" by Thomas Henry Huxley. Huxley recognizes a natural and an artificial education. The first is inescapable, as Nature (with society as one of its products and colleagues) ceaselessly educates each individual. Artificial education supplements the teachings of Nature and seeks to bring man into full adjustment with his

environment. A modern theory of education calls itself "progressive" and seeks to interfere as little as possible with natural education. The article "What about Progressive Education?" discusses four broad aims of progressive education. Development of the whole child is the center of the program. The child is placed in a miniature world which apes the adult world, and then is allowed to unfold his personality. He is supposed to acquire "whatever knowledge and skill he needs for taking his part in the world," but even this vague aim is subordinate to the child's emotional adjustment" and to his "self-fulfillment as a unique individual." Obviously, method is almost the sole concern of the progressive educator.

It is with method at the college level that "Quack-doctoring the Colleges" is concerned. The fact that this article was written in 1928 gives you an opportunity to see what has happened in the intervening years to the various schemes which were then proposed for improving higher education. The author thinks that the troubles of higher education will not be diminished by educational quacks who offer Job Analyses, Freshman Orientation, the ousting of the lecture system, and a dizzying variety of other methods for improving college students. Instead, a carefully chosen faculty and student body will solve all difficulties and bring distinction to any college.

A Liberal Education Defined*

Thomas Henry Huxley

[1] . . . Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon his winning or losing a game at chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to learn at least the names and the moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the

* From "A Liberal Education; and Where to Find It," *Lay Sermons* (1868).

means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think that we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn upon the father who allowed his son, or the state which allowed its members to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight?

[2] Yet, it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us, and, more or less, of those who are connected with us, do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just and patient. But also we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well, the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And one who plays ill is checkmated—without haste, but without remorse.

[3] My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather lose than win—and I should accept it as an image of human life.

[4] Well, what I mean by Education is learning the rules of this mighty game. In other words, education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws. For me, education means neither more nor less than this. Anything which professes to call itself education must be tried by this standard, and if it fails to stand the test, I will not call it education whatever may be the force of authority or of numbers upon the other side.

[5] It is important to remember that, in strictness, there is no such thing as an uneducated man. Take an extreme case. Suppose that

an adult man, in the full vigour of his faculties, could be suddenly placed in the world, as Adam is said to have been, and then left to do as he best might. How long would he be left uneducated? Not five minutes. Nature would begin to teach him, through the eye, the ear, the touch, the properties of objects. Pain and pleasure would be at his elbow telling him to do this and avoid that; and by slow degrees the man would receive an education which, if narrow, would be thorough, real, and adequate to his circumstances, though there would be no extras and very few accomplishments.

[6] And if to this solitary man entered a second Adam, or, better still, an Eve, a new and greater world, that of social and moral phenomena, would be revealed. Joys and woes, compared with which all others might seem but faint shadows, would spring from the new relations. Happiness and sorrow would take the place of the coarser monitors, pleasure and pain; but conduct would still be shaped by the observation of the natural consequences of actions; or, in other words, by the laws of the nature of man.

[7] To every one of us the world was once as fresh and new as to Adam. And then, long before we were susceptible of any other mode of instruction, nature took us in hand, and every minute of waking life brought its educational influence, shaping our actions into rough accordance with nature's laws, so that we might not be ended untimely by too gross disobedience. Nor should I speak of this process of education as past for anyone, be he as old as he may. For every man the world is as fresh as it was at the first day, and as full of untold novelties for him who has the eyes to see them. And nature is still continuing her patient education of us in that great university, the universe, of which we are all members—nature having no Test-Acts.

[8] Those who take honours in nature's university, who learn the laws which govern men and things and obey them, are the really great and successful men in this world. The great mass of mankind are the "Poll," who pick up just enough to get through without much discredit. Those who won't learn at all are plucked; and then you can't come up again. Nature's pluck means extermination.

[9] Thus the question of compulsory education is settled so far as nature is concerned. Her bill on that question was framed and

passed long ago. But, like all compulsory legislation, that of nature is harsh and wasteful in its operation. Ignorance is visited as sharply as wilful disobedience—incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the blow without the word. It is left to you to find out why your ears are boxed.

[10] The object of what we commonly call education—that education in which man intervenes and which I shall distinguish as artificial education—is to make good these defects in nature's methods; to prepare the child to receive nature's education, neither incapably nor ignorantly, nor with wilful disobedience; and to understand the preliminary symptoms of her pleasure, without waiting for the box on the ear. In short, all artificial education ought to be an anticipation of natural education. And a liberal education is an artificial education—which has not only prepared a man to escape the great evils of disobedience to natural laws, but has trained him to appreciate and to seize upon the rewards which nature scatters with as free a hand as her penalties.

[11] That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself.

[12] Such an one and no other, I conceive, has had a liberal education; for he is, as completely as a man can be, in harmony with nature. He will make the best of her, and she of him. They will get on together rarely; she as his ever-beneficent mother; he as her mouthpiece, her conscious self, her minister and interpreter.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. When does Huxley first define education? Is this his complete definition?
2. Why is "there no such thing as an uneducated man"?
3. What new monitors besides pleasure and pain would be added to a solitary Adam by the appearance of an Eve (paragraph 6)? Why?
4. The term "Poll" (paragraph 8) is used at Cambridge University to describe students who read for a pass instead of an honors degree. "Pluck" is the English term for "fail" or "flunk." How does Huxley use these terms?
5. Discuss the difference between natural and artificial education. Of which sort is a liberal education?
6. What do you deduce from the fact that Huxley does not prescribe how a liberal education is to be obtained? Read carefully his full description of a liberally educated man (paragraph 11) before you answer this question.

*What about Progressive Education?**

Carleton Washburne

[1] What is "progressive education" and what are its results? A few years ago only the initiated were familiar with the term. Now even people who know little or nothing about it write articles on it, blame the ill manners of youth upon it, fear that it undermines patriotism, wonder if it will prepare children for college, question whether it fits them for the rigors of real life.

[2] In the minds of many parents, and some educators, a "progres-

* Reprinted from *Parents' Magazine*, XVI (June 1941), 34 ff., by permission of the author and the publisher.

sive" school is one where there is no discipline—the children are rude and do as they please; where the three R's are neglected and, on the higher levels, there is no scholarship; where what learning there is is so sugar-coated that children are not prepared either for higher education or the rigors of life; and where an atmosphere of radicalism prevails.

[3] Maybe there is such a school somewhere. If so, it would be disowned by every progressive educator. Yet these misconceptions are so widespread that they must have some origin. As we discuss what progressive education really is, perhaps we shall see why otherwise intelligent people have such fears and beliefs in regard to it.

[4] Right at the start, however, we are confronted with one cause of confusion: there is no definitive statement of exactly what progressive education is. It is elusive. This is because it is not a set method, plan, or technique, but an attitude, an implicit philosophy, a point of view. No two progressive educators describe it in the same terms; no two schools practice it in identical ways.

[5] Yet there are certain common elements in the thought and practice of most people who consider themselves or their schools progressive. These can be very simply stated. Progressive education is always concerned with the whole child—both as an individual and as a member of society. It is therefore concerned (1) with his health and his emotional adjustment; (2) with his self-fulfillment as a unique individual, having initiative and creativeness; (3) with his acquisition of whatever knowledge and skill he needs for taking his part in the world; and (4) with his development as a socially conscious, participating citizen of a democracy.

[6] Let us look at these four aspects of education more closely.

[7] The first evidently subdivides into two parts—physical health and emotional adjustment. The progressive school considers both as vital parts of education. On the physical side it tries to provide hygienic surroundings; an adequate physical education program; a program of physical examinations followed up by conferences with parents to see that defects are remedied; care that contagion does not spread; and adequate emphasis on health and safety in the curriculum.

[8] This phase of modern education is characteristic not only of progressive schools but of many good schools which are in other

ways traditional. The only opposition it meets is from those who want to keep taxes down and who think of education as mere book-learning.

[9] The emotional adjustment of the child, however—mental hygiene—is much less understood, much less characteristic of even good traditional schools, but is considered basic in progressive education. The best progressive schools try to get down to the roots of behavior, to analyze the deep-seated causes of a child's lying, bullying, teasing, showing off, laziness, day dreaming, recalcitrance, over-concern with sex, or over-compliance. These forms of behavior are recognized as symptoms of something the child lacks in satisfying his basic emotional needs. The cure for these undesirable forms of behavior is obviously not in repressive discipline, or even in reasoning with the child. It lies in finding wherein the child is not getting the deep satisfactions necessary for his wholesome development, and then helping him to find acceptable ways of satisfying these needs.

[10] And right here is a cause of one of the misconceptions regarding progressive education. The teacher who understands mental hygiene represses as little as possible, tries to give children a chance to work out their own characteristic design of growth in acceptable ways, tries to give them a sense of belonging, of being appreciated and loved, tries to help them to participate in the planning of their own lives and to co-operate with their fellows in group enterprises. This does not lead to the kind of order where you can hear the clock tick—a kind which we adults seldom have in our own lives. But, rightly conceived, it does not lead to chaos. It is not *laissez-faire*. A child's right to freedom is always limited by the equal right of his fellows. A child does not get the sense of belonging by a form of behavior that alienates him from his fellows. And co-operation with others necessarily calls for self-discipline and at times for subordination. The wise teacher leads children to see this for themselves and to behave acceptably, not through fear or because told to do so by a person in authority, but because they themselves see the desirability of such behavior. This is a slower process and requires skill, understanding, and patience. But it is a far surer, more permanent, and more socially useful type of discipline.

[11] There are, of course, situations where one must obey a person

in authority. In adult life such situations occur when we obey a traffic officer, or a superior in our work. Almost always, however, we see the reason for the obedience. And most of the time we work toward an end which we want to accomplish, and discipline ourselves. The worker who works only when the foreman's eye is on him is not worth his salt. Training in self-discipline toward ends one accepts as one's own is therefore much better training for actual life than training in blind obedience to authority.

[12] The second aspect of progressive education is the development of the child's individuality—his self-fulfillment in accordance with his own characteristic design of growth. We have already seen that this is a basic need in his emotional life—that he must have a chance for self-expression. But it is also a necessity for his choice of wholesome use of leisure, for his choice of a vocation in which he will have both interest and skill, and for his own unique contribution to the growth of society.

[13] The progressive school therefore encourages spontaneity, variation, initiative, creative work, and independent thinking. Many of the activities in the progressive school look to the outsider like mere play—painting, drawing, modeling, woodworking, issuing school papers, dramatizing, writing stories and verses, making and playing musical instruments, to name only a few. Yet these are among the most effective means of education. Through them the child not only gets needed emotional satisfaction, but discovers his own bents and his own limitations, which of his interests are passing impulses and which are lasting. Through them he finds where he can appreciate and enrich the culture in which he lives, and how he can best contribute to the work of society.

[14] There is discipline, however, in each of these things. One has to learn to use tools—brush, or saw, or flute, or pen—and to use them well if one is to get satisfaction from them. The discipline of creative work is incomparable discipline which does not disappear when the eye of authority turns away, but which abides throughout life. It is this discipline toward which progressive education strives.

