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Better Reading 1:

FACTUAL PROSE

Better Reading One

FOURTH EDITION

FACTUAL PROSE

introduction to explanatory and persuasive writing

Walter Blair

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

John Gerber

STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

Scott, Foresman and Company

CHICAGO ATLANTA DALLAS PALO ALTO FAIR LAWN, N.J.

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Introduction

Like earlier editions, this fourth edition of *Better Reading I: Factual Prose* is designed to help the student develop skill in careful, accurate, and evaluative reading and to inculcate an understanding of the techniques of writing. It follows the general plan of the first three editions.

This edition, however, has several new features which we believe will be useful. The instructional material has been extensively revised. A number of new selections have been included, some of which we hope will make Parts One and Two more effective, others of which increase the timeliness and interest of Part Three, "Representative Selections." New selections include essays by Ralph Waldo Emerson, Benjamin Franklin, Alexander Hamilton, Jonathan Swift, and Henry David Thoreau, as well as by Douglas Bush, Rachel Carson, Malcolm Cowley, Tony Ferrer, Arthur Knight, Joseph Wood Krutch, Charlton Laird, C. S. Lewis, T. S. Matthews, Martin Mayer, George Orwell, Vance Packard, John J. Parker, Bertrand Russell, E. B. White, and William H. Whyte.

The selections in Part One, "Patterns and Techniques," since they represent typical units of the sort an author extends or combines when he writes a longer piece, are relatively simple both in content and in method. Questions accompanying the passages require the reader to look at words, sentences, and paragraphs in their relationships to one another. Some of the questions can be answered by anybody who has common sense and who uses it with care. Others require the help of suggestions about reading procedures which are included in introductions and headnotes and in the Handbook.

Part Two, "Methods of Evaluation," teaches ways of judging different types of factual writing. Selections representing these types are included, along with comments upon their nature and questions that give the student practice in evaluating them. In general, the works are longer and rather more complex than those in Part One.

Part Three, "Representative Selections," includes considerations by a number of authors, past and present, of a variety of problems important today, grouped under these headings: Society and the Individual, Government, College Education, Language and Its Use, Mass Media, Literature and the Fine Arts, Science, and Religion and Ethics. The discussions under each of these headings differ from one another in purpose, in form, and in excellence. They also differ in the attitudes they express. In important ways, therefore, this section typifies the body of factual prose the student will be reading in the years to come.

The editors wish to acknowledge the valuable aid of their colleagues and of teachers who have used the first three editions of *Better Reading I* and have kindly suggested improvements in method and changes in selections.

W.B. J.G.

PART ONE

Patterns and Techniques

2

Patterns of Explanation

A piece of factual prose, large or small, is a sort of mosaic, the parts of which are words, sentences, paragraphs, perhaps chapters. If you are to acquire the facts explained in such a piece of prose, you will need to give thought not only to the meanings of individual words but also to the meanings conveyed by the author's methods in ordering words, sentences, paragraphs, or sections.

Each of the following selections typifies a pattern of thought and expression frequently used by authors of factual prose—a pattern, therefore, which you will need to recognize in order to understand the relationships between ideas, and hence the ideas themselves. In a headnote for each selection, the editors describe the pattern of the whole selection. The selection then follows, accompanied by questions which require that you notice how words, phrases, sentences, and paragraphs—small and larger parts of the mosaic—contribute to the development of the overall pattern.

As you read, you will see that a writer or speaker, when he wishes to explain something, may organize his material in any of a number of ways—chronologically or in a time sequence ("Sounding," p. 2, "The Survey Q3R Method of Studying," p. 5); according to a space arrangement ("It's a Long Way to Seattle," p. 7, "The Battlefield of Waterloo," p. 8); a cause-to-effect arrangement ("Open Air Life in the West," p. 9); comparison and contrast ("Line," p. 11); analogy ("Jim Brown Knows the Way," p. 18); analysis "Fare Warning: Roadside Indigestion," p. 26, "Why *The Reader's Digest* Is Popular," p. 29, "Detrital Sediments," p. 31); familiar-to-unfamiliar arrangement ("Animal Chemistry," p. 34); climactic arrangement ("Travel on the Ohio River," p. 36); or composite arrangement ("Democracy," p. 39).

All these exercises are, of course, not ends in themselves but means to developing your understanding. After you have noted how these smaller units are organized in Part One of this book, you will see in your studies of Parts Two and Three how they are combined to form longer articles. For the moment, however, you will be concerned with the reading of smaller units of factual prose given in the following selections in Part One.

Samuel L. Clemens

SOUNDING

Time arrangement. The following selection is from Mark Twain's account of his career as a "cub"—an apprentice pilot—in *Life on the Mississippi*. It is an example of prob-

ably the most common of all the patterns used in explanation—a chronological or time arrangement. One encounters such an organization in many useful pieces of writing, for example, in instructions for using gadgets and in cooking recipes: "Do this, then this, then this. . . ." The writer follows the simple formula of taking up the steps or stages, one at a time, in the order of their occurrence. The explanation using this order is efficient and effective when the writer satisfactorily carries out three chief tasks, which are (1) to make sure that he arranges his material in the time order, (2) to make sure that he clearly sets forth what happens at each step or stage, and (3) to indicate exactly when each of these begins and ends. The reader's task is to watch him doing this and thus to learn the order of the steps or stages and the nature of each.

When the river is very low, and one's steamboat is "drawing all the water" there is in the channel—or a few inches more, as was often the case in the old times—one must be painfully circumspect in his piloting. We used to have to "sound" a number of particularly bad places almost every trip when the river was at a very low stage. ¶ **1**

Sounding is done in this way: The boat ties up at the shore, just above the shoal crossing: the pilot not on watch takes his "cub" or steersman and a picked crew of men (sometimes an officer also), and goes out in the yawl—provided the boat has not that rare and sumptuous luxury, a regularly devised "sounding-boat"—and proceeds to hunt for the best water, the pilot on duty watching his movements through a spy-glass, meantime, and in some instances assisting by signals of the boat's whistle, signifying "try higher up" or "try lower down"; for the surface of the water, like an oil-painting, is more expressive and intelligible when inspected from a little distance than very close at hand. The whistle signals are seldom necessary, however; never, perhaps, except when the wind confuses the significant ripples upon the water's surface. When the yawl has reached the shoal place, the speed is slackened, the pilot begins to sound the depth with a pole ten or twelve feet long, and the steersman at the tiller obeys the order to "hold her up to starboard"; or "let her fall off to larboard";[1] or "steady—steady as you go." ¶ **2**

¶ **1** (A) What is meant by the phrase in quotation marks in the first sentence? (B) What does the author mean by a ship drawing "a few inches more" than "all the water"—and why does he claim that in the old times a ship often did this? (C) What does the word *sound* mean? (D) When and why is sounding necessary? (E) Why does this paragraph serve as a good introduction to a treatise on the method of sounding?

¶ **2** (F) How does Twain make clear that he is launching into the unfolding of a process? (G) Is there any justification, in terms of the time of the procedures being described, for Twain's making the second sentence in this paragraph so long? (H) How, despite the length of the sentence, does the writer manage to make it satisfactorily clear? (I) What word or words indicate that more than one stage in the procedure is treated in this paragraph?

1. The term "larboard" is never used at sea, now, to signify the left hand: but was always used on the river in my time.– Mark Twain

4

When the measurements indicate that the yawl is approaching the shoalest part of the reef, the command is given to "Ease all!" Then the men stop rowing and the yawl drifts with the current. The next order is, "Stand by with the buoy!" The moment the shallowest point is reached, the pilot delivers the order, "Let go the buoy!" and over she goes. If the pilot is not satisfied, he sounds the place again; if he finds better water higher up or lower down, he removes the buoy to that place. Being finally satisfied, he gives the order, and all the men stand their oars straight up in the air, in line; a blast from the boat's whistle indicates that the signal has been seen; then the men "give way" on their oars and lay the yawl alongside the buoy; the steamer comes creeping carefully down, is pointed straight at the buoy, husbands her power for the coming struggle, and presently, at the critical moment, turns on all her steam and goes grinding and wallowing over the buoy and the sand, and gains the deep water beyond. Or maybe she doesn't; maybe she "strikes and swings." Then she has to while away several hours (or days) sparring herself off. ¶ **3**

Sometimes a buoy is not laid at all, but the yawl goes ahead, hunting the best water, and the steamer follows along in its wake. Often there is a deal of fun and excitement about sounding, especially if it is a glorious summer day, or a blustering night. But in winter the cold and the peril take most of the fun out of it. ¶ **4**

A buoy is nothing but a board four or five feet long, with one end turned up; it is a reversed schoolhouse bench, with one of the supports left and the other removed. It is anchored on the shoalest part of the reef by a rope with a heavy stone made fast to the end of it. But for the resistance of the turned-up end of the reversed bench, the current would pull the buoy under water. At night, a paper lantern with a candle in it is fastened on top of the buoy, and this can be seen a mile or more, a little glimmering spark in the waste of blackness. ¶ **5**

Nothing delights a cub so much as an opportunity to go out sounding. There is such an air of adventure about it; often there is danger; it is so gaudy and man-of-war-like to sit up in the stern-sheets and steer a swift yawl; there is something fine about the exultant spring of the boat when an experienced old sailor crew throw their souls into the oars; it is lovely to see the white foam stream away from the bows; there is music in the rush of the water; it is deliciously exhilarating, in summer, to go speeding over the breezy expanses of the river when the world of wavelets is dancing in the sun. It is such grandeur, too, to the cub, to get a chance to give an order; for often the pilot will simply say, "Let her go about!" and leave the rest to the cub, who instantly cries, in his sternest tone of command, "Ease, starboard! Strong on the larboard! Starboard, give way! With a will, men!" The cub enjoys sounding for the further reason

¶ 3 (J) Point out words in paragraph 3 which signal successive steps. (K) Are all the steps differentiated? in order? Argue for your answer.

¶ 4–6 (L) What is the concern of each of these paragraphs? (M) Why was it desirable for Twain to consider these matters here rather than earlier? (N) What, specifically, does the final paragraph contribute to the value of the explanation?

that the eyes of the passengers are watching all the yawl's movements with absorbing interest, if the time be daylight; and if it be night, he knows that those same wondering eyes are fastened upon the yawl's lantern as it glides out into the gloom and dims away in the remote distance. ¶ 6

The Whole Selection. (O) Is this as well organized and as clear as it might be? Why or why not? (P) By what means does the author make this readable and interesting?

Francis P. Robinson

THE SURVEY Q3R METHOD OF STUDYING

Time arrangement. This example of an explanation organized according to a time arrangement represents a type of reading matter which is quite important to students—the textbook. Authors of such works often, like Professor Robinson, use every means they can think of to make the divisions of their treatments completely clear to the reader. This piece will be of interest to students not only because it is an example of textbook writing but also because it outlines a method of studying textbooks which many students have found very helpful.

The title for this new higher-level study skill is abbreviated in the current fashion to make it easier to remember and to make reference to it more simple. The symbols stand for the steps which the student follows in using the method; a description of each of these steps is given below: ¶ 1

SURVEY 1. *Glance over the headings in the chapter to see the few big points which will be developed.* This survey should not take more than a minute and will show the three to six core ideas around which the rest of the discussion will cluster. If the chapter has a final summary paragraph this will also list the ideas developed in the chapter. This orientation will help you organize the ideas as you read them later. ¶ 2

QUESTION 2. Now begin to work. *Turn the first heading into a question.* This will arouse your curiosity and so increase comprehension. It will

¶ 1 (A) How soon, and in what ways, do you learn that this passage is to be organized according to time?

¶ 2 (B) Which of the procedures for finding the chief points in a chapter would be useful for a survey of this passage by Robinson?

From *Effective Study* by Francis P. Robinson. Copyright, 1941, 1946 by Harper & Brothers. Reprinted by permission of Harper & Brothers.

bring to mind information already known, thus helping you to understand that section more quickly. And the question will make important points stand out while explanatory detail is recognized as such. This turning a heading into a question can be done on the instant of reading the heading, but it demands a conscious effort on the part of the reader to make this query for which he must read to find the answer. ¶ **3**

READ 3. *Read to answer that question,* i.e., to the end of the first headed section. This is not a passive plowing along each line, but an active search for the answer. ¶ **4**

RECITE 4. Having read the first section, look away from the book and try briefly to *recite the answer to your question.* Use your own words and name an example. If you can do this you know what is in the book; if you can't, glance over the section again. An excellent way to do this reciting from memory is to jot down cue phrases in outline form on a sheet of paper. Make these notes very brief!

NOW REPEAT STEPS 2, 3 AND 4 ON EACH SUCCEEDING HEADED SECTION. THAT IS, TURN THE NEXT HEADING INTO A QUESTION, READ TO ANSWER THAT QUESTION, AND RECITE THE ANSWER BY JOTTING DOWN CUE PHRASES IN YOUR OUTLINE. READ IN THIS WAY UNTIL THE ENTIRE LESSON IS COMPLETED. ¶ **5**

REVIEW 5. When the lesson has thus been read through, *look over your notes to get a bird's-eye view* of the points and of their relationship *and check your memory* as to the content by reciting on the major subpoints under each heading. This checking of memory can be done by covering up the notes and trying to recall the main points. Then expose each major point and try to recall the subpoints listed under it. ¶ **6**

These five steps of the Survey Q3R Method—Survey, *Q*uestion, *R*ead, *R*ecite, and *R*eview—when polished into a smooth and efficient method should result in the student reading faster, picking out the important points, and fixing them in memory. The student will find one other worthwhile outcome: quiz questions will seem happily familiar because the headings turned into questions are usually the points emphasized in quizzes. In predicting actual quiz questions and looking up the answers beforehand, the student feels that he is effectively studying what is considered important in a course. ¶ **7**

¶ **3** (C)What are the advantages of turning the first heading into a question?

¶ **5** (D) What justification does the author have for reconsidering steps 2 and 3 under heading 4?

¶ **6** (E) Precisely how does the process called "Review" differ from the process called "Recite"?

¶ **7** (F) What, according to Robinson, are the values of the Survey Q3R Method of studying?

The Whole Selection. (G) What devices in addition to those which you have seen in the previous selection has the author used to mark off the stages of the process? How many of these devices do you believe to be desirable? Why?

George Sessions Perry

IT'S A LONG WAY TO SEATTLE

Space arrangement. In developing the idea expressed in the title of this selection, Perry goes into detail, i e., he indicates by the use of particulars how remote Seattle is "from almost anywhere else" Starting with points on the East Coast, he treats, in East-to-West order, a series of geographic areas. Spatial relationships thus determine the order which he follows in his explanation.

The central fact about Seattle, the thing that particularly differentiates it from most other cities in the United States, is that it is situated back of, beyond, away from almost anywhere else. From such Eastern centers of population as Baltimore, New York and Boston, it is just about as long a way to Seattle as it is to Tipperary. The Wright brothers have moved Mt. Rainier closer to Manhattan in terms of time, but not a millimeter closer in space. And you'll never have a personal feel of the somehow soul-expanding enormity of this intervening land mass until you have traversed its astonishingly dissimilar surface at ground level. ¶ 1

When you leave the populous east-north-central area, the last large city you see is Minneapolis. Then for hundreds of miles you roll across the rich flat black plains of western Minnesota and North Dakota, smooth land that is adorned in summer with billions of yellow blossoms of wild mustard and oceans of blue-green spring wheat. In western North Dakota the earth begins to go into convulsions, and you are in the Bad Lands. Here, and on across the broad reaches of Montana, the towns are multiple scores of miles apart. Each is a kind of miniature Reno, with lots of boots and bars and clinking silver dollars, lots of rugged, weather-cured people. All the salutations you receive are in loud, friendly voices. You sense in the people an exhilarating pride-without-smugness. ¶ 2

By the time you reach that alfresco Maginot line, the Rocky Mountains, you can no longer hear the names of Lewis and Clark without doffing your hat and

¶ 1 (A) How many times is the idea of the first sentence repeated? What justification is there for such frequent repetition? How does the author avoid monotony?

¶ 2 (B) How does the first sentence in paragraph 2 relate to paragraph 1? to paragraph 2? (C) How do the organization and development of paragraph 2 contribute to the central thought of the selection?

From *Cities of America* by George Sessions Perry. Copyright 1945 by The Curtis Publishing Co Reprinted by permission of the author

coming to attention. For they explored all this without benefit of A.A.A., Duncan Hines or internal-combustion engines. Even today there are only the highway signs and the sight of American farm machinery working in the valleys to remind you that you haven't, through some ill-starred fluke, wandered off into Tibet to have your misadventures posthumously recorded by James Hilton. ¶ 3

Spokane, Seattle's inland outpost—and you may be sure that is not the way Spokane thinks of herself—is the first city of more than 40,000 you've seen in well over a thousand miles. Then you cross a desert, pass through some magnificent timber and over the Cascade Mountains. Finally, almost unbelievably, there, doubly enchanted by nature and distance, lies Seattle. ¶ 4

¶ 3 (D) What words in paragraph 3 relate it to the preceding paragraphs? How do they indicate the organization of the whole selection? (E) What is meant by "alfresco Maginot line"? How does this figure of speech help the author present his thought? What is the relevance of the talk about (a) Lewis and Clark? (b) Tibet?

¶ 4 (F) If Perry has organized his explanation correctly, is Spokane east or west of (a) the Rocky Mountains, (b) the Cascade Mountains? Justify your answer. (G) How does the final sentence (a) summarize, (b) augment the thought heretofore developed?

The Whole Selection. (H) How is the overall organization well adapted to the development of the thought of the four paragraphs? How are the precise things said about Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, the Rockies, Spokane, the desert, and the Cascade Mountains relevant to Perry's central idea? (I) What reasons might be given for the paragraphing?

Victor Hugo

THE BATTLEFIELD OF WATERLOO

Space arrangement. Hugo, like Perry, is concerned with relationships in space, and he therefore uses an arrangement derived from such relationships in ordering his explanation. In his novel *Les Misérables*, preparing to describe the battle of Waterloo, he was faced with the problem of giving readers enough information about the lay of the land so that they might follow his account of the movements of troops. Essentially, what he had to do was to make clear, first, what the whole field was like, and then, how the opposing forces were deployed. Wisely, therefore, he let the actual location of various details in the landscape suggest the order in which he told of these details. He started by comparing the whole battlefield to a familiar figure—the capital letter "A"—and then proceeded systematically to place details on that basic figure.

Those who would get a clear idea of the battle of Waterloo have only to lay down upon the ground in their mind a capital A. The left stroke of the A is the road from Nivelles, the right stroke is the road from Genappe, the cross of the A is the sunken road from Chain to Braine-l'Alleud. The top of the A

is Mont St. Jean, Wellington is there; the left-hand lower point is Hougomont, Reille is there with Jerome Bonaparte; the right-hand lower point is La Belle Alliance, Napoleon is there. A little below the point where the cross of the A meets, and cuts the right stroke, is La Haie Sainte. At the middle of this cross is the precise point where the final battle word was spoken. There the lion is placed, the involuntary symbol of the supreme heroism of the imperial guard. ¶ **1**

The triangle contained at the top of the A, between the two strokes and the cross, is the plateau of Mont St. Jean. The struggle for this plateau was the whole of the battle. ¶ **2**

The wings of the two armies extended to the right and left of the two roads from Genappe and from Nivelles; D'Erlon being opposite Picton, Reille opposite Hill. ¶ **3**

Behind the point of the A, behind the plateau of Mont St. Jean, is the forest of the Soignes. ¶ **4**

As to the plain itself, we must imagine a vast, undulating country; each wave commands the next, and these undulations, rising toward Mont St. Jean, are there bounded by the forest. ¶ **5**

¶ **1** (A) What exactly does the first sentence do? (B) From the details given in the second and third sentences, start a diagram of the battlefield.

¶ **2** and ¶ **3** (D) What kind of information is given in paragraphs 2 and 3? How does it differ from that in paragraph 1?

¶ **4** and ¶ **5** (E) How does the information in paragraphs 4 and 5 differ from that in paragraphs 2 and 3? (F) What information given earlier is necessary for the understanding of paragraphs 4 and 5? What is not?

The Whole Selection (G) Finish your diagram of the battlefield. (H) What specific words and phrases does Hugo employ to establish space relationships? Underline each of them. Where in the sentence do they usually occur? (I) Do you think you could follow the account of troop movements? If not, what changes do you think would make the explanation clear? (J) Why is the organization better adapted to the development of the important concept here than an organization like Perry's would be?

Bernard DeVoto

OPEN AIR LIFE IN THE WEST

Cause-to-effect arrangement. The relationship between cause and effect is frequently demonstrated by writers of explanations. Students of physics and of chemistry, of sociology and of history, of art, music, and literature are constantly interested in studying and reporting reasons for the phenomena in their fields. The following passage is an example of this kind of explanation. In the opening paragraph, Mr. DeVoto tells about certain conditions, or causes, which prevail in the West, and later he traces the results, or effects, of these conditions

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Basic in the Western way of life is the naturalness of living much in the open. You do not need the weather forecast in order to set the date for a picnic, a camping trip, a hunting or fishing or skiing expedition; for a calendar will do. The climate is violent but it is also stable, and in the seasons when rain is not to be expected there will be no rain. Winters are short except in the high country, which lengthens the season for summer sports, and the high country is so accessible that the season for winter sports lasts through June and in some places all year. The great fact is the mountains. Mountains are within the driving range of all Westerners, even those on the eastern edge of the high plains who can reach the Black Hills. They are a refuge from heat and dust, from the aridity that dehydrates you and the intensity of sun that shrinks the ego. The forests are in the mountains, with the fish and game, the trails, the creeks, the ski runs, and the cliffs that need rope work. More important still, they put solitude and silence at the disposal of everyone. Western life has come to incorporate mountain living. A national forest near large towns —the Wasatch Forest for instance, which straddles the range it is named for just above Salt Lake City— will have a million or more visitors in the course of a year, practically all of them from the immediate vicinity. ¶ **1**

As a result most Westerners are hunters and fishermen and campers. Most of them are in some degree mountain climbers, naturalists, geologists. They know nature at first hand and intimately, are adept at outdoor skills, can maintain themselves comfortably in the wilderness. Furthermore, since they have grown up to these things naturally they have not romanticized or stylized them —except, that is, for the myth of the cattle business. There are no rituals. A Westerner cooking a meal in the forest is simply cooking a meal in the best way with the means at hand—there is none of the high-church nonsense that accompanies outdoor cooking in Westchester or Long Island. Westerners are habituated to firearms and the right to bear them has not been abridged, but not even the movies have succeeded in tricking out Western firearms with the twaddle that has developed about them in the South. ¶ **2**

¶ **1** (A) What peculiarities of the climate and geography of the West does paragraph 1 discuss? What outdoor activities does each of these peculiarities make possible? Point out devices whereby the author indicates the relationships. (B) What justifications may be suggested for the organization of this paragraph?

¶ **2** (C) "As a result," the first sentence in paragraph 2 begins. How many sentences in the paragraph might this phrase introduce? (D) Give the meanings of the following words as they are used in this context: *romanticized, stylized, rituals, high-church, nonsense, twaddle.* Are all of them well chosen? (E) What new cause for out-of-door living is offered in this paragraph? Trace the specific relationship between this cause and its effects. At what points and in what ways does the author emphasize "the *naturalness* of living much in the open"?

From "The Anxious West," *Harper's Magazine*, December 1946. Reprinted by permission of Bernard DeVoto.

Such folkways have produced the West's happiest contribution to architecture. I do not mean the bungalow, which is an eyesore, but the mountain cabin. It is made of logs, usually lodgepole pine, which are peeled and varnished with clear shellac; sometimes for the exterior surfaces a little burnt sienna is added to the shellac. The logs are chinked with concrete; chimneys and fireplaces are made of stones ("rocks" in the West) from the nearest creek. The result is a charming, comfortable, functional dwelling which blends with the landscape, warm in winter, cool in summer, almost vermin-proof. It is excellent everywhere except when the resort business parodies it by covering steel and concrete hotels with a veneer of logs. ¶ 3

An astonishingly large number of Westerners own such cabins or still more inexpensive camps in the mountains. They visit them at all seasons, not only for the annual vacation and at weekends but on momentary impulse. Similar cabins and camps can be rented everywhere. And almost no one is too poor to own an automobile and a camping outfit; those who use them, in fact, get farther into the wilderness and come to know it better than those with fixed camps. So the frontier's mastery of the outdoors has remained a part of Western life. It has contributed alike to the realism and the mysticism that make so striking a mixture in the Western consciousness. Familiarity with the skills of Western occupations is also widespread; most Westerners know something about mining, prospecting, engineering, lumbering, sheep growing, and cattle raising. The Westerner is the best American outdoorsman and he is almost the only remaining American who rides a horse naturally, not as one practicing a cult. ¶ 4

¶ 3 (F) In paragraph 3 what is meant by "Such folkways"? Precisely how have these folkways produced the mountain cabin?

¶ 4 (G) What preparation has there been for this sentence: "So the frontier's mastery of the outdoors has remained a part of Western life"? for the final sentence in the selection?

The Whole Selection. (H) What has the author achieved by paragraphing this passage as he has? Could the paragraphing occur at any other points? If so, should it have? (I) Comment upon (a) the choice of words, (b) the kinds of sentences in this passage. (Justify your comments by pointing out specific words and sentences.) Discuss the appropriateness or inappropriateness of the style. (J) Summarize the various causal relationships discussed in this passage.

Ray Faulkner, Edwin Ziegfeld, and Gerald Hill

LINE

Comparison and contrast. To make clear the nature of one or more members of the same class (character and character, type and type, idea and idea, etc.), authors often

set one off against the other. For instance, a critic might explain his conception of the character of Hamlet by comparing or contrasting him with other characters in the same play, or with characters in other plays. By exploring areas of likenesses and differences, such authors limit and therefore clarify their subjects. Ordinarily, they turn from one subject to another, one aspect or quality to another, one likeness or difference to another, and the reader needs, of course, to notice which procedure is being followed. Thus, in reading what follows, you need to see that in the opening paragraph, the authors initiate their explanation of "Line" as a plastic element of art by contrasting the way a graphic artist (i.e., one painting or drawing) works with the way a sculptor works. Thereafter, you need to see how comparisons and contrasts between artistic creations by Picasso, Rivera, Klee, and Calder—and between three abstractions (figure 1)—additionally clarify the meaning of the term, the varied ways line is used, and the possible reason for certain artistic effects.

In making a painting or a pencil drawing we cannot work directly with form, as can a sculptor. Instead, we work with symbols and conventions that indicate form. The simplest of these is line. Look at the drawing of three youths by Pablo Picasso (Figure 2, p. 14). There is no shading or modeling, yet without any of these devices Picasso has succeeded in defining human forms in a most convincing manner. Notice the three-dimensional quality in the head and hand at the extreme left. Notice how the differences between hair and textiles have been indicated. Form, texture, and space have all been represented by using line only. A wealth of suggestion and indication have been portrayed with an economy of effort. (In case you think that effective line drawings are as easy to do as they appear to be, try one.) ¶ 1

Contrast Picasso's drawing with the one of the Mexican mother and child by the Mexican artist, Diego Rivera (Figure 3, p. 15). Notice in particular the hands and faces in the two drawings. Do you get different reactions from them? Why? One is delicate and reposed, the other is strong, moving, almost brutal. Forget the subject matter: turn the pictures upside down. The difference still exists because it lies in the quality of the line of the two artists. ¶ 2

Creative artists are always seeking new ways to express their observations, and few have been more inventive than Paul Klee and Alexander Calder. Look at Figure 1, p. 16, to see the geometric interplay of line in Klee's "Family Promenade (Tempo 11)." Ruled lines enclose angular planes which depict four persons and two dogs taking a walk. By avoiding the obvious ways of drawing, Klee takes us into the realm of fantasy and whimsy. He reveals a new

¶ 1 (A) In what terms are the sculptor and the graphic artist (a) compared as to aims, (b) contrasted as to methods? (B) Exactly what do the details you are asked to note in the drawing by Picasso show about the meaning of the term "line"?

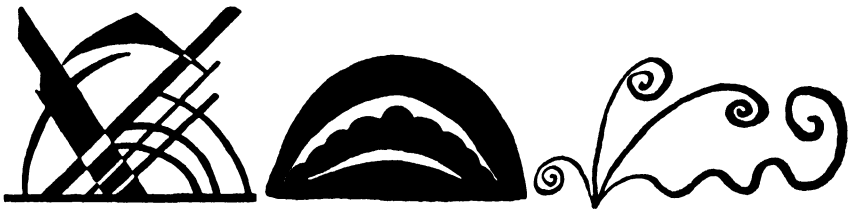
¶ 2 (C) Does a contrast between the drawings by Picasso and Rivera result in your noticing (a) the effects, and (b) the qualities which the authors claim it will?

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aspect of familiar objects and activities. The next time you see persons and dogs walking, remember this drawing. You will probably find that it looks more like the subject matter than you would have guessed. ¶ **3**

In "The Hostess" (Figure 5, p. 16) Alexander Calder treats line three dimensionally. With rare perception, he has grasped —and caricatured—a typical gesture of a hostess greeting her guests. Such actions, especially if exaggerated, have their humorous side, and that is what Calder wishes to convey. Art, like drama and literature, can be humorous but not often is it expressed as subtly with line alone as in these two examples. ¶ **4**

For proof that mere lines and shapes can be expressive, look at those



Action Bondage Humor

1. Abstractions representing Action, Bondage, and Humor show the expressive possibilities of line.

labeled Action, Bondage, and Humor in Figure 1. Even if they were not labeled and you were asked to guess their meaning, the chances are that you would come close to the words used in the caption. Try these drawings on your friends. Tell them the three titles and ask them to indicate which title applies to which drawing. Action may be described in many ways: quick movement, speed, motion, excitement, etc. Bondage might be constriction, enclosure, repression, depression, etc. For humor we might say wit, merriment, whimsicality, facetiousness, and so forth. ¶ **5**

The list of adjectives that could be used to describe the expressive power of line (form, space, color, and texture as well) would include most of those listed in Roget's *Thesaurus*. Here are a few: long or short; thick or thin; pointed or obtuse; straight, curved, or zigzag; vertical, horizontal, or diagonal; ascending or descending; advancing or receding; expanding or contracting; fast or slow; staccato or legato; vigorous or serene; majestic or playful. These are only sets of extremes between which there are infinite gradations. And these qualities

¶ **3** and ¶ **4** (D) What new achievements in the use of line are illustrated, respectively, by Klee and Calder? What is meant by "three dimensionally"? (See the description of figure 5.)

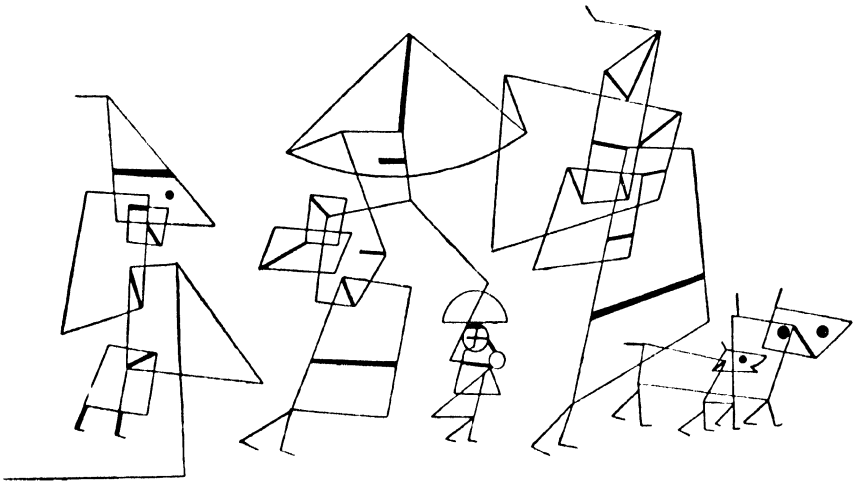
¶ **5** (E) What are abstractions? Why do the authors appear to believe that looking at the three in figure 1 will prove that "mere lines and shapes can be expressive"? (F) Will the experiment suggested work? Why or why not? If it does not, will the authors' whole discussion be proved invalid?

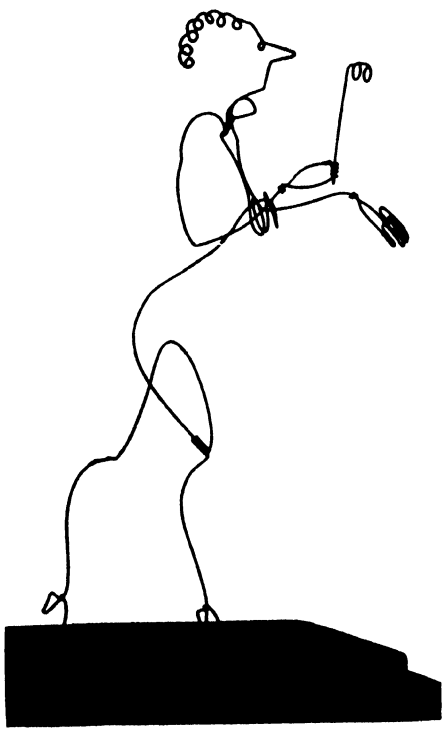


2. A drawing by Pablo Picasso in which solid forms and empty space are convincingly represented through line alone. Sensitive line expresses the character of the dancers.



3 In this brush-and-ink drawing Diego Rivera has used heavy lines to depict a Mexican peasant and child. Contrast the line quality with that in Picasso's drawing; in both, line has been used to *express* as well as to *represent* the subjects.





Drawing and sculpture in which line is used ingeniously and humorously to express people in action

4 *(Upper)* Paul Klee's "Family Promenade (Tempo II)" shows a family taking a walk. Drawn with a ruling pen, the precise lines become "descriptive geometry," which portrays objects moving in space

5. *(Lower)* Alexander Calder's wire sculpture called "The Hostess" might be described as a line drawing in three dimensions, for in it line actually carves and defines space

never occur in isolation. A line may be long, thick, straight, and vertical; or it can be short, thick, straight, and vertical. The two will not give the same effect. A statistician could spend several lifetimes computing the potential permutations. You can spend a lifetime experimenting with or merely appreciating the suggestive eloquence of the plastic elements. ¶ **6**

Why is it, however, that an artist with a few simple lines on a flat piece of paper, or with sticks and stones organized in space as architecture, can project to us the essentials of human experience? Perhaps we will never know the answer, but here is a thought: When we are tired and lie down to sleep, we assume a horizontal position—invariably the things that mean repose to us are horizontal objects such as large, calm bodies of water or flat, gently rolling hills and meadows. When we are up and about, we move in vertical positions, and when vertical lines are seen in pictures with horizontal lines, the vertical ones look more awake and strong. When we run or are otherwise unusually active, our bodies assume a diagonal position, head thrust forward, balance somewhat precarious, elbows and knees forming angles like those in the sketch called Action. It seems, then, that forms have a definite, distinct basis in human experience, that an artist may make a building, a statue, a painting, or a piece of furniture look restful, or alive and imposing, or excited and moving. ¶ **7**

Line, however, is not always used to express deep human emotion and experience in this manner. Often it is used merely for a conventional representation of objects—the line drawings of a building prepared by an architect, or the drawings of a bridge made by an engineer; the lines drawn on maps to represent rivers, roads, or contours; or the lines drawn on paper to represent words. Such use of line is primarily utilitarian, a convenient way of communicating our ideas to another person. To be sure, there are strong possibilities for beauty in the lines of a well-printed page, a well-drawn construction detail but their major purpose is utilitarian. Whichever the emphasis—expression of human emotion or communication of factual materials—line is an important plastic element at the disposal of the artist. ¶ **8**

¶ **6** (G) What is Roget's *Thesaurus*? What do the words drawn from it have to do with "the expressive power of line"? Are any of the words applicable to the drawings which have been cited earlier? If not, what words are applicable?

¶ **7** (H) Justify the use of the word "however" (first sentence) in terms of the relationship of this paragraph to the rest of the selection; the use of the word "then" (last sentence) in terms of the thought developed in this paragraph. (I) What do the authors accomplish by beginning three successive sentences with the words, "When we"?

The Whole Selection. (J) Why is the frequent use of comparisons and contrasts practically inevitable in presenting the concepts developed here? (K) Point out different procedures used to introduce comparisons and contrasts. (L) Write a discussion, embodying comparisons and contrasts, of (a) four other drawings or paintings, or (b) the use of color by several artists.

18

Walter Prescott Webb

JIM BROWN KNOWS THE WAY

Analogy. An often successful method of explaining a difficult and unfamiliar subject is to compare it with something more familiar and more concrete—to use a figurative comparison rather than the literal kind used in "Line" (p 11). In this passage from his historical study *The Great Frontier*, Webb sets out to acquaint his readers with the effects of the American frontier on man's Old World institutions, ideas, and living habits. To do this in abstract terms alone might not have been satisfactorily clear. Shrewdly, then, Webb turns to "an imaginative example"—an analogy: he introduces four men representing the older civilization and a fifth, Jim Brown, representing the new way of life on the frontier, and then unfolds a little drama in three scenes, an account of an expedition. The narrative makes clear in concrete terms how the frontier "worked men over inside."

Man brought with him to the frontier of North America his whole European culture complex. That consisted of his institutions of economics, religion, and government; it consisted of his ideas, mechanical techniques, tools, clothes, and his habit of dependence on those forces of civilization which pushed in on him from all sides to hold him fast in his groove of class and circumstance. I propose to show how nature, i.e., the frontier, went to work on this complicated culture complex, and despite all resistance, changed its pattern into something else. It was not so much that this new master, nature, imposed the change. The change to new ways and attitudes came because nature would not yield to the old ones, and man had to devise something to which it would finally yield. It was only the things that work, and in the last analysis, those that man acting with a minimum of social support can make work, that endured in frontier society. ¶ 1

If we seek out a single word to describe the principle on which the frontier operated on man-made institutions, we find no better one than disintegration. This disintegrative effect can be illustrated with many examples in American history, and likewise in the history of other frontier commonwealths. The examples I shall use will be drawn from the American experience. I think the case may be better put this way: European institutions and practices wore themselves out against the abrasive frontier grindstone. It was the fact that they wore out—everybody knew they had worn out, and were not thrown out—that distinguishes a frontier revolution from a revolution in a highly organized

¶ 1 (A) State in your own words the thesis of this paragraph, and prove that your interpretation of it is sound.

Reprinted from *The Great Frontier* by Walter Prescott Webb, Houghton Mifflin Company.

society. In civilization institutions may cease to be useful or to function as intended, but they still have defenders, advocates with vested interests, and all that; the result is that they often have to be discarded by force. The frontier, being passive and impersonal, is not concerned with what institutions or tools are used against it; it has no vested interest in them, no advocates for them, but by the time the frontier gets through with either a tool or an institution that will not work, everybody is glad to lay it aside for one that will. Therefore it comes about that when man enters the frontier with equipment derived from civilization, the disintegration begins at once and goes on rapidly. It is this process that we may now examine. We shall see the individual survive his institutions, and remain the indestructible element which even the roughest emery of the frontier could not erode away. ¶ **2**

When the man enters the frontier, the walls of institutions are for the time being down as a physical fact, but memory of old relationships, of rank and status, remains as a psychological fact. They must be removed by experience on the frontier and not by mere presence there. How experience changes rank and status is illustrated in the following section, an imaginative example of an actual process. ¶ **3**

The case is that of five men who set out on an expedition into the frontier as it existed in some broad region in the area of the United States from 1607 to, let us say, 1850. Let us assume that the five men are going into the Mississippi Valley in about the year 1800, that all are of good natural intelligence. Four of them are exceptional in that they have risen to high position in their respective occupations. They represent civilization at its best. The fifth man—and the one on which we must keep an eye—has not so distinguished himself. He might be the man we have been talking about in this chapter. Let us give each man his name and respective rank. ¶ **4**

1. General William Folwell was born somewhere in Europe. He took military training and at an early age entered the king's service as an officer. He fought in all the wars that came his way, rose from one position to another until he became a general. He had in the end thousands of men under his command; and until circumstances made it necessary for him to come to America, he enjoyed great power. He had many decorations, medals and certificates of merit. Imperious by nature, he liked to wear the smart military uniform, give orders, and wear his medals as a mark of honors civilization had conferred on him. We shall let him wear his uniform and medals on this expedition. We naturally assume that he is in charge of it. ¶ **5**

¶ **2** and ¶ **3** (B) Indicate in detail how the figures of speech involving the grindstone and the walls are related to the thought of the first paragraph. Why are they useful here? (C) Where and why does Webb indicate clearly that the development of his idea is to be by analogy?

¶ **4** (D) How does it serve the author's purpose to mention a wide area and a long span of years and then, more specifically, the Mississippi Valley and the year 1800 as the setting of his drama?

2. Mr. Charles J. Claybrook represents business, the business world. He is the head of large commercial enterprises, a director of banks, a man who owns and controls much money. He has long been accustomed to the power, the obsequious service and the prestige that the possession of money conveys. He knows all its rules, habits, and attitudes, and how to bring it forth from secret places. We will of course permit him to take as much of his money as he desires on this expedition, assuming that he is on the lookout for a "good proposition." He represents the best that civilization has produced in his line. He is still young, able-bodied but a little plump from being waited on too much with too much. His clothes are of the finest material, especially tailored for roughing it. ¶ **6**

3. Professor Ernest J. Fairchilds represents learning and erudition. He speaks many languages (European, of course) and is spoken of with great respect at Oxford, Cambridge, Heidelberg, and perhaps at Harvard. His scientific discoveries and investigations have pushed out the boundaries of knowledge in that great movement which corresponded with the expansion of the frontiers. He has studied so hard that he has ruined his digestion, and has to be very careful of what he eats. His interest in the expedition is purely that of the scholar. We will permit him to carry such books and apparatus as he may wish. General Folwell and Mr. Claybrook, being practical persons, are not too enthusiastic about him and note with concern his dyspeptic pallor. They do respect him because he represents the best that civilization has done in the field of scholarship. ¶ **7**

4. The Reverend Henderson Fowler is one of the best representatives of religion that European civilization has produced. A jolly sort, you know, brought up in the correct tradition with a thorough knowledge of and a reasonable belief in the Ten Commandments and with enough Latin and Greek to enable him to get by anywhere. His muscular frame and sound constitution have not been undermined by too much hard study. He represents a finger of some European creed extended to feel the religious pulse of the frontier. His performance there would surprise no one more than himself, but of that he is as yet fortunately ignorant. He anticipates that the report he will write is bound to bring favor from his superiors because he has a good style. ¶ **8**

5. James Daniel Brown is the fifth member of the party, and for him civilization has done very little. He never had an honor, wore an epaulette, or went much farther than b-a baker in Webster's Blue-Backed Speller. Having a good mind and being a curious person, he has continued to read and knows enough arithmetic to figure up what is due him. He did manage to learn a little about surveying by carrying the chain one year in the western territory. His given names—James and Daniel—indicate that his family read the Old and New Testaments, if not immediately, far back, and that they had respect for the apostle and

¶ 5–9 (E) What do Folwell, Claybrook, Fairchilds, Fowler, and Brown represent? Why is (a) the name, (b) the background of each appropriate for this particular "imaginative example"?

the prophet. He would be startled himself on hearing these names because he is known everywhere in his community as Jim Brown, just plain Jim Brown. The neighbors call him Jim, and though they respect him for his good sense, they have never thought of giving him a title. ¶ **9**

The attitude of the other four members toward Jim Brown varies as they vary in disposition and psychology. General Folwell addressed him once as "boy," but for some reason he discontinued that army term without knowing just why. Mr. Claybrook gave him businesslike instructions about what he wanted done with his luggage and called him Brown. The scholar and minister were through long habit more reserved. ¶ **10**

Perhaps Jim Brown's attitude toward the four men is also worthy of notice. There seemed to be no occasion for him to call any of them by title. Titles tended to stick in his throat and he avoided them by talking little, and addressing each in such a manner that there could be no doubt as to identity. Jim did whatever was necessary to get the party off, and he seemed rather expert at doing things, but no one could long maintain the feeling that he was in any sense a servant. Jim least of all. So far as he felt, there were five men going into the forest and he was one of them. They all looked pretty much alike to Jim. Of course, Jim never analyzed his feelings and attitudes. The real fact is that he did not know the differences among his companions. The military medals of the general, the money background of Mr. Claybrook, the scholarship of Professor Fairchilds had little significance for Jim, and much talk about them seemed positively silly. Jim could do inimitable satires of persons who differed from him, and among those of his own kind he would mimic them, and his mimicry would nearly always end up with the quite serious query: "What good is all that stuff *here?*" Don't you see that Jim was a little narrow; he felt that whatever did not exist in his world, the frontier, did not exist *for him* anywhere, and moreover he doubted its right to exist. That was the basis of his intolerance. The important point for us is that here was a party of five men going into the forest, and that he was one of them. Their distinctions in their respective fields meant little to him. He would in the end measure them by his own standards and each would determine his own stature each day in the field. For him and all his fellows nothing had disintegrated faster than civilization's stamp of human inequalities. And so the five men set off into the forest for a two-year experiment with the frontier. ¶ **11**

In this purely fanciful example I trust it will not be necessary to give the destination of the party or their geographic itinerary. We are interested in the disintegrative process of the frontier as it worked itself out on the members of this party, stripping them of the habiliments of civilization, reshuffling them as to rank, and bringing them back as different from their original character as they were from their original appearance. We present three scenes placed at suitable intervals. ¶ **12**

¶ 10 and ¶ 11 (F) What is the concern of each of these two paragraphs? Can one justify the second of these paragraphs being much longer than the first?

Scene I. Time, the first day. The men have taken the trail, entering a dark and magnificent forest which is as yet untouched by civilized hands. The way leads west. The forest is full of wild game. Each man carries a gun and a knife, and whatever else he may have desired. It was Jim who insisted that the minister should carry a gun, even though the minister insisted he could never shoot it. For our purpose we are compelled to let the whole party walk, but the story would be the same if they were mounted, but more complicated; we would have to dismount them somewhere, and we might as well do it now. The general leads out, and why not? It has long been his business to lead expeditions. He has a map of the country and a compass which tells him that he is headed west. He looks rather swank in his new uniform, and the sun, falling through the trees, flashes its rays on his medals. Next comes Charles J. Claybrook, who has never ranked third in any society. He thinks of the money in his belt, and wonders if he has brought enough. He never felt better in his life. Professor Fairchilds is third, and not too happy about the prospect. He makes sure that his notebooks are in place, and wonders if he can find the right kind of food for his stomach. Henderson Fowler and Jim Brown bring up the rear. The minister is thinking of the report he will write, and finds something of a thrill in having possession of a fine rifle which at the last moment Jim thrust into his hands. All four men carry baggage, Jim Brown less than any. In no way does he seem to stand out in this forest, but rather to be a part of it. ¶ **13**

It is not long before they come to a place over which they cannot follow the compass. There are suggestions as to what alternative to take. It is not until a decision is reached that Jim Brown suggests probable difficulties on the route proposed and mentions another. He can give no very clear reason for his opinion, but says something about the "lay of the land" which means little to his well-trained companions. Jim is overruled and the party sets off, only to meet an obstacle they cannot surmount. They turn back and try Jim's route, which they find feasible. We will pass over the events of the day, with its more and more frequent rests. Jim Brown doesn't seem to need so much rest, and goes off prowling around the bivouacs to examine things that interest him, trails, tracks, streams, and trees. Jim sees many things which the others cannot see at all. He is an experienced translator of the silent language of nature, though he knows no word save his own language and a little Indian, both sign and spoken. ¶ **14**

Camp is struck very early this day and for most necessary reasons numbering exactly four. Everybody except Jim Brown is exhausted, and the general has a blister on his heel. Under these circumstances it falls to Jim Brown to make the fire and prepare the meal. He knew early that there would be an early camp, and had shot a turkey which he saw on a glade where the others saw nothing. This night you would have thought Jim was a servant because he did nearly everything, with some help from Henderson Fowler, whose recuperative

¶ **12** (G) Why is it proper for the author to "trust it will not be necessary to give the destination of the party or their geographic itinerary"? (H) Point out the instances of repetition, and discuss possible reasons for them.

powers seemed to be considerable. Each man had brought some food, but Jim said they had better go heavy on turkey and save as much of their store as possible. Appetites were excellent, and Mr. Claybrook mentioned that he had never tasted better fowl at the King's Inn. Professor Fairchilds forgot his stomach and took a second helping. The general rubbed his feet, put a little tallow on his blistered heel, and all went to bed, feet to the fire. The stars and the forest looked down on four sleeping men. Jim Brown was listening to the sweet noises of the night and thinking of what he was in for. We may omit a description of stiff joints and sore muscles on the next morning. The ground in this forest made a hard bed for civilized men. It may be mentioned that when they got into their clothes, they lacked the fresh and natty appearance they presented the morning before. Jim Brown's appearance had changed less than any. The forest had gone to work on their clothes, and this brings us to the second scene. ¶15

Scene II. Time, six weeks later. Place, one hundred miles in the forest. A camp stands under some great trees by a bubbling spring. A fire is going and over it meat is cooking on a spit. A rifle may be seen leaning against a tree, and the man's eyes fall on it often as he works. He is a strange-looking creature. He wears tattered shoes through which his toes may be seen. You can tell that the soles are gone because of the respect he has for live coals that may have fallen from the fire. He puts his feet down very carefully; they may be tender, but more likely they are sore. All of his trousers are gone up to his knees, and his shirt is equally tattered. His skin is brown as a coffee berry, for the Reverend Henderson Fowler tans easily. There is strength in his muscles and the buoyancy of health in his movements. He has learned much in six weeks. ¶16

Another figure, equally ragged and unkempt, comes up from the spring bringing water in a wild gourd which has been hollowed out for that very purpose. He is none other than financier Charles J. Claybrook himself, who has learned to be quite handy around the camps. He is slimmer, harder, and there is a new light in his eye. His muscles do not cry out now against use. He still has his money belt with a lot of money in it around his waist, but you would never guess it. He wears little else, and what he does wear will obviously not be with him long. The two begin to talk. ¶17

"They ought to be coming in soon," says Claybrook, setting the gourd down and, with two sticks for tongs, dumping some hot rocks into it to heat the water. ¶18

"Yes, any time now. I want this venison done because they will be hungry. Do you think they will get any more deer?" ¶19

"Sure, *he* will find the deer if anybody can. He never fails. I don't see how he does it." ¶20

"Do you think he can do it?" ¶21

"You mean the clothes? Well, if he can't we are in a hell of a shape in these rags. We'll all be naked as Indians in ten more days, and barefooted, too. See that—" and the financier extended his foot and wiggled all his toes. ¶22

"He says we ought to stay in this camp at least ten days, until we can get a new outfit. I hope the weather stays clear because you can't work hides in wet weather." ¶ **23**

Just then two men appear coming through the forest. They are the professor and the general, each carrying the end of a stout stick from which hangs a deer suspended by thongs around its feet. They are talking and laughing as they come. The general's uniform is all gone except some fragments, and there is not a sign of a medal. The scholar is in no better shape as to clothes, but the physical change in him is quite noticeable. All the pallor has left him, his shoulders have become almost erect, his complexion quite ruddy, and it is often mentioned by the others that he seems to have the stomach of an ostrich. They place the deer on the ground and go to work with hunting knives removing the hide. Their conversation is beyond earshot. ¶ **24**

Now another figure emerges from the forest, carrying three rifles, his own and those of the other two men. Jim Brown's clothes are in bad condition, but are perceptibly better than the garments of his companions. He walks with the swinging easy gait of an Indian. ¶ **25**

Jim Brown approaches the two men who are skinning the deer and watches for a moment. "Here," he says, "let me show you," and he takes the knife and bends over the animal. "Be careful to see that you separate the hide clean from the meat so that we'll have no trouble in tanning." He then goes to the fire where the venison is roasting. "How are the ashes coming?" he asks. ¶ **26**

"Oh, fine," says the preacher. "See, we have quite a pile. I have saved them all, and have burnt only oak wood as you said." ¶ **27**

"Well, we can start tanning tomorrow. I think we have enough brains and ashes to do the job." ¶ **28**

And so the task of frontier clothes-making gets under way. Brains and ashes are applied to deerskins in such a way as to leave them soft and pliable. Needles are improvised from bone and thongs are used as thread. We will now leave the men to their labor. ¶ **29**

On the last day they make their departure early. We see them from a distance, moving single file across an opening in the forest. At that distance you can hardly tell one from the other because they are all dressed alike, in skins. The first step in disintegration has been completed; the frontier has destroyed the clothes of civilization. Yes, there is another change, which we had not at first noticed. Jim Brown is in the lead, followed by Henderson Fowler. General Folwell, who is having some trouble with his moccasins, brings up the rear. Men are taking their places on the frontier in an order different from that prescribed and supported by civilization. ¶ **30**

Scene III. Time, a month later. Place, hostile Indian territory, farther west. For days now the party has been in hostile country where the Indians are on the warpath. Ours is not a war party, but it has no choice. It must either fight or perish. Henderson Fowler had changed his mind about shooting a gun. It was necessary for him to learn in order that he might do his part in providing food.

His good eyesight and steady nervous system have made him a crack shot. When he thinks about it, he still resolves that he will never use the gun against a human being, even an Indian. ¶ **31**

As we come upon them, the party is being attacked. Indians seem to be all around them. The general is lying behind a log, a sort of frontier foxhole. His gun is near to his shoulder as he watches a clump of trees for movement. The professor's slim form is protected by a giant beechnut tree, and his buckskin suit blends well with the bark. The banker is of course well protected, watching a long opening, hoping that he will get a shot. He has forgotten all about the money in his belt. That leaves Henderson Fowler and Jim Brown, who are near together. At this moment things begin to happen very fast in their sector. Two Indians jump right out of the forest in their faces. Jim Brown brings the leader down, and that leaves him with an empty gun. The other Indian keeps coming, is almost upon him as Jim reaches for the only other weapon available, his knife. He wishes for Fowler's gun, but just then the preacher's gun cracks and down goes the Sixth Commandment. The preacher remembers later that on this memorable occasion he felt a strange sense of exaltation, one he had never known before. He was a little ashamed when he thought of what he had done, when he viewed it through his civilized eyes; but he did not think of things that way very often now. After this episode he is one of the best Indian fighters in the outfit. In the new theology of the forest, the Sixth Commandment does not apply to Indians. ¶ **32**

We need not follow the party farther except to say that all got back safely. The frontier had done more to them than wear out their clothes. It had worked them over inside. We saw how it happened to Henderson Fowler. The professor had lost his indigestion, the banker and the general had lost their habit of giving orders and depending on others; all had gained physical strength and a large measure of self-reliance. They had approached Jim Brown's standards, and would have by popular election chosen him as the leader simply because he knew how to lead in that land. Each of the four had seen room for expanding his own field of action, whether military, financial, scholarly, or religious, but none had been able to do much about it. That part is another story. As Mr. Claybrook removed his buckskin suit and got into civilized clothes, he unbuckled his money belt, remarking that this had been the most economical trip he had ever made. All the money he had started with was in the belt. There was not a medal or button in the whole outfit. Whatever went into the forest, there returned—just five men. ¶ **33**

If the reader can grant the existence of Jim Brown as an example of what the frontier produced, then I ask him to imagine thousands just like him. From long before the American Revolution down to the end of the nineteenth

¶ **13–32** (I) What is the need, in terms of Webb's thought, of each of his three scenes? Why not only one scene? two?

¶ **33** (J) Relate this paragraph to the three-scene drama just unfolded.

century the United States was full of his type and more and more of them were growing up all the time on the western fringe. Even those in the interior were old Jim Browns who had lived the life and thought the thoughts a generation earlier. They still maintained their old attitude, and in many places their descendants maintain it today. ¶ **34**

It should be easy to see how natural political democracy came to this type. These men had already adopted everything pertaining to democracy save political practice. They were living democracy in the truest sense of the word, and had been ever since John Smith in Virginia, a plain and egotistical common man, told a perishing colony that all who would eat must work and made it stick by a generous application of cold water. It was the Jim Brown type who fought at King's Mountain, who elected Andrew Jackson President, and then wrecked the White House by climbing over the furniture after the whiskey to celebrate the victory. The American army was a Jim Brown army where---up to and through the Civil War- many company officers were elected by the men and in some instances the regimental officers as well. In a Jim Brown army there wasn't a man who did not feel fully competent to elect a general. The European creed of "I know my place" was replaced by the frontier creed, "I am as good as any man." And the frontier man almost believed it. ¶ **35**

¶ **34** and ¶ **35** (K) How in these paragraphs does the author indicate the wide application of his fanciful narrative? Why two paragraphs?

The Whole Selection (L) An analogical explanation often may be reduced to a "proportion" (comparable to a.b..c.d). Thus the second sentence of the passage by Hugo (p. 8) might be stated, "The road from Nivelles. the battlefield..the left stroke of capital A. the whole capital letter A " State the main idea of the whole passage in a "proportion" by filling in the dashes in "the influence of Jim Brown: his companions: _____ _____ " (M) Webb purports to be explaining or clarifying. Would you say, however, that it is more than that? Is there any evidence that he is arguing on one side of a controversial question? If so, what is the question and which side is he taking? Justify your answer by citing details in the passage.

Ted Shane

FARE WARNING: ROADSIDE INDIGESTION

Analysis. In this and the following two selections, the author examines his subject (a) to distinguish its component parts and (b) to show the relationships of these parts to one another and to the subject as a whole. Technically, such a process of logical division is called analysis.

When an author wishes to explain one idea, one process, or one object, he may partition it—to consider its parts In explaining a typical chair, for instance, he may write about the back, then the seat, then the arms, and finally the legs. Such a treatment is completely logical when all the parts are considered and when those parts are mutually exclusive. This procedure is called "partition."

When, by contrast, an author wishes to explain a group of similar objects or ideas, he may classify them or report on a classification of them. If he is completely logical, he divides the group into subgroups according to some consistent principle. Thus John Stuart Mill divided opinions into the following categories: (a) those which are true, (b) those which are false, (c) those which are partly true and partly false. His method of classification was according to one principle—truth or falsity. This principle satisfied other demands of logic: it was complete, and at the same time no overlapping was possible. This second type of analysis is called "classification."

At times, writers of analyses follow less rigorous procedures than those just described, that is, they use informal analysis. The completely logical analysis is to such informal analysis as a dictionary definition of a word is to a less formal explanation of its meaning Informal analysis does not attempt exhaustive partition or classification; instead, it attempts to stress the most important aspects. It should, however, be logical and complete in its own terms

The task of the careful reader of an analysis, therefore, is to see in as much detail as possible exactly how the author arrives at and develops the divisions of his discussion.

The following is from an article on eating places along the nation's highways. The author is analyzing the crimes against good eating committed by roadside "chefs."

It has occurred to me that death on the highway has a living counterpart: Roadside Indigestion. Disappointing meals dominate the pleasure trips of millions of motorists, and the memory of bad cooking, instead of magic scenery, remains. ¶ **1**

Our national highways have become ulcer traps lined with every conceivable kind of roadside restaurant—999 of every 1000 of which serve the same highly priced, badly mauled food. At one of them, for example, we dine sumptuously on a "Genuine Southern Cooked Meal" which indicates that the South is still trying to win the War Between the States by poisoning the North. We are served a plastic-model chicken fried in old crankcase drippings, glazed (with shellac) sweet potatoes, peas that *can* be shot from guns, and a gooey slab identified on the menu as pecan pie—the carton from the bakery evidently serving as both container and crust. ¶ **2**

¶ 1–3 (A) How many times is the same idea stated in these paragraphs? (B) In what different ways is the idea stated? (C) What do these varied repetitions indicate to the reader about the relevance of the idea to the selection?

¶ 2 (D) What justification can be offered for the ordering of the sentences in paragraph 2?

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Actually Americans are among the best cooks in the world. The average family has delicious, well-cooked meals. But the "chef" in the wayside Ptomaine Ptavern is something else again. He has neither ability nor a cooking code of honor. ¶ **3**

Take his vegetable soup---if you dare. From coast to coast it has a standard flavor—Old Vegetableized Tapwater. Monday's vegetable soup becomes Wednesday's Yankee bean, then Friday's chowder. What other dish can make this claim? ¶ **4**

Or take potatoes. They are generally boiled to death, then left to stand on a steam table till they become water-logged; if French fried they are carefully put aside until they become properly soggy. And they are usually served cold. ¶ **5**

Or take pies. Today they are assembly-line baked, which assures them that locked-in mediocrity. Bright-red soft blobs glued together with bright-red goo and bound in brown wrapping paper constitute cherry pie. The pippins in the apple pie are can-grown; the crust is in the proprietor who dares serve it. ¶ **6**

Possibly the most serious single menace to national digestion is the Golden Fried madness. From Miami to Spokane everything is being Golden Fried, including, of all royal delights, steak! I have seen thick steaks tossed cruelly into vats of boiling oil. Humans were never improved by being boiled in oil, so why steak? ¶ **7**

Now it's perfectly possible to fry certain foods and have them emerge edible, tasty and light on the molar. All that's needed is fresh deep fat heated to the right temperature, delicately mixed dipping batters and split-second timing. But have you ever contemplated a platter of soggy, long-time-no-sea, French fried question marks posing as Golden Fried shrimp? Or an aged chicken leg, dipped into plaster of Paris and ground mica, and plunged into a caldron of scalding fat, to emerge as a chunk of armor plate, which brings joy to the dentist and the bicarb dispensers? . . . ¶ **8**

There are still places where cooking is a great art, and where a juke box is not compulsory equipment to drown out the sounds of stomach disorders. But these are isolated oases in the vast desert of culinary incompetence along our highways. . . . ¶ **9**

¶ 4–6 (E) By what words are these paragraphs related to (a) previous ones, (b) one another? (F) Why is the order of these three paragraphs preferable to other possible orders?

¶ 7 and **¶ 8** (G) These paragraphs discuss steak, shrimp, and chicken leg. How do these items get grouped together? (H) How do the opening words of paragraph 7 account for its being placed at this point?

¶ 9 (I) What idea is repeated here? Why?

The Whole Selection. (J) Point out humorous devices used in this selection. Why is a humorous tone better here than one of serious indignation? (K) Has the author analyzed roadside food according to any single principle? If so, indicate what the principle is. If not, suggest a single principle which might have been used. (L) Is the consideration exhaustive? Why or why not? (M) Find a single sentence which sum-

marizes the thought of the passage Are there any digressions? (N) Prepare and present a similar discussion of television or radio programs

Lloyd Morris

WHY *THE READER'S DIGEST* IS POPULAR

Analysis. Lloyd Morris, the author of the selection which follows, was long an outstanding student of American history and an authority on social, economic, and cultural life in the United States Here he discusses *The Reader's Digest* as a register of "the mental and spiritual climate in which many Americans are living." What, he proceeds to ask, does an analysis of *The Reader's Digest*, one of America's most popular magazines, show about that climate? He finds two curiously divergent attitudes, one mental, the other spiritual. Later he relates this "apparent inconsistency" to aspects of American life. The selection is an interesting example of informal analysis.

After twenty years of publication, Wallace made two comments on his magazine [*The Reader's Digest*]. It was, he said, dedicated to the effort "to promote a Better America, with capital letters, with a fuller life for all, and with a place for the United States of increasing influence and respect in world affairs." By preference, it treated subjects which "come within the range of interests, experience, and conversation of the average person." In the light of its wide appeal, these statements made the *Digest* seem an approximately accurate register of the mental and spiritual climate in which many Americans were living. ¶ 1

One odd conclusion about that climate was likely to occur to any attentive student of the magazine. It suggested that the average American, although mentally at home in his fast-moving environment, was spiritually adrift in it. His mind lived happily in the present, but his heart apparently yearned for the past. Why else should the *Digest*, most resolutely "inspirational" of all major periodicals, likewise be the most nostalgic in its general tone? Its "success stories," dealing with the technique of getting ahead in the realm of practical affairs, offered stimulating models for emulation. Genially, persuasively, these miniature biographies of the victorious asserted the continuing validity of traditional virtues. Ambition, self-reliance, enterprise, thrift, and hard work were shown to issue in material prosperity and happiness. If this held true, need any American fail, or be discontented? The *Digest* seldom conceded that any ground for unhappiness existed. Yet its articles dealing

¶ 1 (A) In your own words, restate each of the two comments made by Publisher Wallace on *The Reader's Digest*.

with what may be called "the art of living" often produced a melancholy impression. From them one inferred that, however armed with the traditional virtues, many Americans were, in fact, neither conspicuously prosperous, nor consciously happy. ¶ 2

For the *Digest* expounded the philosophy of the stiff upper lip. It counseled the discovery of the materials of happiness in resources too often neglected: writing letters, listening to the sound of breakfast eggs frying on the stove, making new acquaintances, cultivating some hobby costing nothing. Most of all, it emphasized the spiritual rewards of material poverty. It affirmed that the happiest people were mostly poverty stricken. It extolled comparative poverty as a way of escape from the laminated multiplicities of modern American life. It declared that genuine values in living are not based on superficial things, on printed paper money or overstuffed upholstery or underslung sedans, but on something deeper, vital, spiritual. The *Digest* did not neglect the gospel of material success, so easily achieved. But it also argued, and forcefully, that spiritual success is the high compensation for material failures. ¶ 3

Did this apparent inconsistency have its source in the circumstances of average American life? Every American craved the satisfactions of a well-gadgetted existence, and praised the merits of a simple one while trying to avoid it. He wanted to believe that the highroad to wealth was still open to all. But the assumption was one which his environment and experience made increasingly dubious. Did he not need to be assured that, remaining poor, he should not feel humiliated; that, lacking the printed paper money, he could be certain of the deeper spiritual gold? A wide gulf stretched between the standards of the society in which he lived, and his personal chances of approximating them. What wonder, then, if his heart rebelled against its "laminated multiplicities"? ¶ 4

Certainly the "Better America" projected by the *Digest*, where there would be "a fuller life for all," bore little resemblance to the actual America of the nineteen-forties: largely urban, highly industrialized, with an economy dominated by massive concentrations of capital. It looked very much more like the America affectionately remembered by those who were middle-aged: a land of prosperous small towns, kindly neighbors, independent economic units, and unlimited opportunity for the industrious—where the daily life of the average American had justified his faith that "a man's best assets are his

¶ 2 (B) In paragraph 2 what is the relationship between sentences 2, 3, and 4? How has the relationship been made clear? (C) To which—the average American's mind or his heart—are (a) the "success" stories, (b) the "art of living" articles, related? How has the author indicated the relationships?

¶ 3 (D) How, precisely, is the thought of paragraph 3 related to that of paragraph 2? (E) Why is the philosophy expounded here that of "the stiff upper lip"? What two embodiments of that philosophy are considered?

¶ 4 (F) How does Morris believe that each element of the "apparent inconsistency" is related to American life? (G) What are the divisions of this paragraph? Why is their ordering helpful to the reader in following the thought?

health, a stout heart, confidence in his own integrity." Could that America be recovered, its vanished way of life reinstated? The *Digest*, in making nostalgia a vision, and memory a hope, probably spoke for the discontented hearts of a large proportion of its readers. Whatever their economic situation, they could take courage from its confident optimism, consolation from its creed of fortitude. And they could agree that "most of us can at best own only a small piece of earth, but the vast skies are ours for a glance." ¶ 5

¶ 5 (H) What does the author hold to be characteristic of modern America? of older America? What details are antithetical? How is each America related to articles in the magazine?

The Whole Selection. (I) What, in summary, would be Morris' explanation of the popularity of the *Digest*? (J) Do you agree or disagree with Morris' characterization of the articles in the *Digest*? With his analysis of the reasons for the appeal of the magazine? Why? (K) Employing a similar technique, discuss the articles and the appeal of some other very popular magazine such as *Life* or *The Saturday Evening Post*.

Chester R. Longwell, Adolph Knopf, and Richard F. Flint

DETRITAL SEDIMENTS

Analysis. This selection represents the kind of reading common in college study. Like "The Survey Q3R Method of Studying" (p. 5), it requires a somewhat different approach from that needed for, say, the Clemens passage on page 2. Writers of textbooks try to present their ideas as clearly as possible. But they often have to compress many details into a relatively short space. So, though the reader's chief task is, as usual, to spot key ideas and to understand their relation, he must read slowly enough to grasp the significance of the individual detail, however compressed it may be.

The detrital sediments are classified, chiefly according to the size of the constituent particles, into *gravel*, *sand*, *silt*, and *mud*. ¶ 1

Gravel is a coarse sediment consisting mainly of fragments 2 millimeters or more in diameter; commonly more or less sand is admixed. Rounded fragments ranging in diameter from 2 to 64 millimeters are known as *pebbles;* those from 64 to 256 millimeters, as *cobbles;* and those larger than 256

¶ 1 (A) What is meant by "detrital"? (B) What do you expect this piece to discuss and in what order?

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millimeters (10 inches), as *boulders*. The size ranges are essentially arbitrary, but are necessary for accuracy in description. ¶ **2**

The pebbles and coarser detritus in gravels are more or less round. At its source the detritus consists of irregular, angular pieces of rock bounded by joints or fracture surfaces, but as the result of impact and abrasion during transport the fragments lose their edges and corners. The farther they travel the more rounded they become. Perfectly homogeneous rock fragments become spheroidal or spherical. Fragments having planes of weakness, such as cleavage or foliation, become ovoids or flat discs. Angular and subangular fragments in gravels indicate, therefore, that they have not traveled far from where the parent rocks occur in place. ¶ **3**

During their transit downstream the pebbles of the softer and less coherent rocks are the first to be reduced by abrasion and impact to the size of sand. Consequently, durable materials (such as quartz or rocks composed of quartz) and coherent, tough rocks predominate in gravel that is composed of well-rounded pebbles. On the other hand, gravel whose pebbles have not traveled far may contain less durable minerals and rocks, such as feldspar, schist, and limestone. Limestone, in fact, occurs rarely in gravels, because it is destroyed not only by abrasion but also by being readily dissolved. In the gravels of arid regions limestone fragments are common, because of the scantiness of the water supply. ¶ **4**

Sand is a detrital sediment composed of grains smaller than gravel, generally like granulated sugar in size. The range in size of sand grains has been arbitrarily set at 2 millimeters to 1/16 millimeter in diameter. Like pebbles sand grains are more or less rounded. The larger grains become rounded first; but the smaller ones, because of the buffer action of the water surrounding each grain, become rounded with difficulty or not at all, as is well shown by the fact that all the grains at the mouth of the Mississippi River, despite their long transport, are angular, being below the size at which rounding by water is effective. In general, river sands are more angular than lake or marine sands. Windblown sands are the most conspicuously rounded, and in the so-called millet-seed sands, common in deserts, the grains have become perfect spheres whose mat surfaces resemble ground glass, owing to natural sandblast action. ¶ **5**

¶ **2** (C) What words in the first sentence of paragraph 2 connect it with paragraph 1? (D) What relation exists between "gravel" and the other three sediments mentioned: "pebbles," "cobbles," and "boulders"? (E) What type of analysis is employed in paragraph 2, classification or partition?

¶ **3** and ¶ **4** (F) Do paragraphs 3 and 4 deal with all types of gravel? Answer in detail. (G) How many separate details are presented in paragraphs 3 and 4? How do the authors keep these paragraphs from becoming an excessively dull list of facts?

¶ **5** (H) In what way is the size range of sand particles more definite than that of gravel? (I) Why are river sands generally more angular than lake or marine sands? windblown sands?

Quartz is the commonest constituent in sand, because of its chemical indestructibility and its hardness; and unless otherwise specified "sand" means quartz sand. However, rock fragments and many minerals other than quartz, such as feldspar, occur in sands; and the beaches of coral islands are in places formed of "coral sand" made up of broken bits of coral and other organic remains. ¶ **6**

Silt and *mud* are sediments composed of the very finest-grained products of erosion. *Silt* is so fine-grained that, unlike sand, it will cohere when wet. *Mud* and its principal variety, *clay*, consist of particles that are still finer than those of silt size—less than 0.002 millimeter in diameter. Hand in hand with this decrease in grain-size goes a change in the minerals that make up the argillaceous variety of mud termed clay. Quartz decreases in amount and the finely flaky minerals increase. The reason for this is that during transportation the flaky minerals, because of their easy cleavability, become comminuted to the tiniest flakelets, and on account of their great tendency to float, these flakelets are slow in settling to the bottom. They are in fact so minute that most of them cannot be certainly identified even with the most powerful microscope; consequently, in recent years the more potent method of identification by X-ray analysis is being used, and the composition of clays is thus being established. ¶ **7**

The most characteristic and supremely important technologic property of clay is its plasticity, by virtue of which it can be molded when wet into any desired shape, and will retain this shape on drying. This plasticity is caused by the content of flaky minerals and by the fact that these flakes are surrounded by films of water, which act as a lubricant. ¶ **8**

Clays, as the products of the deposition of the finest detritus, have a wide range of composition. The most characteristic components, the flaky minerals already mentioned, are mainly hydrous silicates of aluminum, but include also white mica and chlorite. These minerals are chiefly products of chemical weathering. ¶ **9**

¶ **6** (J) What preceding sentence in this text does the first sentence in paragraph 6 amplify?

¶ **7** (K) Does the fourth sentence in paragraph 7 mean that the mineral make-up of clay is different from that of gravel? Explain your answer. (L) From the facts given in preceding paragraphs and in this paragraph, explain why there is little quartz in clay.

¶ **8** and ¶ **9** (M) What are the chief characteristics of clay?

The Whole Selection. (N) What is the meaning of the following words: *foliation, argillaceous, comminuted, technologic*? (O) Identify the following and give as many characteristics of each as you can: *gravel, pebbles, cobbles, boulders, sand, silt, mud, clay*. (P) What are the main parts of this selection? Do the parts overlap? What is the basis for division of the parts? Explain the use of the word "chiefly" in the first sentence. What is the relation of each part to the topic as a whole? What determines

the order of the parts? (Q) How is the organization of this selection different from the organizations of the two preceding selections? (R) In what obvious ways does the style of this passage differ from the style of the Clemens selection, page 2? Can you account for these differences?

Oliver Wendell Holmes

ANIMAL CHEMISTRY

Familiar-to-unfamiliar arrangement. Skill of the sort which made Holmes a great teacher of anatomy in the Harvard Medical School contributed to this clear explanation of the chemical constituents of the animal body. Because he was writing for a lay audience (the subscribers to *The Atlantic Monthly*), Holmes started with something very familiar to readers comparatively untrained in science—a boiled egg. Then, by easy steps, he led them to the understanding of a hitherto unfamiliar fact—"the great fact of animal chemistry." The following excerpt is from "Talk Concerning the Human Body and Its Management."

Take one of these boiled eggs, which has been ravished from a brilliant possible future, and instead of sacrificing it to a common appetite, devote it to the nobler hunger for knowledge. You know that the effect of boiling has been to harden it, and that if a little overdone it becomes quite firm in texture, the change pervading both the white and the yolk. Careful observation shows that this change takes place at about 150° of Fahrenheit's thermometer.—The substance which thus hardens or coagulates is called *albumen*. As this forms the bulk of the egg, it must be the raw material of the future chicken. There is some oil, with a little coloring matter, and there is the earthy shell, with a thin skin lining it; but all these are in small quantity compared to the albumen. You see then that an egg contains substances which may be coagulated into your breakfast by hot water, or into a chicken by the milder prolonged warmth of the mother's body. ¶ 1

We can push the analysis further without any laboratory other than our breakfast-room. ¶ 2

¶ 1 (A) Compare for interest and organization, this rephrasing of paragraph 1: "As every schoolboy knows, a chicken comes from an egg. Let us, then, take an egg, place it in hot water, and boil it a while. If you boil the egg long enough, it will become quite firm in texture, since as soon as the water brings the egg to 150° Fahrenheit, the egg begins to harden. An egg, then, you see, can be coagulated with hot water, or if a hen warms it with her body it can become a chicken. The material which thus hardens, I may inform you at this time, is albumen—the material which is the bulk of the egg. In addition to the albumen, the egg contains a relatively small amount of coloring matter, a thin lining, and a shell."

At the larger end of the egg, as you may have noticed on breaking it, is a small space containing nothing but air, a mixture of *oxygen* and *nitrogen*, as you know. If you use a silver spoon in eating an egg, it becomes discolored, as you may have observed, which is one of the familiar effects of *sulphur*. It is this which gives a neglected egg its peculiar aggressive atmospheric effects. Heat the whole contents of the shell, or, for convenience, a small portion of them, gently for a while, and you will have left nothing but a thin scale, representing only a small fraction of the original weight of the contents before drying. That which has been driven off is water, as you may easily see by letting the steam condense on a cold surface. But water, as you may remember, consists of oxygen and *hydrogen*. Now lay this dried scale on the shovel and burn it until it turns black. What you have on the shovel is animal charcoal or *carbon*. If you burn this black crust to ashes, a chemist will, on examining these ashes, find for you small quantities of various salts, containing *phosphorus*, *chlorine*, *potash*, *soda*, *magnesia*, in various combinations, and a little *iron*. You can burn the eggshell and see for yourself that it becomes changed into *lime*, the heat driving off the carbonic acid which made it a carbonate.

Oxygen	Nitrogen	Iron	Magnesia
Hydrogen	Sulphur	Potash	Phosphorus
Carbon	Lime	Soda	Chlorine

This is the list of simple elements to be found in an egg. You have detected six of them by your fireside chemistry; the others must be in very small quantity, as they are all contained in the pinch of ashes which remains after you have burned all that is combustible in your egg. ¶ **3**

Now this egg is going, or rather was going, to become a chicken; that is, an animal with flesh and blood and bones, with a brain and nerves, with eyes ready to see and ears ready to hear, with organs all ready to go to work, and a voice ready to be heard the moment it is let out of its shell. The elements of the egg have been separated and recombined, but nothing has been added to them except what may have passed through the shell. Just these twelve elements are to be found in the chicken, no more, no less. ¶ **4**

Just these same twelve elements, with the merest traces of two or three other substances, make up the human body. *Expende Hannibalem;* weigh

¶ **2** (B) What justification is there for making paragraph 2 a single sentence?

¶ **3** (C) Is there any logical reason for introducing the elements in the order given in paragraph 3? If so, what is it? (D) Why does Holmes not state that these elements exist in eggs and let it go at that? Wouldn't the readers of *The Atlantic* have taken his word? What effect does the experimental proof have upon your attitude?

¶ **4** (E) Paragraph 4 is an expansion of what sentence in paragraph 1? What is the purpose of paragraph 4? (F) In the last sentence of paragraph 4, Holmes says that only twelve elements are to be found in the chicken. Has he demonstrated that no more elements exist?

the great general, the great thinker, his frame also may be resolved into a breath of air, a wave of water, a charred cinder, a fragment of lime-salts, and a few grains of mineral and saline matter which the earth has lent him, all easily reducible to the material forms enumerated in this brief catalogue. ¶ 5

All these simple substances which make up the egg, the chicken, the human body, are found in the air, the water, or the earth. All living things borrow their whole bodies from inanimate matter, directly or indirectly. But of the simple substances found in nature, not more than a quarter, or something less than that, are found in the most complex living body. The forty-five or fifty others have no business in our organization. Thus we must have iron in our blood, but we must not have lead in it, or we shall be liable to colic and palsy. Gold and silver are very well in our pockets, but have no place in our system. Most of us have seen one or more unfortunates whose skins were permanently stained of a dark bluish tint in consequence of the prolonged use of a preparation of silver which has often been prescribed for the cure of epilepsy. ¶ 6

This, then, is the great fact of animal chemistry; a few simple substances, borrowed from the surrounding elements, give us the albumen and oil and other constituents of the egg, and arranging themselves differently during the process of incubation, form all the tissues of the animal body. ¶ 7

¶ 5 (G) What assumption about the relation of human bodies and eggs must be true if paragraph 5 is to follow from paragraph 4? (H) What is the meaning of *Expende Hannibalem*? What clues toward meaning are offered by the words themselves? What clues are in the context? Why, in terms of the thought, should "the great thinker" be mentioned after "the great general"?

¶ 6 (I) What is gained by waiting until paragraph 6 to tell about the elements which are not found in the human body?

The Whole Selection. (J) What is the great fact of animal chemistry? (K) How is this fact reached from the consideration of a boiled egg? Give the steps. (L) What words and phrases in this selection would be unlikely to appear in a technical article on the same subject?

Charles Dickens

TRAVEL ON THE OHIO RIVER

Climactic arrangement. Two things to be noted about this passage are the selection of details and the ordering of them. Sometimes a writer of factual prose wishes to use a sentence, a paragraph, or a group of paragraphs to convey a single impression to his readers. A good way is to select and present a group of details each of which contributes to that single impression. An author bent on conveying, say, the devastating results of poverty sets down detail after detail about penurious living conditions in the slums; or a writer impressed by the benefits of country life records only a

number of those details which indicate why rural life is joyful. In the following passage from *American Notes,* notice how Dickens has chosen details which emphasize his impression of the dismal and wretched dullness of travel along the Ohio River. Notice also how the organization which he uses helps convey his impression. He adds to the impact of his "impressionistic presentation" by ordering his details climactically—by "building up," so to speak, from very dull and distressing aspects to even duller and more distressing ones and finally to abysmally dull and depressing ones.