[15] The third aspect of progressive education has to do with the three R's and scholarship—helping children and youth to acquire the

skills and knowledge which are necessary for participation in the work and play of the world. Progressive education is very much concerned with this responsibility. But it considers it as only part of education, not as the whole. Its emphasis upon physical health and mental hygiene, upon creative self-expression, and upon learning citizenship through democratic participation in activities, makes the emphasis upon learning arithmetic, reading, spelling, history, geography, and science seem subordinate. But it is no less real. Progressive education insists, however, that learning shall be functional—not the memorizing of dry facts, or drill in little-needed skills, on the supposition that someday one might need them, but live knowledge applied to everyday problems. This is sound psychology. Such learning is much more efficient and permanent than the endless drill of the old school. But functional learning is pleasant, so some parents feel that their children are not working as hard as they once did. Many still adhere to the long discredited psychological notion of mental training through mere intellectual effort and grind. What they fail to realize is that one always works hardest on a job which is interesting. It is not the work that seems like work which is most efficient, but work that is done with the zest of play.

[16] Does this unfit one for the drudgery of adult life? Maybe. But the converse of this is that perhaps a generation that knows work can be fun will try to make adult work more interesting.

[17] Parents are often distressed by the tendency of progressive schools to postpone formal learning—to have children begin reading at the age of seven instead of six, or learn long division in the sixth grade instead of fourth. But this, too, is sound psychology, and of proved efficiency. Learning, to be effective, must be based on experience. The progressive school seeks to give children experience first, the symbols of reading, spelling, and number only when experience has made these symbols meaningful. As will be shown later, this results in no ultimate loss in time or quality of learning, but tends rather to save time for the other aspects of education.

[18] One other objection is raised: The children do not learn as many facts—capitals and boundaries of states, dates of battles, and so on, as did children in the old schools. No, they don't. To cram

children's heads with masses of memorized material is as painful as it is futile. What they learn instead, far better than under the old system, is a general orientation in the world and skill in using libraries and books of reference to find details as they need them. This is the way of the scholar.

[19] Finally, the fourth aspect of progressive education is education for citizenship. This includes, first of all, direct experience with democratic living. The progressive school is a democratic school in which the superintendent and principals are chairmen of teachers' groups, executive officers and stimulating leaders, but not autocrats, and in which the teacher in the classroom exerts her authority as seldom as possible and acts far more often as the wise guide and arbiter, allowing the children, as far as they are able, to think and plan co-operatively. She even lets them learn by their mistakes when this can be done without serious harm. Only so can they feel responsibility.

[20] Besides innumerable experiences in living democratically within the school the children have much more contact with the world outside than do those who have the traditional bookish schooling. They go on many field trips to get first-hand knowledge of their community and its environs. They see the interdependence of people, they become aware of the human and material resources of their surroundings, and, as they approach and go through adolescence, they see some of the many unsolved problems of our life today. Under good teaching they reach an appreciation of the ideals and accomplishments of our society, and a keen desire to play their part, as they grow up, in helping it to realize its ideals more fully. But while they are still children they participate directly in local improvements—clean-up campaigns, wild-flower planting and preservation, safety, and the like. They must learn citizenship by practicing it.

[21] Direct experience is extended through pictures—mounted pictures from such magazines as the *National Geographic;* stereopticon slides, and movies. The children learn to know their own country—and through knowledge come respect and devotion. And they learn to know other peoples as fellow human beings.

[22] Discussions, talks in assembly, and radio, broaden indirect

experience further. And books—many books, far more than are used in traditional schools—extend experience indefinitely.

[23] Youngsters—particularly adolescents and post-adolescents—get a keen sense of the controversial issues of the day and awake to a determination to help right the wrongs of society. And this is why progressive education is sometimes accused of radicalism. The young people are taught to look honestly at the evils that exist—war, class struggle, slums, corruptions, race prejudice—and to examine fearlessly all proposed solutions. If the parents have a strong emotional prejudice on one side of a controversial issue, their children are likely to take the opposite side in discussions at home. And parents don't like to hear their children espousing a point of view which differs from their own. Yet therein lies thought and progress.

[24] Progressive education does not indoctrinate children with any particular solution to our problems, but instils in them a desire to examine all proposals, to get beneath propaganda and prejudice, to seek facts and reasons, and to think boldly. This is radicalism only in the best sense—getting at the roots of problems.

[25] A patriotism based on understanding rather than shibboleths, a patriotism that is not afraid to acknowledge weaknesses in one's country and is determined to seek ways of overcoming them, is the only true patriotism.

[26] So much for the theory and practice of progressive education. Does it work? Does it accomplish its aims?

[27] This question cannot yet be answered categorically. We have no adequate measures for emotional adjustment, for creativeness, initiative, and development of individuality; or even for the various phases of citizenship, although some of these have been at least partially measured. But we can measure whether children educated in progressive schools do as well in the academic parts of education as do those in traditional schools, and this has been done.

[28] For the past thirty years American schools of all kinds have been using standardized tests in reading, spelling, arithmetic, geography, history, and so on. Sheer knowledge and skill in these fields are accurately measured. Such tests have been used for comparing

children's accomplishment, along academic lines, in progressive and traditional schools.

[29] In terms of the broader objectives of progressive education J. Wayne Wrightstone, Director of the Division of Research of the New York City Schools, has made the most extensive comparison between traditional and progressive schools. He shows that in working skills, skill in organization, ability to interpret facts, ability to apply generalizations, civic beliefs, initiative, work spirit, reliability, courtesy (yes!), co-operation, critical thinking, children in progressive schools excelled those in traditional schools.

[30] But do progressive schools prepare children for college? This is not properly a basic objective—each school should give students the best possible education on its own level, and the school that follows should adapt its course to the students. Nevertheless to many parents the question of whether the students can fit into college is crucial. On this point we have the most thorough study yet made of the results of progressive education.

[31] Several years ago, with grants from the Carnegie Corporation and the General Education Board, and the co-operation of most of the leading colleges and universities of the United States, a commission of the Progressive Education Association selected thirty high schools which agreed to carry out an eight-year experiment. These high schools were told that all usual examinations and requirements for college entrance would be waived for their graduates for a period of five years, beginning when they had carried out an experimental program for three years. Each school was allowed to work out its own program. Some changed little, some changed to a really progressive kind of education. The graduates entered the various colleges as had been agreed, and then were meticulously compared with students of equal intelligence and similar home and community background in the same colleges.

[32] Taken as a whole, the students from the thirty schools were equal or slightly superior to their peers from other schools in the college grades they made in almost every subject.

[33] But some of the schools in the thirty had made very little change from traditional methods, while others had departed widely.

The graduates of the six which were most traditional were compared with their matched pairs, and those from the schools which had made fullest use of their freedom to carry out a progressive program were compared with their own pairs. The results were striking. The students from the more traditional six schools were just equal to those with whom they were compared. But the students from the six most progressive high schools got higher grades in college than their peers in every subject but one. They spent more time on study, were more critical of their educational experiences, were more active in student social life, took more part in student government, dramatics, publications, and clubs, and attended more lectures, concerts, and plays.

[34] Progressive education appears to be the best preparation for college.

[35] It would be strange if the results of all these studies were not what we have found them to be—better than the results of traditional schooling. For the curriculum and methods of the old-type school are based upon a tradition that had its origin before we had begun any scientific study of how children develop, and it was planned, however inadequately, for a society which since then has undergone drastic changes. Progressive education, on the other hand, is simply modern psychology and social science applied to the all-round education of the child; an attempt, in the light of our best scientific findings and practical experience, to help each child to find self-fulfillment as an individual and as a participating member of a democratic society.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. What is the purpose of paragraphs 2 and 3?
2. Have you heard—or made—all the charges against progressive education listed in paragraph 2?
3. Why does the author say that progressive education is an "attitude" (paragraph 4)?
4. Is the description of the aims of progressive education (paragraph 5) similar to Huxley's description of a liberal education ("A Liberal Education Defined")?

5. Do you consider the emphasis upon "emotional adjustment" deserving of a central place in any system of education? Comment upon progressive educators' attitude toward "repressive discipline" or "reasoning with the child" (paragraph 9).
6. Comment upon "self-discipline" which is taught in the place of traditionally imposed discipline (paragraph 10).
7. How do the progressive schools develop the child's personality (paragraphs 12–14)?
8. What is the progressive attitude toward the "three R's" (paragraphs 15–18)? Can you detect in these paragraphs any "card stacking" in favor of the progressive method? How does the progressive educator know, for example, what is "functional"? Why is it assumed that all facts are "dry"? *Who* has discredited the idea of "mental training through *mere* intellectual effort and grind"? Is progressive education "the way of the scholar"?
9. Do you get the impression in paragraphs 19–25 that children in the traditional schools have little opportunity to become good citizens?
10. Paragraphs 26–35 attempt to answer the question of whether or not progressive education works. Examine the evidence and decide whether it seems convincing.

*Quack-doctoring the Colleges**

William Bennett Munro

[1] Many things are wrong with our colleges. I have it on the highest and the lowest authority—that is, on the authority of Nicholas Murray Butler and Upton Sinclair. It has also been intimated to me by athletic coaches and college presidents, who may be said to represent the alpha and the omega of reliability on such matters. As I happen to be both a college professor and a college trustee, I

* From *Harper's Magazine*, CLVII (September 1928), 478–482. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publishers.

get the bombardment on both flanks. I have positive information that the colleges are no longer educating anybody, and I have equally emphatic assurance that they are educating a lot of youngsters who ought to be left illiterate for the benefit of the unskilled labor market. I hear that the colleges have completely lost the confidence of the business world, and I read in the editorial columns that more business men are sending their sons to college than ever before. I learn from presidents' reports that the colleges have big deficits every year, and from the treasurers' reports that their assets are steadily growing larger. In my spare moments (of which every college professor has an abundance) I have answered no end of questionnaires and participated in at least a dozen educational surveys, each one of which has been able to demonstrate that the methods of instruction used in colleges, although widely diverse in character, are alike in being wrong.

[2] This recalls to mind one of the maxims of equity: to wit, that "there is no wrong without a remedy." In the case of the colleges the remedies far outnumber the wrongs. They are literally uncountable, like the twinklers in the new heavens. Indeed, there is no species of quackery so popular to-day as the educational brand of hocus-pocus. The land is swarming with educational prestidigitators —and no wonder, for to qualify as an educational expert one needs only to be a glib fellow away from home. Every one of these intellectual Æsculapians has his own favorite prescription. He believes it applicable to all institutions, big or little, without discrimination as to age or sex. The college of to-day, unhappily, is like a patient upon whom the allopaths, homeopaths, osteopaths, chiropractors, mental healers, and sun-bath zealots all demand the right to operate simultaneously. It is in a worse position, being beset by medicine-men who are ready to diagnose, prescribe, and cure without license or fee.