The arrangements of the boat were like those of "The Messenger," and the passengers were of the same order of people. We fed at the same times, on the same kind of viands, in the same dull manner, and with the same observances. The company appeared to be oppressed by the same tremendous concealments, and had as little capacity of enjoyment or lightheartedness. I never in my life did see such listless, heavy dulness as brooded over these meals: the very recollection of it weighs me down, and makes me, for the moment, wretched. Reading and writing on my knee, in our little cabin, I really dreaded the coming of the hour that summoned us to table; and was as glad to escape from it again, as if it had been a penance or a punishment. Healthy cheerfulness and good spirits forming a part of the banquet, I could soak my crusts in the fountain with Le Sage's strolling player, and revel in their glad enjoyment: but sitting down with so many fellow-animals to ward off thirst and hunger as a business; to empty, each creature, his Yahoo's trough as quickly as he can, and then slink sullenly away; to have these social sacraments stripped of everything but the mere greedy satisfaction of the natural cravings; goes so against the grain with me, that I seriously believe the recollection of these funeral feasts will be a waking nightmare to me all my life. ¶ **1**

There was some relief in this boat, too, which there had not been in the other, for the captain (a blunt good-natured fellow) had his handsome wife with him, who was disposed to be lively and agreeable, as were a few other lady-passengers who had their seats about us at the same end of the table. But nothing could have made head against the depressing influence of the general body. There was a magnetism of dulness in them which would have beaten down the most facetious companion that the earth ever knew. A jest would have been a crime, and a smile would have faded into a grinning horror. Such deadly leaden people; such systematic plodding weary insupportable heaviness; such a mass of animated indigestion in respect of all that was genial, jovial, frank, social, or hearty; never, sure, was brought together elsewhere since the world began. ¶ **2**

¶ **1** (A) What is the effect of the repetition throughout the first three sentences of "same"? (B) Why, in spite of the fact that the travelers did many things, does Dickens in paragraph 1 tell us almost exclusively about their behavior at mealtime? (C) What other impressions besides that of dullness do you get of Dickens' fellow passengers? Explain. (D) What does Dickens mean by "Le Sage's strolling player" and the "Yahoo's trough"?

Nor was the scenery, as we approached the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, at all inspiriting in its influence. The trees were stunted in their growth; the banks were low and flat; the settlements and log cabins fewer in number; their inhabitants more wan and wretched than any we had encountered yet. No songs of birds were in the air, no pleasant scents, no moving lights and shadows from swift passing clouds. Hour after hour, the changeless glare of the hot, unwinking sky, shone upon the same monotonous objects. Hour after hour, the river rolled along, as wearily and slowly as the time itself. ¶ **3**

At length, upon the morning of the third day, we arrived at a spot so much more desolate than any we had yet beheld, that the forlornest places we had passed, were, in comparison with it, full of interest. At the junction of the two rivers, on ground so flat and low and marshy, that at certain seasons of the year it is inundated to the house-tops, lies a breeding-place of fever, ague, and death; vaunted in England as a mine of Golden Hope, and speculated in, on the faith of monstrous representations, to many people's ruin. A dismal swamp on which the half-built houses rot away: cleared here and there for the space of a few yards; and teeming, then, with rank unwholesome vegetation, in whose baleful shade the wretched wanderers who are tempted hither, droop, and die, and lay their bones; the hateful Mississippi circling and eddying before it, and turning off upon its southern course a slimy monster hideous to behold; a hotbed of disease, an ugly sepulchre, a grave uncheered by any gleam of promise: a place without one single quality, in earth or air or water, to commend it: such is this dismal Cairo. ¶ **4**

¶ **2** (E) State the idea of paragraph 2 in a sentence of your own. How does your summary vindicate (a) the use of the word "too" in the opening sentence, (b) the introduction of "lively and agreeable" ladies, in a passage which is supposed to show that the company was dull? (F) Is there anything incongruous about the sentence beginning "There was a magnetism of dulness"? (G) In the last sentence of paragraph 2, justify, in terms of the impression, (a) all the adjectives, (b) the structure of the sentence.

¶ **3** (H) To what new topic does the author turn in paragraph 3?

¶ **3** and ¶ **4** (I) How are the details in paragraphs 3 and 4 different from those in paragraphs 1 and 2? (J) How is each of the many descriptive adjectives relevant to the conveying of the author's impression?

¶ **4** (K) In what sense is paragraph 4 a climactic one? Indicate how each of the following contributes to the thought and feeling of the paragraph: (a) the description of the marsh, (b) the details about the falsity of British advertisements of Cairo, (c) the figures of speech employed in telling about the Mississippi River.

The Whole Selection. (L) What specific, factual details does Dickens give you about his journey on the Ohio? (M) What seems to be Dickens' reaction to the people and the scenery he describes: sympathy, boredom, resentment, disgust, curiosity? Explain your answer by pointing out details in the passage. (N) Point out and justify the repetition of words and phrases throughout the passage. Make a list of favorable or neutral adjectives that Dickens uses in the description of his trip. (O) Upon what

principle or principles has the material in this passage been organized? Do you find the arrangement more or less formal than those in preceding selections? Explain your answer.

Carl Becker

DEMOCRACY

Composite. Those who write dictionaries have devised a simple but logical system of definition which they employ whenever possible. This consists first of placing the object to be defined in a class of objects, and second of showing how it differs from all other objects in that class "Democracy is government by the people." Here, "democracy" is placed in the class of governments, and differentiated from all other governments by the phrase "by the people."

But dictionary definitions, though helpful, are often not sufficiently illuminating. For greater clarity, more extended definitions may be needed. Writers of extended definitions may find it useful to utilize, in addition to the logical system of the dictionary, a collection—a composite—of expository methods such as those exemplified by previous selections Thus in his three-paragraph extended definition of democracy, Becker follows the principles of time arrangement, cause-to-effect arrangement, comparison and contrast, analogy, analysis, and climactic arrangement for a well-ordered clarification. In miniature, Becker's composite of methods is typical of most explanations: longer articles and chapters, such as those in Part Three of this text, which are a composite of several methods of organization, are the rule rather than the exception.

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 people. In order to discuss democracy intelligently

From *Modern Democracy* by Carl Becker. Reprinted by permission of the Yale University Press.

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. ¶ 1

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 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. ¶ 2

In this antithesis there are, however, certain implications, always 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 the 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

¶ 1 (A) How does Becker make plain in sentence 1 that he is about to define "democracy"? What is gained by mentioning "liberty," "science," and "progress"? (B) Does sentence 2 elaborate upon an idea which is stated or one that is implied in sentence 1? What serves as transition between the two sentences? Why is a dash used in the second? What is meant by "semantics," "referent," and "palpable"? (C) What does the phrase "On the contrary" indicate about the organization followed in the opening part of the paragraph? Precisely what is the relationship between the first three sentences? (D) What procedure of explaining is initiated with the phrase "a kind of conceptual Gladstone bag"? How many of the sentences following develop the phrase? How? (E) What procedure of organization is indicated by the word "therefore" in the final sentence? Trace the steps in this procedure here.

¶ 2 (F) How many definitions of democracy do you find in paragraph 2? How does the author's use of analysis relate to his hitting upon and ordering these? How does the use of contrast enter into Becker's favorite definition? Show how the last of these definitions serves as a climax for all that precedes and a basis for all that follows.

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 established 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. ¶ 3

¶ 3 (G) How does time organization shape the opening part of this paragraph? What are the "certain implications" and where are they stated? Did the governments of Peisistratus, Caesar, and Napoleon exemplify these implications or the opposite?

The Whole Selection. (H) Go back over the selection and trace the main steps by which Becker takes you from a definition which is vague to a more specific concept. Show how the use of varied methods of organizing explanation aided him in taking these steps.

Techniques of Argument

Argument appears in many forms: political talks, sermons, editorials, some college lectures, documentary films, advertising, indeed any spoken or written discourse on a controversial question. At its best, argument is the attempt of a sincere person to have others believe what he thinks is true or to have others do what he thinks is good.

Although it has many identifying characteristics, argument is not to be sharply set off from explanation or exposition. An understanding of expository techniques is essential for the careful reading of most arguments, and a knowledge of argumentative techniques is helpful in analyzing many pieces of exposition. Whatever fundamental distinction there is between the two types lies in the author's basic purpose. If this purpose is to clarify, the result is exposition; if it is to influence belief or action, the result is argument. As you will see, therefore, what follows in this section relates intimately to the preceding discussion of exposition.

There are several elements present in an argument that you as a careful reader must watch out for. The first is the point that is being argued, the unifying idea, called also the *conclusion* or *proposition*. If this unifying idea is designed to make you believe something, it is called a *proposition of fact;* if it is designed to make you do something, it is called a *proposition of policy*. You can see the difference in these two examples:

Proposition of fact: Senator Widgett has a splendid record as a public servant.

Proposition of policy: Vote at the next election for Senator Widgett.

Second are the points of disagreement, or *issues*. The *specific issues*, of course, vary with the argument, but ordinarily they fall into such general fields as the political, the economic, the social, the legal, the religious, the scientific, and the military. For instance, the proposition of fact, "Senator Widgett has a splendid record as a public servant," might involve such specific issues as the following: "Did Senator Widgett vote for tax reduction?" "Did he work for slum clearance?" "Did he support the bill for the increase of federal aid to education?" When the argument is in favor of a proposition of policy, these specific issues are frequently assembled under broader issues, ones which are so common that they have come to be called *stock issues*. Here are the most common stock issues stated in the form of questions:

Is there a need for a change?
Is the proposal workable?
Do the advantages outweigh the disadvantages?
Is the proposal better than other proposals?

As a reader, therefore, you are unlikely to have a clear understanding of an argument, especially an argument over policy, until you are aware of the stock issues (e.g., is the proposal workable?) and the specific issues (e.g., is the sale of homecoming badges on the city streets legal?).

In addition to a recognition of the proposition and the issues, careful reading of arguments requires critical examination of two other elements, the *methods of reasoning* and the *emotional appeals*. Roughly, these compose the logic and the psychology of argument. Each of these is dealt with in some detail on the pages immediately following in order that you may observe some of the basic ways in which people reason and in which they formulate their appeals. The problems are isolated in these selections for the purpose of close analysis, but in the typical argument the writer or speaker combines as many ways of reasoning and as many appeals to the emotion as he thinks necessary to achieve his objective.

It should be noted in passing that much argument is really counterargument, or refutation. Indeed some rhetoricians are willing to say that there is no longer any argument in the first instance, that all arguments either explicitly or by implication are counterarguments. When you encounter obvious refutation, watch for the author to do such things as these: (1) show that his opponent is biased or unqualified, (2) demonstrate that his opponent's facts are inaccurate, (3) show that his opponent's authorities and sources of information are prejudiced or inadequate, (4) demonstrate that his opponent's reasoning is fallacious, (5) employ various psychologically effective devices, such as reducing the opponent's argument to absurdity or reducing it to two alternatives neither of which is acceptable.

At first the reading of arguments may seem like a slow and arduous process. Actually this need not be so. After some practice there is no reason why you

should not read argument as easily as you read exposition, *provided you read with a purpose*. That purpose is to discover the writer's main proposition, his major issues, his lines of reasoning, and his emotional appeals. Only by so doing will you increase your speed and your ability for critical comprehension of the selection.

THE LOGIC OF ARGUMENT

Robert M. Hutchins

HIGHER LEARNING WAS NOT UPLIFTED

Argument based on details. An argument based on details is one in which the writer arrives at his conclusion or proposition after a consideration of the relevant circumstances. In its pure form this is inductive reasoning (reasoning from particulars to generalizations) and is in support of a proposition of fact. Whatever difference there is between this kind of argument and exposition derives from the controversial nature of the question and the completeness of the proof. If the conclusion is based upon an exhaustive study of details and there is no doubt about any of the details (i e, no exception), inductive reasoning may establish a scientific fact. But if all the details are not presented, or if there is doubt about some of the details, questions arise about their adequacy and relevance. In reading such arguments, you should therefore consider whether enough details are presented to justify the conclusion and whether exceptional details invalidate the conclusions. Also, you should distinguish between the method of reasoning and the order of presentation. An author may state his proposition first, even though it is a conclusion to be drawn only after a study of the details.

The following is an argument based on details. The author is Robert Maynard Hutchins, for many years a college president, an official in educational foundations, and a critic of higher education His views about desirable changes in the educational system have been highly controversial.

Six years ago I had the honor of addressing my fellow Yale men on the Higher Learning in America. I was surprised to find that these lectures did not have the effect they were intended to produce. Instead, all the movements they were designed to arrest, all the attitudes they were calculated to change, went rushing

From "The Aims of Education," by Robert M. Hutchins in *Education for Freedom*. Reprinted by permission of Louisiana State University Press.

onward, in the case of the movements, or became more firmly entrenched, in the case of the attitudes. ¶ 1

I attacked triviality, and forty-two students enrolled in the Oklahoma University short course for drum majors. ¶ 2

I attacked vocationalism, and the University of California announced a course in cosmetology, saying, "The profession of beautician is the fastest growing in this state." ¶ 3

I deplored a curriculum of obsolescent information, and one of America's most distinguished sociologists announced that our information was increasing so rapidly that in order to get time to pour it all into our students we should have to prolong adolescence at least until age forty-five. ¶ 4

I asserted that higher education was primarily intellectual, and the President of the New York State College for Teachers said, "Education is not even primarily intellectual, certainly not chiefly intellectual. It is the process by which the emotions are socialized." ¶ 5

I lamented the confusion that besets American education, and the President of a highly confused and very large college announced that chaos was a good thing. Though I should prefer chaos to an order imposed by force, I had never supposed that chaos was an ideal toward which all right-thinking men should strive. Chaos had always seemed to me something you tried to get out of. I had always thought that what we wanted, both in politics and education, was a rational order, rationally arrived at. ¶ 6

One professor accidentally agreed with me. He made the following outrageous remarks in a book of his own: "There will always remain," he said, "certain permanent values which education must cultivate, such as intellectual honesty, love of truth, ability to think clearly, moral qualities." The fact that he was from Teachers College, Columbia, and could be assumed to be only teasing, did not save him. He was sharply rebuked by a professor from Ohio State University who said that here he must "part company with the author of this indisputably significant volume, for the suspicion grows that the author is still something of an absolutist." The author actually wanted education to cultivate intellectual honesty, the love of truth, the ability to think clearly, and moral qualities. ¶ 7

¶ 1 (A) What qualities of the second and third sentences show clearly that those sentences are the conclusion of an argument based on details which are to follow? (B) Sentence 3 repeats the idea of sentence 2. What is the value of this repetition? What does it add?

¶ 2–6 (C) How does each of these instances contribute to the generalization of the first paragraph? (D) What purpose is served by the use of parallel sentence constructions? (E) Do these instances represent attitudes, movements, or both? Defend your answer.

¶ 7 (F) How does Hutchins argue that even one professor's agreeing with him offers evidence that his criticisms of higher education were ineffectual? Justify or attack this

Now I will not deny that one or two people did pay some attention to my book. They had to. And they got it free in the course of their trade as book reviewers. One of these, who in his spare time is a professor at Yale, summed up the whole thing by saying that the trouble with me was my intense moral idealism. Such a quality would naturally distort anybody's view of education. A university president guilty of moral idealism? What is the world coming to? By some process of association of ideas I am reminded of the remarks of one of our alumni who in a recent discussion at the University of Chicago said that everything I had said about football was logical, perfectly logical, very logical indeed. "But," he said, "if the University abolishes football, my son, now fifteen years old, will not want to go there." In other words, "logical" is a term of reproach, and the University of Chicago should be illogical because one of its alumni has an illogical child. I have even heard the word "educational" in the same slurring connotation, as when a Princeton graduate wrote to Woodrow Wilson saying, "I will have nothing more to do with Princeton. You are turning my dear old college into an educational institution." A university president who is suspected of an interest in morals, in intellect, or even in education deserves the severest condemnation from those who have the true interests of our country at heart. ¶**8**

But all these things are as nothing compared with the menace of metaphysics. I had mildly suggested that metaphysics might unify the modern university. I knew it was a long word, but I thought my audience of learned reviewers would know what it meant. I was somewhat surprised to find that to them metaphysics was a series of balloons, floating far above the surface of the earth, which could be pulled down by vicious or weak-minded people when they wanted to win an argument. The explosion of one of these balloons or the release of the gases it contained might silence, but never convince, a wise man. The wise man would go away muttering, "Words, words, words," or "Antiscientific," "Reactionary," or even "Fascist." Knowing that there is nothing true unless experimental science makes it so, the wise man knows that metaphysics is simply a technical name for superstition. ¶ **9**

argument. (G) How does the remark of the professor at Ohio State University "sharply rebuke" the professor at Teachers College?

¶ **8** (H) Were the "one or two people who did pay some attention to my book" exceptional in their attitude toward it? If so, are the exceptions important enough to invalidate the entire argument? Support your answers. (I) What, precisely, is "the process of association of ideas" by which Hutchins is reminded of "the remarks of one of our alumni"? (J) How is the criticism of Woodrow Wilson relevant to the rest of the paragraph? (K) Is this paragraph a digression, or does it present details relevant to the conclusion? Why?

¶ **9** (L) What reason is there for Hutchins' considering last of all the attacks upon his suggestion about metaphysics? (M) What is metaphysics? What would be the nature of the unity achieved by the modern university through metaphysics? (N) Does

the writer really consider his opponent a wise man or is he being ironic in much of this paragraph? How do you know?

The Whole Selection. (O) What point is Hutchins trying to make about higher education? (P) What would you have to know about Hutchins' series of lectures at Yale to determine whether the instances cited are numerous enough and representative enough to prove his point? (Q) Are all the aspects of education which the author believes are faults actually faults? Support your answer by offering an argument based upon details. (R) Have any of the faults of higher education about which Hutchins complains been remedied since he wrote? Support your answer.

Thomas Jefferson

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

Argument based on a general principle. In the preceding selection, the author, concerned with proving the truth of a generalization about which his audience may have some doubts, gives many particular cases to substantiate the generalization. In this and the following two selections, each author, concerned with justifying a particular case, tries to prove that the particularization is one instance of a generalization with which the audience agrees. In the previous selection, the author reasoned from particulars to generals; in the following selections, the authors reason from generals to particulars. The previous type of argument is called induction; the type of argument used in the three following selections is called deduction Rarely is either type found in isolation, and in the next three selections you will find that some of the generalizations are reached inductively even though the overall argument is deductive. One useful tip to remember is that whenever an author appeals for action, he is reasoning deductively.

The Declaration of Independence gives us an opportunity to see a deductive argument set forth in formal fashion. After the introductory remarks, the line of reasoning goes like this:

(1) Any form of government which proves destructive of the people's unalienable rights should be thrown off.

(2) The government of the King of Great Britain has proved destructive of the colonists' unalienable rights.

(3) The government of the King of Great Britain should be thrown off.

In a three-sentence simplification like this of a deductive argument, the first statement is called the major premise; the second, the minor premise; and the third, the conclusion. A premise is an assumption; the simplification itself is called a syllogism. Notice that in the *Declaration* the minor premise has been reached inductively.

When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and

to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation. ¶ 1

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security.—Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former Systems of Government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute Tyranny over these States. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to a candid world. ¶ 2

He has refused his Assent to Laws, the most wholesome and necessary for the public good. ¶ 3

He has forbidden his Governors to pass Laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his Assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them. ¶ 4

He has refused to pass other Laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of Representation in the Legislature, a right inestimable to them and formidable to tyrants only. ¶ 5

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public Records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures. ¶ 6

¶ 1 (A) What must have been the reaction of most men to the ideas set forth in this paragraph? What does your answer prove about the strategic value of beginning with such a paragraph?

¶ 2 (B) What is a "self-evident" truth? (C) What contemporary interpretations are there of the phrase "all men are created equal"? (D) Show how the paragraph moves from more general to more specific standards. (E) What is the antecedent for "this" in the last sentence of paragraph 2?

He has dissolved Representative Houses repeatedly, for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people. ¶ 7

He has refused for a long time, after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the Legislative powers, incapable of Annihilation, have returned to the People at large for their exercise; the State remaining in the meantime exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within. ¶ 8

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the Laws of Naturalization of Foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new Appropriations of Lands. ¶ 9

He has obstructed the Administration of Justice, by refusing his Assent to Laws for establishing Judiciary powers. ¶ 10

He has made Judges dependent on his Will alone, for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries. ¶ 11

He has erected a multitude of New Offices, and sent hither swarms of Officers to harass our people, and eat out their substance. ¶ 12

He has kept among us, in times of peace, Standing Armies without the Consent of our legislatures. ¶ 13

He has affected to render the Military independent of and superior to the Civil power. ¶ 14

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his Assent to their Acts of pretended Legislation: ¶ 15

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us: ¶ 16

For protecting them, by a mock Trial, from punishment for any Murders which they should commit on the Inhabitants of these States: ¶ 17

For cutting off our Trade with all parts of the world: ¶ 18

For imposing taxes on us without our Consent: ¶ 19

For depriving us in many cases, of the benefits of Trial by Jury: ¶ 20

For transporting us beyond Seas to be tried for pretended offenses: ¶ 21

For abolishing the free System of English Laws in a neighbouring Province, establishing therein an Arbitrary government, and enlarging its Boundaries so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these Colonies: ¶ 22

For taking away our Charters, abolishing our most valuable Laws, and altering fundamentally the Forms of our Governments: ¶ 23

For suspending our own Legislature, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever. ¶ 24

He has abdicated Government here, by declaring us out of his Protection and waging War against us. ¶ 25

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our Coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people. ¶ 26

¶ 16 (F) What do all the items introduced by "for" depend upon syntactically?

He is at this time transporting large Armies of foreign Mercenaries to compleat the works of death, desolation and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of Cruelty & Perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the Head of a civilized nation. ¶ **27**

He has constrained our fellow Citizens taken Captive on the high Seas to bear Arms against their Country, to become the executioners of their friends and Brethren, or to fall themselves by their Hands. ¶ **28**

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian Savages, whose known rule of warfare, is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions. ¶ **29**

In every stage of these Oppressions we have Petitioned for Redress in the most humble terms: Our repeated Petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A Prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people. ¶ **30**

Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity, which denounces our Separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, Enemies in War, in Peace Friends. ¶ **31**

We, therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress, Assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the Name, and by authority of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be Free and Independent States; that they are Absolved from all Allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain, is and ought to be totally dissolved; and that as Free and Independent States, they have full Power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, establish Commerce, and to do all other Acts and Things which Independent States may of right do. And for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes and our sacred Honor. ¶ **32**

¶ **3–31** (G) What premise of the argument do these assertions support? Why are comparable assertions not given in support of the other premise?

¶ **31** (H) Can you see any logic to the order of the assertions in paragraphs 3–31?

¶ **32** (I) What is the function of this paragraph?

The Whole Selection. (J) What specific issues are raised? (K) History is sometimes defined as a record of past events. What parts of the *Declaration* contain such a

record? How does the *Declaration* differ in purpose from a record of past events? (L) What is the explanation for the assertion made in the introduction to this selection that whenever an author appeals for action he is reasoning deductively?

Sylvia Porter

HOW OUR TREASURY GOT INTO THE WRINGER

Argument based on a general principle. Few deductive arguments are unfolded in a fashion as systematic and as formal as that of *The Declaration of Independence.* Often authors do not explicitly state major or minor premises or even conclusions, but instead imply them And often they do not develop the parts of the syllogism in order. The reader, nevertheless, needs to discover what the premises and the conclusion are in order to examine the logic of the syllogism and to learn whether the premises are tenable or not and therefore whether the conclusion is acceptable. One important discovery which emerges is the amount of proof supporting the premises

Like many pieces of argumentative writing, the one which follows deals with an immediate problem in a highly informal fashion. Miss Porter, its author, is a commentator on financial matters whose daily column is syndicated in many newspapers The situation on January 25, when this column appeared, is indicated by the writer: A limitation of $275 billion had been placed on the national debt by Congress, but a proposal was being considered to raise this limitation to $280 billion. Miss Porter favored the increase. Formally stated, her argument was as follows:

MAJOR PREMISE: When legislation is obviously necessary, it is inconceivable that it will be held up in the Senate.

MINOR PREMISE: Legislation increasing the limit on the national debt from $275 billion to $280 billion is obviously necessary.

CONCLUSION: Therefore it is inconceivable that legislation increasing the limit on the national debt from $275 billion to $280 billion will be held up in the Senate.

Questions on this column suggest how to follow and evaluate the argument.

How would you feel if, when you counted up all the cash you had in your pocketbook and bank, you had only enough on hand to pay your bills for one week? ¶ 1

How would you feel if you knew that by early February, your cash backlog would be so low that you wouldn't have enough in the kitty to meet one day's expenses? ¶ 2

How would you feel if you were aware that unless your paycheck came to you on the dot, your bills would overwhelm you and you would have to notify

"How Our Treasury Got into the Wringer" by Sylvia Porter. Distributed 1958 by The Hall Syndicate, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

your creditors that you couldn't pay them promptly unless you could get some cash "illegally"? ¶ **3**

How would you feel if you were facing a period in which your bills would mount sharply, a big chunk of your I.O.U.'s would come due and you didn't have the borrowing power to get the money to tide you over the squeeze? ¶ **4**

I know how you would feel. Trapped . . . Boxed in . . . Scared . . . Plagued by nightmares of a simple snowstorm holding up the mails and your paycheck and putting you in a dread spot . . . ¶ **5**

How you would feel is how officials of the United States Treasury actually feel—for I have put into words any family can understand the current plight of the Treasury of our country. And it is in this plight for one reason only: It has been trying for months to operate under a debt limit which is cruelly and wastefully rigid and which has now become absolutely intolerable. ¶ **6**

The U. S. Treasury pays the bills of our Government—meets expenses resulting from laws passed by Congress or from operations ordered by the Government. ¶ **7**

These bills amount to about $1.5 billion in an average five-day week or to about $300 million every working day. ¶ **8**

Right now, the Treasury's cash balances in the Federal Reserve Banks and in banks around the country total around $1.6 billion. All the Treasury has on hand is enough to meet one week's average bills. ¶**9**

In early February Treasury Secretary Anderson told Congress last Friday, the Treasury's kitty will be down to about $250 million. It won't have on hand enough to meet one average day's disbursements! ¶ **10**

If the Treasury's receipts don't come in right on schedule and come up to estimates, Anderson could just run out of cash. A mail delay in one area of the country could put the Treasury in this spot. ¶ **11**

Of course, there are plenty of investors and investing institutions entirely willing to lend the Treasury money now to help it rebuild its cash balances and get into decent financial shape. But the Treasury can't borrow; the debt is nudging the legal limit of $275 billion right now. ¶**12**

And the Treasury is moving into the period of the year when the money squeeze always is tough. The bills will be rolling in steadily, but the big tax receipts from corporations won't be reaching the Treasury until March 18. Tens of billions of dollars of Treasury I.O.U.'s will be coming up for payment and the Treasury will have to have cash on hand to pay off those who don't want to take new I.O.U.'s in replacement. ¶ **13**

¶ **1–6** (A) What kind of argument is employed in these opening paragraphs? (B) Why is this particular line of argument well adapted to a general audience such as Miss Porter is here addressing? (C) Indicate which of the premises this argument supports, and justify your answer.

¶ **7–13** (D) What premise is being supported by Miss Porter here? (E) Relate the choice of language and the form of the paragraphs to the audience being addressed. (F) In what ways is the situation of the United States Treasury comparable to that of

It is utterly ridiculous for the Treasury of a nation of our financial power to get into a situation of this kind. It never would have happened had Anderson not been so impressed by the "economy" sentiment of the past session of Congress that he didn't dare ask it to approve a TEMPORARY hike in the $275 billion debt ceiling. That's all that was needed; just a temporary hike to help the Treasury through the rough months. ¶ **14**

But the hike wasn't requested, wasn't granted. That's why the Treasury's cash balance has been allowed to sink to such a dangerously low level. ¶ **15**

But now Anderson has asked for a temporary increase of $5 billion in the debt limit to last to mid-1959 and the House Ways and Means Committee approved the increase after only one day's hearings. ¶ **16**

It is inconceivable that this legislation will be held up in the Senate. The sooner the limit is raised, the better for America. ¶ **17**

the businessman addressed in the first six paragraphs? (G) Is the ordering of details in these paragraphs the best possible? Why or why not?

¶ **14** and ¶ **15** (H) Relate these paragraphs to the title of the article. (I) Relate them to the overall argument

¶ **16** (J) Why does Miss Porter stress the fact that the House Ways and Means Committee "approved the increase after only one day's hearings"?

¶ **17** (K) What part of the overall argument appears in this paragraph? (L) Why is its consideration postponed to this point? (M) How is the final sentence related to the overall argument?

The Whole Selection. (N) What support does Miss Porter offer for her major premise? (O) Is that premise a sound one? (P) Is the overall logic sound? (Q) What evidence can you find indicating that Miss Porter actually thinks that the Senate *may* hold up the proposed legislation, and that she is writing this column to persuade the Senators not to do so?

The Philadelphia Bulletin

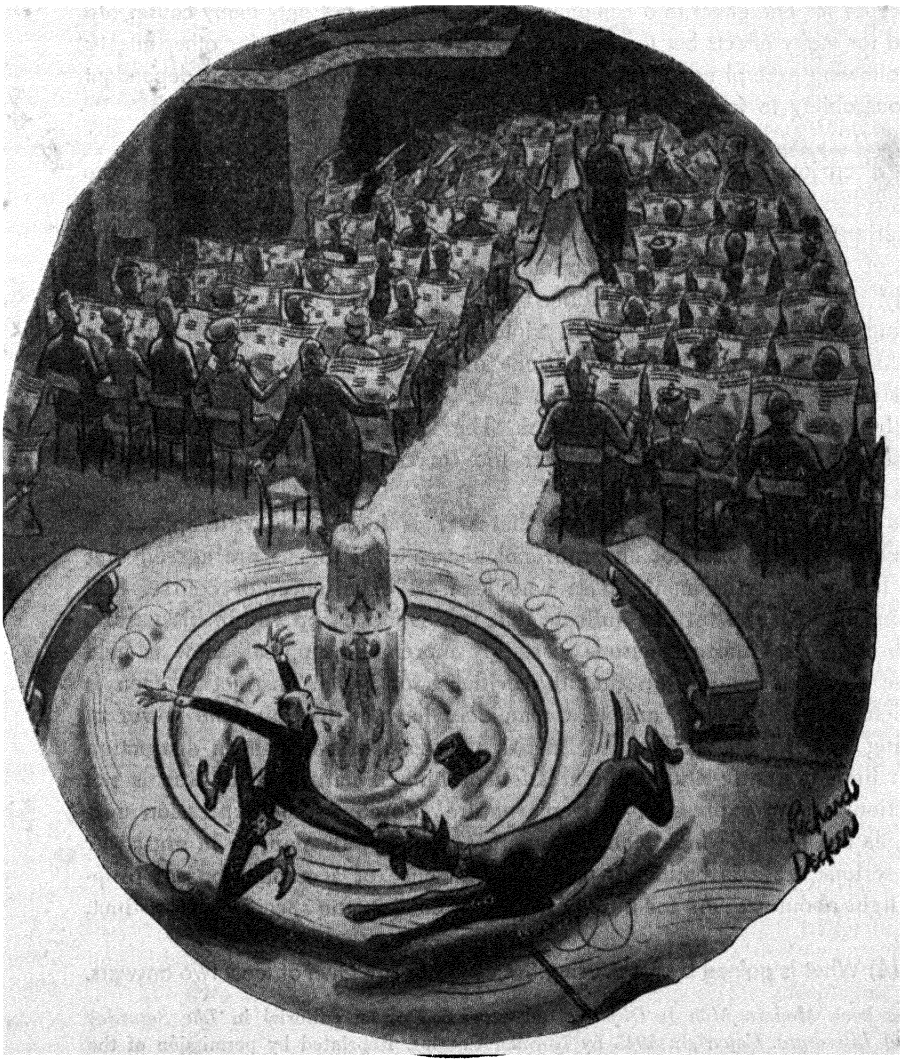
IN PHILADELPHIA NEARLY
EVERYBODY READS *THE BULLETIN*

Argument based on a general principle. Implicit in almost any piece of advertising is an argument proceeding from a general principle. As in the preceding selection, the elements of the argument, except for the conclusion, are likely to be not too obvious. An excellent test of your ability to read arguments, therefore, is to see whether or not you can spot the premises upon which an advertisement is based. The famous slogan "99 and 44/100 per cent pure," for example, is clearly grounded on the major premise that any product which is pure is desirable and, hence, worth buying.

In the following advertisement, no statement appears except the minor premise of an argument that runs something like this:

Any paper in Philadelphia which nearly everybody reads is a paper I should buy and is one in which I should advertise.
The *Bulletin* is a Philadelphia paper which nearly everybody reads.
The *Bulletin* is a paper I should buy and is one in which I should advertise.

The cartoon, of course, is to attract attention and emphasize the fact that almost everyone reads the *Bulletin,* even under the most extraordinary conditions.



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Norman Cousins

SURVIVAL IS YET POSSIBLE

Argument based on causal relations. Essentially, an argument based on causal relations is deductive, for it is built, consciously or unconsciously, on a series of assumptions, the most general of which are that every event has its causes, and that given the same causes it is highly probable that you will get the same event. The patterns in which such arguments appear are innumerable. They vary from a simple citation of one cause for one effect to a complex analysis in which not only many causes are adduced for many effects but the effects themselves become causes for other effects. In the following excerpt notice how your understanding of the passage is dependent upon your ability to follow its causal reasoning.

It is a curious phenomenon of nature that only two species practice the art of war - men and ants, both of which, significantly, maintain complex social organizations. This does not mean that only men and ants engage in the murder of their own kind. Many animals of the same species kill each other, but only men and ants have practiced the science of organized destruction, employing their massed numbers in violent combat and relying on strategy and tactics to meet developing situations or to capitalize on the weaknesses in the strategy and tactics of the other side. The longest continuous war ever fought between men lasted thirty years. The longest ant war ever recorded lasted six-and-a-half weeks, or whatever the corresponding units would be in ant reckoning. ¶ 1

While all entomologists are agreed that war is instinctive with ants, it is encouraging to note that not all anthropologists and biologists are agreed that war is instinctive with men. Those who lean on experience, of course, find everything in man's history to indicate that war is locked up within his nature. But a broader and more generous, certainly more philosophical, view is held by those scientists who claim that the evidence of a war instinct in men is incomplete and misleading, and that man *does* have within him the power of abolishing war. Julian Huxley, the English biologist, draws a sharp distinction between human nature and the *expression* of human nature. Thus war is not a reflection but an expression of man's nature. Moreover, the expression may change, as the factors which lead to war may change. "In man, as in ants, war in any serious sense is bound up with the existence of accumulations of property to fight about. . . . As for human nature, it contains no specific war instinct,

¶ 1 (A) What is gained by introducing this comparison? Give at least two answers.

From the book *Modern Man Is Obsolete*, an expansion of an editorial in *The Saturday Review of Literature*. Copyright 1945 by Norman Cousins. Reprinted by permission of the Viking Press, Inc., New York.

as does the nature of harvester ants. There is in man's makeup a general aggressive tendency, but this, like all other human urges, is not a specific and unvarying instinct; it can be molded into the most varied forms." ¶ 2

But even if this gives us a reassuring answer to the question—is war inevitable because of man's nature?—it still leaves unanswered the question concerning the causes leading up to war. The expression of man's nature will continue to be warlike if the same conditions are continued that have provoked warlike expressions in him in the past. And since man's survival on earth is now absolutely dependent on his ability to avoid a new war, he is faced with the so-far insoluble problem of eliminating those causes. ¶ 3

In the most primitive sense, war in man is an expression of his extreme competitive impulses. Like everything else in nature, he has had to fight for existence; but the battle against other animals, once won, gave way in his evolution to battle against his own kind. Darwin called it natural selection; Spencer called it the survival of the fittest; and its most overstretched interpretation is to be found in *Mein Kampf*, with its naked glorification of brute force and the complete worship of might makes right. In the political and national sense, it has been the attempt of the "have-nots" to take from the "haves," or the attempt of the "haves" to add further to their lot at the expense of the "have-nots." Not always was property at stake; comparative advantages were measured in terms of power, and in terms of tribal or national superiority. The good luck of one nation became the hard luck of another. The good fortune of the Western powers in obtaining "concessions" in China at the turn of the century was the ill fortune of the Chinese. The power that Germany stripped from Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, and France at the beginning of World War II she added to her own. ¶ 4

What does it matter, then, if war is not in the nature of man so long as man continues through the expression of his nature to be a viciously competitive animal? The effect is the same, and therefore the result must be as conclusive —war being the effect, and complete obliteration of the human species being the ultimate result. ¶ 5

If this reasoning is correct, then modern man is obsolete, a self-made anachronism becoming more incongruous by the minute. He has exalted change in everything but himself. He has leaped centuries ahead in inventing a new world to live in, but he knows little or nothing about his own part in that world.

¶ 2 (B) What causal relation does the author reject? On what grounds does he reject it? (C) What cause for war does Huxley discover? How does Cousins use this cause in his own argument?

¶ 3 (D) Given the present cause-effect relation, does the author think it better to remove the causes or treat the effects?

¶ 4 (E) What does this paragraph do for our understanding of the cause-effect relation previously established?

¶ 5 (F) What common element is found in the cause-effect relation previously rejected and the one accepted?

He has surrounded and confounded himself with gaps—gaps between revolutionary technology and evolutionary man, between cosmic gadgets and human wisdom, between intellect and conscience. The struggle between science and morals that Henry Thomas Buckle foresaw a century ago has been all but won by science. ¶ **6**

Given ample time, man might be expected eventually to span those gaps normally; but by his own hand, he is destroying even time. Decision and execution in the modern world are becoming virtually synchronous. Thus. whatever gaps man has to span he will have to span immediately. ¶ **7**

This involves both biology and will. If he lacks the actual and potential biological equipment to build those bridges. then the birth certificate of the atomic age is in reality a *memento mori.* But even if he possesses the necessary biological equipment, he must still make the decision which says that he is to apply himself to the challenge. Capability without decision is inaction and inconsequence. ¶ **8**

Man is left, then. with a crisis in decision. The main test before him involves his *will* to change rather than his *ability* to change. That he is capable of change is certain. For there is no more mutable or adaptable animal in the world. We have seen him migrate from one extreme clime to another. We have seen him step out of backward societies and join advanced groups within the space of a single generation. This is not to imply that the changes were necessarily always for the better; only that change was and is possible. But change requires stimulus; and mankind today need look no further for stimulus than its own desire to stay alive. The critical power of change, says Spengler, is directly linked to the survival drive. Once the instinct for survival is stimulated, the basic condition for change can be met. ¶ **9**

That is why the power of total destruction as potentially represented by modern science must be dramatized and kept in the forefront of public opinion. The full dimensions of the peril must be seen and recognized. Only then will man realize that the first order of business is the question of continued existence. Only then will he be prepared to make the decisions necessary to assure that survival. ¶ **10**

¶ **6** (G) Summarize the causes that in Cousins' opinion are responsible for modern man's obsolescence.

¶ **7** (H) What are the causes for the lack of time? How does the lack of time, being first an effect, become a cause?

¶ **8** (I) If desired effects are to be achieved, what will the causes have to be?

¶ **9** (J) What cause or causes can produce change in man through the exercise of his will?

¶ **10** (K) What sentence here is the proposition for the entire selection?

The Whole Selection. (L) Is the main proposition one of fact or policy? (M) What are the specific issues involved? What general issues? (N) Outline the chain of reasoning by which the author reaches his main proposition. In doing so, try working back from the proposition. (O) Do you see any weaknesses in Mr. Cousins' argument?

Sylvia Wright

PROPAGANDIZING AMERICAN ART

Argument by analogy: The literal analogy. Reasoning by analogy is one of the most common methods of winning belief or action. In practice it takes two forms: the literal analogy and the figurative.

The literal analogy is sometimes called the logical analogy, at other times simply argument by comparison. Seen in its broadest aspect this method is deductive since back of it is the general assumption that two things alike in many important aspects are alike in some other aspect. For example, since both Cleveland and Chicago are large, industrial, Midwestern, lakeside cities, and since Cleveland has found it useful to have a central railroad terminal, it might be argued that Chicago would find it useful also. Confronting anyone reading such an argument would be the special task of determining whether the comparison is a valid one. Possibly some important element may tend to invalidate the whole argument—like the fact that the trunk lines terminate in Chicago rather than going right through as they do in Cleveland.

The following selection is taken from an article which appears in its complete form on pages 368-372. In the article the author is arguing that any attempt to "sell" American culture simply through statistics is bound to fail since culture is not susceptible of explanation by statistics. In the selection given here the author shows rather amusingly what might happen if she were writing propaganda about French instead of American culture. The author hopes that with her you will conclude that since French propaganda in order to be effective would deal with specific artistic works, American propaganda in order to be effective should deal with specific artistic works. After studying the selection carefully, turn to the complete article to see how this analogy fits into the total context.

During the war, when writers in the Office of War Information had to explain the difficulties of supplying our armies, they used the following statistic: "It takes one ton of equipment to land an American soldier in the European battle zone, and seven tons a month to keep him fighting." ¶ 1

This compact and handy fact soon came so trippingly from various typewriters that one editor used to comment somberly, "Here comes old one-ton-seven-tons again." Old one-ton-seven-tons was one of many, including "One-third of America's manpower is woman power" (war production) and "From Guadalcanal to Tokyo is six times the distance from Paris to Berlin." ¶ 2

In recent months I have been working for the State Department as an editor of a booklet called *The Arts in the United States,* for distribution overseas

¶ 2 (A) How do you know by the end of the second paragraph that the author is against an overuse of statistics?

Reprinted from *The Reporter,* November 25, 1952, by permission of the author.

under the information program. Again I tapped a mine of neat, self-contained facts that come easily to the typewriter—this time not about war but about American culture. In the field of music, for example: "Since 1936, there has been an enormous increase in the number of summer music schools and music festivals in the United States." (I am ashamed to say that the word "burgeon" often creeps in.) "During twenty years at the Eastman School Festival of American Music, 900 orchestral works by more than 400 American composers have been played." ¶ **3**

The elemental and classic quote in this galaxy was used by Frederick Lewis Allen in an article called "The Spirit of the Times" in the July issue of *Harper's:* "In 1900 there were only a handful of symphony orchestras in the country; by May 1951 there were 659 'symphonic groups' —including 52 professional, 313 community, 231 college, and a scattering of miscellaneous amateur groups. Fifteen hundred American cities and towns now support annual series of concerts." ¶ **4**

I could give you similar meaningful facts about American literature, painting, and the other arts. ¶ **5**

If you write propaganda you need facts like these, and it can't be helped if they become clichés. It can't be helped either if things are always entering the main stream of American culture or some American art form is always coming of age. American literature has come of age at least four separate times—which reminds me again of the old OWI, where there were four different turning points for the Second World War. ¶ **6**

In putting together a booklet on the arts in the United States, the Division of Publications of the State Department was moved by the worthy ambition of correcting some false impressions and convincing the outside world that we *are* a cultured people—traditional European belief, the wails of our avant-garde, and the general appearance of things to the contrary notwithstanding. What more natural than to describe an increasing interest in the arts all over the country, the huge new audience for classic ballet, the new audience for artistic films, and even, on the basis of Gian-Carlo Menotti's television opera "Amahl and the Night Visitors," to hold out hope for television as the source of a huge new audience for opera? ¶ **7**

¶ **3** (B) What reason do you get in this paragraph for her disliking the use of statistics in the booklet *The Arts in the United States?* (C) Why should she be ashamed that the word "burgeon" is frequently used?

¶ **4** (D) What reason can you see for calling Frederick Lewis Allen's statement an "elemental and classic quote"?

¶ **5** (E) What is the meaning of "meaningful"?

¶ **6** (F) What else does the author have against facts as used to advertise American culture?

¶ **7** (G) Explain the meaning of the transitional phrase "What more natural than to describe."

This is the "659-symphonic-groups" approach to American culture. I think it's just, it's dignified, it's worthy, and I don't like it. ¶ **8**

At one point when my colleagues and I despaired of producing a booklet that would be anything but boring in the face of this approach, we decided to be Frenchmen producing a propaganda booklet on the arts in France. It was a breeze. Outside pressure prevented us from arriving at a complete table of contents, but it contained something like the following: at least one article on the philosophy of fashion; a hitherto unpublished and startling set of limericks from recently unearthed notebooks of a late great French savant; a lyrically written article called "The Morality of Evil." on the beauty of early morning in the red-light district of Paris (this was composed by a new fifteen-year-old writer in the jail where he was serving a term for peddling dope and was illustrated by Brassai or Cartier-Bresson photographs); somewhere in the book there was, of course, a full-page photograph of Jean Cocteau's hands; the lead article, by Sartre and entitled "*L'Etre, ce n'est pas moi*," announced that Sartre had ceased to exist and was therefore repudiating existentialism. ¶ **9**

You see what I mean. There were no statistics, nothing about how the population loved art, nothing about little orchestras sawing away in remote *départements*. The French booklet took for granted that France had culture and dealt with specific products - the work of artists. ¶ **10**

¶ **8** (H) Summarize the author's position on the American effort to show Europeans that we *are* a cultured people.

¶ **9** (I) What are the chief differences between the American propaganda and the imaginary French propaganda?

¶ **10** (J) What is the function of this last paragraph?

The Whole Selection. (K) What is the main proposition of this selection? (L) What does the analogy add to the argument? (M) Do you think it a fair analogy? (N) Would the argument have been more effective had the author compared *actual* French or English or Italian propaganda with American? (O) If you were interested in refuting the argument, how would you go about it? (P) After reading the entire essay on pp 368–372, do you think that the author strengthened or weakened her case by using this analogy? Explain your answer.

Nadine Miller

THE IMPORTANCE OF ADVERTISING

Argument by analogy: The figurative analogy. This kind of analogy is also called an informative analogy since its purpose is usually to win belief or action by reducing a complicated subject to a relatively simple and presumably more understandable metaphor. Often these metaphors are no longer than a phrase, a sentence, or a para-

graph. Occasionally, however, they take over the whole burden of the argument and become allegories such as Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* and Swift's *A Modest Proposal* (p. 126). The following is a short talk made by Miss Nadine Miller, former vice-president of C. E. Hooper, Inc., the company that puts out the Hooper ratings, which indicate the size of radio and TV audiences. The talk was one of the opening set speeches on Town Meeting of the Air when the subject was "Is Advertising Responsible for Our High Standard of Living?" In what follows you can see how a complicated situation is characteristically reduced to a very simple one. What results is not logical proof but something more understandable and possibly more appealing to the emotions than the proof itself. In such results lie the effectiveness—and the deceptiveness—of figurative analogies.

Friends, our topic this evening is: "Is Advertising Responsible for Our High Standard of Living?" The answer is *yes*, as advertising has been and is the most important single factor contributing to a high standard of living we enjoy here in the United States—a standard so high that what are considered luxuries in other countries are accepted as everyday essentials here. Nowhere else in the world do people enjoy the wide selection of merchandise, the convenience of buying, the high quality, the low prices, and the ability by the whole general public to buy, that we do in the United States. What has been advertising's part in bringing this about? ¶ **1**

Well, to paraphrase a popular song, *If I'da Known You Were Coming, I'da Baked a Cake*, I knew you were coming, so I will bake you a cake. Now any good cook recognizes that certain ingredients are necessary to bake a cake; that they must be carefully measured and mixed; and that each has a particular function such as vanilla for flavoring, sugar for sweetening. All good cooks also know that, while they may bake an eggless or a sugarless cake, or such, there is one ingredient that is essential, and that is baking powder, or a leavening agent. Without that, the cake would not rise. Just so with advertising. It has served as the leavening agent in our free, competitive enterprise system. ¶ **2**

As with the cake, we can have the finest production facilities in the world, the best possible means of transportation for the results of our production, but unless advertising has created consumer desire and acceptance, causing the products to be sold, our entire economic system would be just as flat and worthless as a cake without the leavening agent. Unfortunately, there are those who for one reason or another, and most of the reasons are selfish, would like

¶ **1** (A) What is the function of the first paragraph?

¶ **2** (B) In the comparison what corresponds to the cake? What might correspond to the flavoring and sweetening? What corresponds to the leavening agent? (C) Why do you suppose the comparison is made explicit only in the instance of the leavening agent?

America's Town Meeting of the Air, produced by The Town Hall, Inc. over the ABC Radio Network.

to see just this happen, would like to see our way of life changed. They are fully cognizant of the essential place that advertising has in maintaining our free enterprise system and the part it can play in the future progress of our country's economy. ¶ **3**

They realize if through the spreading of misinformation concerning advertising they can hamper, restrict or stop advertising, they could make a shambles of this nation faster than an atom bomb. So that we won't be misinformed, let's take the next minute to examine what have been advertising's constructive values to human good. If we could whisk ourselves into space so as to get a good perspective of man's progress, we would see during the first thousand years or so man conquering man, man conquering the stubborn land and pushing out into new land, but the one thing that would stand out would be how little change there was from age to age. Designs and backgrounds merged, but the basic life pattern of no progress, no comforts, and little culture remained from century to century. ¶ **4**

Then in the space of a heartbeat as time is reckoned, the world is changed. Cities, highways spring into being. People by the millions live in magic homes, homes where night can be turned into day, where the coronation of a queen half a world away can be brought right into our living rooms, homes where good health, education, and comforts are regarded as necessities, not luxuries. Scientists and inventors have given us the basic treasures, one by one, but it was a concept which began to develop in this country at the turn of the century that has set our progress apart from all others. ¶ **5**

It was the concept that people are customers, customers whose wants are almost infinite if one develops and makes and sells things that people would like to have at prices they can afford to pay. World progress began when it was realized that consumer demand and acceptance are just as essential as the capacity to produce. We see production, distribution, necessary yes, but the introduction of these treasures to millions of people, their availability at a cost within reach of the average man; their very existence in your home and mine, are primarily due to advertising—the leavening agent for raising the standard of living. ¶ **6**

¶ **3** (D) Who are those that would restrict or destroy advertising? Why do you suppose the author is not more specific about their identity? (E) How is the author defining "our way of life"?

¶ **4–6** (F) Here the writer shifts to a literal analogy: what-used-to-be in comparison with what-now-is. State the analogy in your own words. Do you think it an accurate one?

¶ **6** (G) What value is there in returning to the phrase "leavening agent"?

The Whole Selection. (H) Do you think the figurative analogy is apt or far-fetched? Support your answer. (I) In what specific ways is the argument more effective because of the analogy? less effective? (J) Define "proof" and show why an analogy is not proof.

Monroe E. Deutsch

THE FOES OF THE HUMANITIES

Argument by authority. This is a type of argument that you encounter daily. In advertising, it appears as testimonials, in law courts as testimony by witnesses and as citations from previous judgments, in general argumentative discourse as quotations from authorities presumed to be qualified and unprejudiced. The selection given here was an address by Dr. Deutsch at a dinner session of the Western College Association In an age oriented strongly toward science, Dr. Deutsch's defense of the humanities would not normally be as popular as it once might have been Notice how he strengthens his position by citing the opinions of a wide variety of authorities.

To be perfectly frank, I am not wholly clear as to a definition of the humanities or what fields of study are included under that term. Webster defines it: "The branches of polite learning regarded as primarily conducive to culture; especially, the ancient classics and belles-lettres; sometimes secular, as distinguished from theological learning." This definition does not seem very helpful. I really don't know what branches of learning are "polite" nor "regarded as primarily conducive to culture." ¶ 1

Perhaps the words of Terence may be sufficiently broad to take in everything that should be covered: "*Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto* (I am a man: I think naught that is human [humanum] alien to me.") In short, what is concerned with human beings may be regarded as falling under the humanities in the broadest sense of the term. Excluded are the subjects that deal with matter as opposed to man. Physics and chemistry and engineering are examples of fields outside of the humanities. ¶ 2

Accordingly the social sciences may be classed in the humanities. Certainly, history deals with man and his achievements. But political science, concerned with mankind in its ways of governing itself, is also to be included. And so too is economics which deals with the manner by which mankind makes and earns a living. ¶ 3

And yet I wonder whether the latter fields are not concerned especially with mankind externally rather than with the spirit of man. ¶ 4

In the humanities I should certainly count music and art. For they are the work of humans and have no meaning save in their effect on humans. And while the noblest examples of each assuredly deserve to be placed beside the masterpieces of literature, we shall agree, I think, that works of letters can

¶ 1 and ¶ 2 (A) What is gained by referring to Webster in defining the humanities? by referring to Terence?

This speech by Monroe E Deutsch is reprinted from *Representative American Speeches: 1952–1953*, ed. A. Craig Baird, H. W. Wilson Company.

reach more of mankind and their messages are clearer; besides each of us can choose those that have meaning for him, and we do not need the external aid of works of art in galleries or music performed by musicians. ¶ **5**

The core of the humanities is in my judgment literature—whether in our own tongue or a foreign one. It is literature which teaches us how to live. Nor should I hesitate to include philosophy and history too; you recall that Clio is one of the muses. ¶ **6**

Think of all that these fields cover—the works of philosophy and of fiction, the tragedies and the comedies, the orations, the epics, the lyrics, the histories. What a glorious phalanx they form and how they raise us above the mundane and make us see life as something infinitely greater than the tasks which furnish us our daily bread! ¶ **7**

They teach us not what the physical world about us is but what we ourselves are and what we may be. They are the best teachers, the best guides, in the life we live during these few decades of ours. ¶ **8**

They not only raise us to higher spiritual levels but help us in our relations with our fellows and in the pursuit of our own lives. They are for living far more important than a knowledge of the physical sciences, far more important than information concerning the machinery of government or the laws of economics. Do not mistake me; for a well-rounded life these things too are necessary. We live in a physical universe, we are citizens of a state, and food and shelter depend upon economic conditions. ¶ **9**

Walter Lippmann said some twelve years ago in an address wisely delivered before the American Association for the Advancement of Science:

> Modern education, however, is based on a denial that it is necessary, or useful, or desirable for the schools and colleges to continue to transmit from generation to generation the religious and classical culture of the Western world. . . . It abandons and neglects as no longer necessary the study of the whole classical heritage of the great works of great men. . . . The emancipated democracies have renounced the idea that the purpose of education is to transmit the Western culture. Thus, there is a cultural vacuum, and the cultural vacuum was bound to produce, in fact it has produced, progressive disorder. For the more men have become separated from the spiritual heritage which binds them together, the more has education become egoist, careerist, specialist and asocial. ¶ **10**

And these teachers of ours are of all nationalities, of all periods, of all languages. They include Plato and Thucydides, Virgil and Horace, Goethe and Schiller, Molière and Montaigne, Dante and Cervantes, Shakespeare and Milton, Emerson and Whitman. They make us realize the oneness of humanity and how

¶ **3–7** (B) What does the speaker finally decide the term *humanities* covers?

¶ **10** (C) What generalization of the author's does the quotation from Walter Lippmann support? Why mention the audience to which Lippmann spoke?

alike in essentials life is, whether or not we possess automobiles, radio, telephones and television. One of the great merits of the humanities is that they show the real unity of mankind. When we deal with the thoughts of great writers, whatever the language in which they are written, we feel nothing alien in them; what they say is all that matters, and there is nothing foreign there save the language in which it is expressed. I know no better method of creating international understanding—yes, and admiration—than through a thoughtful study of the writings of the great figures of all lands. ¶ **11**

What then has happened to the humanities in our time and our land? Why is it that letters are pushed aside? First and foremost responsible is the attitude of society to the whole business of education. It is assumed nowadays that young people go to college primarily to learn a profession, to fit themselves to become lawyers, physicians, dentists, architects, engineers, and the like. In short, the implied question always is: "Does this course help me to become an architect?" These professional curricula now have an underpinning of preprofessional courses. Yet the years preceding entry into law school or medical school were assumed to be periods for the education of human beings, not merely lawyers or physicians. The preprofessional courses and the emphasis on measuring all courses in the curriculum from the standpoint of their utility in the particular profession—these are enemy number one, the first foe of the humanities. ¶ **12**

But it is not only the strictly professional curricula that are enemies of the humanities. The entire system which over-emphasizes a major subject in the junior and senior years, and sets aside so much of the two preceding years to preparation for the major, is equally dangerous. A prospective geologist is as shackled in his program as a prospective physician. Here, too, courses are weighed on the basis of their utility to the geologist. The effort is made to turn out a specialist at the time the bachelor's degree is conferred instead of looking forward to graduate study as the proper period for a high degree of specialization. ¶ **13**

Of course, behind these two foes stands society which has all too often forgotten why universities and colleges exist, what they were intended to be, and thinks of them only as furnishing tools whereby a living may be earned. ¶ **14**

In the recent work *They Went to College,* divers opinions as to the value of college and the value of different types of programs are expressed. One letter reads: "It is regrettable that culture is inedible." The term indeed that these graduates use is "culture," and there is in many cases behind it a sneer, as in this letter:

> Culture courses are no longer needed to occupy a parlor or drawing room chair. Conversations over the tables of night clubs, beer gardens, baseball games, and trolley car seats do not smack of French, Gothic architecture, or why the Greek oratory was superior to our own. ¶ **15**

¶ **15** (D) What is *They Went to College*? To what end is it being quoted?

In discussing such a point of view, Professor Fred B. Millett in his work *The Rebirth of Liberal Education* says:

> The normal extraverted American characteristically finds his values in things, not in ideas or attitudes, or in the possession of immaterial goods. Despite his good nature and his generosity, despite his ready response to human suffering, he finds the most defensible human goal in the successful life, rather than the good life, and for him the most incontestable measure of success is the possession of things. ¶ **16**

Years ago Bliss Perry delivered an address at the University of California on poetry. After its conclusion President Benjamin Ide Wheeler assembled a little group in the library of his home. Among others present was D. O. Mills, banker and regent. On meeting Professor Perry he "pronounced with finality: Mr. Perry, Poetry is a fine thing, but Business is *the* thing.' " ¶ **17**

Another foe of the humanities is assuredly the lack of reading—especially of books by our people. Newspapers—at least the headlines—are commonly read, though it must be admitted that the comics and the sport pages are the sections of the papers most quickly perused. Magazines—save perhaps for those abundantly supplied with pictures or dealing with movie stars—fall behind newspapers in popularity. And books recede still further. And in this case it is fiction—I should say current fiction—that far exceeds the reading of nonfiction. Even fiction of a few years ago is far less often taken out of libraries. Everyone wants to be up-to-date, even if that means reading trash. Advertising beats the drum for it, and I sometimes suspect that occasionally book reviewers are strongly influenced by the advertising pages. Plato and Goethe and Milton—and even Emerson—do not compete for popular favor with *Forever Amber* and similar so-called pieces of literature. ¶ **18**

Yet another of the foes of the humanities is the belief that a requirement in English in school or college is intended merely or at least primarily for the purpose of teaching the student to write acceptable English, to learn how to paragraph, how to spell, how to avoid the obvious errors in writing. How often the reading and study of literature is either neglected or at least pushed into a subordinate position! Do not misunderstand me—we should of course learn how to write good English. I wonder whether absorption in great literature is not itself one of the best teachers. ¶ **19**

Are there, however, not other foes aside from the external ones of which I have spoken? ¶ **20**

First of all, since our departments are always departments of language and literature, we tend to busy ourselves (I dare to say) too much with lan-

¶ **16** (E) Does the quotation from *The Rebirth of Liberal Education* support or refute the one from *They Went to College?*

¶ **17** (F) How is the quotation from D. O. Mills related to the two preceding quotations? Taken together, what is the function of the three quotations?

guage, too little with literature. For example, instead of discussing the ideas with which the masters of letters deal, we tend to deal with translation. And if a student, by use of a dictionary gives the equivalent of the words the author has used, he wins an "A" and the class moves on to the next sentence. When you think of the pains which the author took to choose precisely the right words with the right shading, the student's translation is to his wording as a child's drawing is to that of a master artist. ¶ **21**

A book is a repository of ideas, not merely a collection of words, to be discussed as words. If the latter were the case, would we be doing anything much more valuable than arranging beads by their color or their size? A great work is the result of the agony of a great mind; there are as truly labor pains as when a child enters the world. Think of Virgil and the time he took to write a page, to choose the right word, the one that most accurately depicted the idea struggling for expression. And how casually the word is chosen in an alien tongue to translate what he took such pains to select! ¶ **22**

We must go beyond the words he uses to the ideas. In short, it is our duty to deal with literature as the expression of ideas, not as an assemblage of foreign words. When I say this, I say nothing at all new. Thus, John Milton in treating of education said:

> Seeing every nation affords not experience and tradition enough for all kinds of learning, therefore we are chiefly taught the languages of those people who have at any time been most industrious after wisdom; so that language is but the instrument conveying to us things useful to be known. And though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into; yet if he have not studied the solid things in them, as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother dialect only. ¶ **23**

Another foe is the notion that information is all important, is the mark of an intelligent man or woman. Have you observed this in radio programs? The one entitled "Information Please" is a perfect illustration. Listeners attend enthusiastically when some prominent figure in public life or the stage, shows himself able to answer a host of factual questions. And yet one may not be able to tell what flowers are mentioned in Shakespeare and still understand Shakespeare fully. Professor R. M. MacIver of Columbia University has a pertinent example: "I have a recollection of being at a doctoral examination, a Ph.D. examination, where questions like this were hurled at the candidate who was thereby qualifying to be called a doctor of philosophy: 'Who was the postmaster general at the time of President Coolidge?'" ¶ **24**

And Woodrow Wilson "often related with relish the answer he once found on an examination paper: 'This question is unfair. It requires thought.'" ¶ **25**

¶ **23** (G) What proposition of the author's does the quotation from Milton support? Why is it useful to have Milton here instead of a modern writer or speaker?

Woodrow Wilson (to quote him once more) said wisely:

> There is no discipline in information. Some of the best informed men I ever met could not reason at all. You know what you mean by an extraordinarily well-informed man. You mean a man who always has some fact at his command to trip you up; and you will generally find that all this man can do is to throw little chunks of fact in the way so that you will stumble on them and make yourself ridiculous. And if you say, "Very well, please be kind enough to generalize on this matter," you will find he cannot do it. Information is not education. Information is the raw material of education, but it is not education. ¶ **26**

Abraham Flexner in *Universities: American, English, German* says:

> The world has not lost, and, unless it is to lose its savor, will never lose the pure, appreciative, humanistic spirit—the love of beauty, the concern for ends established by ideals that dare to command rather than to obey. Now science, while widening our vision, increasing our satisfactions, and solving our problems, brings with it dangers peculiarly its own. We can become so infatuated with progress—in knowledge and control—both of which I have unstintedly emphasized—that we lose our perspective, lose our historic sense, lose a philosophic outlook, lose sight of relative cultural values. ¶ **27**

Now I enter territory filled with ground-mines, extremely dangerous. Are not our teachers —I refer to teachers of the humanities—all too often trained in what one would call a "scientific" manner? And do they not feel that it is their function to deal with their subject matter "scientifically," i.e., factually? Are not our teachers dragooned from first to last to look at works of letters as quarries into which to dig, rather than as the expressions of great minds on life and ways of living it? I realize, of course, that there is danger in the alternative presentation; it may perhaps lead to sheer talk, to a superficial knowledge of an author. However, a wise teacher should be able to avoid these pitfalls. ¶ **28**

If therefore we are really convinced of the importance of the humanities, that they should not only be a part of education but the very heart of it, we must combat its foes, external and internal. Indeed, if we were able to fight them successfully, we should make our education more than a road to a particular profession, more than a path to higher monetary returns, but a route to nobler living. ¶ **29**

¶ **24** and ¶ **25** (H) Are Professor MacIver and Woodrow Wilson being referred to here as authorities or are their statements simply being used as examples to prove a point? Explain the difference.

¶ **26** (I) Is Wilson now being used as an authority? If so, in support of what contention of the author's?

¶ **27** (J) What is the relation between the Flexner quotation and the one from Wilson in the preceding paragraph?

At the same time I wonder if those who have chosen to teach the humanities, are sufficiently devoted to them—if we really believe in them with all our souls. How widely are we accustomed to read in the literature which we are teaching? How extensively do we read in other literature? We cannot inspire unless we ourselves are inspired. Are we perhaps dispirited by the lack of support which we receive? Are we overwhelmed by our scientific colleagues and are tempted to imitate them? Do we regard factual material concerning our literature as more important than an understanding of the thoughts it conveys? ¶ **30**

When all is said and done, the need is that we secure as teachers those who, in Cicero's words, are "all afire with these studies" (his *studiis flagrantis*). Assuredly nothing can catch fire unless a spark at least kindles it. I know of no automatic way of creating such a spark in teachers; it is a God-given gift. But in general to inspire such a teacher requires that fire shall have been transmitted from his teacher. Indeed it resembles the carrying of the Olympic torch, each runner kindling the fire from the torch of his predecessor and bearing it on its way to its final goal. ¶ **31**

If our people are not led to the humanities and taught their significance, what will be the effect on the production of great works of letters among us? In general, works of genius flourish when the soil is receptive. It is no accident that in ancient Greece such a galaxy of great writers appeared at one time. When a people deeply appreciate writings of distinction, there will be a stimulus to their production. To be sure a great soul will speak even in an era of darkness, but an impetus to great work in any field rests upon the attitude of society. It is no accident that now we live in an age of noteworthy inventions and scientific discoveries, but I wonder how many works of today will endure in music, art or letters. ¶ **32**

In times of sorrow and tribulation where does one turn for help? Not to the best-sellers in the fiction of the day but to the majestic works of the past. They alone can enable one to realize better what such suffering means and give one comfort in the dark days in which one is living. But unless one habitually turns to the great figures, he will not find it easy to open those doors when the need arises. We all know that sorrow and pain will overtake us, indeed more and more as the years grow more numerous. This means that with each year, each decade we need all the more the solace of great literature. I do not speak of the Bible since it is filled with so much that helps at such times; it should come first whenever the clouds gather. But next stand the great masters of letters. They do not confine themselves to trivial matters but give us the thoughts of the world's noblest minds on such crises as inevitably overtake us. ¶ **33**

Unless we devote ourselves to the great works of the past and such great works as may perchance appear in our time, shall we not cut ourselves off both from those of our generation and also the majestic works which time has

¶ **31** (K) What is added by having Cicero seem to be in agreement with the speaker?

striven to preserve for us? We treasure the edifices of the past, some to be sure because of their architectural beauty, others merely because of historical associations and antiquity. And yet the works of literature go back into the dim centuries long before such buildings were erected. These are after all but things of brick and stone, often beautiful but at times esteemed merely as relics of a long past age. The works of letters are the distillations of great minds and great souls; they do not appear in mutilated form or in restorations. They are the very words uttered by those long gone from mortal life but as living and as true as when the writer jotted them down. It is our duty to keep them alive and not permit them to take their place beside the mummies of Egyptian kings. Nothing is really more alive than they, if we but see that they are not buried and forgotten. ¶ **34**

Unless we inculcate a love of great works and stimulate our students to read them—voluntarily and not as something prescribed in the course—above all read them when school and college are far in the past—unless, I say, we accomplish this, we shall fail in our greatest responsibility and make our times the true Dark Ages, ignorant of the past, devoted to the temporal and heedless of the eternal. ¶ **35**

There is a passage in Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird* which I love to quote. The dead grandparents say in effect to the children "We dead live again when you the living think of us--and only then." ¶ **36**

So the great figures of letters from Aeschylus to Milton only live when we of this generation read them and think their thoughts. Otherwise what life have they? They are truly dead—sometimes called dead in language but really dead in that they are completely ignored and forgotten. ¶ **37**

We have therefore both affirmative and negative steps to take—to do everything possible to encourage love of great literature and at the same time to fight against the transformation of our educational institutions into institutions which can only by a stretch of terms be called educational—which seek to win popular favor by teaching or claiming to teach primarily that which is useful, useful in the narrowest sense of the term. ¶ **38**

May we play our part in striving to convert our institutions into truly educational centers! ¶ **39**

Let us recall the words of Kipling in his poem *The Secret of the Machines.* He represents the machines as boasting:

> We can pull and haul and push and lift and drive.
> We can print and plough and weave and heat and light.
> We can run and jump and swim and fly and dive,
> We can see and hear and count and read and write!

But later they are driven to admit:

¶ **36** (L) What is added by having Maeterlinck state the proposition instead of the speaker's stating it in his own words?

Our touch can alter all created things.
We are everything on earth—except the Gods!

And finally they go even further and declare:

Though our smoke may hide the Heavens from your eyes
It will vanish and the stars will shine again.
Because, for all our power and weight and size,
We are nothing more than children of your brain! ¶ **40**

So my plea in simplest terms is: "Let not the smoke of the world hide the heavens from our eyes." ¶ **41**

¶ **40** (M) What final point does the quotation from Kipling support?

The Whole Selection. (N) What is the main proposition of the argument? (O) What issues are suggested? (P) What is the effect of citing all the authorities named in this selection? (Q) Is argument by authority an inductive or deductive method of reasoning? Explain your answer. (R) In arguing against someone who uses this method what would you attempt to do?

Thomas Paine

NOTHING CAN BE MORE FALLACIOUS . . .

Argument by a combination of methods. Though an argument may be based primarily on one of the methods previously described, an argument of any length is seldom pursued by one method alone. Most authors find it useful to employ a variety of methods, and to employ both argument and counterargument.

One of the cleverest men at argument was Tom Paine, the great propagandist for the American cause during the Revolutionary War. In the following excerpt from his *Common Sense*, a rousing essay written in 1776 and probably the most significant document of the Revolution aside from the *Declaration* itself, Paine employs a variety of methods in attacking the Tories and the Tory arguments.

I have heard it asserted by some, that as America has flourished under her former connection with Great Britain, the same connection is necessary towards her future happiness, and will always have the same effect.—Nothing can be more fallacious than this kind of argument.—We may as well assert that because a child has thrived upon milk, that it is never to have meat, or that the first twenty years of our lives is to become a precedent for the next twenty. But

even this is admitting more than is true; for I answer roundly, that America would have flourished as much, and probably much more, had no European power taken any notice of her. The commerce by which she hath enriched herself are the necessaries of life, and will always have a market while eating is the custom of Europe. ¶ **1**

But she has protected us, say some. That she hath engrossed us is true, and defended the Continent at our expense as well as her own, is admitted; and she would have defended Turkey from the same motive, *viz.* for the sake of trade and dominion. ¶ **2**

Alas! we have been long led away by ancient prejudices and made large sacrifices to superstition. We have boasted the protection of Great Britain, without considering, that her motive was *interest* not *attachment;* and that she did not protect us from *our enemies* on *our account*, but from her enemies on her own account, from those who had no quarrel with us on any *other account*, and who will always be our enemies on the *same account.* Let Britain waive her pretensions to the continent, or the continent throw off the dependence, and we should be at peace with France and Spain were they at war with Britain. The miseries of Hanover's last war ought to warn us against connections. ¶ **3**

It hath lately been asserted in Parliament, that the colonies have no relation to each other but through the parent country, i.e. that Pennsylvania and the Jerseys, and so on for the rest, are sister colonies by the way of England; this is certainly a very roundabout way of proving relationship, but it is the nearest and only true way of proving enmity (or enemyship, if I may so call it). France and Spain never were, nor perhaps ever will be, our enemies as *Americans,* but as our being the *subjects of Great Britain.* ¶ **4**

But Britain is the parent country, say some. Then the more shame upon her conduct. Even brutes do not devour their young, nor savages make war upon their families; wherefore, the assertion, if true, turns to her reproach; but it happens not to be true, or only partly so, and the phrase *parent* or *mother country* hath been jesuitically adopted by the King and his parasites,

¶ **1** (A) Paine begins by summarizing a Tory argument. What method of argument had the Tories apparently been using? (B) What method or argument does Paine employ in the sentence beginning "We may as well"? (C) What kind of argument does he employ in the last half of the paragraph?

¶ **2** (D) What kind of argument had the Tories probably used in holding that England had protected the colonies? (E) What method of argument does Paine use in reply?

¶ **3** (F) What method of argument is Paine employing here? (G) Put the argument of this paragraph in your own words.

¶ **4** (H) In a sense Paine refers to authorities when he writes, "It hath lately been asserted in Parliament. . . ." Why is this not a true argument by authority? (I) What method of argument does Paine employ here?

with a low papistical design of gaining an unfair bias on the credulous weakness of our minds. Europe, and not England, is the parent country of America. This new world hath been the asylum for the persecuted lovers of civil and religious liberty from *every part* of Europe. Hither have they fled, not from the tender embraces of the mother, but from the cruelty of the monster; and it is so far true of England, that the same tyranny which drove the first emigrants from home, pursues their descendants still. ¶ 5

¶ 5 (J) What method of argument were the Tories using in maintaining that Britain was a parent? Does Paine shift the method or use the same one? Explain

The Whole Selection. (K) List the arguments that Paine attributes to the Tories and indicate in each instance the method of argument the Tories had apparently used (L) Indicate in each instance, also, the reply that Paine makes and the method of argument he employs in making it. (M) Technically, is this excerpt an example of argument in the first instance or refutation? If you think it is the latter, show which of the devices listed on page 42 Paine uses. (N) If you had been a Tory at the time, how could you have dealt with Paine's arguments?

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ARGUMENT

Knowing that readers or listeners are not swayed by logic alone, writers and speakers usually supplement their logical arguments with appeals which they hope will be psychologically effective. Some of these appeals to feeling are illustrated in the remaining selections in Part One.

Benjamin Franklin

SPEECH IN THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION AT THE CONCLUSION OF ITS DELIBERATIONS

The writer or speaker and the audience. It is difficult to imagine a successful argument without some attempt on the part of the writer or speaker to establish a friendly relationship between himself and his readers or listeners. To do this he must in the first place establish himself in their eyes as a worthy person. He must show, if possible, that he is likable, that he is a man of good character, that he is an authority on the subject, and that he is reasonably unbiased in dealing with it. John Quincy Adams made substantially these same points in speaking at Harvard in 1806 when he observed that there are "three qualities in the character of an orator which may

naturally and essentially affect the success of his eloquence." These he listed as "an honest heart, a sound understanding, and a disposition characterized by benevolence, modesty, and confidence."

In the second place, a writer or speaker establishes a friendly relationship by taking into account the readers' or listeners' basic desires for security and happiness; their love of home, country, and family; their quite human susceptibility to flattery; their high regard for the simple virtues and their dislike of hypocrisy, unfairness, and evil; their special affiliations, beliefs, and prejudices By some specialists in argument, appeals to such characteristics in the audience are called "pathetic proof" whereas the attempts of a writer or speaker to establish his own character and reputation are called "ethical proof."

An occasion when the establishment of *rapport* between the writer and the audience was of vast importance to the future history of the United States produced the following speech by the great Benjamin Franklin on September 17, 1787. The delegates to the convention which had formulated the Federal Constitution had been battling for weeks, often bitterly, about provisions. Delegates from states with certain commercial interests battled delegates from states with different commercial interests; delegates from large states came into conflict with delegates from small states, delegates with differing theories of government wrangled hotly. Powerful orators opposed the whole instrument: the eloquent Patrick Henry, for instance, day after day called the Constitution "the most fatal plan which could possibly be conceived for enslaving a free people." The document, in the end, was such a patchwork of compromises that no one was completely satisfied with it. Even its brilliant defender, Alexander Hamilton, privately called it "a frail and worthless fabric" destined to last no more than ten years.

Benjamin Franklin, eighty-one years old, so ill and frail that he could not stand and deliver a long speech, had a colleague read his plea. Like other delegates, he had watched principles which he cherished voted down—the belief, for example, that the President should receive no salary, that the executive authority should be vested in a committee, and that there should be only one legislative body. Nevertheless, he argued for adoption with persuasive power which historians agree had much to do with the final favorable vote And at least as important as his logic was the setting up in his speech of a personal relationship between Franklin as a man and the delegates as men.

I confess, that I do not entirely approve of this Constitution at present; but, Sir, I am not sure I shall never approve it; for, having lived long, I have experienced many instances of being obliged, by better information or fuller consideration, to change my opinions even on important subjects, which I once thought right, but found to be otherwise. It is therefore that, the older I grow, the more apt I am to doubt my own judgment of others. Most men, indeed, as well as most sects in religion, think themselves in possession of all truth, and that wherever others differ from them, it is so far error. Steele, a Protestant, in a dedication tells the Pope that the only difference between our two churches in their opinions of the certainty of their doctrine, is, the Romish Church is *infallible*, and the Church of England is *never in the wrong*. But. though many

private persons think almost as highly of their own infallibility as of that of their Sect, few express it so naturally as a certain French Lady, who, in a little dispute with her sister, said, "But I meet with nobody but myself that is always in the right." "Je ne trouve que moi qui aie toujours raison." ¶ 1

In these sentiments, Sir, I agree to this Constitution, with all its faults,—if they are such; because I think a general government necessary for us, and there is no *form* of government but what may be a blessing to the people, if well administered; and I believe, farther, that this is likely to be well administered for a course of years, and can only end in despotism, as other forms have done before it, when the people shall become so corrupted as to need despotic government, being incapable of any other. I doubt, too, whether any other Convention we can obtain, may be able to make a better constitution; for, when you assemble a number of men, to have the advantage of their joint wisdom, you inevitably assemble with those men all their prejudices, their passions, their errors of opinion, their local interests, and their selfish views. From such an assembly can a *perfect* production be expected? It therefore astonishes me, Sir, to find this system approaching so near to perfection as it does; and I think it will astonish our enemies, who are waiting with confidence to hear that our councils are confounded like those of the builders of Babel, and that our States are on the point of separation, only to meet hereafter for the purpose of cutting one another's throats. Thus, I consent, Sir, to this Constitution, because I expect no better, and because I am not sure that it is not the best. The opinions I have had of its *errors* I sacrifice to the public good. I have never whispered a syllable of them abroad. Within these walls they were born, and here they shall die. If every one of us, in returning to our Constituents, were to report the objections he has had to it, and endeavor to gain Partisans in support of them, we might prevent its being generally received, and thereby lose all the salutary effects and great advantages resulting naturally in our favour among foreign nations, as well as among ourselves, from our real or apparent unanimity. Much of the strength and efficiency of any government, in procuring and securing happiness to the people, depends on *opinion*, on the general opinion of the goodness of that government, as well as of the wisdom and integrity of its governors. I hope, therefore, for our own sakes, as a part of the people, and for the sake of our posterity, that we shall act heartily and unanimously in recommending this Constitution, wherever our Influence may extend, and turn our future thoughts and endeavors to the means of having it *well administered*. ¶ 2

¶ 1 (A) Why, considering the attitude of his audience, does Franklin do well to start with the "confession" he makes at the outset? (B) How does Franklin manage to suggest that being old is an asset rather than a liability? (C) What sympathetic characteristics of the writer are revealed by his citation of the dedication by Steele and the remark of the French lady?

¶ 2 (D) List in order Franklin's arguments in behalf of the adoption of "this Constitution," and relate the order to the attitude of the audience. (E) How are these

On the whole, Sir, I cannot help expressing a wish, that every member of the Convention who may still have objections to it, would with me on this occasion doubt a little of his own infallibility, and, to make *manifest* our *unanimity*, put his name to this Instrument. ¶ 3

arguments related to the writer's characterization of himself in paragraph 1? (F) How does Franklin support his claim that the delegates should "act heartily and unanimously in recommending this Constitution"? (G) Why is the author's method of stating this point likely to encourage approval of the scheme by the delegates?

¶ 3 (H) In what ways is the concluding statement well adapted to the character of Franklin as shown in the speech? to the nature of his audience?

The Whole Selection. (I) In *The Growth of the American Republic*, Messrs. Morrison and Commager say of the delegates to the Constitutional Convention: "No fair-minded person can read their debates without wonder that a country of four million people could produce men of such intellect, common sense, and enlightened vision." Discuss the appropriateness to such an audience of Franklin's choice of words (including the quotation in French), of his allusions, of the form of his sentences, and of humorous touches in the speech.

Herbert Block

WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

Modes of attack: The attack direct. Whenever an argument is directed against some opposing force, human or otherwise, the writer or speaker may tactically choose to storm the front or to slip around and attack from the rear. The difference between the two attacks is the difference between the literal statement and the ironic or indirect one.

In the direct attack, unlike the attack indirect (see headnote, p. 8), the meaning of the words and the author's real intent coincide. If he says that he admires all Congressmen, he means just that and is not gently spoofing Congress and you. To make the attack effective, the author is likely to slant his argument heavily. This means that he is likely to select details and words that shift your sympathies sharply from one side to the other. If he wants you to like a Congressman, he calls him a "statesman"; if he wants you to dislike him, he calls him a "politician."