[3] Out of this welter let us pick a few of the remedial tonics which are being most assiduously peddled at the present time. Number one may be called the Job-Analysis Serum. It is designed to lower the high fever of those colleges which are excitedly doing a lot of things without knowing what they are doing or why. In the

language of the educational technician, the colleges have not "clarified their objectives." It may seem strange that, although some of our older institutions have been on the job for more than two hundred years, they have never thought to stop and "analyze it"; yet such appears to be the case. Of course it is an unpardonable omission. The job-analysis treatment should be applied at once. First, count the patient's pulse—that is to say, begin with a questionnaire. Every survey that aims to be both scientific and sociological (queer combination!) must begin that way. Send the questionnaire to all the professors asking them why they teach. Send it to all the students asking them why they allow themselves to be taught. Send it to the alumni with a demand for information of similar irrelevance. Then, when the replies come in, tabulate the data, find the median and the mode, figure out the coefficient of correlation, and the result will give you an atypical conspectus of the pattern of valuation, which is the true collegiate objective reduced to a conventionalized significance. (Not being a psychologist, I cannot be sure of my terminology, but that is the formula as I remember it.)

[4] Having found its true objective, at any rate, the college can then go full-steam ahead. The job analysis will indicate a solution for each and all of its problems—of finance, housing, instruction, athletics, and the social distractions. It will tell you how undergraduate mental vacuity can be transformed into genius as by the touch of a magic wand. There is no other serum like unto this one in its claim to curative accomplishment.

[5] Then there is the Orientation Ointment, which has had a brisk sale during the past ten years. Its vendors begin by assuring us that the job-analysts have made a false diagnosis. The colleges know what they are trying to do, but the students don't. Every autumn some thousands of freshmen come thronging through the academic gates and are helplessly whirled into the vortex of an elective curriculum. These young men and women should be promptly "oriented." To that end they should be bidden to arrive for a "freshman week" before the college opens. During this preview performance they can be told, in abbreviated form, all that they would ordinarily learn during the entire four years of a college course.

[6] It is all very simple. They listen to speeches and they stand in line. They are addressed by the president on what they ought not to do. The chairman of the faculty warns them in the morning that they came to the college to get an education, and in the afternoon the football coach confides to the mass meeting that an education is the last thing any red-blooded young man comes to college for.

[7] The freshmen should also be provided with advisers, both from the faculty and from the senior class. These advisers make the most of their opportunities, hence advice is the last thing that any freshman lacks when this curtain-raiser week comes to a close. If he assimilated one-tenth of it—which he does not—he would have enough to last him to the end of his days. It is my observation that among all forms of counsel the kind which is given by the senior student-advisers impresses the average freshman as the most interesting and the most useful. For it is from them that the neophyte finds out what courses in the curriculum are "snap courses," where the college bootlegger resides, how to get bids to the sorority dances, and whether the dean is hard-boiled to the alibi of an alarm clock that did not go off in time for a nine-o'clock class. To the newcomer this information is obviously more utilitarian than the assurance of his faculty mentor "that he must seek adjustment to his highest potential, respond to his creative urge, seek to integrate what he learns into a universal harmony of knowledge, and strive to live the abundant life."

[8] Not all the orientation ointment can be applied during freshman week, even with the most vigorous rubbing. Accordingly, this process should have a follow-up in the way of an orientation course given as part of the regular curriculum and counting towards a degree. This course should aim to be an outline of everything. It should begin with the origin of the cosmos and come down to the election of Al Smith, one lecture a week for ten weeks or thereabouts. To do this, it must cover six centuries per hour, although a little slowing up for the last three or four centuries is permissible in view of the fact that these are somewhat more crowded with happenings. It is said that light travels around the earth in one-seventh of a second; but even at that it is no match for the speed of

the orientation lecturer. He flashes through the Eocene, the Miocene, and the Pliocene ages, right down to the Obscene—which is the contemporary era. The greatness and decline of Rome are master-stroked in seven minutes, the Darwinian theory is elucidated in four, and the industrial revolution gets by while the lecturer pauses for breath.

[9] The title of this course should be both dignified and designatory. It may be called, "The Story of Civilization," or "The Universe and Mankind," or perhaps just "Life and Its Problems." But the official title does not much matter, for the undergraduate will soon endow it with a nickname. He calls it "Seeing Civilization," or "The Educational Rubberneck Bus," or, in due tribute to the high spots of the course, he labels it alliteratively as "Drink, Drainage, Divorce, and Democracy."

[10] The orientation course, as given in various institutions which have fallen for this pick-me-up, has developed into a companionate miscegenation of history, politics, economics, pietisms, and sex hygiene. It has length and breadth without the third dimension. This means that the instructor must be a sociologist, in other words, someone who has spent his life learning less and less about more and more until he has become intellectually unbuttoned. As a preparation for serious work in college or elsewhere these orientation courses have a value that accountants would express in red ink.

[11] Then there is Nostrum Number Three, the abolition of the lecture system and the substitution of active participation by the student in the classroom exercises. The usual academic lecture, we are asked to believe, is a process by which things pass from the notebook of the professor to the notebook of the student without going through the heads of either. So let it be amputated from the curriculum. Anyhow, the lecture is a survival of scholasticism, a medieval hang-over quite out of keeping with the genius of the twentieth-century American youth. In its place let us have creative participation by the student—creative participation, that is the newest phrase, and it has an alluring sound without meaning much.

[12] No more shall some *ex cathedra* dogmatist deliver his pontifical discourses from the rostrum with no opportunity for the benches

to hit back; but teacher and pupil will exchange ideas, like Socrates and Plato. Encourage the freshman to assume a "challenging attitude" towards everything which the instructor may say, be it an assertion that the earth is a sphere, or that the poles are colder than the equator, or that the Dutch have captured Amsterdam. Develop his spirit of criticism, his propensity to disagree. If this does not make the undergraduate a more intelligent citizen, it will at least qualify him as a municipal reformer.

[13] Everyone who is not himself a teacher likes to scold about the kind of teaching his sons and daughters are getting. It makes them work too hard, or not hard enough. It is too meticulous, or too superficial. It discourages thought by making the subject too simple, or it dampens enthusiasm by making it too complex. It is too old-fashioned, or it exemplifies some transient fad. Pedagogy is like politics in that anyone can tell you how to do things better than they are being done. Ideas about teaching, like those concerning government, are all created free and equal.

[14] But teaching is an art, and a true art can never be enslaved to formal rules. Teaching is an intensely personal thing; it cannot be standardized any more than leadership can. To teach is to lead, to inspire, to create disciples. Every good teacher has his own way of doing it. Some subjects lend themselves to the lecture method while others do not. Many poor lectures are delivered in college classrooms, no doubt; but I have a suspicion that poor sermons are also delivered from church pulpits at times. Why not abolish all sermons, therefore, and just leave the text to be discussed for an hour by the more garrulous members of the congregation? That would be "creative participation" in a service of worship—and it would empty the churches.

[15] There is no best method of instruction, whether in the home, the school, or the college. Education does not succeed or fail on the issue of methodology but on the capacity and the personality of the teacher himself. That ought to be commonplace, but it is not. Otherwise we should hardly have these perennial announcements from Rollins or Ripon, from Tucson or Tuscaloosa, that someone has discovered in the two-hour conference, or the pro-seminar, or

the socialized recitation, a new educational alchemy which enables the undergraduate to get educated without exertion, no matter what kind of faculty the college employs.

[16] Then there is the Antioch Antidote. It consists of hard work outside the college, given in regular doses to offset the lethargic habits that the student acquires within. The undergraduates attend classes for a stretch; then for an equal interlude they go out and earn their living as best they can. This alternation is continued from entrance to graduation, which covers six years instead of the usual four. The process, in a way, is reminiscent of the Scotch farmer who fed and starved his hogs on alternate days so that the bacon would be of prime quality, a streak of fat and a streak of lean. It aims at the intermingling of the manual and the mental in equal proportions. The hands go to work while the brain lays off; then the intellect is oiled up for another run.

[17] There are some cynics who would argue, of course, that the boy who is both able and willing to do college work ought to spend all his time at it until the job is finished. And as for the boy who needs the spur of alternate months at gainful employment in order to make him appreciate his academic opportunities—well, it is questionable whether he ought to be in college at all, even half the time. Half earning, half studying may be justified in the case of those whose straitened circumstances make it the only way to acquire a college degree. For others, it is a hybrid which sacrifices the highest values of academic training on the one hand and of industrial training on the other by the vain effort to combine them both.

[18] There has been too much deification of the boy who works his way through college. It is natural, in a democracy, that this should be the case. A few fellows derive benefit from the experience of having to earn their way, but the vast majority do nothing of the sort. To them it simply means that these plastic years of young manhood are clouded by financial anxieties which haunt the soul and depress the spirit. It involves a denial of leisure moments at a time when these would be of the highest value. It compels the student to cut corners, to forego many cultural advantages which the college environment provides, and sometimes to undermine his health as well. Many a man does not learn the real cost of working

his way through college until he has passed into the fifties. Then he finds that there are prematurely frayed-out nerves to be entered on the debit side of the account. It is my conviction, after having taught more than ten thousand college students during the past quarter of a century, that nine-tenths of those who had to earn their way to a bachelor's degree would have been far better off without any such handicap. A strange doctrine it is, therefore, that young men and women whose parents can afford to educate them should, nevertheless, interrupt their studies for the sake of the "experience." They will get quite enough of it after college days are over.

[19] And so one might go on through the long category of reforms which the colleges are being urged to inaugurate. Fraternities should be abolished. The students should not be taught but tutored. They should be separated into sections on the basis of ability. They should study subjects and not merely take courses. They should devote a whole year, indeed, to a single subject like the civilization of ancient Athens, instead of rustling about in a mosaic of Bible, biography, botany, and business—as they do in some colleges. They should read books for themselves and not be content with the professor's version of what is in the books. They should learn a little of everything and one thing well. (The first part of that syllogism, by the way, presents no difficulty in any American college.) They should have required studies for discipline and elective courses for self-expression. They should be objectively rated and psychologically tested. They should have personnel supervision and vocational guidance. The colleges should impose a limitation upon the number of students admitted. As a prophylactic, this has become very popular among the endowed colleges. But the state-supported institutions cannot employ it, so they make use of an emetic instead. They throw out those whom they should never have admitted.

[20] The catalogue of panaceas, indeed, is far too long for insertion here. There is the Johns Hopkins plan for a senior college, the Wisconsin plan for an experimental college, and the Michigan plan for a university college. There is the Swarthmore idea, the Claremont idea, and the Wabash idea. It is a rare thing to have even two or three months pass without the launching of some new scheme of educational rapid transit; some way of getting to the top of Mount

Parnassus without climbing there. A few of them have meritorious features, but for the most part they merely reflect the age-old and utterly futile attempt to gain the end without the means, the whole without the parts, the victory without the battle.

[21] There is no substitute and there never can be any substitute for *men* in the process of education—for earnest, enthusiastic, capable men in the faculty and in the student body. Given these, you have a great college; without them, all the newfangled methods will never avail an institution much. Nearly all the problems of collegiate education merge into two fundamental ones—hand-picking the student body and recruiting the faculty. The college that does both these things well is on the high road to ultimate distinction; and the one that relegates them to a secondary place in its program, while it goes philandering after mirages, is inexorably headed to the rear of the procession.

[22] It is men, not methods or measures, that determine whether a college shall be first-rate or second class. Or, to put it more accurately, first find the men and the methods will take care of themselves. I should like to find some college with the right men and the wrong methods of education. I don't believe there is one. Is it not time to rise and suggest the advisability of less quack-doctoring in the matter of our educational processes, and more earnest concentration upon the vital issue of personnel?

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Is the purpose of paragraph 1 very similar to that of paragraph 2 in "What about Progressive Education?"
2. At whom is the satire aimed in paragraph 3? What method of satire is used?
3. How far has the use of "Job-Analysis Serum" been extended since this article was written in 1928?
4. How much "Orientation Ointment" is used in your college? Comment. (With nearly a year of college behind you, perhaps you can be objective about Freshman Week.) Is an omnibus course such as that described in paragraphs 8–10 operative in your college? If so, comment upon it.

5. Does the phrase "creative participation by the student" (paragraph 11) remind you of "What about Progressive Education?" How much creative participation of students is there at your college? Discuss.
6. Why does the author call teaching "an art" (paragraph 14)?
7. What is the "Antioch Antidote" (paragraph 16)? What is the author's chief objection to it?
8. In what sense does the author use the word *cynics* (paragraph 17)?
9. List the educational reforms mentioned in paragraph 19. How many of these procedures are practiced in your college?
10. What is the basic need of a college that seeks distinction?

Suggestions for Papers

The concerns of professional educators are very vitally the concerns of the students who are the willing or unwilling recipients of whatever the educators decide to give them. You have now had a fair sample of what your college has to offer, but you may feel that you are caught up in a system which urges you along through a sort of educational gantlet. You have now an opportunity to examine the direction in which you are going and the forces which are pushing you along. What *are* your ideas about education? What is it and, in your opinion, what should it be? All the suggestions below offer you an opportunity to express yourself on this subject.

1. Write your paper on the limitations of natural education as defined by Huxley. How much could one learn from Nature if he were alone on earth? What complications would set in the moment a companion joined him? Limit your consideration to the one problem of survival in a hostile world.

2. Paragraph 11 of "A Liberal Education Defined" describes in detail the acquirements of a liberally educated man. Itemize the analysis; then indicate what your college is doing to give you a liberal

education. What does it do about your body? What does it do toward shaping your intellect into "a clear, cold, logic engine"? How does it present the "fundamental truths of nature"? Is it concerned with whether you love all beauty?

3. Consider carefully the first aim of progressive education: concern with the child's emotional adjustment. Is the aim different in traditional schools? Is the emphasis different? Is the method of attaining the adjustment different? In traditional and progressive schools children present the same complex of good and bad behavior. The latter, in both schools, consists of "lying, bullying, teasing, showing off, laziness, day dreaming, recalcitrance, overconcern with sex, or over-compliance." Select three of the bad traits and show how the traditional and the progressive teacher, respectively, handle the guilty child. Which method seems preferable to you?

4. The second aim of progressive education is concerned with the child's "self-fulfillment." Compare the traditional and the progressive approach toward achieving this goal.

5. Examine the attitude of progressive education toward content courses such as arithmetic, reading, spelling, history, geography, and science. What is meant by the statement that "learning shall be functional" (paragraph 15 of "What about Progressive Education?")? What is meant by "live knowledge applied to every day problems"? Does this imply that the child does not live except in the schoolroom? What do the progressive educators propose to do about drudgery? Is there no basis for believing that one may learn to like what at first seemed dull to him? Is there evidence of a complete misunderstanding of the "way of the scholar" (paragraph 18)? Is there any such thing as a completely nondrudging scholar?

6. Compare the fourth aim of progressive education—education for citizenship—with the traditional aim toward this goal. Are the methods radically different?

7. "Quack-doctoring the Colleges" describes four proposals for improving higher education: (1) job-analysis; (2) freshman orientation; (3) substitution of class discussion for the lecture method; and (4) alternation of college training and job training. Select one of

these proposals for discussion. First explain the proposal. What was it designed to accomplish? If it is in effect in your college, how well or how poorly do you think it works?

8. What do you consider to be the chief fault with the training you received in high school? Was the discipline traditional or progressive? Were athletics harmfully overstressed? Did you learn enough? If not, was the fault yours or the school's? If so, do you give yourself or the school credit? What would you recommend to improve your high school?

9. What do you consider to be the chief fault with the training you are receiving in college? Does your curriculum favor the practical, the impractical, or a smattering of both? Is the emphasis about right or is it, for your purposes, unbalanced? Whatever you choose as your central complaint, be sure to offer a constructive suggestion for improvement.

SOME TITLES FOR PAPERS

1. Nature's School
2. The School of Hard Knocks
3. My Idea of a Liberal Education
4. Education for Living
5. Education for Earning a Living
6. Method versus Content, with Examples
7. What Is Functional Education?
8. Progressive Education and Emotional Adjustment
9. Learning to Avoid Drudgery
10. Do You Know What You Like or Like What You Know?
11. The Way of the Scholar
12. Training for Citizenship
13. One Man's Dry Facts Are Another Man's Passion
14. Putting Away Childish Things
15. Should a Child's Whims Direct His Education?
16. Freshman Week in Retrospect
17. To Work or Not to Work One's Way through College
18. Lectures versus Class Discussions
19. One Way to Improve My College
20. I Love My High School, But—

28

What Is Correct English?

DO YOU like to be told what is correct and what is incorrect in your handling of language? Would you like to be sure of yourself? Would it comfort you to know that "English grammar is the English way of saying things"? Would you then ask, "What is the English way of saying things?" Would it dismay you to find that the only requirement of good English is that you speak and write as the people of your class—whatever that may be in America—speak and write? Your class, of course, is broadly defined as "educated." Presumably you want to speak and write as educated people speak and write. *The difficulty is that the evidence is never collected but always being collected.*

It may come as a surprise to you that college teachers of English, as a group, are less sure of correctness in speech or writing than are any other groups of persons who take a professional interest in these processes. Your own instructor has probably not hesitated to let you know *his* ideas of correctness, as doubtless his varied comments

on your papers will attest. If he is a conservative, he has marked your papers in one way; if he is a liberal, he has marked them in another way. In either case he is, so far as you are concerned, an authoritarian who has a point of view about correctness.

The liberals in language, like their political counterparts, have extremists in their ranks. These left-wingers bend all their energies toward getting rid of authority in matters of grammar, diction, and all the other traditional concerns of rhetoric. Then, exactly like their political brothers, they immediately set up a new authority based on a new set of rules, not very greatly simplified, of course, but always more democratic and realistic, they say. The conservatives in language have reactionaries in their ranks. These right-wingers bend all their energies toward resisting any sort of linguistic innovation. They cling tenaciously to all the traditional rules in the face of every assault. Doubtless, the push and pull from left and right is part of the process of linguistic change and development.

Extremes of conservatism and liberalism in language leave plenty of room in the middle area for those who welcome any new *effectiveness* which may be given to language and resist any weakening of the effectiveness which language already has. This chapter offers some elements of the controversy between liberals and conservatives.

Norman Lewis, in his article "How Correct Must Correct English Be?", attempts to find out what educated Americans do with certain locutions which have traditionally been regarded as incorrect. You will want to follow Mr. Lewis's suggestion and cast your own vote for or against these locutions.

Russell Thomas's article on "The Reason Is Because . . ." demonstrates another method of trying to arrive at "linguistic truth." The article was written for English teachers. It is included here for two reasons: (1) to illustrate one very common method of scientifically examining language; (2) to provide a comparison for Mr. Lewis's finding concerning the construction "the reason is because. . . ." You will see that the two writers do not arrive at the same result.

The third article, "Slurvian Self-taught," is an amusing description of slurred pronunciations. If you regarded John Davenport's findings as scientifically arrived at, you could show that traditional pronunciations are outmoded.

*How Correct Must Correct English Be?**

Norman Lewis

I

[1] "Even if you do learn to speak correct English," the late Clarence Darrow once remarked, "who are you going to speak it to?" According to an informal sampling which I have just made for *Harper's Magazine,* you would do best speaking it to the editors of women's magazines. On the other hand, your *least* receptive audience, if you restricted your speech to rigidly formal grammatical patterns, would be made up of professors of English.

[2] With the co-operation of the editors of *Harper's,* I sent to nine groups of people a questionnaire consisting of nineteen sentences, in each of which a controversial grammatical expression was underlined, with space provided for indicating approval or disapproval of the usage. Instructions for answering the questionnaire were as follows:

[3] "Here are nineteen expressions about which there is today a good deal of controversy, and we'd like your opinion, as an educated adult, of their acceptability in everyday speech.

[4] "Do not be influenced by whether these usages do or do not violate formal grammatical rules. Rather, indicate, by an affirmative vote, that you would be willing to use the expression listed or that you believe such an expression has become sufficiently current in

* From *Harper's Magazine,* CXCVIII (March 1949), 68–74. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publisher.

educated American speech to be labeled acceptable usage; by a negative vote, that the expression, as used, is unacceptable in educated circles."

[5] Below you will find the sentences as they were presented on the questionnaire. You may wish to cast a vote for or against each one, so that you will be able later to compare your own conservatism or liberalism, grammatically speaking, with the reactions of nine groups of educated adults who were polled.

The Nineteen Sentences

1. His attitude makes me *mad.* (Mad as a synonym for *angry*)
   ACCEPTABLE UNACCEPTABLE
2. I *will* pay your bill if you accept my check
   ACCEPTABLE UNACCEPTABLE
3. The reason I'm worried is *because* I think she's ill
   ACCEPTABLE UNACCEPTABLE
4. His work is different *than* mine ACCEPTABLE UNACCEPTABLE
5. We had a *nice* time at the party ACCEPTABLE UNACCEPTABLE
6. *Can* I have another helping of dessert, please?
   ACCEPTABLE UNACCEPTABLE
7. I encountered *less* difficulties than I had expected
   ACCEPTABLE UNACCEPTABLE
8. Everyone put on *their coats* and went home
   ACCEPTABLE UNACCEPTABLE
9. How much money have you *got?*
   ACCEPTABLE UNACCEPTABLE
10. *Due to* the storm, all trains are late
    ACCEPTABLE UNACCEPTABLE
11. She has an *awful* headache ACCEPTABLE UNACCEPTABLE
12. We *only* have five left. (Position of *only*)
    ACCEPTABLE UNACCEPTABLE
13. Let's not walk any *further* right now
    ACCEPTABLE UNACCEPTABLE
14. We must remember to *accurately check* each answer
    ACCEPTABLE UNACCEPTABLE
15. He's one person I simply won't do business *with*
    ACCEPTABLE UNACCEPTABLE
16. Go *slow* ..... ACCEPTABLE UNACCEPTABLE
17. It is *me* ... . ACCEPTABLE UNACCEPTABLE
18. She acts as if she *was* my wife · ACCEPTABLE UNACCEPTABLE
19. *Who* did you meet? .. ACCEPTABLE UNACCEPTABLE

[6] Four hundred sixty-eight people, out of 750 to whom I wrote, answered the questionnaire. Ballots were received from high-school and college teachers of English, authors, editors, journalists, radio commentators, lexicographers, and a random sampling of subscribers to *Harper's Magazine.*

[7] Each respondent cast nineteen votes, apportioning them as he saw fit between acceptance or rejection of the usages questioned. I have subsequently worked out what might be called the "acceptance ratio" for each group of people—the percentage of affirmative votes to total votes cast by members of that group. I realize that the number of people in some of these groups was small and that therefore no vast significance should be attached to their "acceptance ratios" (which I shall shorten to A.R.'s); but at least it may entertain you to know how the various groups ranked in the liberalism-conservatism scale.