Herbert Block is a cartoonist who signs the name "Herblock" to cartoons, most of them on political subjects, which appear in newspapers published in the United States and abroad. His hard-hitting pictorial attacks upon attitudes, policies, and politicians have won for him the American Newspaper Guild Award, the Washington AVC Civil Rights Award, and two Pulitzer Prizes. The fact that as a writer, he also can hit hard is evidenced by the following excerpt from his book *Here and Now*. The cartoons reproduced with the excerpt not only illustrate it but also provide the reader with a chance to compare Block's effectiveness as a writer with his effectiveness as a car-

toonist. Although Block's attack here is predominantly direct, at some points it is indirect—ironic—that is, the author says some things which are the opposite of what he feels, expecting the reader to realize this. The discovery of the ironic passages is of course important for understanding his attitude.

The Post Office Department may not be so good at delivering the mail these days, but it has worked to deliver us from temptation and evil, a chore that we used to ask Somebody Else to handle. Several years back, under a different Administration, this department was going to save us from the pictures of pretty girls in *Esquire*. But the Supreme Court ruled against that high minded and higher-handed effort, with the result that today we are all presumably in danger of becoming sex-mad fiends while leafing through the magazines in the dentist's waiting room. ¶ **1**

In 1955 this same department acted to save us from being demoralized by Aristophanes' comedy *Lysistrata*, a play which the world has somehow managed to survive, despite repeated performances since 411 B.C. The ban on *Lysistrata* was lifted when somebody whispered into the cauliflower ears of the authorities that it was a classic. ¶ **2**

Official and unofficial censorship boards have spared no effort to save us from seeing movies that they regard as fit only for their own eyes. However, those devilish fellows on the U. S. Supreme Court, debauched by dipping into racy books on Constitutional law, have more than once stepped in to interfere with the censors' noble aims. It is only recently that newsreels have become exempt from censorship in all 48 states. Whither are we drifting? If this keeps up, people may have to decide for themselves what to see. It's almost enough to make the senses reel or make the reels sensible. ¶ **3**

But the protection of our morals runs second to the protection of the American people from subversive thoughts. What would become of our freedom if people were allowed to read and discuss all kinds of ideas? If we insist on exercising our liberties, how can those liberties be preserved—or, more

¶ **1** (A) In this first paragraph, what indications are there that the passage will be for the most part a direct attack? (B) What is the value of the word *presumably* in the final sentence?

¶ **2** (C) What are "cauliflower ears" and who has them? Why does Block attribute cauliflower ears to members of the Post Office Department although it is unlikely that many of them have ears of this sort?

¶ **3** (D) What characteristic is attributed to the censorship boards in the first sentence, and why? (E) Are the words *devilish, racy, noble* used seriously or ironically? Explain your answer. (F) Does the author really view with alarm the exemption of newsreels from censorship in all 48 states? How do you know?

From *Herblock's Here and Now* by Herbert Block, copyright © 1955 by Herbert Block. Reprinted by permission of Simon and Schuster, Publishers.

accurately, pickled? The vigilantes are determined to leave no stone unturned or unthrown to protect us. ¶ **4**

The postal authorities have not been idle in this work either. Again in 1955 they acted to keep the American people from going Communist as a result of reading *Pravda* and *Izvestia*, the official Russian newspapers—which are, incidentally, printed in Russian. ¶ **5**

These publications, which the Post Office withheld from all but an arbitrarily selected few, would not be likely to compete with our dailies for circulation even if a free bicycle were given with each copy. Former Ambassador George F. Kennan pointed out that such papers give us important clues as to what's going on behind the Iron Curtain, that a study of them would be more likely than anything else to *un*sell a reader on Communism, and—most important—that suppression of this kind is inconsistent with American freedom. But these are small matters to men determined that the mail must not go through. ¶ **6**

¶ **4** (G) To what new facet of his subject does the author turn in this paragraph? (H) How would Block himself answer each of the questions put here? How did you arrive at your answer? (I) What was a vigilante? For what reason does Block apply this epithet to censors?

¶ **5** and ¶ **6** (J) Why does Block specifically mention that *Pravda* and *Izvestia* are printed in Russian? (K) What is the value of "even if a free bicycle were given with each copy"? Is any exaggeration involved here? (L) What is the justification for

The Bookworms



The Bookworms from *Herblock's Here and Now* (Simon & Schuster, 1955)

"You Got All Their Names?"



"You Got All Their Names?" from *Herblock's Here and Now* (Simon & Schuster, 1955)

Shortly after this Post Office Department action was announced, two United States senators moved to save us all from destroying ourselves when they proposed that *The Daily Worker* be banned. For all we know, this miserable paper may already be subverting the FBI men, who probably make up most of its ragged subscription list. ¶ **7**

Those senators possibly felt that the real danger lies in people being able to read at all. Even those of us who read only English might be corrupted. And when people have a choice of ideas or arguments, how do you know they won't make the wrong choice? The yeggheads would solve this problem by making sure that there is no choice. That's the way it's done in—oh, yes—Russia. ¶ **8**

Even apart from questions of constitutionality, such policies are an insult to the American people; and those who advocate them can't really believe much in the democracy they profess to be protecting. But the champions of Freedom to Suppress are sure they know what's best for us. ¶ **9**

The executive branch of government, and particularly the Defense Department, has worked at withholding vital public information to a point where newspapers have complained of a "news brownout" or "gray censorship." The Defense Department has its own ideas of information, and in the spring of 1955 the public got a peek at an interesting little document which had originally been prepared by the First Army for some of its personnel, and later was published as an article in the *Air Intelligence Training Bulletin* before public complaints compelled the Defense Department to end its distribution. ¶ **10**

Titled "How to Spot a Communist," this article listed several words which it gave as helpful "clues" in Communist-spotting. Among them were *chauvinism, hootenanny, book-burning, colonialism, witch-hunting, reactionary, exploitation, hooliganism, imperialism* and *progressive*. Subjects which provided "danger signals" included *McCarthyism, violation of civil rights, racial or religious discrimination, immigration laws; any legislation concerning labor unions, the military budget* and *peace*. ¶ **11**

The authors and distributors of that little gem might have done well to keep an eye on the entire U. S. Senate and House of Representatives, which in the summer of 1955 passed, without a dissenting vote, a resolution affirming that

ordering Kennan's three points in the order followed here? (M) Relate the last sentence in the paragraph to the adage of the Postal Department, "The mail must go through."

¶ **7** (N) Does Block really believe that *The Daily Worker*, a Communist newspaper, is a "miserable paper," that it is "subverting the FBI men," and that FBI men "probably make up most of its ragged subscription list"? In answering this question make clear what Block is getting at in this paragraph, and how he is doing it.

¶ **8** and ¶ **9** (O) What charges does the author make against senators in these paragraphs? (P) Explain the reference to Russia (Q) There is no such word as "yeggheads" in the dictionary. Why and how did Block coin the word?

the United States should maintain its traditional policy against colonialism. Since the word "McCarthyism" evidently originated in one of my cartoons, I must certainly be suspect—along with everybody from President Eisenhower on down who has referred to "peace," "the military budget," "immigration laws" and most of the other words on the list. Congressmen, the entire AFL-CIO membership and all the supporters of the Taft-Hartley Act had better think twice before engaging in any further discussions of l-b-r l-g-sl-t-on. And if a woman driver refers to anything under the hood as a "hootenanny," follow that car! ¶ **12**

Economy-minded executives could have saved the government the cost of printing and distributing that paper simply by whispering instructions to keep a sharp lookout for anyone who could pronounce words of three or more syllables. ¶ **13**

Education itself seems to be the danger which the Know-nothings are really trying to eliminate, and some have been more direct in going to the heart of the matter—or maybe I should say the head. ¶ **14**

Private vigilante groups have long been busy attacking every form of progressive education, and undoubtedly assume that anything labeled progressive *and* educational must put us in double jeopardy. If a little learning is a dangerous thing, more learning must be more dangerous. A committee headed by Senator Jenner decided that the Upper House of Congress was the proper body to investigate higher education and went after the colleges and universities. Colleges are veritable hotbeds of learning. These are the places where ideas are propagated. And by whom? Teachers! Professors! Intellectuals! ¶ **15**

The yeggheads do not, of course, say they wish to *attack* education. They only *investigate* it and put on a little pressure here and there to see that the schools and colleges get the idea. They have what might be called a one-way interest in education, which can be symbolized by an EXIT sign. They are interested in throwing out teachers, students and books, but seldom show much concern about getting people *into* schools or providing sufficient school facilities for the students. They are hot after "reds" in the schools but unconcerned about the schools being in the red. ¶ **16**

¶ 11–14 (R) State the line of reasoning which comes to the conclusion stated in paragraph 14. (S) What did Block mean to imply by replacing several of the letters in "labor legislation" with dashes in paragraph 12?

¶ 15 (T) Formulate the syllogism represented by the sentence beginning "If a little learning."

¶ 16 (U) Specify what Block means when he says that a certain group has "a one-way interest in education." (V) How is this paragraph related to the one immediately preceding it?

The Whole Selection. (W) Support or attack the claim in the headnote that the attack here is "predominantly direct" by citing relevant passages. (X) Compare and contrast Block as a writer with Herblock as a cartoonist. (Y) Are Block's charges unjustified today? Explain.

Clarence Day

THE REVOLT OF CAPITAL

Modes of attack: The attack indirect. The indirect approach is the ironic: that is, the words say the opposite of the author's real intent. Irony derives from the Greek word "eiron," used to denote a type character in classical comedy. Such a character was a wise person who assumed the role of a simpleton. By extension, the term has come to apply to a discourse in which the writer, who is really wise and just, plays at being stupid and sometimes downright malicious. Such an attack makes large demands upon the writer's ingenuity, for he must say one thing and make the reader know that he means another. It makes demands of the reader, too. Some readers make fools of themselves by failing to recognize what the author is up to. In 1729, when Jonathan Swift suggested ironically in "A Modest Proposal" (p. 126), that the starving Irish sell their babies as choice meat, there was a roar of protest. Many readers took him literally and completely missed Swift's real point, his bitter attack on the economic system which was responsible for the starvation ravaging Ireland at that time

In "The Revolt of Capital," Clarence Day upsets the whole history of the relation between capital and labor. As an intelligent reader, however, you almost immediately realize that no one intelligent enough to write this well can have so much misinformation as his words, taken literally, might indicate. Once you make this discovery, reading becomes something of a game in piecing together what Day apparently says and what he really means. The ultimate result may be that you will remember his argument far more clearly than if he had stated it directly.

Once upon a time all the large corporations were controlled by labor. The whole system was exactly the opposite of what it is now. It was labor that elected the directors, and the officers too. Capital had no representatives at all in the management. ¶ **1**

It was a curious period. Think of capital having no say, even about its own rates! When a concern like the United Great Steel Co. was in need of more capital, the labor man who was at the head of it, President Albert H. Hairy, went out and hired what he wanted on the best terms he could. Sometimes these terms seemed cruelly low to the capitalists, but whenever one of them grumbled he was paid off at once, and his place was soon taken by another who wasn't so uppish. This made for discipline and improved the service. ¶ **2**

¶ **1** (A) By what means may you learn immediately that this writing is not to be interpreted literally?

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Under this régime—as under most others—there was often mismanagement. Those in control paid themselves too well—as those in control sometimes do. Failures and reorganizations resulted from this, which reduced the usual return to the workers and made them feel gloomy; but as these depressions threw capitalists out of employment, and thus made capital cheaper, they had their bright side. ¶ 3

The capitalists, however, grumbled more and more. Even when they were well paid and well treated they grumbled. No matter how much they got, they felt they weren't getting their dues. They knew that labor elected the management; and they knew human nature. Putting these two premises together, they drew the conclusion that labor was probably getting more than its share, and capital less. President Hairy, of the Steel Co., explained to them this couldn't be true, because the market for capital was a free and open market. He quoted a great many economic laws that proved it, and all the professors of economy said he was right. But the capitalists wouldn't believe in these laws, because they weren't on their side, nor would they read any of the volumes the professors composed. They would read only a book that an old German capitalist wrote—a radical book which turned economics all upside-down and said that capital ought to start a class war and govern the world. ¶ 4

Discontent breeds agitation. Agitation breeds professional agitators. A few unruly loud-voiced capitalists climbed up on soap-boxes and began to harangue their quiet comrades, just to stir up needless trouble. When arrested, they invoked (as they put it) the right of free speech. The labor men replied by invoking things like law and order. Everybody became morally indignant at something. The press invoked the Fathers of the Republic, Magna Charta, and Justice. Excited and bewildered by this cross fire, the police one evening raided a Fifth avenue club, where a capitalist named M. R. Goldman was talking in an incendiary way to his friends. "All honest law-abiding capitalists will applaud this raid," said the papers. But they didn't. They began to feel persecuted. And presently some capitalists formed what they called a union. ¶ 5

It was only a small union, that first one, but it had courage. One afternoon President Hairy looked up from his desk to find four stout, red-faced capitalists pushing each other nervously into his office. He asked them their business. They huskily demanded that every capitalist on that company's books be paid at least a half per cent more for his money. The president refused to treat with them except as individuals. They then called a strike. ¶ 6

¶ 2 (B) What evidences of informality in style do you have in the early paragraphs? Why might this be more appropriate to the ironic approach here than a highly formal style?

¶ 4 (C) What book is suggested by the last sentence? How are the real affairs reversed? (D) Why would such a character as Day pretends to be describe the book in this way?

The results of this first strike were profoundly discouraging. The leaders were tried for conspiracy, those who walked out at their call were blacklisted, and the victorious labor men soon secured other capitalists in plenty, a private carload being brought over from Philadelphia at night. The labor leaders became so domineering in their triumph they refused to engage capitalists who drank or who talked of their wrongs. They began importing cheap foreign capital to supply all new needs. But these measures of oppression only increased the class feeling of capitalists and taught them to stand shoulder to shoulder in the fight for their rights. ¶ 7

The years of warfare that followed were as obstinate as any in history. Little by little, in spite of the labor men's sneers, the enormous power of capital made itself felt. An army of unemployed capitalists marched upon Washington. The Brotherhood of Railway Bondholders, being indicted for not buying enough new bonds to move the mails, locked up every dollar they possessed and defied the Government. The Industrial Shareholders of the World, a still more rabid body, insisted on having an eight per cent law for their money. All great cities were the scenes of wild capitalist riots. Formerly indifferent citizens were alarmed and angered by seeing their quiet streets turned into Bedlam at night, with reckless old capitalists roaring through them in taxis, singing Yankee Boodle or shouting "Down with labor!" For that finally became the cry: labor must go. They still meant to use labor, somehow, they confusedly admitted, but capital and not labor must have absolute control of all industries. ¶ 8

As the irrepressible conflict forced its way into politics, Congress made statesmanlike efforts to settle the problem. After earnest and thoughtful debate they enacted a measure which made the first Monday in September a holiday, called Capital Day. As this hoped-for cure did not accomplish much they attempted another, by adding a Secretary of Capital to the President's cabinet. Conservative people were horrified. But Congress was pushed even further. It was persuaded to prohibit employing the capital of women and children, and it ordered all Japanese capital out of the country. On one point, however, Congress was obstinate and would not budge an inch. They wouldn't give capital full control of the railroads and mills. ¶ 9

The capitalists themselves were obliged to realize, gradually, that this could be at best but a beautiful dream. It seemed there was one great argument against it: labor men were a unit in believing the scheme wouldn't work. How

¶ 5–10 (E) The story of what movement is really being outlined here? How accurately is the development of this movement summarized?

¶ 8 (F) What is really being referred to by the Brotherhood of Railway Bondholders? The Industrial Shareholders of the World? Yankee Boodle? What is the value of the parallelisms in these titles?

¶ 9 (G) What is suggested by Capital Day? Secretary of Capital? capital of women and children? Japanese capital? (H) Why is the tone of the account here typical of the character Day is pretending to be?

could scattered investors, who had not worked at an industry, elect—with any intelligence—the managers of it? Even liberal labor men said that the idea was preposterous. ¶ **10**

At this moment a citizen of East Braintree, Mass., stepped forward, and advocated a compromise. He said in effect:

"The cause of our present industrial turmoil is this: The rulers that govern our industries are not rightly elected. Our boards of directors may be called our industrial legislatures; they manage a most important part of our national life; but they are chosen by only one group of persons. No others can vote. If Congress were elected by a class, as our boards of directors are, this country would be constantly in a state of revolution politically, just as it is now industrially." That was his argument. ¶ **11**

"Both those who do the work and those who put in the money should rightfully be represented in these governing bodies." That was his cure. If corporations would adopt this democratic organization, he said, two-sided discussions would take place at their meetings. "These discussions would tend to prevent the adoption of policies that now create endless antagonism between labor and capital." And he went on to point out the many other natural advantages. ¶ **12**

This compromise was tried. At first it naturally made labor angry, labor having been in exclusive control for so long. Many laborers declined to have anything to do with concerns that were run by "low ignorant speculators," as they called them, "men who knew nothing of any concern's real needs." Ultimately, however, they yielded to the trend of the times. Democratic instead of autocratic control brought about team-play. Men learned to work together for their common good. ¶ **13**

Of course capitalists and laborers did not get on any too well together. Self-respecting men on each side hated the other side's ways—even their ways of dressing and talking, and amusing themselves. The workers talked of the dignity of labor and called capital selfish. On the other hand, ardent young capitalists who loved lofty ideals, complained that the dignity of capital was not respected by labor. These young men despised all non-capitalists on high moral grounds. They argued that every such man who went through life without laying aside any wealth for those to come, must be selfish by nature and utterly unsocial at heart. There always are plenty of high moral grounds for both sides. ¶ **14**

But this mere surface friction was hardly heard of, except in the pages of the radical capitalist press. There were no more strikes,—that was the main thing. The public was happy. ¶ **15**

At least, they were happy until the next problem came along to be solved. ¶ **16**

¶ 11–15 (I) What is Day's apparent attitude toward the quoted phrases and passages? What is his real attitude? (J) To what extent do these paragraphs suggest a compromise which has actually come about? What aspects of the compromise described by Day are not yet a reality?

The Whole Selection. (K) What is the author really attacking? (L) Show how the methods of logical reasoning could be the same if this were a direct attack. Justify the author's use of the indirect attack in terms of the article's emotional effectiveness. Consider its immediate effect on you and the lasting quality of that effect. (M) How might you bring this mock history (published in 1921) up to date?

Franklin Delano Roosevelt

DEMOCRACY IS NOT DYING

Arrangement. By the careful writer or speaker, ideas are not thrown about helter-skelter within the general framework of the argument; they are fitted together skillfully with an eye to their effect. For example, they may be paralleled, or contrasted, or repeated, or assembled in some kind of sequence, or distributed for the sake of association. Whatever arrangement is followed, you may be sure that it has its special role in the emotional impact made by the discourse as a whole

In the following portion of his third inaugural address, delivered January 20, 1941, Roosevelt is refuting the claims of men who "believe that democracy, as a form of government and a frame of life, is limited or measured by a kind of mystical and artificial fate . . . that freedom is an ebbing tide." In preceding paragraphs, he has pointed out that during the past few years America has made great progress and has remained a democracy. Now he presents other arguments, and his speech gains in impressiveness because of his use of climactic sequences. The paragraphs are short—probably for convenience in oral reading or for their appearance in newspaper columns. Because the main ideas are thus broken down into many units, you will need to discover the main divisions in thought to distinguish the various uses of climax.

Democracy is not dying. ¶ **1**

We know it because we have seen it revive and grow. ¶ **2**

We know it cannot die because it is built on the unhampered initiative of individual men and women joined together in a common enterprise—an enterprise undertaken and carried through by the free expression of a free majority. ¶ **3**

We know it because democracy alone, of all forms of government, enlists the full force of men's enlightened will. ¶ **4**

We know it because democracy alone has constructed an unlimited civilization capable of infinite progress in the improvement of human life. ¶ **5**

We know it because, if we look below the surface, we sense it still spreading on every continent; for it is the most humane, the most advanced, and in the end the most unconquerable of all forms of human society. ¶ **6**

¶ **1–6** (A) Six paragraphs are included in the first main division. What is the main idea of this division? Where is it stated? (B) What use has the author made of

A nation, like a person, has a body—a body that must be fed and clothed and housed, invigorated and rested, in a manner that measures up to the objectives of our time. ¶ **7**

A nation, like a person, has a mind—a mind that must be kept informed and alert, that must know itself, that understands the hopes and the needs of its neighbors—all the other nations that live within the narrowing circle of the world. ¶ **8**

A nation, like a person, has something deeper, something more permanent, something larger than the sum of all its parts. It is that something which matters most to its future which calls forth the most sacred guarding of its present. ¶ **9**

It is a thing for which we find it difficult—even impossible—to hit upon a single, simple word. ¶ **10**

And yet we all understand what it is—the spirit—the faith of America. It is the product of centuries. It was born in the multitudes of those who came from many lands—some of high degree, but mostly plain people—who sought here, early and late, to find freedom more freely. ¶ **11**

The democratic aspiration is no mere recent phase in human history. It is human history. It permeated the ancient life of early peoples. It blazed anew in the Middle Ages. It was written in Magna Carta. ¶ **12**

In the Americas its impact has been irresistible. America has been the New World in all tongues, and to all peoples, not because this continent was a new-found land, but because all those who came here believed they could create upon this continent a new life—a life that should be new in freedom. ¶ **13**

Its vitality was written into our own Mayflower Compact, into the Declaration of Independence, into the Constitution of the United States, into the Gettysburg Address. ¶ **14**

Those who first came here to carry out the longings of their spirit and the millions who followed, and the stock that sprang from them—all have moved forward constantly and consistently toward an ideal which in itself has gained stature and clarity with each generation. ¶ **15**

The hopes of the Republic cannot forever tolerate either undeserved poverty or self-serving wealth. ¶ **16**

We know that we still have far to go; that we must more greatly build the security and the opportunity and the knowledge of every citizen, in the measure justified by the resources and the capacity of the land. ¶ **17**

parallelism and repetition in phrasing? (C) Are the details arranged in a climactic sequence? Explain your answer.

¶ **7–11** (D) What is the main idea that Roosevelt is leading to in this analogical development? (E) Show what use has been made of parallelism and repetition in phrasing. (F) Account in terms of climactic development for the order of the paragraphs in this division.

¶ **11–15** (G) Five paragraphs are included in the third division of thought. What basis is there for the arrangement of details in this division? (H) In what sense is a climax present in this division too?

But it is not enough to achieve these purposes alone. It is not enough to clothe and feed the body of this nation, and instruct and inform its mind. For there is also the spirit. And of the three, the greatest is the spirit. ¶ **18**

Without the body and the mind, as all men know, the nation could not live. But if the spirit of America were killed, even though the nation's body and mind, constricted in an alien world, lived on, the America we know would have perished. ¶ **19**

That spirit—that faith—speaks to us in our daily lives in ways often unnoticed, because they seem so obvious. It speaks to us here in the Capital of the nation. It speaks to us through the processes of governing in the sovereignties of forty-eight States. It speaks to us in our counties, in our cities, in our towns, and in our villages. It speaks to us from the other nations of the Hemisphere, and from those across the seas—the enslaved, as well as the free. ¶ **20**

¶ **16-20** (I) How is this final division related to the three preceding?

¶ **18** (J) Can you see any reasons for the short sentences in paragraph 18?

¶ **19** (K) Why use two sentences instead of one in paragraph 19?

¶ **20** (L) Show how in paragraph 20 Roosevelt uses the same method of arrangement that he has been employing except that here he is handling smaller units. Can you see any reason for his doing this?

The Whole Selection. (M) How do parallelisms and repetitions in phrasing help set off the main divisions? (N) Within a given main division the phrasing does not necessarily indicate the climactic arrangement of details. Often it seems to indicate only parallel ideas. Can you see any justification for this seeming incongruity?

Abraham Lincoln

SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

Words and sentences. Interrelated and fusing with the effects created by the mode of attack and the arrangement of ideas are the effects evoked by sentences and words. By his choice and arrangement of words in sentences a speaker and even a writer can play upon the emotions of his audience just as though they were a large and very complex musical instrument. Hitler had this power. So, for more admirable ends, did Webster, Bryan, Theodore Roosevelt, and Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Sentence structure, though it seems like a lackluster affair, has much to do with emotional effect. Short, jabby little sentences give one effect; long, periodic sentences give another; balanced sentences give still a third. The effective speaker or writer will recognize and use these different effects. In large measure, sentence structure not only points up the relation between ideas but distributes the emphasis, establishes the tempo, and creates the prose rhythm.

Words taken alone have the power to evoke emotional responses. Think, for example, of *snake, sirloin,* and *entrails.* In combination, words can be even more

evocative. The shrewd arguer manipulates them accordingly. When he wants you to like something, he attaches appealing words to it; when he wants you to dislike something, he attaches repelling words to it. In either event, he uses words that are emotionally "loaded"—words that are rich in connotation and have an emotional effect upon his audience.

Few writers in the English language have been such masters of English sentences and words as Abraham Lincoln. Probably you at one time memorized his "Gettysburg Address," and not just because of his sentiments—there have been other addresses expressing similar sentiments. You memorized it because of the powerful effect created by its sentences and words. The "Second Inaugural," printed here, offers a more lengthy exhibition of Lincoln's skill.

In the year 1865, when Lincoln's address was delivered, the South, after nearly four years of war, was weakening. A peace conference which had been held had, despite its failure, convinced Lincoln that the end was very near. Lincoln's one thought, according to his biographers, "was to shorten by generous conciliation, the period of the dreadful conflict." His cabinet and many Northerners, however, disapproved of his wish for liberal and humane terms The speech, it would seem, had as a main purpose the creation of a spirit of charity on the part of such opponents in the North. To create such a spirit, Lincoln so molded his style as to minimize differences and emphasize kinships between North and South.

At this second appearing to take the oath of the presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured. ¶ **1**

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it,—all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came. ¶ **2**

¶ **1** (A) The speech begins quietly and with no special fanfare. How in terms of word choice and sentence structure is this mood created? Why is it suited to Lincoln's purpose?

¶ **2** (B) Compare the tone of the last sentence in paragraph 2 with the tone in the following unjustifiable substitution: "And as a result of the blindness, the stub-

One eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered—that of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether." ¶ 3

With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in,—to bind up the nation's wounds,—to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations. ¶ 4

bornness of the enemy, this war, which has brought destruction to many a fair city, death to many a fine young man, thundered into being." How do the wording, the length, the abstractness of Lincoln's version compare with those of his other sentences in paragraphs 1 and 2? What is the effect of the last sentence?

¶ 3 (C) Compare the style of the third paragraph with that of the first two, considering kinds of words used, figures of speech, lengths of sentences, forms of sentences (e.g., balance and rhythm in sentences, such as in the one beginning, "Fondly do we hope"), and Biblical quotations. How are the facts you find related to the relative emotional impact of the paragraphs? to the end Lincoln had in mind?

¶ 4 (D) The final paragraph is one long sentence. Can you see any reason for this? Take the sentence apart; explain how it summarizes the thought, and helps by its structure, word choice, sound, rhythm, and tempo to achieve the purpose of the whole address.

The Whole Selection. (E) Compare the sentences and words of the preceding selection, "Democracy Is Not Dying," with those in this address Show how the type of words and sentences in each would be inappropriate to the other. (F) What other selections that you have read compare with the "Second Inaugural" in the effect achieved by sentences and words? What ones can you think of that have violently contrasting effects? (G) Argument, it has been said, is not only a matter of transmitting your own ideas but also of creating conditions conducive to their receptivity. In what ways can sentences and words contribute to this latter objective?

PART TWO

Methods of Evaluation

Evaluating What You Read

As you may have discovered from the work in Part One, learning to read is not a simple matter of learning one skill but a matter of mastering a number of distinct and related skills. If you want to consider a comparable problem, think for a moment about learning to drive an automobile. You do not become a good driver by concentrating on driving as such. Rather, you try to master such subskills as steering, braking, accelerating, and shifting gears. What makes the problem awkward at first is that you find it possible to keep your mind on only one operation even though you must perform several at the same time. Worse, you find that each of the subskills has to be adapted to different kinds of situations. For example, steering is no simple, single operation but varies as you drive over straight roads, around sharp unbanked curves, through heavy traffic, over ice and mud, and in and out of parking places. Or take another analogy: Learning to play golf involves a mastery of the grip, the stance, the backswing, the follow-through, and so on. And mastery of the golf stroke is no simple operation but one which must be adapted to driving, chipping, blasting from sand, putting, and what to the beginner seems an infinite number of situations.

In like manner, learning to read is a matter of developing a number of subskills and of adapting them to varying situations. Thus it is a matter of gaining a preliminary mastery over such highly complex and intimately related subskills as moving the eyes efficiently across the printed page, picking out the main idea, discovering meanings through context, seeing the relation between details and generalizations, and spotting undue bias. These are just a few examples. The complete list would include everything involved in temporarily controlling our entire psychophysiological being and directing it toward the printed page. Then these subskills must be adapted to varying situations. For example, seeing the relation between details and generalizations is an operation that varies with the type of discourse and with the kind of reasoning within the type. Thus, it is one thing to detect the relation between the generalization and details in an expository paragraph in which the details are arranged chronologically; it is quite another thing to detect such a relation in an argument in which the writer is reasoning deductively. In spite of these complexities, good reading is not at all beyond your capacities provided you

have normal intelligence, are patient enough to train yourself properly, and want to learn.

In Part One of this volume we have tried to give you practice with some of the essential subskills and, more particularly, with the kinds of situations to which these subskills must be adapted. If you have worked through Part One carefully, you have completed the more mechanical and possibly less interesting part of the work. You should now be competent enough in reading factual prose to determine in most instances what an author is trying to say and how he says it. The next step is to discover techniques for deciding whether it is well said or worth saying. For if the author's reasoning is false, his facts wrong, his style ambiguous, the work probably does not merit any more of your time or attention. Certainly it is nothing that you want to make an important part of your thinking or upon which you want to base any serious action. Thus, closely related to the act of reading is the act of judgment-making, or evaluation.

There are probably many ways in which you already evaluate factual prose; you may think that a magazine article, to take one example, is good because it is easy to read, or because the material is vivid, or because the author belongs to your church, or because the article appears in your favorite magazine, or because your father says it is good, or because it contains some facts that are new to you, or because it agrees with your point of view, or because it is funny, or because of a hundred and one other reasons you may not even be conscious of. Many of these reasons are defensible, others obviously are not, but it would be interesting and useful to analyze all of them rather fully. However, it would be impossible in the next few pages to discuss all the yardsticks you and others use in measuring the excellence of factual prose. What we shall do is select three that a great many readers think are especially valuable: (1) evaluating a work for its truth, (2) evaluating a work in its own terms, and (3) evaluating a work for its literary excellence. In each case we shall briefly describe the method and then give you several selections on which to apply it. Questions at the end of each selection will help you in making the application. They are typical of the questions you might ask yourself in applying these methods to almost any factual prose account.

One final word before you tackle the first method. There is no single *best* method of evaluation. Sometimes one will seem more relevant, sometimes another. For example, the truth of Hitler's *Mein Kampf* is probably a more significant issue to raise than the issue of whether it does efficiently what it sets out to do or the issue of its literary excellence. Better yet would be a final evaluation based on an application of several methods. Thus the best advice we can give—assuming for the moment that you want advice—is that in assessing the merits of a factual account you use as many methods as seem likely to produce useful judgments. Not only will several approaches be likely to result in a sounder final evaluation than one, but also they will increase your understanding of the work you are reading.

Evaluating a Work for Its Truth

"What misleads us about bookishness and justifies Whitman's warning about 'the spectres that stalk in books,'" writes Professor Jacques Barzun, "is the habit of taking the contents of books in themselves, trusting to words as magic, failing to test them with life or light them up with imagination—in short preferring hokum to truth."

Professor Barzun is arguing here for measuring a work by the yardstick of truth. Clearly, his remark makes good sense. It is astonishing how many people assume that mere print has something innately truthful about it. It is astonishing because a moment of thought will show that the mere fact that something has managed to get printed really means nothing. Incompetents, fools, and rascals may print half-truths, nonsense, and lies today as in the past—and they frequently do. Consequently, to say "I believe this or that because I read it somewhere" is to invite the rather sarcastic answer, "Well, it's nice to know that you can read, but wouldn't it be a good plan to learn to think a little, too?"

The truth or falsity of a piece of writing may be tested by considering two questions—one or both of them according to the nature of the piece: (1) Who says it? (2) What is said?

WHO SAYS IT?

If Einstein, the world's greatest authority on relativity, writes on relativity, the reader who knows of Einstein's reputation will feel that it is fairly safe to trust what he writes. If John Smith, an insurance agent, writes on the same subject, the reader will probably have some doubts. At best he will adopt a "show me" attitude. If some propaganda minister for a totalitarian state writes an article on such a subject, or on any subject, most readers, suspecting him of being an unmitigated liar, would probably not even take the trouble to look at his first paragraph. In short, the reputation of the author unconsciously and automatically enters into our judgment of the truth of a work.

Sometimes these unconscious and automatic elements in a judgment are fair, sometimes not. It is quite possible, for example, that an insurance agent, having devoted long years to the study of relativity, might turn out a sound and worth-while article on the subject. To discard it simply because the author

does not *seem* to be an authority in the field would be manifestly unfair. Your first function in using this particular method of evaluation, therefore, is to find out all that you can about the author. First of all, discover whether there is any known reason for doubting his integrity. If he is a columnist generally criticized for distorting facts, a historian notorious for unreasoned prejudices, a political writer with communist bias, then you will want to scrutinize what he has to say with especial care. If there is no clear reason for doubting his integrity, however, it is only fair to assume that he is honest. A man is not guilty until proved so.

Second, find out if the author is an authority in his field. This is a matter of discovering whether, for example, he has worked in the field himself, whether he has published other works on the same subject, whether he has spent considerable time gathering data for the article you are reading. You may have some serious questions, for instance, about the soap salesman who suddenly turns political analyst or the navy captain who tells educators how to change their curricula. Naturally, if you are sensible, you will not want to carry this to such an extreme that you pooh-pooh anything written by someone without a national reputation in the field. Just to be on the safe side, however, you will want to check the facts and conclusions of such an author against those of recognized authorities. And remember that a reputation in one field does not make a person an authority in another. Keep that in mind the next time you hear a motion-picture columnist telling the State Department what to do about Russia.

Third, discover whether there is any reason for the writer's being biased on the subject of the particular work you are reading. Otherwise objective historians, for example, often lose their objectivity when writing about the Civil War. Two accounts of its outcome—one written by an Alabaman and another by a New Yorker—may differ widely, despite the fact that both authors have reputations as sound historians. In the last war our accounts of battles differed widely from those of the Japanese. And our interpretation of what happened at the Yalta Conference still differs from the Russian interpretation. Remember, too, that the testimonials in advertising are open to question. You yourself would probably not be too reluctant to sign a statement dreamed up by an advertising agent if you were paid a fat fee. In short, if there is any reason for the author's being biased, put on your best spectacles when you read.

All this boils down to the fact that in estimating the truth of a work, the identity and reliability of the author cannot and should not be ignored. The value of any testimony depends substantially on the character and competence of the witness giving it.

WHAT IS SAID?

After you have discovered as much as possible about the author, you are ready to extend your study to the work itself. Four questions deserve your attention as you develop your evaluation of its truth.

1. *Are the Facts Accurate?*

Let us assume that by "fact" we mean an event or datum upon the nature of which most people in a position to know agree. Checking the accuracy of the alleged facts you read varies with what you know and what you can find out. If you are an authority in the field, then you can use your own knowledge as a check. If you are not an authority but if information on the same subject is readily available, you can check the alleged facts against what other authorities have to say. If you are not an authority and if information on the same subject is not readily available, then you have to fall back on the reputation of the author and the reliability of his sources.

We have already suggested how you might determine the competence of the author. What we had to say there applies also to the sources he uses: Ask the same questions of them: Are they reliable? Are they authoritative? Have they any reason to be biased? One point about the authoritativeness of the sources probably needs to be stressed. Other things being equal, the most authoritative sources of information are those closest to the events and phenomena themselves. For example, the best sources for a historian are documents from the period he is writing about, not books by other historians. The best source for a literary critic is the work he is criticizing, not someone else's comment about the work. The best source of information for the scientist is an experiment which he himself has observed, not accounts of experiments by others. As you check for factual accuracy, therefore, see whether the author's sources of information are first- or second-hand, and make your judgments accordingly.

2. *Are the Facts Representative?*

There will be times when no single fact presented you by a writer may be inaccurate and still you will get a wholly false impression because of what has been included and excluded. Even in the best accounts the truth sometimes gets blurred because no author is ever able to know or to include all the facts. What you expect of a just account, however, is not all the facts but a fair representation of them.

To see what happens when an author holds out on you, consider two historians' treatments of the men who framed our national Constitution. In one account, the historian assembles facts which show that these men were highly idealistic, were men influenced by the enlightenment of the eighteenth century, men who believed profoundly in their country and devoutly in their God. In another account, the historian assembles facts which show that these same framers of the Constitution were men of property who were looking for an instrument that would protect themselves and their wealth from radical laws and revolution. Now, both of these historians may be using accurate facts, but through the *selection* of details, they have given two completely different pictures. Neither, in short, has used representative facts since each has excluded a significant portion of them.

This is a question that has special pertinence for news accounts and advertising. Many newspapers make no attempt, especially in political news, to print representative facts. A Republican paper plays up those which flatter the Republican party; a Democratic newspaper does the same for those that reflect credit on the Democratic party. And unless you buy both papers, you—the reader—get only half-truths. Advertising by its very nature is committed to half-truths. You read that a new cereal is chock-full of vitamins but not that it tastes like stale mush; you discover that you can strengthen your gums by rubbing them with a finger covered with a certain dentifrice, but not that you can strengthen them equally well by rubbing them with a finger *not* covered by that dentifrice; you are told that a gasoline gives you more mileage per gallon, but the advertiser fails to specify more mileage than what.

3. *Are the Assumptions True?*

The assumptions are what the author takes for granted. They represent the foundation of his thinking and of his attitudes. (Before going on, you might turn back to pages 46-53 to review what is said there about them.)

Supposing that you are an ordinary reader and not a trained logician, there are roughly two kinds of assumptions that you should concern yourself with. The first is an assumption upon which the truth of a specific statement by the author depends. For example, you read in an editorial column: "Since the new sewage-disposal system is to be a public rather than a private enterprise, we can expect extravagance if not corruption in its management." If you think about this for a moment, you will see that the author is assuming that *all* public enterprises are extravagant if not corrupt in their management. Otherwise, his statement about this sewage-disposal system would not necessarily be true. Notice what assumption must be true if each of these assertions is to be true:

Since Professor Blodgett was not born in the United States, there is good reason to doubt his patriotism.

Being a monopoly, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company works against the best interests of the public.

Farnsworth is only a freshman. You can't expect, therefore, that he would have much command of the English language.

Skill in spotting such assumptions is not something that you can pick up overnight. Yet with a little practice you will be pleased to notice that you are spotting them more quickly and more accurately. Simply ask yourself what *general* statement must be true if this *particular* statement is to be true. Obviously, as a typical reader you do not have time to do this for every particular statement based on an assumption. But whenever you are interested in evaluating the truth of a work, you are obligated to do it for any key statements based on assumptions. For if the assumptions upon which key statements are based are questionable, the truth of the whole work is in doubt.

The other kind of assumption in this rough classification of ours is the broader type of assumption about what is valuable in life: assumptions about

what is basically good, true, desirable, useful, and so on. These general assumptions are ones that you discern as you think about the work as a whole, and especially about the author's attitude toward his material. In "Higher Learning Was Not Uplifted" (p. 43), you find that Hutchins is making an assumption about what is valuable in education, namely that it should cultivate certain permanent moral and intellectual qualities. Suppose now that it became clear that Hutchins thought education should be concerned only with vocational training. What would happen to your judgments about the truth of his work?

4. Is the Reasoning Valid?

This question about the validity of the reasoning may suggest that you need training in formal logic in order to answer it. Certainly such training would not be amiss, but for your ordinary purposes as a reader, it is not necessary. Your problem is simply to see in common-sense terms whether the conclusions of an author are justified. Already you know that they are not justified if the facts are inaccurate or unrepresentative or if the assumptions are unsound. Here are some other clues. You might consider them danger signals warning you that you need to check the process by which the author arrives at his main contentions.

(A) *Sweeping generalizations.* Generalizations that cover great quantities of data or large masses of people need to be checked. If an author, for example, makes the claim that in the last ten years the standard of living in Alaska has materially improved, you will probably want to see how extensive his survey has been. If he is basing such a statement on, say, a visit to Nome, then you might well ask him what he knows about Alaska as a whole. Be especially wary of generalizations which are all-inclusive or all-exclusive on controversial subjects. Usually they will be unsound. Here are a few samples.

The Russians are out to dominate the world. (*All* Russians?)
Americans are becoming more and more imperialistic. (*All* Americans?)
No one liked the test Professor Sycamore gave. (Not even the students who got A's, and Professor Sycamore himself?)

Watch out, too, for generalizations with superlatives in them. The claim by its chamber of commerce that Squeedunkville is the fastest growing town in America is probably false. Only one town in America is the fastest growing, and its citizens are probably too busy to spend their time bragging.

(B) *Either-or generalizations,* such as "Every statement is either true or false." Such generalizations are often the result of simple-minded thinking that sees everything in terms of black and white: good and bad, desirable and undesirable, useful and useless, and so on. Such thinking does not recognize any middle position, that an action may be admirable in some respects and reprehensible in others. In short, such thinking does not recognize reality for the complex thing that it is. Usually neither part of the either-or dichotomy

is made explicit. What you encounter most of the time is some such arbitrary statement as this: "The activities of this student group are un-American." The implication is that human activities can be neatly classified into two groups, those that are American and those that are un-American. Even supposing that the author has a clear idea of what he means by American, it is doubtful that he would often encounter a group activity which in *all* its aspects would meet or fail to meet his requirements for Americanism.

(C) *Forced analogies.* One of the favorite campaign statements of an incumbent seeking re-election is that the voter should not "swap horses in midstream." Undoubtedly, this makes sense for someone on horseback in the middle of a river, but it has little perceptible relevance for a voter who is supposed to be making his decision on the basis of issues and men. Reasoning based on such a forced analogy is fallacious, and the author's proposition should be scrutinized carefully.

(D) *Forced causal relationships.* One of the worst of these is the type in which the author assumes that because one event happened before another, it therefore caused the other. Take a classic example: Item One—the election of Hoover in 1928. Item Two—the great business collapse in 1929. Did one cause the other, or did it merely precede it? As Professors Shurter and Helm point out in their little book entitled *Argument*, "The situation here is so complex and so colored by our political affiliations that we shall probably never have an exact answer." Be wary, then, of the author who in dealing with a complex situation gives you neat, exact answers. Another type of forced causal relationship is the *non sequitur*, in which the alleged result bears no relation at all to the cause. In one of its most vicious forms, this type of reasoning appears in diatribes against a man's fitness for political office because of his religion or his mustache.

(E) *Begging the question.* In this type of reasoning fallacy, the author assumes what he should be proving. Thus he may blandly take for granted that socialized medicine results in expensive and second-rate medical service and then go on to argue that, since this is the case, we need to do everything we can to keep Congress from passing any bill that will permit socialization. The real question, of course, is whether socialized medicine does result in expensive and second-rate service. This is what must be backed up by facts. No argument can be highly rated for its truth when based on intellectual dishonesty

(F) *Ignoring the question.* This is another type of dishonesty and, like begging the question, is found chiefly in argument. When the author gets away from his proposition completely and begins telling irrelevant stories or indulging in mud-slinging or arguing for something else, you are justified in questioning his sincerity and hence the truth of his work.

In this discussion we have tried to indicate how you may evaluate a work for its truth: first by examining the reputation of the author, and second by examining his facts, assumptions, and reasoning processes. To see how all this works out in practice, you should read the next two selections and try to answer the questions at the end of each.

After the unsuccessful *putsch* of November 1923, Adolf Hitler spent a little over a year in prison. While there he dictated the first volume of *Mein Kampf* ("My Struggle") to Emil Maurice and Rudolf Hess. This volume was published in 1925. In 1926, he wrote a second volume plus a second edition of the first under the supervision of Josef Cerny, staff member of *Volkischer Beobachter,* the Nazi party paper. The selection given here is from Volume II, Chapter 2.

Adolf Hitler

SELECTIONS FROM *THE STATE*

Since nationality or rather race does not happen to lie in language but in the blood, we would only be justified in speaking of a Germanization if by such a process we succeeded in transforming the blood of the subjected people. But this is impossible. Unless a blood mixture brings about a change, which, however, means the lowering of the level of the higher race. The final result of such a process would consequently be the destruction of precisely those qualities which had formerly made the conquering people capable of victory. Especially the cultural force would vanish through a mating with the lesser race, even if the resulting mongrels spoke the language of the earlier, higher race a thousand times over. For a time, a certain struggle will take place between the different mentalities, and it may be that the steadily sinking people, in a last quiver of life, so to speak, will bring to light surprising cultural values. But these are only individual elements belonging to the higher race, or perhaps bastards in whom, after the first crossing, the better blood still predominates and tries to struggle through; but never final products of a mixture. In them a culturally backward movement will always manifest itself. ¶ **1**

Today it must be regarded as a good fortune that a Germanization as intended by Joseph II in Austria was not carried out. Its result would probably have been the preservation of the Austrian state, but also the lowering of the racial level of the German nation induced by a linguistic union. In the course of the centuries a certain herd instinct would doubtless have crystallized out, but the herd itself would have become inferior. A state-people would perhaps have been born, but a culture-people would have been lost. ¶ **2**

For the German nation it was better that such a process of mixture did not take place, even if this was not due to a noble insight, but to the short-sighted narrowness of the Habsburgs. If it had turned out differently, the German people could scarcely be regarded as a cultural factor. ¶ **3**

From *Mein Kampf* by Adolf Hitler: Ralph Manheim, translator. Reprinted by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.

Not only in Austria, but in Germany as well, so-called national circles were moved by similar false ideas. The Polish policy, demanded by so many, involving a Germanization of the East, was unfortunately based on the same false inference. Here again it was thought that a Germanization of the Polish element could be brought about by a purely linguistic integration with the German element. Here again the result would have been catastrophic; a people of alien race expressing its alien ideas in the German language, compromising the lofty dignity of our own nationality by their own inferiority. ¶ 4

How terrible is the damage indirectly done to our Germanism today by the fact that, due to the ignorance of many Americans, the German-jabbering Jews, when they set foot on American soil, are booked to our German account. Surely no one will call the purely external fact that most of this lice-ridden migration from the East speaks German a proof of their German origin and nationality. ¶ 5

What has been profitably Germanized in history is the soil which our ancestors acquired by the sword and settled with German Peasants. In so far as they directed foreign blood into our national body in this process, they contributed to that catastropic splintering of our inner being which is expressed in German super-individualism—a phenomenon, I am sorry to say, which is praised in many quarters. . . . ¶ 6

The *state* in itself does not create a specific cultural level; it can only preserve the race which conditions this level. Otherwise the state as such may continue to exist unchanged for centuries while, in consequence of a racial mixture which it has not prevented, the cultural capacity of a people and the general aspect of its life conditioned by it have long since suffered a profound change. The present-day state, for example, may very well simulate its existence as a formal mechanism for a certain length of time, but the racial poisoning of our national body creates a cultural decline which even now is terrifyingly manifest. ¶ 7

Thus, the precondition for the existence of a higher humanity is not the state, but the nation possessing the necessary ability. ¶ 8

This ability will fundamentally always be present and must only be aroused to practical realization by certain outward conditions. Culturally and creatively gifted nations, or rather races, bear these useful qualities latent within them, even if at the moment unfavorable outward conditions do not permit a realization of these latent tendencies. Hence it is an unbelievable offense to represent the Germanic peoples of the pre-Christian era as 'cultureless,' as barbarians. That they never were. Only the harshness of their northern homeland forced them into circumstances which thwarted the development of their creative forces. If, without any ancient world, they had come to the more favorable regions of the south, and if the material provided by lower peoples had given them their first technical implements, the culture-creating ability slumbering within them would have grown into radiant bloom just as happened, for example, with the Greeks. But this primeval culture-creating force itself arises in turn not from the northern climate alone. The Laplander, brought to

the south, would be no more culture-creating than the Eskimo. For this glorious creative ability was given only to the Aryan, whether he bears it dormant within himself or gives it to awakening life, depending whether favorable circumstances permit this or an inhospitable Nature prevents it. ¶ **9**

From this the following realization results:

The state is a means to an end. Its end lies in the preservation and advancement of a community of physically and psychically homogeneous creatures. This preservation itself comprises first of all existence as a race and thereby permits the free development of all the forces dormant in this race. Of them a part will always primarily serve the preservation of physical life, and only the remaining part the promotion of a further spiritual development. Actually the one always creates the precondition for the other. ¶ **10**

States which do not serve this purpose are misbegotten, monstrosities in fact. The fact of their existence changes this no more than the success of a gang of bandits can justify robbery. ¶ **11**

We National Socialists as champions of a new philosophy of life must never base ourselves on so-called 'accepted facts'—and false ones at that. If we did, we would not be the champions of a new great idea, but the coolies of the present-day lie. We must distinguish in the sharpest way between the state as a vessel and the race as its content. This vessel has meaning only if it can preserve and protect the content; otherwise it is useless. ¶ **12**

Thus, the highest purpose of a folkish state is concern for the preservation of those original racial elements which bestow culture and create the beauty and dignity of a higher mankind. We, as Aryans, can conceive of the state only as the living organism of a nationality which not only assures the preservation of this nationality, but by the development of its spiritual and ideal abilities leads it to the highest freedom. ¶ **13**

QUESTIONS

1. What do you know about the author's reputation for honesty and reliability?

2. What in his experience, study, and other works indicates that he was an authority on genetics?

3. Did he have any reason for bias on this subject (i.e., did he stand to profit personally if the Germans accepted his views)?

4. What facts do you find? Are they accurate? Are the facts representative? Does he indicate what his sources of information are?

5. How sound are his assumptions? In answering this, discuss assumptions such as (a) there is such a thing as blood mixing, (b) there are inferior and superior races, (c) there is an Aryan race, and (d) the mixing of races results in a cultural lowering of the superior. What does Hitler seem to think is most valuable in life?

6. What about his reasoning processes? Do you find sweeping generalizations? either-or generalizations? forced analogies? forced causal relationships? Does he ever beg the question? ignore the question?

7. In the light of your answers to the preceding questions evaluate this part of *Mein Kampf* for its truth.

Harry L. Shapiro

ANTHROPOLOGY'S CONTRIBUTION TO INTER-RACIAL UNDERSTANDING

There still exists in our industrial societies a tendency, inherited from the past, to regard technological progress as wholly beneficent. We have become accustomed to hail enthusiastically every advance for its own sake or for the greater ease it brings into our personal lives, without consideration for its effect upon our society. We have grasped eagerly at the fruits of science regardless of their price. Now we are discovering that they have a price; that every advance of technology enhances our responsibilities whether we like it or not. The radio, the movie, the airplane have, or should have, taught us that technology may be beneficent, but may also serve evil purposes; that the acceptance of these productions can not remain superficial but must enter into and profoundly alter the organization of our societies. ¶ 1

In no aspect of our lives as members of a complex industrial community, or as a nation in the modern world, has technology brought greater responsibilities than in our attitudes toward the various groups that make up our society, or toward the peoples that constitute mankind. It is a commonly observed truism that the world grows more interdependent, and that our society demands increased cooperation from all its members, as mechanization progresses. As for the future that lies ahead who can question that this process with its demands will continue? There is, therefore, every reason to believe that more cooperation rather than less will be required of us, if the structure of our society is to be preserved. Indeed, the very war in which we are now engaged may be said to be the result of an effort to substitute coercion, intolerance and slavery for our traditional ideals of cooperation. ¶ 2

The evidences of intolerance and of lack of cooperation which confront us on all sides represent maladjustments which become increasingly portentous as the needs for tolerance and cooperation become more pressing. There can, I think, be no question that one of the gravest problems facing our internal as well as our external existence lies in our ability to compose the differences that exist and to create understanding in their place. This is particularly true of the United States, where, unfortunately, the materials for group antagonisms are all too abundant. Although essentially the United

This address was delivered January 21, 1944, at the Cranbrook Institute of Science, on the opening of an exhibit on the races of man. It was published in *Science*, May 12, 1944. Reprinted by permission of The Science Press and H. L. Shapiro.

States has received its population, as have all other nations, by the immigration of various people, for no national populations are autochthonous. nevertheless the manner and circumstances of these settlements have been significant. Where England, Germany, France, Spain and other nations in prehistoric times or during ages of barbarism have been invaded. overrun or settled by the successive groups which now constitute their present population, the United States was settled in the full blaze of introspective history. Where European nations have taken millennia in the amalgamation and assimilation of their people, we have compressed the greatest migration in the history of man into three centuries. Where they have received neighboring people of similar culture or race, we have engulfed a native Indian people with representatives of every European people and forcibly inducted millions of African Negroes not to mention our acquisition of contingents from Asia. ¶ 3

Now, these circumstances of history and accident are pregnant with meaning for our future. Let us examine the consequences of these facts. It is, I think, a consideration of immense importance that this country was settled when it was, in a period of developed literacy and self-consciousness. Under such conditions, group identities and group traditions become quickly established and resist the solvents of time and association. The Pilgrim fathers and the Puritans, sharply aware of their peculiar status, intensified and immortalized it in their written records. The tradition thus created served to set apart its inheritors from all later comers unless they could by some means identify themselves with it. Similarly, the pioneer groups in the west lost no time in establishing their own legends and traditions which drew together in a common bond their descendants but shut out the settlers who followed them. Thus, there has grown up a system of hierarchies. local and national. which excludes whole sections of the population and erects barriers to assimilation and participation. In Europe, where migration succeeded migration, priority of settlement confers no prestige. Indeed, if time is a factor at all, it is likely to be the latest conquerors coming in during historic and literate times who have a special exclusive tradition. ¶ 4

The rapidity of the settlement of the United States has also contributed to the fissures of our society. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries when immigration was relatively slow it was possible for newcomers arriving in small lots to become absorbed rather quickly, despite initial prejudices against them. But with the advent of the Irish and German waves of migration in the mid-nineteenth century, overwhelming numbers and differences in religion and culture created in the settled Americans an antagonism toward these newer immigrants which continued for a long time. With each succeeding wave and with the ever-increasing numbers, the fears and antagonisms were intensified. These we have inherited and will plague us in the future. Had these migrations consisted of Europeans only, we might look to their eventual absorption by the body of older Americans in the course of time, since the physical disparities are slight, the cultural ones disappear and only religious prejudices offer any obstacles. The injection, however, of large masses of

Negroes and other non-European people into the population has created a profound schism. For these people bear with them the mark of their difference which neither cultural nor religious assimilation can efface. Thus, the welding of the American population into a harmonious community faces many difficulties whose final resolution requires tolerance and understanding. Without these essential attitudes we can expect aggravations of critical situations and serious dangers to our society. ¶ 5

When we look to the world beyond our borders we see there, too, the same forces of intolerance at work poisoning mutual understanding and respect, at a time when the technology of the future is likely to increase rather than to diminish the needs for international and inter-racial harmony. It is obvious, I think, that the task of building attitudes of tolerance, of fostering cooperation and of encouraging understanding in these matters is a long and tedious path. It is not a subject for evangelization. Not by an act of faith will the unregenerate become converted to the ways of tolerance. Only by the road of education and by the use of reason can we hope to create a lasting atmosphere of tolerance and cooperation. ¶ 6

In this effort we can, I believe, use with profit the lessons of anthropology, for it is the peculiar advantage of this discipline that it permits us to see mankind as a whole and to scrutinize ourselves with some degree of objectivity. All of us are born into a special group of circumstances and are molded and conditioned by them. Our views and our behavior are regulated by them. We take ready-made our judgments and tend to react emotionally to any divergence from or interference with them. In a sense we are imprisoned in our own culture. Many of us never succeed in shaking off the shackles of our restricted horizons. But those who have been educated by experience or by learning to a broader view may escape the micro-culture of the specific group with which they are identified and achieve a larger perspective. I am sure that some of you may recall vividly the experience of an expanding world as you left behind the limitations of youth for the understanding and freedom of maturity. This is an experience which has its counterpart in the intellectual understanding of ourselves and of our culture which anthropology is able to impart. For anthropology deliberately undertakes to study man as a biological phenomenon like any other organism, and on its social side it seeks to lift the student out of his culture by treating it as one in many social experiments. Professor Boas once observed that his preoccupation with Eskimo culture permitted him to see his own with a fresh eye. Moreover, in placing man's struggle toward civilization in this perspective the anthropologist achieves a historical view which serves to correct the astigmatisms of the present. ¶ 7

In studying man in this fashion, anthropology teaches us among other things that civilization has never been the exclusive possession of one people and that the particular culture of any race or group of men is never the complete product of that race or group. Our own culture, stemming from western Europe, has roots in most of the civilizations of the past and has not hesitated to borrow from its living contemporaries. Our writing, for example, has come

to us from Asia Minor via the Greeks; we have inherited principles of architecture discovered for us in Egypt, in the valleys of the Tigris-Euphrates and of the Indus; our knowledge of weaving probably originated in the Nile Valley, the use of cotton in India and silk in China. Egypt and Mesopotamia debate the honor of inventing agriculture and domesticating certain animals. From the American Indian we have received a variety of things such as food plants, snowshoes, the hammock and the adobe house; from the American Negro a rich source of music. The list of our borrowings and inheritances is long. Without them we could not have built our own civilization. Yet our debts have not made us humble. We behave as if we had created our civilization singlehanded and had occupied a position of leadership from the beginning of civilization itself. Actually, we are not only the inheritors of a varied and complex tradition, but the present protagonists of western civilization are merely the latest of mankind to become civilized. One might add that they unfortunately show it. All during the prehistoric ages northwestern Europe represented a back water. Into these remote regions came the stone age innovations after they had been invented elsewhere. Similarly, the neolithic techniques and the use of bronze and iron only slowly were diffused to western Europe centuries after their discovery in Egypt and Mesopotamia. So wild and barbarous were the regions inhabited by the ancient Britons, the Scandinavians and the Germans that the Greeks never even knew of their existence. And to the Romans the inhabitants of these far distant corners were uncouth barbarians unfamiliar with the amenities of civilization. In fact, up to the time of the Renaissance the northwestern Europeans could hardly claim parity by any objective standard with a civilization such as the Chinese of the same epoch, or the native civilizations of Mexico or Peru where substantial achievements in social organization, architecture and art far surpassed contemporary European productions. Well into the Christian era the archeological remains of British culture display a crudity quite unprophetic of their future evolution. If, then, we justly attribute this backwardness of northwestern Europe in the ways of civilization to the accidents of place and history, how can we fail to admit the potentialities of our contemporaries who give evidence by their learning, by their arts or by their skills of accomplishments fully as great as those of the ancient Briton, Gaul or German. ¶ **8**

Though we admit the superiority of western civilization in technology and science, anthropology is decisive in disclaiming any equivalent supremacy in the social organization of the nations of the western world. Indeed, it would be easy to enumerate examples among non-European people with more complicated social systems or with more efficient ones. If it is true that the magnitude of our commerce and industry, enlarged by the resources of science, has created a stupendous economic structure upon our society, it is also true that the social framework which supports it is in certain respects inadequate and inefficient. We who are so proud of our gadgets, who misjudge those who live on a simpler material plane, who scorn others for their superstitions, how are we to judge our ancestors of two or three centuries ago who lacked all

that we prize in the way of material comforts and who believed in witchcraft? One can not help but feel that our attitudes are something like those of the little boy whose superior Christmas present elevates him above his less fortunate mates. ¶ **9**

One of the most pernicious breeders of ill-will among various races of mankind is the doctrine that a racial hierarchy exists based upon physical and psychological superiorities. It is interesting that the preferred positions in this scale are reserved for the race to which the claimants think they belong. Notions of superiority are, of course, widespread. They permeate groups of all kinds and sizes. The city slicker's airs of superiority over his country cousin are tinged with the same smugness that characterizes rival parishes or sets off the Scotch Highlander from the Lowlanders, distinguishes the Englishman from the British colonial, the Nordic from the Mediterranean, the white races from the colored. They are all based on the idea that differences are degrees of goodness, whereas in most instances differences are merely reflections of environmental adaptations, historical accidents, local developments or simply superficial physical mutations of no intrinsic value. During the nineteenth century these ideas crystallized around the concept of race largely through the writing of de Gobineau, who extolled purity of race and in particular the virtues of the Nordic. This was a period when many so-called European races had each their protagonists. The Mediterranean man was hailed as the culture hero of Europe. English writers drew racial distinctions among their own peoples but spoke instead of Kelt or Saxon or Norman and attributed to them exclusive virtues or vices. The attributions were so precise that it must have been a rash Saxon who would presume to write mystic poetry or a foolhardy Kelt who would aspire to martial glory. ¶ **10**

Race, which started out as a zoological concept, a convenient method of classifying mankind according to physical criteria, much as the kinds of animals might be distinguished, thus became encrusted with psychological attributes and assignments of value. We all know how this monstrous doctrine has been elevated into a credo, how it has been used to inflame and manipulate masses of men, how insidiously it is calculated to make even those who attack it disseminate its seeds. Anthropology, which traditionally has been concerned with the problems of race, has here, too, much to offer in clarifying and correcting racial misconceptions fostered for evil purposes. Perhaps I might best summarize this in a series of principles. ¶ **11**

(1) The racial classification of man is primarily a zoological concept. It attempts merely to classify and distinguish the varieties of men by physical criteria. ¶ **12**

(2) Migration and intermingling have from his earliest history been characteristic of man so that "pure" races, if they ever existed, are no longer to be found in nature. ¶ **13**

(3) The consequence of this intermixture has led to the overlapping of physical characteristics between neighboring people with a pronounced tendency for changes in any physical characteristic to be gradual so that it is

practically impossible to set arbitrary lines of division between one type and another. ¶ **14**

(4) The geographic extremes of these continuities do show pronounced differences in physical criteria, such as the northwest European, the Chinese and the Negro of Central Africa. ¶ **15**

(5) No nation is exclusively of one race, or breed. In Europe especially prehistoric and historic migrations have mixed the various European strains inextricably. There is for example no Nordic Germany. So-called Nordic tribes settled in France, invaded Italy, overran Spain and even reached North Africa. Each nation in Europe represents a composite varying somewhat in their ingredients and proportions. ¶ **16**

(6) The psychological attributes of race are non-zoological and logically have no place in racial classification. They are not coterminous with race, which itself is an abstraction. ¶ **17**

(7) Moreover, since psychological attributes are commonly based on subjective judgments, are resistant to precise measurement, and are often profoundly influenced by environmental and cultural conditions, they are not suitable as criteria in the classification of races. Their use has led to tragic distortions of truth. ¶ **18**

Parenthetically, I can not forbear pointing out the illusions we cherish in the name of practicality. The charge used to be leveled against anthropology that it was not practical, that it was remote from the important concerns of everyday living, and that it was largely absorbed in abstract and academic concepts. But now we are witnessing a world conflict in which these academic concepts play an enormous part and motivate the thinking of many of the actors. How practical it is then to keep these concepts free from distortion and to expose the fallacies which they engender! ¶ **19**

QUESTIONS

1. Look up Mr. Shapiro in *Who's Who in America* and in any other work that might contain information about him. Is there anything that would make you want to question his reputation for honesty and reliability?

2. What can you say about him as an authority in the field of anthropology? Does this make him an authority on the subject of this address?

3. Does he have any apparent reason for bias (i.e., does he stand to profit personally if people generally come to believe as he does)?

4. Do you consider his facts accurate and representative? What are the apparent sources of his facts? Where might you check them if you so desired?

5. What basic assumptions do you find about the way men should gain knowledge and use it? What does Mr. Shapiro seem to think is valuable in life? Do you agree?

6. Do you find instances of fallacious reasoning?

7. In the light of your answers to the preceding questions, evaluate this address for its truth.

8. Compare your evaluations of the Hitler excerpt and this address.

Evaluating a Work in Its Own Terms

When you evaluate a work in its own terms you attempt to see how well it does what it sets out to do. Instead of testing it for its truth, you test it for its efficiency.

To the person using this method of evaluation, each work, then, is a new and unique problem. It is almost impossible, therefore, to generalize about the method as a whole. The one thing that can be said is that sound evaluation of a work's efficiency depends upon your ability to recognize: (1) the author's purpose, (2) the readers (or listeners) for whom the work was originally intended, (3) the ways in which the content, organization, and presentation are adapted to purpose and audience. So that you can see how this method works with various types of factual discourse, we are discussing in turn several of the most common types: exposition, argument, history, biography, and criticism. Following each discussion is a sample of the type, and questions which will help you in making your evaluations.

EXPLANATION

If a written or oral account is designed primarily to make something clear, it is explanation, or exposition. You know that already from your study of the selections in Part One. At this point you need to take a step further. You need to decide for the work you are evaluating just what the work is trying to make clear and for whom.

The specific purpose of an explanation is ordinarily not too difficult to discover. Usually the author states it in his introduction or conclusion or in both. If he does not make clear anywhere what he is trying to explain, the explanation itself certainly cannot be very effective. You would be justified in giving it a low rank without further consideration.

It may be a little harder to discover for what audience the work is intended. Of course, if the work was originally a speech, there is no special problem; simply find out before whom the speech was delivered. The task is easy, too, in an essay or article, if the author states for whom he is writing. He may, for example, in an introduction or preface or in the text itself, explain, "What I have to say, I have to say for all those now attending college in America." More frequently, however, there will be no such obvious clue. Then you need to do a bit of sleuthing. Discover where the work first appeared. If it was in *The*

New Yorker, for instance, you know immediately that it was designed primarily for adults of some education and sophistication. If the work is a book, the advertisements for the book, the format, perhaps the author's biography, the reviews, or the criticisms may help. The material and style will give you clues also, but watch that you do not get into *circular reasoning* in making inferences about the audience from the content and style. That is, do not infer that because the details are obvious and the words easy the work is meant for a young audience, and then go on to conclude that because it is meant for a young audience the details and words are appropriate. If you are going to study the appropriateness of a style, you need some nonstylistic clues to the audience.

Once you have spotted the purpose and audience, you are ready to determine whether the work does its job well. Examine the contents. Ask yourself whether they are relevant to the purpose and adapted to the audience. Examine the organization. Ask yourself whether it is appropriate to the material and can be followed by the audience. Examine the words and sentences. Ask yourself whether they make the explanation clear and readable for the audience. In short, ask yourself whether in terms of his purpose and audience the author accomplishes what he sets out to accomplish. This is the key question in this method of evaluation, and on your answer to it depends your overall judgment.

The following explanation appeared in most of the important American newspapers. In it the President's Science Advisory Committee, headed by Dr. James R. Killian, Jr., attempts to carry out the President's request to prepare an "introduction to outer space" for the average American. After reading the explanation, try to evaluate its success in doing what it is meant to do. The questions at the end of the article should help you in reaching your overall judgment.

The President's

Science Advisory Committee

...

INTRODUCTION TO OUTER SPACE

What are the principal reasons for undertaking a national space program? What can we expect to gain from space science and exploration? What are the scientific laws and facts and the technological means which it would be helpful to know and understand in reaching sound policy decisions for a United States space program and its management by the Federal Government?

From *Introduction to Outer Space*. Government Printing Office, 1958.

This statement seeks to provide brief and introductory answers to these questions. ¶ 1

It is useful to distinguish among four factors which give importance, urgency, and inevitability to the advancement of space technology. ¶ 2

The first of these factors is the compelling urge of man to explore and to discover, the thrust of curiosity that leads men to try to go where no one has gone before. Most of the surface of the earth has now been explored and men now turn to the exploration of outer space as their next objective. ¶ 3

Second, there is the defense objective for the development of space technology. We wish to be sure that space is not used to endanger our security. If space is to be used for military purposes, we must be prepared to use space to defend ourselves. ¶ 4

Third, there is the factor of national prestige. To be strong and bold in space technology will enhance the prestige of the United States among the peoples of the world and create added confidence in our scientific, technological, industrial, and military strength. ¶ 5

Fourth, space technology affords new opportunities for scientific observation and experiment which will add to our knowledge and understanding of the earth, the solar system, and the universe. ¶ 6

The determination of what our space program should be must take into consideration all four of these objectives. While this statement deals mainly with the use of space for scientific inquiry, we fully recognize the importance of the other three objectives. ¶ 7

In fact it has been the military quest for ultra long-range rockets that has provided man with new machinery so powerful that it can readily put satellites in orbit, and, before long, send instruments out to explore the moon and nearby planets. In this way, what was at first a purely military enterprise has opened up an exciting era of exploration that few men, even a decade ago, dreamed would come in this century. ¶ 8

Why Satellites Stay Up

The basic laws governing satellites and space flight are fascinating in their own right. And while they have been well known to scientists ever since Newton, they may still seem a little puzzling and unreal to many of us. Our children, however, will understand them quite well. ¶ 9

We all know that the harder you throw a stone the farther it will travel before falling to earth. If you could imagine your strength so fantastically multiplied that you could throw a stone at a speed of 15,000 m.p.h., it would travel a great distance. It would, in fact, easily cross the Atlantic Ocean before the earth's gravity pulled it down. Now imagine being able to throw the stone just a little faster, say about 18,000 m.p.h., what would happen then? ¶ 10

The stone would again cross the ocean, but this time it would travel much farther than it did before. It would travel so far that it would overshoot the earth, so to speak, and keep falling until it was back where it started. Since in this imaginary example there is no atmospheric resistance to slow the

stone down, it would still be travelling at the original speed, 18,000 m.p.h., when it had got back to its starting point. So around the earth it goes again. From the stone's point of view, it is continuously falling, except that its very slight downward arc exactly matches the curvature of the earth, and so it stays aloft—or as the scientist would say, "in orbit"—indefinitely. ¶ **11**

Since the earth has an atmosphere, of course, neither stones nor satellites can be sent whizzing around the earth at tree-top level. Satellites must first be lifted beyond the reach of atmospheric resistance. It is absence of atmospheric resistance plus speed that makes the satellite possible. It may seem odd that weight or mass has nothing to do with a satellite's orbit. If a feather were released from a 10-ton satellite, the two would stay together, following the same path in the airless void. There is, however, a slight vestige of atmosphere even a few hundred miles above the earth, and its resistance will cause the feather to spiral inward toward the earth sooner than the satellite. It is atmospheric resistance, however slight, that has set limits on the life of all satellites launched to date. Beyond a few hundred miles the remaining trace of atmosphere fades away so rapidly that tomorrow's satellites should stay aloft thousands of years, and, perhaps, indefinitely. The higher the satellite, incidentally, the less speed it needs to stay in orbit once it gets there (thus, the moon's speed is only a little more than 2,000 m.p.h.), but to launch a satellite toward a more distant orbit requires a higher initial speed and greater expenditure of energy. ¶ **12**

The Thrust into Space

Rocket engineers rate rockets not in horsepower, but in thrust. Thrust is just another name for push, and it is expressed in pounds of force. The rocket gets its thrust or push by exhausting material backward. It is this thrust that lifts the rocket off the earth and accelerates it, making it move faster and faster. ¶ **13**

As everyone knows, it is more difficult to accelerate an automobile than a baby carriage. To place satellites weighing 1,000 to 2,000 pounds in orbit requires a first-stage rocket, engine, or engines, having a thrust in the neighborhood of 200,000 to 400,000 pounds. Rocket engines able to supply this thrust have been under development for some time. For launching a satellite, or other space vehicle, the rocket engineer divides his rockets into two, three, or more stages, which can be dropped one after the other in flight, thus reducing the total weight that must be accelerated to the final velocity desired. (In other words, it is a great waste of energy to lift one huge fuel tank into orbit when the tank can be divided into smaller tanks—each packaged in its own stage with its own rocket motor—that can be left behind as they become empty.) ¶ **14**

To launch some of the present satellites has required rockets weighing up to 1,000 times the weight of the satellite itself. But it will be possible to reduce takeoff weights until they are only 50 to 100 times that of the satellite. The rocket's high ratio of gross weight to payload follows from a fundamental limitation in the exhaust velocities that can be achieved by chemical propellants. ¶ **15**

If we want to send up not a satellite but a device that will reach the moon, we need a larger rocket relative to its payload in order that the final stage can be accelerated to about 25,000 m.p.h. This speed, called the "escape velocity," is the speed with which a projectile must be thrown to escape altogether from the gravitational pull of the earth. If a rocket fired at the moon is to use as little fuel as possible, it must attain the escape velocity very near the beginning of its trip. After this peak speed is reached, the rocket will be gradually slowed down by the earth's pull, but it will still move fast enough to reach the moon in 2 or 3 days. ¶ **16**

The Moon as a Goal

Moon exploration will involve three distinct levels of difficulty. The first would be a simple shot at the moon, ending either in a "hard" landing or a circling of the moon. Next in difficulty would be a "soft" landing. And most difficult of all would be a "soft" landing followed by a safe return to earth. ¶ **17**

The payload for a simple moon shot might be a small instrument carrier similar to a satellite. For the more difficult "soft" landing, the carrier would have to include, as part of its payload, a "retro-rocket" (a *de*celerating rocket) to provide braking action, since the moon has no atmosphere that could serve as a cushion. ¶ **18**

To carry out the most difficult feat, a round trip to the moon, will require that the initial payload include not only "retro-rockets" but rockets to take off again from the moon. Equipment will also be required aboard to get the payload through the atmosphere and safely back to earth. To land a man on the moon and get him home safely again will require a very big rocket engine indeed-- one with a thrust in the neighborhood of one or two million pounds. While nuclear power may prove superior to chemical fuels in engines of multi-million-pound thrust, even the atom will provide no short cut to space exploration. ¶ **19**

Sending a small instrument carrier to Mars, although not requiring much more initial propulsion than a simple moon shot, would take a much longer travel time (8 months or more), and the problems of navigation and final guidance are formidable. ¶ **20**

A Message from Mars

Fortunately, the exploration of the moon and nearby planets need not be held up for lack of rocket engines big enough to send men and instrument carriers out into space and home again. Much that scientists wish to learn from satellites and space voyages into the solar system can be gathered by instruments and transmitted back to earth. This transmission, it turns out, is relatively easy with today's rugged and tiny electronic equipment. ¶ **21**

For example, a transmitter with a power of just one or two watts can easily radio information from the moon to the earth. And messages from Mars, on the average some 50 million to 100 million miles away at the time the rocket would arrive, can be transmitted to earth with less power than that used

by most commercial broadcasting stations. In some ways, indeed, it appears that it will be easier to send a clear radio message between Mars and earth than between New York and Tokyo. ¶ **22**

This all leads up to an important point about space exploration. The cost of transporting men and material through space will be extremely high, but the cost and difficulty of sending *information* through space will be comparatively low. ¶ **23**

Will the Results Justify the Costs?