[8] The most liberal group—the one most inclined to accept these usages—was composed of 155 college teachers of English, who piled up an aggregate A.R. of 70. (This result certainly disproves the recurrent rumors that professors are stuffy, musty, pedantic, and unrealistic.) Out of a total of 2,945 votes cast, 19 to each professor, only 891 were negative. A majority of the professors accepted 17 of the 19 sentences, rejecting only "His work is different *than* mine" (No. 4) and "I encountered *less* difficulties than I had expected" (No. 7); and a sizable number of professors voted a straight affirmative ticket. The following professorial comments are typical of many:

[9] "By direct observation, I have noticed that all of these usages are actually used by speakers who are socially and intellectually acceptable." (Robert A. Hall, Jr., Cornell University.)

[10] "If the criterion for 'good English' is usage—and certainly no other criterion makes any sense—then all of these expressions are either acceptable now or will be within the next few decades." (John C. Gerber, State University of Iowa.)

[11] The next most liberal group was composed of the lexicographers, 12 in number, with an A.R. of 65. They included members of the editorial staffs of the Merriam-Webster, the Winston, the

Grosset & Dunlap, the Random House, and the Funk & Wagnalls dictionaries, as well as H. L. Mencken. Dr. A. R. Fuchs, of the Merriam–Webster Dictionary, accepted all the usages without qualification. Clarence Barnhart, editor of the American College Dictionary (the new Random House publication) accepted all but No. 7 ("I encountered *less* difficulties than I had expected"), with the reservation that his acceptance referred to spoken rather than written English. As for Mr. Mencken, he rejected only No. 4 ("His work is different *than* mine") and No. 8 ("Everyone put on *their coats* and went home").

[12] The 33 authors and the 80 editors (these represented the staffs of book publishing houses as well as of general magazines) ran so close for third position that their differences had to be calculated to two decimal places—56.14 for the authors, 56.11 for the editors. Next in order came the radio columnists, 22 in number, with an A.R. of 51.7, then the 32 high-school teachers of English, with an A.R. of 51.4. (Half or more of the latter voted affirmatively for only 9 of the usages. It was noteworthy that those from small towns were significantly more conservative than those from larger cities; and many were vociferous in their remarks about the need for preserving strict grammatical standards.)

[13] A sampling of *Harper's* subscribers throughout the nation brought 60 responses from readers of varied occupations and professions; they turned in an A.R. of precisely 50. Forty-eight feature writers and columnists on several New York newspapers and one Chicago daily (the *Tribune*) made a still stricter showing, with an A.R. of only 47. And the most conservative of all the groups was a collection of 26 editors of women's magazines, with 45. Originally I had planned to group all the editors in one category, but as the early returns began to come in it was evident that the editors of women's magazines were much stricter in their attitudes toward everyday speech than were their opposite numbers on the general magazines. I leave it to the sociologists to account for the discrepancy.

II

[14] Now let us see how the votes ran on the 19 individual expressions in the questionnaire. In each case I have determined the per-

centage of acceptance among the respondents *as a whole,* somewhat arbitrarily labeling any expression which received an affirmative vote of 75 per cent or more as ESTABLISHED ENGLISH; any expression which received between 50 and 75 per cent acceptance as ACCEPTABLE ENGLISH; any expression which received less than 50 per cent acceptance but more than 35 per cent as CONTROVERSIAL; and any which failed to receive as much as 35 per cent acceptance as REJECTED. There is some temptation, of course, to give extra weight to the opinions of the professors and lexicographers, as these gentlemen maintain a closer touch with historical trends in grammar than do the members of the other groups. But it must be borne in mind that the grammatical attitudes of the general educated populace depend not alone upon the findings of the experts but also upon the influence of those groups whose language patterns are constantly in the public eye and ear, such as authors, editors, and radio speakers. (Proof of this fact lies in the middle-of-the-road voting of the 60 subscribers to *Harper's.*) And one must also remember that high-school teachers do more to condition the attitudes of the general public than do professors of English, because there are so many more of them. So I am not inclined to load the scales in favor of the experts, and will therefore count any vote as equal to any other, regardless of its source.

[15] Here, then, is the way the score runs, expression by expression:

[16] **No. 1.** His attitude makes me *mad.* ACCEPTABLE ENGLISH. Acceptance, 68 per cent. Recent editions of the authoritative dictionaries concede that *mad* is acceptable colloquially as a synonym for *angry* and over two-thirds of the respondents agreed. One hundred and seventeen of the 155 professors and 9 of the 12 lexicographers voted affirmatively on the sentence. The high-school teachers, however, rejected the usage by a vote of 18 to 14—the only group in which a majority turned in a negative response. . . .

[17] **No. 2.** I *will* pay your bill if you accept my check. ESTABLISHED ENGLISH. Acceptance, 90 per cent.

[18] The strict and ancient distinction between *shall* and *will* found favor only among 46 of the 468 respondents; 149 out of 155 professors and every one of the 12 lexicographers accepted the use of *will* and *I,* even though no "determination" is expressed by the sen-

tence. (The highest numerical *negative* vote came from the *Harper's* subscribers, 11 out of 60, the next highest from the newspaper writers, 10 out of 48.) . . .

[19] **No. 3.** The reason I'm worried is *because* I think she's ill. CONTROVERSIAL. Acceptance, 48 per cent.

[20] The respondents as a whole rejected this usage in a close vote: 245 to 223. It is significant, however, that a comfortable majority of the professors (89 to 66) accepted this common substitution of *because* where strict grammar requires *that*. The question split the lexicographers evenly (6 to 6) and had the same effect on the *Harper's* subscribers (30 to 30). In all other groups the usage lost out, though generally by a narrow margin, except for the women's editors and newspaper writers, in which groups the vote went against it in a ratio of approximately two to one. . . .

[21] **No. 4.** His work is different *than* mine. REJECTED. Acceptance, 31 per cent.

[22] This usage failed to get majority approval from a single group, though paradoxically enough the radio people, generally far down in the liberalism-conservatism scale, split their vote exactly even, 11 to 11. This was one of the only two sentences rejected by the professors, who voted against *different than* by 93 to 62.

[23] **No. 5.** We had a *nice* time at the party. ESTABLISHED ENGLISH. Acceptance, 88 per cent.

[24] The professors accepted this usage by a vote of 144 to 11, the lexicographers by a vote of 10 to 2, and the radio people, again paradoxically, backed it unanimously. Greatest conservatism on this point was indicated by the high-school teachers; over 28 per cent of them rejected the use of *nice* to mean *agreeable* or *pleasant*. . . .

[25] **No. 6.** *Can* I have another helping of dessert, please? CONTROVERSIAL. Acceptance, 40 per cent.

[26] The use of *can* to ask permission found favor in the eyes of 185 of the 468 respondents. Only the professors gave it a majority vote (87 to 68) but there was a fair proportion of support in the other groups. The greatest conservatism on this point was shown by the newspaper writers, who voted against it in a ratio of better than 3 to 1.

[27] **No. 7.** I encountered *less* difficulties than I had expected. REJECTED. Acceptance, 23 per cent.

[28] This sentence was adapted from one that appeared in *Collier's* magazine, attributed to historian Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., author of *The Age of Jackson.* Professor Schlesinger, describing his experiences writing an article on Senator Taft, said: "My story propelled itself soberly, methodically, and carefully along scheduled lines; it encountered *less* pitfalls and booby-traps than anything I have done." Though *less* frequently accompanies a plural noun on educated levels of speech and in the writing of educated authors, the voting went against the usage in all groups, including the professors, only 49 of the 155 accepting it. Among the other respondents, the ratio of rejection went as high in many groups as 7 to 1.

[29] **No. 8.** Everyone put on *their coats* and went home. CONTROVERSIAL. Acceptance, 45 per cent.

[30] It is especially indicative of the generally liberal tendencies of educated people that this clear-cut violation of grammatical agreement should have fared as well as it did. In logic, *everyone, everybody,* and similar "singular" pronouns have a strong plural meaning, and it takes a good deal of linguistic sophistication to keep agreement uniform without sounding like a product of a nightschool class in diction. Carried to its illogical extreme, formal grammar requires that *everyone* be followed by *him* or *his* even in curious sentences like the following:

"Since *everyone* in the room spoke Spanish, I addressed *him* in that language."

"As soon as *everyone* was finished, we started collecting *his paper.*"

[31] These sentences as they stand are grammatically "pure"—they are also logically insane, and I submit that only a die-hard purist would avoid *them* or *their* in such constructions. The vote of the 468 respondents went against the usage in question by 259 to 209. Only the professors gave it a majority vote, 93 to 62. All other groups rejected it, the lexicographers by a close vote of 7 to 5, the women's editors by a ratio of almost 2½ to 1.

[32] **No. 9.** How much money have you *got?* ACCEPTABLE ENGLISH. Acceptance, 65 per cent.

[33] One hundred thirty-one of the 155 professors accepted this popular usage, but the other groups were less liberally inclined. Fifty-five per cent of the *Harper's* subscribers and 57 per cent of the women's editors voted against it. . . .

[34] **No. 10.** *Due to* the storm, all trains are late. ACCEPTABLE ENGLISH. Acceptance, 65 per cent.

[35] *Due to,* as a preposition, received a majority affirmative vote from all groups, including the women's magazine editors. . . .

[36] **No. 11.** She has an *awful* headache. ESTABLISHED ENGLISH. Acceptance, 77 per cent.

[37] The 12 lexicographers voted unanimously for this usage, and over 83 per cent of the professors. Thirty-three per cent of the high-school teachers rejected it and about 30 per cent of the *Harper's* subscribers.

[38] **No. 12.** We *only* have five left. CONTROVERSIAL. Acceptance, 44 per cent.

[39] It is a little surprising, I think, that this usage fared as poorly as it did. I have rarely heard even the most erudite of people, unless they were speaking with studied formality, place *only* in its grammatical position (before the word it actually limits) rather than in its natural and popular position (before the verb). It is true, of course, that written and edited English shifts *only* to the position which the stricter grammarians insist upon, and in manuscripts prepared for the printer I am sure that this innocent adverb is circled and arrowed more than any other word in the English language.