Since the rocket power plants for space exploration are already in existence or being developed for military need, the cost of additional scientific research, using these rockets, need not be exorbitant. Still, the cost will not be small, either. This raises an important question that scientists and the general public (which will pay the bill) both must face: Since there are still so many unanswered scientific questions and problems all around us on earth, why should we start asking new questions and seeking out new problems in space? How can the results possibly justify the cost? ¶ **24**

Scientific research, of course, has never been amenable to rigorous cost accounting in advance. Nor, for that matter, has exploration of any sort. But if we have learned one lesson, it is that research and exploration have a remarkable way of paying off—quite apart from the fact that they demonstrate that man is alive and insatiably curious. And we all feel richer for knowing what explorers and scientists have learned about the universe in which we live. ¶ **25**

It is in these terms that we must measure the value of launching satellites and sending rockets into space. These ventures may have practical utility, some of which will be noted later. But the scientific questions come first. ¶ **26**

The View from a Satellite

Here are some of the things that scientists say can be done with the new satellites and other space mechanisms. A satellite in orbit can do three things: (1) It can sample the strange new environment through which it moves; (2) it can look down and see the earth as it has never been seen before; and (3) it can look out into the universe and record information that can never reach the earth's surface because of the intervening atmosphere. ¶ **27**

The satellite's immediate environment at the edge of space is empty only by earthly standards. Actually, "empty" space is rich in energy, radiation, and fast-moving particles of great variety. Here we will be exploring the active medium, a kind of electrified plasma, dominated by the sun, through which our earth moves. Scientists have indirect evidence that there are vast systems of magnetic fields and electric currents that are connected somehow with the outward flow of charged material from the sun. These fields and currents the satellites will be able to measure for the first time. Also for the first time, the satellites will give us a detailed three-dimensional picture of the earth's gravity and its magnetic field. ¶ **28**

Physicists are anxious to run one crucial and fairly simple gravity experiment as soon as possible. This experiment will test an important prediction made by Einstein's General Theory of Relativity, namely, that a clock will run faster as the gravitational field around it is reduced. If one of the fantastically accurate clocks, using atomic frequencies, were placed in a satellite and should run faster than its counterpart on earth, another of Einstein's great and daring predictions would be confirmed. (This is not the same as the prediction that any moving clock will appear to a stationary observer to lose time—a prediction that physicists already regard as well confirmed.) ¶ **29**

There are also some special questions about cosmic rays which can be settled only by detecting the rays before they shatter themselves against the earth's atmosphere. And, of course, animals carried in satellites will begin to answer the question: What is the effect of weightlessness on physiological and psychological functions? (Gravity is not felt inside a satellite because the earth's pull is precisely balanced by centrifugal force. This is just another way of saying that bodies inside a satellite behave exactly as they would inside a freely falling elevator.) ¶ **30**

The satellite that will turn its attention downward holds great promise for meteorology and the eventual improvement of weather forecasting. Present weather stations on land and sea can keep only about 10 percent of the atmosphere under surveillance. Two or three weather satellites could make a cloud inventory of the whole globe every few hours. From this inventory meteorologists believe they could spot large storms (including hurricanes) in their early stages and chart their direction of movement with much more accuracy than at present. Other instruments in the satellites will measure for the first time how much solar energy is falling upon the earth's atmosphere and how much is reflected and radiated back into space by clouds, oceans, the continents, and by the great polar ice fields. ¶ **31**

It is not generally appreciated that the earth has to send back into space, over the long run, exactly as much heat energy as it receives from the sun. If this were not so the earth would either heat up or cool off. But there is an excess of income over outgo in the tropical regions, and an excess of outgo over income in the polar regions. This imbalance has to be continuously rectified by the activity of the earth's atmosphere which we call weather. ¶ **32**

By looking at the atmosphere from the outside, satellites will provide the first real accounting of the energy imbalances, and their consequent tensions, all around the globe. With the insight gained from such studies, meteorologists hope they may improve long-range forecasting of world weather trends. ¶ **33**

Finally, there are the satellites that will look not just around or down, but out into space. Carrying ordinary telescopes as well as special instruments for recording X-rays, ultraviolet, and other radiations, these satellites cannot fail to reveal new sights forever hidden from observers who are bound to the earth. What these sights will be, no one can tell. But scientists know that a large part of all stellar radiation lies in the ultraviolet region of the spectrum, and this is totally blocked by the earth's atmosphere. Also blocked are other very

long wavelengths of "light" of the kind usually referred to as radio waves. Some of these get through the so-called "radio window" in the atmosphere and can be detected by radio telescopes, but scientists would like a look at the still longer waves that cannot penetrate to earth. ¶ **34**

Even those light signals that now reach the earth can be recorded with brilliant new clarity by satellite telescopes. All existing photographs of the moon and nearby planets are smeared by the same turbulence of the atmosphere that makes the stars twinkle. Up above the atmosphere the twinkling will stop and we should be able to see for the first time what Mars really looks like. And we shall want a really sharp view before launching the first rocket to Mars. ¶ **35**

A Close-up of the Moon

While these satellite observations are in progress, other rockets will be striking out for the moon with other kinds of instruments. Photographs of the back or hidden side of the moon may prove quite unexciting, or they may reveal some spectacular new feature now unguessed. Of greater scientific interest is the question whether or not the moon has a magnetic field. Since no one knows for sure why the earth has such a field, the presence or absence of one on the moon should throw some light on the mystery. ¶ **36**

But what scientists would most like to learn from a close-up study of the moon is something of its origin and history. Was it originally molten? Does it now have a fluid core, similar to the earth's? And just what is the nature of the lunar surface? The answer to these and many other questions should shed light, directly or indirectly, on the origin and history of the earth and the surrounding solar system. ¶ **37**

While the moon is believed to be devoid of life, even the simplest and most primitive, this cannot be taken for granted. Some scientists have suggested that small particles with the properties of life- germs or spores—could exist in space and could have drifted on to the moon. If we are to test this intriguing hypothesis we must be careful not to contaminate the moon's surface, in the biological sense, beforehand. There are strong scientific reasons, too, for avoiding radioactive contamination of the moon until its naturally acquired radioactivity can be measured. ¶ **38**

. . . and on to Mars

The nearest planets to earth are Mars and Venus. We know quite enough about Mars to suspect that it may support some form of life. To land instrument carriers on Mars and Venus will be easier, in one respect, than achieving a "soft" landing on the moon. The reason is that both planets have atmospheres that can be used to cushion the final approach. These atmospheres might also be used to support balloons equipped to carry out both meteorological soundings and a general photo survey of surface features. The Venusian atmosphere, of course, consists of what appears to be a dense layer of clouds so that its surface has never been seen at all from earth. ¶ **39**

Remotely-controlled scientific expeditions to the moon and nearby planets could absorb the energies of scientists for many decades. Since man is such an adventurous creature, there will undoubtedly come a time when he can no longer resist going out and seeing for himself. It would be foolish to try to predict today just when this moment will arrive. It might not arrive in this century, or it might come within one or two decades. So much will depend on how rapidly we want to expand and accelerate our program. According to one rough estimate it might require a total investment of about a couple of billion dollars, spent over a number of years to equip ourselves to land a man on the moon and to return him safely to earth. ¶ **40**

The Satellite Radio Network

Meanwhile, back at earth, satellites will be entering into the everyday affairs of men. Not only will they be aiding the meteorologists, but they could surely —and rather quickly—be pressed into service for expanding world-wide communications, including intercontinental television. ¶ **41**

At present all trans-oceanic communication is by cable (which is costly to install) or by shortwave radio (which is easily disrupted by solar storms). Television cannot practically be beamed more than a few hundred miles because the wavelengths needed to carry it will not bend around the earth and will not bounce off the region of the atmosphere known as the ionosphere. To solve this knotty problem, satellites may be the thing, for they can serve as high-flying radio relay stations. Several suitably-equipped and properly-spaced satellites would be able to receive TV signals from any point on the globe and to relay them directly—or perhaps via a second satellite—to any other point. Powered with solar batteries, these relay stations in space should be able to keep working for many years. ¶ **42**

Military Applications of Space Technology

The development of military rockets has provided the technological base for space exploration. It will probably continue to do so, because of the commanding military importance of the ballistic missile. The subject of ballistic missiles lies outside our present discussion. We ask instead, putting missiles aside, what other military applications of space technology can we see ahead? ¶ **43**

There are important, foreseeable, military uses for space vehicles. These lie, broadly speaking, in the fields of *communication* and *reconnaissance*. To this we could add meteorology, for the possible advances in meteorological science which have already been described would have military implications. The use of satellites for radio relay links has also been described, and it does not take much imagination to foresee uses of such techniques in long range military operations. ¶ **44**

The reconnaissance capabilities of a satellite are due, of course, to its position high above the earth and the fact that its orbit carries it in a predictable way over much of the globe. Its disadvantage is its necessarily great distance, 200 miles or more, from the surface. A highly magnifying camera or tele-

scope is needed to picture the earth's surface in even moderate detail. To the human eye, from 200 miles away, a football stadium would be a barely distinguishable speck. A telescopic camera can do a good deal better, depending on its size and complexity. It is certainly feasible to obtain reconnaissance information with a fairly elaborate instrument, information which could be relayed back to the earth by radio. ¶ **45**

Much has been written about space as a future theater of war, raising such suggestions as satellite bombers, military bases on the moon, and so on. For the most part, even the more sober proposals do not hold up well on close examination or appear to be achievable at an early date. Granted that they will become technologically possible, most of these schemes, nevertheless, appear to be clumsy and ineffective ways of doing a job. Take one example, the satellite as a bomb carrier. A satellite cannot simply drop a bomb. An object released from a satellite doesn't fall. So there is no special advantage in being over the target. Indeed, the only way to "drop" a bomb directly down from a satellite is to carry out aboard the satellite a rocket launching of the magnitude required for an intercontinental missile. A better scheme is to give the weapon to be launched from the satellite a small push, after which it will spiral in gradually. But that means launching it from a moving platform halfway around the world, with every disadvantage compared to a missile base on the ground. In short, the earth would appear to be, after all, the best weapons carrier. ¶ **46**

This is only one example; each idea has to be judged on its own merits. There may well be important military applications for space vehicles which we cannot now foresee, and developments in space technology which open up quite novel possibilities. The history of science and technology reminds us sharply of the limitations of our vision. Our road to future strength is the achievement of scientific insight and technical skill by vigorous participation in these new explorations. In this setting, our appropriate military strength will grow naturally and surely. ¶ **47**

A Space Timetable

Thus we see that satellites and space vehicles can carry out a great variety of scientific missions, and a number of military ones as well. ¶ **48**

Indeed, the scientific opportunities are so numerous and so inviting that scientists from many countries will certainly want to participate. Perhaps the International Geophysical Year will suggest a model for the international exploration of space in the years and decades to come. ¶ **49**

The timetable on the following page suggests the approximate order in which some of the scientific and technical objectives mentioned in this review may be attained. ¶ **50**

The timetable is not broken down into years, since there is yet too much uncertainty about the scale of the effort that will be made. The timetable simply lists various types of space investigations and goals under three broad headings: Early, Later, Still Later. ¶ **51**

SCIENTIFIC OBJECTIVES

EARLY

1. Physics
2. Geophysics
3. Meteorology
4. Minimal Moon Contact
5. Experimental Communications
6. Space Physiology

LATER

1. Astronomy
2. Extensive Communications
3. Biology
4. Scientific Lunar Investigation
5. Minimal Planetary Contact
6. Human Flight in Orbit

STILL LATER

1. Automated Lunar Exploration
2. Automated Planetary Exploration
3. Human Lunar Exploration and Return

AND MUCH LATER STILL

Human Planetary Exploration

In conclusion, we venture two observations. Research in outer space affords new opportunities in science, but it does not diminish the importance of science on earth. Many of the secrets of the universe will be fathomed in laboratories on earth, and the progress of our science and technology and the welfare of the Nation require that our regular scientific programs go forward without loss of pace, in fact at an increased pace. It would not be in the national interest to exploit space science at the cost of weakening our efforts in other scientific endeavors. This need not happen if we plan our national program for space science and technology as part of a balanced national effort in all science and technology. ¶ **52**

Our second observation is prompted by technical considerations. For the present, the rocketry and other equipment used in space technology must usually be employed at the very limit of its capacity. This means that failures of equipment and uncertainties of schedule are to be expected. It therefore appears wise to be cautious and modest in our predictions and pronouncements about future space activities—and quietly bold in our execution. ¶ **53**

DR. JAMES R. KILLIAN, JR., *Chairman*
DR. ROBERT F. BACHER
DR. WILLIAM O. BAKER
DR. LLOYD V. BERKNER
DR. HANS A. BETHE
DR. DETLEV W. BRONK
DR. JAMES H. DOOLITTLE
DR. JAMES B. FISK
DR. CARYL P. HASKINS
DR. GEORGE B. KISTIAKOWSKY
DR. EDWIN H. LAND
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DR. ISIDOR I. RABI
DR. H. P. ROBERTSON
DR. PAUL A. WEISS
DR. JEROME B. WIESNER
DR. HERBERT YORK
DR. JERROLD R. ZACHARIAS

QUESTIONS

1. What is the obvious purpose of the President's Science Advisory Committee in writing this "Introduction"?

2. What can you determine about the reading audience to whom it is directed: their age, education, interest in a subject like this, probable knowledge of the subject?

3. Is the organization of the explanation easy to follow? In answering this indicate what you think the main divisions are. Point out examples of introductory sentences and transitional aids that the authors provide in order to help you follow their thinking.

4. Characterize the information that you get here with respect to its technical difficulty. Since all members of the Advisory Committee are well known and competent scientists, what kinds of material might they have included that they did not include? Explain the apparent basis for their selection of material.

5. Characterize the language of the explanation. How many words give you difficulty because they are too technical for you? How would the language change if this were an article designed primarily for astrophysicists?

6. The President characterized this explanation by saying, "This is not science fiction. This is a sober, realistic presentation prepared by leading scientists." Do you agree with this statement?

7. In the light of your answers to the preceding questions, what is your overall evaluation of this explanation as explanation? In short, how well does it accomplish what it sets out to accomplish?

ARGUMENT

As you already know, if a work sets out to make the reader believe something or do something, it is an argument. Again, in reading argument, if you are measuring the work in its own terms, you must decide on its efficiency. How well does it do what it sets out to do?

In evaluating the truth of a work, it is often not important to make a careful distinction between explanations and arguments. But in this type of evaluation it is essential. Rather clearly, you need to know in general what a work sets out to accomplish before you can say how well it accomplishes it. In the case of arguments the general aim is ordinarily fairly easy to determine since the author will make it abundantly evident that he wants you to believe or do something. Occasionally, however, you encounter a work whose tone is a bit puzzling. For example, the work may seem to be argumentative in intent; yet all its outward characteristics may suggest an explanation. The author may subtly be urging you to do something by explaining the situation as it is. There is nothing improper about such a procedure, since the case for a change in belief or action must always rest—if the case is a sound one—upon the realization that there is a need for a change. Thus a writer may do little more than explain the rent situation in the Negro section of Chicago's South Side and compare rent scales there with scales in other sections of the city; yet you may be impelled by the gross inequalities he brings to light to send money to an organization which is attempting to bring about rent adjustments. Now, is the author explaining or arguing? You have to make some decision so that you can

decide how well he does what he sets out to do. In these borderline cases you have to make the best judgment you can, based on the overall effect the work has on you. You may be helped in your reading by the following rule of thumb which some readers have found helpful: if the subject is controversial, the work is probably argumentative in its basic purpose.

Having decided that a work is argumentative, you need next to determine its specific purpose and the audience for whom it is intended. In most cases the specific purpose will be perfectly obvious. Where it eludes you completely, however, you can probably by this method of evaluation write off the work as a failure and go about your business. The clues to the nature of the audience are substantially the same as those in explanations. If the work was delivered first as a speech, find out all you can about the listeners. If its original version was in writing, look for specific statements by the author in a preface or in the text itself. Hints may be gleaned, too, from the nature of the work's publication. If the argument is a refutation, find out something about the audience at whom the original argument was directed, for the refutation will presumably be aimed at the same group. Lastly, and with great care, you can make some inferences from the content, emotional appeals, and style. But remember the warning against circular reasoning in the preceding section (p. 110).

The next step is to decide how well the content, organization, emotional appeals, sentences, words, and rhetorical devices, such as irony and ridicule, are adapted to the purpose and to the audience. The questions at the ends of the two following selections indicate how your thinking on almost any argument might proceed if you are to reach a sound and thoughtful judgment on these matters. The selections represent extremes in direct and indirect argument, and have been selected for that reason.

The *Federalist Paper* included here was the twenty-third in a series of eighty-five written by Alexander Hamilton, James Madison, and John Jay under the pen name of *Publius*. Appearing in 1787 and 1788 when the states were held together only loosely by the Articles of Confederation, the *Federalist Papers* argued strongly and successfully for the adoption of the Constitution that had been drawn up in the convention of 1787. The *Federalist Paper* given here is an explicit and direct argument for the kind of energetic national government that the Constitution would make possible. It appeared first in the New York *Packet*, Tuesday, December 18, 1787, and was aimed at those whom Hamilton, its author, called "my fellow countrymen" and "my fellow citizens."

In the second selection, written in 1729, Jonathan Swift argues by indirection for some alleviation of the miserable condition of the Irish poor. Instead of putting forth his arguments explicitly and directly, however, Swift in his "modest proposal" tries by the indirect method of irony simply to call attention to the situation in Ireland. Obviously Swift does not believe what he has himself say. For the purposes of irony and shock, he has adopted a *persona* or role. Some readers actually took the argument at its face value—and this is always the danger of the indirect method. But the great majority saw the real point, and Swift became something of a hero in the eyes of the Irish.

Alexander Hamilton

THE FEDERALIST NO. 23

To the People of the State of New York:

The necessity of a Constitution, at least equally energetic with the one proposed, to the preservation of the Union, is the point at the examination of which we are now arrived. ¶ **1**

This inquiry will naturally divide itself into three branches—the objects to be provided for by the federal government, the quantity of power necessary to the accomplishment of those objects, the persons upon whom that power ought to operate. Its distribution and organization will more properly claim our attention under the succeeding head. ¶ **2**

The principal purposes to be answered by union are these—the common defence of the members; the preservation of the public peace, as well against internal convulsions as external attacks; the regulation of commerce with other nations and between the States; the superintendence of our intercourse, political and commercial, with foreign countries. ¶ **3**

The authorities essential to the common defence are these: to raise armies; to build and equip fleets; to prescribe rules for the government of both; to direct their operations; to provide for their support. These powers ought to exist without limitation, *because it is impossible to foresee or define the extent and variety of national exigencies, or the correspondent extent and variety of the means which may be necessary to satisfy them.* The circumstances that endanger the safety of nations are infinite, and for this reason no constitutional shackles can wisely be imposed on the power to which the care of it is committed. This power ought to be co-extensive with all the possible combinations of such circumstances; and ought to be under the direction of the same councils which are appointed to preside over the common defence. ¶ **4**

This is one of those truths which, to a correct and unprejudiced mind, carries its own evidence along with it; and may be obscured, but cannot be made plainer by argument or reasoning. It rests upon axioms as simple as they are universal; the *means* ought to be proportioned to the *end;* the persons, from whose agency the attainment of any *end* is expected, ought to possess the *means* by which it is to be attained. ¶ **5**

Whether there ought to be a federal government intrusted with the care of the common defence, is a question in the first instance, open for discussion; but the moment it is decided in the affirmative, it will follow, that that government ought to be clothed with all the powers requisite to complete execution of its trust. And unless it can be shown that the circumstances which may affect the public safety are reducible within certain determinate limits; unless the contrary of this position can be fairly and rationally disputed, it must be

admitted, as a necessary consequence, that there can be no limitation of that authority which is to provide for the defence and protection of the community, in any matter essential to its efficacy—that is, in any matter essential to the *formation, direction,* or *support* of the NATIONAL FORCES. ¶ 6

Defective as the present Confederation has been proved to be, this principle appears to have been fully recognized by the framers of it; though they have not made proper or adequate provision for its exercise. Congress have an unlimited discretion to make requisitions of men and money; to govern the army and navy; to direct their operations. As their requisitions are made constitutionally binding upon the States, who are in fact under the most solemn obligations to furnish the supplies required of them, the intention evidently was, that the United States should command whatever resources were by them judged requisite to the "common defence and general welfare." It was presumed that a sense of their true interests, and a regard to the dictates of good faith, would be found sufficient pledges for the punctual performance of the duty of the members to the federal head. ¶ 7

The experiment has, however, demonstrated that this expectation was ill-founded and illusory; and the observations, made under the last head, will, I imagine, have sufficed to convince the impartial and discerning, that there is an absolute necessity for an entire change in the first principles of the system; that if we are in earnest about giving the Union energy and duration, we must abandon the vain project of legislating upon the States in their collective capacities; we must extend the laws of the federal government to the individual citizens of America; we must discard the fallacious scheme of quotas and requisitions, as equally impracticable and unjust. The result from all this is that the Union ought to be invested with full power to levy troops; to build and equip fleets; and to raise the revenues which will be required for the formation and support of an army and navy, in the customary and ordinary modes practised in other governments. ¶ 8

If the circumstances of our country are such as to demand a compound instead of a simple, a confederate instead of a sole, government, the essential point which will remain to be adjusted will be to discriminate the OBJECTS, as far as it can be done, which shall appertain to the different provinces or departments of power; allowing to each the most ample authority for fulfilling the objects committed to its charge. Shall the Union be constituted the guardian of the common safety? Are fleets and armies and revenues necessary to this purpose? The government of the Union must be empowered to pass all laws, and to make all regulations which have relation to them. The same must be the case in respect to commerce, and to every other matter to which its jurisdiction is permitted to extend. Is the administration of justice between the citizens of the same State the proper department of the local governments? These must possess all the authorities which are connected with this object, and with every other that may be allotted to their particular cognizance and direction. Not to confer in each case a degree of power commensurate to the

end, would be to violate the most obvious rules of prudence and propriety, and improvidently to trust the great interests of the nation to hands which are disabled from managing them with vigor and success. ¶ **9**

Who so likely to make suitable provisions for the public defence, as that body to which the guardianship of the public safety is confided; which, as the centre of information, will best understand the extent and urgency of the dangers that threaten; as the representative of the WHOLE, will feel itself most deeply interested in the preservation of every part; which, from the responsibility implied in the duty assigned to it, will be most sensibly impressed with the necessity of proper exertions; and which, by the extension of its authority throughout the States, can alone establish uniformity and concert in the plans and measures by which the common safety is to be secured? Is there not a manifest inconsistency in devolving upon the federal government the care of the general defence, and leaving in the State governments the *effective* powers by which it is to be provided for? Is not a want of co-operation the infallible consequence of such a system? And will not weakness, disorder, and undue distribution of the burdens and calamities of war, an unnecessary and intolerable increase of expense, be its natural and inevitable concomitants? Have we not had unequivocal experience of its effects in the course of the revolution which we have just accomplished? ¶ **10**

Every view we may take of the subject, as candid inquirers after truth, will serve to convince us, that it is both unwise and dangerous to deny the federal government an unconfined authority, as to all those objects which are intrusted to its management. It will indeed deserve the most vigilant and careful attention of the people, to see that it be modelled in such a manner as to admit of its being safely vested with the requisite powers. If any plan which has been, or may be, offered to our consideration, should not, upon a dispassionate inspection, be found to answer this description, it ought to be rejected. A government, the constitution of which renders it unfit to be trusted with all the powers which a free people *ought to delegate to any government,* would be an unsafe and improper depositary of the NATIONAL INTERESTS. Wherever THESE can with propriety be confided, the coincident powers may safely accompany them. This is the true result of all just reasoning upon the subject. And the adversaries of the plan promulgated by the convention ought to have confined themselves to showing, that the internal structure of the proposed government was such as to render it unworthy of the confidence of the people. They ought not to have wandered into inflammatory declamations and unmeaning cavils about the extent of the powers. The POWERS are not too extensive for the OBJECTS of federal administration, or, in other words, for the management of our NATIONAL INTERESTS; nor can any satisfactory argument be framed to show that they are chargeable with such an excess. If it be true, as has been insinuated by some of the writers on the other side, that the difficulty arises from the nature of the thing, and that the extent of the country will not permit us to form a government in which such ample powers can safely be reposed, it would prove that

we ought to contract our views, and resort to the expedient of separate confederacies, which will move within more practicable spheres. For the absurdity must continually stare us in the face of confiding to a government the direction of the most essential national interests, without daring to trust it to the authorities which are indispensable to their proper and efficient management. Let us not attempt to reconcile contradictions, but firmly embrace a rational alternative. ¶ **11**

I trust, however, that the impracticability of one general system cannot be shown. I am greatly mistaken, if any thing of weight has yet been advanced of this tendency; and I flatter myself, that the observations which have been made in the course of these papers have served to place the reverse of that position in as clear a light as any matter still in the womb of time and experience can be susceptible of. This, at all events, must be evident, that the very difficulty itself, drawn from the extent of the country, is the strongest argument in favor of an energetic government; for any other can certainly never preserve the Union of so large an empire. If we embrace the tenets of those who oppose the adoption of the proposed Constitution, as the standard of our political creed, we cannot fail to verify the gloomy doctrines which predict the impracticability of a national system pervading entire limits of the present Confederacy.——— PUBLIUS. ¶ **12**

QUESTIONS

1. What is the specific purpose of this argument? Where is it stated?

2. What, so far as you can surmise, was the nature of its immediate reading audience?

3. What reasons are brought forth in favor of the proposition, or purpose? Distinguish between positive reasons in favor of the proposition itself and negative reasons designed to show the disadvantages of any action other than the one proposed.

4. What are the advantages of the order in which the reasons are presented? Are there any disadvantages?

5. What various kinds of argument do you find here (e.g., argument from a general principle, argument by authority, and so on)? Cite examples.

6. Describe the evidence. Is it concrete? first-hand? substantial? convincing? If the argument here does not rest primarily on an abundance of concrete evidence, what does it rest on? Does it suppress any evidence that you know of?

7. What emotional appeals are used? Are these emotional appeals suited to the audience?

8. Is Hamilton's style suited to the subject and audience? Explain your answer.

9. Do you think, taking everything into account, that this was a good argument for its time and place? Is it *still* a convincing argument? Do you think it might be more or less convincing for modern readers than it was for readers in 1787?

Jonathan Swift

A MODEST PROPOSAL

For Preventing the Children of Poor People in Ireland from Being a Burden to Their Parents or Country, and for Making Them Beneficial to the Public.

It is a melancholy object to those who walk through this great town, or travel in the country, when they see the streets, the roads, and cabin doors crowded with beggars of the female sex, followed by three, four, or six children, all in rags and importuning every passenger for an alms. These mothers, instead of being able to work for their honest livelihood, are forced to employ all their time in strolling to beg sustenance for their helpless infants; who as they grow up either turn thieves, for want of work, or leave their dear native country to fight for the pretender in Spain, or sell themselves to the Barbados. ¶ 1

I think it is agreed by all parties that this prodigious number of children in the arms, or on the backs, or at the heels of their mothers, and frequently of their fathers, is, in the present deplorable state of the kingdom, a very great additional grievance; and therefore whoever could find out a fair, cheap, and easy method of making these children sound, useful members of the commonwealth would deserve so well of the public as to have his statue set up for a preserver of the nation. ¶ 2

But my intention is very far from being confined to provide only for the children of professed beggars: it is of a much greater extent and shall take in the whole number of infants at a certain age, who are born of parents in effect as little able to support them as those who demand our charity in the streets. ¶ 3

As to my own part, having turned my thoughts for many years upon this important subject and maturely weighed the several schemes of our projectors, I have always found them grossly mistaken in their computation. It is true, a child just dropped from its dam may be supported by her milk for a solar year, with little other nourishment: at most not above the value of two shillings which the mother may certainly get, or the value in scraps, by her lawful occupation of begging; and it is exactly at one year old that I propose to provide for them in such a manner, as, instead of being a charge upon their parents or the parish, or wanting food and raiment for the rest of their lives, they shall, on the contrary, contribute to the feeding and partly to the clothing of many thousands. ¶ 4

There is likewise another great advantage in my scheme, that it will prevent those voluntary abortions and that horrid practice of women murdering their bastard children, alas! too frequent among us, sacrificing the poor innocent babes, I doubt more to avoid the expense than the shame, which would move tears and pity in the most savage and inhuman breast. ¶ 5

The number of souls in this kingdom being usually reckoned one million and a half, of these I calculate there may be about two hundred thousand couple, whose wives are breeders; from which number I subtract thirty thousand couple, who are able to maintain their own children (although I apprehend there cannot be so many, under the present distresses of the kingdom), but this being granted, there will remain an hundred and seventy thousand breeders. I again subtract fifty thousand for those women who miscarry, or whose children die by accident or disease within the year. There only remains one hundred and twenty thousand children of poor parents annually born. The question therefore is, How this number shall be reared and provided for? which, as I have already said, under the present situation of affairs, is utterly impossible by all the methods hitherto proposed. For we can neither employ them in handicraft or agriculture; we neither build houses (I mean in the country) nor cultivate land: they can very seldom pick up a livelihood by stealing till they arrive at six years old, except where they are of towardly parts; although I confess they learn the rudiments much earlier; during which time they can, however, be properly looked upon only as probationers; as I have been informed by a principal gentleman in the county of Cavan, who protested to me that he never knew above one or two instances under the age of six, even in a part of the kingdom so renowned for the quickest proficiency in that art. ¶ 6

I am assured by our merchants that a boy or a girl before twelve years old is no salable commodity; and even when they come to this age they will not yield above three pounds, or three pounds and half a crown at most, on the exchange; which cannot turn to account either to the parents or kingdom, the charge of nutriment and rags having been at least four times that value. ¶ 7

I shall now therefore humbly propose my own thoughts, which I hope will not be liable to the least objection. ¶ 8

I have been assured by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London that a young healthy child well nursed is at a year old a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled; and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a fricassee or a ragout. ¶ 9

I do therefore humbly offer it to public consideration that of the hundred and twenty thousand children already computed, twenty thousand may be reserved for breed, whereof only one-fourth part to be males; which is more than we allow to sheep, black cattle, or swine; and my reason is that these children are seldom the fruits of marriage, a circumstance not much regarded by our savages; therefore one male will be sufficient to serve four females. That the remaining hundred thousand may, at a year old, be offered in sale to the persons of quality and fortune through the kingdom; always advising the mother to let them suck plentifully in the last month, so as to render them plump and fat for a good table. A child will make two dishes at an entertainment for friends; and when the family dines alone, the fore or hind quarter will make a reasonable dish, and seasoned with a little pepper or salt will be very good boiled on the fourth day, especially in winter. ¶ 10

I have reckoned upon a medium that a child just born will weigh twelve pounds, and in a solar year, if tolerably nursed, will increase to twenty-eight pounds. ¶ 11

I grant this food will be somewhat dear, and therefore very proper for landlords, who, as they have already devoured most of the parents, seem to have the best title to the children. ¶ 12

Infant's flesh will be in season throughout the year, but more plentifully in March, and a little before and after: for we are told by a grave author, an eminent French physician, that fish being a prolific diet, there are more children born in Roman Catholic countries about nine months after Lent than at any other season; therefore, reckoning a year after Lent, the markets will be more glutted than usual, because the number of popish infants is at least three to one in this kingdom: and therefore it will have one other collateral advantage, by lessening the number of papists among us. ¶ 13

I have already computed the charge of nursing a beggar's child (in which list I reckon all cottagers, laborers, and four-fifths of the farmers) to be about two shillings per annum, rags included; and I believe no gentleman would repine to give ten shillings for the carcass of a good fat child, which, as I have said, will make four dishes of excellent nutritive meat, when he has only some particular friend or his own family to dine with him. Thus the squire will learn to be a good landlord and grow popular among his tenants; the mother will have eight shillings net profit and be fit for work till she produces another child. ¶ 14

Those who are more thrifty (as I must confess the times require) may flay the carcass; the skin of which artificially dressed will make admirable gloves for ladies and summer boots for fine gentlemen. ¶ 15

As to our city of Dublin, shambles may be appointed for this purpose in the most convenient parts of it, and butchers we may be assured will not be wanting; although I rather recommend buying the children alive and dressing them hot from the knife as we do roasting pigs. ¶ 16

A very worthy person, a true lover of his country, and whose virtues I highly esteem, was lately pleased, in discoursing on this matter, to offer a refinement upon my scheme. He said that many gentlemen of this kingdom, having of late destroyed their deer, he conceived that the want of venison might be well supplied by the bodies of young lads and maidens, not exceeding fourteen years of age nor under twelve; so great a number of both sexes in every country being now ready to starve for want of work and service; and these to be disposed of by their parents, if alive, or otherwise by their nearest relations. But with due deference to so excellent a friend and so deserving a patriot, I cannot be altogether in his sentiments; for as to the males, my American acquaintance assured me from frequent experience that their flesh was generally tough and lean, like that of our schoolboys, by continual exercise, and their taste disagreeable; and to fatten them would not answer the charge. Then as to the females, it would, I think, with humble submission be a loss to the public, because they soon would become breeders themselves: and besides, it is not improbable that some scrupulous people might be apt to censure such a practice

(although indeed very unjustly), as a little bordering upon cruelty; which, I confess. has always been with me the strongest objection against any project, however so well intended. ¶ 17

But in order to justify my friend. he confessed that this expedient was put into his head by the famous Psalmanazar, a native of the island Formosa, who came from thence to London above twenty years ago: and in conversation told my friend that in his country when any young person happened to be put to death, the executioner sold the carcass to persons of quality as a prime dainty; and that in his time the body of a plump girl of fifteen, who was crucified for an attempt to poison the emperor, was sold to his imperial majesty's prime minister of state, and other great mandarins of the court, in joints from the gibbet, at four hundred crowns. Neither indeed can I deny that if the same use were made of several plump young girls in this town, who, without one single groat to their fortunes, cannot stir abroad without a chair, and appear at a playhouse and assemblies in foreign fineries which they never will pay for, the kingdom would not be the worse. ¶ 18

Some persons of a desponding spirit are in great concern about that vast number of poor people, who are aged, diseased, or maimed; and I have been desired to employ my thoughts, what course may be taken to ease the nation of so grievous an incumbrance. But I am not in the least pain upon that matter, because it is very well known that they are every day dying and rotting, by cold and famine, and filth and vermin, as fast as can be reasonably expected. And as to the young laborers, they are now in almost as hopeful a condition: they cannot get work, and consequently pine away for want of nourishment to a degree that if at any time they are accidentally hired to common labor, they have not strength to perform it; and thus the country and themselves are happily delivered from the evils to come. ¶ 19

I have too long digressed and therefore shall return to my subject. I think the advantages, by the proposal which I have made, are obvious and many, as well as of the highest importance. ¶ 20

For first, as I have already observed, it would greatly lessen the number of papists, with whom we are yearly overrun, being the principal breeders of the nation, as well as our most dangerous enemies; and who stay at home on purpose to deliver the kingdom to the pretender, hoping to take their advantage by the absence of so many good protestants, who have chosen rather to leave their country than stay at home and pay tithes against their conscience to an episcopal curate. ¶ 21

Secondly, the poorer tenants will have something valuable of their own, which by law may be made liable to distress, and help to pay their landlord's rent; their corn and cattle being already seized, and money a thing unknown. ¶ 22

Thirdly, whereas the maintenance of a hundred thousand children, from two years old and upwards, cannot be computed at less than ten shillings a piece per annum, the nation's stock will be thereby increased fifty thousand pounds per annum. beside the profit of a new dish introduced to the tables of all gentlemen of fortune in the kingdom, who have any refinement in taste.

And the money will circulate among ourselves, the goods being entirely of our own growth and manufacture. ¶ **23**

Fourthly, the constant breeders, beside the gain of eight shillings sterling per annum by the sale of their children, will be rid of the charge of maintaining them after the first year. ¶ **24**

Fifthly, this food would likewise bring great custom to taverns: where the vintners will certainly be so prudent as to procure the best receipts for dressing it to perfection, and consequently have their houses frequented by all the fine gentlemen, who justly value themselves upon their knowledge in good eating: and a skilful cook, who understands how to oblige his guests, will contrive to make it as expensive as they please. ¶ **25**

Sixthly, this would be a great inducement to marriage, which all wise nations have either encouraged by rewards or enforced by laws and penalties. It would increase the care and tenderness of mothers toward their children, when they were sure of a settlement for life to the poor babes, provided in some sort by the public, to their annual profit instead of expense. We should see an honest emulation among the married women, which of them could bring the fattest child to the market. Men would become as fond of their wives during the time of their pregnancy as they are now of their mares in foal, their cows in calf, or sows when they are ready to farrow; nor offer to beat or kick them (as is too frequent a practice) for fear of a miscarriage. ¶ **26**

Many other advantages might be enumerated. For instance, the addition of some thousand carcasses in our exportation of barreled beef, the propagation of swine's flesh, and improvement in the art of making good bacon, so much wanted among us by the great destruction of pigs, too frequent at our tables; which are no way comparable in taste or magnificence to a well-grown, fat, yearling child, which roasted whole will make a considerable figure at a lord mayor's feast, or any other public entertainment. But this and many others I omit, being studious of brevity. ¶ **27**

Supposing that one thousand families in this city would be constant customers for infants' flesh, besides others who might have it at merry-meetings, particularly weddings and christenings, I compute that Dublin would take off annually about twenty thousand carcasses; and the rest of the kingdom (where probably they will be sold somewhat cheaper) the remaining eighty thousand. ¶ **28**

I can think of no one objection that will possibly be raised against this proposal, unless it should be urged that the number of people will be thereby much lessened in the kingdom. This I freely own, and it was indeed one principal design in offering it to the world. I desire the reader will observe that I calculate my remedy for this one individual kingdom of Ireland, and for no other that ever was, is, or, I think, ever can be upon earth. Therefore let no man talk to me of other expedients: of taxing our absentees at five shillings a pound: of using neither clothes nor household furniture, except what is of our own growth and manufacture: of utterly rejecting the materials and instruments that promote foreign luxury: of curing the expensiveness of pride, vanity, idle-

ness, and gaming in our women: of introducing a vein of parsimony, prudence, and temperance: of learning to love our country, in the want of which we differ even from Laplanders and the inhabitants of Topinamboo: of quitting our animosities and factions, nor acting any longer like the Jews, who were murdering one another at the very moment their city was taken: of being a little cautious not to sell our country and conscience for nothing: of teaching landlords to have at least one degree of mercy toward their tenants: lastly, of putting a spirit of honesty, industry, and skill into our shop-keepers; who, if a resolution could now be taken to buy only our native goods, would immediately unite to cheat and exact upon us in the price, the measure, and the goodness, nor could ever yet be brought to make one fair proposal of just dealing, though often and earnestly invited to it. ¶ **29**

Therefore, I repeat, let no man talk to me of these and the like expedients, till he has at least some glimpse of hope that there will be ever some hearty and sincere attempt to put them in practice. ¶ **30**

But as to myself, having been wearied out for many years with offering vain, idle, visionary thoughts, and at length utterly despairing of success, I fortunately fell upon this proposal; which, as it is wholly new, so it has something solid and real, of no expense and little trouble, full in our own power, and whereby we can incur no danger in disobliging England. For this kind of commodity will not bear exportation, the flesh being of too tender a consistence to admit a long continuance in salt, although perhaps I could name a country which would be glad to eat up our whole nation without it. ¶ **31**

After all, I am not so violently bent upon my own opinion as to reject any offer proposed by wise men, which shall be found equally innocent, cheap, easy, and effectual. But before something of that kind shall be advanced in contradiction to my scheme, and offering a better, I desire the author or authors will be pleased maturely to consider two points. First, as things now stand, how they will be able to find food and raiment for an hundred thousand useless mouths and backs. And secondly, there being a round million of creatures in human figure throughout this kingdom, whose whole subsistence put into a common stock would leave them in debt two millions of pounds sterling, adding those who are beggars by profession to the bulk of farmers, cottagers, and laborers, with their wives and children, who are beggars in effect; I desire those politicians, who dislike my overture, and may perhaps be so bold as to attempt an answer, that they will first ask the parents of these mortals, whether they would not at this day think it a great happiness to have been sold for food at a year old in the manner I prescribe, and thereby have avoided such a perpetual scene of misfortunes as they have since gone through by the oppression of landlords, the impossibility of paying rent without money or trade, the want of common sustenance, with neither house nor clothes to cover them from the inclemencies of the weather, and the most inevitable prospect of entailing the like or greater miseries upon their breed for ever. ¶ **32**

I profess, in the sincerity of my heart, that I have not the least personal interest in endeavoring to promote this necessary work, having no other motive

than the public good of my country, by advancing our trade, providing for infants, relieving the poor, and giving some pleasure to the rich. I have no children by which I can propose to get a single penny; the youngest being nine years old, and my wife past child-bearing. ¶ 33

QUESTIONS

1. What is the writer's apparent purpose? What is his real purpose?
2. Where do you get the first clue that the real purpose is not the apparent purpose? What successive clues do you then get?
3. Characterize the role that Swift plays as writer. Notice, in doing this, his pious clichés, his apparent desire to do good, the elaborate, specific detail with which his plan is worked out, and the last sentence, in which he says that he will not profit from the policy he advocates.
4. What are the main divisions of the argument? How can you account for the order of these divisions?
5. What kinds of argument are illustrated here? Cite examples.
6. How do style and tone contribute to the overall effect?
7. Taking everything into account, do you consider this an effective argument? What advantages does it have over direct argument? What disadvantages are inherent in this method?

HISTORY

Evaluating a historical account in its own terms is a more difficult task than it might first appear. Written history is both a record and an interpretation of past events. In the sense that it is a record, it is clearly explanation; in the sense that it is an interpretation, it is substantially an argument for a proposition of fact. Frequently it is more of an argument than you think. The stuff of history is human affairs, and human affairs inevitably involve controversy. Historians, being human, are bound to take sides on many of the controversial questions—either unconsciously or deliberately. Thus a patriotic Englishman is likely to interpret events leading up to the American Revolution in one way, a patriotic American in another. Each, while explaining the facts, is arguing for his interpretation of the facts. This suggests the immediate problem. To evaluate a historical account in its own terms, you first have to determine rather precisely what those terms are. What exactly is the historian trying to do? To what extent is he simply trying to relate the facts of history? To what extent is he arguing for his own interpretation of these facts? The two extremes might be found in (1) an encyclopedia account of the Revolutionary War in which the writer attempts primarily to list the major events, and (2) a Marxist account of the same war in which the author selects and organizes the facts so that they correspond with his theory of economic determinism. In the first case, the writer wants you to have certain information; in the second, he wants you to believe that this information is evidence in support of his politico-economic theory.

Once you have the author's specific purpose in mind, you need to do a little thinking about the people for whom the history was apparently written. Determine as closely as you can their age, education, geographical distribution, and experience as readers of history. After some consideration, you should be able to say, for instance, that the work was designed for American high-school students, or for American adults who are not specialists in history, or for college professors who are specialists in American constitutional history.

Now you are ready to determine whether in terms of its purpose and audience the history does a competent job. The basic considerations—content, organization, and style—are much the same as those in exposition and argument. Your problem, again, is to see how well they have been adapted to the writer's purpose and to his readers, and in the light of your judgments to evaluate the efficiency of the work as a whole.

The following selection deals with the immediate causes for and the nature of the Declaration of Independence. It is taken from a two-volume work entitled *The Growth of the American Republic*, written by Samuel E. Morison and Henry S. Commager, both of them eminent American historians.

Samuel Eliot Morison

Henry Steele Commager

INDEPENDENCE AND THE GREAT DECLARATION

Still, the idea of independence was repugnant to many members of Congress and to a large part of the American people. The ostensible purpose of the two Continental Congresses had been to get the Coercive Acts repealed, restore imperial relations as before 1763, and thus avert both war and independence. As late as the autumn of 1775 the legislatures of North Carolina, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York and Maryland went on record against independence. Public opinion was not yet ready for any drastic action. Yet the colonies could not forever remain half in, half out of the empire, professing allegiance while refusing obedience. Moderates persuaded themselves that they were not fighting the king or the mother country, but the "unprincipled hirelings of a venal ministry." They referred to the enemy as the "ministerial," not the British army; they hoped for a political crisis in England that would place their friends in power; as late as January 1776 the king's health was toasted nightly in the officer's mess presided over by General Washington. Radicals acquiesced in

From *The Growth of the American Republic*, by Samuel Eliot Morison and Henry Steele Commager, copyright 1930, 1937, 1942, 1950 by Oxford University Press, Inc.

this policy because they expected that it would have the contrary effect, and make Britain more uncompromising; as it did. ¶ 1

As the months wore on, the difficulties of prosecuting a war while still a part of the empire became more and more patent. Independence was desirable for military success; without it the colonies could scarcely expect that assistance from France upon which they based great hopes. Furthermore, it became clearer every day that the first Congress's policy of non-importation and non-exportation was a complete failure. Commercial pressure was not effective after fighting had aroused passion. It simply prevented the Americans from getting needed supplies, and hurt them more than it did the British. And after so many lives had been lost, at Bunker Hill and in the vain assault on Quebec (December 1775), there came a feeling that something of permanent value ought to be achieved. ¶ 2

No compromise came from England. King George, naturally regarding as insincere an "olive-branch" petition from a body that was carrying on armed rebellion, refused to receive it, and instead issued a proclamation declaring the colonies to be in a state of rebellion (23 August 1775). And on 22 December 1775, all trade and intercourse with the Thirteen Colonies was interdicted by Parliament. The triumphant comment of John Adams reveals how this Act helped the American radicals: ¶ 3

> I know not whether you have seen the Act of Parliament called the Restraining Act or Prohibitory Act, or Piratical Act or Act of Independency—for by all these titles it is called. I think that the most apposite is the Act of Independency; the King, Lords and Commons have united in sundering this country from that, I think forever. It is a complete dismemberment of the British Empire. It throws thirteen colonies out of the royal protection, and makes us independent in spite of supplications and entreaties. ¶ 4

In January 1776 Thomas Paine's pamphlet *Common Sense* was published. This book was to the American Revolution what *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was to the Civil War. Sweeping aside dialectic and sentiment, Paine stated the case for independence in a crisp, vigorous language, that appealed to the ordinary American. It presented in popular form the natural rights philosophy that was to be embodied in the Declaration of Independence. "Society in every state is a blessing, but Government, even in its best state, is but a necessary evil; in its worst, an intolerable one. Government, like dress, is the badge of lost innocence; the palaces of kings are built upon the ruins of the bowers of Paradise." With ruthless disregard for tradition and sentiment Paine attacked the monarchy, the British Constitution, and the empire. Monarchy itself, he argued, is an absurd form of government; one honest man worth "all the crowned ruffians that ever lived"; and George III, "the Royal Brute of Great Britain," the worst of monarchs. Such words were sweet music to democratic ears. How absurd, too, that a continent should be governed by an island! Such an unnatural connection merely subjected the colonies to exploitation, and

involved them in every European war. Separation would not only avert these evils, but bring positive benefits—such as a world market for American trade. Anticipating the idea of isolation, Paine announced it to be "the true interest of America to steer clear of European contentions, which she can never do while, by her dependence on Great Britain, she is made the make-weight in the scale of British politics." ¶ 5

Thus with persuasive simplicity Paine presented the alternatives: continued submission to a tyrannous king, an outworn government, and a vicious economic system; or liberty and happiness as a self-sufficient independent republic. The loyalists he lumped together and denounced as "interested men who are not to be trusted, weak men who *cannot* see, prejudiced men who will not see, and a certain set of moderate men who think better of the European world than it deserves." And he closed with the eloquent peroration: ¶ 6

> O! ye that love mankind! Ye that dare oppose not only the tyranny but the tyrant, stand forth! Every spot of the old world is overrun with oppression. Freedom hath been hunted round the Globe. Asia and Africa have long expelled her. Europe regards her as a stranger and England hath given her warning to depart. O! receive the fugitive and prepare in time an asylum for mankind. ¶ 7

The influence of this amazing pamphlet cannot well be exaggerated. Within a few months it had been read by or to almost every American. It rallied the undecided and the wavering, and proved a trumpet call to the radicals. "Every Post and every Day rolls in upon us Independence like a Torrent," observed John Adams exultantly. Among the makers of the new nation few played a more dynamic part than Thomas Paine, sometime staymaker of Norfolk in old England. ¶ 8

In each colony now a keen struggle was going on between conservatives and radicals for control of the delegations in Congress. As yet only a few delegations were definitely instructed for independence: it was the task of the radicals to force everyone into line. The struggle coincided with the class and sectional divisions which we have already described as present in most of the colonies. Everywhere the radicals were using the powerful lever of independence to oust the conservatives and put themselves in control, and, under cover of a popular war, push through their programs of democratic reform. The alternative that faced the conservatives in such colonies as New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and South Carolina was not pleasant. If they tried to stem the popular tide, they would see themselves denounced as tories, hurled out of office, and old institutions exposed to the mercies of the radical democrats. They could maintain their accustomed position and influence, and save their property, only by acquiescing in a policy of war and separation. In Pennsylvania the struggle was particularly bitter, coinciding as it did with the ancient feud of Scotch-Irish frontiersmen and the city artisans against the Quaker oligarchy and the wealthier Germans. The success of the radicals here was achieved only by

overthrowing the old government, establishing a new one with full representation of the frontier counties, and drawing up a new constitution. This new revolutionary government promptly instructed the Pennsylvania delegates for independence. The effect of this radical victory upon the Congress, sitting in Philadelphia, was tremendous. ¶ **9**

Events now moved rapidly toward independence. In January 1776 came the burning of Norfolk by the patriots to prevent it falling into the power of Lord Dunmore, and Virginia loyalists had to seek the protection of the British fleet. The next month the embattled farmers of the South repulsed royal troops and native loyalists at Moore's Creek Bridge. In March the legislature of North Carolina instructed its delegates to declare independence and form foreign alliances. Congress then threw the ports of America open to the commerce of the world, and sent an agent to France to obtain assistance. On 10 May Congress advised the states to establish independent governments, as several had done already. On 7 June Richard Henry Lee, pursuant to instructions from his native state, rose in Congress and moved "That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, Free and Independent States." After a terrific debate in which sturdy John Adams pled the cause of independence, Lee's motion was carried on 2 July. Meantime Congress had appointed a committee consisting of Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, and Robert Livingston to prepare a formal declaration "setting forth the causes which impelled us to this mighty resolution." This Declaration of Independence, written by Thomas Jefferson, was adopted 4 July 1776. ¶ **10**

The Declaration of Independence not only announced the birth of a new nation; the philosophy which it set forth has been a dynamic force in the entire Western world throughout the nineteenth century. "Out of a decent respect for the opinions of mankind," Jefferson summed up, not only the reasons which impelled Americans to independence, but the political and social principles upon which the Revolution itself rested. The particular "abuses and usurpations" which are charged against the king, and which fill a large part of the Declaration, are not advanced as the basis for revolution, but merely as proof that George III had "in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states." The Declaration rests, therefore, not upon particular grievances, but upon a broad basis which commanded general support not only in America but in Europe as well. The grievances are scarcely those which appeal to the student of that period as fundamental; examined in the candid light of history many seem distorted, others inconsequential, some unfair. One of the strongest, an indictment of the slave trade, was struck out at the insistence of Southern and New England delegates. But the historical accuracy of the grievances is not the yardstick by which they are to be measured. Jefferson was making history, not writing it. ¶ **11**

Jefferson's indictment is drawn against George III, despite the fact that for twelve years the dispute between the colonies and Britain had centered on the question of parliamentary authority. The only reference to Parliament is in the clause, "He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign

to our constitution and unacknowledged by our laws, giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation." Entire odium of parliamentary misdeeds is transferred to the hapless George III. The reason for this shift was not that the king's influence over politics was understood, but that Congress had finally accepted the position of Adams, Jefferson, and Wilson regarding Parliament as merely the legislative body of Great Britain, each colonial legislature being a co-equal and coordinate body, having exclusive power (with the king or his representative) over that particular colony. ¶ **12**

The political philosophy of the Declaration is set forth clearly and succinctly in the second paragraph:

> We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any form of government becomes destructive to these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.

"These truths" were not the creatures of Jefferson's mind; they formed a political theory "self-evident" to his generation. The obvious sources for this philosophy were Harrington and Sidney, John Locke's *Second Treatise on Government*, and the actual experience of Americans. It is unnecessary to seek further. ¶ **13**

And what was the nature of this ideal government? It was one created by social compact. Originally, so Locke and Jefferson held, men lived equal in a state of nature. When necessity required some form of control, they got together and set up a government by popular consent. It is the function and purpose of government to protect men in their life, liberty, and property. Jefferson substituted for the term "property" the phrase "pursuit of happiness": a characteristic and illuminating stroke on the part of this social philosopher who throughout his life placed human rights first. If government fails to perform these functions, "it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it altogether, and to institute new government"—as the Americans were doing. To the troublesome charge that such popular power would lead to anarchy, Jefferson replied, "all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right them by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed." ¶ **14**

It is futile and irrelevant to argue that this theory of the origin of government does not square with nineteenth-century experience and twentieth-century anthropological knowledge. Whatever the origin of government may have been in prehistoric times, in America it often arose just as Jefferson described. As in the Mayflower Compact of 1620, so in countless frontier settlements from the Watauga to the Willamette, men came together spontaneously and organized a government. Jefferson's political philosophy seemed to them

merely the common sense of the matter. And the ideas of the Declaration were vital throughout in the nineteenth century. Historical facts derive their significance not as they are judged correct or incorrect by some abstract criterion, but by the place they come to hold in the minds and imaginations of men. By a curious transfer of ideas Jefferson's doctrine that all men are *created* equal has gradually come to mean that all men *are* equal, or that if not they ought to be. And although Jefferson did not mean to include slaves as men, public opinion finally came to regard slavery as inconsistent with the Declaration. Most of the great liberal reform movements of the nineteenth century—abolition, universal suffrage, labor laws, popular education; most of the nationalist movements—in Ireland, Finland, Italy, Germany in '48, Czecho-Slovakia—based their philosophy on the Declaration of Independence; and the American Union could not have been saved in 1861-65 without it. The timelessness of its doctrines and the haunting beauty of its phrasing insure immortality to the Great Declaration. ¶ 15

QUESTIONS

1. What is the specific purpose of the authors in this passage? Is this purpose wholly a matter of explaining what happened or do the authors argue for a point of view? In answering this, consider among other things whether they want you to think that the action of the colonists was just and admirable. Might an English historian have another point of view in presenting these facts?

2. Describe the reading audience for whom you think this account is intended.

3. In obtaining their material, what sources other than the Declaration itself must the authors have used? By referring to the document itself, page 46, show how much of the Declaration is quoted, how much paraphrased, and how much ignored. Do you think there is enough factual material for your understanding of these particular events in American history? Is there enough material to support the implied proposition that what the colonists did was just and admirable?

4. Show in detail how the selection is organized. Even though it is only part of a larger whole, do you think it has an effective beginning and ending? What is the purpose of the section originally entitled "Independence" (paragraphs 1–10)? the section originally entitled "The Great Declaration" paragraphs 11–15)? How are the two related? Can you follow the organization easily? If not, what suggestions would you have for changing it?

5. How do the sentences and words here differ from those in "Introduction to Outer Space" (p. 110) and in "A Modest Proposal" (p. 126)? Be specific and detailed. Account for these differences in terms of the authors' purposes and readers. What special stylistic devices, like the repeated use of quotations, do you find here? Are these devices justified? On the whole, is the style appropriate or inappropriate? Explain your answer.

6. What changes in the selection as it stands would probably be made by the authors if they had started with the assumption that the colonists were a pack of radicals and that what they did was reprehensible?

7. What changes would probably be evident if the authors had written this for eighth-grade students?

8. What is your final evaluation of this history as history?

9. How would you rate the Declaration itself as history? Why?

BIOGRAPHY

Since biography can be thought of as simply a special type of history, almost everything that was said about the latter holds true for the former. In most respects the ends and the means are similar.

To sharpen up your thinking, however, it might be useful before tackling the selection given here to recall some of the most common purposes of biographers. Here is a tabulation of a few of them: (1) to give the bare facts of the subject's life, as in the brief accounts in *Who's Who in America* and the *Dictionary of American Biography;* (2) to present an example of a virtuous and successful life for the edification, particularly, of the young; (3) to pay tribute to a personal or popular hero; (4) to debunk a popular hero; (5) to define a class, like Americans of the nineteenth century, by describing a typical example; (6) to reinterpret the life of a man about whom several biographies have already been written; (7) to write a good story based more or less on the facts of someone's life. With one exception, these purposes can be found at the root of autobiographies, too: It is probably seldom that a man sets out to debunk his own reputation, but he might well wish to set forth the facts, interpret the facts, or offer himself as a splendid example of what all men should be.

The following selection from Carl Sandburg's long biography on Abraham Lincoln describes the details of Lincoln's assassination. It gives you a good opportunity to study the relation between means and ends and to evaluate a piece of biography for its efficiency.

Carl Sandburg

THE ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN

The play proceeds, not unpleasant, often stupid, sprinkled with silly puns, drab and aimless dialogues, forced humor, characters neither truly English nor truly American nor fetching as caricatures. The story centers around the Yankee lighting his cigar with an old will, burning the document to ashes and thereby throwing a fortune of $400,000 away from himself into the hands of an English cousin. The mediocre comedy is somewhat redeemed by the way the players are doing it. The audience agrees it is not bad. The applause and laughter say the audience is having a good time. ¶ 1

From *Abraham Lincoln: The War Years* by Carl Sandburg. Copyright, 1939, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc. Reprinted by permission of Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc.

Mrs. Lincoln sits close to her husband, at one moment leaning on him fondly, suddenly realizing they are not alone, saying with humor, "What will Miss Harris think of my hanging on to you so?" and hearing his: "She won't think anything about it." ¶ 2

From the upholstered rocking armchair in which Lincoln sits he can see only the persons in the box with him, the players on the stage, and any persons offstage on the left. The box on the opposite side of the theatre is empty. With the box wall at his back and the closely woven lace curtains at his left arm, he is screened from the audience at his back and from the musicians in the orchestra pit, which is below and partly behind him. ¶ 3

The box has two doors. Sometimes by a movable cross partition it is converted into two boxes, each having its door. The door forward is locked. For this evening the President's party has the roominess and convenience of double space, extra armchairs, side chairs, a small sofa. In the privacy achieved he is in sight only of his chosen companions, the actors he has come to see render a play, and the few people who may be offstage to the left. ¶ 4

This privacy however has a flaw. It is not as complete as it seems. A few feet behind the President is the box door, the only entry to the box unless by a climb from the stage. In this door is a small hole, bored that afternoon to serve as a peephole—from the outside. Through this peephole it is the intention of the Outsider who made it with a gimlet to stand and watch the President, then at a chosen moment to enter the box. This door opens from the box on a narrow hallway that leads to another door which opens on the balcony of the theatre. ¶ 5

Through these two doors the Outsider must pass in order to enter the President's box. Close to the door connecting with the balcony two inches of plaster have been cut from the brick wall of the narrow hallway. The intention of the Outsider is that a bar placed in this cut-away wall niche and then braced against the panel of the door will hold that door against intruders, will serve to stop anyone from interference with the Outsider while making his observations of the President through the gimleted hole in the box door. ¶ 6

At either of these doors, the one to the box or the one to the hallway, it is the assigned duty and expected responsibility of John F. Parker to stand or sit constantly and without fail. A Ward Lamon or an Eckert on this duty would probably have noticed the gimleted hole, the newly made wall niche, and been doubly watchful. If Lincoln believes what he told Crook that afternoon, that he trusted the men assigned to guard him, then as he sits in the upholstered rocking armchair in the box he believes that John F. Parker in steady fidelity is just outside the box door, in plain clothes ready with the revolver Pendel at the White House had told him to be sure to have with him. ¶ 7

In such a trust Lincoln is mistaken. Whatever dim fog of thought or duty may move John F. Parker in his best moments is not operating tonight. His life habit of never letting trouble trouble him is on him this night; his motive is to have no motive. He has always got along somehow. Why care about anything, why really care? He can always find good liquor and bad women. You take

your fun as you find it. He can never be a somebody, so he will enjoy himself as a nobody—though he can't imagine how perfect a cipher, how completely the little end of nothing, one John F. Parker may appear as a result of one slack easygoing hour. ¶ 8

"The guard . . . acting as my substitute," wrote the faithful Crook later, "took his position at the rear of the box, close to an entrance leading into the box. . . . His orders were to stand there, fully armed, and to permit no unauthorized person to pass into the box. His orders were to stand there and protect the President at all hazards. From the spot where he was thus stationed, this guard could not see the stage or the actors; but he could hear the words the actors spoke, and he became so interested in them that, incredible as it may seem, he quietly deserted his post of duty, and walking down the dimly-lighted side aisle, deliberately took a seat." ¶ 9

The custom was for a chair to be placed in the narrow hallway for the guard to sit in. The doorkeeper Buckingham told Crook that such a chair was provided this evening for the accommodation of the guard. "Whether Parker occupied it at all, I do not know," wrote Crook. "Mr. Buckingham is of the impression that he did. If he did, he left it almost immediately, for he confessed to me the next day that he went to a seat, so that he could see the play." The door to the President's box is shut. It is not kept open so that the box occupants can see the guard on duty. ¶ 10

Either between acts or at some time when the play was not lively enough to suit him or because of an urge for a pony of whiskey under his belt, John F. Parker leaves his seat in the balcony and goes down to the street and joins companions in a little whiff of liquor—this on the basis of a statement of the coachman Burns, who declared he stayed outside on the street with his carriage and horses, except for one interlude when "the special police officer (meaning John F. Parker) and the footman of the President (Forbes) came up to him and asked him to take a drink with them; which he did." ¶ 11

Thus circumstance favors the lurking and vigilant Outsider who in the afternoon gimleted a hole in the door of the President's box and cut a two-inch niche in a wall to brace a bar against a door panel and hold it against interference while he should operate. ¶ 12

The play goes on. The evening and the drama are much like many other evenings when the acting is pleasant enough, the play mediocre and so-so, the audience having no thrills of great performance but enjoying itself. The most excited man in the house, with little doubt, is the orchestra leader, Withers. He has left the pit and gone backstage, where, as he related, "I was giving the stage manager a piece of my mind. I had written a song for Laura Keene to sing. When she left it out I was mad. We had no cue, and the music was thrown out of gear. So I hurried round on the stage on my left to see what it was done for." ¶ 13

And of what is Abraham Lincoln thinking? As he leans back in this easy rocking chair, where does he roam in thought? If it is life he is thinking about, no one could fathom the subtle speculations and hazy reveries resulting from

his fifty-six years of adventures drab and dazzling in life. Who had gone farther on so little to begin with? Who else as a living figure of republican government, of democracy, in practice, as a symbol touching freedom for all men—who else had gone farther over America, over the world? If it is death he is thinking about, who better than himself might interpret his dream that he lay in winding sheets on a catafalque in the White House and people were wringing their hands and crying "The President is dead!"—who could make clear this dream better than himself? Furthermore if it is death he is thinking about, has he not philosophized about it and dreamed about it and considered himself as a mark and a target until no one is better prepared than he for any sudden deed? Has he not a thousand times said to himself, and several times to friends and intimates, that he must accommodate himself to the thought of sudden death? Has he not wearied of the constructions placed on his secret night ride through Baltimore to escape a plot aimed at his death? Has he not laughed to the overhead night stars at a hole shot in his hat by a hidden marksman he never mentioned even to his boon companion Hill Lamon? And who can say but that Death is a friend, and who else should be more a familiar of Death than a man who has been the central figure of the bloodiest war ever known to the Human Family—who else should more appropriately and decently walk with Death? And who can say but Death is a friend and a nurse and a lover and a benefactor bringing peace and lasting reconciliation? The play tonight is stupid. Shakespeare would be better. "Duncan is in his grave . . . he sleeps well." ¶ **14**

Yes, of what is Abraham Lincoln thinking? Draped before him in salute is a silk flag of the Union, a banner of the same design as the one at Independence Hall in Philadelphia in February of '61 which he pulled aloft saying, "I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it," saying the flag in its very origins "gave promise that in due time the weights would be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that all should have an equal chance." Possibly his mind recurs for a fleeting instant to that one line in his letter to a Boston widow woman: "the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom." Or a phrase from the Gettysburg speech: "we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain." ¶ **15**

Out in a main-floor seat enjoying the show is one Julia Adelaide Shephard, who wrote a letter to her father about this Good Friday evening at the theatre. "Cousin Julia has just told me," she reported, "that the President is in yonder upper right hand private box so handsomely decked with silken flags festooned over a picture of George Washington. The young and lovely daughter of Senator Harris is the only one of his party we see as the flags hide the rest. But we know Father Abraham is there like a Father watching what interests his children, for their pleasure rather than his own. It had been announced in the papers he would be there. How sociable it seems like one family sitting around their parlor fire. Everyone has been so jubilant for days that they laugh and shout at every clownish witticism such is the excited state of the public mind. One of the actresses whose part is that of a very delicate young lady talks about wishing to avoid the draft when her lover tells her not to be alarmed 'for there is to

be no more draft' at which the applause is loud and long. The American cousin has just been making love to a young lady who says she'll never marry for love but when her mother and herself find out that he has lost his property they retreat in disgust at the left hand of the stage while the American cousin goes out at the right. We are waiting for the next scene." ¶ **16**

And the next scene? ¶ **17**

The next scene is to crash and blare as one of the wildest, one of the most inconceivably fateful and chaotic, that ever stunned and shocked a world that heard the story. ¶ **18**

The moment of high fate was not seen by the theatre audience. Only one man saw that moment. He was the Outsider. He was the one who had waited and lurked and made his preparations, planning and plotting that he should be the single and lone spectator of what happened. He had come through the outer door into the little hallway, fastened the strong though slender bar into the two-inch niche in the brick wall, and braced it against the door panel. He had moved softly to the box door and through the little hole he had gimleted that afternoon he had studied the box occupants and his Human Target seated in an upholstered rocking armchair. Softly he had opened the door and stepped toward his prey, in his right hand a one-shot brass derringer pistol, a little eight-ounce vest-pocket weapon winged for death, in his left hand a steel dagger. He was cool and precise and timed his every move. He raised the derringer, lengthened his right arm, ran his eye along the barrel in a line with the head of his victim less than five feet away—and pulled the trigger. ¶ **19**

A lead ball somewhat less than a half-inch in diameter crashed into the left side of the head of the Human Target, into the back of the head, in a line with and three inches from the left ear. "The course of the ball was obliquely forward toward the right eye, crossing the brain in an oblique manner and lodging a few inches behind that eye. In the track of the wound were found fragments of bone, which had been driven forward by the ball, which was embedded in the anterior lobe of the left hemisphere of the brain." ¶ **20**

For Abraham Lincoln it was lights out, good night, farewell and a long farewell to the good earth and its trees, its enjoyable companions, and the Union of States and the world Family of Man he had loved. He was not dead yet. He was to linger in dying. But the living man could never again speak nor see nor hear nor awaken into conscious being. ¶ **21**

Near the prompt desk offstage stands W. J. Ferguson, an actor. He looks in the direction of a shot he hears, and sees "Mr. Lincoln lean back in his rocking chair, his head coming to rest against the wall which stood between him and the audience . . . well inside the curtains" —no struggle or move "save in the slight backward sway." ¶ **22**

Of this the audience in their one thousand seats know nothing. ¶ **23**

Major Rathbone leaps from his chair. Rushing at him with a knife is a strange human creature, terribly alive, a lithe wild animal, a tiger for speed, a wildcat of a man bareheaded, raven-haired—a smooth sinister face with glaring eyeballs. He wears a dark sack suit. He stabs straight at the heart of Rathbone,

a fast and ugly lunge. Rathbone parries it with his upper right arm, which gets a deep slash of the dagger. Rathbone is staggered, reels back. The tiger-ish stranger mounts the box railing. Rathbone recovers, leaps again for the stranger, who feels the hand of Rathbone holding him back, slashes again at Rathbone, then leaps for the stage. ¶ **24**

This is the moment the audience wonders whether something unusual is happening—or is it part of the play? ¶ **25**

From the box railing the Strange Man leaps for the stage, perhaps a ten-foot fall. His leap is slightly interrupted. On this slight interruption the Strange Man in his fine calculations had not figured. The draped Union flag of silk reaches out and tangles itself in a spur of one riding-boot, throwing him out of control. He falls to the stage landing on his left leg, breaking the shinbone a little above the instep. ¶ **26**

Of what he has done the audience as yet knows nothing. They wonder what this swift, raven-haired, wild-eyed Strange Man portends. They see him rush across the stage, three feet to a stride, and vanish. Some have heard Rathbone's cry "Stop that man!" Many have seen a man leap from a front seat up on the stage and chase after the weird Stranger, crying "Stop that man!" ¶ **27**

It is a peculiar night, an odd evening, a little weird, says the audience to itself. The action is fast. It is less than half a minute since the Strange Man mounted the box railing, made the stage, and strode off. ¶ **28**

Offstage between Laura Keene and W. J. Ferguson he dashes at breakneck speed, out of an entrance, forty feet to a little door opening on an alley. There stands a fast bay horse, a slow-witted chore boy nicknamed John Peanuts holding the reins. He kicks the boy, mounts the mare; hoofs on the cobblestones are heard but a few moments. In all it is maybe sixty or seventy seconds since he loosed the one shot of his eight-ounce brass derringer. ¶ **29**

Whether the Strange Man now riding away on a fast bay horse has paused a moment on the stage and shouted a dramatic line of speech, there was disagreement afterward. Some said he ran off as though every second of time counted and his one purpose was to escape. Others said he faced the audience a moment, brandished a dagger still bloody from slashing Rathbone, and shouted the State motto of Virginia, the slogan of Brutus as he drove the assassin's knife into imperial Caesar: "*Sic semper tyrannis*"—"Thus be it ever to tyrants." Miss Shephard and others believed they heard him shriek as he brandished the dagger: "The South is avenged!" Others: "The South shall be free!" "Revenge!" "Freedom!" ¶ **30**

Some said the lights went out in the theatre, others adding the detail that the assassin had stabbed the gasman and pulled the lever, throwing the house into darkness. Others a thousand miles from the theatre said they saw the moon come out from behind clouds blood-red. It is a night of many eyewitnesses, shaken and moaning eyewitnesses. ¶ **31**

The audience is up and out of its one thousand seats, standing, moving. Panic is in the air, fear of what may happen next. Many merely stand up from their seats, fixed and motionless, waiting to hear what has happened, waiting

to see what further is to happen. The question is spoken quietly or is murmured anxiously—"What is it? What has happened?" The question is bawled with anger, is yelled with anguish—"For God's sake, what is it? What has happened?" ¶ **32**

A woman's scream pierces the air. Some say afterward it was Mrs. Lincoln. The scream carries a shock and a creeping shiver to many hearing it. "He has shot the President!" Miss Shephard looks from the main floor toward the box and sees "Miss Harris wringing her hands and calling for water." There are moanings. "No, for God's sake, it can't be true—no! no! for God's sake!" ¶ **33**

Men are swarming up to the edge of the stage, over the gas-jet footlights onto the stage. The aisles fill with people not sure where to go; to leave would be safe, but they want to know what has happened, what else they may see this wild night. Men are asking whether some God-damned fool has for sure tried to shoot the President. Others take it as true. The man who ran across the stage did it. There are cries: "Kill him! Shoot him!" On the stage now are policemen, army officers, soldiers, besides actors and actresses in make-up and costume. Cries for "Water! water!" Cries for "A surgeon! a surgeon!" Someone brings water. It is passed up to the box. ¶ **34**

An army surgeon climbs to the stage and is lifted up and clambers over the railing into the box. Some two hundred soldiers arrive to clear the theatre. The wailing and the crazy chaos let down in the emptying playhouse—and flare up again in the street outside, where some man is accused of saying he is glad it happened, a sudden little mob dragging him to a lamppost with a ready rope to hang him when six policemen with clubs and drawn revolvers manage to get him away and put him in jail for safekeeping. ¶ **35**

Mrs. Lincoln in the box has turned from the railing, has turned from where she saw the wild-eyed raven-haired man vanish off the stage, sees her husband seated in the rocking chair, his head slumped forward. Never before has she seen her husband so completely helpless, so strangely not himself. With little moaning cries she springs toward him and with her hands keeps him from tumbling to the floor. Major Rathbone has shouted for a surgeon, has run out of the box into the narrow hallway, and with one arm bleeding and burning with pain he fumbles to unfasten the bar between wall and door panel. An usher from the outside tries to help him. They get the bar loose. Back of the usher is a jam of people. He holds them back, allowing only one man to enter. ¶ **36**

This is a young-looking man, twenty-three years old, with mustache and sideburns, Charles A. Leale, assistant surgeon, United States Volunteers, who had left the army General Hospital at Armory Square, where he was in charge of the wounded commissioned officers' ward, saying he would be gone only a short time. Rathbone shows Dr. Leale his bleeding arm, "beseeching me to attend to his wound," related Leale later. "I placed my hand under his chin, looking into his eyes an almost instantaneous glance revealed the fact that he was in no immediate danger, and in response to appeals from Mrs. Lincoln and Miss Harris, who were standing by the high-backed armchair in which President Lincoln sat, I went immediately to their assistance, saying I was a United States army surgeon." ¶ **37**

Leale holds Mrs. Lincoln's outstretched hand while she cries piteously: "Oh, Doctor! Is he dead? Can he recover? Will you take charge of him? Do what you can for him. Oh, my dear husband! my dear husband!" He soothes her a little, telling her he will do all that can possibly be done. ¶ **38**

The body in the chair at first scrutiny seems to be that of a dead man, eyes closed, no certainty it is breathing. Dr. Leale with help from others lifts the body from the chair and moves it to a lying position on the floor. He holds the head and shoulders while doing this, his hand meeting a clot of blood near the left shoulder. Dr. Leale recalls seeing a dagger flashed by the assassin on the stage and the knife wound of Rathbone, and now supposes the President has a stab wound. He has the coat and shirt slit open, thinking to check perhaps a hemorrhage. He finds no wounds. He lifts the eyelids and sees evidence of a brain injury. He rapidly passes the separated fingers of both hands through the blood-matted hair of the head, finding a wound and removing a clot of blood, which relieves pressure on the brain and brings shallow breathing and a weak pulse. "The assassin," Leale commented later, ". . . had evidently planned to shoot to produce instant death, as the wound he made was situated within two inches of the physiological point of selection, when instant death is desired." ¶ **39**

Dr. Leale bends over, puts a knee at each side of the body, and tries to start the breathing apparatus, attempts to stimulate respiration by putting his two fingers into the throat and pressing down and out on the base of the tongue to free the larnyx of secretion. Dr. Charles Sabin Taft, the army surgeon lifted from the stage into the box, now arrives. Another physician, Dr. Albert F. A. King, arrives. Leale asks them each to manipulate an arm while he presses upward on the diaphragm and elsewhere to stimulate heart action. The body responds with an improvement in the pulse and the irregular breathing. ¶ **40**

Dr. Leale is sure, however, that with the shock and prostration the body has undergone, more must now be done to keep life going. And as he told it later: "I leaned forcibly forward directly over his body, thorax to thorax, face to face, and several times drew in a long breath, then forcibly breathed directly into his mouth and nostrils, which expanded his lungs and improved his respirations. After waiting a moment I placed my ear over his thorax and found the action of the heart improving. I arose to the erect kneeling posture, then watched for a short time and saw that the President could continue independent breathing and that instant death would not occur. I then pronounced my diagnosis and prognosis: 'His wound is mortal; it is impossible for him to recover.'" ¶ **41**

QUESTIONS

1. What is Sandburg's specific purpose in this section of his biography? Is this a purely objective recital of the facts, or is an interpretation of the facts apparent? In answering this, consider whether or not Sandburg establishes any attitude toward Lincoln, John Wilkes Booth, and John F. Parker.

2. Describe the reading audience for whom you think this biography is intended.

3. What sources of information must Sandburg have used in collecting his facts for this selection? Do you find details that must be pure inference or guesswork on Sandburg's part? If so, do you find them annoying? How does the kind of details given here differ from the kind given in the Morison and Commager selection (p. 133)? What reasons can you give for this difference? Compare the details given here for quantity and quality with the details in some other biography you have read.

4. This is obviously the narrative type biography. What are the divisions within the narrative? What is the climax? How does Sandburg build up to a climax? Do you think a historian is justified in creating a climax? Explain.

5. How do the sentences and words here differ from those in the Morison and Commager selection? Be as definite as you can. Can you account for some of these differences by noticing the differences in the natures of biography and history? Sandburg's style, whether in poetry or prose, is always interesting. What is gained, for example, by writing in the present tense? What results from terms like "the Outsider," "the Human Target," and "the Strange Man"? Does any paragraph approach poetry in its phrasing and effect?

6. In retrospect, do you find that the content, organization, and style are appropriate to the purpose you described in your answer to question 1 and the audience you defined in your answer to question 2?

7. How would this selection have to be changed if Sandburg had desired primarily to explain Booth's motives? If he had wanted to show that Lincoln's death was a good thing? If he had been writing for grade-school youngsters? For professors of history?

8. What is your final evaluation of this biography as biography?

CRITICISM

The word *critic* comes from the Greek word *krinein*, meaning "to judge." The chief purpose of the critic, if we may follow this etymological lead, is to make judgments. But judgments of what? The answer is, of almost anything. It is your first function as a reader to discover precisely *what* the critic is judging, and this may not be so simple as it seems. For example, in a long critical essay like Stephen Pepper's *The Basis of Criticism in the Arts*, you will find the author interested primarily in evaluating methods of literary judgments; in a typical newspaper review you will find the writer attempting to evaluate a single work; in another critical work you may find the critic evaluating not the work of the author but the purpose of the author in writing the work; in still another, you may find the critic evaluating the achievements of a whole era. And so on. It seems unnecessary to labor so obvious a point, and yet many readers go awry in reading critical essays simply because they never come to realize precisely enough what the critic is trying to evaluate.

Knowing that criticism is judgment-making and having determined what the critic is trying to evaluate, you are now ready to determine his specific purpose. In doing this, you might well keep in mind that a criticism is really an argument for a proposition of fact. Without too much thought, you can understand

why this should be. Resting ultimately on our individual tastes, critical judgments vary widely and are, therefore, controversial. The successful critic is the one who can assemble evidence and present it in such a fashion as to convince other thoughtful readers that his judgments (propositions) are sound and worth holding. In stating the critic's specific purpose, therefore, you will find it useful to put the statement of it in the form of a proposition. Don't be content with some vague statement to the effect that the critic's purpose is to evaluate *The Scarlet Letter;* state his precise proposition (e.g., *The Scarlet Letter,* despite a weak ending and certain flaws in style, continues to be a great novel).

The clues to the nature of the critic's audience are substantially the same as those you have found in reading other types of factual discourse. Especially important is the place where the critical work appears. The Chicago *Sun-Times* has one reading audience; the *Virginia Quarterly Review* has quite another.

As usual, the main part of your task as the critical reader is to decide how well the means have been adapted to the author's purposes and his audience. Only one point needs to be added here to what has been said in the previous discussion of this problem. This point deals with content. Criticism is almost invariably a matter of selecting and applying standards to the thing being criticized. Even when you say a cherry pie is good, you are selecting and employing standards which you think are applicable to cherry pies, such standards as tartness, juiciness, and the like. These standards are really part of what you have to say, part of the content of your statement. Thus you cannot say that you know what is in a critical discourse until you are able to state what the author's standards of excellence are. This may not always be easy to do. Especially in short reviews, and even in some long treatises, the author is unlikely to make his standards explicit. Frequently, therefore, you must push beneath the words themselves to see what the author is assuming about the nature of good books, good plays, good gasoline stoves, or whatever the class is to which the specific object belongs. In short, you cannot evaluate the efficiency of a critic in making a critical measurement until you know what measuring sticks he is using.

The following essay by Malcolm Cowley originally appeared in *The Sewanee Review.* It deals with one of the most interesting aspects of the works of one of America's greatest contemporary writers. Your problem is to see how well Mr. Cowley does what he sets out to do.

Malcolm Cowley

WILLIAM FAULKNER'S LEGEND OF THE SOUTH

William Faulkner is one of the writers who reward and even in a sense demand a second reading. When you return to one of his books years after its publica-

tion, the passages that had puzzled you are easier to understand and each of them takes its proper place in the picture. Moreover, you lose very little by knowing the plot in advance. Faulkner's stories are not the sort that unwind in celluloid ribbons until the last inch of them has been reflected on a flat screen, with nothing to imagine and nothing more to see except the newsreel, the animated cartoon and the Coming Repulsions; instead his books are sculptural, as if you could walk round them for different views of the same solid object. But it is not merely a statue that he presented: rather it is a whole monument or, let us say, a city buried in the jungle, to which the author wishes to guide us, but not at once or by following a single path. We start out along one road, winding between walls of jungle growth in the humid afternoon, and it is not long until we catch a glimpse of our destination. Just beyond us, however, is a swamp filled with snakes, and the guide makes us turn back. We take another road; we gain a clearer picture of the city; but this time there are other dangers in front of us, quicksands or precipices, and again the guide makes us return. By whatever road we travel, we always catch sight of our goal, always learn more about it and are always forced back; till at last we find the proper path and reach the heart of the city just as it is about to be overwhelmed by fire or earthquake. . . . Reading the same book a second time is like soaring over the jungle in a plane, with every section of the landscape falling into its proper perspective. ¶ 1

And there is another respect in which our judgment of the author changes when we return to not one but several of his novels in succession. On a first reading what had chiefly impressed us may have been their violence, which sometimes seemed to have no justification in art or nature. We had remembered incidents and figures like the violating of Temple Drake, in *Sanctuary;* like the pursuit and castration of Joe Christmas, in *Light in August:* like the idiot boy who fell in love and eloped with a cow, in *The Hamlet;* and like the nameless woman, in *The Wild Palms,* who bore her child unaided in the midst of a Mississippi River flood, on an Indian mound where all the snakes in the Delta had taken refuge. After a second reading, most of these nightmares retain their power to shock, but at the same time they merge a little into the background, as if they were the almost natural product of the long unbearable Mississippi summers; as if they were thunder showers brewed in the windless heat. We pay less attention to the horrors as such, and more to the old situation out of which they developed and the new disasters it seems to foreshadow. ¶ 2

The situation itself, and not the violence to which it leads, is Faulkner's real subject. It is, moreover, the same situation in all his books—or, let us say, in all the novels and stories belonging to his Yocknapatawpha County series. Briefly it is the destruction of the old Southern order, by war and military occupation and still more by finance capitalism that tempts and destroys it from within. "Tell about the South." says Quentin Compson's roommate at Harvard, who comes from Edmonton, Alberta, and is curious about the un-

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known region beyond the Ohio. "What's it like there?" Shreve McCannon goes on to ask. "What do they do there? Why do they live there? Why do they live at all?" And Quentin, whose background is a little like that of the author and who often seems to speak for him—Quentin answers, "You can't understand it. You would have to be born there." Nevertheless, he tells a long and violent story that he regards as the essence of the Deep South, which is not so much a region as it is, in Quentin's mind, an incomplete and frustrated nation trying to recover its own identity, trying to relive its legendary past. ¶ **3**

There was a boy, Quentin says—I am giving the plot of *Absalom, Absalom!* —a mountain boy named Thomas Sutpen whose family drifted into the Virginia Tidewater. There his father found odd jobs on a plantation. One day the father sent him with a message to the big house, but he was turned away at the door by a black man in livery. The mountain boy, puzzled and humiliated, was seized upon by the ambition to which he would afterwards refer as "the design." He would own a plantation, with slaves and a livery butler; he would build a mansion as big as any of those in the Tidewater; and he would have a son to inherit his wealth. ¶ **4**

A dozen years later, Sutpen appeared in the frontier town of Jefferson, Mississippi, and, by some transaction the nature of which is never explained —though it certainly wasn't by honest purchase—he obtained a hundred square miles of land from the Chickasaws. He disappeared again, and this time he returned with twenty wild Negroes from the jungle and a French architect. On the day of his reappearance, he set about building the largest house in northern Mississippi, with timbers from the forest and bricks that his Negroes molded and baked on the spot; it was as if his mansion, Sutpen's Hundred, had been literally torn from the soil. Only one man in Jefferson—he was Quentin's grandfather, General Compson—ever learned how and where Sutpen had acquired his slaves. He had shipped to Haiti from Virginia, worked as an overseer on a sugar plantation and married the rich planter's daughter, who had borne him a son. Then, finding that his wife had Negro blood, he had simply put her away, with her child and her fortune, while keeping the twenty slaves as a sort of indemnity. He explained to General Compson in the stilted speech he had taught himself that she could not be "adjunctive to the forwarding of the design." ¶ **5**

"Jesus, the South is fine, isn't it," says Shreve McCannon, listening while Quentin talks, half to himself. "It's better than the theatre, isn't it. It's better than Ben Hur, isn't it. No wonder you have to come away now and then, isn't it." ¶ **6**

Sutpen married again, Quentin continues. This time his wife belonged to a pious family of the neighborhood, and she bore him two children, Henry and Judith. He became the biggest landowner and cotton planter in the county, and it seemed that his "design" had already been fulfilled. At this moment, however—it was Christmas in 1859—Henry came home from the University of Mississippi with an older and worldlier new friend, Charles Bon, who was in reality Sutpen's son by his first marriage. Charles became engaged to Judith. Sutpen learned his identity and without making a sign of recognition, ordered

him to leave the house. Henry, who refused to believe that Charles was his half-brother, renounced his birthright and followed him to New Orleans. In 1861 all the male Sutpens went off to war, and all of them survived four years of fighting. Then, in the spring of 1865, Charles suddenly decided to marry Judith, even though he was certain by now that she was his half-sister. Henry rode beside him all the way back to Sutpen's Hundred, but tried to stop him at the gate, killed him when he insisted on going ahead with his plan, told Judith what he had done, and disappeared. ¶ **7**

"The South," Shreve McCannon says as he listens to the story. "The South. Jesus. No wonder you folks all outlive yourselves by years and years." And Quentin says, remembering his own sister with whom he was in love—just as Charles Bon, and Henry too, were in love with Judith—"I am older at twenty than a lot of people who have died." ¶ **8**

But Quentin's story of the Deep South does not end with the war. Colonel Sutpen came home, he says, to find his wife dead, his son a fugitive, his slaves dispersed (they had run away even before they were freed by the Union army) and most of his land about to be seized for debt. But still determined to carry out "the design," he did not even pause for breath before undertaking to restore his house and plantation as nearly as possible to what they had been. The effort failed; he lost most of his land and was reduced to keeping a crossroads store. Now in his sixties, he tried again to beget a son; but his wife's younger sister, Miss Rosa Coldfield, was outraged by his proposal ("Let's try it," he had said, "and if it's a boy we'll get married."); and later poor Milly Jones, with whom he had an affair, gave birth to a baby girl. At that Sutpen abandoned hope and provoked Milly's grandfather into killing him. Judith survived her father for a time, as did the half-caste son of Charles Bon by a New Orleans octoroon. After the death of these two by yellow fever, the great house was haunted rather than inhabited by an ancient mulatto woman, Sutpen's daughter by one of his slaves. The fugitive Henry Sutpen came home to die; the townspeople heard of his illness and sent an ambulance after him; but old Clytie thought they were arresting him for murder and set fire to Sutpen's Hundred. The only survivor of the conflagration was Jim Bond, a half-witted, saddle-colored creature who was Charles Bon's grandson. ¶ **9**

"Do you know what I think?" says Shreve McCannon after the story has ended. "I think that in time the Jim Bonds are going to conquer the western hemisphere. Of course it won't be quite in our time and of course as they spread toward the poles they will bleach out again like the rabbits and the birds do, so they won't show up so sharp against the snow. But it will still be Jim Bond; and so in a few thousand years, I who regard you will also have sprung from the loins of African kings. Now I want you to tell me just one thing more. Why do you hate the South?" ¶ **10**

"I don't hate it," Quentin says quickly, at once. "I don't hate it," he repeats, speaking for the author as well as himself. *I don't hate it,* he thinks, panting in the cold air, the iron New England dark; *I don't. I don't! I don't hate it! I don't hate it!* ¶ **11**

The reader cannot help wondering why this sombre and, at moments, plainly incredible story had so seized upon Quentin's mind that he trembled with excitement when telling it and felt that it revealed the essence of the Deep South. It seems to belong in the realm of Gothic romances, with Sutpen's Hundred taking the place of the haunted castle on the Rhine, with Colonel Sutpen as Faust and Charles Bon as Manfred. Then slowly it dawns on you that most of the characters and incidents have a double meaning; that besides their place in the story, they also serve as symbols or metaphors with a general application. Sutpen's great design, the land he stole from the Indians, the French architect, who built his house with the help of wild Negroes from the jungle, the woman of mixed blood whom he married and disowned, the unacknowledged son who ruined him, the poor white whom he wronged and who killed him in anger, the final destruction of the mansion like the downfall of a social order: all these might belong to a tragic fable of Southern history. With a little cleverness, the whole novel might be explained as a connected and logical allegory, but this, I think, would be going beyond the author's intention. First of all he was writing a story, and one that affected him deeply, but he was also brooding over a social situation. More or less unconsciously, the incidents in the story came to represent the forces and elements in the social situation, since the mind naturally works in terms of symbols and parallels. In Faulkner's case, this form of parallelism is not confined to *Absalom, Absalom!* It can be found in the whole fictional framework that he has been elaborating in novel after novel, until his work has become a myth or legend of the South. ¶ **12**

I call it a legend because it is obviously no more intended as a historical account of the country south of the Ohio than *The Scarlet Letter* is intended as a history of Massachusetts or *Paradise Lost* as a factual description of the Fall. Briefly stated, the legend might run something like this: The Deep South was settled partly by aristocrats like the Sartoris clan and partly by new men like Colonel Sutpen. Both types of planters were determined to establish a lasting social order on the land they had seized from the Indians (that is, to leave sons behind them). They had the virtue of living single-mindedly by a fixed code; but there was also an inherent guilt in their "design," their way of life, that put a curse on the land and brought about the Civil War. After the War was lost, partly as a result of their own mad heroism (for who else but men as brave as Jackson and Stuart could have frightened the Yankee into standing together and fighting back?) they tried to restore "the design" by other methods. But they no longer had the strength to achieve more than a partial success, even after they had freed their land from the carpetbaggers who followed the Northern armies. As time passed, moreover, the men of the old order found that they had Southern enemies too: they had to fight against a new exploiting class descended from the landless whites of slavery days. In this struggle between the clan of Sartoris and the unscrupulous tribe of Snopes, the Sartorises were defeated in advance by a traditional code that prevented them from using the weapons of the enemy. But the Snopeses as price of their victory had to serve the mechanized civilization of the North, which was morally impotent

in itself, but which, with the aid of its Southern retainers, ended by corrupting the Southern nation. In our own day, the problems of the South are still unsolved, the racial conflict is becoming more acute; and Faulkner's characters in their despairing moments foresee or forebode some catastrophe of which Jim Bond and his like will be the only survivors. ¶ **13**

II

This legend of Faulkner's, if I have stated it correctly, is clearly not a scientific interpretation of Southern history (if such a thing exists); but neither is it the familiar plantation legend that has been embodied in hundreds of romantic novels. Faulkner presents the virtues of the old order as being moral rather than material. There is no baronial pomp in his novels; no profusion of silk and silver, mahogany and moonlight and champagne. The big house on Mr. Hubert Beauchamp's plantation (in *Go Down, Moses*) had a rotted floorboard in the back gallery that Mr. Hubert never got round to having fixed. Visitors used to find him sitting in the spring-house with his boots off and his feet in the water while he drank a morning toddy, which he invited them to share. Visitors to Sutpen's Hundred were offered champagne: it was the best, doubtless, and yet it was "crudely dispensed out of the burlesqued pantomime elegance of Negro butlers who (and likewise the drinkers who gulped it down like neat whiskey between flowery and unsubtle toasts) would have treated lemonade the same way." All the planters lived comfortably, with plenty of servants, but Faulkner never lets us forget that they were living on what had recently been the frontier. What he admires about them is not their wealth or their manners or their fine houses, but rather their unquestioning acceptance of a moral code that taught them "courage and honor and pride, and pity and love of justice and of liberty." Living with single hearts, they were, says Quentin Compson's father:

> . . . . people too as we are, and victims too as we are, but victims of a different circumstance, simpler and therefore, integer for integer, larger, more heroic and the figures therefore more heroic too, not dwarfed and involved but distinct, uncomplex, who had the gift of living once or dying once instead of being diffused and scattered creatures drawn blindly limb from limb from a grab bag and assembled, author and victim too of a thousand homicides and a thousand copulations and divorcements. ¶ **14**

The old order was a moral order: briefly that was its strength and the secret lost by its heirs. I don't wish to give the impression that Faulkner is the only Southern writer to advance this principle. During the last few years, it has been stated or suggested in a considerable body of Southern fiction and poetry, including the work of Allen Tate, Robert Penn Warren, Caroline Gordon and several others. The fact is that most of the ideas embodied in Faulkner's legend are held in common by many Southern writers of the new generation; what Faulkner has done is to express them in a whole series of novels written

with his own emotional intensity and technical resourcefulness. But his version of the legend also has features that set it apart: most notably its emphasis on the idea that the Southern nation (like most of his own fictional heroes) was defeated from within. ¶ **15**

In Faulkner's reading, the old order not only had its virtues of dignity and courage and love of justice; it also bore the moral burden of a guilt so great that the War and even Reconstruction were in some sense a merited punishment. There is madness, but there is a metaphorical meaning too, in Miss Rosa Coldfield's belief that Sutpen was a demon and that his sins were the real reason ". . . . why God let us lose the War: that only through the blood of our men and the tears of our women could He stay this demon and efface his name and lineage from the earth." Quentin's father is quite sane, in his sober moments, and yet he expresses almost the same idea about Sutpen's guilt and its consequences. He is telling the story of the Sutpens when he remarks that the Civil War was ". . . . a stupid and bloody aberration in the high (and impossible) destiny of the United States, maybe instigated by that family fatality which possessed, along with all circumstances, that curious lack of economy between cause and effect which is always a characteristic of fate when reduced to using human materials." ¶ **16**

Colonel Sutpen himself has a feeling, not exactly of guilt, since he has never questioned the rightness of his design, but rather of amazement that so many misfortunes have fallen on him. Sitting in General Compson's office, he goes back over his career, trying to see where he had made his "mistake," for that is what he calls it. Sometimes the author seems to be implying that the sin for which Sutpen and his class are being punished is simply the act of cohabiting with Negroes. But before the end of *Absalom, Absalom!* we learn that miscegenation is only part of it. When Charles Bon's curious actions are explained, we find that he was taking revenge on his father for having refused to recognize him by so much as a single glance. Thus, heartlessness was the "mistake" that had ruined Sutpen, not the taking of a partly Negro wife and Negro concubines. And the point becomes clearer in a long story called "The Bear" (in *Go Down, Moses*), probably the best single piece that Faulkner has written. When Isaac McCaslin is twenty-one, he insists on relinquishing the big plantation that is his by inheritance; he thinks that the land is cursed. It is cursed in his eyes by the deeds of his grandfather: "that evil and unregenerate old man who could summon, because she was his property, a human being because she was old enough and female, to his widower's house and get a child on her and then dismiss her because she was of an inferior race, and then bequeath a thousand dollars to the infant because he would be dead then and wouldn't have to pay it." It follows that the land was cursed—and the War was part of the curse—because its owners had treated human beings as instruments; in a word, it was cursed by slavery. ¶ **17**

All through his boyhood, Faulkner must have dreamed of fighting in the Civil War. It was a Sartoris war and not a Snopes war, like the one in which he afterwards risked his life in a foreign army. And yet his sympathies did not wholly

lie with the slaveholding clan of Sartoris, even though it was his own clan. The men he most admired and must have pictured himself as resembling were the Southern soldiers—after all, they were the vast majority—who owned no slaves themselves and suffered from the institution of slavery. The men he would praise in his novels were those "who had fought for four years and lost . . . . not because they were opposed to freedom as freedom, but for the old reasons for which man (not the generals and politicians but man) has always fought and died in wars: to preserve a status quo or to establish a better future one to endure for his children." You might define his position as that of an anti-slavery Southern nationalist. ¶ **18**

His attitude toward Negroes will seem surprising only to Northerners. It seems to have developed from the attitude of the slaveholders, which was often inhuman but never impersonal—that is, the slave might be treated as a domestic animal, but not as a machine or the servant of a machine. Apparently the slaveholding class had little or no feeling of racial animosity. Frederick Law Olmstead, a sharp and by no means a friendly observer, was struck by what he called "the close cohabitation and association of black and white." In his *Journey in the Seaboard Slave States*, the record of his travels in 1853-54, he said: "Negro women are carrying black and white babies together in their arms; black and white children are playing together (not going to school together); black and white faces are constantly thrust together out of the doors, to see the train go by." He described the relation between masters and servants as having a "familiarity and closeness of intimacy that would have been noticed with astonishment, if not with manifest displeasure, in almost any chance company at the North." In Faulkner's historical novels, we find this closeness of intimacy compounded with closeness of blood, for the servants are very often the illegitimate half-brothers or sisters of their white companions—not only more often than in life, a mild way of putting it, but also more often than in any Abolitionist tract. He describes the old South as inhabited by two races that lived essentially the same life on their different levels. Thus, he says in *Absalom, Absalom!* that the young planters were

> . . . only in the surface matter of food and clothing and daily occupation any different from the Negro slaves who supported them- the same sweat, the only difference being that on the one hand it went for labor in the fields where on the other it went as the price of the spartan and meagre pleasures which were available to them because they did not have to sweat in the fields: the hard violent hunting and riding; the same pleasures: the one, gambling for worn knives and brass jewelry and twists of tobacco and buttons and garments because they happened to be easiest and quickest to hand; on the other for the money and horses, the guns and watches, and for the same reason; the same parties: the identical music from the identical instruments, crude fiddles and guitars, now in the big house with candles and silk dresses and champagne, now in dirt-floored cabins with smoking pine knots and calico and water sweetened with molasses. ¶ **19**

"They will endure. They are better than we are." Ike McCaslin says of the Negroes, although he finds it more painful to utter this heresy than it is to surrender his plantation. "Stronger than we are," he continues. "Their vices are vices aped from white men or that white men and bondage have taught them: improvidence and intemperance and evasion—not laziness . . . and their virtues are their own: endurance and pity and tolerance and forbearance and fidelity and love of children, whether their own or not or black or not." In Faulkner's novels, the Negroes are an element of stability and endurance, just as the octoroons (like Charles Bon and Joe Christmas) are an element of tragic instability. His favorite characters are the Negro cooks and matriarchs who hold a white family together: Elnora and Dilsey and Clytie and Aunt Mollie Beauchamp. After the Compson family has gone to pieces (in *The Sound and the Fury*), it is Dilsey the cook who endures and is left behind to mourn. Looking up at the square, unpainted house with its rotting portico, she thinks, "Ise seed de first en de last"; and later in the kitchen, looking at the cold stove, "I seed de first en de last." ¶ **20**

The increasing hatred between two races is explained in Faulkner's novels partly by the heritage of slavery and Reconstruction; partly by the coming into power of a new class which, so far as it consists of families with landless and slaveless ancestors, has a tradition of hostility to the Negroes. But Faulkner also likes to think that the lynch mobs were often led by the descendants of his old enemies, the carpetbaggers—

> . . . that race threefold in one and alien even among themselves save for a single fierce will for rapine and pillage, composed of the sons of middle-aged Quartermaster lieutenants and Army sutlers and contractors in military blankets and shoes and transport mules, who followed the battles they themselves had not fought and inherited the conquest they themselves had not helped to gain . . . and left their bones and in another generation would be engaged in a fierce economic competition of small sloven farms with the black men they were supposed to have freed and the white descendants of fathers who had owned no slaves anyway whom they were supposed to have disinherited, and in the third generation would be back once more in the little lost county seats as barbers and garage mechanics and deputy sheriffs and mill and gin hands and power-plant firemen, leading, first in mufti then later in an actual formalized regalia of hooded sheets and passwords and fiery Christian symbols, lynching mobs against the race their ancestors had come to save. ¶ **21**

III

Faulkner's novels of contemporary Southern life continue the legend into a period that he regards as one of moral confusion and social decay. He is continually seeking in them for violent images to convey his sense of despair. *Sanctuary* is the most violent of all his novels; it is also the most popular and by no means the least important (in spite of Faulkner's comment that it was "a cheap idea . . . deliberately conceived to make money"). The story of Popeye

and Temple Drake has more meaning than appears on a first hasty reading—the only reading that most of the critics have been willing to grant it. George Marion O'Donnell went over the novel more carefully and decided that it formed a coherent allegory. Writing in *The Kenyon Review* (Autumn, 1939), he said that the pattern of the allegory was something like this:

> Southern Womanhood Corrupted but Undefiled (Temple Drake), in the company of the Corrupted Tradition (Gowan Stevens, a professional Virginian), falls into the clutches of amoral Modernism (Popeye), which is itself impotent, but which with the aid of its strong ally Natural Lust ("Red") rapes Southern Womanhood unnaturally and then seduces her so satisfactorily that her corruption is total, and she becomes the tacit ally of Modernism. Meanwhile Pore White Trash (Goodwin) has been accused of the crime which he, with the aid of the Naif Faithful (Tawmmy), actually tried to prevent. The Formalized Tradition (Horace Benbow), perceiving the true state of affairs, tries vainly to defend Pore White Trash. However, Southern Womanhood is so hopelessly corrupted that she willfully sees Pore White Trash convicted and lynched; she is then carried off by Wealth (Judge Drake) to meaningless escape in European luxury. Modernism, carrying in it from birth its own impotence and doom, submits with masochistic pleasure to its own destruction for the one crime that it has not yet committed—Revolutionary Destruction of Order (the murder of the Alabama policeman, for which the innocent Popeye is executed). ¶ **22**

Mr. O'Donnell deserves very great credit as the first critic to discuss Faulkner as a moralist, the first to compare him in passing with Hawthorne, and almost the first to see that he is engaged in creating Southern myths. In his comments on *Sanctuary*, however, he has been entirely too ingenious. There is no doubt that his allegorical scheme can be read into the novel, but it hardly seems possible that the author intended to put it there. Faulkner tells us that *Sanctuary* was written "in about three weeks." It was completely rewritten two years later, in the effort "to make out of it something which would not shame *The Sound and the Fury* and *As I Lay Dying* too much"; but I doubt that Faulkner had or took the time to give every character a double meaning. Lee Goodwin, for example, is not Pore White Trash, capitalized, but a tough, frightened moonshiner dishonorably discharged from the Army. Tawmmy is not the Naif Faithful, capitalized; he is simply faithful and stupid. If Temple Drake has any symbolic value, she represents the South as a whole, or the younger generation in the South, rather than Southern Womanhood (a phrase that makes Faulkner wince); but it is also quite possible that she represents nothing but a rather silly co-ed. Popeye, however, is another question; and at this point Mr. O'Donnell's reading is not only ingenious but comes very close to Faulkner's conscious or unconscious intention. ¶ **23**

Popeye is one of several characters in Faulkner's novels who stand for something that might be called "amoral Modernism," considering that they are creatures of the time and have no social morality whatever; but it might also be

called—more accurately, I think—the mechanical civilization that has invaded and partly conquered the South. Popeye is always described in mechanical terms: his eyes "looked like rubber knobs"; his face "just went awry, like the face of a wax doll set too near a hot fire and forgotten"; his tight suit and stiff hat were "all angles, like a modernistic lampshade"; and in general he had "that vicious depthless quality of stamped tin." He was the son of a professional strikebreaker, from whom he inherited syphilis, and the grandson of a pyromaniac. Like two other villains in Faulkner's novels, Joe Christmas and Januarius Jones, he had spent most of his childhood in an institution. He was the man "who made money and had nothing he could do with it, spend it for, since he knew that alcohol would kill him like poison, who had no friends and had never known a woman"—in other words, he was the compendium of all the hateful qualities that Faulkner assigns to finance capitalism. *Sanctuary* is not the connected allegory that Mr. O'Donnell presents in outline (he doesn't approve of allegorical writing by novelists), but neither is it the accumulation of pointless horrors as which it has been dismissed by other critics. It is an example of the Freudian method turned backwards, being full of sexual nightmares that are in reality social symbols. In the author's mind, the novel is somehow connected with what he regards as the rape and corruption of the South. ¶ **24**

And the descendants of the old ruling caste, in Faulkner's novels, have the wish but not the courage or the strength of will to prevent this new disaster. They are defeated by Popeye (like Horace Benbow), or they run away from him (like Gowan Stevens, who had gone to school at Virginia and learned to drink like a gentleman, but not to fight for his principles), or they are robbed and replaced in their positions of influence by the Snopeses (like old Bayard Sartoris, the president of the bank), or they drug themselves with eloquence and alcohol (like Mr. Compson), or they retire into the illusion of being inviolable Southern ladies (like Mrs. Compson, who says, "It can't be simply to flout and hurt me. Whoever God is, He would not permit that. I'm a lady."), or they dwell so much on the past that they are incapable of facing the present (like Reverend Hightower, of *Light in August*, who loses his wife and his church through living in a dream world), or they run from danger to danger (like young Bayard Sartoris) frantically seeking their own destruction. Faulkner's novels are full of well-meaning and even admirable people, not only the grandsons of the cotton aristocracy, but also pine-hill farmers and storekeepers and sewing-machine agents and Negro cooks and sharecroppers; but they are almost all of them defeated by circumstances and they carry with them a sense of their own doom. ¶ **25**

They also carry, whether heroes or villains, a curious sense of submission to their fate. "There is not one of Faulkner's characters," says André Gide in his dialogue on "The New American Novelists," "who, properly speaking, has a soul"; and I think he means that not one of them exercises the faculty of conscious choice between good and evil. They are haunted, obsessed, driven forward by some inner necessity. Like Miss Rosa Coldfield (in *Absalom,*

Absalom!), they exist in "that dream state in which you run without moving from a terror in which you cannot believe, toward a safety in which you have no faith." Or like the slaves freed by General Sherman's army (in *The Unvanquished*), they follow the roads toward any river, believing that it will be their Jordan:

> They were singing, walking along the road singing, not even looking to either side. The dust didn't even settle for two days, because all that night they still passed; we sat up listening to them, and the next morning every few yards along the road would be the old ones who couldn't keep up any more, sitting or lying down and even crawling along, calling to the others to help them; and the others--the young ones--not stopping, not even looking at them. "Going to Jordan," they told me. "Going to cross Jordan." ¶ **26**

All Faulkner's characters, black and white, are a little like that. They dig for gold frenziedly after they have lost their hope of finding it (like Henry Armstid in *The Hamlet* and Lucas Beauchamp in *Go Down, Moses*); or they battle against and survive a Mississippi flood for the one privilege of returning to the state prison farm (like the tall convict in *The Wild Palms*); or, a whole family together, they carry a body through flood and fire and corruption to bury it in the cemetery at Jefferson (like the Bundrens in *As I Lay Dying*); or they tramp the roads week after week in search of men who had promised to marry them (like Lena Grove, the pregnant woman of *Light in August*); or, pursued by a mob, they turn at the end to meet and accept death (like Joe Christmas in the same novel). Even when they seem to be guided by a conscious design, like Colonel Sutpen, it is not something they have chosen by an act of will, but something that has taken possession of them: ". . . . not what he wanted to do but what he just had to do, had to do it whether he wanted to or not, because if he did not do it he knew that he could never live with himself for the rest of his life." In the same way, Faulkner himself writes, not what he wants to, but what he just has to write whether he wants to or not. And the effect produced on us by all these haunted characters, described in hypnagogic prose, is that of myths or fairy tales or dreams, where again the people act under compulsion, toward fatally predetermined ends. ¶ **27**

In addition to being a fatalist, Faulkner is also an idealist, more strongly so than any other American writer of our time. The idealism disguises itself as its own opposite, but that is because he is deeply impressed by and tends to exaggerate the contrast between the life around him and the ideal picture in his mind. No other American writer makes such a use of negative turns of speech: his stories abound in words like "paintless," "lightless," "windowless," "not-feeling." "unvisioned." He speaks of "that *roadless* and even *pathless* waste of *unfenced* fallow and wilderness jungle—*no* barn, *no* stable, *not so much as* a hen-coop; just a log cabin built by hand and *no* clever hand either, a meagre pile of clumsily cut firewood sufficient for about one day and *not even* a gaunt

hound to come bellowing out from under the house when he rode up." In the same story ("The Bear"), he speaks of ". . . the empty fields without plow or seed to work them, fenceless against the stock which did not exist within or without the walled stable which likewise was not there." He speaks of faces watching "without alarm, without recognition, without hope," and he speaks of the South under Reconstruction as "a lightless and gutted and empty land." Always in his mind he has an ideal picture of how the land and the people should be—a picture of painted, many-windowed houses, fenced fields, overflowing barns, eyes lighting up with recognition; and always, being honest, he measures that picture against the land and people he has seen. And both pictures are not only physical but moral; for always in the background of his novels is a sense of moral standards and a feeling of outrage at their being violated or simply pushed aside. Seeing little hope in the future, he turns to the past, where he hopes to discover a legendary and recurrent pattern that will illuminate and lend dignity to the world about him. So it is that Reverend Hightower, dying in the dingy ruin of his plans, sees a vision of Bedford Forrest's troopers, who lived without question by a single and universally accepted code:

> He hears above his heart the thunder increase, myriad and drumming. Like a long sighing of wind in trees it begins, then they sweep into sight, borne now upon a cloud of phantom dust. They rush past, forwardleaning in the saddles, with brandished arms, beneath whipping ribbons from slanted and eager lances; with tumult and soundless yelling they sweep past like a tide whose crest is jagged with the wild heads of horses and the brandished arms of men like the crater of the world in explosion. They rush past, are gone; the dust swirls skyward sucking, fades away into the night which has fully come. Yet, leaning forward in the window . . . it seems to him that he still hears them: the wild bugles and the clashing sabres and the dying thunder of hooves. ¶ **28**

QUESTIONS

1. Is Malcolm Cowley's general purpose evaluation? What exactly is he evaluating? State in the form of a declarative sentence his specific purpose.

2. Describe the reading audience for whom you think this critical essay is intended. Is Cowley's a style that would appeal to this reading audience? To what audiences might it not appeal? How would the style have to be changed if he were writing for people generally uninterested in books?

3. What are Cowley's standards for good novel writing? To what extent does he make these standards explicit? What proportion of the essay is devoted to a discussion of standards? What proportion to an application of the standards? Does he give you enough specific material from Faulkner's novels to make his contentions seem sound? What kinds of specific material do you find (e.g., plots, characters, "legend," symbols, excerpts)?

4. The main proposition of a criticism is almost always a value judgment. At what point in the essay do you find this unifying statement of value? What

are the main divisions of the essay? How would these main divisions and the material in them have had to be changed if Cowley's purpose had been to show that Faulkner is a better writer than Erskine Caldwell? to show that Faulkner improved steadily as he continued to write?

5. Do you think that this essay does well what it sets out to do?

Evaluating a Work As Literature

When you evaluate a factual work in its own terms, you judge its efficiency in performing its task. When you evaluate the truth of a factual work, you test its accuracy. A third kind of evaluation tests the value of a factual work as *literature*. Literary evaluations depend upon tastes, and tastes, of course, differ. If you have disagreed with someone about the value of a movie or a novel, your discussion has shown how your tastes in imaginative literature contrast with the tastes of your opponent. Similarly, your tastes may cause you to judge factual writings differently from the ways some other readers judge them. Nevertheless, you will probably find that even those standards of judgment which differ from yours make a good deal of sense.

The simplest way for a reader to judge the literary value of a piece of factual prose is by noticing its effect upon him. The reader may ask simply, "Does it give me valuable information, interest me, excite me?" and decide that it is good or bad according to his answer. Such an evaluation, in a sense, is final, since each reader knows best, of course, how he himself reacts while reading. Furthermore, practically all of us naturally use such a test. On second thought, however, most of us will not be satisfied to stop with this test—a test which, used alone, involves only our personal reactions.

Most of us, therefore, will start by taking this test for granted, and will take a further step; that is, we will try to formulate and discuss our *reasons* for reacting favorably or unfavorably to a piece of writing. Such a procedure relieves us of the need to talk about ourselves alone and allows us to talk about important aspects of the work as well. Let us consider now what these aspects of the work may be.

Some readers may say, "What I demand of a factual piece of writing if I am to like it is truth." Such readers believe that literary excellence and truthfulness of some sort or other are one and the same thing, and they make tests much like

those you applied in comparing Hitler's remarks with those of Shapiro (pp. 100-108). Of course, if you use the truth of a work as a measure, however, you will probably want to distinguish between the kind of truth it reveals and other kinds of truth. You may, for instance, value works in terms of the usefulness of the truth they unfold. You may prize originality, and value works expressing unfamiliar truths above those which express familiar truths. Or you may rate great truths above lesser ones. Regardless, the element of truth in a work will be particularly important to you.

Some readers may say, "If a work of any sort does well the chore it sets out to do, it is—to my way of judging—a good work." Such persons feel that a literary evaluation does not differ greatly from the evaluation of a work in its own terms (p. 109). They may, to be sure, distinguish between the complexity of the chore performed, and they may distinguish between poor, merely satisfactory, and brilliant performance of the chore. But if you use this yardstick, you will be chiefly interested in seeing how the author has adapted his method to his material and to the audience which he is addressing.

Still other readers may judge works by criteria which differ from any which have so far been discussed. They may be interested, for instance, in some aspect of the author's technique. They may be interested in the overall organization. More often, they may be interested in the author's style. "I am most pleased and impressed," some readers may say, "by an author who uses words, phrases, and sentences in an appealing fashion." If you use this kind of test, you will naturally attend to details in the author's manner of expression. You will have preferences among kinds of words—concrete or abstract, emotive or neutral, figurative or literal, homely or learned. Or perhaps you will take pleasure in finding that an author uses words of several kinds to secure variety, emphasis, and contrast. You will have preferences among kinds of sentences—simple or complicated, lengthy or brief, normally ordered or inverted—or perhaps you will admire an author who can use several kinds according to the kind of job he wants the sentences to perform. You may be interested in the author's handling of sound—rhythmical or unrhythmical, melodious or harsh, and so forth.

Another group of readers may be strongly influenced in their judgment by the personality of the author of a piece of factual prose. "I can't care much," such readers will say, "for a piece of factual prose which doesn't give me some sense of its author's personality. And naturally I like most the work of an author whose personality—at least as it appears in the work—is somehow appealing." An appealing personality, to be sure, may be one of many kinds—humorous or full of righteous anger, friendly and intimate or majestically remote, full of common sense or unusual learning, and so on. But if you are interested in this element, you will not be satisfied with any factual prose which does not acquaint you with a personality which, for some reason, you like or admire.

These are perhaps the chief single tests. Naturally, though, many readers —those who probably get the most enjoyment out of reading—apply not one of these measuring sticks in isolation but two or more in combination. If, for instance, you say, "Of course I want a piece of factual prose to do its job well; in

addition I want it to express great truths in an appealing style," you have three criteria: the efficiency of the work, the kind of truth it expresses, and its style. If you say, "A great work, in my opinion, is one which embodies the expression of a great thought by a great man," you combine an interest in the truth of a work with an interest in its author's personality.

The usefulness to others of your evaluation of any given work will depend upon two things: (1) their agreement or disagreement with your general criterion or criteria, and (2) their opinion of the way you apply your measurement to a given work. In other words, your evaluation of a work includes two steps, the formulation of your principle—your major premise—and the application of your principle to a particular work—your minor premise. Both steps are important in a satisfactory evaluation. And the second step requires that you look in detail at the piece of writing itself and that you find evidence there to support your claim that the work does its job well, that it expresses a great truth, that it is written in an appealing style, that it expresses an attractive personality, or that it does two or more of these things.

Some of these standards, and some of the applications of these standards, will be better than others, naturally: most of us will agree, modestly, that our own standards and our use of them are superior. There will be none, perhaps, about which everybody will agree. But one statement which most of us will approve is that it is desirable for us as readers to have defensible literary standards, and to apply them consciously and intelligently when judging the literary values of a work.

The first two of the following selections do not require you to make any judgments as to literary excellence but to note how other critics make judgments. The last three selections, however, require you to make your own judgments. After reading all of these selections and answering the questions on them you might profitably return to the earlier selections in this part of the book, Part Two, and re-evaluate them, this time for their literary excellence. You may be interested in seeing how closely your appraisals reached by this method correspond to evaluations you reached by other methods.

Percy Holmes Boynton

EMERSON'S PROSE

If people were puzzled to follow the drift of Emerson's lectures—and they often were—it was because most of them were so vague in outline. They literally did drift. There were two or three explanations for this defect. One was that Emerson seldom set himself the task of "composing" a complete essay. His

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method of writing was to put down in his morning hours at the desk the ideas that came to him. As thoughts on subjects dear to him flitted through his mind he captured some of them as they passed. These were related,—like the moon and the tides and the best times for digging clams,—but when he assembled various paragraphs into a lecture he took no pains to establish "theme coherence" by explaining the connections that were quite clear in his own mind. It happened further, as the years went on, that in making up a new discourse he would select paragraphs from earlier manuscripts, relying on them to hang together with a confidence that was sometimes misplaced. And auditors of his lectures in the last years recall how, as he passed from one page to the next, a look of doubt and slight amusement would sometimes confess without apology to an utter lack of connection even between the parts of a sentence. ¶ **1**

In his sentences and his choice of words, however, there were perfect simplicity and clearness. Here is a passage to illustrate, drawn by the simplest of methods—opening the first volume of Emerson at hand and taking the first paragraph. It happens to be in the essay on "Compensation."

> Commit a crime, and the earth is made of glass. Commit a crime, and it seems as if a coat of snow fell on the ground, such as reveals in the wood the track of every partridge and fox and squirrel and mole. You cannot recall the spoken word, you cannot wipe out the foot-track, you cannot draw up the ladder, so as to leave no inlet or clew. Some damning circumstance always transpires. The laws and substances of nature—water, snow, wind, gravitation—become penalties to the thief. ¶ **2**

In this passage of ninety words more than seventy are words of one syllable, and only one of the other eighteen—*transpires*—can baffle the reader or listener even for a moment. The general idea in Emerson's mind is expressed by a series of definite and picturesque comparisons. "Be sure your sin will find you out." he said. "You commit the wicked deed, creep, dodge, run away, come to your hiding place, climb the ladder, and hope for escape. But nature—or God—has laid a trap for you. Your footprints are on the new-fallen snow; human eyes follow them to the tell-tale ladder leading to your window; and you are caught. The laws of the universe have combined against you in the snowfall, the impress of your feet, and the weight of the ladder which you could not raise." ¶ **3**

There is, perhaps, no great difference in the language used by Emerson and that in the paraphrase, but in the way the sentences are put together Emerson's method of composing is once more illustrated. Emerson suggests; the paraphrase explains. Emerson assumes that the reader is alert and knowing; the paraphraser, that he is a little inattentive and a little dull. Lowell has summed up the whole matter: "A diction at once so rich and homely as his I know not where to match in these days of writing by the page; it is like home-spun cloth-of-gold. The many cannot miss the meaning, and only the few can find it." This is another way of saying, "Anybody can understand him sentence by sentence, but the wiser the reader the more he can understand of the meaning as a whole." ¶ **4**

QUESTIONS

1. What does Boynton say about the overall organization of Emerson's essays? Does he approve or disapprove?
2. How does Boynton prove that "In his sentences and his choice of words . . . there were perfect simplicity and clearness"? Is the proof sound?
3. What does Boynton try to prove by paraphrasing the paragraph from "Compensation"? Comment upon the value of the demonstration.
4. What preparation has there been for Lowell's statement about Emerson's diction?
5. What would appear to be Boynton's criteria for judging Emerson? What is your attitude toward such criteria?

Dwight MacDonald

THE BIBLE IN MODERN UNDRESS[1]

If the Revisers had changed K.J.V. only where modern scholarship found its translation defective, one would hardly notice the alterations. But what they are really translating is not the original Greek and Hebrew but the English of the King James Version, and the language they have put it into is modern expository prose, direct and clear, and also flat, insipid, and mediocre. To accomplish this alchemy in reverse, they have had to do a number of things. They have, first of all, modernized the usage. "Thou," "ye," "thy," and "thine" are replaced by "you" and "your"; the obsolete verb endings "-est" and "-eth" are dropped; inverted word order is generally avoided; "unto" becomes "to," "whither" "where," "whatsoever" "whatever," and so on. This was done not for comprehensibility, since any literate person knows what the old forms mean, but as part of the policy of making the Bible more "accessible" to the modern reader or listener. And, indeed, R.S.V. does slip more smoothly into the modern ear, but it also slides out more easily; the very strangeness and antique ceremony of the old forms make them linger in the mind. The 1901 American Standard Version kept the old usage, and I think rightly. For there are other considerations, too. One is the loss of familiarity. It is extraordinary what a difference modernization makes; even passages otherwise undisturbed

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1. This is part of a long review of the Revised Standard Version of the Bible (referred to as R.S V.), prepared by a committee of scholars and published in 1952. This new translation was intended to supplant the King James Version (called K.J.V.), first published in 1611 and revised in 1885 and 1901. After treating changes in translation for greater accuracy and revisions for greater clarity, Mr. MacDonald turns, in the passage which follows, to other kinds of changes.

have a blurred, slightly off-register effect. The Hebrew Old Testament is an archaic document, far more primitive even than Homer, and the old usage seems more appropriate. "Thus saith the Lord" is more Lordly than "Thus says the Lord," "Praise ye the Lord!" is more exalted than "Praise the Lord!" The Ten Commandments lose when the awesome "Thou shalt not" is stepped down to the querulous "You shall not"; the prophet Nathan's terrible denunciation to King David, "Thou art the man!," collapses in the police-report "You are the man!," and God's solemn words to Adam, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," are flattened in the conversational "You are dust, and to dust you shall return." A better case can be made for modernizing the New Testament's usage, since it was written in the everyday Greek of the common people. But the Common Man of the first century A.D. was a considerably more poetic and (if he was a Christian) devout creature than his similar of the twentieth century, and the religious passion of Jesus and Paul, transcending modern experience, needs an exalted idiom to be adequately conveyed. "Verily, verily I say unto you" gets it better than "Truly, truly I say to you"; Jesus's "Suffer the little children to come unto me" (Mark 10:14) is more moving than R.S.V.'s "Let the children come to me," which sounds like a mother at a picnic. ¶ 1

The Revisers state that the old usage has been preserved in "language addressed to God or in exalted poetic apostrophe." The first exemption has been respected—why God's own language should not also be permitted some antique elevation I cannot see—but the second often has not. Surely the Psalms are "exalted poetic apostrophe," yet in the Nineteenth Psalm, "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showest knowledge" is diminished to "Day to day pours forth speech, and night to night declares knowledge." Even the sacred (one would think) Twenty-third Psalm comes out a bit fuzzy: "He makes me lie down" for the rhythmic "He maketh me to lie down," and instead of the triumphant "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death" the tamer "Even though I walk." The most damaging effect of modernizing the usage is the alteration of rhythm, which is all-important in a book so often read aloud; quite aside from literary grace, the ceremonial effect of the Bible is enhanced by the interesting, varied, and suitable rhythms of K.J.V. But to (partially) avoid inversion, the Revisers render "Male and female created He them" (Genesis 1:27) "Male and female He created them," breaking the rhythm's back simply by changing the position of two words. In K.J.V., Ecclesiastes moves to a slow, mourning music:

> What profit hath a man of all his labor which he taketh under the sun? One generation passeth and another generation cometh, but the earth abideth forever. . . . For there is no remembrance of the wise more than of the fool for ever, seeing that which now is in the days to come shall all be forgotten. And how dieth the wise man? As the fool.

This now steps along to a brisker, less complex, and also less authoritative measure:

> What does a man gain by all the toil at which he toils under the sun? A generation goes and a generation comes, but the earth remains forever. . . . For of the wise man as of the fool there is no enduring remembrance, seeing that in the days to come all will have been long forgotten. How the wise man dies just like the fool!

Ruth's familiar and moving "Whither thou goest, I will go" loses its cadenced charm when it is transmuted into "Where you go, I will go." So, too, Philippians 4:8 ("Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just") is robbed of its earnest gravity when it is speeded up by replacing "whatsoever" with "whatever," just as Matthew 11:28 ("Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden") becomes inappropriately brisk when it is modernized to "Come to me, all who labor." I won't comment on changing Luke 16:3 from "I cannot dig; to beg I am ashamed" to "I am not strong enough to dig, and I am ashamed to beg." ¶2

In this modernization there is an understandable, if misguided, principle at work. But many changes seem to derive not from principle but merely from officiousness, from the restlessness that causes people to pluck imaginary or microscopic bits of fluff off coat lapels. Too frequently some great and familiar phrase is marred or obliterated for the sake of a trivial change in the sense, or none at all. "Den of thieves" is now "den of robbers," "Let the dead bury their dead" is now "Leave the dead to bury their own dead," "maid" becomes "maiden" in "the way of a man with a maid," hypocrites are "whitewashed tombs" instead of the familiar "whited sepulchres," "O death where is thy sting, O grave where is thy victory?" yields to the just-out-of-focus "O death where is thy victory, O death where is thy sting?" and Jesus's "Can the blind lead the blind? Shall they not both fall into the ditch?" is capriciously rephrased into "Can a blind man lead a blind man? Will they not both fall into a pit?" ¶3

More numerous are the changes that involve a slight change in sense. But granting that Joseph really wore not "a coat of many colors" but "a long robe with sleeves," that the Gaderene swine were really the Gerasene swine and Calvary was more properly called The Skull, that "the children of Israel" is less accurate than "the people of Israel" and that these children, or people, refrained from putting their new wine into old wineskins and not old bottles, that the Old Testament desert actually blossomed not like a rose but like a crocus, that Job really put the price of wisdom above pearls and not above rubies, that the silver cord was "snapped" rather than "loosed," that the widow gave not her "mites" but "two copper coins," that the writing on Belshazzar's wall was not "Mene mene tekel upharsin" but "Mene mene tekel and parsin," that the Psalmist saw the wicked man "towering like a cedar" instead of "spreading himself like a green bay tree," that Adam was not "of the earth, earthy" but "from the earth, a man of dust," and that "my cup overflows" and "by the mouth of babes and infants" are more up-to-date locutions than "my cup runneth over" and "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings"—granting all this,

it is still doubtful that such trivial gains in accuracy are not outweighed by the loss of such long-cherished beauty of phrasing. Might not the Revisers have let well enough. and indeed a good deal better than well enough, alone? ¶ 4

Other doubts swarm. I can't understand why "The spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters" had to be changed to "was moving over the face of the waters" or why the Nineteenth Psalm had to be altered from "The heavens declare the glory of God" to "The heavens are telling the glory of God." I don't know why "there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth" (Matthew 22:13) had to become "there men will weep and gnash their teeth" or why Paul's magnificent eloquence (in K.J.V., at least) has to be hamstrung by pettifogging and needless alterations. For example, in I Corinthians 13:1. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels. and have not charity. I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal" is mutilated to "a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal," and in Ephesians 6:12, the familiar grandeur of "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places" is revised to "For we are not contending against flesh and blood but against the principalities, against the powers, against the world rulers of this present darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places." Substituting "noisy gong" for "sounding brass" and the weak, abstract "contending" for the vivid "wrestle" seems to me malicious mischief, if not assault and battery. ¶ 5

They have even rewritten the Lord's Prayer. "As we forgive our debtors" is changed to "as we also have forgiven our debtors," a bit of lint-picking that might have been forgone in the interest of tradition—and euphony. "For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen" is omitted (though given in a footnote) because they believe it a corruption of the original text. But, after all, the fact that Bernini's colonnades were not part of the original plan of St. Peter's is hardly a reason for doing away with them. Some of the manuscripts discovered last spring in that Dead Sea cave may turn out to be more ancient and uncorrupted than anything discovered up to now. They may also turn out to differ importantly from what has been known for the last thousand years as "The Bible." Maybe the Ten Commandments are a late interpolation. But if they are, I should think that even the Revisers would hesitate to give the public this Bible, pure and uncorrupted though it be, in place of the familiar text. ¶ 6

The *raison d'être* of R.S.V., however, is not scholarly but stylistic; to produce a more "readable" Bible. This being an age much more matter-of-fact than the seventeenth century—or the first century, for that matter—an age more used to skimming rapidly over a large quantity of journalistic prose than to dwelling intensively on a few poetic works, to make the Bible "readable" means to have it "make sense" to the reader who wants to know simply What's It All About. Poetic intensity or prophetic exaltation interferes with this easy, rapid assimilation partly because such language is idiosyncratic and partly because it strikes down to depths of response which it takes time and effort for the reader

to reach. Literature, and especially religious literature, is not primarily concerned with being clear and reasonable; it is connotative rather than direct, suggestive rather than explicit, decorative and incantatory rather than functional. To make the Bible readable in the modern sense means to flatten out, tone down, and convert into tepid expository prose what in K.J.V. is wild, full of awe, poetic, and passionate. It means stepping down the voltage of K.J.V. so it won't blow any fuses. The Revisers have admirably and horribly succeeded; babes and sucklings (or infants) can play with R.S.V. without the slightest danger of electrocution. ¶ 7

In K.J.V.. God describes the battle horse to Job: "Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? . . . The glory of his nostrils is terrible. . . . He saith among the trumpets, Ha, Ha." R.S.V. steps it down to "Do you give the horse his might? Do you clothe his neck with strength? . . . His majestic snorting is terrible. . . . When the trumpet sounds, he says, 'Aha!'" The trick is turned by replacing the metaphorical "thunder" with the literal "strength," by converting the thrilling "glory of his nostrils" into the prosaic "majestic snorting" (a snort can be many things, but never majestic), and toning down the wild "Ha, Ha" into the conversational "Aha!" A like fate has overtaken the Sermon on the Mount. Comparing this as rendered in K.J.V. and in R.S.V. is like hearing a poet read his verses while someone stands by and paraphrases. The exalted has become flat, the pungent bland, the rhythm crippled, phrases dear for centuries to English-speaking people have disappeared or are maimed. For example:

> But let your communication be "Yea, Yea," "Nay, Nay."
> Let what you say be simply, "Yes" or "No."

> Behold the fowls of the air.
> Look at the birds of the air.

> And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.
>
> And why are you anxious about clothing? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they neither toil nor spin; yet I tell you, even Solomon, etc. . . .

> Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat; because strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.
>
> Enter by the narrow gate: for the gate is wide and the way is easy that leads to destruction, and those who enter by it are many. For the gate is narrow and the way is hard that leads to life, and those who find it are few.

> Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.
> Thus you will know them by their fruits. ¶ 8

The Song of Solomon is now slightly off key. "Our vines have tender grapes" has become "Our vineyards are in blossom"—the Revisers have a weakness for Spelling It Out. Instead of "Thy navel is like a round goblet, which wanteth not liquor" we get "Your navel is a rounded bowl that never lacks mixed wine," which disturbingly suggests a cocktail party; the lyrical "How fair and how pleasant art thou, O love, for delights!" is changed into the mawkish and stumbling "How fair and pleasant you are, O loved one, delectable maiden!" Repetition, another poetic (and hieratic) device, is generally avoided, perhaps because it is felt to be of no expository value. The K.J.V. Lord cries out. "I have seen, I have seen the affliction of my people" (Acts 7:34), but the R.S.V. Lord merely states, "I have surely seen the ill-treatment of my people." The ominous and brooding effect, in the description of hell in Mark 9, of repeating in verses 44, 46, and 48, the great line "Where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched" is escaped by omitting verses 44 and 46. ¶ **9**

There *is* an attempt at poetry; a fancy "literary" word is often used in place of a homely one. Now, as Wordsworth observed, a simple word is always more poetic than a "poetic" one. A stylistic virtue of K.J.V. is the tact with which it uses stately, sonorous Latin-root abstract words *and* humble, concrete Anglo-Saxon words, each in its appropriate place. If the Revisers pull to earth K.J.V.'s swelling Latin passages, they also give a bogus elevation, a false refinement to its direct, homely passages; if they tone down some strings, they tone up others, adjusting them all to produce a dead monotone. Thus "dirt" becomes "mire" (Psalms 18:42), "clothes" "mantle" (Matthew 24:18), "I brake the jaws of the wicked" "I broke the fangs of the unrighteous" (Job 29:17), in each case a more archaic word being put in place of a modern (but homely) one. In K.J.V. sin "lieth" at the door, but it is "couching" in R.S.V.; the blind "see" and the hungry "are filled" in K.J.V., but in R.S.V. they "receive their sight" and "are satisfied"; K.J.V. renders I Samuel 4:22: "The glory is departed from Israel, for the ark of God is taken," but this is too stark for R.S.V., which changes it to "the ark of God has been captured." Often the Revisers inflate the simplicity and understatement of K.J.V. into prose resembling cotton candy. The lovely phrase in Ecclesiastes 12:5, "Man goeth to his long home," with its sombre, long-drawn-out "o"s and its austere melancholy, is Spelled Out into "Man goes to his eternal home," which sounds like a mortician's ad. K.J.V. often uses concrete action words to metaphorically suggest an abstract meaning, but R.S.V. prefers less vivid abstractions. In her perceptive article in the *Ladies' Home Journal* on the two versions, Dorothy Thompson gave a perfect example of this. Psalms 42:1 reads, in K.J.V., "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God," R.S.V. makes it "As a hart longs for flowing streams, so longs my soul for Thee, O God!" As Miss Thompson remarked, a hart pants but does not long, or if he does, he can, being inarticulate, express his emotions only in some action like panting. The passionate vigor of K.J.V. depends on the hart's being an animal, not a sentimental human being in a deerskin. If however, there is a chance for a good, safe cliché—another method of making the Bible more "readable"—R.S.V.

reverses this process; "When he thought thereon, he wept" becomes "He broke down and wept," "All things have I seen in the days of my vanity" becomes "In my vain life I have seen everything," and "They were pricked in their heart" becomes "They were cut to the heart." ¶ **10**

R.S.V. has also departed from simplicity in certain matters of "taste," mostly involving sex. If only to avoid adolescent giggles in church, some Elizabethan terms must be avoided in this degenerate and refined age—as in I Samuel 25:22, in which the expression "any that pisseth against the wall" is discreetly omitted —but Nice Nellie is altogether too prominent. Thus "whore" is rendered "harlot," although the former term is still current while the latter is archaic (but, for that very reason, Nicer). Thus the wise and the foolish virgins have become "maidens," as well as more archaic and less sexy, costing us, incidentally, still another familiar expression. "My bowels boiled" is now "My heart is in turmoil," "sore boils" are "loathesome sores," "dung hill" is "ash heap." The Revisers even fear "belly." "Fill his belly with the east wind" becomes "fill himself" and Psalms 22:10 is changed from "I was cast upon Thee from the womb; Thou art my God from my mother's belly" to "Upon Thee was I cast from my birth, and since my mother bore me Thou hast been my God," which is also a good example of Spelling It Out. " 'Belly,' " says H. W. Fowler in "Modern English Usage," "is a good word now almost done to death by genteelism." ¶ **11**

"The King James Bible," write the Revisers, apropos the failure of the 1885 and the 1901 revisions to replace it, "has still continued to hold its place upon the lecterns of the majority of churches. . . . Congregations have gone on loving it best because it seemed to them incomparably beautiful." One wonders how they could think their version preserves this beauty. K.J.V.'s "dignity and profundity," they go on, "are the result of the utmost clarity, directness, and simplicity. These qualities have been earnestly sought in R.S.V." But K.J.V. also has very different qualities—strange, wild, romantic, complex turns of style, since Elizabethan English was as much in the rococo as in the classic mode. This is especially true of the Old Testament. Clarity, directness, and simplicity are hardly an adequate definition of the qualities of poetry. Milton's "simple, sensuous, and passionate" is more adequate; R.S.V. usually achieves the first, rarely the second (rhythm being the chief sensuous element in poetry), and almost never the third. "Poetry differs from prose in the concrete colors of its diction. It is not enough for it to furnish a meaning to philosophers. It must also appeal to emotions with the charm of direct impression, flashing through regions where the intellect can only grope. Poetry must render what is said, not what is merely meant." So writes the prince of modern translators, Ezra Pound, who might have made a much better job of the new Bible than the Dean of the Yale Divinity School and his learned but unliterate colleagues. ¶ **12**

"Our conversation [compared to that of the Elizabethans] is direct and tense; our narrative . . . swift and unadorned," the Revisers state. "Our words are likely to be shorter and our sentences, too. . . . Therefore in this translation, it has been a constant purpose to make every word and sentence clear, to avoid

involved constructions, and to make the current of the central thought flow in such a straight sure channel that the minds of the listeners will be carried forward unmistakably and not dropped into verbal whirlpools by the way. . . . The style is, as nearly as possible, such as the rank and file of Bible readers today will understand with as little difficulty as possible . . . so as to permit the attention of the hearer or reader to center on the message and not be diverted by the language." But style is not mere decoration, and it is precisely the function of language to "divert" the reader; form, in a work of art like K.J.V., cannot be separated from content, nor can the central current be separated from "verbal whirlpools." It is true that today K.J.V. is harder to read than R.S.V. This difficulty, though, is not a defect but the inevitable accompaniment of virtues that R.S.V. has had to remove in order to remove the difficulty. The difficulty in reading K.J.V. is simply that it is high art, which will always demand more from the reader, for it makes its appeal on so many planes. "Ulysses" and "The Waste Land," while modern works, are more difficult in this sense than an eighteenth-century newspaper. It is the price of artistic quality, and the Revisers are unwilling to pay it. Probably the main obstacle in K.J.V. today is its archaic style—the obsolete grammatical usage, the inversions, and all the other devices of Elizabethan English. But our culture is lucky—or was until R.S.V. came along—in having in K.J.V. a great literary monument to which, because it also happens to have a religious function, practically everybody, no matter how unliterary or meagrely educated, was at some time exposed, in church or Sunday school or at home. ¶ **13**

QUESTIONS

1. In the first paragraph, what does the author mean by the phrase, "to accomplish this alchemy in reverse"? How does he claim the revisers have done this? Do the examples which he gives in paragraphs 1 and 2 justify his claims?

2. In paragraph 3, the author mentions "officiousness." What does he mean by this? Through how many paragraphs does his discussion of this extend? How valid are his attitudes in these paragraphs?

3. Further along in the essay, MacDonald complains that the poetic qualities found in the K.J.V. have vanished from the R.S.V. What qualities do you think he has in mind? Are these properly called "poetic"? Are his criticisms under this heading sound?

4. What are the author's chief criteria? Do you approve or disapprove of them? Why?

5. Judging by the standard of efficiency (see pp. 161-162), how do you rate for literary excellence the passages by (a) Shapiro (p. 103), (b) Sandburg (p. 139), Morison and Commager (p. 133)? How do you rate these same pieces as literature using the standard of truth?

6. Are any of the passages mentioned in question 5 "great" prose? good prose? Justify your answer.

7. What elements of distinction do you find in Malcolm Cowley's essay (p. 148)? What passages would you cite to justify your claims?

The Columbia Encyclopedia

FORT LARAMIE NATIONAL MONUMENT

Fort Laramie National Monument, 214.41 acres, E Wyo., SE of Casper. Fort Laramie, on the west bank of the Laramie c.2 mi. above its junction with the North Platte, was founded (1834) as a trading post by Sublette and Campbell. It came into the possession of the American Fur Company in 1836. In 1849 it became a U. S. military post, which in subsequent years was a major stopping place on the OVERLAND TRAIL. The fort was garrisoned until 1890. In 1938 it was made a national monument. See L. R. Hafen and F. M. Young, *Fort Laramie and the Pageant of the West* (1938).

QUESTIONS

1. What is the purpose of the author of this article from *The Columbia Encyclopedia?* To what extent do you think he accomplishes his purpose?

2. By what standards of literary excellence can this be called good writing? by what standards, undistinguished writing?

L. R. Hafen and F. M. Young

FORT LARAMIE IN 1846

The emigration that passed Fort Laramie in 1846 numbered about half that of the preceding year. Among these homeseekers were such prominent persons as ex-Governor L. W. Boggs and his family from Missouri; W. H. Russell, later to be Father of the Pony Express; and Edwin Bryant, journalist of this year's migration.[1] ¶ **1**

At the Laramie river the advance wagons found a raft made of logs tied together with buffalo hide on which they were able to ferry their wagons across the stream.[2] ¶ **2**

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1. Edwin Bryant, *Rocky Mountain Adventures.* See also *Niles Register,* LXX, 211 (June 6, 1846).

2. Luella Dickenson, *Reminiscences of a Trip Across the Plains in 1846* (1904), 16.

Mr. Bryant visited Fort Laramie and recorded for us his observations. "On three sides of the court, next to the walls," he writes, "are various offices, storerooms, and mechanical shops. The other side is occupied by the main building of the fort, two stories in height." He noted two brass swivels defending the gate. ¶ **3**

Attempts had been made at growing corn, wheat and potatoes, he learned, but these experiments had met with little success. The Indians were averse to all agriculture and had on one or two occasions destroyed the growing corn and vegetables. But the Fur company employees were raising some cattle and poultry and provided milk and butter for their own use. Mr. Bryant was invited to dine at the fort, the dinner consisting of boiled beef, biscuit and milk. Bordeau, the thirty-year-old principal of the establishment, explained that this was their usual fare, when they had flour. But in the absence of bread they lived on fresh buffalo meat, venison, salt beef and milk.[3] ¶ **4**

One of the companies of this year, the Donner party, was destined to be remembered because of its fate. On reaching Fort Bridger it took the Hastings Cutoff south of Great Salt Lake. Being compelled to make a new road it was so delayed that it was caught in the snows of the high Sierras. Of the eighty-one in the party, only forty-five survived the terrible ordeals of that fateful winter.[4] ¶ **5**

There was much excitement and preparation for war among the Sioux in the summer of 1846. "The Whirlwind," Oglala chief, was leader in these plans, which were directed against the Shoshones (Snakes). Inasmuch as war would interfere greatly with the trade, Bordeau exerted himself in behalf of peace. He gave presents to the chief and impressed upon him the losses that resulted from war. Whisky obtained at Fort Bernard by some of the cooperating bands caused jealousies and rivalries to develop which disrupted the campaign against the Snakes.[5] ¶ **6**

The Indians must have devoted themselves more to buffalo hunting than to war during the winter, for the Fort Laramie traders were able to procure from them 1100 packs of robes. There was, however, at least one Indian battle—between the Sioux and the Pawnees at the forks of the Platte in late January, 1847—in which 32 Pawnees and one Sioux were killed.[6] ¶ **7**

QUESTIONS

1. What is the purpose of the authors in this excerpt from their historical account? To what degree do they achieve their purpose?

2. By what standards of literary excellence can this be called good writing? undistinguished writing?

3. What is the purpose of the footnotes? Do the footnotes affect any of your judgments about the literary worth of the passage? Do you think footnotes inevitably detract from the literary excellence of a piece of writing or do you

3. Bryant, *op. cit.*, 109.

4. C. F. McGlashan, *History of the Donner Party*, gives a good general account.

5. Francis Parkman, *The Oregon Trail*, 113, 129–130.

6. *Publications of the Nebraska State Historical Society*, xx, 172.

think that they are an irrelevant consideration when you are criticizing writing for its literary qualities?

Francis Parkman

FORT LARAMIE

Looking back, after the expiration of a year, upon Fort Laramie and its inmates, they seem less like a reality than like some fanciful picture of the olden time; so different was the scene from any which this tamer side of the world can present. Tall Indians, enveloped in their white buffalo-robes, were striding across the area or reclining at full length on the low roofs of the buildings which enclosed it. Numerous squaws, gayly bedizened, sat grouped in front of the rooms they occupied; their mongrel offspring, restless and vociferous, rambled in every direction through the fort; and the trappers, traders, and *engagés* of the establishment were busy at their labor or their amusements. ¶ **1**

We were met at the gate, but by no means cordially welcomed. Indeed, we seemed objects of some distrust and suspicion, until Henry Chatillon explained that we were not traders, and we, in confirmation, handed to the *bourgeois* a letter of introduction from his principals. He took it, turned it upside down, and tried hard to read it; but his literary attainments not being adequate to the task, he applied for relief to the clerk, a sleek, smiling Frenchman, named Monthalon. ¶ **2**

The letter read, Bordeaux (the *bourgeois*) seemed gradually to awaken to a sense of what was expected of him. Though not deficient in hospitable intentions, he was wholly unaccustomed to act as master of ceremonies. Discarding all formalities of reception, he did not honor us with a single word, but walked swiftly across the area, while we followed in some admiration to a railing and a flight of steps opposite the entrance. He signed to us that we had better fasten our horses to the railing; then he walked up the steps, tramped along a rude balcony, and, kicking open a door, displayed a large room, rather more elaborately furnished than a barn. For furniture it had a rough bedstead, but no bed; two chairs, a chest of drawers, a tin pail to hold water, and a board to cut tobacco upon. A brass crucifix hung on the wall, and close at hand a recent scalp, with hair full a yard long, was suspended from a nail. I shall again have occasion to mention this dismal trophy, its history being connected with that of our subsequent proceedings. ¶ **3**

This apartment, the best in Fort Laramie, was that usually occupied by the legitimate *bourgeois*, Papin, in whose absence the command devolved upon Bordeaux. The latter, a stout, bluff little fellow, much inflated by a sense of his new authority, began to roar for buffalo-robes. These being brought and spread upon the floor, formed our beds; much better ones than we had of late been accustomed to. ¶ **4**

Our arrangements made, we stepped out to the balcony to take a more leisurely survey of the long-looked-for haven at which we had arrived at last. Beneath us was the square area surrounded by little rooms, or rather cells, which opened upon it. These were devoted to various purposes, but served chiefly for the accommodation of the men employed at the fort, or of the equally numerous squaws whom they were allowed to maintain in it. Opposite to us rose the blockhouse above the gateway; it was adorned with the figure of a horse at full speed, daubed upon the boards with red paint, and exhibiting a degree of skill which might rival that displayed by the Indians in executing similar designs upon their robes and lodges. A busy scene was enacting in the area. The wagons of Vaskiss, an old trader, were about to set out for a remote post in the mountains, and the Canadians were going through their preparations with all possible bustle, while here and there an Indian stood looking on with imperturbable gravity. ¶ **5**

Fort Laramie is one of the posts established by the "American Fur Company," which wellnigh monopolizes the Indian trade of this region. Here its officials rule with an absolute sway; the arm of the United States has little force; for when we were there, the extreme outposts of her troops were about seven hundred miles to the eastward. The little fort is built of bricks dried in the sun, and externally is of an oblong form, with bastions of clay, in the form of ordinary blockhouses, at two of the corners. The walls are about fifteen feet high, and surmounted by a slender palisade. The roofs of the apartments within, which are built close against the walls, serve the purpose of a banquette. ¶ **6**

Within, the fort is divided by a partition: on one side is the square area, surrounded by the store-rooms, offices, and apartments of the inmates; on the other is the *corral*, a narrow place, encompassed by the high clay walls, where at night, or in presence of dangerous Indians, the horses and mules of the fort are crowded for safe keeping. The main entrance has two gates, with an arched passage intervening. A little square window, high above the ground, opens laterally from an adjoining chamber into this passage; so that when the inner gate is closed and barred, a person without may still hold communication with those within, through this narrow aperture. This obviates the necessity of admitting suspicious Indians, for purposes of trading, into the body of the fort; for when danger is apprehended, the inner gate is shut fast, and all traffic is carried on by means of the window. This precaution, though necessary at some of the company's posts, is seldom resorted to at Fort Laramie; where, though men are frequently killed in the neighborhood, no apprehensions are felt of any general designs of hostility from the Indians. ¶ **7**

We did not long enjoy our new quarters undisturbed. The door was silently pushed open, and two eyeballs and a visage as black as night looked in upon us; then a red arm and shoulder intruded themselves, and a tall Indian, gliding in, shook us by the hand, grunted his salutation, and sat down on the floor. Others followed, with faces of the natural hue, and letting fall their heavy robes from their shoulders, took their seats, quite at ease, in a semicircle before us. The pipe was now to be lighted and passed from one to another; and this was

the only entertainment that at present they expected from us. These visitors were fathers, brothers, or other relatives of the squaws in the fort, where they were permitted to remain, loitering about in perfect idleness. ¶ 8

All those who smoked with us were men of standing and repute. Two or three others dropped in also; young fellows who neither by their years nor their exploits were entitled to rank with the old men and warriors, and who, abashed in the presence of their superiors, stood aloof, never withdrawing their eyes from us. Their cheeks were adorned with vermilion, their ears with pendants of shell, and their necks with beads. Never yet having signalized themselves as hunters, or performed the honorable exploit of killing a man, they were held in slight esteem, and were diffident and bashful in proportion. Certain formidable inconveniences attended this influx of visitors. They were bent on inspecting everything in the room; our equipments and our dress alike underwent their scrutiny; for though the contrary has been asserted, few beings have more curiosity than Indians in regard to subjects within their ordinary range of thought. ¶ 9

As to other matters, indeed, they seem utterly indifferent. They will not trouble themselves to inquire into what they cannot comprehend, but are quite contented to place their hands over their mouths in token of wonder, and exclaim that it is "great medicine." With this comprehensive solution an Indian never is at a loss. He never launches into speculation and conjecture; his reason moves in its beaten track. His soul is dormant; and no exertions of the missionaries, Jesuit or Puritan, of the old world or of the new, have as yet availed to arouse it. ¶ 10

As we were looking, at sunset, from the wall, upon the desolate plains that surround the fort, we observed a cluster of strange objects, like scaffolds, rising in the distance against the red western sky. They bore aloft some singular-looking burdens; and at their foot glimmered something white, like bones. This was the place of sepulture of some Dahcotah chiefs, whose remains their people are fond of placing in the vicinity of the fort, in the hope that they may thus be protected from violation at the hands of their enemies. Yet it has happened more than once, and quite recently, that war-parties of the Crow Indians, ranging through the country, have thrown the bodies from the scaffolds, and broken them to pieces, amid the yells of the Dahcotah, who remained pent up in the fort, too few to defend the honored relics from insult. The white objects upon the ground were buffalo skulls, arranged in the mystic circle commonly seen at Indian places of sepulture upon the prairie. ¶ 11

QUESTIONS

1. What is Parkman's purpose in this excerpt from *The Oregon Trail?* How well does he achieve his purpose?

2. By what standards of literary excellence can this be called good writing? undistinguished writing?

3. Compare the three selections. (The Hafen and Young selection, incidentally, deals with the history of Fort Laramie for the year that Parkman stopped there

on his trip to the West.) How do the selections differ in purpose? in the information they provide? in the pictorial quality of the details? in sentence structure? in diction? in sentence flow and rhythm? in literary excellence? In answering the last question, list a number of criteria for literary excellence and show how the selections differ in excellence according to each criterion.

4. Discuss the relationship between the author's purpose and the literary excellence of his writing, basing your discussion on the relationships you observe in these three passages.

5. Someone has defined literature as "human experience so focused and presented that we may readily participate in the experience and more readily than in everyday life perceive its especial qualities and meaning." Using this definition as a measuring stick, which of the three passages do you think best deserves to be called literature? Why?

PART THREE

Representative Selections

PROBLEMS AND ISSUES OF THE MODERN WORLD

The selections in Part Three of this book deal with important problems and issues of the world today. You will find that these articles vary in excellence according to any of the evaluative tests which you have learned to apply to factual prose. They embody varied forms; in literary excellence they range from competent to superb; and each group sets forth contrasting or conflicting attitudes. In an important sense, therefore, they typify the range of the factual reading available to anyone interested in current affairs.

A word about the arrangement of these selections: The divisions treat in turn social and individual problems, government, college education, language, mass media, literature and the fine arts, science, and religion and ethics. Each of these divisions is introduced by an autobiographical passage which tells of the personal discovery by some writer of the matter dealt with in that group. Some of these contacts are shocking, some are full of delight, some are a mingling of pain and pleasure, one is comical. All, however, show insights into experience of the sort that makes problems important to us as individuals. Thereafter, in each division, authors argue for or explain varying points of view.

Society and the Individual

One of man's most persistent and perplexing problems involves his relationship to the group. How can a man be a useful and cooperative member of society and yet keep his individuality and integrity? There is no neat answer, and the problem seems to be growing more difficult to solve rather than easier. Indeed, some contemporary scientists feel that we are losing our individuality altogether, that we are not only willing but eager to conform to outside social pressures in the belief that only by so doing can we gain security. The essays in this section take up some facets of this complex problem.

George Orwell describes the problem from the standpoint of the man in authority. In "Shooting an Elephant" he tells of the discovery he made while a minor British civil servant in lower Burma: that one loses his independence of action and must compromise his principles the moment he becomes a symbol of authority. In "The Family Which Dwelt Apart" E. B. White relates the problem to the family, showing how society invades family privacy even on a remote island in the lower reaches of Barnetuck Bay. The incident is funny, but its point is not. William H. Whyte's "A Generation of Bureaucrats" relates the problem to college seniors. His essay is not a flattering one, since he argues that most seniors are now looking for jobs with big corporations, happy to surrender their independence for the security—and conformity—of the corporation. Vance Packard relates the problem to the public as a whole when

in "The Growing Power of Admen" he charges that the mass media, in this case advertising, are pushing us toward conformity and passivity.

For the most rousing statements in defense of individuality we must go back to past centuries. Thoreau's "Civil Disobedience" can still disturb our apathy even if it seems dated in some respects. For the greatest statement of them all, perhaps, we must go back 2400 years to Socrates and his arguments against knuckling under to the crowd. Socrates was put to death by the crowd, but his dialog with Crito as related by Plato lives on as one of the great documents in human history.

George Orwell

SHOOTING AN ELEPHANT

A personal discovery

In Moulmein, in Lower Burma, I was hated by large numbers of people—the only time in my life that I have been important enough for this to happen to me. I was sub-divisional police officer of the town, and in an aimless, petty kind of way anti-European feeling was very bitter. No one had the guts to raise a riot, but if a European woman went through the bazaars alone somebody would probably spit betel juice over her dress. As a police officer I was an obvious target and was baited whenever it seemed safe to do so. When a nimble Burman tripped me up on the football field and the referee (another Burman) looked the other way, the crowd yelled with hideous laughter. This happened more than once. In the end the sneering yellow faces of young men that met me everywhere, the insults hooted after me when I was at a safe distance, got badly on my nerves. The young Buddhist priests were the worst of all. There were several thousands of them in the town and none of them seemed to have anything to do except stand on street corners and jeer at Europeans.

All this was perplexing and upsetting. For at that time I had already made up my mind that imperialism was an evil thing and the sooner I chucked up my job and got out of it the better. Theoretically—and secretly, of course—I was all for the Burmese and all against their oppressors, the British. As for the job I was doing, I hated it more bitterly than I can perhaps make clear. In a job like that you see the dirty work of Empire at close quarters. The wretched prisoners huddling in the stinking cages of the lock-ups, the grey, cowed faces of the long-term convicts, the scarred buttocks of the men who had been flogged with bamboos—all these oppressed me with an intolerable sense of guilt. But I

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could get nothing into perspective. I was young and ill educated and I had had to think out my problems in the utter silence that is imposed on every Englishman in the East. I did not even know that the British Empire is dying, still less did I know that it is a great deal better than the younger empires that are going to supplant it. All I knew was that I was stuck between my hatred of the empire I served and my rage against the evil-spirited little beasts who tried to make my job impossible. With one part of my mind I thought of the British Raj as an unbreakable tyranny, as something clamped down, in *saecula saeculorum*, upon the will of prostrate peoples; with another part I thought that the greatest joy in the world would be to drive a bayonet into a Buddhist priest's guts. Feelings like these are the normal by-products of imperialism; ask any Anglo-Indian official, if you can catch him off duty.

One day something happened which in a roundabout way was enlightening. It was a tiny incident in itself, but it gave me a better glimpse than I had had before of the real nature of imperialism—the real motives for which despotic governments act. Early one morning the sub-inspector at a police station the other end of the town rang me up on the 'phone and said that an elephant was ravaging the bazaar. Would I please come and do something about it? I did not know what I could do, but I wanted to see what was happening and I got on to a pony and started out. I took my rifle, an old .44 Winchester and much too small to kill an elephant, but I thought the noise might be useful *in terrorem*. Various Burmans stopped me on the way and told me about the elephant's doings. It was not, of course, a wild elephant, but a tame one which had gone "must." It had been chained up, as tame elephants always are when their attack of "must" is due, but on the previous night it had broken its chain and escaped. Its mahout, the only person who could manage it when it was in that state, had set out in pursuit, but had taken the wrong direction and was now twelve hours' journey away, and in the morning the elephant had suddenly reappeared in the town. The Burmese population had no weapons and were quite helpless against it. It had already destroyed somebody's bamboo hut, killed a cow and raided some fruit-stalls and devoured the stock; also it had met the municipal rubbish van and, when the driver jumped out and took to his heels, had turned the van over and inflicted violences upon it.

The Burmese sub-inspector and some Indian constables were waiting for me in the quarter where the elephant had been seen. It was a very poor quarter, a labyrinth of squalid bamboo huts, thatched with palm-leaf, winding all over a steep hillside. I remember that it was a cloudy, stuffy morning at the beginning of the rains. We began questioning the people as to where the elephant had gone and, as usual, failed to get any definite information. That is invariably the case in the East; a story always sounds clear enough at a distance, but the nearer you get to the scene of events the vaguer it becomes. Some of the people said that the elephant had gone in one direction, some said that he had gone in another, some professed not even to have heard of any elephant. I had almost made up my mind that the whole story was a pack of lies, when we heard yells a little distance away. There was a loud, scandalized cry of "Go away, child!

Go away this instant!" and an old woman with a switch in her hand came round the corner of a hut, violently shooing away a crowd of naked children. Some more women followed, clicking their tongues and exclaiming; evidently there was something that the children ought not to have seen. I rounded the hut and saw a man's dead body sprawling in the mud. He was an Indian, a black Dravidian coolie, almost naked, and he could not have been dead many minutes. The people said that the elephant had come suddenly upon him round the corner of the hut, caught him with its trunk, put its foot on his back and ground him into the earth. This was the rainy season and the ground was soft, and his face had scored a trench a foot deep and couple of yards long. He was lying on his belly with arms crucified and head sharply twisted to one side. His face was coated with mud, the eyes wide open, the teeth bared and grinning with an expression of unendurable agony. (Never tell me, by the way, that the dead look peaceful. Most of the corpses I have seen looked devilish.) The friction of the great beast's foot had stripped the skin from his back as neatly as one skins a rabbit. As soon as I saw the dead man I sent an orderly to a friend's house nearby to borrow an elephant rifle. I had already sent back the pony, not wanting it to go mad with fright and throw me if it smelt the elephant.

The orderly came back in a few minutes with a rifle and five cartridges, and meanwhile some Burmans had arrived and told us that the elephant was in the paddy fields below, only a few hundred yards away. As I started forward practically the whole population of the quarter flocked out of the houses and followed me. They had seen the rifle and were all shouting excitedly that I was going to shoot the elephant. They had not shown much interest in the elephant when he was merely ravaging their homes, but it was different now that he was going to be shot. It was a bit of fun to them, as it would be to an English crowd; besides they wanted the meat. It made me vaguely uneasy. I had no intention of shooting the elephant—I had merely sent for the rifle to defend myself if necessary —and it is always unnerving to have a crowd following you. I marched down the hill, looking and feeling a fool, with the rifle over my shoulder and an ever-growing army of people jostling at my heels. At the bottom, when you got away from the huts, there was a metalled road and beyond that a miry waste of paddy fields a thousand yards across, not yet ploughed but soggy from the first rains and dotted with coarse grass. The elephant was standing eight yards from the road, his left side towards us. He took not the slightest notice of the crowd's approach. He was tearing up bunches of grass, beating them against his knees to clean them and stuffing them into his mouth.

I had halted on the road. As soon as I saw the elephant I knew with perfect certainty that I ought not to shoot him. It is a serious matter to shoot a working elephant—it is comparable to destroying a huge and costly piece of machinery —and obviously one ought not to do it if it can possibly be avoided. And at that distance, peacefully eating, the elephant looked no more dangerous than a cow. I thought then and I think now that his attack of "must" was already passing off; in which case he would merely wander harmlessly about until the mahout came back and caught him. Moreover, I did not in the least want to shoot him.

I decided that I would watch him for a little while to make sure that he did not turn savage again, and then go home.

But at that moment I glanced round at the crowd that had followed me. It was an immense crowd, two thousand at the least and growing every minute. It blocked the road for a long distance on either side. I looked at the sea of yellow faces above the garish clothes—faces all happy and excited over this bit of fun, all certain that the elephant was going to be shot. They were watching me as they would watch a conjurer about to perform a trick. They did not like me, but with the magical rifle in my hands I was momentarily worth watching. And suddenly I realized that I should have to shoot the elephant after all. The people expected it of me and I had got to do it; I could feel their two thousand wills pressing me forward, irresistibly. And it was at this moment, as I stood there with the rifle in my hands, that I first grasped the hollowness, the futility of the white man's dominion in the East. Here was I, the white man with his gun, standing in front of the unarmed native crowd—seemingly the leading actor of the piece, but in reality I was only an absurd puppet pushed to and fro by the will of those yellow faces behind. I perceived in this moment that when the white man turns tyrant it is his own freedom that he destroys. He becomes a sort of hollow, posing dummy, the conventionalized figure of a sahib. For it is the condition of his rule that he shall spend his life in trying to impress the "natives," and so in every crisis he has got to do what the "natives" expect of him. He wears a mask, and his face grows to fit it. I had got to shoot the elephant. I had committed myself to doing it when I sent for the rifle. A sahib has got to act like a sahib; he has got to appear resolute, to know his own mind and do definite things. To come all that way, rifle in hand, with two thousand people marching at my heels, and then to trail feebly away, having done nothing—no, that was impossible. The crowd would laugh at me. And my whole life, every white man's life in the East, was one long struggle not to be laughed at.

But I did not want to shoot the elephant. I watched him beating his bunch of grass against his knees, with that preoccupied grandmotherly air that elephants have. It seemed to me that it would be murder to shoot him. At that age I was not squeamish about killing animals, but I had never shot an elephant and never wanted to. (Somehow it always seems worse to kill a *large* animal.) Besides, there was the beast's owner to be considered. Alive, the elephant was worth at least a hundred pounds; dead, he would only be worth the value of his tusks, five pounds, possibly. But I had got to act quickly. I turned to some experienced-looking Burmans who had been there when we arrived, and asked them how the elephant had been behaving. They all said the same thing: he took no notice of you if you left him alone, but he might charge if you went too close to him.

It was perfectly clear to me what I ought to do. I ought to walk up to within, say, twenty-five yards of the elephant and test his behavior. If he charged, I could shoot; if he took no notice of me, it would be safe to leave him until the mahout came back. But also I knew that I was going to do no such thing. I was a poor shot with a rifle and the ground was soft mud into which one would sink

at every step. If the elephant charged and I missed him, I should have about as much chance as a toad under a steam-roller. But even then I was not thinking particularly of my own skin, only of the watchful yellow faces behind. For at that moment, with the crowd watching me, I was not afraid in the ordinary sense, as I would have been if I had been alone. A white man mustn't be frightened in front of "natives"; and so, in general, he isn't frightened. The sole thought in my mind was that if anything went wrong those two thousand Burmans would see me pursued, caught, trampled on and reduced to a grinning corpse like that Indian up the hill. And if that happened it was quite probable that some of them would laugh. That would never do. There was only one alternative. I shoved the cartridges into the magazine and lay down on the road to get a better aim.

The crowd grew very still, and a deep, low, happy sigh, as of people who see the theatre curtain go up at last, breathed from innumerable throats. They were going to have their bit of fun after all. The rifle was a beautiful German thing with cross hair sights. I did not then know that in shooting an elephant one would shoot to cut an imaginary bar running from ear-hole to ear-hole. I ought, therefore, as the elephant was sideways on, to have aimed straight at his ear-hole: actually I aimed several inches in front of this, thinking the brain would be further forward.

When I pulled the trigger I did not hear the bang or feel the kick—one never does when a shot goes home—but I heard the devilish roar of glee that went up from the crowd. In that instant, in too short a time, one would have thought, even for the bullet to get there, a mysterious, terrible change had come over the elephant. He neither stirred nor fell, but every line of his body had altered. He looked suddenly stricken, shrunken, immensely old, as though the frightful impact of the bullet had paralyzed him without knocking him down. At last, after what seemed a long time—it might have been five seconds, I dare say—he sagged flabbily to his knees. His mouth slobbered. An enormous senility seemed to have settled upon him. One could have imagined him thousands of years old. I fired again into the same spot. At the second shot he did not collapse but climbed with desperate slowness to his feet and stood weakly upright, with legs sagging and head drooping. I fired a third time. That was the shot that did for him. You could see the agony of it jolt his whole body and knock the last remnant of strength from his legs. But in falling he seemed for a moment to rise, for as his hind legs collapsed beneath him he seemed to tower upward like a huge rock toppling, his trunk reaching skywards like a tree. He trumpeted, for the first and only time. And then down he came, his belly towards me, with a crash that seemed to shake the ground even where I lay.

I got up. The Burmans were already racing past me across the mud. It was obvious that the elephant would never rise again, but he was not dead. He was breathing very rhythmically with long rattling gasps, his great mound of a side painfully rising and falling. His mouth was wide open—I could see far down into caverns of pale pink throat. I waited a long time for him to die, but his breathing did not weaken. Finally I fired my two remaining shots into the spot

where I thought his heart must be. The thick blood welled out of him like red velvet, but still he did not die. His body did not even jerk when the shots hit him, the tortured breathing continued without a pause. He was dying, very slowly and in great agony, but in some world remote from me where not even a bullet could damage him further. I felt that I had got to put an end to that dreadful noise. It seemed dreadful to see the great beast lying there, powerless to move and yet powerless to die, and not even to be able to finish him. I sent back for my small rifle and poured shot after shot into his heart and down his throat. They seemed to make no impression. The tortured gasps continued as steadily as the ticking of a clock.

In the end I could not stand it any longer and went away. I heard later that it took him half an hour to die. Burmans were bringing dahs and baskets even before I left, and I was told they had stripped his body almost to the bones by the afternoon.

Afterwards, of course, there were endless discussions about the shooting of the elephant. The owner was furious, but he was only an Indian and could do nothing. Besides, legally I had done the right thing, for a mad elephant has to be killed, like a mad dog, if its owner fails to control it. Among the Europeans opinion was divided. The older men said I was right, the younger men said it was a damn shame to shoot an elephant for killing a coolie, because an elephant was worth more than any damn Coringhee coolie. And afterwards I was very glad that the coolie had been killed; it put me legally in the right and it gave me a sufficient pretext for shooting the elephant. I often wondered whether any of the others grasped that I had done it solely to avoid looking a fool.

E. B. White

THE FAMILY WHICH DWELT APART

On a small, remote island in the lower reaches of Barnetuck Bay there lived a family of fisherfolk by the name of Pruitt. There were seven of them, and they were the sole inhabitants of the place. They subsisted on canned corn, canned tomatoes, pressed duck, whole-wheat bread, terrapin, Rice Krispies, crabs, cheese, queen olives, and homemade wild-grape preserve. Once in a while Pa Pruitt made some whiskey and they all had a drink.

They liked the island and lived there from choice. In winter, when there wasn't much doing, they slept the clock around, like so many bears. In summer they dug clams and set off a few pinwheels and salutes on July 4th. No case of acute appendicitis had ever been known in the Pruitt household, and when a Pruitt had a pain in his side he never even noticed whether it was the right side or the left side, but just hoped it would go away, and it did.