[40] Nevertheless, despite the emphasis in the introduction to the ballot that this was a poll on *speech,* the vote went against the usage 265 to 203. The professors of course accepted the sentence, by vote of 97 to 58; the lexicographers were split evenly, 6 to 6. Other groups, however, turned it down in varying ratios: editors by 5 to 3, radio people by 3 to 1, women's editors by 3 to 1, and newspaper writers by almost 4 to 1.

[41] **No. 13.** Let's not walk any *further* right now. ACCEPTABLE ENGLISH. Acceptance, 58 per cent.

[42] Strict rule requires *farther* in reference to spatial distance, although the dictionaries now concede that *further* is acceptable with

respect either to degree or distance. Eleven lexicographers and 104 professors accepted the sentence; the authors favored the usage with a bare majority of 1. More than half the radio people, newspaper writers, and women's editors voted against it. . . .

[43] **No. 14.** We must remember to *accurately check* each answer. ACCEPTABLE ENGLISH. Acceptance, 53 per cent.

[44] A number of respondents noted that they accepted the split infinitive in principle, but preferred to vote against this one as awkward and unnecessary, since *accurately,* in their opinion, could come just as satisfactorily at the end of the sentence. Whether voting on principle or in regard to the specific sentence, only the professors, editors, and lexicographers rolled up a group-majority vote in favor. The women's editors rejected the sentence by a vote of over 2½ to 1. . . .

[45] **No. 15.** He's one person I simply won't do business *with.* ESTABLISHED ENGLISH. Acceptance, 86 per cent.

[46] That few sane people trouble themselves very much about the heinousness of ending a sentence with a preposition is indicated by the overwhelming majority of acceptance for sentence 15. The radio people, however, voted almost 41 per cent against it. . . .

[47] **No. 16.** Go *slow.* ESTABLISHED ENGLISH. Acceptance, 84 per cent.

[48] Dictionaries will attest that *slow* is both an adverb and an adjective, and only a purist finds any fault with this popular usage. Only 75 per cent of the 468 respondents rejected the expression, among whom are counted almost 36 per cent of the radio people, 28 per cent of *Harper's* subscribers, and 33 per cent of the newspaper writers.

[49] **No. 17.** It is *me.* ACCEPTABLE ENGLISH. Acceptance, 62 per cent.

[50] Seventy-seven per cent of the professors, 75 per cent of the lexicographers, and almost 82 per cent of the authors accepted this popular violation of strict grammatical rule. The majority of *Harper's* subscribers, newspaper writers, and women's magazine editors, however, rejected it. Among the high-school teachers the vote was close: 17 for, 15 against.

[51] **No. 18.** She acts as if she *was* my wife. REJECTED. Acceptance, 34 per cent.

[52] That the obsolescent subjunctive mood is holding on tenaciously, at least in contrary-to-fact conditions such as this one, is evident from the balloting. Though the mood itself is fast falling into disuse in modern English, its popularity after the conjunction *if* seems to be gaining—and you will often hear it used even where the "rules" do not require it. Especially in the phrase, "If I *were* you," it occurs almost universally on all levels of speech, even the most illiterate.

[53] There was an interesting contrast in the way the groups voted on this sentence. Three groups, the professors, the lexicographers, and the authors, accepted the sentence by clear-cut majorities, the authors by the ratio of over 5 to 1. The other groups, on the contrary, voted against it overwhelmingly, the editors and high school teachers in the ratio of better than 2 to 1, the radio people 10 to 1, and the editors of women's magazines by a vociferous 12 to 1.

[54] **No. 19.** *Who* did you meet? CONTROVERSIAL. Acceptance, 43 per cent.

[55] The growing tendency by all classes of educated speakers to use the nominative *who* as the first word in a sentence, even though grammatically it functions as an object, is attested by the large vote recorded in its favor on the ballots, 200 out of 468. As Professor Kemp Malone points out in a discussion of current usage in a recent issue of *College English,* the scholarly Oxford Dictionary defines *whom* as the objective case of *who,* "no longer current in natural colloquial speech." The professors, lexicographers, and authors gave it a majority vote of acceptance but in the more conservative groups it was voted down: 24 to 8 among the high-school teachers, 33 to 15 among newspaper writers, and 19 to 7 among women's magazine editors. . . .

[56] Although this sampling of educated opinion on matters of usage is, to my knowledge, the largest ever taken, I do not pretend that it is definitive or that it settles any questions beyond possible cavil. I think the results indicate with a fair degree of accuracy the comparative linguistic liberalism of those groups of citizens who

use the English language as a direct means of earning a livelihood. I think also that we are justified in accepting the final tabulations as incontrovertible proof that English grammar is far more fluid and less restrictive than some "speech manuals" and textbooks admit or than many non-professional people realize. It is certainly obvious that "correct" and "incorrect" are subtle, intangible, and relative terms when applied to informal educated speech, and that reverential adherence to hidebound grammatical "rules" is not a characteristic of the educated speaker in America.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Do you think that the directions for answering the questionnaire are impartially stated? Would it have been better to ask simply: "Do you use, or not use, each of the expressions listed?"? Discuss.
2. What does the author mean by "Acceptance Ratio"? How does he arrive at 70 for the A.R. of college teachers of English (paragraph 8)?
3. Does the author of this article favor liberalism or conservatism in the use of language? How does he make his attitude clear?
4. Can you account for the A.R. of each group?
5. Why doesn't the author quote some of the "vociferous" remarks of the conservatives?
6. Why does the author decide not to give added weight to the opinions of professors and lexicographers (paragraph 14)? Is his reasoning sound?
7. In 1837, Macaulay observed that "Not one Londoner in ten thousand can lay down the rules for the proper use of *will* and *shall*, yet not one Londoner in a million ever misplaces his *will* and *shall*." Over one hundred years later the distinction between *shall* and *will* has been lost (paragraphs 17–18). Why?
8. A recent article by an extreme liberal in usage states that "the professionals don't mind" such expressions as "Can I have another piece of pie?" Was the author obviously thinking of this poll (see paragraphs 25–26)? How many of the professionals *do* mind?

*The Reason Is Because . . .**

Russell Thomas

[1] In the June, 1940, "Current English Forum" the following inquiry appeared:

Our English books tell us that an intransitive copulative verb must be followed by a subjective complement and that a subjective complement must be a noun, a pronoun, or an adjective. How then do you explain this sentence: "She was here in this room"?

Professor Perrin answered:

The difficulty is with "our English books." . . . Contrast the point of view of a realistic grammar (Curme, *Syntax*, p. 48): ". . . a large number of adverbs and prepositional phrases are used as adjectives—as attributive adjectives, or as predicate complements standing after a linking verb (copula)."

Jespersen (*Essentials of English Grammar*, p. 131), Maetzner (*An English Grammar*, III, 137), and Poutsma (*A Grammar of Late Modern English*, Part I, First Half, chap. 1, 5, p. 11, *et passim*) corroborate Perrin's and Curme's point of view.

[2] The problem posed in the above inquiry is the same as that which will be discussed here. And Professor Pooley gives us the two points of view which are now taken toward the idiom "The reason is because. . . ." He states:

One text says, "Examine the following incorrect sentence: 'His excuse for remaining at home was because he was ill.' The dependent clause is a substantive clause used as a subjective complement of the word *excuse;* therefore it should not have the form of an adverbial clause." This advice is traditionally sound, but when an idiom like this establishes itself, earlier grammar must yield.[1]

* From *College English* (December 1948), pp. 168–169. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publisher.

[1] *Teaching English Usage* (New York: D. Appleton-Century Co., Inc., 1946), pp. 134–35.

Pooley then cites evidence of the use of this idiom which he has gathered from public addresses by Stuart Chase, Professor Curme, and ". . . others of less note." After listing some recent examples from the *New Republic* and *Harper's Magazine,* he comments that others "abound in current writing of the better sort."

[3] Although the discussions of the historical grammarians are pertinent to our problem,[2] none of them lists any examples of "The reason is because . . ." type of sentence.

[4] However, there has been some discussion of the idiom in current periodicals. Miss F. N. Cherry[3] cites examples from Francis Bacon, Swift, and Addison. But the greater portion of her examples is of the type "It (This or That) is (was) because. . . ." Mr. Donald L. Clark[4] continued the discussion, and, after calling attention to the fact that none of Miss Cherry's examples since Addison are of "The reason is because . . ." type, he dismisses consideration of the idiom. Nevertheless, his discussion is pertinent, for he raises the question as to whether the *because* clause in sentences containing "It is because . . ." should be considered as adverbial or as adnominal. After pointing out that "we have long known that noun clauses can be begun with other words than *that* (I know why he is late. That's where the shoe pinches) . . . ," he surmises that the *because* clause is adverbial.

[5] Two other discussions of our problem must be mentioned. Mr. Easton E. Ericson[5] cites examples of "The reason is because . . ." type of sentence from the works of Hobbes, W. P. Trent, John Macy, William L. Phelps, from the *Baltimore Sun,* and from the *New York Times.* And Marckwardt and Walcott[6] rank this idiom as "Literary English" on the basis of data from Pooley's *Grammar*

[2] See, e.g., Maetzner, *op. cit.,* II, 448 ff., where he points out that many words and phrases have been used in the history of the language to express causal relationship. For instance, *that, for that, for because, for because that, because,* and *in that.*

[3] "Some Evidence in the Case of 'Is Because,'" *American Speech,* VIII (February, 1933), 55–60.

[4] "Animadversions on 'Some Evidence in the Case of "Is Because,"'" *American Speech,* VIII (April, 1933), 67–68.

[5] "Noun Clauses in *Because,*" *Anglia,* LXI (1937), 112–13.

[6] *Facts about Current English Usage* (New York: D. Appleton–Century Co., 1938), p. 31.

and Usage in Textbooks on English and from Ericson's article.

[6] The evidence which I have gathered shows that "The reason is because . . ." type of sentence has become established as good colloquial and literary English both in England and in the United States. My first example is from Sidney's *Apology for Poetry* (1595): "His *reason is because* Poesy dealeth with . . . ," and my latest is from an editorial in the *Milwaukee Journal* (April 4, 1948): "General MacArthur has indicated that one of the *reasons* he is a presidential candidate *is because*. . . ." Among the other writers who have used this idiom are Milton ("The Reason for Church Government" [1641], Dryden ("Essay of Dramatic Poesy"), Jonathan Edwards ("Notes on the Mind"), Emerson, Thoreau, Ruskin, Mark Twain, Charles G. Dawes, the late Professor John M. Manly (*Some New Light on Chaucer*), Lowell Thomas, Clarence Darrow, Samuel E. Morison (*Builders of the Bay Colony* [1930]), H. J. Massingham, the late Senator George W. Norris, Professor Walter P. Eaton, Struthers Burt, George Arliss, Professor Clyde Eagleton, E. B. White, Maritta M. Wolff, the late Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin, André Maurois, Dorothy Thompson, F. O. Matthiessen (*American Renaissance*), Carl Sandburg (*Home Front Memo* [1943]), and Professor Reginald L. Cook. It is of interest to note that the idiom appears in many different types of periodical. I have found examples in the *Atlantic Monthly, Harper's,* the *New York Times Book Review,* the *Reader's Digest,* the *Phi Beta Kappa Key Reporter, Scribner's, Forum, Good Housekeeping, Survey, Look, New Statesman and Nation* (London), and *College English.*

[7] How is one to classify this construction? My own preference is to consider it as a predicative. The historical grammarians (Jespersen, Poutsma, *et al.*) would undoubtedly treat it as such.

[8] Finally, as long as sentences of the type "It (This or That) is (was) because . . ." are written (and their number at present is legion), we can expect writers to use the type "The reason is because. . . ." After all, in the former type, *It* or *This* or *That* stand psychologically for *The reason.*

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Note carefully the method of this article. Is it fully scientific? Does it, for example, take into account the opposition to the expression being studied? Should it?
2. The author states that "'The reason is because . . .' type of sentence has become established as good colloquial and literary English both in England and the United States" (paragraph 6). Compare this statement with the findings listed in paragraphs 19–20 of "How Correct Must Correct English Be?" How do you account for the difference in the findings?

*Slurvian Self-taught**

John Davenport

[1] Listening to a well-known Hollywood radio commentator some time back, I heard her say that she had just returned from a Yerpeen trip, and had had a lovely time nittly. I at once recognized her as an accomplished Slurvian linguist and, being a student of Slurvian, readily understood that she had just returned from a European trip, and while there (in Yerp) had had a lovely time in Italy.

[2] Slurvian is coming into common use in the United States, but I am, so far as I know, the only scholar to have made a start toward recording it. There is no official written Slurvian language, but it is possible, by means of phonetic spelling, for me to offer a brief course of instruction in it. In a short time, the student can learn enough to add immeasurably to his understanding and enjoyment of conversation wherever he travels in the country.

* Reprinted by permission of the author and Curtis Brown, Ltd. Copyright 1949 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

[3] I first heard pure Slurvian fluently spoken by a co-worker of mine who told me that his closest friend was a man named Hard (Howard). Hard was once in an automobile accident, his car, unfortunately, cliding with another, causing Hard's wife Dorthy, who was with him, to claps. Dorthy didn't have much stamina but was a sweet woman—sweet as surp.

[4] I soon discovered I had an ear for Slurvian, and since I began to recognize the language, I have encountered many Slurvians. At ballparks, they keep track of hits, runs, and airs. On farms, they plow furs. In florist shops, they buy flars. When hard up, they bar money from banks, and spend it for everything from fewl for the furnace to grum crackers for the children.

[5] When Slurvians travel abroad, they go to visit farn (or forn) countries to see what the farners do that's different from the way we Murcans do things. While in furn countries, they refer to themselves as Murcan tersts, and usually say they will be mighty glad to get back to Murca. A Slurvian I once met on a train told me he had just returned from a visit to Mexico. He deplored the lack of automobiles down there, and said that the natives ride around on little burrs.

[6] A linguistic authority of my acquaintance, much interested in my work in Slurvian, has suggested to me the possibility that the language may be related to, or a variation of, the one still spoken in England of which such a contraction as "Chumley," for "Cholmondeley," is a familiar example. However, I think the evidence insufficient for drawing such a conclusion. Surnames cannot be considered subject to the ordinary rules of pronunciation. In fact, the only one I have positively identified in Slurvian is Faggot, the name of the American admiral who won the Battle of Mobile Bay.

[7] The name Faggot brings me to a discussion of what I designate as "pure" Slurvian. This includes those Slurvian words that, when spelled exactly as pronounced, also make good English words (such as "Faggot," "burr," and "claps"). The day I can add to the lexicon such a word, hitherto unrecorded, is a happy day for me.

Here are some examples of pure Slurvian, alphabetically listed:

bean, *n.* A living creature, as in *human bean.*
cactus, *n. pl.* The people in a play or story.
course, *n.* A group of singers.
fiscal, *adj.* Pertaining to the body, as opposed to the spurt.
form, *n.* Gathering place of the ancient Romans.
gnome, *n.* Contraction for *no, Ma'am. Colloq.*
line, *n.* The king of beasts.
lore, *n.* The more desirable of the two berths in a Pullman section.
myrrh, *n.* A looking glass.
par, *n.* An attribute of strength, as in *the par and the glory.*
plight, *adj.* Courteous.
sears, *adj.* Grave, intent.
sport, *v.t.* To hold up, to bear the weight of.
wreckers, *n. pl.* Discs on which music is recorded for phonographs.

[8] I am presently engaged in compiling a dictionary of Slurvian words, which I hope will prove to be the definitive work on the subject. The help of any interested students is welcomed, but I must caution such students to be certain the words are genuine Slurvian, and not merely regional speech, such as that of Alabama, Texas, or New England.

[9] Let me close with a final example, to make my meaning clear. Wherever you may be in the United States, if you hear the word "tare," the speaker probably is not referring to a Biblical weed growing in the wheat. More likely, he is describing the sensation of extreme fear experienced by a movie fan watching Borse Karloff in a harr picture.

QUESTIONS ON CONTENT

1. Can you add any words to the Slurvian vocabulary?
2. Compare the "scientific" approach in this article with that of the previous article.
3. What distinction does the author make between regional speech and genuine Slurvian?

Suggestions for Papers

You were probably born to be a user of English. You have been studying English for the past seven or eight years. By birth and by training, therefore, you have every right to participate in an argument about correctness in English. Indeed, you may be ready to declare for the conservatives or the liberals. You may even be ready to defend one of the extreme language positions. Whatever your approach to this subject, you will find useful the factual material in this chapter.

1. First, test yourself by answering the questions Mr. Lewis asks in "How Correct Must Correct English Be?" Compare your answers with those obtained by Mr. Lewis; then write a paper in defense of your choices.

2. Perhaps your instructor will ask the class to answer Mr. Lewis's questionnaire. If so, you may be given some statistics on how you and your fellow students compare with one or more of Mr. Lewis's groups. Write a paper with comparative statistics as the basis.

3. What "rules" of grammar do each of the nineteen sentences in Mr. Lewis's questionnaire violate? Select what you consider to be the least excusable violations and write a paper to support your view. You may wish to reverse this procedure and select the sentences which seem normal and right to you and defend your preference for them over the so-called correct forms of these sentences.

4. Write a dialogue in which you allow your characters to use all the expressions set forth in Mr. Lewis's nineteen sentences. You may alter the sentences to fit your needs, but be sure to retain the so-called errors. Set the stage, identify the speakers, and then proceed with the dialogue. What effect is created by concentrating these expressions in this manner?

5. Mr. Lewis tested nine groups with his nineteen sentences. College professors of English proved to be the most liberal group of all. Draw up a statistical table to show the percentage of approval

which the 155 college professors gave to each of the nineteen sentences. Statistics for 155 college freshmen follow (the number in parentheses is the number of the sentence; the figure after the parentheses is the percentage of approval): (1) 89%; (2) 93%; (3) 77%; (4) 36%; (5) 80%; (6) 37%; (7) 57%; (8) 59%; (9) 62%; (10) 65%; (11) 80%; (12) 70%; (13) 57%; (14) 47%; (15) 88%; (16) 74%; (17) 58%; (18) 23%; (19) 77%. Now look at Mr. Lewis's formula for interpreting his statistics: acceptance 75% or more—Established English; 50% to 75%—Acceptable English; 35% to 50%—Controversial English; 0% to 35%—Rejected English. On the basis of this formula, draw up a comparison between college professors and college freshmen. Try to account for the agreements and the differences.

6. Examine Mr. Lewis's *method.* Are the directions which accompanied his questionnaire so stated that the results would be trustworthy? Does he prove that professors are not "stuffy, musty, pedantic, and unrealistic"?

7. Examine Mr. Thomas's method in his article on "The Reason Is Because. . . ." How does he seek to prove that the construction "the reason is because . . ." is "good colloquial and literary English both in England and America"? Do you think that he proves his case? If so, account for the results obtained by Mr. Lewis for this same locution.

8. Do some investigating of your own, either with Mr. Lewis's nineteen sentences or with an original list of your own. For example, you might ask a number of people what each of the following words means: *alibi; aggravate; criticize; ingenuous.* Write a paper about the results which you obtain.

9. Have you encountered many Slurvians? If so, can you add to Mr. Davenport's list? Check your own speech and write a paper—facetious, if you wish—about your own difficulties with pronunciations.

10. Some one has said that backwoodsmen and, presumably, anyone in a state of semi-illiteracy has no consciousness of being unable to say what he wants to say. Examine this idea and write a paper defending or attacking it. Use specific examples to give substance to your argument.

SOME TITLES FOR PAPERS

1. Correct Writing Is a Handicap
2. Correct Writing Is An Asset
3. Rules Are Made To Be Broken
4. A Defense of Certain Locutions
5. Did My High School English Teacher Know Best?
6. How To Write Correct English
7. A Definition of Usage
8. Tell Me What Is Correct!
9. Awful, Nice, and Mad
10. I know What I Want to Say, But . . .
11. Grammar Should Be Consistent
12. Every Person His Own Grammarian
13. Levels of Usage: A Dilemma
14. Every Class an English Class
15. English Is for English Majors
16. Don't Worry about Grammar.

Index to Authors and Titles

After-dinner Oration by the Artist from Talks on Advertising, Herman Wouk 159
American Women Are Different, Helena Kuo 642
Apparent Failure, Robert Browning 564
Arnold, Matthew
  Dover Beach 321
  Growing Old 211
Artist with Carpenter's Hands, Robert C. Ruark 121
Asem, an Eastern Tale, Oliver Goldsmith 581
Association of Ideas, The, John Stuart Mill 513
At the Draper's, Thomas Hardy 93
Atom, The: A Layman's Primer of What the World Is Made Of, The Editors of *Life* 500

Babies, The, Mark Twain 668
Becker, Carl L., The Ideal Democracy 374
Biography Cure, The, Lon Call 470
Birth, J. D. Ratcliff 658
Blake, William, The Little Black Boy 276
Broun, Heywood, The Episode of the Bean-Shooter 87
Brown, S. G., and Wright Thomas, On Reading Poems 292
Browning, Robert
  Apparent Failure 564
  Earth's Immortalities (Fame; Love) 316
  A Grammarian's Funeral 24
  Love among the Ruins 318
  Rabbi Ben Ezra 223
  A Woman's Last Word 623
  "The Year's at the Spring" 571
Burns, Aubrey, Segregation and the Church 258
Byrd, William, Love's Immortality 313

Cabot, Richard, The Call of the Job 234
Call, Lon, The Biography Cure, ... 470
Call of the Job, The, Richard Cabot 234
Case against Women, The, James Thurber 647
Chesterton, G. K., The Priggish Prize Poem 90
Class Struggle, The, Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels 398
Clausewitz, Karl von, What Is War? 184

Clemens, Samuel, see Twain, Mark
Clough, Arthur Hugh, Say Not the Struggle Nought Availeth . . . 342
Cool Tombs, Carl Sandburg 317
Counts, George S., and Nucia Lodge, Politics and Music in the USSR 430
Cub Pilot's Experience, A, Mark Twain . . . 37