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One very severe winter Barnetuck Bay froze over and the Pruitt family was marooned. They couldn't get to the mainland by boat because the ice was too thick, and they couldn't walk ashore because the ice was too treacherous. But inasmuch as no Pruitt had anything to go ashore for, except mail (which was entirely second class), the freeze-up didn't make any difference. They stayed indoors, kept warm, and ate well, and when there was nothing better to do, they played crokinole. The winter would have passed quietly enough had not someone on the mainland remembered that the Pruitts were out there in the frozen bay. The word got passed around the county and finally reached the Superintendent of State Police, who immediately notified Pathé News and the United States Army. The Army got there first, with three bombing planes from Langley Field, which flew low over the island and dropped packages of dried apricots and bouillon cubes, which the Pruitts didn't like much. The newsreel plane, smaller than the bombers and equipped with skis, arrived next and landed on a snow-covered field on the north end of the island. Meanwhile, Major Bulk, head of the state troopers, acting on a tip that one of the Pruitt children had appendicitis, arranged for a dog team to be sent by plane from Laconia, New Hampshire, and also dispatched a squad of troopers to attempt a crossing of the bay. Snow began falling at sundown, and during the night three of the rescuers lost their lives about half a mile from shore, trying to jump from one ice cake to another.

The plane carrying the sled dogs was over southern New England when ice began forming on its wings. As the pilot circled for a forced landing, a large meat bone which one of the dogs had brought along got wedged in the socket of the main control stick, and the plane went into a steep dive and crashed against the side of a powerhouse, instantly killing the pilot and all the dogs, and fatally injuring Walter Ringstead, 7, of 3152 Garden View Avenue, Stamford, Conn.

Shortly before midnight, the news of the appendicitis reached the Pruitt house itself, when a chartered autogiro from Hearst's International News Service made a landing in the storm and reporters informed Mr. Pruitt that his oldest boy, Charles, was ill and would have to be taken to Baltimore for an emergency operation. Mrs. Pruitt remonstrated, but Charles said his side did hurt a little, and it ended by his leaving in the giro. Twenty minutes later another plane came in, bearing a surgeon, two trained nurses, and a man from the National Broadcasting Company, and the second Pruitt boy, Chester, underwent an exclusive appendectomy in the kitchen of the Pruitt home, over the Blue Network. This lad died, later, from eating dried apricots too soon after his illness, but Charles, the other boy, recovered after a long convalescence and returned to the island in the first warm days of spring.

He found things much changed. The house was gone, having caught fire on the third and last night of the rescue when a flare dropped by one of the departing planes lodged in a bucket of trash on the piazza. After the fire, Mr. Pruitt had apparently moved his family into the emergency shed which the radio announcers had thrown up, and there they had dwelt under rather difficult

conditions until the night the entire family was wiped out by drinking a ten-per-cent solution of carbolic acid which the surgeon had left behind and which Pa Pruitt had mistaken for grain alcohol.

Barnetuck Bay seemed a different place to Charles. After giving his kin decent burial, he left the island of his nativity and went to dwell on the mainland.

William H. Whyte, Jr.

A GENERATION OF BUREAUCRATS

When I was a college senior in 1939, we used to sing a plaintive song about going out into the "cold, cold world." It wasn't really so very cold then, but we did enjoy meditating on the fraughtness of it all. It was a big break we were facing, we told ourselves, and those of us who were going to try our luck in the commercial world could be patronizing toward those who were going on to graduate work or academic life. We were taking the leap.

Seniors still sing the song, but somehow the old note of portent is gone. There is no leap left to take. The union between the world of organization and the college has been so cemented that today's seniors can see a continuity between the college and the life thereafter that we never did. Come graduation, they do not go outside to a hostile world; they transfer.

For the senior who is headed for the corporation it is almost as if it were part of one master scheme. The locale shifts; the training continues, for at the same time that the colleges have been changing their curriculum to suit the corporation, the corporation has responded by setting up its own campuses and classrooms. By now the two have been so well molded that it's difficult to tell where one leaves off and the other begins.

The descent, every spring, of the corporations' recruiters has now become a built-in feature of campus life. If the college is large and its placement director efficient, the processing operation is visibly impressive. I have never been able to erase from my mind the memory of an ordinary day at Purdue's placement center. It is probably the largest and most effective placement operation in the country, yet, much as in a well-run group clinic, there seemed hardly any activity. In the main room some students were quietly studying company literature arranged on the tables for them; others were checking the interview timetables to find what recruiter they would see and to which cubicle he was assigned; at the central filing desk college employees were sorting the hundreds of names of men who had registered for placement. Except for a murmur from the row of cubicles there was little to indicate that scores of young men were, every hour on the half hour, making the decisions that would determine their whole future life.

From *The Organization Man* by William H. Whyte, Jr. Copyright © 1956 by William H. Whyte, Jr. Reprinted by permission of Simon and Schuster, Publishers.

Someone from a less organized era might conclude that the standardization of this machinery—and the standardized future it portends—would repel students. It does not. For the median senior this is the optimum future; it meshes so closely with his own aspirations that it is almost as if the corporation was planned in response to an attitude poll.

Because they are the largest single group, the corporation-bound seniors are the most visible manifestation of their generation's values. But in essentials their contemporaries headed for other occupations respond to the same urges. The lawyers, the doctors, the scientists—their occupations are also subject to the same centralization, the same trend to group work and to bureaucratization. And so are the young men who will enter them. Whatever their many differences, in one great respect they are all of a piece: more than any generation in memory, theirs will be a generation of bureaucrats.

They are, above all, conservative. Their inclination to accept the status quo does not necessarily mean that in the historic sweep of ideas they are conservative—in the more classical sense of conservatism, it could be argued that the seniors will be, in effect if not by design, agents of revolution. But this is a matter we must leave to later historians. For the immediate present, at any rate, what ideological ferment college men exhibit is not in the direction of basic change.

This shows most clearly in their attitude toward politics. It used to be axiomatic that young men moved to the left end of the spectrum in revolt against their fathers and then, as the years went on, moved slowly to the right. A lot of people still believe this is true, and many businessmen fear that twenty years of the New Deal hopelessly corrupted our youth into radicalism. After the election of 1952 businessmen became somewhat more cheerful, but many are still apprehensive, and whenever a poll indicates that students don't realize that business makes only about 6 per cent profit, there is a flurry of demands for some new crusade to rescue our youth from socialistic tendencies.

If the seniors do any moving, however, it will be from dead center. Liberal groups have almost disappeared from the campus, and what few remain are anemic. There has been no noticeable activity at the other end of the spectrum either. When William Buckley, Jr., produced *God and Man at Yale,* some people thought this signaled the emergence of a strong right-wing movement among the young men. The militancy, however, has not proved particularly contagious; when the McCarthy issue roused and divided their elders, undergraduates seemed somewhat bored with it all.

Their conservatism is passive. No cause seizes them, and nothing so exuberant or willfully iconoclastic as the Veterans of Future Wars has reappeared. There are Democrats and Republicans, and at election time there is the usual flurry of rallies, but in comparison with the agitation of the thirties no one seems to care too much one way or the other. There has been personal unrest—the suspense over the prospect of military service assures this—but it rarely gets resolved into a thought-out protest. Come spring and students may start whacking each other over the head or roughing up the townees and thereby

cause a rush of concern over the wild younger generation. But there is no real revolution in them, and the next day they likely as not will be found with their feet firmly on the ground in the recruiters' cubicles.

Some observers attribute the disinterest to fear. I heard one instructor tell his colleagues that in his politics classes he warned students to keep their noses clean. "I tell them," he said, "that they'd better realize that what they say might be held against them, especially when we get to the part about Marx and Engels. Someday in the future they might find their comments bounced back at them in an investigation."

The advice, as his colleagues retorted, was outrageously unnecessary. The last thing students can be accused of now is dangerous discussion; they are not interested in the kind of big questions that stimulate heresy and whatever the subject—the corporation, government, religion—students grow restive if the talk tarries on the philosophical. Most are interested in the philosophical only to the extent of finding out what the accepted view is in order that they may accept it and get on to the practical matters. This spares the bystander from the lofty bulling and the elaborate pose of unorthodoxy that my contemporaries often used to affect, but it does make for a rather stringent utilitarianism.

Even in theological seminaries, this impatience to be on with the job has been evident. Writes Norman Pittenger, professor at General Theological Seminary:

> It is a kind of authoritarianism in reverse. Theological students today, in contrast to their fellows of twenty years ago, want "to be told." I have gone out of my way to ask friends who teach in seminaries of other denominations whether they have recognized the new tendency. Without exception they have told me that they find the present generation of students less inquiring of mind, more ready to accept an authority, and indeed most anxious to have it "laid on the line."
>
> In the seminary this means that the lecturer or teacher must be unusually careful lest his opinion, or what "the Bible says" or "the church teaches," shall be taken as the last word. . . . What troubles many of us is that students today are not willing enough to think things through for themselves. If this is what the Bible says, then how does it say it and why, and how do we know that this is indeed the teaching of Scripture? If this is what the church teaches, why does it teach it, what evidence can be given for the teaching and what right has the church to teach at all? Or if a professor says that such-and-such a view is correct, why does he say it and what real evidence can he produce that his statement is true? It would be better and healthier if the new respect for authority were more frequently found in combination with a spirit of inquiry, a ready willingness to think through what is authoritatively declared, and a refusal ever to accept anything simply because some reputable expert makes the statement.

In judging a college generation, one usually bases his judgment on how much it varies from one's own, and presumably superior, class, and I must confess

that I find myself tempted to do so. Yet I do not think my generation has any license to damn the acquiescence of seniors as a weakening of intellectual fiber. It is easy for us to forget that if earlier generations were less content with society, there was a great deal less to be contented about. In the intervening years the economy has changed enormously, and even in retrospect the senior can hardly be expected to share former discontents. Society is not out of joint for him, and if he acquiesces it is not out of fear that he does so. He does not want to rebel against the status quo because he really likes it—and his elders, it might be added, are not suggesting anything bold and new to rebel *for*.

Perhaps contemporaryism would be a better word than conservatism to describe their posture. The present, more than the past, is their model; while they share the characteristic American faith in the future also, they see it as more of same. As they paraphrase what they are now reading about America, they argue that at last we have got it. The big questions are all settled; we know the direction, and while many minor details remain to be cleared up, we can be pretty sure of enjoying a wonderful upward rise.

While the degree of their optimism is peculiarly American, the spirit of acquiescence, it should be noted, is by no means confined to the youth of this country. In an Oxford magazine, called, aptly enough, *Couth*, one student writes this of his generation:

> It is true that over the last thirty years it has been elementary good manners to be depressed. . . . But . . . we are not, really, in the least worried by our impending, and other people's present, disasters. This is not the Age of Anxiety. What distinguishes the comfortable young men of today from the uncomfortable young men of the last hundred years . . . is that for once the younger generation is not in revolt against anything. . . . We don't want to rebel against our elders. They are much too nice to be rebellable-against. Old revolutionaries as they are, they get rather cross with us and tell us we are stuffy and prudish, but even this can't provoke us into hostility. . . . Our fathers . . . brought us up to see them not as the representatives of ancient authority and unalterable law but as rebels against our grandfathers. So naturally we have grown up to be on their side, even if we feel on occasion that they were a wee bit hard on their fathers, or even a little naïve.[1]

More than before, there is a tremendous interest in techniques. Having no quarrel with society, they prefer to table the subject of ends and concentrate instead on means. Not what or why but *how* interests them, and any evangelical strain they have they can sublimate; once they have equated the common weal with organization—a task the curriculum makes easy—they will let the organization worry about goals. "These men do not question the sys-

1. Similar tendencies have been noticed among German youth. In *Der Junge Arbeiter von Heute*, Karl Bednarik, a former leader in the socialist youth movement, has commented on the "bourgeoisification" of younger workers as a response to the postwar situation.

tem," an economics professor says of them, approvingly. "They want to get in there and lubricate and make them run better. They will be technicians of the society, not innovators."

The attitude of men majoring in social science is particularly revealing on this score. Not so very long ago, the younger social scientist was apt to see his discipline as a vehicle for protest about society as well as the study of it. The seniors that set the fashion for him were frequently angry men, and many of the big studies of the twenties and thirties—Robert and Helen Lynd's *Middletown*, for example—did not conceal strong opinions about the inequities in the social structure. But this is now old hat: it is the "bleeding-heart" school to the younger men (and to some not so young, too), for they do not wish to protest; they wish to collaborate. Reflecting the growing reconciliation with middle-class values that has affected all types of intellectuals, they are turning more and more to an interest in methodology, particularly the techniques of measurement. Older social scientists who have done studies on broad social problems find that the younger men are comparatively uninterested in the problems themselves. When the discussion period comes, the questions the younger men ask are on the technical points; not the what, or why, but the how.

The urge to be a technician, a collaborator, shows most markedly in the kind of jobs seniors prefer. They want to work for somebody else. Paradoxically, the old dream of independence through a business of one's own is held almost exclusively by factory workers—the one group, as a number of sociologists have reported, least able to fulfill it. Even at the bull-session level college seniors do not affect it, and when recruiting time comes around they make the preference clear. Consistently, placement officers find that of the men who intend to go into business—roughly one half of the class—less than 5 per cent express any desire to be an entrepreneur. About 15 to 20 per cent plan to go into their fathers' business. Of the rest, most have one simple goal: the big corporation.

And not just as a stopgap either. When I was a senior many of us liked to rationalize that we were simply playing it smart; we were going with big companies merely to learn the ropes the better to strike out on our own later. Today, seniors do not bother with this sort of talk; once the tie has been established with the big company, they believe, they will not switch to a small one, or, for that matter, to another big one. The relationship is to be for keeps.[2]

2. One reason why seniors prefer big business is that the big companies go after them and the small ones don't. Of the 450,000 incorporated firms in the U. S., only about 1,000 actually recruit on the campuses, and it is these active 1,000 firms—generally the biggest—that get the cream. Sometimes college placement directors do line up the small company position, but even then they find the students apathetic. "Frankly," says one placement director, echoing many another, "the only kind I can interest in the small company job is the dynamic sort—the one type that is least likely to get lost in a big company. I would sooner interest the other kind; I point out to the shy, diffident fellows that in a small outfit they'd be something of a jack-of-all-trades, that they'd get a better chance to express themselves, to grow out of their shell. They still don't want it."

It is not simply for security that they take the vows. Far more than their predecessors they understand bigness. My contemporaries, fearful of anonymity, used to talk of "being lost" in a big corporation. This did not prevent us from joining corporations, to be sure, but verbally, at least, it was fashionable to view the organization way with misgivings. Today this would show a want of sophistication. With many of the liberals who fifteen years ago helped stimulate the undergraduate distrust of bigness now busy writing tracts in praise of bigness, the ideological underpinnings for the debate have crumbled.

The fact that a majority of seniors headed for business shy from the idea of being entrepreneurs is only in part due to fear of economic risk. Seniors can put the choice in moral terms also, and the portrait of the entrepreneur as a young man detailed in postwar fiction preaches a sermon that seniors are predisposed to accept. What price bitch goddess Success? The entrepreneur, as many see him, is a selfish type motivated by greed, and he is, furthermore, unhappy. The big-time operator as sketched in fiction eventually so loses stomach for enterprise that he finds happiness only when he stops being an entrepreneur, forsakes "21," El Morocco, and the boss's wife and heads for the country. Citing such fiction, the student can moralize on his aversion to entrepreneurship. His heel quotient, he explains, is simply not big enough.

Not that he is afraid of risk, the senior can argue. Far from being afraid of taking chances, he is simply looking for the *best* place to take them in.[3] Small business is small because of nepotism and the roll-top desk outlook, the argument goes; big business, by contrast, has borrowed the tools of science and made them pay off. It has its great laboratories, its market-research departments, and the time and patience to use them. The odds, then, favor the man who joins big business. "We wouldn't hesitate to risk adopting new industrial techniques and products," explains a proponent of this calculated-risk theory, "but we would do it only after we had subjected it to tests of engineers, pre-testing in the market and that kind of thing." With big business, in short, risk-taking would be a cinch.

In turning their back on the Protestant Ethic they are consistent; if they do not cherish venture, neither do they cherish what in our lore was its historic reward. They are without avarice. Reflecting on the difference between the postwar classes and his own class of 1928, an erstwhile Yale history professor confessed that the former were so unmercenary he was almost a little homesick for his own. "We were a terrible class. It was the days of the roasted lark, Hell's entries, of the white-shoe boys. Everyone was playing the stock market—they even had a ticker down at the Hotel Taft—and I wound up for a while in a bucket shop down in Wall Street. But today you don't hear that kind of talk. They don't want a million. They are much more serious, much more worth while." He shook his head nostalgically.

3. A Youth Institute Survey of 4,660 young men indicated that only 20 per cent felt they could not achieve all their economic desires by working for someone else.

Others have been similarly impressed. One recruiter went through three hundred interviews without one senior's mentioning salary, and the experience is not unusual. Indeed, sometimes seniors react as if a large income and security were antithetical. As some small companies have found to their amazement, the offer of a sales job netting $15,000 at the end of two years is often turned down in favor of an equivalent one with a large company netting $8,000. Along with the $8,000 job, the senior says in justification, goes a pension plan and other benefits. He could, of course, buy himself some rather handsome annuities with the extra $7,000 the small company offers, but this alternative does not suggest itself readily.

When seniors are put to speculating how much money they would like to make twenty or thirty years hence, they cite what they feel are modest figures. Back in forty-nine it was $10,000. Since then the rising cost of living has taken it up higher, but the median doesn't usually surpass $15,000.[4] For the most part seniors do not like to talk of the future in terms of the dollar—on several occasions I have been politely lectured by someone for so much as bringing the point up.

In popular fiction, as I will take up later, heroes aren't any less materialistic than they used to be, but they are decidedly more sanctimonious about it. So with seniors. While they talk little about money, they talk a great deal about the good life. This life is, first of all, calm and ordered. Many a senior confesses that he's thought of a career in teaching, but as he talks it appears that it is not so much that he likes teaching itself as the sort of life he associates with it—there is a touch of elms and quiet streets in the picture. For the good life is equable; it is a nice place out in the suburbs, a wife and three children, one, maybe two cars (you know, a little knock-about for the wife to run down to the station in), and a summer place up at the lake or out on the Cape, and, later, a good college education for the children. It is not, seniors explain, the money that counts.

They have been getting more and more relaxed on the matter each year. In the immediate postwar years they were somewhat nervous about the chances for the good life. They seemed almost psychotic on the subject of a depression, and when they explained a preference for the big corporation, they did so largely on the grounds of security. When I talked to students in 1949, on almost every campus I heard one recurring theme: adventure was all very well, but it was smarter to make a compromise in order to get a depression-proof sanctuary. "I don't think A T & T is very exciting," one senior put it, "but that's the company I'd like to join. If a depression comes there will always be an A T & T." (Another favorite was the food industry: people always have to eat.) Corporation recruiters were unsettled to find that seniors seemed primarily interested in such things as pension benefits and retirement programs.

4. The figures depend a great deal on the college. In the study done by the Youth Research Institute on a cross section of college seniors the median figure is about $8,000. At Princeton and Williams, by contrast, the figure is almost double.

Seven years of continuing prosperity have made a great difference. Students are still interested in security but they no longer see it as a matter of security *versus* opportunity. Now, when they explain their choice, it is that the corporation is security *and* opportunity both. If the questionnaires that I have been giving groups of college seniors over the past six years are any indication, students aiming for the big corporation expect to make just as much money as those who say they want to start their own business or join a small one.[5]

Who is to blame them for being contented? If you were a senior glancing at these ad headlines in the *Journal of College Placement*, how much foreboding would you feel?

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OPPORTUNITY UNLIMITED
CAREERS UNLIMITED
THE HORIZONS ARE UNLIMITED FOR COLLEGE GRADUATES AT UNION CARBIDE
A GATEWAY TO LIFETIME SECURITY
A WISE CHOICE TODAY PUTS YOU AHEAD OF YOUR FUTURE
WHY THEY'RE SURE THEY'RE IN THE RIGHT JOB AT HARNSCHFEGER
TO THE YOUNG MAN BENT ON CONQUERING THE UNKNOWN
A SECOND EDUCATION
GROWTH COMPANY IN A GROWTH INDUSTRY
"BRAIN BOX" NEEDS BRAINS
SO YOU WANT TO GO INTO BUSINESS
WHY COLLEGE GRADUATES SHOULD CONSIDER UNION CARBIDE
A MAN CAN GROW AND KEEP ON GROWING WITH OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS CO.
A BRIGHT FUTURE WITH RCA
DOW OFFERS THE GRADUATE A BRIGHT FUTURE
MORE AND BETTER JOBS
EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITIES FOR COLLEGE MAN IN TEXTILE SALES
AN EQUITABLE LIFE INSURANCE MAN IS "A MAN ON HIS WAY UP"
GROUND-FLOOR OPPORTUNITIES IN TRANSISTORS
VITRO OFFERS YOUR GRADUATES THE ENGINEERS OF TOMORROW!
YOUR OPPORTUNITY FOR A LIFETIME CAREER
OPPORTUNITY FOR YOUR COLLEGE GRADUATES
OPPORTUNITIES FOR MATH MAJORS
AN UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY FOR OUTSTANDING MATH MAJORS
THE SKY IS OUR WORLD
THE SKY IS THE LIMIT!

5. This faith in the beneficence of the corporate salary is fairly universal. In the Youth Research Institute study previously mentioned this question was put to 4,660 high-school seniors, college seniors, recent graduates and veterans: "Do you feel that you will be able to achieve all of your economic desires by working for someone else?" 61.1 per cent said yes; 20.4 per cent said no; and 18.5 per cent couldn't make up their minds. There were no significant differences in optimism among any of the four groups.

It would be enough to make a man cynical. But the students are not a cynical lot. When they talk about security they like to make the point that it is the psychic kind of security that interests them most. They want to be of service. Occasionally, their description of service borders on the mawkish, as though the goal was simply to defend the little people, but underneath there is real concern. Seniors want to do something *worth while.*

This worth-whileness needs some qualification. To listen to seniors talk, one would assume that there has been an upsurge of seniors heading toward such service careers as the ministry. There is no evidence of such a rush. The public variety of service doesn't attract either. Seniors scarcely mention politics as a career and even for the more aseptic forms of public service they show little enthusiasm; the number aiming for the foreign services or the civil services has been declining, and this decline was well under way before the Washington investigations.

If they are going to be worth while, seniors want to be worth while with other people. Their ideal of service is a gregarious one—the kind of service you do others right in the midst of them and not once removed. A student at a round-table discussion on the pursuit of happiness put it this way: "People who are just selfish and wrapped up in themselves have the most trouble. And people who are interested in other people . . . are the type of person that is not too much concerned with security. Somehow the security is provided in the things they do, and they are able to reach out beyond themselves."

The kind of work that students want to do within the corporation illumines the character of this concept of worth-whileness. What the preferences show is a strong inclination toward the staff rather than the line. In a check I made of two hundred corporation-bound students of the classes of '55 and '56, only 12 per cent said they were aiming for production work, while roughly a third indicated a staff job.

Of these, the personnel slot is the glamour one. When seniors first expressed this yen for personnel work right after the war, many people thought it was simply a temporary phenomenon. The veterans of the postwar classes labored under the idea that because they had "handled people" in the services they were ideally suited for personnel work, and the advice given them by Veterans Administration counselors further confirmed them in the belief. But the years have gone by, and the quest has persisted. Wearily, placement directors explain that the work is semiprofessional, that there are few openings in it, and that in any event they are rarely open to recruits. It still doesn't seem to make much difference. With a phrase that has become a standing joke in placement circles, the senior explains that it is the job for him just the same—he *likes people.*

His vision of the job is a mirage. The actual work is connected more with time study, aptitude testing, and stop watches than adjusting people, but to the senior it seems to promise the agreeable role of a combination YMCA worker, office Solomon, and father confessor to the men at the lathes. It promises also to be somewhat out of the main stream. Much like life in the

services, it seems to offer a certain freedom from competition; it is a technician's job, the job of one who services others. For a class intent on the happy mean, it is the all-round package: not only does it promise economic security, it promises spiritual security as well.

Because the quest has been so long unrequited, seniors have been turning to public relations. In some colleges it has already outdistanced personnel work as a choice. But it is really the same job they are thinking about. The senior does not see himself worrying about seating lists for banquets, ghostwriting speeches, or the like; in his vision he sees the universal man of the future, testing the pulse of the workers to see that they are happy, counseling with educators and clergymen for better inter-group communication, spellbinding the mossbacks with advocacy of the common man. As in personnel work, he will be nice to everybody on company time.

When seniors check such ostensibly line occupations as sales, they still exhibit the staff bias. For they don't actually want to sell. What they mean by sales is the kind of work in which they will be technical specialists helping the customer, or, better yet, master-minding the work of those who do the helping. They want to be sales engineers, distribution specialists, merchandising experts—the men who back up the men in the field.

If they must sell in the old, vulgar sense of the word, they want to do it as a member of a group and not as a lone individual. And most definitely, they do not want to sell on commission. This has been made quite clear in the reception given life insurance recruiters. Except when they have home office jobs to offer, insurance recruiters have always had fairly rough going in the colleges, but it's now so difficult that sometimes they sit in the interview room a whole day without a senior once coming near them. Mainly out of commiseration for the recruiters, one placement director uses a stratagem to force students into signing up for insurance interviews. "I tell them it's good for the practice," he explains. "I also tell them that if they don't turn up for these interviews I won't let them have a crack later at those nice big corporations."

Those who mark down finance as a choice are also staff-minded. Few ever mention speculating or investing in stocks and bonds. Their interest in finance is administrative rather than accumulative; they are primarily interested in credit, mortgage loan work, trust and estate work, and financial analysis.

A distinction is in order. While the fundamental bias is for staff work, it is not necessarily for a staff job. If the choice is offered them, a considerable number of students will vote for "general managerial" work, and many who choose personnel or public relations do so with the idea that it is the best pathway to the top line jobs. Seniors see no antithesis; in their view the line and staff have become so synonymous that the comfortable pigeonhole and the ladder, to mix some favorite metaphors, are one and the same. Their concept of the manager subsumes the two. As older executives are so fond of telling them, the "professionalization" of the executive is making a new kind of man, and more literally than the older men know, the younger ones believe every word

of it. In fact, of course, as well as in the senior's fancy, the manager's work has been shifted more to the administrative. But not half so much as seniors would like to see it. In this respect, as so many business-school people hopefully say, seniors are way ahead of everybody else.

But not so very much. The bureaucrat as hero is new to America, and older, conventional dreams of glory do linger on—the lawyer brilliantly turning the tables in cross-examination, the young scientist discovering the secret in the microscope late at night. Even in corporations' institutional advertising there is some cultural lag—many an ad still shows us the young man dreaming by himself of new frontiers as he looks up at a star or a rainbow or a beautiful hunk of alto-cumulus clouds. But slowly the young man at the microscope is being joined by other young men at microscopes; instead of one lone man dreaming, there are three or four young men. Year by year, our folklore is catching up with the needs of organization man.

In *Executive Suite* we catch a glimpse of the hero in mid-passage. In clean-cut Don Walling, the hitherto junior executive, what senior could not feel that there, with the grace of God, would go he? In Walling have been resolved all the conflicts of organization life; he puts everything he has into his work and plays baseball with his boy; he cares little about money and his ranch house is beautiful; he is a loyal subordinate and gets to be president. He is not fully the new model—he is too pushy, he plays too rough in the clinches for that—but he could almost be the class valedictorian as he electrifies his elders with his ringing, if somewhat hazy, statement of belief. Management man does not work to make money for himself and the company. Business is *people*, and when you help people to rise to their fullest you make them fulfill themselves, you create more and better goods for more people, you make happiness.

While the trust in organization is very strong among the majority group of college seniors headed for a business career, it is less so with a smaller group who say, at least, that they prefer a small firm. In the course of sessions during the past few years I have had with different undergraduate groups, to get the discussion rolling I have asked the students to answer several hypothetical questions on the "ideal" relationship between an individual and the demands of organization. I attach no great statistical significance to the actual figures, but I have kept the terms the same with each group, and I have noticed that consistently there is a difference between the answers of those headed for big organization and those not. As is brought out more forcefully by the kind of questions that the students themselves later asked, the big-corporation men are more inclined to the group way than the others.

Here is how a total of 127 men answered the two chief questions: on the question of whether research scientists should be predominantly the team player type, 56 per cent of the men headed for a big corporation said yes, versus 46 per cent of the small-business men. On the question of whether the key executive should be basically an "administrator" or a "bold leader," 54 per cent of the big-corporation men voted for the administrator, verus only 45 per cent of the small-business men. Needless to say, the weightings varied from

college to college, and often the influence of a particular teacher was manifest —in one class the students complained that they probably seemed so chary of big business because they had been "brain-washed" by a liberal instructor. Whatever the absolute figures, however, there was generally the same relative difference between the big-business and the small-business men.

These differences raise an interesting question. It is possible that the majority group might be less significant than the minority—that is to say, the more venturesome may become the dominant members of our society by virtue of their very disinclination to the group way. As a frankly rapacious young salesman put it to me, the more contented his run-of-the-mill contemporaries, the freer the field for the likes of him.

While this can only be a matter of opinion at this date, I doubt that our society, as it is now evolving, will suffer such a double standard. The corporation-bound man may be an exaggeration of his generation's tendencies but only in degree, not in character. Other occupations call for different emphases, but on the central problem of collective versus individual work, young men going into other fields, such as teaching or law or journalism, show the same basic outlook.

Seniors do not deny that the lone researcher or the entrepreneur can also serve others. But neither do they think much about it. Their impulses, their training, the whole climate of the times, incline them to work that is tangibly social. Whether as a member of a corporation, a group medicine clinic, or a law factory, they see the collective as the best vehicle for service.

To a degree, of course, this is a self-ennobling apologia for seeking the comfortable life—and were they thoroughly consistent they would more actively recognize that public service is social too. But it is not mere rationalization; the senior is quite genuine in believing that while all collective effort may be worth while, some kinds are more so. The organization-bound senior can argue that he is going to the main tent, the place where each foot pound of his energy will go the farthest in helping people. Like the young man of the Middle Ages who went off to join holy orders, he is off for the center of society.

Vance Packard

THE GROWING POWER OF ADMEN

America's advertising industry is moving into a commanding role in our society. Its executives are becoming masters of our economic destiny, the engineers behind some of our most successful political campaigns, major patrons of our social scientists, dictators of the content of most of the radio and television programs we hear, judges with life-and-death power over most of our

"The Growing Power of Admen" by Vance Packard in *The Atlantic Monthly*, September 1957.
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mass-circulation magazines. Also, they have become our most powerful taste makers. In 1957 they made millions of Americans suddenly feel somehow inadequate because they did not own high-tailed automobiles.

They have, in short, become major wielders of social control in America in this second half of the twentieth century. Their power to do good or nongood is becoming massive, and many are using their power irresponsibly.

The growth of their power is seen in the amount of money entrusted to them to spend. In 1940 they had at their disposal $2 billion to conduct campaigns of persuasion. Today they have $10 billion. If you divide that figure by the total U. S. population, you come up with a fairly startling statistic. Approximately $60 is now being spent each year on *each* man, woman, and child in America solely to coax him or her to use products the admen are promoting.

This growing power of advertising men derives from the dominant role that selling plays in the dynamics of our economy. In the executive suites of thousands of corporations the main preoccupation is no longer with production problems but rather with selling problems.

The most obvious explanation for this shift of emphasis is the fabulous productivity of our automated factories. Since 1940 our gross national product has soared more than 400 per cent. In 1954 it was predicted that our GNP would hit the long-dreamed-of mark of $400 billion by 1958. Actually it shot past that figure in 1956 and is expected to reach $600 billion within the coming decade.

To absorb this fantastic outpouring of goods we shall have to step up our personal consumption of goods by almost 50 per cent. As the chairman of America's leading advertising agency proclaimed recently: "We have to expand our levels of consumption in the next ten years by an amount nearly equal to the entire growth of the country in the two hundred years from colonial days up to 1940." The big problem we face, he said, is to cut down the "time lag" in the process by which we ordinarily learn to expand our wants and needs, in order to "absorb this production." Advertising men are the experts who can overcome this lag.

The real needs of most of us were satisfied long ago. About 40 per cent of the things we buy today are unnecessary in terms of any real need. Even our wants are pretty well satisfied. It has become a question of creating in our minds new, unrealized wants and needs.

Happily for the marketers, Americans by nature seem to relish learning to want new things. We are a restless people who like continually to hear of new things to do and buy. (Note the recent popularity of bejeweled fly swatters and mousetraps.) Emerson commented on this trait in Americans when he said that they, unlike Europeans, exhibit "an uncalculated, headlong expenditure." This makes them the world's prize consumers.

Recently the president of the Institute for Motivational Research (which conducts psychological studies for marketers) noted with satisfaction "our increasing willingness to give vent to our whims and desires" and offered the opinion that America is "experiencing a revolution in self-indulgence."

A corollary problem of marketers in moving their goods into our homes is that of making us discontented with what we already have, since most of us already own perfectly serviceable automobiles, washing machines, refrigerators, and clothing. We must be persuaded that the old product has become hopelessly inadequate to meet our needs or desired style of living. Advertising men call this "creating psychological obsolescence."

Another development adding to the power, glory, and prosperity of advertising men is the increased standardization of competing products. Perhaps connoisseurs can still detect significant differences in gasolines, whiskeys, cigarettes, beer, tires, cake mixes, and detergents, but most of us no longer can. Reports on blindfold tests conducted with cigarette smokers and whiskey and beer drinkers consistently reveal an inability of people to spot their favorite brand. A few days ago I heard a gathering of advertising men being advised that in blindfold tests people can't even tell the difference between Coca-Cola and Pepsi-Cola!

It used to startle me to hear advertising men make casual statements that in many fields such as gasoline and cigarettes the products are "all the same." Now it becomes apparent why they can be so complacent. It is the advertising man's genius that makes products seem compellingly different in our minds.

A third reason for the increasing influence of admen is the growth of self-service selling at supermarkets, vending machines, and so on. More and more, machines or systems are replacing people at the selling counter. The product maker can no longer rely on word-of-mouth selling by a clerk, merchant, or attendant. Thus the customer must be pre-sold, through advertising, so that he will have the product's image firmly etched in his mind as he enters the market place.

II

In the face of all these crying needs for more effective selling, America's 3300 advertising agencies have come to constitute "a great sociological battering ram," to use a phrase current with admen. Individually, advertising men have become "merchants of discontent."

As advertising men by the tens of thousands bring their wiles to bear to stimulate sales of products, we are seeing a massive straining for greater impact. Some months ago a distiller sent a photographic team to the edges of the Sahara Desert in order to obtain a photograph of a martini-filled glass in a setting which would suggest dryness. The photographers faced a crisis when, in searching the fruit markets of Cairo for a sliver of yellow lemon peel to go with the drink, they discovered that lemons sold in Egypt are green. This problem was solved when they arranged for a yellow lemon to be flown over from Italy.

Advertising men now ponder the advisability of making the "entertainment" portion of their TV sponsored programs a little dull so that the commercials will seem more exciting by contrast. In pictorial presentations one trend has been to the absurdly incongruous, to catch our eye as we search for reading matter amid a jungle of ads. Men sell whiskey while seated sideways on white

horses, men with beards sell tonic water, shaggy dogs sell rum, kangaroos sell airline tickets. Meanwhile one advertising man complained: "We are suffering from fatigue of believability."

The advertising agencies, in their straining to become more persuasive, have been spending millions of dollars in research designed to learn more about the consumer. Batten Barton Durstine & Osborn has set up a division which it refers to grandiosely as "The National Panel of Consumer Opinion." It consists of several thousand housewives carefully chosen to constitute a "scale model" of the American female populace. These women can earn merchandise premiums by answering questionnaires about products and about their daily habits. Meanwhile Dr. George Gallup, long a researcher for admen, inaugurated a method of probing the consumer which he called "activation research." He set up a "sample bank" of people which he called "Mirror of America," and began probing the people in order to isolate just what triggers the sale of a product.

The most commotion in advertising circles in recent years, however, has centered on a probing technique called "motivation research," which promises to put deeper impact into sales messages. This "depth approach" to consumers involves the use of psychiatry and the social sciences to get inside the consumers' subconscious in order to discover the "psychological hook" which will impel consumers by the millions to buy a certain product.

Most of the leading advertising agencies now have psychologists, psychiatrists, or both on their payrolls. McCann-Erickson recently spent $3 million on a single monumental study of consumer psychology. A Chicago advertising agency rounded up eight leading social scientists in the Midwest (two psychoanalysts, a cultural anthropologist, a social psychologist, two sociologists, and two professors of social science) and had them spend a twelve-hour day in a hotel room watching television programs in order to glean new insights into the appeal of the sponsored programs and the commercials.

Meanwhile several dozen research firms have sprung up, all promising proficiency in depth research. The most famous, the Institute for Motivational Research, commanded by a psychoanalyst from Austria, Dr. Ernest Dichter, occupies a mountaintop castle on the Hudson. The room where local children observe television programs is equipped with hidden tape recorders, one-way viewing screens, and so on, to catch their reactions. Several hundred residents of the area constitute a "psycho-panel." They have been depth-probed and card-indexed as to their hidden anxieties, hostilities, and so forth. If you want to know how much impact a sales message will have on hypochondriacs, for example, Dr. Dichter has a group of bona fide hypochondriacs on call for a trial run.

So far much of the depth-probing of consumers is more hunch than science, but still most of the nation's largest producers of consumer products have been turning to it in an effort to increase their sales penetration. Giant corporations are raiding each other's customers with campaigns mapped by doctors of psychology.

One of the nation's largest advertising agencies now gives every single product it handles a motivational checkup. The merchandising journal *Tide* predicts that within ten years "few national marketers will launch an advertising campaign or introduce a new product without first conducting a thorough study of consumer motivations."

III

Some of the techniques used to probe consumer motives have been borrowed straight from psychiatric clinics and sociological laboratories: the depth interview (a miniature psychoanalysis without the couch), projective picture and word association tests, galvanometers (lie detectors), hypnosis, and social-layer analysis. When our motives are fathomed the experts then shape and bait psychological hooks which will bring us flopping into their corporate boats.

Among the more common strategies devised to lure us are: building self-images of ourselves into their product (playful gasolines for playful people); reminding us that their product can fill one of our hidden needs (security, self-esteem); playing upon our anxiety feelings; offering us ways, through products, to channel our aggressive feelings; selling us sexual reassurance; encouraging impulse buying; conditioning the young; selling us status symbols; making us style-conscious and then switching styles.

Several of the uses to which the insights are put strike me as constructive, or at least non-objectionable. The technique of gearing appeals to the social class most likely to enjoy your product would seem to be a step toward rationality in marketing. One of the notable cases of ill-considered selling occurred in Chicago when one of the leading brewers developed social pretensions for its brew, which had long been popular with the tavern-type clientele. The brewer's advertising men, in an effort to give the brew more class, began showing it being sipped by fox hunters, concert pianists, and drawing-room socialites. Sales did pick up slightly in the better residential areas but began falling disastrously with old customers. The boys in the taverns found the brew didn't taste right any more, though the formula was unchanged.

Social Research, Inc., looked into this fiasco when it depth-probed several hundred typical beer drinkers for the *Chicago Tribune*. It found that beer drinking in America is accepted as an informal, predominantly middle-class custom. So the brewers' foundation in its ads has recently been stressing the back-fence character of beer drinking.

The recent history of beer marketing reveals another way in which motivational analysts can produce constructive, or at least more rational, results. You may recall that in the mid-fifties many beer producers started to proclaim that their beer was particularly low-caloried and hence relatively non-fattening. The campaign was inspired by the mania for weight reduction which was particularly feverish then. Reportedly there were some impressive gains in sales as a result, but the motivational analysts viewed the low-calorie campaigns for beer with misgivings. Dr. Dichter's depth-probers, in testing the thoughts which sprang into people's minds when they say the words "low calorie," found people thought

of self-deprivation, discomfort. He admonished brewers to play up beer as a pleasure, not a medicine.

Motivational analysts have also performed a constructive service by showing advertising men how to conquer unreasonable prejudice against a product. A classic job in this respect was performed on the prune by Dr. Dichter's institute and advertising men of the prune industry. Prunes simply were not selling, and Dr. Dichter was asked to find why. His depth-probers found the prune, in our society, had become ridden with a host of connotations, all unfortunate. We thought of prunes in terms of dried-up old maids, boarding-houses, constipation, even witches. Under Dr. Dichter's guidance the prune has now been "rediscovered" as the "California wonder fruit," and admen now almost always show it in gay, zestful, youthful, colorful settings. The laxative angle is now mentioned in small type; and the prune industry, at last reports, is showing a hearty revival.

Still another way that the depth approach can perform a valid service is to help people achieve a feeling of self-worth through advertising. A producer of steam shovels found sales lagging. When a motivation study was made of prospective customers, it was discovered that steam-shovel operators play a large role in influencing the decisions of purchasing agents, and shovel operators did not like the shovel in question. A study of the ads that had been used to promote the shovel suggested a clue.

The shovel was always shown at work in all its monumental glory. Its operator was depicted as a barely visible figure inside the distant cab. The operators subconsciously felt their role was belittled. When the advertising men were advised of this source of irritation they began taking their pictures over the shoulder of the operator, with the operator shown as the confident master of the machine. This new approach reportedly brought a marked mellowing in the attitude of operators toward the shovel advertised.

IV

Several of the techniques being used on us by certain of the advertising men (and their scientific allies), however, do give cause for concern. These are the techniques designed to catch us when our conscious guard is down. Here are some of the types of operation I have in mind.

1. Appeals designed to play upon our hidden weaknesses. At one of America's largest advertising agencies, staff psychologists have been exploring the subconscious of sample humans in order to find how to shape messages that will have maximum impact with people of high anxiety, body consciousness, hostility, passiveness, and so on.

In Chicago a smaller agency has conducted a psychiatric study of women's menstrual cycle and the emotional states which go with each stage of the cycle in order to learn how to sell cake mixes to women more effectively. The aim was to learn how to incorporate within one ad a double-barreled message which would appeal to women in the high phase of their cycle (creative, sexually excitable, narcissistic, outgoing, loving) and also at the same time to women who happened to be in their low phase (want attention, affection, things

done for them). This could be achieved, the agency concluded, by offering the high-phase woman something new and the low-phase woman an easy-does-it meal.

2. Strategies involving the manipulation of children. The agency just mentioned also conducted a study of the psyche of straight-haired small girls to find how best to persuade them and their mothers that the girls might feel doomed to ugliness and unhappiness if they were not somehow provided with curly hair. The agency was trying to promote the use of home permanents on children and used many psychiatric techniques in probing the little girls.

The most inviting opportunity to manipulate children for profit, of course, is via television. Five-year-old children, admen have learned, make mighty fine amplifiers of singing jingles (beer or cigarettes included). They can be taught to sing them endlessly with gusto around the house all day long and, unlike the TV set, they can't be turned off.

3. The use of subthreshold effects to slip messages past our conscious guard. Some advertising men have been investigating, very quietly, the possibility of inserting "flash" sales messages in TV and movie film. The bits of film flash by so fast they are not "seen" by the conscious eye, but are reportedly seen by the subconscious eye. In late 1956 the London *Sunday Times* charged that advertisers had produced a notable rise in ice cream consumption at a cinema in New Jersey during experiments with subthreshold effects. The use of such surreptitious appeals on any substantial basis will raise an ethical question of the most serious nature, particularly if such hidden appeals are used to put across political candidates or points of view.

4. The deliberate sale of products for their status-enhancement value. Automotive advertisers have hammered so long and loud on the theme of bigness that many Americans feel socially insecure in a small or medium-sized car (unless it is their second car or a chic foreign-made car). Although the times cry for more compact cars for our crowded highways and traffic-clogged metropolitan centers, most U. S. car makers stress, in their ads, the luxurious bigness of their cars. A TV commercial for one of the medium-priced cars stressed how Big it was and then, in a bit of theatrics, the announcer exclaimed: "People are getting smart about car buying nowadays!" With that, the screen showed a crowd of "people" chanting, "We're everybody. . . . We want a Big Car and style too."

5. The creation of illogical, irrational loyalties. This occurs most conspicuously in the promotion of gasolines, cigarettes, whiskeys, detergents. The research director of a leading advertising agency which has made a study in depth of cigarette smoking states that 65 per cent of all smokers are absolutely loyal to one brand of cigarette, even to the extent of walking down five flights of stairs to buy their own brand rather than accept another brand offered by a friend. About 20 per cent are relatively loyal. Yet he found in tests where cigarettes were masked that people could identify their brand by only 2 per cent better than chance. He concluded: "They are smoking an image completely."

In the building of images, cylinders of tobacco shreds wrapped in white paper have been invested with a variety of "exciting" personalities, to use one re-

searcher's phrase. One smoke may have an image of elegance, another is daintily feminine, still another has an image of hair-on-your-chest virility. One cigarette company deliberately changed its image to almost a teen-age personality—even though most of the heavy smokers are in the thirty-to-forty age group. The aim reportedly was to recruit more beginner smokers and develop loyalty in them which would pay off on a long-term basis.

6. The exploitation of our deepest sexual sensitivities. According to the Institute of Motivational Research the admen who conceived the cigarette slogan "Like Your Pleasures Big?" were not unaware that the phrase was a *double entendre* with "latent sexual meaning" The same institute counseled motorboat builders that men could be appealed to on the fact that power boats can be used to express a sense of power in "almost a sexual way." A Midwestern advertising agency has discovered that men can be persuaded to buy a new car by the implied promise that the new, more powerful car offers them a renewal of potency.

7. The application of the insights of depth-selling to politics. In 1956 many political candidates, including the heads of the ticket, were counseled by admen to present an attractive image to the public. The most popular models were father images and courageous young Davids. At one quite important level the presidential campaign settled into a battle between advertising agencies. Batten Barton Durstine & Osborn for the Republicans and the smaller agency Norman Craig & Kummel for the Democrats.

The advertising man's approach to politics was perhaps best summed up by ad executive Rosser Reeves, who conceived the ceaseless barrage of half-minute spots on TV and radio in 1952 for the GOP. He said, "I think of a man in a voting booth who hesitates between two levers as if he were pausing between competing tubes of toothpaste in a drugstore. The brand that has made the highest penetration on his brain will win his choice."

The Democratic candidate, Adlai Stevenson (who reportedly became very unhappy about some of the strategies conceived for him by admen late in the campaign), voiced his irritation at the symbol manipulators' approach to politics (at least the GOP variety) by saying: "The idea that you can merchandise candidates for high office like breakfast cereal . . . is the ultimate indignity to the democratic process."

To sum up, I feel that while advertising in general is a constructive—and indispensable—force in our economy, its practitioners are becoming uncomfortably powerful and many of them need to exhibit more responsibility in their use of their new power than they have been doing. This particularly applies to their use of the depth approach to consumers.

The responsible leaders of the industry should, I believe, review the current trends in advertising and admonish practitioners to proceed with greater consideration for the public's welfare in certain areas. As a start they might consider the following broad trends which I believe should be viewed uneasily by thoughtful citizens:

Advertising men are pushing us toward conformity and passivity. Americans by the millions respond to their signals. Perhaps the trend to passivity is more serious than the trend to conformity. Max Lerner, in commenting on the implications he saw in some of the depth persuasion activites I described in my book, made one of the most perceptive and disquieting remarks I have encountered concerning the trend in selling. He wrote: "In motivation research . . . the consumer is always passive. He is analyzed, dissected, acted upon, bought and sold. He is a commodity to be trafficked in. The human being as a commodity, that is the disease of our age."

Many of the efforts of the advertising men provoke lasting anxieties. Economist Robert Lekachman recently speculated that we could only guess at the tensions and anxieties generated by the relentless pursuit of the emblems of success being encouraged in our society today.

The advertising men frequently are encouraging irrationality, as when they persuade us to buy products on the basis of images they have skillfully devised rather than on the merits of the physical product inside the package.

They are tending to demean many scientists who have been lured into serving them. Some of the social scientists collaborating with the advertising men maintain their standards of investigation; others strive to please, and often lay before their employers insights into our vulnerabilities which the advertising men do not hesitate to exploit.

Many of them are encouraging an attitude of wastefulness on the part of the public toward the nation's fast-shrinking resources. One conspicuous way they do this is by deliberately striving to make us dissatisfied with the serviceable products we already own.

Finally they often seek to invade the privacy of the mind. They want to know too much about us, and the inner workings of our emotions, for comfort. We should be able to be a little irrational and neurotic at times without having to fear that we thus become vulnerable to outside manipulation.

If advertising is to represent progress rather than regress for man in his struggle for self-mastery, then these considerations must be honestly faced.

Henry David Thoreau

CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

I heartily accept the motto,—"That government is best which governs least;" and I should like to see it acted up to more rapidly and systematically. Carried out, it finally amounts to this, which also I believe,—"That government is best which governs not at all;" and when men are prepared for it, that will be the kind of government which they will have. Government is at best but an expedient; but most governments are usually, and all governments are sometimes,

inexpedient. The objections which have been brought against a standing army, and they are many and weighty, and deserve to prevail, may also at last be brought against a standing government. The standing army is only an arm of the standing government. The government itself, which is only the mode which the people have chosen to execute their will, is equally liable to be abused and perverted before the people can act through it. Witness the present Mexican war, the work of comparatively a few individuals using the standing government as their tool; for, in the outset, the people would not have consented to this measure.

This American government.—what is it but a tradition, though a recent one, endeavoring to transmit itself unimpaired to posterity, but each instant losing some of its integrity? It has not the vitality and force of a single living man; for a single man can bend it to his will. It is a sort of wooden gun to the people themselves. But it is not the less necessary for this; for the people must have some complicated machinery or other, and hear its din, to satisfy that idea of government which they have. Governments show thus how successfully men can be imposed on, even impose on themselves, for their own advantage. It is excellent, we must all allow. Yet this government never of itself furthered any enterprise, but by the alacrity with which it got out of its way. *It* does not keep the country free. *It* does not settle the West. *It* does not educate. The character inherent in the American people has done all that has been accomplished; and it would have done somewhat more, if the government had not sometimes got in its way. For government is an expedient by which men would fain succeed in letting one another alone; and, as has been said, when it is most expedient, the governed are most let alone by it. Trade and commerce, if they were not made of India-rubber, would never manage to bounce over the obstacles which legislators are continually putting in their way; and, if one were to judge these men wholly by the effects of their actions and not partly by their intentions, they would deserve to be classed and punished with those mischievous persons who put obstructions on the railroads.

But, to speak practically and as a citizen, unlike those who call themselves no-government men, I ask for, not at once no government, but *at once* a better government. Let every man make known what kind of government would command his respect, and that will be one step toward obtaining it.

After all, the practical reason why, when the power is once in the hands of the people, a majority are permitted, and for a long period continue, to rule is not because they are most likely to be in the right, nor because this seems fairest to the minority, but because they are physically the strongest. But a government in which the majority rule in all cases cannot be based on justice, even as far as men understand it. Can there not be a government in which majorities do not virtually decide right and wrong, but conscience?—in which majorities decide only those questions to which the rule of expediency is applicable? Must the citizen ever for a moment, or in the least degree, resign his conscience to the legislator? Why has every man a conscience, then? I think that we should be men first, and subjects afterward. It is not desirable to culti-

vate a respect for the law, so much as for the right. The only obligation which I have a right to assume is to do at any time what I think right. It is truly enough said, that a corporation has no conscience; but a corporation of conscientious men is a corporation *with* a conscience. Law never made men a whit more just; and, by means of their respect for it, even the well-disposed are daily made the agents of injustice. A common and natural result of an undue respect for law is, that you may see a file of soldiers, colonel, captain, corporal, privates, powder-monkeys, and all, marching in admirable order over hill and dale to the wars, against their wills, ay, against their common sense and consciences, which makes it very steep marching indeed, and produces a palpitation of the heart. They have no doubt that it is a damnable business in which they are concerned; they are all peaceably inclined. Now, what are they? Men at all? or small movable forts and magazines, at the service of some unscrupulous man in power? Visit the Navy-Yard, and behold a marine, such a man as an American government can make, or such as it can make a man with its black arts,—a mere shadow and reminiscence of humanity, a man laid out alive and standing, and already, as one may say, buried under arms with funeral accompaniments, though it may be,—

> "Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
> As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
> Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
> O'er the grave where our hero we buried."

The mass of men serve the state thus, not as men mainly, but as machines, with their bodies. They are the standing army, and the militia, jailors, constables, posse comitatus, etc. In most cases there is no free exercise whatever of the judgment or of the moral sense; but they put themselves on a level with wood and earth and stones; and wooden men can perhaps be manufactured that will serve the purpose as well. Such command no more respect than men of straw or a lump of dirt. They have the same sort of worth only as horses and dogs. Yet such as these even are commonly esteemed good citizens. Others—as most legislators, politicians, lawyers, ministers, and office-holders—serve the state chiefly with their heads; and, as they rarely make any moral distinctions, they are as likely to serve the Devil, without *intending* it, as God. A very few, as heroes, patriots, martyrs, reformers in the great sense, and *men*, serve the state with their consciences also, and so necessarily resist it for the most part; and they are commonly treated as enemies by it. A wise man will only be useful as a man, and will not submit to be "clay," and "stop a hole to keep the wind away," but leave that office to his dust at least:—

> "I am too high-born to be propertied,
> To be a secondary at control,
> Or useful serving-man and instrument
> To any sovereign state throughout the world."

He who gives himself entirely to his fellow-men appears to them useless and selfish; but he who gives himself partially to them is pronounced a benefactor and philanthropist.

How does it become a man to behave toward this American government to-day? I answer, that he cannot without disgrace be associated with it. I cannot for an instant recognize that political organization as *my* government which is the *slave's* government also.

All men recognize the right of revolution; that is, the right to refuse allegiance to, and to resist, the government, when its tyranny or its inefficiency are great and unendurable. But almost all say that such is not the case now. But such was the case, they think, in the Revolution of '75. If one were to tell me that this was a bad government because it taxed certain foreign commodities brought to its ports, it is most probable that I should not make an ado about it, for I can do without them. All machines have their friction; and possibly this does enough good to counterbalance the evil. At any rate, it is a geat evil to make a stir about it. But when the friction comes to have its machine, and oppression and robbery are organized, I say, let us not have such a machine any longer. In other words, when a sixth of the population of a nation which has undertaken to be the refuge of liberty are slaves, and a whole country is unjustly overrun and conquered by a foreign army, and subjected to military law, I think that it is not too soon for honest men to rebel and revolutionize. What makes this duty the more urgent is the fact that the country so overrun is not our own, but ours is the invading army.

Paley, a common authority with many on moral questions, in his chapter on the "Duty of Submission to Civil Government," resolves all civil obligation into expediency; and he proceeds to say, "that so long as the interest of the whole society requires it, that is, so long as the established government cannot be resisted or changed without public inconveniency, it is the will of God that the established government be obeyed, and no longer. . . . This principle being admitted, the justice of every particular case of resistance is reduced to a computation of the quantity of the danger and grievance on the one side, and of the probability and expense of redressing it on the other." Of this, he says, every man shall judge for himself. But Paley appears never to have contemplated those cases to which the rule of expediency does not apply, in which a people, as well as an individual, must do justice, cost what it may. If I have unjustly wrested a plank from a drowning man, I must restore it to him though I drown myself. This, according to Paley, would be inconvenient. But he that would save his life, in such a case, shall lose it. This people must cease to hold slaves, and to make war on Mexico, though it cost them their existence as a people.

In their practice, nations agree with Paley; but does any one think that Massachusetts does exactly what is right at the present crisis?

> "A drab of state, a cloth-o'-silver slut,
> To have her train borne up, and her soul trail in the dirt."

Practically speaking, the opponents to a reform in Massachusetts are not a hundred thousand politicians at the South, but a hundred thousand merchants and farmers here, who are more interested in commerce and agriculture than they are in humanity, and are not prepared to do justice to the slave and to Mexico, *cost what it may*. I quarrel not with far-off foes, but with those who, near at home, coöperate with, and do the bidding of, those far away, and without whom the latter would be harmless. We are accustomed to say, that the mass of men are unprepared; but improvement is slow, because the few are not materially wiser or better than the many. It is not so important that many should be as good as you, as that there be some absolute goodness somewhere; for that will leaven the whole lump. There are thousands who are *in opinion* opposed to slavery and to the war, who yet in effect do nothing to put an end to them; who, esteeming themselves children of Washington and Franklin, sit down with their hands in their pockets, and say that they know not what to do, and do nothing; who even postpone the question of freedom to the question of free-trade, and quietly read the prices-current along with the latest advices from Mexico, after dinner, and, it may be, fall asleep over them both. What is the price-current of an honest man and patriot to-day? They hesitate, and they regret, and sometimes they petition; but they do nothing in earnest and with effect. They will wait, well disposed, for others to remedy the evil, that they may no longer have it to regret. At most, they give only a cheap vote, and a feeble countenance and God-speed, to the right, as it goes by them. There are nine hundred and ninety-nine patrons of virtue to one virtuous man. But it is easier to deal with the real possessor of a thing than with the temporary guardian of it.

All voting is a sort of gaming, like checkers or backgammon, with a slight moral tinge to it, a playing with right and wrong, with moral questions; and betting naturally accompanies it. The character of the voters is not staked. I cast my vote, perchance, as I think right; but I am not vitally concerned that that right should prevail. I am willing to leave it to the majority. Its obligation, therefore, never exceeds that of expediency. Even voting *for the right* is *doing* nothing for it. It is only expressing to men feebly your desire that it should prevail. A wise man will not leave the right to the mercy of chance, nor wish it to prevail through the power of the majority. There is but little virtue in the action of masses of men. When the majority shall at length vote for the abolition of slavery, it will be because they are indifferent to slavery, or because there is but little slavery left to be abolished by their vote. *They* will then be the only slaves. Only *his* vote can hasten the abolition of slavery who asserts his own freedom by his vote.

I hear of a convention to be held at Baltimore, or elsewhere, for the selection of a candidate for the Presidency, made up chiefly of editors, and men who are politicians by profession; but I think, what is it to any independent, intelligent, and respectable man what decision they may come to? Shall we not have the advantage of his wisdom and honesty, nevertheless? Can we not count upon some independent votes? Are there not many individuals in the country who do not

attend conventions? But no: I find that the respectable man, so called, has immediately drifted from his position, and despairs of his country, when his country has more reason to despair of him. He forthwith adopts one of the candidates thus selected as the only *available* one, thus proving that he is himself *available* for any purposes of the demagogue. His vote is of no more worth than that of any unprincipled foreigner or hireling native, who may have been bought. O for a man who is a *man*, and, as my neighbor says, has a bone in his back which you cannot pass your hand through! Our statistics are at fault: the population has been returned too large. How many *men* are there to a square thousand miles in this country? Hardly one. Does not America offer any inducement for men to settle here? The American has dwindled into an Odd Fellow,—one who may be known by the development of his organ of gregariousness, and a manifest lack of intellect and cheerful self-reliance; whose first and chief concern, on coming into the world, is to see that the Almshouses are in good repair; and, before yet he has lawfully donned the virile garb, to collect a fund for the support of the widows and orphans that may be; who, in short, ventures to live only by the aid of the Mutual Insurance company, which has promised to bury him decently.

It is not a man's duty, as a matter of course, to devote himself to the eradication of any, even the most enormous wrong; he may still properly have other concerns to engage him; but it is his duty, at least, to wash his hands of it, and, if he gives it no thought longer, not to give it practically his support. If I devote myself to other pursuits and contemplations, I must first see, at least, that I do not pursue them sitting upon another man's shoulders. I must get off him first, that he may pursue his contemplations too. See what gross inconsistency is tolerated. I have heard some of my townsmen say, "I should like to have them order me out to help put down an insurrection of the slaves, or to march to Mexico;—see if I would go;" and yet these very men have each, directly by their allegiance, and so indirectly, at least, by their money, furnished a substitute. The soldier is applauded who refuses to serve in an unjust war by those who do not refuse to sustain the unjust government which makes the war; is applauded by those whose own act and authority he disregards and sets at naught; as if the state were penitent to that degree that it hired one to scourge it while it sinned, but not to that degree that it left off sinning for a moment. Thus, under the name of Order and Civil Government, we are all made at last to pay homage to and support our own meanness. After the first blush of sin comes its indifference; and from immoral it becomes, as it were, *un*moral, and not quite unnecessary to that life which we have made.

The broadest and most prevalent error requires the most disinterested virtue to sustain it. The slight reproach to which the virtue of patriotism is commonly liable, the noble are most likely to incur. Those who, while they disapprove of the character and measures of a government, yield to it their allegiance and support are undoubtedly its most conscientious supporters, and so frequently the most serious obstacles to reform. Some are petitioning the state to dissolve the Union, to disregard the requisitions of the President. Why do they not

dissolve it themselves,—the union between themselves and the state,—and refuse to pay their quota into its treasury? Do not they stand in the same relation to the state that the state does to the Union? And have not the same reasons prevented the state from resisting the Union which have prevented them from resisting the state?

How can a man be satisfied to entertain an opinion merely, and enjoy *it?* Is there any enjoyment in it, if his opinion is that he is aggrieved? If you are cheated out of a single dollar by your neighbor, you do not rest satisfied with knowing that you are cheated, or with saying that you are cheated, or even with petitioning him to pay you your due; but you take effectual steps at once to obtain the full amount, and see that you are never cheated again. Action from principle, the perception and the performance of right, changes things and relations; it is essentially revolutionary, and does not consist wholly with anything which was. It not only divides states and churches, it divides families; ay, it divides the *individual,* separating the diabolical in him from the divine.

Unjust laws exist: shall we be content to obey them, or shall we endeavor to amend them, and obey them until we have succeeded, or shall we transgress them at once? Men generally, under such a government as this, think that they ought to wait until they have persuaded the majority to alter them. They think that, if they should resist, the remedy would be worse than the evil. But it is the fault of the government itself that the remedy *is* worse than the evil. *It* makes it worse. Why is it not more apt to anticipate and provide for reform? Why does it not cherish its wise minority? Why does it cry and resist before it is hurt? Why does it not encourage its citizens to be on the alert to point out its faults, and *do* better than *it* would have them? Why does it always crucify Christ, and excommunicate Copernicus and Luther, and pronounce Washington and Franklin rebels?

One would think, that a deliberate and practical denial of its authority was the only offense never contemplated by government; else, why has it not assigned its definite, its suitable and proportionate penalty? If a man who has no property refuses but once to earn nine shillings for the state, he is put in prison for a period unlimited by any law that I know, and determined only by the discretion of those who placed him there; but if he should steal ninety times nine shillings from the state, he is soon permitted to go at large again.

If the injustice is part of the necessary friction of the machine of government, let it go, let it go: perchance it will wear smooth,—certainly the machine will wear out. If the injustice has a spring, or a pulley, or a rope, or a crank, exclusively for itself, then perhaps you may consider whether the remedy will not be worse than the evil; but if it is of such a nature that it requires you to be the agent of injustice to another, then, I say, break the law. Let your life be a counter friction to stop the machine. What I have to do is to see, at any rate, that I do not lend myself to the wrong which I condemn.

As for adopting the ways which the state has provided for remedying the evil, I know not of such ways. They take too much time, and a man's life will be gone. I have other affairs to attend to. I came into this world, not chiefly to make

this a good place to live in, but to live in it, be it good or bad. A man has not everything to do, but something; and because he cannot do *everything*, it is not necessary that he should do *something* wrong. It is not my business to be petitioning the Governor or the Legislature any more than it is theirs to petition me; and if they should not hear my petition, what should I do then? But in this case the state has provided no way: its very Constitution is the evil. This may seem to be harsh and stubborn and unconciliatory; but it is to treat with the utmost kindness and consideration the only spirit that can appreciate or deserves it. So is all change for the better, like birth and death, which convulse the body.

I do not hesitate to say, that those who call themselves Abolitionists should at once effectually withdraw their support, both in person and property, from the government of Massachusetts and not wait till they constitute a majority of one, before they suffer the right to prevail through them. I think that it is enough if they have God on their side, without waiting for that other one. Moreover, any man more right than his neighbors constitutes a majority of one already.

I meet this American government, or its representative, the state government, directly, and face to face, once a year—no more—in the person of its tax-gatherer; this is the only mode in which a man situated as I am necessarily meets it; and it then says distinctly, Recognize me; and the simplest, most effectual, and, in the present posture of affairs, the indispensablest mode of treating with it on this head, of expressing your little satisfaction with and love for it, is to deny it then. My civil neighbor, the tax-gatherer, is the very man I have to deal with,—for it is, after all, with men and not with parchment that I quarrel,—and he has voluntarily chosen to be an agent of the government. How shall he ever know well what he is and does as an officer of the government, or as a man, until he is obliged to consider whether he shall treat me, his neighbor, for whom he has respect, as a neighbor and well-disposed man, or as a maniac and disturber of the peace, and see if he can get over this obstruction to his neighborliness without a ruder and more impetuous thought or speech corresponding with his action. I know this well, that if one thousand, if one hundred, if ten men whom I could name,—if ten *honest* men only,—if *one* HONEST man, in this State of Massachusetts, *ceasing to hold slaves*, were actually to withdraw from this copartnership, and be locked up in the county jail therefor, it would be the abolition of slavery in America. For it matters not how small the beginning may seem to be: what is once well done is done forever. But we love better to talk about it: that we say is our mission. Reform keeps many scores of newspapers in its service, but not one man. If my esteemed neighbor, the State's ambassador, who will devote his days to the settlement of the question of human rights in the Council Chamber, instead of being threatened with the prisons of Carolina, were to sit down the prisoner of Massachusetts, that State which is so anxious to foist the sin of slavery upon her sister,—though at present she can discover only an act of inhospitality to be the ground of a quarrel with her,—the Legislature would not wholly waive the subject the following winter.

Under a government which imprisons any unjustly, the true place for a just man is also a prison. The proper place to-day, the only place which Massachu-

setts has provided for her freer and less desponding spirits, is in her prisons, to be put out and locked out of the State by her own act, as they have already put themselves out by their principles. It is there that the fugitive slave, and the Mexican prisoner on parole, and the Indian come to plead the wrongs of his race should find them; on that separate, but more free and honorable ground, where the State places those who are not *with* her, but *against* her,—the only house in a slave State in which a free man can abide with honor. If any think that their influence would be lost there, and their voices no longer afflict the ear of the State, that they would not be as an enemy within its walls, they do not know by how much truth is stronger than error, nor how much more eloquently and effectively he can combat injustice who has experienced a little in his own person. Cast your whole vote, not a strip of paper merely, but your whole influence. A minority is powerless while it conforms to the majority; it is not even a minority then; but it is irresistible when it clogs by its whole weight. If the alternative is to keep all just men in prison, or give up war and slavery, the State will not hesitate which to choose. If a thousand men were not to pay their tax-bills this year, that would not be a violent and bloody measure, as it would be to pay them, and enable the State to commit violence and shed innocent blood. This is, in fact, the definition of a peaceable revolution, if any such is possible. If the tax-gatherer, or any other public officer, asks me, as one has done, "But what shall I do?" my answer is, "If you really wish to do anything, resign your office." When the subject has refused allegiance, and the officer has resigned his office, then the revolution is accomplished. But even suppose blood should flow. Is there not a sort of blood shed when the conscience is wounded? Through this wound a man's real manhood and immortality flow out, and he bleeds to an everlasting death. I see this blood flowing now.

I have contemplated the imprisonment of the offender, rather than the seizure of his goods,—though both will serve the same purpose,—because they who assert the purest right, and consequently are most dangerous to a corrupt State, commonly have not spent much time in accumulating property. To such the State renders comparatively small service, and a slight tax is wont to appear exorbitant, particularly if they are obliged to earn it by special labor with their hands. If there were one who lived wholly without the use of money, the State itself would hesitate to demand it of him. But the rich man—not to make any invidious comparison—is always sold to the institution which makes him rich. Absolutely speaking, the more money, the less virtue; for money comes between a man and his objects, and obtains them for him; and it was certainly no great virtue to obtain it. It puts to rest many questions which he would otherwise be taxed to answer; while the only new question which it puts is the hard but superfluous one, how to spend it. Thus his moral ground is taken from under his feet. The opportunities of living are diminished in proportion as what are called the "means" are increased. The best thing a man can do for his culture when he is rich is to endeavor to carry out those schemes which he entertained when he was poor. Christ answered the Herodians according to their condition. "Show me the tribute-money," said he;—and one took a penny out of his

pocket;—if you use the money which has the image of Cæsar on it and which he has made current and valuable, that is, *if you are men of the State,* and gladly enjoy the advantages of Cæsar's government, then pay him back some of his own when he demands it. "Render therefore to Cæsar that which is Cæsar's, and to God those things which are God's."—leaving them no wiser than before as to which was which; for they did not wish to know.

When I converse with the freest of my neighbors, I perceive that, whatever they may say about the magnitude and seriousness of the question, and their regard for the public tranquillity, the long and the short of the matter is, that they cannot spare the protection of the existing government, and they dread the consequences to their property and families of disobedience to it. For my own part, I should not like to think that I ever rely on the protection of the State. But, if I deny the authority of the State when it presents its tax-bill, it will soon take and waste all my property, and so harass me and my children without end. This is hard. This makes it impossible for a man to live honestly, and at the same time comfortably, in outward respects. It will not be worth the while to accumulate property; that would be sure to go again. You must hire or squat somewhere, and raise but a small crop, and eat that soon. You must live within yourself, and depend upon yourself always tucked up and ready for a start, and not have many affairs. A man may grow rich in Turkey even, if he will be in all respects a good subject of the Turkish government. Confucius said: "If a state is governed by the principles of reason, poverty and misery are subjects of shame; if a state is not governed by the principles of reason, riches and honors are the subjects of shame." No: until I want the protection of Massachusetts to be extended to me in some distant Southern port, where my liberty is endangered, or until I am bent solely on building up an estate at home by peaceful enterprise, I can afford to refuse allegiance to Massachusetts, and her right to my property and life. It costs me less in every sense to incur the penalty of disobedience to the State than it would to obey. I should feel as if I were worth less in that case.

Some years ago, the State met me in behalf of the Church, and commanded me to pay a certain sum toward the support of a clergyman whose preaching my father attended, but never I myself. "Pay," it said, "or be locked up in the jail." I declined to pay. But, unfortunately, another man saw fit to pay it. I did not see why the schoolmaster should be taxed to support the priest, and not the priest the schoolmaster; for I was not the State's schoolmaster, but I supported myself by voluntary subscription. I did not see why the lyceum should not present its tax-bill, and have the State to back its demand, as well as the Church. However, at the request of the selectmen, I condescended to make some such statement as this in writing:—"Know all men by these presents, that I, Henry Thoreau, do not wish to be regarded as a member of any incorporated society which I have not joined." This I gave to the town clerk; and he has it. The State, having thus learned that I did not wish to be regarded as a member of that church, has never made a like demand on me since; though it said that it must adhere to its original presumption that time. If I had

known how to name them, I should then have signed off in detail from all the societies which I never signed on to; but I did not know where to find a complete list.

I have paid no poll-tax for six years. I was put into a jail once on this account, for one night; and, as I stood considering the walls of solid stone, two or three feet thick, the door of wood and iron, a foot thick, and the iron grating which strained the light, I could not help being struck with the foolishness of that institution which treated me as if I were mere flesh and blood and bones, to be locked up. I wondered that it should have concluded at length that this was the best use it could put me to, and had never thought to avail itself of my services in some way. I saw that, if there was a wall of stone between me and my townsmen, there was a still more difficult one to climb or break through before they could get to be as free as I was. I did not for a moment feel confined, and the walls seemed a great waste of stone and mortar. I felt as if I alone of all my townsmen had paid my tax. They plainly did not know how to treat me, but behaved like persons who are underbred. In every threat and in every compliment there was a blunder; for they thought that my chief desire was to stand the other side of that stone wall. I could not but smile to see how industriously they locked the door on my meditations, which followed them out again without let or hindrance, and *they* were really all that was dangerous. As they could not reach me, they had resolved to punish my body; just as boys, if they cannot come at some person against whom they have a spite, will abuse his dog. I saw that the State was half-witted, that it was timid as a lone woman with her silver spoons, and that it did not know its friends from its foes, and I lost all my remaining respect for it, and pitied it.

Thus the State never intentionally confronts a man's sense, intellectual or moral, but only his body, his senses. It is not armed with superior wit or honesty, but with superior physical strength. I was not born to be forced. I will breathe after my own fashion. Let us see who is the strongest. What force has a multitude? They only can force me who obey a higher law than I. They force me to become like themselves. I do not hear of *men* being *forced* to live this way or that by masses of men. What sort of life were that to live? When I meet a government which says to me, "Your money or your life," why should I be in haste to give it my money? It may be in a great strait, and not know what to do: I cannot help that. It must help itself; do as I do. It is not worth the while to snivel about it. I am not responsible for the successful working of the machinery of society. I am not the son of the engineer. I perceive that, when an acorn and a chestnut fall side by side, the one does not remain inert to make way for the other, but both obey their own laws, and spring and grow and flourish as best they can, till one, perchance, overshadows and destroys the other. If a plant cannot live according to its nature, it dies; and so a man.

The night in prison was novel and interesting enough. The prisoners in their shirt-sleeves were enjoying a chat and the evening air in the doorway, when I entered. But the jailer said, "Come, boys, it is time to lock up;" and so they dispersed, and I heard the sound of their steps returning into the hollow apart-

ments. My roommate was introduced to me by the jailer as "a first-rate fellow and a clever man." When the door was locked, he showed me where to hang my hat, and how he managed matters there. The rooms were whitewashed once a month; and this one, at least, was the whitest, most simply furnished, and probably the neatest apartment in the town. He naturally wanted to know where I came from, and what brought me there; and, when I had told him, I asked him in my turn how he came there, presuming him to be an honest man, of course; and, as the world goes, I believe he was. "Why," said he, "they accuse me of burning a barn; but I never did it." As near as I could discover, he had probably gone to bed in a barn when drunk, and smoked his pipe there; and so a barn was burnt. He had the reputation of being a clever man, had been there some three months waiting for his trial to come on, and would have to wait as much longer; but he was quite domesticated and contented, since he got his board for nothing, and thought that he was well treated.

He occupied one window, and I the other; and I saw that if one stayed there long, his principal business would be to look out the window. I had soon read all the tracts that were left there, and examined where former prisoners had broken out, and where a grate had been sawed off, and heard the history of the various occupants of that room; for I found that even here there was a history and a gossip which never circulated beyond the walls of the jail. Probably this is the only house in the town where verses are composed, which are afterward printed in a circular form, but not published. I was shown quite a long list of verses which were composed by some young men who had been detected in an attempt to escape, who avenged themselves by singing them.

I pumped my fellow-prisoner as dry as I could, for fear I should never see him again; but at length he showed me which was my bed, and left me to blow out the lamp.

It was like traveling into a far country, such as I had never expected to behold, to lie there for one night. It seemed to me that I never had heard the town-clock strike before, nor the evening sounds of the village; for we slept with the windows open, which were inside the grating. It was to see my native village in the light of the Middle Ages, and our Concord was turned into a Rhine stream, and visions of knights and castles passed before me. They were the voices of old burghers that I heard in the streets. I was an involuntary spectator and auditor of whatever was done and said in the kitchen of the adjacent village-inn,—a wholly new and rare experience to me. It was a closer view of my native town. I was fairly inside of it. I never had seen its institutions before. This is one of its peculiar institutions; for it is a shire town. I began to comprehend what its inhabitants were about.

In the morning, our breakfasts were put through the hole in the door, in small oblong-square tin pans, made to fit, and holding a pint of chocolate, with brown bread, and an iron spoon. When they called for the vessels again, I was green enough to return what bread I had left; but my comrade seized it, and said that I should lay that up for lunch or dinner. Soon after he was let out to work at haying in a neighboring field, whither he went every day, and would not be back

till noon; so he bade me good-day, saying that he doubted if he should see me again.

When I came out of prison,—for some one interfered, and paid that tax,—I did not perceive that great changes had taken place on the common, such as he observed who went in a youth and emerged a tottering and gray-headed man; and yet a change had to my eyes come over the scene,—the town, and State, and country,—greater than any that mere time could effect. I saw yet more distinctly the State in which I lived. I saw to what extent the people among whom I lived could be trusted as good neighbors and friends; that their friendship was for summer weather only; that they did not greatly propose to do right; that they were a distinct race from me by their prejudices and superstitions, as the Chinamen and Malays are; that in their sacrifices to humanity they ran no risks, not even to their property; that after all they were not so noble but they treated the thief as he had treated them, and hoped, by a certain outward observance and a few prayers, and by walking in a particular straight though useless path from time to time, to save their souls. This may be to judge my neighbors harshly; for I believe that many of them are not aware that they have such an institution as the jail in their village.

It was formerly the custom in our village, when a poor debtor came out of jail, for his acquaintances to salute him, looking through their fingers, which were crossed to represent the grating of a jail window, "How do ye do?" My neighbors did not thus salute me, but first looked at me, and then at one another, as if I had returned from a long journey. I was put into jail as I was going to the shoemaker's to get a shoe which was mended. When I was let out the next morning, I proceeded to finish my errand, and, having put on my mended shoe, joined a huckleberry party, who were impatient to put themselves under my conduct; and in half an hour,—for the horse was soon tackled,—was in the midst of a huckleberry field, on one of our highest hills, two miles off, and then the State was nowhere to be seen.

This is the whole history of "My Prisons."

I have never declined paying the highway tax, because I am as desirous of being a good neighbor as I am of being a bad subject; and as for supporting schools, I am doing my part to educate my fellow-countrymen now. It is for no particular item in the tax-bill that I refuse to pay it. I simply wish to refuse allegiance to the State, to withdraw and stand aloof from it effectually. I do not care to trace the course of my dollar, if I could, till it buys a man or a musket to shoot with,—the dollar is innocent,—but I am concerned to trace the effects of my allegiance. In fact, I quietly declare war with the State, after my fashion, though I will still make what use and get what advantage of her I can, as is usual in such cases.

If others pay the tax which is demanded of me, from a sympathy with the State, they do but what they have already done in their own case, or rather they abet injustice to a greater extent than the State requires. If they pay the tax from a mistaken interest in the individual taxed, to save his property, or pre-

vent his going to jail, it is because they have not considered wisely how far they let their private feelings interfere with the public good.

This, then, is my position at present. But one cannot be too much on his guard in such a case, lest his action be biased by obstinacy or an undue regard for the opinions of men. Let him see that he does only what belongs to himself and to the hour.

I think sometimes, Why, this people mean well, they are only ignorant; they would do better if they knew how: why give your neighbors this pain to treat you as they are not inclined to? But I think again, This is no reason why I should do as they do, or permit others to suffer much greater pain of a different kind. Again, I sometimes say to myself, When many millions of men, without heat, without ill will, without personal feeling of any kind, demand of you a few shillings only, without the possibility, such is their constitution, of retracting or altering their present demand, and without the possibility, on your side, of appeal to any other millions, why expose yourself to this overwhelming brute force? You do not resist cold and hunger, the winds and the waves, thus obstinately; you quietly submit to a thousand similar necessities. You do not put your head into the fire. But just in proportion as I regard this as not wholly a brute force, but partly a human force, and consider that I have relations to those millions as to so many millions of men, and not of mere brute or inanimate things, I see that appeal is possible, first and instantaneously, from them to the Maker of them, and, secondly, from them to themselves. But if I put my head deliberately into the fire, there is no appeal to fire or to the Maker of fire, and I have only myself to blame. If I could convince myself that I have any right to be satisfied with men as they are, and to treat them accordingly, and not according, in some respects, to my requisitions and expectations of what they and I ought to be, then, like a good Mussulman and fatalist, I should endeavor to be satisfied with things as they are, and say it is the will of God. And, above all, there is this difference between resisting this and a purely brute or natural force, that I can resist this with some effect; but I cannot expect, like Orpheus, to change the nature of the rocks and trees and beasts.

I do not wish to quarrel with any man or nation. I do not wish to split hairs, to make fine distinctions, or set myself up as better than my neighbors. I seek rather, I may say, even an excuse for conforming to the laws of the land. I am but too ready to conform to them. Indeed, I have reason to suspect myself on this head; and each year, as the tax-gatherer comes round, I find myself disposed to review the acts and position of the general and State governments, and the spirit of the people, to discover a pretext for conformity.

> "We must affect our country as our parents,
> And if at any time we alienate
> Our love or industry from doing it honor,
> We must respect effects and teach the soul
> Matter of conscience and religion,
> And not desire of rule or benefit."

I believe that the State will soon be able to take all my work of this sort out of my hands, and then I shall be no better a patriot than my fellow-countrymen. Seen from a lower point of view, the Constitution, with all its faults, is very good; the law and the courts are very respectable; even this State and this American government are, in many respects, very admirable, and rare things, to be thankful for, such as a great many have described them; but seen from a point of view a little higher, they are what I have described them; seen from a higher still, and the highest, who shall say what they are, or that they are worth looking at or thinking of at all?

However, the government does not concern me much, and I shall bestow the fewest possible thoughts on it. It is not many moments that I live under a government, even in this world. If a man is thought-free, fancy-free, imagination-free, that which *is not* never for a long time appearing *to be* to him, unwise rulers or reformers cannot fatally interrupt him.

I know that most men think differently from myself; but those whose lives are by profession devoted to the study of these or kindred subjects content me as little as any. Statesmen and legislators, standing so completely within the institution, never distinctly and nakedly behold it. They speak of moving society, but have no resting-place without it. They may be men of a certain experience and discrimination, and have no doubt invented ingenious and even useful systems, for which we sincerely thank them; but all their wit and usefulness lie within certain not very wide limits. They are wont to forget that the world is not governed by policy and expediency. Webster never goes behind government, and so cannot speak with authority about it. His words are wisdom to those legislators who contemplate no essential reform in the existing government; but for thinkers, and those who legislate for all time, he never once glances at the subject. I know of those whose serene and wise speculations on this theme would soon reveal the limits of his mind's range and hospitality. Yet, compared with the cheap professions of most reformers, and the still cheaper wisdom and eloquence of politicians in general, his are almost the only sensible and valuable words, and we thank Heaven for him. Comparatively, he is always strong, original, and, above all, practical. Still, his quality is not wisdom, but prudence. The lawyer's truth is not Truth, but consistency or a consistent expediency. Truth is always in harmony with herself, and is not concerned chiefly to reveal the justice that may consist with wrong-doing. He well deserves to be called, as he has been called, the Defender of the Constitution. There are really no blows to be given by him but defensive ones. He is not a leader, but a follower. His leaders are the men of '87. "I have never made an effort," he says, "and never propose to make an effort; I have never countenanced an effort, and never mean to countenance an effort, to disturb the arrangement as originally made, by which the various States came into the Union." Still thinking of the sanction which the Constitution gives to slavery, he says, "Because it was a part of the original compact,—let it stand." Notwithstanding his special acuteness and ability, he is unable to take a fact out of its merely political relations, and behold it as it lies ab-

solutely to be disposed of by the intellect,—what, for instance, it behooves a man to do here in America to-day with regard to slavery,—but ventures, or is driven to make some such desperate answer as the following, while professing to speak absolutely, and as a private man,—from which what new and singular code of social duties might be inferred? "The manner," says he, "in which the governments of those States where slavery exists are to regulate it is for their own consideration, under their responsibility to their constituents, to the general laws of propriety, humanity, and justice, and to God. Associations formed elsewhere, springing from a feeling of humanity, or other cause, have nothing whatever to do with it. They have never received any encouragement from me, and they never will."

They who know of no purer sources of truth, who have traced up its stream no higher, stand, and wisely stand, by the Bible and the Constitution, and drink at it there with reverence and humility; but they who behold where it comes trickling into this lake or that pool, gird up their loins once more, and continue their pilgrimage toward its fountain-head.

No man with a genius for legislation has appeared in America. They are rare in the history of the world. There are orators, politicians, and eloquent men, by the thousand; but the speaker has not yet opened his mouth to speak who is capable of settling the much-vexed questions of the day. We love eloquence for its own sake, and not for any truth which it may utter, or any heroism it may inspire. Our legislators have not yet learned the comparative value of free-trade and of freedom, of union, and of rectitude, to a nation. They have no genius or talent for comparatively humble questions of taxation and finance, commerce and manufactures and agriculture. If we were left solely to the wordy wit of legislators in Congress for our guidance, uncorrected by the seasonable experience and the effectual complaints of the people, America would not long retain her rank among the nations. For eighteen hundred years, though perchance I have no right to say it, the New Testament has been written; yet where is the legislator who has wisdom and practical talent enough to avail himself of the light which it sheds on the science of legislation?

The authority of government, even such as I am willing to submit to,—for I will cheerfully obey those who know and can do better than I, and in many things even those who neither know nor can do so well,—is still an impure one: to be strictly just, it must have the sanction and consent of the governed. It can have no pure right over my person and property but what I concede to it. The progress from an absolute to a limited monarchy, from a limited monarchy to a democracy, is a progress toward a true respect for the individual. Even the Chinese philosopher was wise enough to regard the individual as the basis of the empire. Is a democracy, such as we know it, the last improvement possible in government? Is it not possible to take a step further towards recognizing and organizing the rights of man? There will never be a really free and enlightened State until the State comes to recognize the individual as a higher and independent power, from which all its own power and authority are derived, and treats him accordingly. I please myself with imagining a State at last which

can afford to be just to all men, and to treat the individual with respect as a neighbor; which even would not think it inconsistent with its own repose if a few were to live aloof from it, not meddling with it, nor embraced by it, who fulfilled all the duties of neighbors and fellowmen. A State which bore this kind of fruit, and suffered it to drop off as fast as it ripened, would prepare the way for a still more perfect and glorious State, which also I have imagined, but not yet anywhere seen.

Plato was a pupil of Socrates from 407 B.C. until the latter's death in 399. In this dialog Plato relates what presumably was the final attitude of Socrates upon the subject of the state. Socrates has been condemned to death by the Athenians for subversive teaching. His friend Crito visits him in prison.

Plato

CRITO

SOCRATES. Why have you come at this hour, Crito? it must be quite early?

CRITO. Yes, certainly.

SOCRATES. What is the exact time?

CRITO. The dawn is breaking.

SOCRATES. I wonder that the keeper of the prison would let you in.

CRITO. He knows me, because I often come, Socrates; moreover I have done him a kindness.

SOCRATES. And are you only just come?

CRITO. No, I came some time ago.

SOCRATES. They why did you sit and say nothing, instead of awakening me at once?

CRITO. Why, indeed, Socrates, I myself would rather not have all this sleeplessness and sorrow. But I have been wondering at your peaceful slumbers, and that was the reason why I did not awaken you, because I wanted you to be out of pain. I have always thought you happy in the calmness of your temperament; but never did I see the like of the easy, cheerful way in which you bear this calamity.

SOCRATES. Why, Crito, when a man has reached my age he ought not to be repining at the prospect of death.

CRITO. And yet other old men find themselves in similar misfortunes, and age does not prevent them from repining.

SOCRATES. That may be. But you have not told me why you come at this early hour.

CRITO. I come to bring you a message which is sad and painful; not, as I believe,

to yourself, but to all of us who are your friends, and saddest of all to me.

SOCRATES. What! I suppose that the ship has come from Delos, on the arrival of which I am to die?

CRITO. No, the ship has not actually arrived, but she will probably be here to-day, as persons who have come from Sunium tell me that they left her there; and therefore to-morrow, Socrates, will be the last day of your life.

SOCRATES. Very well, Crito; if such is the will of God, I am willing; but my belief is that there will be a delay of a day.

CRITO. Why do you say this?

SOCRATES. I will tell you. I am to die on the day after the arrival of the ship?

CRITO. Yes; that is what the authorities say.

SOCRATES. But I do not think that the ship will be here until to-morrow; this I gather from a vision which I had last night, or rather only just now, when you fortunately allowed me to sleep.

CRITO. And what was the nature of the vision?

SOCRATES. There came to me the likeness of a woman, fair and comely, clothed in white raiment, who called to me and said: "O Socrates, the third day hence to Phthia shalt thou go."

CRITO. What a singular dream, Socrates!

SOCRATES. There can be no doubt about the meaning, Crito, I think.

CRITO. Yes; the meaning is only too clear. But, Oh! my beloved Socrates, let me entreat you once more to take my advice and escape. For if you die I shall not only lose a friend who can never be replaced, but there is another evil: people who do not know you and me will believe that I might have saved you if I had been willing to give money, but that I did not care. Now, can there be a worse disgrace than this—that I should be thought to value money more than the life of a friend? For the many will not be persuaded that I wanted you to escape, and that you refused.

SOCRATES. But why, my dear Crito, should we care about the opinion of the many? Good men, and they are the only persons who are worth considering, will think of these things truly as they happened.

CRITO. But do you see, Socrates, that the opinion of the many must be regarded, as is evident in your own case, because they can do the very greatest evil to any one who has lost their good opinion.

SOCRATES. I only wish, Crito, that they could; for then they could also do the greatest good, and that would be well. But the truth is, that they can do neither good nor evil: they can not make a man wise or make him foolish; and whatever they do is the result of chance.

CRITO. Well, I will not dispute about that; but please to tell me, Socrates, whether you are not acting out of regard to me and your other friends: are you not afraid that if you escape hence we may get into trouble with the informers for having stolen you away, and lose either the whole or a great part of our property; or that even a worse evil may happen to us? Now, if this is your fear, be at ease; for in order to save you we ought surely to run this, or even a greater risk; be persuaded, then, and do as I say.

SOCRATES. Yes. Crito, that is one fear which you mention, but by no means the only one.

CRITO. Fear not. There are persons who at no great cost are willing to save you and bring you out of prison; and as for the informers, you may observe that they are far from being exorbitant in their demands; a little money will satisfy them. My means, which, as I am sure, are ample, are at your service, and if you have a scruple about spending all mine, here are strangers who will give you the use of theirs; and one of them, Simmias the Theban, has brought a sum of money for this very purpose; and Cebes and many others are willing to spend their money too. I say therefore, do not on that account hesitate about making your escape, and do not say, as you did in the court, that you will have a difficulty in knowing what to do with yourself if you escape. For men will love you in other places to which you may go, and not in Athens only; there are friends of mine in Thessaly, if you like to go to them, who will value and protect you, and no Thessalian will give you any trouble. Nor can I think that you are justified, Socrates, in betraying your own life when you might be saved; this is playing into the hands of your enemies and destroyers; and moreover I should say that you were betraying your children; for you might bring them up and educate them; instead of which you go away and leave them, and they will have to take their chance; and if they do not meet with the usual fate of orphans, there will be small thanks to you. No man should bring children into the world who is unwilling to persevere to the end in their nurture and education. But you are choosing the easier part, as I think, not the better and manlier, which would rather have become one who professes virtue in all his actions, like yourself. And indeed, I am ashamed not only of you, but of us who are your friends, when I reflect that this entire business of yours will be attributed to our want of courage. The trial need never have come on, or might have been brought to another issue; and the end of all, which is the crowning absurdity, will seem to have been permitted by us, through cowardice and baseness, who might have saved you, as you might have saved yourself, if we had been good for anything (for there was no difficulty in escaping); and we did not see how disgraceful, Socrates, and also miserable all this will be to us as well as to you. Make your mind up then, or rather have your mind already made up, for the time of deliberation is over, and there is only one thing to be done, which must be done, if at all, this very night, and which any delay will render all but impossible; I beseech you therefore, Socrates, to be persuaded by me, and to do as I say.

SOCRATES. Dear Crito, your zeal is invaluable, if a right one; but if wrong, the greater the zeal the greater the evil; and therefore we ought to consider whether these things shall be done or not. For I am and always have been one of those natures who must be guided by reason, whatever the reason may be which upon reflection appears to me to be the best; and now that this fortune has come upon me, I can not put away the reasons which I have before given: the principles which I have hitherto honored and revered I

still honor, and unless we can find other and better principles on the instant, I am certain not to agree with you; no, not even if the power of the multitude could inflict many more imprisonments, confiscations, deaths, frightening us like children with hobgoblin terrors. But what will be the fairest way of considering the question? Shall I return to your old argument about the opinions of men? some of which are to be regarded, and others, as we were saying, are not to be regarded. Now were we right in maintaining this before I was condemned? And has the argument which was once good now proved to be talk for the sake of talking;—in fact an amusement only, and altogether vanity? That is what I want to consider with your help, Crito:—whether, under my present circumstances, the argument appears to be in any way different or not; and is to be allowed by me or disallowed. That argument, which, as I believe, is maintained by many who assume to be authorities, was to the effect, as I was saying, that the opinions of some men are to be regarded, and of other men not to be regarded. Now you, Crito, are a disinterested person who are not going to die to-morrow—at least, there is no human probability of this, and you are therefore not liable to be deceived by the circumstances in which you are placed. Tell me then, whether I am right in saying that some opinions, and the opinions of some men only, are to be valued, and other opinions, and the opinions of other men, are not to be valued. I ask you whether I was right in maintaining this?

CRITO. Certainly.

SOCRATES. The good are to be regarded, and not the bad?

CRITO. Yes.

SOCRATES. And the opinions of the wise are good, and the opinions of the unwise are evil?

CRITO. Certainly.

SOCRATES. And what was said about another matter? Was the disciple in gymnastics supposed to attend to the praise and blame and opinion of every man, or of one man only—his physician or trainer, whoever that was?

CRITO. Of one man only.

SOCRATES. And he ought to fear the censure and welcome the praise of that one only, and not of the many?

CRITO. That is clear.

SOCRATES. And he ought to live and train, and eat and drink in the way which seems good to his single master who has understanding, rather than according to the opinion of all other men put together?

CRITO. True.

SOCRATES. And if he disobeys and disregards the opinion and approval of the one, and regards the opinion of the many who have no understanding, will he not suffer evil?

CRITO. Certainly he will.

SOCRATES. And what will the evil be, whither tending and what affecting, in the disobedient person?

CRITO. Clearly, affecting the body; that is what is destroyed by the evil.

SOCRATES. Very good; and is not this true, Crito, of other things which we need not separately enumerate? In the matter of just and unjust, fair and foul, good and evil, which are the subjects of our present consultation, ought we to follow the opinion of the many and to fear them; or the opinion of the one man who has understanding, and whom we ought to fear and reverence more than all the rest of the world: and whom deserting we shall destroy and injure that principle in us which may be assumed to be improved by justice and deteriorated by injustice;—is there not such a principle?

CRITO. Certainly there is, Socrates.

SOCRATES. Take a parallel instance:—if, acting under the advice of men who have no understanding, we destroy that which is improvable by health and deteriorated by disease—when that has been destroyed, I say, would life be worth having? And that is—the body?

CRITO. Yes.

SOCRATES. Could we live, having an evil and corrupted body?

CRITO. Certainly not.

SOCRATES. And will life be worth having, if that higher part of man be depraved, which is improved by justice and deteriorated by injustice? Do we suppose that principle, whatever it may be in man, which has to do with justice and injustice, to be inferior to the body?

CRITO. Certainly not.

SOCRATES. More honored, then?

CRITO. Far more honored.

SOCRATES. Then, my friend, we must not regard what the many say of us: but what he, the one man who has understanding of just and unjust, will say, and what the truth will say. And therefore you begin in error when you suggest that we should regard the opinion of the many about just and unjust, good and evil, honorable and dishonorable.—Well, some one will say, "but the many can kill us."

CRITO. Yes, Socrates; that will clearly be the answer.

SOCRATES. That is true: but still I find with surprise that the old argument is, as I conceive, unshaken as ever. And I should like to know whether I may say the same of another proposition—that not life, but a good life, is to be chiefly valued?

CRITO. Yes, that also remains.

SOCRATES. And a good life is equivalent to a just and honorable one—that holds also?

CRITO. Yes, that holds.

SOCRATES. From these premises I proceed to argue the question whether I ought or ought not to try and escape without the consent of the Athenians: and if I am clearly right in escaping, then I will make the attempt; but if not, I will abstain. The other considerations which you mention, of money and loss of character and the duty of educating children, are, as I fear, only the doctrines of the multitude, who would be as ready to call people to life, if they were able, as they are to put them to death—and with as little reason. But now, since

the argument has thus far prevailed, the only question which remains to be considered is, whether we shall do rightly either in escaping or in suffering others to aid in our escape and paying them in money and thanks, or whether we shall not do rightly; and if the latter, then death or any other calamity which may ensue on my remaining here must not be allowed to enter into the calculation.

CRITO. I think that you are right. Socrates; how then shall we proceed?

SOCRATES. Let us consider the matter together, and do you either refute me if you can, and I will be convinced, or else cease, my dear friend, from repeating to me that I ought to escape against the wishes of the Athenians: for I am extremely desirous to be persuaded by you, but not against my own better judgment. And now please to consider my first position, and do your best to answer me.

CRITO. I will do my best.

SOCRATES. Are we to say that we are never intentionally to do wrong, or that in one way we ought and in another way we ought not to do wrong, or is doing wrong always evil and dishonorable, as I was just now saying, and as has been already acknowledged by us? Are all our former admissions which were made within a few days to be thrown away? And have we, at our age, been earnestly discoursing with one another all our life long only to discover that we are no better than children? Or are we to rest assured, in spite of the opinion of the many, and in spite of consequences whether better or worse, of the truth of what was then said, that injustice is always an evil and dishonor to him who acts unjustly? Shall we affirm that?

CRITO. Yes.

SOCRATES. Then we must do no wrong?

CRITO. Certainly not.

SOCRATES. Nor when injured injure in return, as the many imagine; for we must injure no one at all?

CRITO. Clearly not.

SOCRATES. Again, Crito, may we do evil?

CRITO. Surely not, Socrates.

SOCRATES. And what of doing evil in return for evil, which is the morality of the many—is that just or not?

CRITO. Not just.

SOCRATES. For doing evil to another is the same as injuring him?

CRITO. Very true.

SOCRATES. Then we ought not to retaliate or render evil for evil to any one, whatever evil we may have suffered from him. But I would have you consider, Crito, whether you really mean what you are saying. For this opinion has never been held, and never will be held, by any considerable number of persons; and those who are agreed and those who are not agreed upon this point have no common ground, and can only despise one another when they see how widely they differ. Tell me, then, whether you agree with and assent to my first principle, that neither injury nor retaliation nor warding off evil by

evil is ever right. And shall that be the premiss of our argument? Or do you decline and dissent from this? For this has been of old and is still my opinion; but, if you are of another opinion, let me hear what you have to say. If, however, you remain of the same mind as formerly, I will proceed to the next step.

CRITO. You may proceed, for I have not changed my mind.

SOCRATES. Then I will proceed to the next step, which may be put in the form of a question:—Ought a man to do what he admits to be right, or ought he to betray the right?

CRITO. He ought to do what he thinks right.

SOCRATES. But if this is true, what is the application? In leaving the prison against the will of the Athenians, do I wrong any? or rather do I not wrong those whom I ought least to wrong? Do I not desert the principles which were acknowledged by us to be just? What do you say?

CRITO. I can not tell, Socrates; for I do not know.

SOCRATES. Then consider the matter in this way:—Imagine that I am about to play truant (you may call the proceeding by any name which you like), and the laws and the government come and interrogate me: "Tell us, Socrates," they say: "what are you about? are you going by an act of yours to overturn us—the laws and the whole state, as far as in you lies? Do you imagine that a state can subsist and not be overthrown, in which the decisions of law have no power, but are set aside and overthrown by individuals?" What will be our answer, Crito, to these and the like words? Any one, and especially a clever rhetorician, will have a good deal to urge about the evil of setting aside the law which requires a sentence to be carried out; and we might reply, "Yes; but the state has injured us and given an unjust sentence." Suppose I say that?

CRITO. Very good, Socrates.

SOCRATES. "And was that our agreement with you?" the law would say; "or were you to abide by the sentence of the state?" And if I were to express astonishment at their saying this, the law would probably add: "Answer, Socrates, instead of opening your eyes: you are in the habit of asking and answering questions. Tell us what complaint you have to make against us which justifies you in attempting to destroy us and the state? In the first place did we not bring you into existence? Your father married your mother by our aid and begat you. Say whether you have any objection to urge against those of us who regulate marriage?" None, I should reply. "Or against those of us who regulate the system of nurture and education of children in which you were trained? Were not the laws, who have the charge of this, right in commanding your father to train you in music and gymnastic?" Right, I should reply. "Well then, since you were brought into the world and nurtured and educated by us, can you deny in the first place that you are our child and slave, as your fathers were before you? And if this is true you are not on equal terms with us; nor can you think that you have a right to do to us what we are doing to you. Would you have any right to strike or revile or do any other evil to a father or to your master, if you had one, when you have been struck or reviled by him, or received some other evil at his hands?—you would not say this? And

because we think right to destroy you, do you think that you have any right to destroy us in return, and your country as far as in you lies? And will you, O professor of true virtue, say that you are justified in this? Has a philosopher like you failed to discover that our country is more to be valued and higher and holier far than mother or father or any ancestor, and more to be regarded in the eyes of the gods and of men of understanding? also to be soothed, and gently and reverently entreated when angry, even more than a father, and if not persuaded, obeyed? And when we are punished by her, whether with imprisonment or stripes, the punishment is to be endured in silence; and if she lead us to wounds or death in battle, thither we follow as is right; neither may any one yield or retreat or leave his rank, but whether in battle or in a court of law, or in any other place, he must do what his city and his country order him; or he must change their view of what is just: and if he may do no violence to his father or mother, much less may he do violence to his country." What answer shall we make to this, Crito? Do the laws speak truly, or do they not?

CRITO. I think that they do.

SOCRATES. Then the laws will say: "Consider, Socrates, if this is true, that in your present attempt you are going to do us wrong. For, after having brought you into the world, and nurtured and educated you, and given you and every other citizen a share in every good that we had to give, we further proclaim and give the right to every Athenian, that if he does not like us when he has come of age and has seen the ways of the city, and made our acquaintance, he may go where he pleases and take his goods with him; and none of us laws will forbid him or interfere with him. Any of you who does not like us and the city, and who wants to go to a colony or to any other city, may go where he likes, and take his goods with him. But he who has experience of the manner in which we order justice and administer the state, and still remains, has entered into an implied contract that he will do as we command him. And he who disobeys us is, as we maintain, thrice wrong; first, because in disobeying us he is disobeying his parents; secondly, because we are the authors of his education; thirdly, because he has made an agreement with us that he will duly obey our commands; and he neither obeys them nor convinces us that our commands are wrong; and we do not rudely impose them, but give them the alternative of obeying or convincing us;—that is what we offer, and he does neither. These are the sort of accusations to which, as we were saying, you, Socrates, will be exposed if you accomplish your intentions; you, above all other Athenians." Suppose I ask, why is this? they will justly retort upon me that I above all other men have acknowledged the agreement. "There is clear proof," they will say, "Socrates, that we and the city were not displeasing to you. Of all Athenians you have been the most constant resident in the city, which, as you never leave, you may be supposed to love. For you never went out of the city either to see the games, except once when you went to the Isthmus, or to any other place unless when you were on military service; nor did you travel as other men do. Nor had you any curiosity to know other

states or their laws: your affections did not go beyond us and our state; we were your special favorites, and you acquiesced in our government of you; and this is the state in which you begat your children, which is proof of your satisfaction. Moreover, you might, if you had liked, have fixed the penalty at banishment in the course of the trial—the state which refuses to let you go now would have let you go then. But you pretended that you preferred death to exile, and that you were not grieved at death. And now you have forgotten these fine sentiments, and pay no respect to us the laws, of whom you are the destroyer; and are doing what only a miserable slave would do, running away and turning your back upon the compacts and agreements which you made as a citizen. And first of all answer this very question: Are we right in saying that you agreed to be governed according to us in deed, and not in word only? Is that true or not?" How shall we answer that, Crito? Must we not agree?

CRITO. There is no help, Socrates.

SOCRATES. Then will they not say: "You, Socrates, are breaking the covenants and agreements which you made with us at your leisure, not in any haste or under any compulsion or deception, but having had seventy years to think of them, during which time you were at liberty to leave the city, if we were not to your mind, or if our covenants appeared to you to be unfair. You had your choice, and might have gone either to Lacedaemon or Crete, which you often praise for their good government, or to some other Hellenic or foreign state. Whereas you, above all other Athenians, seemed to be so fond of the state, or, in other words, of us her laws (for who would like a state that has no laws), that you never stirred out of her; the halt, the blind, the maimed were not more stationary in her than you were. And now you run away and forsake your agreements. Not so, Socrates, if you will take our advice; do not make yourself ridiculous by escaping out of the city.

"For just consider, if you transgress and err in this sort of way, what good will you do either to yourself or to your friends? That your friends will be driven into exile and deprived of citizenship, or will lose their property, is tolerably certain; and you yourself, if you fly to one of the neighboring cities, as, for example, Thebes or Megara, both of which are well-governed cities, will come to them as an enemy, Socrates, and their government will be against you, and all patriotic citizens will cast an evil eye upon you as a subverter of the laws, and you will confirm in the minds of the judges the justice of their own condemnation of you. For he who is a corruptor of the laws is more than likely to be corruptor of the young and foolish portion of mankind. Will you then flee from well-ordered cities and virtuous men? and is existence worth having on these terms? Or will you go to them without shame, and talk to them, Socrates? And what will you say to them? What you say here about virtue and justice and institutions and laws being the best things among men. Would that be decent of you? Surely not. But if you go away from well-governed states to Crito's friends in Thessaly, where there is a great disorder and license, they will be charmed to have the tale of your escape from prison, set off with ludicrous particulars of the manner in which you were wrapped

in a goatskin or some other disguise, and metamorphosed as the fashion of runaways is—that is very likely; but will there be no one to remind you that in your old age you violated the most sacred laws from a miserable desire of a little more life. Perhaps not, if you keep them in a good temper; but if they are out of temper you will hear many degrading things; *you will live, but how?*—as the flatterer of all men, and the servant of all men; and doing what?—eating and drinking in Thessaly, having gone abroad in order that you may get a dinner. And where will be your fine sentiments about justice and virtue then? Say that you wish to live for the sake of your *children*, that you may bring them up and educate them—will you take them into Thessaly and deprive them of Athenian citizenship? Is that the benefit which you would confer upon them? Or are you under the impression that they will be better cared for and educated here if you are still alive, although absent from them; for that your friends will take care of them? Do you fancy that if you are an inhabitant of Thessaly they will take care of them, and if you are an inhabitant of the other world they will not take care of them? Nay; but if they who call themselves friends are truly friends, they surely will.

"Listen, then, Socrates, to us who have brought you up. Think not of life and children first, and of justice afterwards, but of justice first, that you may be justified before the princes of the world below. For neither will you nor any that belong to you be happier or holier or juster in this life, or happier in another, if you do as Crito bids. Now you depart in innocence, a sufferer and not a doer of evil; a victim, not of the laws, but of men. But if you go forth, returning evil for evil, and injury for injury, breaking the covenants and agreements which you have made with us, and wronging those whom you ought least to wrong, that is to say, yourself, your friends, your country, and us, we shall be angry with you while you live, and our brethren, the laws in the world below, will receive you as an enemy; for they will know that you have done your best to destroy us. Listen, then, to us and not to Crito."

This is the voice which I seem to hear murmuring in my ears like the sound of the flute in the ears of the mystic; that voice, I say, is humming in my ears, and prevents me from hearing any other. And I know that anything more which you may say will be vain. Yet speak, if you have anything to say.

CRITO. I have nothing to say, Socrates.

SOCRATES. Then let me follow the intimations of the will of God.

Government

The passages in this section deal with a problem that began when men first agreed to surrender certain of their personal liberties for the sake of mutual protection and betterment. It is the problem of the individual and his relation

to both a national and an international organization. The section begins with the personal discovery made by Fiorello H La Guardia, who was a congressman, later a mayor of New York City, and still later an administrator of postwar relief overseas. He tells in his account how he first became aware of the importance of the state even to a boy living in an army post in Arizona. The selections which follow range from the distant past to the present. The first three selections (by an early Hebrew, a nineteenth-century Englishman, and a twentieth-century American) present widely varying points of view on the relation of the individual to his national government. The concluding selection in this section (by a federal judge) takes up the problem of international law and organization.

Fiorello H. La Guardia

MY FIRST ENCOUNTERS WITH POLITICS

A personal discovery

What I saw and heard and learned in my boyhood days in Arizona made lasting impressions on me. Many of the things on which I have such strong feelings—feelings which some of my opponents have regarded as unreasonable obsessions—were first impressed on my mind during those early days, and the knowledge I acquired then never left me. On some of those things I believe I am so right in my attitude that I remain uncompromising.

For instance, there is the professional politician. Though I have been in politics for well over forty years, I loathe the professional politician. I have never been a regular. I have fought political machines and party politics at every opportunity. This attitude had its origin in the loudly dressed, slick and sly Indian agents, political appointees, I saw come into Arizona. The first time I ever heard the word politician was at Fort Huachuca, when I was still a small child. The word was applied to those Indian agents. I learned afterwards that they got the jobs because they were small-fry ward heelers. I saw hungry Indians, and the little Indian kids watched us while we munched a Kansas apple or ate a cookie Mother baked. I knew, even as a child, that the government in Washington provided food for all those Indians, but that the "politicians" sold the rations to miners and even to general stores, robbing the Indians of the food the government provided for them. That was my first contact with "politicians."

I had my first experience with a lobby when I was about twelve. My father received a letter from someone in Washington stating that the pay of band

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leaders could be increased to $100 a month. The pay was then $60 a month. The letter also stated that band leaders could become commissioned officers. I can see the gleam in Dad's eye to this day as he fancied himself adorned with shoulder straps. It all seemed so easy; just sign the agreement to pay one month's salary when the bill became the law, and no further obligation except to send $50 for necessary expenses.

Even as a kid I could not understand this. Why the expenses? There were hints in the letter that it was necessary to see certain Representatives and Senators, and that there were disbursements to be met. It was rather crude. But this technique of the 'nineties didn't differ so much from the technique of our own 'forties. I don't know why, but I felt instinctively that it was wrong. And Mother was on my side. I figured it out that if the men in the various regiments at our post sent in this money, it would amount to $2,250. That was a lot of money in those days. "It's a fake, a swindle," I shouted, and when I ran out of adjectives in denouncing the scheme to my father, I resorted to what to me has always been the most odious thing you could say about people: "They're a bunch of politicians." Father, a musician, who never bothered with politics, was soon talked out of joining the plan. The band leaders of the Army are still waiting for those shoulder straps some of them sent their money to get. . . .

. . . It was during my boyhood in Arizona that I first learned about corrupt local government, and I got my political education from Pulitzer's New York *World*. We had two newspapers in Prescott, the *Journal Miner* and the Prescott *Courier*. These were typical Bret Harte Western newspapers, devoted mostly to local news. When the Sunday edition of the New York *World* arrived in Prescott on the following Friday or Saturday, I would rush to Ross's drugstore where it was on display. There I had looked at the first funny sections I had ever seen, featuring the Yellow Kid. From that comic strip came the expression "yellow journalism." I have enjoyed the comics ever since.

When I got home with the Sunday *World*, I would carefully read every word of the *World*'s fight against the corrupt Tammany machine in New York. That was the period of the lurid disclosures made by the Lexow investigation of corruption in the Police Department that extended throughout the political structure of the city. The papers then were filled with stories of startling crookedness on the part of the police and the politicians in New York. Unlike boys who grew up in the city and who hear from childhood about such things as graft and corruption, the amazing disclosures hit me like a shock. I could not understand how the people of the greatest city in the country could put up with the vice and crime that existed there. A resentment against Tammany was created in me at that time, which I admit is to this day almost an obsession. But I did not become cynical or lose faith in government. I was certain that good people could eliminate bad people from public office. But as I grew older, my hatred of corrupt politicians and my feeling against dishonest and inefficient government increased with the years in proportion with my experience of it.

When I went to live in New York again after my return from Europe in 1906, Tammany was once more all-powerful. It was the era of "honest graft." When

I had to choose a political party, my choice was easy. I joined the Republican Party. I was young and innocent. A party in the minority cannot help being good and pure. That seemed the only avenue I could choose at the time in order to carry out my boyhood dreams of going to work against corrupt government.

There was, of course, great excitement at Whipple Barracks in Prescott when the news reached us that the U. S. battleship *Maine* had been blown up in the harbor of Havana, Cuba, on the fifteenth of February 1898. The Postal Telegraph operator in Prescott pasted up Associated Press bulletins on the *Maine* disaster as soon as they came in, and along with the other children of Army men, as well as the parents, I watched and waited eagerly for the latest news. We expected war momentarily, especially after the news came that two hundred and fifty American lives had been lost.

Within about ten days, orders came for our regiment to get itself ready for war. Inventories were taken. The equipment of some other regiments and of National Guard units was not up to date, but our regiment had the modern Krag-Jörgensen rifles. Some of our noncommissioned officers had seen service in the Civil War.

As the weeks passed and there was still no declaration of war, there was a feeling in our military circles that President McKinley was hesitating too long. But it finally came on April twenty-fifth, and our regiment was soon sent to Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, Missouri. It remained there for a few days and then went into camp at Mobile, Alabama, but the families of the officers and enlisted men remained in quarters at Jefferson Barracks.

Though I was only fifteen years old, I was restless and wanted to join the Army. My age, and the fact that I was short and under the required weight, made that impossible. But I persuaded the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* to pay my fare to the camp at Mobile where my father was stationed. I did a couple of articles for the *Post-Dispatch* from the camp.

As an Army child I was familiar with drill and other training courses. I noticed at that time that it was very difficult to train Army officers quickly, though it was easy to train a large body of men in a hurry once you had the officers to do the job. This knowledge was very useful to me later when I was a legislator, and particularly when I became a member of the House Committee on Military Affairs. I also noticed at that time that the Medical Corps was both inefficient and unsufficient in the Spanish-American War. During the first world war the Medical Corps brought its technique and efficiency almost to perfection. In the second world war it surpassed anything that had been attained previously in this and, perhaps, in any other country. But the government's record as a whole during the Spanish-American War was not up to the heroism of our men who took part in that war.

My particular Spanish-American War hero was "Bucky" O'Neil. I remember that he came to our school soon after the declaration of war and told us what that declaration meant, and what war meant. He expressed the opinion that when we won this war, no other nation would ever again attempt to dominate territory in the Western Hemisphere. When Arizona provided a troop for

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt's Rough Riders, "Bucky" O'Neil became a member of that troop. I felt he should have commanded it. He was killed in action during the famous charge on San Juan Hill.

One of the worst scandals of our entire military history occurred during this short Spanish-American War and made a lasting impression upon me, for my father was one of its victims. Corrupt contractors supplied the Army with diseased beef. My father became so ill as a result of eating some of this diseased beef that he had to be discharged from the service on account of disability. Though we did not know it then, he had only a few years to live because of the work of crooked Army contractors.

That experience never left my mind. When I became a Congressman during World War I, the first measure I introduced in the House was a bill providing the death penalty for contractors who supplied defective food or other supplies and equipment in time of war, and a heavy jail sentence, if they sold such stuff in time of peace. I introduced that measure on April 3, 1917, a few days before Congress declared war on Germany. It was referred to the Committee on Judiciary, where it was allowed to languish. But I still think it is a good idea. It might prevent other families from losing their fathers.

After Father's discharge from the Army, our family returned to New York City, where we renewed old acquaintances. Then the family went to Trieste, to live with my mother's family. It was while we were in Trieste that my father died in 1901, a victim of condemned Army meat.

In these chapters the ancient scribe outlines the more general regulations ordained by God for the conduct of the Israelites. Though bound by the fairly rigid code of the patriarchal system, the people still recognize God as the ultimate power in their government. That they do not necessarily act according to His desires is abundantly evident.

The Bible

SELECTIONS FROM EXODUS

In the third month, when the children of Israel were gone forth out of the land of Egypt, the same day came they into the wilderness of Sinai. For they were departed from Rephidim, and were come to the desert of Sinai, and had pitched in the wilderness; and there Israel camped before the mount.

And Moses went up unto God, and the Lord called unto him out of the mountain, saying. Thus shalt thou say to the house of Jacob, and tell the children of Israel;

Ye have seen what I did unto the Egyptians, and how I bare you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto myself.

Now therefore, if ye will obey my voice indeed, and keep my covenant, then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people: for all the earth is mine:

And ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests, and an holy nation. These are the words which thou shalt speak unto the children of Israel.

And Moses came and called for the elders of the people, and laid before their faces all these words which the Lord commanded him.

And all the people answered together, and said, All that the Lord hath spoken we will do. And Moses returned the words of the people unto the Lord.

And the Lord said unto Moses, Lo, I come unto thee in a thick cloud, that the people may hear when I speak with thee, and believe thee for ever. And Moses told the words of the people unto the Lord.

And the Lord said unto Moses, Go unto the people, and sanctify them to day and to morrow, and let them wash their clothes.

And be ready against the third day: for the third day the Lord will come down in the sight of all the people upon mount Sinai.

And thou shalt set bounds unto the people round about, saying, Take heed to yourselves, that ye go not up into the mount, or touch the border of it: whosoever toucheth the mount shall be surely put to death:

There shall not an hand touch it, but he shall surely be stoned, or shot through; whether it be beast or man, it shall not live: when the trumpet soundeth long, they shall come up to the mount.

And Moses went down from the mount unto the people, and sanctified the people; and they washed their clothes.

And he said unto the people, Be ready against the third day: come not at your wives.

And it came to pass on the third day in the morning, that there were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud; so that all the people that was in the camp trembled.

And Moses brought forth the people out of the camp to meet with God; and they stood at the nether part of the mount.

And mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire: and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly.

And when the voice of the trumpet sounded long, and waxed louder and louder, Moses spake, and God answered him by a voice.

And the Lord came down upon mount Sinai, on the top of the mount: and the Lord called Moses up to the top of the mount; and Moses went up.

And the Lord said unto Moses, Go down, charge the people, lest they break through unto the Lord to gaze, and many of them perish.

And let the priests also, which come near to the Lord, sanctify themselves, lest the Lord break forth upon them.

And Moses said unto the Lord, The people cannot come up to mount Sinai: for thou chargedst us, saying, Set bounds about the mount, and sanctify it.

And the Lord said unto him, Away, get thee down, and thou shalt come up, thou, and Aaron with thee: but let not the priests and the people break through to come up unto the Lord, lest he break forth upon them.

So Moses went down unto the people, and spake unto them.—Exodus 19

And God spake all these words, saying,

I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth:

Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me;

And shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy.

Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work:

But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates:

For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Thou shalt not kill.

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Thou shalt not steal.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbour's.

And all the people saw the thunderings, and the lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet, and the mountain smoking: and when the people saw it, they removed, and stood afar off.

And they said unto Moses, Speak thou with us, and we will hear: but let not God speak with us, lest we die.

And Moses said unto the people, Fear not: for God is come to prove you, and that his fear may be before your faces, that ye sin not.

And the people stood afar off, and Moses drew near unto the thick darkness where God was.—Exodus 20:1-21

And when the people saw that Moses delayed to come down out of the mount, the people gathered themselves together unto Aaron, and said unto him, Up, make us gods, which shall go before us; for as for this Moses, the man that brought us up out of the land of Egypt, we wot not what is become of him.

And Aaron said unto them, Break off the golden earrings, which are in the ears of your wives, of your sons, and of your daughters, and bring them unto me.

And all the people brake off the golden earrings which were in their ears, and brought them unto Aaron.

And he received them at their hand, and fashioned it with a graving tool, after he had made it a molten calf: and they said, These be thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt.

And when Aaron saw it, he built an altar before it; and Aaron made proclamation, and said, To morrow is a feast to the Lord.

And they rose up early on the morrow, and offered burnt offerings, and brought peace offerings; and the people sat down to eat and to drink, and rose up to play.

And the Lord said unto Moses, Go, get thee down: for thy people, which thou broughtest out of the land of Egypt, have corrupted themselves:

They have turned aside quickly out of the way which I commanded them: they have made them a molten calf, and have worshipped it, and have sacrificed thereunto, and said, These be thy gods, O Israel, which have brought thee up out of the land of Egypt.

And the Lord said unto Moses, I have seen this people, and, behold, it is a stiffnecked people:

Now therefore let me alone, that my wrath may wax hot against them, and that I may consume them: and I will make of thee a great nation.

And Moses besought the Lord his God, and said, Lord why doth thy wrath wax hot against thy people, which thou hast brought forth out of the land of Egypt with great power, and with a mighty hand?

Wherefore should the Egyptians speak, and say, For mischief did he bring them out, to slay them in the mountains, and to consume them from the face of the earth? Turn from thy fierce wrath, and repent of this evil against thy people.

Remember Abraham, Isaac, and Israel, thy servants, to whom thou swarest by thine own self, and saidst unto them, I will multiply your seed as the stars of heaven, and all this land that I have spoken of will I give unto your seed, and they shall inherit it for ever.

And the Lord repented of the evil which he thought to do unto his people.

And Moses turned, and went down from the mount, and the two tables of testimony were in his hand: the tables were written on both their sides; on the one side and on the other were they written.

And the tables were the work of God, and the writing was the writing of God, graven upon the tables.

And when Joshua heard the noise of the people as they shouted, he said unto Moses, There is a noise of war in the camp.

And he said. It is not the voice of them that shout for mastery, neither is it the voice of them that cry for being overcome: but the noise of them that sing do I hear.

And it came to pass, as soon as he came nigh unto the camp, that he saw the calf, and the dancing: and Moses' anger waxed hot, and he cast the tables out of his hands, and brake them beneath the mount.

And he took the calf which they had made, and burnt it in the fire, and ground it to powder, and strawed it upon the water, and made the children of Israel drink of it.

And Moses said unto Aaron, What did this people unto thee, that thou hast brought so great a sin upon them?

And Aaron said, Let not the anger of my lord wax hot: thou knowest the people, that they are set on mischief.

For they said unto me, Make us gods, which shall go before us: for as for this Moses, the man that brought us up out of the land of Egypt, we wot not what is become of him.

And I said unto them, Whosoever hath any gold, let them break it off. So they gave it me: then I cast it into the fire, and there came out this calf.

And when Moses saw that the people were naked; (for Aaron had made them naked unto their shame among their enemies:)

Then Moses stood in the gate of the camp, and said, Who is on the Lord's side? let him come unto me. And all the sons of Levi gathered themselves together unto him.

And he said unto them, Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbour.

And the children of Levi did according to the word of Moses: and there fell of the people that day about three thousand men.

For Moses had said, Consecrate yourselves to day to the Lord, even every man upon his son and upon his brother; that he may bestow upon you a blessing this day.

And it came to pass on the morrow, that Moses said unto the people, Ye have sinned a great sin: and now I will go up unto the Lord; peradventure I shall make an atonement for your sin.

And Moses returned unto the Lord, and said, Oh, this people have sinned a great sin, and have made them gods of gold.

Yet now, if thou wilt forgive their sin—; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written.

And the Lord said unto Moses, Whosoever hath sinned against me, him will I blot out of my book.

Therefore now go, lead the people unto the place of which I have spoken unto thee: behold, mine Angel shall go before thee: nevertheless in the day when I visit I will visit their sin upon them.

And the Lord plagued the people, because they made the calf, which Aaron made.—Exodus 32

John Stuart Mill

THE LIMITS OF GOVERNMENT INTERFERENCE

I have reserved for the last place [in this discussion] a large class of questions respecting the limits of government interference. . . . These are cases in which the reasons against interference do not turn upon the principle of liberty: the question is not about restraining the actions of individuals, but about helping them: it is asked whether the government should do, or cause to be done, something for their benefit, instead of leaving it to be done by themselves, individually, or in voluntary combination.

The objections to government interference, when it is not such as to involve infringement of liberty, may be of three kinds.

The first is, when the thing to be done is likely to be better done by individuals than by the government. Speaking generally, there is no one so fit to conduct any business, or to determine how or by whom it shall be conducted, as those who are personally interested in it. This principle condemns the interferences, once so common, of the legislature, or the officers of government, with the ordinary processes of industry. But this part of the subject has been sufficiently enlarged upon by political economists, and is not particularly related to the principles of this Essay.

The second objection is more nearly allied to our subject. In many cases, though individuals may not do the particular thing so well, on the average, as the officers of government, it is nevertheless desirable that it should be done by them, rather than by the government, as a means to their own mental education—a mode of strengthening their active faculties, exercising their judgment, and giving them a familiar knowledge of the subjects with which they are thus left to deal. This is a principal, though not the sole, recommendation of jury trial (in cases not political); of free and popular local and municipal institutions; of the conduct of industrial and philanthropic enterprises by voluntary associations. These are not questions of liberty, and are connected with that subject only by remote tendencies; but they are questions of development. It belongs to a different occasion from the present to dwell on these things as parts of national education; as being, in truth, the peculiar training of a citizen, the practical part of the political education of a free people, taking

them out of the narrow circle of personal and family selfishness, and accustoming them to the comprehension of joint interests, the management of joint concerns—habituating them to act from public or semi-public motives, and guide their conduct by aims which unite instead of isolating them from one another. Without these habits and powers, a free constitution can neither be worked nor preserved; as is exemplified by the too-often transitory nature of political freedom in countries where it does not rest upon a sufficient basis of local liberties. The management of purely local business by the localities, and of the great enterprises of industry by the union of those who voluntarily supply the pecuniary means, is further recommended by all the advantages which have been set forth in this Essay as belonging to individuality of development, and diversity of modes of action. Government operations tend to be everywhere alike. With individuals and voluntary associations, on the contrary, there are varied experiments, and endless diversity of experience. What the State can usefully do is to make itself a central depository, and active circulator and diffuser, of the experience resulting from many trials. Its business is to enable each experimentalist to benefit by the experiments of others; instead of tolerating no experiments but its own.

The third, and most cogent reason for restricting the interference of government is the great evil of adding unnecessarily to its power. Every function superadded to those already exercised by the government causes its influence over hopes and fears to be more widely diffused, and converts, more and more, the active and ambitious part of the public into hangers-on of the government, or of some party which aims at becoming the government. If the roads, the railways, the banks, the insurance offices, the great joint-stock companies, the universities, and the public charities, were all of them branches of the government; if, in addition, the municipal corporations and local boards, with all that now devolves on them, became departments of the central administration; if the employees of all these different enterprises were appointed and paid by the government, and looked to the government for every rise in life; not all the freedom of the press and popular constitution of the legislature would make this or any other country free otherwise than in name. And the evil would be greater, the more efficiently and scientifically the administrative machinery was constructed—the more skilful the arrangements for obtaining the best qualified hands and heads with which to work it. In England it has of late been proposed that all the members of the civil service of government should be selected by competitive examination, to obtain for these employments the most intelligent and instructed persons procurable; and much has been said and written for and against this proposal. One of the arguments most insisted on by its opponents, is that the occupation of a permanent official servant of the State does not hold out sufficient prospects of emolument and importance to attract the highest talents, which will always be able to find a more inviting career in the professions, or in the service of companies and other public bodies. One would not have been surprised if this argument had been used by the friends of the proposition, as an answer to its principal difficulty. Coming from the

opponents it is strange enough. What is urged as an objection is the safety-valve of the proposed system. If indeed all the high talent of the country *could* be drawn into the service of the government, a proposal tending to bring about that result might well inspire uneasiness. If every part of the business of society which required organized concert, or large and comprehensive views, were in the hands of the government, and if government offices were universally filled by the ablest men, all the enlarged culture and practised intelligence in the country, except the purely speculative, would be concentrated in a numerous bureaucracy, to whom alone the rest of the community would look for all things: the multitude for direction and dictation in all they had to do; the able and aspiring for personal advancement. To be admitted into the ranks of this bureaucracy, and when admitted, to rise therein, would be the sole objects of ambition. Under this régime, not only is the outside public ill-qualified, for want of practical experience, to criticize or check the mode of operation of the bureaucracy, but even if the accidents of despotic or the natural working of popular institutions occasionally raise to the summit a ruler or rulers of reforming inclinations, no reform can be effected which is contrary to the interest of the bureaucracy. Such is the melancholy condition of the Russian empire, as shown in the accounts of those who have had sufficient opportunity of observation. The Czar himself is powerless against the bureaucratic body; he can send any one of them to Siberia, but he cannot govern without them, or against their will. On every decree of his they have a tacit veto, by merely refraining from carrying it into effect. In countries of more advanced civilization and of a more insurrectionary spirit, the public, accustomed to expect everything to be done for them by the State, or at least to do nothing for themselves without asking from the State not only leave to do it, but even how it is to be done, naturally hold the State responsible for all evil which befalls them, and when the evil exceeds their amount of patience, they rise against the government, and make what is called a revolution; whereupon somebody else, with or without legitimate authority from the nation, vaults into the seat, issues his orders to the bureaucracy, and everything goes on much as it did before; the bureaucracy being unchanged, and nobody else being capable of taking their place.

A very different spectacle is exhibited among a people accustomed to transact their own business. In France, a large part of the people, having been engaged in military service, many of whom have held at least the rank of non-commissioned officers, there are in every popular insurrection several persons competent to take the lead, and improvise some tolerable plan of action. What the French are in military affairs, the Americans are in every kind of civil business; let them be left without a government, every body of Americans is able to improvise one, and to carry on that or any other public business with a sufficient amount of intelligence, order, and decision. This is what every free people ought to be: and a people capable of this is certain to be free; it will never let itself be enslaved by any man or body of men because these are able to seize and pull the reins of the central administration. No bureaucracy can hope to

make such a people as this do or undergo anything that they do not like. But where everything is done through the bureaucracy, nothing to which the bureaucracy is really adverse can be done at all. The constitution of such countries is an organization of the experience and practical ability of the nation into a disciplined body for the purpose of governing the rest; and the more perfect that organization is in itself, the more successful in drawing to itself and educating for itself the persons of greatest capacity from all ranks of the community, the more complete is the bondage of all, the members of the bureaucracy included. For the governors are as much the slaves of their organization and discipline as the governed are of the governors. A Chinese mandarin is as much the tool and creature of a despotism as the humblest cultivator. An individual Jesuit is to the utmost degree of abasement the slave of his order, though the order itself exists for the collective power and importance of its members.

It is not, also, to be forgotten, that the absorption of all the principal ability of the country into the governing body is fatal, sooner or later, to the mental activity and progressiveness of the body itself. Banded together as they are—working a system which, like all systems, necessarily proceeds in a great measure by fixed rules—the official body are under the constant temptation of sinking into indolent routine, or, if they now and then desert that mill-horse round, of rushing into some half-examined crudity which has struck the fancy of some leading member of the corps: and the sole check to these closely allied, though seemingly opposite, tendencies, the only stimulus which can keep the ability of the body itself up to a high standard, is liability to the watchful criticism of equal ability outside the body. It is indispensable, therefore, that the means should exist, independently of the government, of forming such ability, and furnishing it with the opportunities and experience necessary for a correct judgment of great practical affairs. If we would possess permanently a skilful and efficient body of functionaries—above all, a body able to originate and willing to adopt improvements; if we would not have our bureaucracy degenerate into a pedantocracy, this body must not engross all the occupations which form and cultivate the faculties required for the government of mankind.

To determine the point at which evils, so formidable to human freedom and advancement, begin, or rather at which they begin to predominate over the benefits attending the collective application of the force of society, under its recognized chiefs, for the removal of the obstacles which stand in the way of its well-being; to secure as much of the advantages of centralized power and intelligence as can be had without turning into governmental channels too great a proportion of the general activity—is one of the most difficult and complicated questions in the art of government. It is, in a great measure, a question of detail, in which many and various considerations must be kept in view, and no absolute rule can be laid down. But I believe that the practical principle in which safety resides, the ideal to be kept in view, the standard by which to test all arrangements intended for overcoming the difficulty, may be conveyed in these words: the greatest dissemination of power consistent with

efficiency; but the greatest possible centralization of information, and diffusion of it from the centre. Thus, in municipal administration, there would be, as in the New England States, a very minute division among separate officers, chosen by the localities, of all business which is not better left to the persons directly interested; but besides this, there would be, in each department of local affairs, a central superintendence, forming a branch of the general government. The organ of this superintendence would concentrate, as in a focus, the variety of information and experience derived from the conduct of that branch of public business in all the localities, from everything analogous which is done in foreign countries, and from the general principles of political science. This central organ should have a right to know all that is done, and its special duty should be that of making the knowledge acquired in one place available for others. Emancipated from the petty prejudices and narrow views of a locality by its elevated position and comprehensive sphere of observation, its advice would naturally carry much authority; but its actual power, as a permanent institution, should, I conceive, be limited to compelling the local officers to obey the laws laid down for their guidance. In all things not provided for by general rules, those officers should be left to their own judgment, under responsibility to their constituents. For the violation of rules, they should be responsible to law, and the rules themselves should be laid down by the legislature; the central administrative authority only watching over their execution, and if they were not properly carried into effect, appealing, according to the nature of the case, to the tribunals to enforce the law, or to the constituencies to dismiss the functionaries who had not executed it according to its spirit. Such, in its general conception, is the central superintendence which the Poor Law Board is intended to exercise over the administrators of the Poor Rate throughout the country. Whatever powers the Board exercises beyond this limit were right and necessary in that peculiar case, for the cure of rooted habits of maladministration in matters deeply affecting not the localities merely, but the whole community; since no locality has a moral right to make itself by mismanagement a nest of pauperism, necessarily overflowing into other localities, and impairing the moral and physical condition of the whole labouring community. The powers of administrative coercion and subordinate legislation possessed by the Poor Law Board (but which, owing to the state of opinion on the subject, are very scantily exercised by them), though perfectly justifiable in a case of first-rate national interest, would be wholly out of place in the superintendence of interests purely local. But a central organ of information and instruction for all the localities would be equally valuable in all departments of administration. A government cannot have too much of the kind of activity which does not impede, but aids and stimulates, individual exertion and development. The mischief begins when, instead of calling forth the activity and powers of individuals and bodies, it substitutes its own activity for theirs; when, instead of informing, advising, and, upon occasion, denouncing, it makes them work in fetters, or bids them stand aside and does their work instead of them. The worth of a State, in the

long run, is the worth of the individuals composing it; and a State which postpones the interest of *their* mental expansion and elevation to a little more of administrative skill, or of that semblance of it which practice gives, in the details of business; a State which dwarfs its men, in order that they may be more docile instruments in its hands even for beneficial purposes—will find that with small men no great thing can really be accomplished; and that the perfection of machinery to which it has sacrificed everything will in the end avail it nothing, for want of the vital power which, in order that the machine might work more smoothly, it has preferred to banish.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt

PROGRESSIVE GOVERNMENT

My friends: I count it a privilege to be invited to address the Commonwealth Club. It has stood in the life of this city and State, and it is perhaps accurate to add, the Nation, as a group of citizen leaders interested in fundamental problems of Government, and chiefly concerned with achievement of progress in Government through non-partisan means. The privilege of addressing you, therefore, in the heat of a political campaign, is great. I want to respond to your courtesy in terms consistent with your policy.

I want to speak not of politics but of Government. I want to speak not of parties, but of universal principles. They are not political, except in that larger sense in which a great American once expressed a definition of politics, that nothing in all of human life is foreign to the science of politics.

I do want to give you, however, a recollection of a long life spent for a large part in public office. Some of my conclusions and observations have been deeply accentuated in these past few weeks. I have traveled far—from Albany to the Golden Gate. I have seen many people, and heard many things, and today, when in a sense my journey has reached the half-way mark, I am glad of the opportunity to discuss with you what it all means to me.

Sometimes, my friends, particularly in years such as these, the hand of discouragement falls upon us. It seems that things are in a rut, fixed, settled, that the world has grown old and tired and very much out of joint. This is the mood of depression, of dire and weary depression.

But then we look around us in America, and everything tells us that we are wrong. America is new. It is in the process of change and development. It has the great potentialities of youth, and particularly is this true of the great West, and of this coast, and of California.

From *The Public Papers and Addresses of Franklin D. Roosevelt*, Volume I, Random House, Inc. This speech was made before the Commonwealth Club in San Francisco, during the 1932 campaign for the presidency and in the midst of a nation-wide depression.

I would not have you feel that I regard this as in any sense a new community. I have traveled in many parts of the world, but never have I felt the arresting thought of the change and development more than here, where the old, mystic East would seem to be near to us, where the currents of life and thought and commerce of the whole world meet us. This factor alone is sufficient to cause man to stop and think of the deeper meaning of things, when he stands in this community.

But more than that, I appreciate that the membership of this club consists of men who are thinking in terms beyond the immediate present, beyond their own immediate tasks, beyond their own individual interests. I want to invite you, therefore, to consider with me in the large, some of the relationships of Government and economic life that go deeply into our daily lives, our happiness, our future and our security.

The issue of Government has always been whether individual men and women will have to serve some system of Government or economics, or whether a system of Government and economics exists to serve individual men and women. This question has persistently dominated the discussion of Government for many generations. On questions relating to these things men have differed, and for time immemorial it is probable that honest men will continue to differ.

The final word belongs to no man; yet we can still believe in change and in progress. Democracy, as a dear old friend of mine in Indiana, Meredith Nicholson, has called it, is a quest, a never-ending seeking for better things, and in the seeking for these things and the striving for them, there are many roads to follow. But, if we map the course of these roads, we find that there are only two general directions.

When we look about us, we are likely to forget how hard people have worked to win the privilege of Government. The growth of the national Governments of Europe was the struggle for the development of a centralized force in the Nation, strong enough to impose peace upon ruling barons. In many instances the victory of the central Government, the creation of a strong central Government, was a haven of refuge to the individual. The people preferred the master far away to the exploitation and cruelty of the smaller master near at hand.

But the creators of national Government were perforce ruthless men. They were often cruel in their methods, but they did strive steadily toward something that society needed and very much wanted, a strong central State able to keep the peace, to stamp out civil war, to put the unruly nobleman in his place, and to permit the bulk of individuals to live safely. The man of ruthless force had his place in developing a pioneer country, just as he did in fixing the power of the central Government in the development of Nations. Society paid him well for his services and its development. When the development among the Nations of Europe, however, had been completed, ambition and ruthlessness, having served their term, tended to overstep their mark.

There came a growing feeling that Government was conducted for the benefit of a few who thrived unduly at the expense of all. The people sought

a balancing—a limiting force. There came gradually, through town councils, trade guilds, national parliaments, by constitution and by popular participation and control, limitations on arbitrary power.

Another factor that tended to limit the power of those who ruled, was the rise of the ethical conception that a ruler bore a responsibility for the welfare of his subjects.

The American colonies were born in this struggle. The American Revolution was a turning point in it. After the Revolution the struggle continued and shaped itself in the public life of the country. There were those who because they had seen the confusion which attended the years of war for American independence surrendered to the belief that popular Government was essentially dangerous and essentially unworkable. They were honest people, my friends, and we cannot deny that their experience had warranted some measure of fear. The most brilliant, honest and able exponent of this point of view was Hamilton. He was too impatient of slow-moving methods. Fundamentally he believed that the safety of the republic lay in the autocratic strength of its Government, that the destiny of individuals was to serve that Government. and that fundamentally a great and strong group of central institutions. guided by a small group of able and public spirited citizens, could best direct all Government.

But Mr. Jefferson, in the summer of 1776. after drafting the Declaration of Independence turned his mind to the same problem and took a different view. He did not deceive himself with outward forms. Government to him was a means to an end, not an end in itself; it might be either a refuge and a help or a threat and a danger, depending on the circumstances. We find him carefully analyzing the society for which he was to organize a Government. "We have no paupers. The great mass of our population is of laborers, our rich who cannot live without labor, either manual or professional, being few and of moderate wealth. Most of the laboring class possess property, cultivate their own lands, have families and from the demand for their labor, are enabled to exact from the rich and the competent such prices as enable them to feed abundantly, clothe above mere decency, to labor moderately and raise their families."

These people, he considered, had two sets of rights, those of "personal competency" and those involved in acquiring and possessing property. By "personal competency" he meant the right of free thinking. freedom of forming and expressing opinions, and freedom of personal living, each man according to his own lights. To insure the first set of rights, a Government must so order its functions as not to interfere with the individual. But even Jefferson realized that the exercise of the property rights might so interfere with the rights of the individual that the Government, without whose assistance the property rights could not exist, must intervene, not to destroy individualism, but to protect it.

You are familiar with the great political duel which followed; and how Hamilton, and his friends, building toward a dominant centralized power were at length defeated in the great election of 1800. by Mr. Jefferson's party. Out

of that duel came the two parties, Republican and Democratic, as we know them today.

So began, in American political life, the new day, the day of the individual against the system, the day in which individualism was made the great watchword of American life. The happiest of economic conditions made that day long and splendid. On the Western frontier, land was substantially free. No one, who did not shirk the task of earning a living, was entirely without opportunity to do so. Depressions could, and did, come and go; but they could not alter the fundamental fact that most of the people lived partly by selling their labor and partly by extracting their livelihood from the soil, so that starvation and dislocation were practically impossible. At the very worst there was always the possibility of climbing into a covered wagon and moving west where the untilled prairies afforded a haven for men to whom the East did not provide a place. So great were our natural resources that we could offer this relief not only to our own people, but to the distressed of all the world; we could invite immigration from Europe, and welcome it with open arms. Traditionally, when a depression came a new section of land was opened in the West; and even our temporary misfortune served our manifest destiny.

It was in the middle of the nineteenth century that a new force was released and a new dream created. The force was what is called the industrial revolution, the advance of steam and machinery and the rise of the forerunners of the modern industrial plant. The dream was the dream of an economic machine, able to raise the standard of living for everyone; to bring luxury within the reach of the humblest; to annihilate distance by steam power and later by electricity, and to release everyone from the drudgery of the heaviest manual toil. It was to be expected that this would necessarily affect Government. Heretofore, Government had merely been called upon to produce conditions within which people could live happily, labor peacefully, and rest secure. Now it was called upon to aid in the consummation of this new dream. There was, however, a shadow over the dream. To be made real, it required use of the talents of men of tremendous will and tremendous ambition, since by no other force could the problems of financing and engineering and new developments be brought to a consummation.

So manifest were the advantages of the machine age, however, that the United States fearlessly, cheerfully, and, I think, rightly, accepted the bitter with the sweet. It was thought that no price was too high to pay for the advantages which we could draw from a finished industrial system. The history of the last half century is accordingly in large measure a history of a group of financial Titans whose methods were not scrutinized with too much care, and who were honored in proportion as they produced the results, irrespective of the means they used. The financiers who pushed the railroads to the Pacific were always ruthless, often wasteful, and frequently corrupt; but they did build railroads, and we have them today. It has been estimated that the American investor paid for the American railroad system more than three times over in the process; but despite this fact the net advantage was to the United States. As

long as we had free land; as long as population was growing by leaps and bounds; as long as our industrial plants were insufficient to supply our own needs, society chose to give the ambitious man free play and unlimited reward provided only that he produced the economic plant so much desired.

During this period of expansion, there was equal opportunity for all, and the business of Government was not to interfere but to assist in the development of industry. This was done at the request of business men themselves. The tariff was originally imposed for the purpose of "fostering our infant industry," a phrase I think the older among you will remember as a political issue not so long ago. The railroads were subsidized, sometimes by grants of money, oftener by grants of land; some of the most valuable oil lands in the United States were granted to assist the financing of the railroad which pushed through the Southwest. A nascent merchant marine was assisted by grants of money, or by mail subsidies, so that our steam shipping might ply the seven seas. Some of my friends tell me that they do not want the Government in business. With this I agree; but I wonder whether they realize the implications of the past. For while it has been American doctrine that the Government must not go into business in competition with private enterprises, still it has been traditional, particularly in Republican administrations, for business urgently to ask the Government to put at private disposal all kinds of Government assistance. The same man who tells you that he does not want to see the Government interfere in business—and he means it, and has plenty of good reasons for saying so—is the first to go to Washington and ask the Government for a prohibitory tariff on his product. When things get just bad enough, as they did two years ago, he will go with equal speed to the United States Government and ask for a loan; and the Reconstruction Finance Corporation is the outcome of it. Each group has sought protection from the Government for its own special interests, without realizing that the function of Government must be to favor no small group at the expense of its duty to protect the rights of personal freedom and of private property of all its citizens.

In retrospect we can now see that the turn of the tide came with the turn of the century. We were reaching our last frontier; there was no more free land and our industrial combinations had become great uncontrolled and irresponsible units of power within the State. Clear-sighted men saw with fear the danger that opportunity would no longer be equal; that the growing corporation, like the feudal baron of old, might threaten the economic freedom of individuals to earn a living. In that hour, our anti-trust laws were born. The cry was raised against the great corporations. Theodore Roosevelt, the first great Republican Progressive, fought a Presidential campaign on the issue of "trust busting" and talked freely about malefactors of great wealth. If the Government had a policy it was rather to turn the clock back, to destroy the large combinations and to return to the time when every man owned his individual small business.

This was impossible; Theodore Roosevelt, abandoning the idea of "trust busting," was forced to work out a difference between "good" trusts and "bad"

trusts. The Supreme Court set forth the famous "rule of reason" by which it seems to have meant that a concentration of industrial power was permissible if the method by which it got its power, and the use it made of that power, were reasonable.

Woodrow Wilson, elected in 1912, saw the situation more clearly. Where Jefferson had feared the encroachment of political power on the lives of individuals, Wilson knew that the new power was financial. He saw, in the highly centralized economic system, the despot of the twentieth century, on whom great masses of individuals relied for their safety and their livelihood, and whose irresponsibility and greed (if they were not controlled) would reduce them to starvation and penury. The concentration of financial power had not proceeded so far in 1912 as it has today; but it had grown far enough for Mr. Wilson to realize fully its implications. It is interesting, now, to read his speeches. What is called "radical" today (and I have reason to know whereof I speak) is mild compared to the campaign of Mr. Wilson. "No man can deny," he said, "that the lines of endeavor have more and more narrowed and stiffened; no man who knows anything about the development of industry in this country can have failed to observe that the larger kinds of credit are more and more difficult to obtain unless you obtain them upon terms of uniting your efforts with those who already control the industry of the country, and nobody can fail to observe that every man who tries to set himself up in competition with any process of manufacture which has taken place under the control of large combinations of capital will presently find himself either squeezed out or obliged to sell and allow himself to be absorbed." Had there been no World War—had Mr. Wilson been able to devote eight years to domestic instead of to international affairs—we might have had a wholly different situation at the present time. However, the then distant roar of European cannon, growing ever louder, forced him to abandon the study of this issue. The problem he saw so clearly is left with us as a legacy; and no one of us on either side of the political controversy can deny that it is a matter of grave concern to the Government.

A glance at the situation today only too clearly indicates that equality of opportunity as we have known it no longer exists. Our industrial plant is built; the problem just now is whether under existing conditions it is not overbuilt. Our last frontier has long since been reached, and there is practically no more free land. More than half of our people do not live on the farms or on lands and cannot derive a living by cultivating their own property. There is no safety valve in the form of a Western prairie to which those thrown out of work by Eastern economic machines can go for a new start. We are not able to invite the immigration from Europe to share our endless plenty. We are now providing a drab living for our own people.

Our system of constantly rising tariffs has at last reacted against us to the point of closing our Canadian frontier on the north, our European markets on the east, many of our Latin-American markets to the south, and a goodly proportion of our Pacific markets on the west, through the retaliatory tariffs of those countries. It has forced many of our great industrial institutions which

exported their surplus production to such countries, to establish plants in such countries, within the tariff walls. This has resulted in the reduction of the operation of their American plants, and opportunity for employment.

Just as freedom to farm has ceased, so also the opportunity in business has narrowed. It still is true that men can start small enterprises, trusting to native shrewdness and ability to keep abreast of competitors; but area after area has been preempted altogether by the great corporations, and even in the fields which still have no great concerns, the small man starts under a handicap. The unfeeling statistics of the past three decades show that the independent business man is running a losing race. Perhaps he is forced to the wall: perhaps he cannot command credit; perhaps he is "squeezed out," in Mr. Wilson's words, by highly organized corporate competitors, as your corner grocery man can tell you. Recently a careful study was made of the concentration of business in the United States. It showed that our economic life was dominated by some six hundred odd corporations who controlled two-thirds of American industry. Ten million small business men divided the other third. More striking still, it appeared that if the process of concentration goes on at the same rate, at the end of another century we shall have all American industry controlled by a dozen corporations, and run by perhaps a hundred men. Put plainly, we are steering a steady course toward economic oligarchy, if we are not there already.

Clearly, all this calls for a re-appraisal of values. A mere builder of more industrial plants, a creator of more railroad systems, an organizer of more corporations, is as likely to be a danger as a help. The day of the great promoter or the financial Titan, to whom we granted anything if only he would build, or develop, is over. Our task now is not discovery or exploitation of natural resources, or necessarily producing more goods. It is the soberer, less dramatic business of administering resources and plants already in hand, of seeking to reestablish foreign markets for our surplus production, of meeting the problem of underconsumption, of adjusting production to consumption, of distributing wealth and products more equitably, of adapting existing economic organizations to the service of the people. The day of enlightened administration has come.

Just as in older times the central Government was first a haven of refuge, and then a threat, so now in a closer economic system the central and ambitious financial unit is no longer a servant of national desire, but a danger. I would draw the parallel one step farther. We did not think because national Government had become a threat in the 18th century that therefore we should abandon the principle of national Government. Nor today should we abandon the principle of strong economic units called corporations, merely because their power is susceptible of easy abuse. In other times we dealt with the problem of an unduly ambitious central Government by modifying it gradually into a constitutional democratic Government. So today we are modifying and controlling our economic units.

As I see it, the task of Government in its relation to business is to assist the development of an economic declaration of rights, an economic constitutional

order. This is the common task of statesman and business man. It is the minimum requirement of a more permanently safe order of things.

Happily, the times indicate that to create such an order not only is the proper policy of Government, but it is the only line of safety for our economic structures as well. We know, now, that these economic units cannot exist unless prosperity is uniform, that is, unless purchasing power is well distributed throughout every group in the Nation. That is why even the most selfish of corporations for its own interest would be glad to see wages restored and unemployment ended and to bring the Western farmer back to his accustomed level of prosperity and to assure a permanent safety to both groups. That is why some enlightened industries themselves endeavor to limit the freedom of action of each man and business group within the industry in the common interest of all; why business men everywhere are asking a form of organization which will bring the scheme of things into balance, even though it may in some measure qualify the freedom of action of individual units within the business.

The exposition need not further be elaborated. It is brief and incomplete, but you will be able to expand it in terms of your own business or occupation without difficulty. I think everyone who has actually entered the economic struggle—which means everyone who was not born to safe wealth—knows in his own experience and his own life that we have now to apply the earlier concepts of American Government to the conditions of today.

The Declaration of Independence discusses the problem of Government in terms of a contract. Government is a relation of give and take, a contract, perforce, if we would follow the thinking out of which it grew. Under such a contract rulers were accorded power, and the people assented to that power on consideration that they be accorded certain rights. The task of statesmanship has always been the re-definition of these rights in terms of a changing and growing social order. New conditions impose new requirements upon Government and those who conduct Government.

I held, for example, in proceedings before me as Governor, the purpose of which was the removal of the Sheriff of New York, that under modern conditions it was not enough for a public official merely to evade the legal terms of official wrong-doing. He owed a positive duty as well. I said in substance that if he had acquired large sums of money, he was when accused required to explain the sources of such wealth. To that extent this wealth was colored with a public interest. I said that in financial matters, public servants should, even beyond private citizens, be held to a stern and uncompromising rectitude.

I feel that we are coming to a view through the drift of our legislation and our public thinking in the past quarter century that private economic power is, to enlarge an old phrase, a public trust as well. I hold that continued enjoyment of that power by any individual or group must depend upon the fulfillment of that trust. The men who have reached the summit of American business life know this best; happily, many of these urge the binding quality of this greater social contract.

The terms of that contract are as old as the Republic, and as new as the new economic order.

Every man has a right to life; and this means that he has also a right to make a comfortable living. He may by sloth or crime decline to exercise that right; but it may not be denied him. We have no actual famine or dearth; our industrial and agricultural mechanism can produce enough and to spare. Our Government, formal and informal, political and economic, owes to everyone an avenue to possess himself of a portion of that plenty sufficient for his needs, through his own work.

Every man has a right to his own property; which means a right to be assured, to the fullest extent attainable, in the safety of his savings. By no other means can men carry the burdens of those parts of life which, in the nature of things, afford no chance of labor; childhood, sickness, old age. In all thought of property, this right is paramount; all other property rights must yield to it. If, in accord with this principle, we must restrict the operations of the speculator, the manipulator, even the financier, I believe we must accept the restriction as needful, not to hamper individualism but to protect it.

These two requirements must be satisfied, in the main, by the individuals who claim and hold control of the great industrial and financial combinations which dominate so large a part of our industrial life. They have undertaken to be, not business men, but princes of property. I am not prepared to say that the system which produces them is wrong. I am very clear that they must fearlessly and competently assume the responsibility which goes with the power. So many enlightened business men know this that the statement would be little more than a platitude, were it not for an added implication.

This implication is, briefly, that the responsible heads of finance and industry instead of acting each for himself, must work together to achieve the common end. They must, where necessary, sacrifice this or that private advantage; and in reciprocal self-denial must seek a general advantage. It is here that formal Government--political Government, if you choose—comes in. Whenever in the pursuit of this objective the lone wolf, the unethical competitor, the reckless promoter, the Ishmael or Insull whose hand is against every man's, declines to join in achieving an end recognized as being for the public welfare, and threatens to drag the industry back to a state of anarchy, the Government may properly be asked to apply restraint. Likewise, should the group ever use its collective power contrary to the public welfare, the Government must be swift to enter and protect the public interest.

The Government should assume the function of economic regulation only as a last resort, to be tried only when private initiative, inspired by high responsibility, with such assistance and balance as Government can give, has finally failed. As yet there has been no final failure, because there has been no attempt; and I decline to assume that this Nation is unable to meet the situation.

The final term of the high contract was for liberty and the pursuit of happiness. We have learned a great deal of both in the past century. We know that

individual liberty and individual happiness mean nothing unless both are ordered in the sense that one man's meat is not another man's poison. We know that the old "rights of personal competency," the right to read, to think, to speak, to choose and live a mode of life, must be respected at all hazards. We know that liberty to do anything which deprives others of those elemental rights is outside the protection of any compact; and that Government in this regard is the maintenance of a balance within which every individual may have a place if he will take it; in which every individual may find safety if he wishes it; in which every individual may attain such power as his ability permits, consistent with his assuming the accompanying responsibility.

All this is a long, slow talk. Nothing is more striking than the simple innocence of the men who insist, whenever an objective is present, on the prompt production of a patent scheme guaranteed to produce a result. Human endeavor is not so simple as that. Government includes the art of formulating a policy, and using the political technique to attain so much of that policy as will receive general support: persuading, leading, sacrificing, teaching always, because the greatest duty of a statesman is to educate. But in the matters of which I have spoken, we are learning rapidly, in a severe school. The lessons so learned must not be forgotten, even in the mental lethargy of a speculative upturn. We must build toward the time when a major depression cannot occur again; and if this means sacrificing the easy profits of inflationist booms, then let them go; and good riddance.

Faith in America, faith in our tradition of personal responsibility, faith in our institutions, faith in ourselves demand that we recognize the new terms of the old social contract. We shall fulfill them, as we fulfilled the obligation of the apparent Utopia which Jefferson imagined for us in 1776, and which Jefferson, Roosevelt and Wilson sought to bring to realization. We must do so, lest a rising tide of misery, engendered by our common failure, engulf us all. But failure is not an American habit; and in the strength of great hope we must all shoulder our common load.

John J. Parker

LAW IN THE WORLD COMMUNITY[1]

I esteem it a great honor that you have invited me to speak before this group interested in international law and the law of international relationships. The occasion suggests the subject on which I should like to talk, Law in the World

"Law in the World Community" by John J. Parker, originally published in *Vital Speeches of the Day*, June 1, 1958, © 1958 by City News Publishing Co.

1. This speech was prepared for delivery at the annual conference dinner of the United Nations League of Lawyers, Washington, D. C., March 18, 1958. Parker, who was Chief Judge of the U. S. Court of Appeals for the Fourth Judicial Circuit, died March 17, 1958.

Community. The thing that stands out in the history of the last quarter of a century is that within that period this world of ours really has become one community. Any part of it can be reached from any other part in a few hours' time. Communication is a matter of seconds. Strife anywhere is fraught with real danger that the whole world may be involved and the whole fabric of our civilization destroyed. Never in the history of the human race has there been greater need for men of good will to stand and work together for the preservation of those ideals and standards upon which our civilization is built.

In this period of unprecedented crisis and danger, the first duty that confronts us of the free world is to make ourselves strong—strong enough to resist any aggregation of power that may come against us—so strong that no aggregation of power will dare to come. It is true today as it has always been that to be prepared for war is the surest guaranty of peace. Disarmament and appeasement are not the way to peace. They are the way to war and slavery. There is need for scientific education and the development of scientific instruments of welfare. I would not for an instant discount the supreme importance of this and of our duty to make any sacrifice necessary to maintain our strength. While we maintain it, however, we, as lawyers, must not forget that peace will ultimately rest, not upon scientific achievement, but upon the establishment of law in the world community and that the establishment of law is essentially the work of the lawyer.

I have been especially impressed with this recently by three outstanding speeches. One was by Attorney General Brownell in Westminster Hall, London, when standing before the representatives of the bars of England and America he pleaded for the development of law in international relationships. Another was the speech of the Lord Chancellor of England at the same meeting in which he spoke of the natural law which underlies all organized life of man or nations. The third was the speech of Charles S. Rhyne, president of the American Bar Association, at Los Angeles, in which he urged the lawyers of America to lead in the development of legal machinery by which the principles of law could be interpreted and applied in international affairs. These were practical men. They were talking sense. And their message is one which I would echo here this evening.

What is law? Law is not a mere collection of rules and forms and precedents. Law is the life principle of organized society—the categorical imperative which prescribes how organized society must live. It is not imposed from without, but arises from within the social organism. As Cicero put it, "Law arises out of the nature of things." The Lord Chancellor referring to this law of nature as one of the noblest conceptions in the history of jurisprudence, quoted the following eloquent statement of Lord Bryce, regarding it:

> It is simple and rational, as opposed to that which is artificial or arbitrary. It is universal, as opposed to that which is local or national. It is superior to all other law because it belongs to mankind as mankind, and is the expression of the purpose of the Deity or of the highest reason of man. It is therefore

natural, not so much in the sense of belonging to man in his primitive and uncultured condition, but rather as corresponding to and regulating his fullest and most perfect social development in communities, where they have ripened through the teachings of reason.

When this noble concept of law is accepted, it follows that the development of international law is natural and necessary. When men deal with each other across international boundaries or travel into foreign countries for the purpose of trade and commerce or for other reasons, relationships are established, customs arise and reason prescribes rights and duties in numberless situations. Without any international legislature, there arise rules and standards which are enforced by the common consent of civilized peoples. They are evidenced by the decisions of courts, by treaties between nations and by the writings of the wise and the learned. This is international law; and the real purpose of any world order must be to develop and give expression to this law and to enforce it fairly and justly among men and nations. In no other way is it possible to establish an enduring foundation for world peace.

We must never forget that peace is not a negative but a positive thing. Peace connotes, not mere absence of conflict, but the orderly functioning of life in accordance with the laws of life. I have peace within my body when all the members function in accordance with the laws of the body. We have peace within a city when all elements live in accordance with the laws of the city. And we shall have peace within the world only when the life of the world functions in accordance with the laws which reason prescribes for the functioning of world life. This is the great challenge to the lawyer today. Of the three learned professions, says Ruskin, it pertains to the minister to teach, to the physician to heal and to the lawyer to give peace and order to society. The lawyer has performed this function as the family has developed into the tribe and the tribe into the Nation. If civilization is to live, he must perform it as nations merge into the world community. His duty is to develop legal institutions which will give form and content to the rules which arise out of international relationships and provide for their enforcement in such way as to preserve the peace and order of the international society which has come into being. The time is ripe for the effort. The world is growing weary of the strife and bickering in international affairs, with the ever-present threat of terrible calamity upon the breaking out of international strife.

While we were engaged in the great World War and were standing on the mountain peaks of heroic achievement, it was generally assumed that the ending of the war was to be followed, as a matter of course, by the building of an international organization for the establishment of a world order based on law. When the danger passed, however, and peace had come, many who should have led in the movement lost their enthusiasm for it; and among those who lack vision and understanding the feeling has arisen that international organization is not practical. I believe not only that it is practical but that it is the only practical approach to the problems which confront us. Such organization does not mean

the building of a superstate as the world federalists advocate, but it does require three things, which, I submit, are eminently practical, viz.: (1) adequate judicial machinery for the settlement, on the basis of reason, of disputes of an international character; (2) adequate legislative machinery for bringing to bear the intelligence of mankind upon the solution of international problems; and (3) adequate organization of force for the preservation of peace and the enforcement of law.

There is no reason why disputes of states should not be subjected to judicial settlement, as is required by the Constitution of the United States in the case of disputes between the several States of our Union. I remember that some years ago there was a dispute between my State and the State of Tennessee over a boundary line, just the sort of dispute that has so often led to war; but did we call out the militia and declare war on Tennessee? We did not: We brought suit against her in the Supreme Court of the United States and the Court had a commission run and established the boundary. Back in the seventies, North Carolina repudiated some bonds that she had issued. Some of them came into the possession of the State of South Dakota and she demanded that we pay them. We refused to do so on the ground that the bonds were fraudulent. South Dakota did not declare war on us. She sued us in the Supreme Court; and the Court gave judgment against us; and we paid the judgment, and now we have forgotten all about the matter. There is no reason in God's world, why the controversies plaguing the Middle East should not be settled on the basis of reason by some sort of international tribunal.

The permanent Court of International Justice set up pursuant to article 14 of the League of Nations functioned successfully in the judicial settlement of international controversies. It was manned by judges of outstanding character, including, among others, Mr. John Bassett Moore, Chief Justice Hughes, Secretary Kellogg and Prof. Manley O. Hudson, and made a real contribution to the law of the world. It has been succeeded by the International Court of Justice created under the charter of the United Nations; and the jurisdiction of that court has been accepted by practically all the civilized nations of the world including our own country. There is no reason why justiciable disputes between nations should not be settled by this court.