Daily Theme Eye, The, Walter Prichard Eaton 20
Darkness at Noon (The Arrest of Arlova; The End of Bogrov), Arthur Koestler 420
Davenport, John, Slurvian Self-taught 726
De Quincey, Thomas, Literature of Knowledge and Literature of Power 282
De Vries, Peter, Through a Glass Darkly . . 46
Donne, John, Go and Catch a Falling Star 640
Dover Beach, Matthew Arnold 321

Earth's Immortalities (Love; Fame), Robert Browning 316
Eastman, Max, Poetic People . . 287
Eaton, Walter Prichard, The Daily Theme Eye . . . 20
Einstein, Albert, The Real Problem Is in the Hearts of Men . . 557
Emerson, R. W., secundus, Television's Peril to Culture . . . 176
Engels, Friedrich, and Karl Marx, The Class Struggle 398
Enquiry into the Origin of Moral Virtue, An, Bernard Mandeville 588
Episode of the Bean-Shooter, The, Heywood Broun . . 87
Exhibit Home, Christopher Morley . . . 570

"Fair Seed-time Had My Soul" (from The Prelude), William Wordsworth 44
Feel, The, Paul Gallico 4
Fitzgerald, F. Scott, The Invasion of the Sanctuary . . . 86
Fosdick, Harry Emerson, Why Is God Silent While Evil Rages? . . 572
Four Types of Students, Thomas Fuller 3
Freedom to Choose (from Areopagitica), John Milton 334
Frost, Robert, Two Tramps in Mud Time 251
Fuller, Thomas, Four Types of Students 3

Gallico, Paul, The Feel 4
Galsworthy, John, Quality 107
Gate Receipts and Glory, Robert M. Hutchins 141
Go and Catch a Falling Star, John Donne 640
Goldsmith, Oliver, Asem: an Eastern Tale 581
Grammarian's Funeral, A, Robert Browning 24
Growing Old, Matthew Arnold . . 211
Gumpert, Martin, The Rights of the Aged to Life, Liberty, and Happiness 219

Hardy, Thomas
At the Draper's 93
In Church 93
Harte, Bret, The Luck of Roaring Camp 546
Hergesheimer, Joseph, Infamy and Deception in Venice 91
Herrick, Robert, To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time 210

Hook, Sidney, Should Communists Be Permitted to Teach? 347
Housman, A. E.
To an Athlete Dying Young 154
"When I Was One-and-Twenty" 610
How Correct Must Correct English Be?, Norman Lewis 712
Hutchins, Robert M., Gate Receipts and Glory 141
Huxley, Aldous
The Scandal of the Anthology 85
A Stable Society 520
Huxley, Thomas Henry
A Liberal Education Defined 685
The Scientific Method 485

Ideal Democracy, The, Carl L. Becker 374
Importance of Doing Things Badly, The, I. A. Williams 123
In Church, Thomas Hardy 93
In Memoriam (Prologue), Alfred, Lord Tennyson 478
In Tennessee, H. L. Mencken 366
In the Laboratory with Agassiz, Samuel H. Scudder 15
Infamy and Deception in Venice, Joseph Hergesheimer 91
Invasion of the Sanctuary, The, F. Scott Fitzgerald 86
It Never Can Be Told, George Jean Nathan 92

James, William, The Moral Equivalent of War 192

Keats, John, Ode to a Nightingale 323
Koestler, Arthur, Darkness at Noon (The Arrest of Arlova; The End of Bogrov) . . . 420
Kuo, Helena, American Women Are Different 642

Larceny among Lecturers, Stephen Leacock 89
Leacock, Stephen, Larceny among Lecturers 89
Learn While You Sleep, J. D. Ratcliff 514
Lewis, Norman, How Correct Must Correct English Be? 712
Liberal Education Defined, A, Thomas Henry Huxley 685
Life, The Editors of, The Atom 500
Literature of Knowledge and Literature of Power, Thomas De Quincey 282
Little Black Boy, The, William Blake 276
Lodge, Nucia, and George S. Counts, Politics and Music in the USSR . . 430
Love among the Ruins, Robert Browning 318
Love in America, Raoul de Roussy de Sales 611
Love's Immortality, William Byrd 313
Luck of Roaring Camp, The, Bret Harte 546

Man against Darkness, W. T. Stace 450
Man with the Hoe, The, Edwin Markham 389
Mandeville, Bernard, An Enquiry into the Origin of Moral Virtue 588
Markham, Edwin, The Man with the Hoe . 389

Marvell, Andrew, To His Coy Mistress 311
Marx, Karl, and Friedrich Engels, The Class Struggle 398
Marx and Socialist Doctrine, Bertrand Russell 409
McKelway, St. Clair, The Touchin' Case of Mr. and Mrs. Massa . . 273
Meiklejohn, Alexander, Should Communists Be Allowed to Teach? . . 357
Memory Holes (from Nineteen Eighty-four), George Orwell 435
Mencken, H. L., In Tennessee 366
Meredith, George, Tragic Memory 314
Mill, John Stuart
On Liberty 336
The Association of Ideas 513
Milton, John, Freedom to Choose 334
Moral Equivalent of War, The, William James 192
Morley, Christopher, Exhibit Home 570
Morrison, A. Cressy, Seven Reasons Why a Scientist Believes in God . 465
Most Disgraceful Thing I Ever Did, The, *Vanity Fair* Contest 85–93
Munro, William Bennett, Quack-doctoring the Colleges 698

Nathan, George Jean, It Never Can Be Told 92
New Yorker, The Editors of, Self-hypnotist 163

O. Henry, The Ransom of Red Chief 54
Obscurity in Poetry, E. B. White 289
Ode, Intimations of Immortality, William Wordsworth 673
Ode to a Nightingale, John Keats 323
On Being Found Out, William Makepeace Thackeray 78
On Liberty, John Stuart Mill 336
On Marriage, Robert Louis Stevenson 600
On Reading Poems, Wright Thomas and S. G. Brown 292
On Women, Arthur Schopenhauer 628
One Day, Cornelia Otis Skinner 35
Orwell, George, Memory Holes 435
Outline of Scientists, An, James Thurber 530
Ozymandias, Percy Bysshe Shelley 315

People Will Live On, The, Carl Sandburg 391
Perry, Ralph Barton, Plea for an Age Movement 213
Plea for an Age Movement, Ralph Barton Perry 213
Poetic People, Max Eastman 287
Politics and Music in the USSR, George S Counts and Nucia Lodge . . . 430
Porter, Paul A., Radio Must Grow Up 166
Porter, William Sydney, see O. Henry
Priggish Prize Poem, The, G. K. Chesterton 90
Principle of Autobiography, The, Jean Jacques Rousseau 33
Pulvis et Umbra, Robert Louis Stevenson 539

Quack-doctoring the Colleges, William Bennett Munro 698
Quality, John Galsworthy 107

Rabbi Ben Ezra, Robert Browning 223
Radio Must Grow Up, Paul A. Porter 166
Ransom of Red Chief, The, O. Henry 54
Ratcliff, J. D.
Birth 658
Learn While You Sleep 514
Real Problem Is in the Hearts of Men, The, Albert Einstein 557
Reason Is Because . . . , The, Russell Thomas 723
Retreat, The, Henry Vaughan 672
Rights of the Aged to Life, Liberty, and Happiness, The, Martin Gumpert 219
Root, Robert K., Sport Versus Athletics 132
Rousseau, Jean Jacques, The Principle of Autobiography 33
Rovere, Richard H., Wallace 65
Ruark, Robert C.
Artist with Carpenter's Hands 121
Woman—the Weaker Sex? 651
Russell, Bertrand, Marx and Socialist Doctrine 409

St Simeon Stylites, Alfred, Lord Tennyson 114
Sales, Raoul de Roussy de, Love in America 611
Sandburg, Carl
Cool Tombs 317
The People Will Live On 391
Say Not the Struggle Nought Availeth, Arthur Hugh Clough 342
Scandal of the Anthology, The, Aldous Huxley 85
Schopenhauer, Arthur, On Women 628
Scientific Method, The, Thomas Henry Huxley 485
Scudder, Samuel H., In the Laboratory with Agassiz 15
Segregation and the Church, Aubrey Burns 258
Self-hypnotist, The Editors of *The New Yorker* 163
Seven Reasons Why a Scientist Believes in God, A Cressy Morrison 465
Shelley, Percy Bysshe, Ozymandias . 315
Should Communists Be Allowed to Teach?, Alexander Meiklejohn 357
Should Communists Be Permitted to Teach?, Sidney Hook . . . 347
Skinner, Cornelia Otis, One Day 35
Slurvian Self-taught, John Davenport 726
Socrates, "The Unexamined Life Is Not Worth Living" (from Plato's *Apology*) 330
Sport Versus Athletics, Robert K. Root 132
Stable Society, A, Aldous Huxley 520
Stace, W. T., Man against Darkness 450
Steep Curve to Level Four, The Editors of *Time* 493
Stevenson, Robert Louis
On Marriage 600
Pulvis et Umbra 539

Talks on Advertising: An After-dinner Oration by the Artist, Herman Wouk 159

Taylor, Jeremy, The Vanity and Shortness of Man's Life 307
Television's Peril to Culture, R. W. Emerson, secundus 176
Tennyson, Alfred, Lord
In Memoriam 478
St. Simeon Stylites 114
Thackeray, William Makepeace, On Being Found Out 78
Thomas, Russell, The Reason Is Because 723
Thomas, Wright, and S. G. Brown, On Reading Poems 292
Through a Glass Darkly, Peter De Vries 46
Thurber, James
An Outline of Scientists 530
The Case against Women 647
Time, The Editors of, Steep Curve to Level Four 493
To an Athlete Dying Young, A. E. Housman 154
To His Coy Mistress, Andrew Marvell 311
To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time, Robert Herrick 210
Toscanini, Stefan Zweig 98
Touchin' Case of Mr. and Mrs. Massa, The, St. Clair McKelway 273
Tragic Memory, George Meredith 314
Twain, Mark
A Cub Pilot's Experience 37
The Babies 668
Two Tramps in Mud Time, Robert Frost 251

"Unexamined Life Is Not Worth Living, The," Socrates 330

Vanity and Shortness of Man's Life, The, Jeremy Taylor 307
Vanity Fair Contest 85–93
Vaughan, Henry, The Retreat 672

Wallace, Richard H. Rovere 65
Washburne, Carleton, What about Progressive Education? 689
What about Progressive Education?, Carleton Washburne 689
What Is War?, Karl von Clausewitz 184
"When I Was One-and-Twenty," A. E. Housman 610
White, E. B., Obscurity in Poetry 289
Why Is God Silent While Evil Rages?, Harry Emerson Fosdick . . . 572
Williams, I. A., The Importance of Doing Things Badly 123
Woman—the Weaker Sex?, Robert C. Ruark 651
Woman's Last Word, A, Robert Browning 623
Wordsworth, William
"Fair Seed-time Had My Soul" 44
Ode: Intimations of Immortality 673
Wouk, Herman, Talks on Advertising: An After-dinner Oration by the Artist 159

"Year's at the Spring, The," Robert Browning 571

Zweig, Stefan, Toscanini 98