As President Rhyne pointed out in his Los Angeles speech, however, the International Court of Justice should hold sessions in different parts of the world, so that the people can see it in action and become familiar with its jurisdiction. And in this connection I would make another suggestion. I believe it would be well to create a system of inferior international courts with appeal to the International Court of Justice, to hear cases arising between citizens of different countries involving large amounts or delicate international questions. One of the fertile sources of international conflict is alleged injustice to nationals, as where contracts are not properly enforced or property is confiscated by unjust decisions. It seems to me that such a system of international courts would command the confidence and respect of those who trade, travel, or invest

their money in foreign countries, and would thus do much to extend commerce and unify commercial and business law, as well as avoid some of the most fruitful sources of international conflict.

The jurisdiction of these courts would correspond in a general way to the diversity jurisdiction exercised by our Federal courts where the parties litigant are citizens of different states. It finds analogy also in the jurisdiction formerly exercised by extraterritorial courts such as the United States Court for China or the Mixed Court of Egypt. Such courts were recommended in a report of a committee of the American Bar Association composed of some of the ablest lawyers of the country, among others Mr. John W. Davis, former Senator George Wharton Pepper, and former Attorney General William H. Mitchell.

The latest example of a provision for peaceful settlement of international disputes under law is in the treaty creating the European Economic Community, where a seven-member court is created to decide disputes between members of that community.

The Charter of the Organization of American States provides that "every American State has the duty to respect the rights enjoyed by every other state in accordance with international law." But there is no court such as the new European Court to decide disputes. There is an Inter-American Council of Jurists which now serves as an advisory body and could easily be transformed into a court. As Mr. Rhyne has pointed out, "Here is a chance for the Americas to show leadership in the search for machinery to maintain peace by creating such a regional court as a part of the Organization of American States. Such a step could well be a historic breakthrough of momentous proportions because of the example it would offer to the world."

Provision should be made, also, for the setting up of criminal courts for trying war crimes and other criminal offenses against international law. In the past, persons accused of such crimes have been tried, *ex necessitate*, in national courts; but it is highly desirable that an international court be created for trying crimes of this character, or at least that provision be made for the setting up of such a court if occasion for the exercise of its jurisdiction should arise. Through lack of such a court, those charged with having committed the most heinous war crimes during the First World War were allowed to escape punishment and the world was deprived of the salutary influence that their trial would have had upon world opinion. Crimes committed in the Second World War were brought to trial and punished before the International Military Tribunal and military courts established by the several victorious nations; but much bitter controversy would have been avoided and the results would have been more readily acceptable, certainly by the conquered nations, and possibly by the world at large, if the courts which conducted the trials had been set up by an existing international institution such as the International Court of Justice.

Adequate machinery for the judicial settlement of justiciable disputes between nations and their nationals, with arbitration of disputes that are not of a justiciable character, and with machinery for the trial of criminals who commit

offences against the law of nations will not only help preserve the world's peace but will also lead to the healthy growth and expansion of international law. Every lawyer knows that the most important developments of the law have come, not from action by a legislature, but from court decisions—from the application of reason to the settlement of actual controversies.

While adequate machinery for the settlement of disputes is one of the first essentials in world organization based on law, it is not the only essential. There must also be adequate legislative machinery for bringing to bear the intelligence of mankind upon the settlement of international problems. There have been many of these growing out of the last world war and the postwar developments, and they will increase rather than diminish as time goes on and the life of the world grows more interrelated and complex—problems affecting international trade, travel, and communication, problems arising out of the use of the air and the seas for the purposes of commerce, problems arising out of the exchange of goods and commodities, problems of international finance and credit, international labor problems, etc. The settlement of these cannot be left to the individual action of nations nor allowed to await the judicial action of courts or councils or arbitrators. Rules for their solution must in some way be laid down in advance by the legislative process; and this means that an assembly must be provided in which representatives of the constituent nations may be heard and may take action or make recommendations with respect to the problems that confront them.

The assembly of the United Nations provides just the sort of legislative assembly that the world must have; and it is no objection that it has not the power to enact laws by majority vote as does Congress or a State legislature. In the assembly and in the economic and social council the world's problems are debated and explored in the view of all mankind, and world public opinion is formed with regard to them. When the adoption of new and binding rules is necessary, this can be accomplished by the negotiation of multilateral treaties based on the conclusions which have been reached in the assembly with regard thereto.

Of tremendous importance is the functioning of commissions set up to make studies and recommendations as to matters which are important to the development of world life—commissions such as the International Law Commission, the International Labor Organization, UNESCO and others, which can and do make recommendations with respect to a myriad of matters many of which are entirely within the sphere of national control. Studies and recommendations with respect to education, labor conditions, currency stabilization and exchange, agricultural development, production and development of food and raw materials, public health and control of disease, regulation of the traffic in narcotics, etc.—recommendations of this sort are being made under the authority of the United Nations and are of the greatest value to the progress of mankind. While the United Nations does not attempt to exercise legislative power on the reports of these commissions, the reports serve as a basis of in-

ternational agreements or legislation by the member countries. In this way, law grows by the legislative as well as by the judicial process for the preservation of peace and the betterment of living conditions throughout the world community.

Our American Union furnishes a fine illustration of cooperation for the purposes of collective security. No one of our States would be able to protect itself effectively against foreign aggression but collectively they possess a power that is today greater than that of any other nation in the world. This power is used to preserve the peace and enforce the law throughout the Union as well as to protect against dangers from without. Some such pooling of force for purposes of collective security and to enforce the rules of international law and the decrees of international tribunals is essential to the success of any international organization. Order rests upon reason and force. Force without reason is tyranny but reason without force to make it effective is anarchy. Most people will obey the rules of law willingly, but, unless others are forced to obey, the rules fall into disrepute. We do not expect peace in domestic affairs without force to preserve it; and it is idle to think that we can have peace in international relationships on any other basis. We did not leave Capone or Dillinger or Touhy to be dealt with by their victims, nor did we content ourselves with preaching sermons to them. We brought to bear the force of organized society and put an end to their criminal conduct. When Germany and Italy and Japan started out on a course of international brigandage, however, there was no adequate organization of the world's force to stop them. If the League of Nations had had such force available, Japan would never have dared invade Manchuria, Hitler would never have marched into the Rhineland, Mussolini would not have dreamed of seizing Ethiopia, and the great World War might never have come. And if the force had been available, there probably would have been no need to use it; for the mere presence of available force, without more, generally serves as a sufficient restraint upon those who would otherwise violate the law.

The great superiority of the United Nations over the old League of Nations is that in the Security Council we have a more effective pooling of the world's force for the preservation of world law and order. In Korea, in Suez, and in many other situations its value has been amply demonstrated. We have reached the point, however, where there must be an even greater pooling of force for the purposes of collective security. Suez has demonstrated the importance of providing the United Nations with a police force and how such a force can be maintained. NATO has demonstrated the importance to the preservation of liberty and law of defense alliances for the purposes of collective security. The organization of American States is another illustration of the pooling of force for collective security in the international field. It is not too much to hope that along these lines we will eventually be able to secure a pooling of the world's force for the preservation of the peace and the enforcement of law in the world community.

The establishment of a world order based on law is an undertaking fraught with great difficulties, as every great undertaking always is, but these must be approached realistically and with courage; and we are approaching them in that way. The veto power has prevented the use of world force as it might have been used for the maintenance of peace; but within the framework of the United Nations we are building defensive alliances like the North Atlantic Pact for the preservation of freedom under law. If that pact had been in existence at the time of the seizure of Czechoslovakia, that outrage, in all probability, would not have occurred. We have been faced with the intransigence of Russia; but the presence of Soviet representatives in the United Nations has enabled Russia to get the full impact of the powerful public opinion of the world, and the indications are that this is beginning to have its effect and Russia is evidencing at least an apparent willingness to cooperate with other nations for the establishment of peace. If Russia is willing to cooperate, world organization for peace will be a thing of the immediate future. If she is unwilling to go along with us, she will eventually get out or be put out of the United Nations; and thus freed from her opposition, we should proceed to strengthen the organization among the nations that remain, making it a defensive alliance of the free nations as well as an instrumentality for preserving law and order among men.

Order in human affairs can be achieved only by organization and such organization must be commensurate with the life for which peace and order is desired. Organization which was sufficient for the tribe or the State is not sufficient for the larger world community. That community must be organized on the basis of world law and it is being so organized through the structure of the United Nations. We should rally to the United Nations, therefore, with confident hope and firm purpose that it shall succeed For myself I feel that it is succeeding. It has not brought the millennium, of course, but I shudder to think what might have happened to the civilization of the world if it had not been in existence. It has, at least given us over the years since the ending of the war a world forum in which the desperate problems threatening the peace and safety of mankind have been brought out into the light where we could see them and take measures for their solution. It has set up an international court for the juridical settlement of international disputes, which has had its compulsory jurisdiction accepted by the most powerful nations now existing. It has effected a certain pooling of the world's force which has preserved a measure of peace in Israel and Indonesia, has brought the free nations of the world to the defense of the liberties of Korea, and has prevented the outbreak of war over Suez.

We are told that the League of Nations failed and that the United Nations must go the way of the League. I do not accept either premise. The League was a good beginning and it accomplished a very great deal. It brought 63 of the 73 nations of the world together around a common conference table; it found solution for many troublesome international problems; it brought into being the World Court; it furnished the world the best example that it had had up to that time of how to govern conquered territory; it unquestionably

averted a number of wars; and who can say what it might or might not have accomplished if American statesmen like Root and Baker and Hughes had sat in its councils and this great, rich and powerful Nation had given it unstinted support in the stormy years following the First World War?

Rome was not built in a day; our own Federal Union required many years in coming to maturity; and I have an abiding faith that given proper support, the United Nations will grow in power and influence with the passage of time and will eventually give us a stable world order based on law and embodying the fundamental principles of human freedom. The forces of science and commerce have brought the world to the position where its life must be given unity. It is unthinkable that the strife and conflict which have attended recent years should continue. If unity is not achieved on the basis of reason and law, it will eventually be achieved through force; and the only hope of defeating those who would unify the world on the basis of force is for those who believe in the reign of law to rise above the narrow limitations of nationalism and support an intelligent organization of world life based upon law and righteousness.

This, if I may repeat, is the challenge that comes to the lawyers of today. May we go forward together, not merely today and tomorrow, but in all the years that lie ahead, leading the free world toward the attainment, not merely of world order, but of world order based on law and on those eternal principles of human liberty which are the chief glory of the Western World.

College Education

In 1786, Thomas Jefferson wrote, "I think by far the most important bill in our whole code is that for the diffusion of knowledge among the people. No other sure foundation can be devised for the preservation of freedom and happiness." Thomas Jefferson expressed an attitude with which Americans still enthusiastically agree. But there always have been, and probably always will be, arguments about the precise means and ends of "the diffusion of knowledge." The passage which introduces this section tells how Lincoln Steffens, a well-known journalist and commentator on American politics, made a very important personal discovery about education. The two discussions which follow are concerned with one of the greatest problems in American education today: "What is to be done about the vast number of students who are, or who will be, attempting to get an education?" Terry Ferrer approaches the problem by considering the social orientation of today's college students and the effects of this upon college education. Douglas Bush argues that the only solution to the problem is a selected college enrollment. The problem of liberal arts training versus vocational training is discussed by Ernest Earnest. The final selection in this

section is Emerson's famous address, sometimes called "our intellectual Declaration of Independence."

Lincoln Steffens

I BECOME A STUDENT

A personal discovery

It is possible to get an education at a university. It has been done; not often, but the fact that a proportion, however small, of college students do get a start in interested, methodical study, proves my thesis, and the two personal experiences I have to offer illustrate it and show how to circumvent the faculty, the other students, and the whole college system of mind-fixing. My method might lose a boy his degree, but a degree is not worth so much as the capacity and the drive to learn, and the undergraduate desire for an empty baccalaureate is one of the holds the educational system has on students. Wise students some day will refuse to take degrees, as the best men (in England, for instance) give, but do not themselves accept, titles.

My method [used at the University of California, 1885-1889] was hit on by accident and some instinct. I specialized. With several courses prescribed, I concentrated on the one or two that interested me most, and letting the others go, I worked intensively on my favorites. In my first two years, for example, I worked at English and political economy and read philosophy. At the beginning of my junior year I had several cinches in history. Now I liked history; I had neglected it partly because I rebelled at the way it was taught, as positive knowledge unrelated to politics, art, life, or anything else. The professors gave us chapters out of a few books to read, con, and be quizzed on. Blessed as I was with a "bad memory," I could not commit to it anything that I did not understand and intellectually need. The bare record of the story of man, with names, dates, and irrelative events, bored me. But I had discovered in my readings of literature, philosophy, and political economy that history had light to throw upon unhistorical questions. So I proposed in my junior and senior years to specialize in history, taking all the courses required and those also that I had flunked in. With this in mind I listened attentively to the first introductory talk of Professor William Cary Jones on American constitutional history. He was a dull lecturer, but I noticed that, after telling us what pages of what books we must be prepared in, he mumbled off some other references "for those that may care to dig deeper."

When the rest of the class rushed out into the sunshine, I went up to the professor and, to his surprise, asked for this memorandum. He gave it to me. Up

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in the library I ran through the required chapters in the two different books, and they differed on several points. Turning to the other authorities, I saw that they disagreed on the same facts and also on others. The librarian, appealed to, helped me search the book-shelves till the library closed, and then I called on Professor Jones for more references. He was astonished, invited me in, and began to approve my industry, which astonished me. I was not trying to be a good boy; I was better than that: I was a curious boy. He lent me a couple of his books, and I went off to my club to read them. They only deepened the mystery, clearing up the historical question, but leaving the answer to be dug for and written.

The historians did not know! History was not a science, but a field for research, a field for me, for any young man, to explore, to make discoveries in and write a scientific report about. I was fascinated. As I went on from chapter to chapter, day after day, finding frequently essential differences of opinion and of fact, I saw more and more work to do. In this course, American constitutional history, I hunted far enough to suspect that the Fathers of the Republic who wrote our sacred Constitution of the United States not only did not, but did not want to, establish a democratic government, and I dreamed for a while —as I used as a child to play I was Napoleon or a trapper—I promised myself to write a true history of the making of the American Constitution. I did not do it; that chapter has been done or well begun since by two men: Smith of the University of Washington and Beard (then) of Columbia (afterward forced out, perhaps for this very work). I found other events, men, and epochs waiting for students. In all my other courses, in ancient, in European, and in modern history, the disagreeing authorities carried me back to the need of a fresh search for (or of) the original documents or other clinching testimony. Of course I did well in my classes. The history professor soon knew me as a student and seldom put a question to me except when the class had flunked it. Then Professor Jones would say, "Well, Steffens, tell them about it."

Fine. But vanity wasn't my ruling passion then. What I had was a quickening sense that I was learning a method of studying history and that every chapter of it, from the beginning of the world to the end, is crying out to be rewritten. There was something for Youth to do; these superior old men had not done anything, finally.

Years afterward I came out of the graft prosecution office in San Francisco with Rudolph Spreckels, the banker and backer of the investigation. We were to go somewhere, quick, in his car, and we couldn't. The chauffeur was trying to repair something wrong. Mr. Spreckels smiled; he looked closely at the defective part, and to my silent, wondering inquiry he answered: "Always, when I see something badly done or not done at all, I see an opportunity to make a fortune. I never kick at bad work by my class: there's lots of it and we suffer from it. But our failures and neglects are chances for the young fellows coming along and looking for work."

Nothing is done. Everything in the world remains to be done or done over. "The greatest picture is not yet painted, the greatest play isn't written (not

even by Shakespeare), the greatest poem is unsung. There isn't in all the world a perfect railroad, nor a good government, nor a sound law." Physics, mathematics, and especially the most advanced and exact of the sciences, are being fundamentally revised. Chemistry is just becoming a science; psychology, economics, and sociology are awaiting a Darwin, whose work in turn is awaiting an Einstein. If the rah-rah boys in our colleges could be told this, they might not all be such specialists in football, petting parties, and unearned degrees. They are not told it, however; they are told to learn what is known. This is nothing, philosophically speaking.

Somehow or other in my later years at Berkeley, two professors, Moses and Howison, representing opposite schools of thought, got into a controversy, probably about their classes. They brought together in the house of one of them a few of their picked students, with the evident intention of letting us show in conversation how much or how little we had understood of their respective teachings. I don't remember just what the subject was that they threw into the ring, but we wrestled with it till the professors could stand it no longer. Then they broke in, and while we sat silent and highly entertained, they went at each other hard and fast and long. It was after midnight when, the debate over, we went home. I asked the other fellows what they had got out of it, and their answers showed that they had seen nothing but a fine, fair fight. When I laughed, they asked me what I, the D.S.,[1] had seen that was so much more profound.

I said that I had seen two highly-trained, well-educated Masters of Arts and Doctors of Philosophy disagreeing upon every essential point of thought and knowledge. They had all there was of the sciences; and yet they could not find any knowledge upon which they could base an acceptable conclusion. They had no test of knowledge; they didn't know what is and what is not. And they have no test of right and wrong; they have no basis for even an ethics.

Well, and what of it? They asked me that, and that I did not answer. I was stunned by the discovery that it was philosophically true, in a most literal sense, that nothing is known; that it is precisely the foundation that is lacking for science; that all we call knowledge rested upon assumptions which the scientists did not all accept; and that, likewise, there is no scientific reason for saying, for example, that stealing is wrong. In brief: there was no scientific basis for an ethics. No wonder men said one thing and did another; no wonder they could settle nothing either in life or in the academies.

I could hardly believe this. Maybe these professors, whom I greatly respected, did not know it all. I read the books over again with a fresh eye, with real interest, and I could see that, as in history, so in other branches of knowledge, everything was in the air. And I was glad of it. Rebel though I was, I had got the religion of scholarship and science; I was in awe of the authorities in the academic world. It was a release to feel my worship cool and pass. But I could

1. "Damned Stinker," a nickname given by the other students to Steffens because of his activities as commander of the cadet corps in the military department.

not be sure. I must go elsewhere, see and hear other professors, men these California professors quoted and looked up to as their high priests. I decided to go as a student to Europe when I was through with Berkeley, and I would start with the German universities.

My father listened to my plan, and he was disappointed. He had hoped I would succeed him in his business; it was for that that he was staying in it. When I said that, whatever I might do, I would never go into business, he said, rather sadly, that he would sell out his interest and retire. And he did soon after our talk. But he wanted me to stay home and, to keep me, offered to buy an interest in a certain San Francisco daily paper. He had evidently had this in mind for some time. I had always done some writing, verse at the poetical age of puberty, then a novel which my mother alone treasured. Journalism was the business for a boy who liked to write, he thought, and he said I had often spoken of a newspaper as my ambition. No doubt I had in the intervals between my campaigns as Napoleon. But no more. I was now going to be a scientist, a philosopher. He sighed; he thought it over, and with the approval of my mother, who was for every sort of education, he gave his consent.

Jerry Ferrer

OUR EGOCENTRIC COLLEGE YOUTH

A few months ago the Rev. Alvin L. Kershaw, the Protestant Episcopal minister who rose to fame as a jazz expert on TV quiz shows, was visiting a large Midwestern university with Louis Armstrong, the great jazz trumpeter. After the Armstrong concert the students and guests adjourned to the nearby students' union for a discussion of jazz. Ten minutes later a girl jumped up and said: "Excuse me, Mr. Kershaw, but I have to leave now. Thinking makes my head hurt."

This honest young lady may not be completely typical of today's college students—but neither is she completely atypical. Take the senior from one of the best Ivy League institutions who says: "I have my own Golden Rule: Do unto others as they do unto me." Or the sophomore from one of the great scientific university colleges who cheerfully admits that he does not subscribe to any newspaper and never reads one if he can help it.

It is always a temptation to label succeeding college generations—the "jazz-age kids" of the Twenties, the "Depression" youngsters of the Thirties, and, more recently, the "silent generation" or the "cautious generation." If a tag must be found for today's collegians, I should dub them the "egocentric generation."

For those who find this indictment too harsh, let me quickly add that on the whole it isn't all their fault. Going to college used to be something that was

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only for the few. In 1900, for example, only one of every twenty-five youngsters made it to the nation's campuses. By 1930, the figure had jumped to only one out of twelve. This means that the coon-skinned, flask-carrying boys and girls of the Twenties were indeed some kind of elite. Most of them went to college because their parents could afford to send them and bragged about it. The more serious plunged into artistic and intellectual turmoil. F. Scott Fitzgerald and Nathanael West were their gods; their heaven the Left Bank of Paris. President Nathan M. Pusey of Harvard, who graduated in 1928, recalls: "We were concerned with the narrowness of big business and the insensitiveness of American culture. Life seemed to be better understood on the Left Bank of Paris."

The collegians of twenty years ago were a far more serious breed. Caught in the financial depression of the Thirties they realized that many of their parents had made a deep sacrifice to send them to college. The League of Nations was an ideological rallying point.

Little "peace clubs" blossomed on many a campus, as Adolf Hitler slowly began to consolidate his power. The Young Communist League started to grow, and even if its numbers were small on most campuses, its misguided members readily made up for size with strength—hefty and occasionally noisy enthusiasm. Still, no one thought the YCL's any odder than those who joined the Young Democratic and Young Republican Clubs. All of the young politicos were more likely to be found reading *The New York Times* than *The Daily Worker*.

It was not until the late Forties that the seeds of today's college attitudes were really sown. Under the GI bill, thousands of veterans invaded the campus. The vast majority studied hard; many professors still say they were the best students the colleges have had in fifty years.

The impact of the veteran was thus the most jarring to hit the nation's 1,900 institutions of higher learning in this century. Its results are evident now: In 1957, one out of every three young people is in college. With the present college population of about 3,500,000 expected almost to double by 1970, and probably double again by 1977, the ratio may even go beyond one of every two boys and girls in higher education. Paradoxically, in a society which is basically anti-intellectual and anti-egghead, a college degree has become the *ne plus ultra*. Some eager statisticians have even supplied its monetary value: $100,000 more earnings per lifetime with an A.B.

It should be no surprise, then, that the young people in college now are not the greatest students. It follows that with more and more boys and girls in college, the intellectual level is not inclined to rise. College faculties complain bitterly that freshmen today cannot write or do simple mathematics—some still cannot read. A charitable college dean from the Northwest said the other day: "They're much worse prepared, but they've got a good spirit. A college freshman bragged to me recently that the average grade in his chemistry course (200 members) was between 20 and 23 per cent. (One guy did get 97 per cent.)"

Since he knows that many of his fellow students are in the same intellectual boat, the college boy isn't too upset or drastically concerned about his studies. His parents want him to go to college, he has to go for prestige's sake, and he's firmly convinced that somehow he'll make out.

Dr. Philip E. Jacob, professor of political science at the University of Pennsylvania, recently published the findings of fifteen years of study of college student attitudes on fifty of the nation's campuses. Jacob said that college student values today are "remarkably homogeneous, and in many ways appear quite different from earlier generations. . . . A dominant characteristic of the current student generation is that they are *gloriously contented* both in regard to their present day-to-day activity and their outlook for their future. Few of them are worried—about their health, their prospective careers, their family relations, the state of national or international society, or the likelihood of their enjoying secure and happy lives. They are supremely confident that their destinies lie within their own control rather than in the grip of external circumstances."

Further, Jacob decided that "the great majority of students appear unabashedly *self-centered*. They aspire for material gratifications for themselves and their families. They intend to look out for themselves first and expect others to do likewise.

"But this is not the individualistic self-centeredness of the pioneer," Jacob continues. "American students fully accept the conventions of the contemporary business society as the context within which they will realize their personal desires. They cheerfully expect to conform to the economic status quo and to receive ample rewards for dutiful and productive effort. They anticipate no die-hard struggle for survival of the fittest as each seeks to gratify his own desires, but rather an abundance for all as each one teams up with his fellow self-seeker in appointed places on the American assembly-line."

Certainly today's students shouldn't have any complaints about contemporary business society. They have little trouble getting a job. Most of them work summers to pick up extra pocket money whether they need it or not. On graduation, they are likely to have five or six good job offers (even if they're not engineers), or they may even have agreed to work for a certain firm before starting their senior year (a new business twist for tying up the best prospects in advance of the competition). A good many of the men expect to be a vice president within ten years at the most. One can only regret that so many of them will be disappointed.

Jacob also found that a great number of today's students are "politically irresponsible and often politically illiterate as well. . . . Students predict another major war within a dozen years, yet international problems are the least of [their] concerns." After visiting a number of campuses which cannot support either Young Democratic or Young Republican Clubs because of lack of interest, this writer must agree. Needless to say, there are virtually no United Nations or UNESCO clubs.

What, then, does interest today's college generation? He is not much of a "cause" man, although he is likely to be tolerant of those racially or economically different from him. Studies are not of principal concern; Jacob found that to get through college many students employ "systematic cheating" (although they admire moral virtues like loyalty and honesty).

What interests the collegian most is himself. When the war and later the shadow of the draft hung heavy over the nation's teenagers, their dating habits began to change. A girl knew she had to snare a boy before he entered the services—or she probably wouldn't get him at all. Going steady, followed by earlier marriage, became the custom. Now, with the draft drastically slowed down and college deferrals the rule, young college boys and girls continue the pattern. They want to get married, so why wait? Permissive parents are inclined to agree. As a result, 16 per cent of today's collegians are married—many with working wives. At some campuses, the married percentage is as high as twenty-seven out of every 100. Some twenty-five years ago, students were expelled for marrying while at college. Now the larger universities are scrambling to put up married-student developments, complete with playground and nursery school. Once again, the students' personal preference outweighs their supposed quest for knowledge. Often parents have to help not only the student financially, but his whole family as well.

There is some consolation in the growing numbers of married students, however. Married boys—and sometimes girls—take their work more seriously. John A. Hannah, president of Michigan State University (which last year had 3,300 married students), is all for them: "We believe that the married student is not a liability, as was once believed, but an asset which lends quality, stability, and admirable strength of purpose to the student body as a whole."

Perhaps the only college boys and girls who escape the egocentric pattern are those who go to the smaller or denominational institutions. (Professor Jacob also cites these colleges as notable exceptions to his general conclusions.) But it is these smaller colleges of liberal arts which will have the hardest time surviving in the next twenty years. They have neither the funds nor the buildings to expand very much; besides, many of them do not want to. They do not want and will not get monies from state or Federal funds. The state universities, which are prepared to double or triple their enrolments, are expected in the future to absorb as much as 75 per cent of all those in college. This leaves a bare quarter who can be expected to achieve notable standards in respect for learning and political and moral values.

This does not mean that only morons will go to Harvard or the University of California. But it does mean that citizens and parents might well take a good deal more notice of what's going on in the nation's colleges, and of what's going on inside their children—or isn't. As a rule, children reflect the beliefs and attitudes of their parents. Hence today's egocentrics cannot be made to take all the blame. But mental apathy and easy-does-it values should hardly be the hallmarks of so-called educated men and women. Just thinking about it, as the Midwestern coed said, is enough to make the head hurt.

Douglas Bush

THE HUMANITIES

No one would ever speak of "the plight of the natural sciences," or of "the plight of the social sciences," but it is always proper to speak of "the plight of the humanities," and in the hushed, melancholy tone of one present at a perpetual death bed. For something like twenty-five hundred years the humanities have been in more or less of a plight, not because they are themselves weak, but because their war is not merely with ignorance but with original sin; and as civilization has advanced, the means of stultifying the head and heart have multiplied in variety and power. As a sample of cultural leadership, or of a common attitude, I should like to read a declaration of faith delivered some years ago by the chairman of the department of humanities in a well-known technological institution. We will call him Professor X. This is most of the report, from the *New York Times*, of his speech to a convention of engineers:

> Professor X . . . asserted last night that it would be "morally wrong" for him to advise the reading of the literary classics in this fast-moving age of television, radio and movies. . . .
>
> One should read for the purpose of doing something with what one reads, he asserted: not of polishing one's mind like a jewel, but of improving the world around.
>
> Take up a book because it will tell you something of the world . . . ; read what you want to read, not what you think you should read. "This is the frame of mind that makes reading worthwhile and often deeply rewarding.
>
> "For example, it would be morally wrong of me to urge you to take up a classic like 'David Copperfield' and to settle yourselves in easy chairs for winter evenings' reading. If you tried 'David Copperfield' you would grow restive; you would think of all the other things you might be doing more consistent with your daily environment—looking at television, listening to the radio, going to the movies.
>
> "Moreover, you would wonder why you should spend so much time laboriously reading 'David Copperfield' when you could see the book as a film, should it return some time to the neighborhood movie." . . . .
>
> "The single prescription for adult reading," he added, "should be to read something different, something that will change your mind. Herein lies compensation for the loss of the purely reflective life."

Engineers are not, to be sure, in common repute the most cultivated branch of mankind, but did even they deserve such counsel, and from such a source?

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The humanities, as I said, have always had to contend with the crude urges of the natural man, with his resistance to higher values than his own, but the speech I just quoted from reminds us of the many new ways there are of escaping from active thought and feeling into a state of lazy collapse, of passive surrender to unthinking action or external sensation. Many people would endorse our oracle's view that one should not read to polish one's mind like a jewel but for the sake of improving the world around. The humanistic tradition has always stood for improvement of the world, but it has always insisted that a man must make himself worthy of such an enterprise; one of our perennial troubles is that improvement of the world is undertaken by so many unpolished minds. Then our touching faith in machinery is illustrated by the quaint assumption that a movie is the same thing as a great book. And that *Ersatz* doctrine extends down through television to the comics, which have now joined the march of mind by reducing literary classics to capsule form. That sort of thing, by the way, was done, and done much better, a dozen centuries ago, and has been commonly labeled a symptom of the Dark Ages. But this is only a reminder: there is no need of enlarging upon such powerful elements in our popular civilization. The opposition to such elements comes from the humanities.

Negative terms, however, are not enough. The "humanities," in the original meaning of this and kindred words, embraced chiefly history, philosophy, and literature. These were the studies worthy of a free man, that ministered to *homo sapiens*, man the intellectual and moral being, and not to *homo faber*, the professional and technical expert. And these, with divinity, completed the central circle of human knowledge and understanding. Divinity went overboard long ago; history, which once was literature, is now a social science; and philosophy, though still grouped with the humanities, has become a branch of mathematics. Thus in common usage the humanities mean literature and the fine arts. That is an unfortunate narrowing but we may take things as we find them and concentrate on literature, which is central and representative.

One plain fact nowadays is that the study of literature, which in itself is comprehensive and complex, has had to take over the responsibilities that used to be discharged by philosophy and divinity. Most young people now get their only or their chief understanding of man's moral and religious quest through literature. Anyone who has been teaching literature for twenty-five or thirty years, as I have, can testify to the marked change there has been in the spiritual climate during that time. (A rigorously scientific colleague of mine, in psychology, will not permit the use of the word "spiritual," but I use it anyhow.) I am speaking mainly of the higher order of college students, but it would be hard to imagine even the better students of twenty-five or thirty years ago reading Dante and George Herbert and Milton and Hopkins and Eliot with the real sympathy that many now show. For the more intelligent and sensitive young people of today, and there are very many of that kind, are a serious and a conservative lot. They not only live in our unlovely world, they have no personal experience of any other. They are aware of hollowness and confusion all around them, and, what is still more real, of hollowness and confusion in

themselves. They feel adrift in a cockboat on an uncharted sea, and they want a sense of direction. of order and integration. And in literature they find, as countless people have found before them, that their problems are not new, that earlier generations have been lost also. Most of the young people I see find in literature. literature of the remote past as well as of the present. what they cannot find in textbooks of psychology and sociology. the vision of human experience achieved by a great spirit and bodied forth by a great artist.

I apologize for elaborating what may be called clichés. but those familiar lists of courses in catalogues make one forget that the frigid label "English 10" or "French 20" may represent an illumination and a rebirth for John or Betty Doe. Not that courses are the only or even the main road to enriched experience and sensitivity, but they are one road; and a teacher can help as a guide or catalyst. Josiah Royce is said to have complained that a philosopher was expected to spiritualize the community. The modern philosopher is expected only to semanticize the community; the other function, as I said. falls upon the teacher of literature. I do not of course mean inspirational gush. I mean that teachers, conducting a critical discussion of a piece of great literature, necessarily deal not only with the artistic use of words and materials but with the moral and spiritual experience that are its subject matter. That is why. as President Pusey has said. the humanities must be the cornerstone of a liberal education. Naturally teachers will have their methods under constant scrutiny. but their material, the world's great literature, can hardly be improved; all it needs is a chance to work upon responsive minds and characters.

While I cannot guess the temper of this gathering. and while all the administrators present may. for all I know, regard the humanities as a pearl of great price, that is not their general reputation. Administrators are commonly said to prize the solid and tangible virtues of the natural and social sciences and to look upon the humanities as a nice luxury for the carriage trade. How far that general reputation is true or false I wouldn't know, but. just in case it has a modicum of truth, I have been insisting that the humanities are not a luxury; they are the most practical of necessities if men and women are to become fully human. The humanities commonly suffer in esteem because they do not lend themselves to statistical reports of achievement. You cannot demonstrate with graphs and charts that John or Betty Doe. through reacting to a piece of literature, became a person of richer moral and imaginative insight, of finer wisdom and discrimination and stability. For the experience of literature is an individual experience, and nothing that is really important can be measured.

When we look at the American educational scene, the diversity of standards is so great that generalizations about this or that part of it may be violently contradictory. At any rate educational history of the past fifty years seems to furnish a pretty good forecast of the bad effects of the deluge to be expected in the next fifteen. In school. college, and university, the results of the huge increase in the student body suggest that the principle of education for all, however fine in theory, in practice leads ultimately to education for none. An editorial in

tine *New York Times* of September 13, 1951, takes the usual line of defense. The principle of education for all, it says, forces us "to accept the principle, also, that the function of education is primarily social and political rather than purely intellectual." "It cannot be denied," the *Times* proceeds, "that this means a down-grading of the learning process. We are adjusting to an 'average' that must be spread so widely that it comes down automatically. Education is no longer the intellectual privilege of the gifted few. It is held to be the democratic right of all." The *Times* does go a little beyond this orthodox assent to express uneasiness over the sacrifice, in elementary and secondary schools, of quality to quantity.

To mention one of many results, there has been an appalling growth of illiteracy at all levels, even in the graduate school. (Somehow stenographers are still literate, even if their college-bred employers are not.) At every orgy of Commencements one wonders how many of the hordes of new bachelors of arts can speak and write their own language with elementary decency, or read it with understanding. After all, the polished mind is suspect, whether in a student, a professor, or a Presidential candidate. And illiteracy, and contentment with illiteracy, are only symptoms of general shoddiness.

Obviously one main cause of this state of things has been the sheer pressure of numbers, along with a deplorable shrinkage in the number of qualified teachers. But the situation would not be so bad as it has been if the downward pressure of numbers had not been powerfully strengthened by misguided doctrine and practice. The training of teachers and the control of school curricula have been in the hands of colleges of education and their products, and these have operated on principles extracted from John Dewey's philosophy of barbarism. (If that phrase seems unduly harsh, I may say that I have in mind Dewey's hostility to what he regarded as leisure-class studies; his anti-historical attitude, his desire—intensified in his followers—to immerse students in the contemporary and immediate; and his denial of a hierarchy of studies, his doctrine that all kinds of experience are equally or uniquely valuable; and it would not be irrelevant to add his notoriously inept writing.) The lowest common denominator has been, not an evil, but an ideal. The substantial disciplines have been so denuded of content that multitudes of students, often taught by uneducated teachers, have been illiterate, uninformed, and thoroughly immature. There is no use in priding ourselves on the operation of the democratic principle if education loses much of its meaning in the process. When we think, for instance, of education for citizenship, which has been the cry of modern pedagogy, we may think also of the volume and violence of popular support given to the anti-intellectual demagoguery of the last few years. Mass education tends to reflect mass civilization, instead of opposing it. Even if education were everywhere working on the highest level, it would still face tremendous odds.

The great problem has been, and will be, first, the preservation of minority culture against the many and insidious pressures of mass civilization, and, secondly, the extension of that minority culture through wider and wider areas.

The rising flood of students is very much like the barbarian invasions of the early Middle Ages, and then the process of education took a thousand years. We hope for something less overwhelming, and for a less protracted cure, but the principle is the same; Graeco-Roman-Christian culture not only survived but triumphed, and with enrichment. If we think of our problem in the light of that one, we shall not be disheartened but recognize both as phases of man's perennial growing pains.

Throughout history it has been a more or less small minority that has created and preserved what culture and enlightenment we have, and, if adverse forces are always growing, that minority is always growing too. In spite of the low standards that have commonly prevailed in public education during the last fifty years, I think the top layer of college students now are proportionately more numerous than they were thirty years ago and are more generally serious and critical. There is a growing nucleus of fine minds, and teachers are concerned with the enlargement of that all-important group. At the same time, without retreating from that position, one wonders what it is in our educational process or in our culture at large that often causes a liberal education to end on Commencement Day.

I have no novel and dramatic remedy for the evils that have shown themselves so clearly already and will become more formidable still. But I might mention a few things of varying importance which do not seem utopian. Of course I represent no one but myself, and I cannot even say, like a member of the House of Lords, that I enjoy the full confidence of my constituents.

In the first place, I see no reason why the flood of students should be allowed to pour into college, why automatic graduation from school should qualify anyone for admission. We ought to recognize, and make people in general recognize, that a desire for economic or social advantage, or for merely four years of idle diversion, is not enough. Under such pressure as is coming, surely the state universities have the strength to set up bars and select their student body, instead of admitting all who choose to walk in the front door and then, with much trouble and expense, trying to get rid of some through the back door. Doubtless such procedure would require a campaign of enlightenment and persuasion, but legislators always have an alert ear for the cry of economy, and the public must be convinced that higher education, or what passes for that, is neither a birthright nor a badge of respectability, and that useful and happy lives can be led without a college degree. As things are, we have an army of misfits, who lower educational standards and increase expense, and no branch of a university staff has grown more rapidly of late years than the psychiatric squad.

Secondly, many people have grounds for the belief that the multiplying junior colleges can and will drain off a large number of the young who for various reasons are unfitted for a really strenuous four-year course. Junior colleges, however, should not be recreational centers for the subnormal.

Thirdly, I think the need for formal education beyond high school would be much lessened, and the quality of both secondary and higher education obviously

improved, if the colleges and universities, getting the public behind them, made a concerted and effectual demand that the schools do their proper work and do it better than a great many schools have been doing it. Quite commonly, a distressing proportion of a college course now consists of high school work. We have grown so accustomed to a battalion of instructors teaching elementary composition to freshmen that we take it as a normal part of college education, whereas it is a monstrosity. Imagine a European university teaching the rudiments of expression! If high school graduates are illiterate, they have no business in college. For a long time, and for a variety of reasons, we have had slackness all along the line; somehow, some time, strictness and discipline have got to begin.

Increased enrollments have almost inevitably led to increased reliance upon large lecture courses. There are administrators who assume that there is no limit to the effectiveness of a lecture course except the size of the auditorium, and there are also teachers who see positive virtues in lectures and can themselves display them. Perhaps because I never remember anything I hear in a lecture, I do not share that faith. I favor classes small enough to allow discussion, and that is expensive. But there are possible economies that would be highly desirable in themselves. We do not need to maintain the naive doctrine that there has to be a course in anything in which anyone ever has been or might be interested. Many catalogues list courses that can only be called fantastic, and I don't think I am guilty of partisan prejudice if I say that these are rarely found among the humanities. If we had fewer and less specialized courses, and if we did not have our armies of composition teachers, a considerable number of man-hours would be released for smaller classes.

One thing that has suffered grievously and conspicuously in this last generation has been the study of foreign languages. The usual reason given is again the pressure of numbers, the numbers who are not going beyond high school, but again a positive reason has been open or quiet hostility. Languages have been pretty well crowded out of the school curriculum, and of course there has been a corresponding decline in college study. Nothing has been commoner in recent decades than the applicant for admission to a graduate school who has had little or no acquaintance with any foreign language except possibly a year or two of Spanish. Serious study of a foreign language means work, and a first principle of modern pedagogy has been the elimination of work. Thus, during the years in which we have all become conscious of one small world, and in which this country has become the leader of that world, educational theory and practice have retreated into cultural parochialism. There is no need to argue how necessary for the ordinary citizen is some knowledge of a foreign language and a foreign people. In the last few years a good many parents have been aroused, and the Modern Language Association has been putting on a vigorous campaign, so that progress has been made; but there is a long way to go. It is encouraging that in some cities successful experiments have been made in the teaching of languages in elementary schools, where, for good psychological reasons, they ought to begin. I wish there were something en-

couraging to be said about the ancient languages, but we are concerned with actualities.

Finally, since I touched on the large number of young people who are in college and shouldn't be. I might mention those who are not and should be, and who may be lost in the oncoming flood. Educators and others are more conscious than they once were of our failure to recognize and foster promising students who cannot afford college, and increasing efforts are being made in that direction; but we are still very far behind England, where bright students are picked out at the age of ten or eleven and brought along on scholarships. If we spent on exceptional students a fraction of the time and money we have spent on nursing lame ducks, there would be a considerable change in the quality of education.

One last word on a different matter. Like everything else, the Ph.D. has been cheapened by quantitative pressure, and it might be earnestly wished that it were not a union card for the teaching profession. There are plenty of young men and women who would be good teachers without such a degree, and the degree itself ought to mean something more than it does. Along with that may go another earnest wish, that both administrators and members of departments would abandon the principle of "publish or perish." Socrates would never have had a chance at an assistant professorship.

Ernest Earnest

EVEN A.B.'S MUST EAT

There is considerable current alarm about the future of the Liberal Arts College. Naturally this emotion is felt most keenly by persons whose livelihood depends upon the continued existence of that type of institution. They usually defend their bread and butter by eloquent pleas for the non-material values. Thus the many articles in academic journals are likely to be labeled "A Defense of Humanism," or "The Humanities and the Opportunity of Peace." And the discussions are filled with phrases like: "stimulating . . . a critical and aesthetic taste"; "an appreciative love for what is truly and enduringly beautiful"; "teach hope, love, and courage"; "recognize or retrieve those eternal truths which are above the stream of evolution and change"; ". . . true education is but a continuous process of re-examining, re-appraising, and re-vitalizing the interrelationships of existence." And of course there is always the old stand-by: education for democracy.

Now I have no quarrel with any or all of these objectives except, perhaps, with their vagueness. There is always the suspicion that when a use cannot be found for something, it will be asserted to have "higher values"—like an impractical

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coffee urn kept in the china closet as an *objet d'art*. Our Victorian ancestors were more prone to that sort of thing than we are—though the whatnot has come back in decorator-designed interiors. The magazines are beginning to speak of "the revival of the style of a more leisurely and comfortable age." There is a suspicious parallel between the advertising of Victorian reproductions of furniture and the arguments of the humanists. Please don't ask for a definition of humanist or humanity; there seems to be no agreement on that point. A working definition might be *humanist:* a person who teaches some subject other than science or a vocation; and *humanity:* a subject that students must be *required* to take along with the ones they really want.

Now I, for one, do not believe that a college course in Lunchroom Management or Clothing Selection is preferable to one in aesthetics or Greek history. I am not at all sure that the first two are the more practical. But I do not believe that any number of eloquent pleas for recapturing the "lost soul" of society is going to entice students into the Colleges of Liberal Arts. In fact any students who are attracted by the grandiloquent phrases are likely to be aesthetes, impractical idealists, or potential school teachers. Boys and girls from wealthy homes may come also, but they come for very practical reasons: four years of pleasant life, social polish, and a certificate of culture useful in certain social circles. As a rule the Liberal Arts College is very efficient in supplying these requirements. Certainly more efficient than a school offering training in lunchroom management or methods of teaching shorthand.

It is quite another matter to educate one to appreciate "what is truly and enduringly beautiful" or to "recognize or retrieve . . . eternal truths." Too often it is assumed that these things can be taught as entities unrelated to other considerations—that there is a world in which morality, truth, and beauty exist apart from the ethics of business, or the truth of a scientific or social theory, or the beauty of a particular poem or office building.

The advocates of liberal arts training will deny this. They will argue that a knowledge of philosophy helps one to understand the values in contemporary life (or more often the alleged lack of values); that mathematics trains the accurate use of the reason (an idea long since exploded by psychologists); that history helps in an understanding of today's politics; and that literature and art give one standards of judgment to apply to contemporary literature or art, or that they do something or other for one's personality—something very fine, of course.

Students often pay lip service to these doctrines: they say that they want college to give them "culture." But that is almost always a secondary aim. The vast majority of students are in college to become engineers, accountants, physicians, social workers, teachers—or even chiropodists and undertakers. If at the same time they can acquire the mystic quality called culture by taking a few courses in language, history, and literature they are willing to spare a little time from their real purpose. But few pre-meds will elect Fine Arts 1 if it conflicts with Biology 127; and fewer civil engineers will study Chaucer when they can get Strength of Materials instead.

All this may be simply an indication of mistaken values. the symptoms of a materialistic national culture. the worship of false gods. I believe that it is rather an indication of faulty methods. Two deeply religious men may both desire the kingdom of heaven; one may try to reach it by praying continually, wearing a hair shirt, and refusing to bathe; the other by ministering to the sick. It is quite possible that the second man will find very little time to examine his soul or clarify points of theology. He therefore spends less time on his "specialty" than does the ascetic, but he may be more fully obtaining his objective.

The analogy may apply to a liberal education. It is quite possible that extreme specialization is not the best preparation for most professions or intellectual occupations. It is impossible in a paper of this sort to support this point of view in detail. But it is a point of view almost universal among believers in a liberal education.

However, I venture upon two assertions: one, that the liberal arts colleges fail to implement this point of view; and two, that they fail to demonstrate its validity. To put the case more specifically, I believe that the liberal arts college fails to relate its work to the world the students must face, and that it fails to make the student understand its aims. In colloquial phraseology, the liberal arts college high-hats the vocational phases of education, and it fails to sell itself to its customers.

Almost all the defenders of a liberal education use a tone of moral superiority. The phrases quoted at the beginning of this essay suggest an out-of-this-world point of view. Yet if the liberal arts college is to survive, it must function in this world and must make that function clear. In a democratic society, the primary function demanded of a college or university is that it prepare its students to earn a living. The point of view stated by Jacques Barzun: "Vocational training has nothing to do with education," implies that education is only for a leisure class or a scholarly elite. Only at their peril can liberal arts colleges cater to a Brahmin caste. Most students and parents are certainly not going to be less materialistic about their bread and butter than are the defenders of a liberal education.

It may seem that this premise denies any possibility of preserving the liberal arts. Not at all. I have already pointed out that the arts colleges insist on the superior value of their training as preparation for an intellectual vocation or profession. I agree with this point of view. In the rapidly changing world of business, technology, and social order, a narrowly specialized training is often obsolete before the student graduates. Many of my former college mates are in fields of activity which did not exist twenty years ago. No vocational training then offered could have helped them. A contemporary radio news analyst would certainly find his college work in European history more valuable than his course in News Story Write-Up. History, language, literature, philosophy have vocational value. More obvious is the vocational aspect of social science and psychology. All these are elements in a liberal arts program.

Specifically I suggest that the liberal arts colleges integrate their programs with vocational fields. For instance: what courses should be elected by a student

interested in entering the diplomatic field, or social security, or a host of other governmental activities for which the A.B. course is the best preparation? Few faculty advisers have this information. Students themselves are often unaware that certain of these fields exist; more have no idea how to prepare for them. So, instead, they take a degree in marketing or dentistry or advertising—anything with a label indicating possible usefulness. Students are often amazed to find that they can enter law school with an A.B. in history and literature instead of a B.S. in "pre-law."

This brings us to my second recommendation: a better publicizing of the vocational usefulness of a liberal arts education. Bulletins and catalogs of vocational schools often have much to say about opportunities in the fields they train for; those of liberal arts colleges are extremely reticent on this point. Except for occasional listings of requirements for medical school or teaching, there is almost no discussion of so crass a topic as preparing for a job. For instance, in a recent study of training for the field of social security, Karl de Schweinitz states that the best possible background is the academic discipline and a cultural education. It is significant that this study was made for the Social Security Board and not under the auspices of the colleges.

All this may seem to imply that the liberal arts colleges should turn themselves into vocational schools. The answer is that they are vocational schools and always have been. Harvard College was founded specifically to train ministers of the gospel. The classical education of the nineteenth century was regarded as the best possible training for the law and the church. Today students in liberal arts colleges are preparing to become biologists, psychologists, sociologists, teachers, and lawyers.

What I suggest, then, is not a revision of the curriculum: no addition of gadget courses to attract uncritical customers. It is simply that the colleges accept the fact that they have a vocational function and that they exercise that function intelligently. That means vocational guidance for students, not in a haphazard way, but by trained counselors with adequate budgets for research; it means well run placement bureaus; it means making vocational information readily available to students; and it means a constant and intelligent study of the changing needs of the community. It is shortsighted if not unethical to turn out thousands more pre-meds than the medical schools will accept; to produce English teachers far in excess of demand, and at the same time to ignore fields where educated persons are desperately needed.

But what happens to "culture" in all this? Does it mean that we forget all about the permanently true and beautiful? My answer is that "culture" is always a by-product of something else. Shakespeare's plays are now studied chiefly for their cultural value; they were written to attract patrons to the box office. Architects have always designed their buildings for specific utilitarian purposes. Stiegel produced his famous glass for a market; he went bankrupt when he overestimated the market. The arts have always been closely linked with the business of living. It is only when they become art for art's sake that they wither. Similarly, culture for culture's sake becomes exotic and unreal.

If literature and history and philosophy cannot be related to the life of the community, they have no very important values. In other words, if a psychologist is not a better psychologist because he knows something about the development of human thought and the expression of human nature through art, then there is little hope for philosophy, history, and literature.

Many of the defenders of a liberal education emphasize its broader social values: the making of intelligent citizens; the training for life rather than making a living; the understanding of ethical and moral values. But a member of a democratic society functions in that society chiefly through his occupation. A man's contribution to his age is above all his contribution as a physician, a manufacturer, a chemist, a writer, a publisher. A physician's knowledge or lack of knowlege of sociology will appear during dinner table conversations and at the polls. But it is vastly more important in his work as a physician and member of a medical association. It is there that his knowledge or lack of knowledge chiefly affects society.

Culture does not function in a vacuum. The "lost soul" of society will be found not in college courses, but in the market place and the laboratory and the court of law. The liberal arts college cannot educate some sort of mythical men of vision; it must educate chemists and sociologists and journalists with vision. When it fully accepts this function, it will no longer be troubled by falling enrollments. The professors can cease to worry about their own bread and butter when they recognize that even an A.B. must eat.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR[1]

Mr. President and Gentlemen, I greet you on the recommencement of our literary year. Our anniversary is one of hope, and, perhaps, not enough of labor. We do not meet for games of strength or skill, for the recitation of histories, tragedies, and odes, like the ancient Greeks; for parliaments of love and poesy, like the Troubadours; nor for the advancement of science, like our contemporaries in the British and European capitals. Thus far, our holiday has been simply a friendly sign of the survival of the love of letters amongst a people too busy to give to letters any more. As such it is precious as the sign of an indestructible instinct. Perhaps the time is already come when it ought to be, and will be, something else; when the sluggard intellect of this continent will look from under its iron lids and fill the postponed expectation of the world with something better than the exertions of mechanical skill. Our day of dependence, our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands, draws to a close. The

1. An oration delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge, August 31, 1837.

millions that around us are rushing into life, cannot always be fed on the sere remains of foreign harvests. Events, actions arise, that must be sung, that will sing themselves. Who can doubt that poetry will revive and lead in a new age, as the star in the constellation Harp, which now flames in our zenith, astronomers announce, shall one day be the pole-star for a thousand years?

In this hope I accept the topic which not only usage but the nature of our association seem to prescribe to this day,—the AMERICAN SCHOLAR. Year by year we come up hither to read one more chapter of his biography. Let us inquire what light new days and events have thrown on his character and his hopes.

It is one of those fables which out of an unknown antiquity convey an unlooked-for wisdom, that the gods, in the beginning, divided Man into men, that he might be more helpful to himself; just as the hand was divided into fingers, the better to answer its end.

The old fable covers a doctrine ever new and sublime; that there is One Man,—present to all particular men only partially, or through one faculty; and that you must take the whole society to find the whole man. Man is not a farmer, or a professor, or an engineer, but he is all. Man is priest, and scholar, and statesman, and producer, and soldier. In the *divided* or social state these functions are parcelled out to individuals, each of whom aims to do his stint of the joint work, whilst each other performs his. The fable implies that the individual, to possess himself, must sometimes return from his own labor to embrace all the other laborers. But, unfortunately, this original unit, this fountain of power, has been so distributed to multitudes, has been so minutely subdivided and peddled out, that it is spilled into drops, and cannot be gathered. The state of society is one in which the members have suffered amputation from the trunk, and strut about so many walking monsters,—a good finger, a neck, a stomach, an elbow, but never a man.

Man is thus metamorphosed into a thing, into many things. The planter, who is Man sent out into the field to gather food, is seldom cheered by any idea of the true dignity of his ministry. He sees his bushel and his cart, and nothing beyond, and sinks into the farmer, instead of Man on the farm. The tradesman scarcely ever gives an ideal worth to his work, but is ridden by the routine of his craft, and the soul is subject to dollars. The priest becomes a form; the attorney a statute-book; the mechanic a machine; the sailor a rope of the ship.

In this distribution of functions the scholar is the delegated intellect. In the right state he is *Man Thinking*. In the degenerate state, when the victim of society, he tends to become a mere thinker, or still worse, the parrot of other men's thinking.

In this view of him, as Man Thinking, the theory of his office is contained. Him Nature solicits with all her placid, all her monitory pictures; him the past instructs; him the future invites. Is not indeed every man a student, and do not all things exist for the student's behoof? And, finally, is not the true scholar the only true master? But the old oracle said, "All things have two handles, beware of the wrong one." In life, too often, the scholar errs with man-

kind and forfeits his privilege. Let us see him in his school, and consider him in reference to the main influences he receives.

I. The first in time and the first in importance of the influences upon the mind is that of nature. Every day, the sun; and, after the sunset, Night and her stars. Ever the winds blow; ever the grass grows. Every day, men and women, conversing, beholding and beholden. The scholar is he of all men whom this spectacle most engages. He must settle its value in his mind. What is nature to him? There is never a beginning, there is never an end, to the inexplicable continuity of this web of God, but always circular power returning into itself. Therein it resembles his own spirit, whose beginning, whose ending, he never can find.—so entire, so boundless. Far too as her splendors shine, system on system shooting like rays, upward, downward without centre, without circumference.—in the mass and in the particle, Nature hastens to render account of herself to the mind. Classification begins. To the young mind every thing is individual, stands by itself. By and by, it finds how to join two things and see in them one nature; then three, then three thousand; and so, tyrannized over by its own unifying instinct, it goes on tying things together, diminishing anomalies, discovering roots running under ground whereby contrary and remote things cohere and flower out from one stem. It presently learns that since the dawn of history there has been a constant accumulation and classifying of facts. But what is classification but the perceiving that these objects are not chaotic, and are not foreign, but have a law which is also a law of the human mind? The astronomer discovers that geometry, a pure abstraction of the human mind, is the measure of planetary motion. The chemist finds proportions and intelligible method throughout matter; and science is nothing but the finding of analogy, identity, in the most remote parts. The ambitious soul sits down before each refractory fact; one after another reduces all strange constitutions, all new powers, to their class and their law, and goes on forever to animate the last fibre of organization, the outskirts of nature, by insight.

Thus to him, to this schoolboy under the bending dome of day, is suggested that he and it proceed from one root; one is leaf and one is flower; relation, sympathy, stirring in every vein. And what is that root? Is not that the soul of his soul? A thought too bold; a dream too wild. Yet when this spiritual light shall have revealed the law of more earthly natures,—when he has learned to worship the soul, and to see that the natural philosophy that now is, is only the first groupings of its gigantic hand, he shall look forward to an ever expanding knowledge as to a becoming creator. He shall see that nature is the opposite of the soul, answering to it part for part. One is seal and one is print. Its beauty is the beauty of his own mind. Its laws are the laws of his own mind. Nature then becomes to him the measure of his attainments. So much of nature as he is ignorant of, so much of his own mind does he not yet possess. And, in fine, the ancient precept, "Know thyself," and the modern precept, "Study nature," become at last one maxim.

II. The next great influence into the spirit of the scholar is the mind of the Past,—in whatever form, whether of literature, of art, of institutions, that mind

is inscribed. Books are the best type of the influence of the past, and perhaps we shall get at the truth,—learn the amount of this influence more conveniently. —by considering their value alone.

The theory of books is noble. The scholar of the first age received into him the world around; brooded thereon; gave it the new arrangement of his own mind, and uttered it again. It came into him life; it went out from him truth. It came to him short-lived actions; it went out from him immortal thoughts. It came to him business; it went from him poetry. It was dead fact; now, it is quick thought. It can stand. and it can go. It now endures. it now flies. it now inspires. Precisely in proportion to the depth of mind from which it issued. so high does it soar. so long does it sing.

Or, I might say, it depends on how far the process had gone, of transmuting life into truth. In proportion to the completeness of the distillation, so will the purity and imperishableness of the product be. But none is quite perfect. As no air-pump can by any means make a perfect vacuum, so neither can any artist entirely exclude the conventional. the local, the perishable from his book, or write a book of pure thought. that shall be as efficient, in all respects, to a remote posterity. as to contemporaries. or rather to the second age. Each age, it is found, must write its own books; or rather, each generation for the next succeeding. The books of an older period will not fit this.

Yet hence arises a grave mischief. The sacredness which attaches to the act of creation, the act of thought, is transferred to the record. The poet chanting was felt to be a divine man: henceforth the chant is divine also. The writer was a just and wise spirit: henceforward it is settled the book is perfect; as love of the hero corrupts into worship of his statue. Instantly the book becomes noxious: the guide is a tyrant. The sluggish and perverted mind of the multitude, slow to open to the incursions of Reason, having once so opened, having once received this book. stands upon it, and makes an outcry if it is disparaged. Colleges are built on it. Books are written on it by thinkers. not by Man Thinking; by men of talent, that is. who start wrong, who set out from accepted dogmas, not from their own sight of principles. Meek young men grow up in libraries. believing it their duty to accept the views which Cicero, which Locke. which Bacon, have given; forgetful that Cicero. Locke, and Bacon were only young men in libraries when they wrote these books.

Hence. instead of Man Thinking. we have the bookworm. Hence the book-learned class, who value books. as such; not as related to nature and the human constitution, but as making a sort of Third Estate with the world and the soul. Hence the restorers of readings, the emendators, the bibliomaniacs of all degrees.

Books are the best of things, well used; abused, among the worst. What is the right use? What is the one end which all means go to effect? They are for nothing but to inspire. I had better never see a book than to be warped by its attraction clean out of my own orbit, and made a satellite instead of a system. The one thing in the world, of value, is the active soul. This every man is entitled to; this every man contains within him, although in almost all men obstructed. and as yet unborn. The soul active sees absolute truth and utters truth, or

creates. In this action it is genius; not the privilege of here and there a favorite, but the sound estate of every man. In its essence it is progressive. The book, the college, the school of art, the institution of any kind, stop with some past utterance of genius. This is good, say they,—let us hold by this. They pin me down. They look backward and not forward. But genius looks forward: the eyes of man are set in his forehead, not in his hindhead: man hopes: genius creates. Whatever talents may be, if the man create not, the pure efflux of the Deity is not his;—cinders and smoke there may be, but not yet flame. There are creative manners, there are creative actions, and creative words; manners, actions, words, that is, indicative of no custom or authority, but springing spontaneous from the mind's own sense of good and fair.

On the other part, instead of being its own seer, let it receive from another mind its truth, though it were in torrents of light, without periods of solitude, inquest, and self-recovery, and a fatal disservice is done. Genius is always sufficiently the enemy of genius by over-influence. The literature of every nation bears me witness. The English dramatic poets have Shakspearized now for two hundred years.

Undoubtedly there is a right way of reading, so it be sternly subordinated. Man Thinking must not be subdued by his instruments. Books are for the scholar's idle times. When he can read God directly, the hour is too precious to be wasted in other men's transcripts of their readings. But when the intervals of darkness come, as come they must,—when the sun is hid and the stars withdraw their shining,—we repair to the lamps which were kindled by their ray, to guide our steps to the East again, where the dawn is. We hear, that we may speak. The Arabian proverb says, "A fig tree, looking on a fig tree, becometh fruitful."

It is remarkable, the character of the pleasure we derive from the best books. They impress us with the conviction that one nature wrote and the same reads. We read the verses of one of the great English poets, of Chaucer, of Marvell, of Dryden, with the most modern joy,—with a pleasure, I mean, which is in great part caused by the abstraction of all *time* from their verses. There is some awe mixed with the joy of our surprise, when this poet, who lived in some past world, two or three hundred years ago, says that which lies close to my own soul, that which I also had well-nigh thought and said. But for the evidence thence afforded to the philosophical doctrine of the identity of all minds, we should suppose some pre-established harmony, some foresight of souls that were to be, and some preparation of stores for their future wants, like the fact observed in insects, who lay up food before death for the young grub they shall never see.

I would not be hurried by any love of system, by any exaggeration of instincts, to underrate the Book. We all know, that as the human body can be nourished on any food, though it were boiled grass and the broth of shoes, so the human mind can be fed by any knowledge. And great and heroic men have existed who had almost no other information than by the printed page. I only would say that it needs a strong head to bear that diet. One must be an inventor to

read well. As the proverb says, "He that would bring home the wealth of the Indies, must carry out the wealth of the Indies." There is then creative reading as well as creative writing. When the mind is braced by labor and invention, the page of whatever book we read becomes luminous with manifold allusion. Every sentence is doubly significant, and the sense of our author is as broad as the world. We then see, what is always true, that as the seer's hour of vision is short and rare among heavy days and months, so is its record, perchance, the least part of his volume. The discerning will read, in his Plato or Shakspeare, only that least part,—only the authentic utterances of the oracle;—all the rest he rejects, were it never so many times Plato's and Shakspeare's.

Of course there is a portion of reading quite indispensable to a wise man. History and exact science he must learn by laborious reading. Colleges, in like manner, have their indispensable office,—to teach elements. But they can only highly serve us when they aim not to drill, but to create; when they gather from far every ray of various genius to their hospitable halls, and by the concentrated fires, set the hearts of their youth on flame. Thought and knowledge are natures in which apparatus and pretension avail nothing. Gowns and pecuniary foundations, though of towns of gold, can never countervail the least sentence or syllable of wit. Forget this, and our American colleges will recede in their public importance, whilst they grow richer every year.

III. There goes in the world a notion that the scholar should be a recluse, a valetudinarian,—as unfit for any handiwork, or public labor as a penknife for an axe. The so-called "practical men" sneer at speculative men, as if, because they speculate or *see*, they could do nothing. I have heard it said that the clergy, —who are always, more universally than any other class, the scholars of their day,—are addressed as women; that the rough, spontaneous conversation of men they do not hear, but only a mincing and diluted speech. They are often virtually disfranchised; and indeed there are advocates for their celibacy. As far as this is true of the studious classes, it is not just and wise. Action is with the scholar subordinate, but it is essential. Without it he is not yet man. Without it thought can never ripen into truth. Whilst the world hangs before the eye as a cloud of beauty, we cannot even see its beauty. Inaction is cowardice, but there can be no scholar without the heroic mind. The preamble of thought, the transition through which it passes from the unconscious to the conscious, is action. Only so much do I know, as I have lived. Instantly we know whose words are loaded with life, and whose not.

The world,—this shadow of the soul, or *other me*,—lies wide around. Its attractions are the keys which unlock my thoughts and make me acquainted with myself. I run eagerly into this resounding tumult. I grasp the hands of those next me, and take my place in the ring to suffer and to work, taught by an instinct that so shall the dumb abyss be vocal with speech. I pierce its order; I dissipate its fear; I dispose of it within the circuit of my expanding life. So much only of life as I know by experience, so much of the wilderness have I vanquished and planted, or so far have I extended my being, my dominion. I do not see how any man can afford, for the sake of his nerves and his nap, to

spare any action in which he can partake. It is pearls and rubies to his discourse. Drudgery, calamity, exasperation, want, are instructors in eloquence and wisdom. The true scholar grudges every opportunity of action past by, as a loss of power. It is the raw material out of which the intellect moulds her splendid products. A strange process too, this by which experience is converted into thought, as a mulberry leaf is converted into satin. The manufacture goes forward at all hours.

The actions and events of our childhood and youth are now matters of calmest observation. They lie like fair pictures in the air. Not so with our recent actions,—with the business which we now have in hand. On this we are quite unable to speculate. Our affections as yet circulate through it. We no more feel or know it than we feel the feet, or the hand, or the brain of our body. The new deed is yet a part of life,—remains for a time immersed in our unconscious life. In some contemplative hour it detaches itself from the life like a ripe fruit, to become a thought of the mind. Instantly it is raised, transfigured; the corruptible has put on incorruption. Henceforth it is an object of beauty, however base its origin and neighborhood. Observe too the impossibility of antedating this act. In its grub state, it cannot fly, it cannot shine, it is a dull grub. But suddenly, without observation, the self-same thing unfurls beautiful wings, and is an angel of wisdom. So is there no fact, no event, in our private history, which shall not, sooner or later, lose its adhesive, inert form, and astonish us by soaring from our body into the empyrean. Cradle and infancy, school and playground, the fear of boys, and dogs, and ferules, the love of little maids and berries, and many another fact that once filled the whole sky, are gone already; friend and relative, profession and party, town and country, nation and world, must also soar and sing.

Of course, he who has put forth his total strength in fit actions has the richest return of wisdom. I will not shut myself out of this globe of action, and transplant an oak into a flower-pot, there to hunger and pine; nor trust the revenue of some single faculty, and exhaust one vein of thought, much like those Savoyards, who, getting their livelihood by carving shepherds, shepherdesses, and smoking Dutchmen, for all Europe, went out one day to the mountain to find stock, and discovered that they had whittled up the last of their pine trees. Authors we have, in numbers, who have written out their vein, and who, moved by a commendable prudence, sail for Greece or Palestine, follow the trapper into the prairie, or ramble round Algiers, to replenish their merchantable stock.

If it were only for a vocabulary, the scholar would be covetous of action. Life is our dictionary. Years are well spent in country labors; in town; in the insight into trades and manufactures; in frank intercourse with many men and women; in science; in art; to the one end of mastering in all their facts a language by which to illustrate and embody our perceptions. I learn immediately from any speaker how much he has already lived, through the poverty or the splendor of his speech. Life lies behind us as the quarry from whence we get tiles and copestones for the masonry of to-day. This is the way to learn grammar. Colleges and books only copy the language which the field and the work-yard made,

But the final value of action, like that of books, and better than books, is that it is a resource. The great principle of Undulation in nature, that shows itself in the inspiring and expiring of the breath; in desire and satiety; in the ebb and flow of the sea; in day and night; in heat and cold; and, as yet more deeply ingrained in every atom and every fluid, is known to us under the name of Polarity,—these "fits of easy transmission and reflection," as Newton called them, are the law of nature because they are the law of spirit.

The mind now thinks, now acts, and each fit reproduces the other. When the artist has exhausted his materials, when the fancy no longer paints, when thoughts are no longer apprehended and books are a weariness,—he has always the resource *to live*. Character is higher than intellect. Thinking is the function. Living is the functionary. The stream retreats to its source. A great soul will be strong to live, as well as strong to think. Does he lack organ or medium to impart his truth? He can still fall back on this elemental force of living them. This is a total act. Thinking is a partial act. Let the grandeur of justice shine in his affairs. Let the beauty of affection cheer his lowly roof. Those "far from fame," who dwell and act with him, will feel the force of his constitution in the doings and passages of the day better than it can be measured by any public and designed display. Time shall teach him that the scholar loses no hour which the man lives. Herein he unfolds the sacred germ of his instinct, screened from influence. What is lost in seemliness is gained in strength. Not out of those on whom systems of education have exhausted their culture, comes the helpful giant to destroy the old or to build the new, but out of unhandselled savage nature; out of terrible Druids and Berserkers come at last Alfred and Shakspeare.

I hear therefore with joy whatever is beginning to be said of the dignity and necessity of labor to every citizen. There is virtue yet in the hoe and the spade, for learned as well as for unlearned hands. And labor is everywhere welcome; always we are invited to work; only be this limitation observed, that a man shall not for the sake of wider activity sacrifice any opinion to the popular judgments and modes of action.

I have now spoken of the education of the scholar by nature, by books, and by action. It remains to say somewhat of his duties.

They are such as become Man Thinking. They may all be comprised in self-trust. The office of the scholar is to cheer, to raise, and to guide men by showing them facts amidst appearances. He plies the slow, unhonored, and unpaid task of observation. Flamsteed and Herschel, in their glazed observatories, may catalogue the stars with the praise of all men, and the results being splendid and useful, honor is sure. But he, in his private observatory, cataloguing obscure and nebulous stars of the human mind, which as yet no man has thought of as such,—watching days and months sometimes for a few facts; correcting still his old records;—must relinquish display and immediate fame. In the long period of his preparation he must betray often an ignorance and shiftlessness in popular arts, incurring the disdain of the able who shoulder him aside. Long he must stammer in his speech; often forego the living for the dead. Worse yet,

he must accept—how often!—poverty and solitude. For the ease and pleasure of treading the old road, accepting the fashions, the education, the religion of society, he takes the cross of making his own, and, of course, the self-accusation, the faint heart, the frequent uncertainty and loss of time, which are the nettles and tangling vines in the way of the self-relying and self-directed; and the state of virtual hostility in which he seems to stand to society, and especially to educated society. For all this loss and scorn, what offset? He is to find consolation in exercising the highest functions of human nature. He is one who raises himself from private considerations and breathes and lives on public and illustrious thoughts. He is the world's eye. He is the world's heart. He is to resist the vulgar prosperity that retrogrades ever to barbarism, by preserving and communicating heroic sentiments, noble biographies, melodious verse, and the conclusions of history. Whatsoever oracles the human heart, in all emergencies, in all solemn hours, has uttered as its commentary on the world of actions,—these he shall receive and impart. And whatsoever new verdict Reason from her inviolable seat pronounces on the passing men and events of to-day,—this he shall hear and promulgate.

These being his functions, it becomes him to feel all confidence in himself, and to defer never to the popular cry. He and he only knows the world. The world of any moment is the merest appearance. Some great decorum, some fetish of a government, some ephemeral trade, or war, or man, is cried up by half mankind and cried down by the other half, as if all depended on this particular up or down. The odds are that the whole question is not worth the poorest thought which the scholar has lost in listening to the controversy. Let him not quit his belief that a popgun is a popgun, though the ancient and honorable of the earth affirm it to be the crack of doom. In silence, in steadiness, in severe abstraction, let him hold by himself; add observation to observation, patient of neglect, patient of reproach, and bide his own time,—happy enough if he can satisfy himself alone that this day he has seen something truly. Success treads on every right step. For the instinct is sure, that prompts him to tell his brother what he thinks. He then learns that in going down into the secrets of his own mind he has descended into the secrets of all minds. He learns that he who has mastered any law in his private thoughts, is master to that extent of all men whose language he speaks, and of all into whose language his own can be translated. The poet, in utter solitude remembering his spontaneous thoughts and recording them, is found to have recorded that which men in crowded cities find true for them also. The orator distrusts at first the fitness of his frank confessions, his want of knowledge of the persons he addresses, until he finds that he is the complement of his hearers;—that they drink his words because he fulfils for them their own nature; the deeper he dives into his privatest, secretest presentiment, to his wonder he finds this is the most acceptable, most public, and universally true. The people delight in it; the better part of every man feels, This is my music; this is myself.

In self-trust all the virtues are comprehended. Free should the scholar be,—free and brave. Free even to the definition of freedom, "without any hindrance

that does not arise out of his own constitution." Brave; for fear is a thing which a scholar by his very function puts behind him. Fear always springs from ignorance. It is a shame to him if his tranquillity, amid dangerous times, arise from the presumption that like children and women his is a protected class; or if he seek a temporary peace by the diversion of his thoughts from politics or vexed questions, hiding his head like an ostrich in the flowering bushes, peeping into microscopes, and turning rhymes, as a boy whistles to keep his courage up. So is the danger a danger still; so is the fear worse. Manlike let him turn and face it. Let him look into its eye and search its nature, inspect its origin,—see the whelping of this lion,—which lies no great way back; he will then find in himself a perfect comprehension of its nature and extent; he will have made his hands meet on the other side, and can henceforth defy it and pass on superior. The world is his who can see through its pretension. What deafness, what stone-blind custom, what overgrown error you behold is there only by sufferance,—by your sufferance. See it to be a lie, and you have already dealt it its mortal blow.

Yes, we are the cowed,—we the trustless. It is a mischievous notion that we are come late into nature; that the world was finished a long time ago. As the world was plastic and fluid in the hands of God, so it is ever to so much of his attributes as we bring to it. To ignorance and sin, it is flint. They adapt themselves to it as they may; but in proportion as a man has any thing in him divine, the firmament flows before him and takes his signet and form. Not he is great who can alter matter, but he who can alter my state of mind. They are the kings of the world who give the color of their present thought to all nature and all art, and persuade men by the cheerful serenity of their carrying the matter, that this thing which they do is the apple which the ages have desired to pluck, now at last ripe, and inviting nations to the harvest. The great man makes the great thing. Wherever Macdonald sits, there is the head of the table. Linnæus makes botany the most alluring of studies, and wins it from the farmer and the herb-woman; Davy, chemistry; and Cuvier, fossils. The day is always his who works in it with serenity and great aims. The unstable estimates of men crowd to him whose mind is filled with a truth, as the heaped waves of the Atlantic follow the moon.

For this self-trust, the reason is deeper than can be fathomed,—darker than can be enlightened. I might not carry with me the feeling of my audience in stating my own belief. But I have already shown the ground of my hope, in adverting to the doctrine that man is one. I believe man has been wronged; he has wronged himself. He has almost lost the light that can lead him back to his prerogatives. Men are become of no account. Men in history, men in the world of to-day, are bugs, are spawn, and are called "the mass" and "the herd." In a century, in a millennium, one or two men; that is to say, one or two approximations to the right state of every man. All the rest behold in the hero or the poet their own green and crude being,—ripened; yes, and are content to be less, so *that* may attain to its full stature. What a testimony, full of grandeur, full of pity, is borne to the demands of his own nature, by the poor clansman, the

poor partisan, who rejoices in the glory of his chief. The poor and the low find some amends to their immense moral capacity, for their acquiescence in a political and social inferiority. They are content to be brushed like flies from the path of a great person, so that justice shall be done by him to that common nature which it is the dearest desire of all to see enlarged and glorified. They sun themselves in the great man's light, and feel it to be their own element. They cast the dignity of man from their downtrod selves upon the shoulders of a hero, and will perish to add one drop of blood to make that great heart beat, those giant sinews combat and conquer. He lives for us, and we live in him.

Men such as they are, very naturally seek money or power; and power because it is as good as money,—the "spoils," so called, "of office." And why not? for they aspire to the highest, and this, in their sleep-walking, they dream is highest. Wake them and they shall quit the false good and leap to the true, and leave governments to clerks and desks. This revolution is to be wrought by the gradual domestication of the idea of Culture. The main enterprise of the world for splendor, for extent, is the upbuilding of a man. Here are the materials strewn along the ground. The private life of one man shall be a more illustrious monarchy, more formidable to its enemy, more sweet and serene in its influence to its friend, than any kingdom in history. For a man, rightly viewed, comprehendeth the particular natures of all men. Each philosopher, each bard, each actor has only done for me, as by a delegate, what one day I can do for myself. The books which once we valued more than the apple of the eye, we have quite exhausted. What is that but saying that we have come up with the point of view which the universal mind took through the eyes of one scribe; we have been that man, and have passed on. First, one, then another, we drain all cisterns, and waxing greater by all these supplies, we crave a better and more abundant food. The man has never lived that can feed us ever. The human mind cannot be enshrined in a person who shall set a barrier on any one side to this unbounded, unboundable empire. It is one central fire, which, flaming now out of the lips of Etna, lightens the capes of Sicily, and now out of the throat of Vesuvius, illuminates the towers and vineyards of Naples. It is one light which beams out of a thousand stars. It is one soul which animates all men.

But I have dwelt perhaps tediously upon this abstraction of the Scholar. I ought not to delay longer to add what I have to say of nearer reference to the time and to this country.

Historically, there is thought to be a difference in the ideas which predominate over successive epochs, and there are data for marking the genius of the Classic, of the Romantic, and now of the Reflective or Philosophical age. With the views I have intimated of the oneness or the identity of the mind through all individuals, I do not much dwell on these differences. In fact, I believe each individual passes through all three. The boy is a Greek; the youth, romantic; the adult, reflective. I deny not, however, that a revolution in the leading idea may be distinctly enough traced.

Our age is bewailed as the age of Introversion. Must that needs be evil? We, it seems, are critical; we are embarrassed with second thoughts; we cannot

enjoy any thing for hankering to know whereof the pleasure consists; we are lined with eyes; we see with our feet; the time is infected with Hamlet's unhappiness,—

"Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

It is so bad then? Sight is the last thing to be pitied. Would we be blind? Do we fear lest we should outsee nature and God, and drink truth dry? I look upon the discontent of the literary class as a mere announcement of the fact that they find themselves not in the state of mind of their fathers, and regret the coming state as untried; as a boy dreads the water before he has learned that he can swim. If there is any period one would desire to be born in, is it not the age of Revolution; when the old and the new stand side by side and admit of being compared; when the energies of all men are searched by fear and by hope; when the historic glories of the old can be compensated by the rich possibilities of the new era? This time, like all times, is a very good one, if we but know what to do with it.

I read with some joy of the auspicious signs of the coming days, as they glimmer already through poetry and art, through philosophy and science, through church and state.

One of these signs is the fact that the same movement which effected the elevation of what was called the lowest class in the state, assumed in literature a very marked and as benign an aspect. Instead of the sublime and beautiful, the near, the low, the common, was explored and poetized. That which had been negligently trodden under foot by those who were harnessing and provisioning themselves for long journeys into far countries, is suddenly found to be richer than all foreign parts. The literature of the poor, the feelings of the child, the philosophy of the street, the meaning of household life, are the topics of the time. It is a great stride. It is a sign—is it not?—of new vigor when the extremities are made active, when currents of warm life run into the hands and the feet. I ask not for the great, the remote, the romantic; what is doing in Italy or Arabia; what is Greek art, or Provençal minstrelsy; I embrace the common, I explore and sit at the feet of the familiar, the low. Give me insight into to-day, and you may have the antique and future worlds. What would we really know the meaning of? The meal in the firkin; the milk in the pan; the ballad in the street; the news of the boat; the glance of the eye; the form and the gait of the body;—show me the ultimate reason of these matters; show me the sublime presence of the highest spiritual cause lurking, as always it does lurk, in these suburbs and extremities of nature; let me see every trifle bristling with the polarity that ranges it instantly on an eternal law; and the shop, the plough, and the ledger referred to the like cause by which light undulates and poets sing;—and the world lies no longer a dull miscellany and lumber room, but has form and order; there is no trifle, there is no puzzle, but one design unites and animates the farthest pinnacle and the lowest trench.

This idea has inspired the genius of Goldsmith, Burns, Cowper, and in a newer time, of Goethe, Wordsworth, and Carlyle. This idea they have differently followed and with various success. In contrast with their writing, the style of

Pope, of Johnson, of Gibbon, looks cold and pedantic. This writing is blood-warm. Man is surprised to find that things near are not less beautiful and wondrous than things remote. The near explains the far. The drop is a small ocean. A man is related to all nature. This perception of the worth of the vulgar is fruitful in discoveries. Goethe, in this very thing the most modern of the moderns, has shown us, as none ever did, the genius of the ancients.

There is one man of genius who has done much for this philosophy of life, whose literary value has never yet been rightly estimated;—I mean Emanuel Swedenborg. The most imaginative of men, yet writing with the precision of a mathematician, he endeavored to engraft a purely philosophical Ethics on the popular Christianity of his time. Such an attempt of course must have difficulty which no genius could surmount. But he saw and showed the connection between nature and the affections of the soul. He pierced the emblematic or spiritual character of the visible, audible, tangible world. Especially did his shade-loving muse hover over and interpret the lower parts of nature; he showed the mysterious bond that allies moral evil to the foul material forms, and has given in epical parables a theory of insanity, of beasts, of unclean and fearful things.

Another sign of our times, also marked by an analogous political movement is the new importance given to the single person. Every thing that tends to insulate the individual,—to surround him with barriers of natural respect, so that each man shall feel the world is his, and man shall treat with man as a sovereign state with a sovereign state,—tends to true union as well as greatness. "I learned," said the melancholy Pestalozzi, "that no man in God's wide earth is either willing or able to help any other man." Help must come from the bosom alone. The scholar is that man who must take up into himself all the ability of the time, all the contributions of the past, all the hopes of the future. He must be an university of knowledges. If there be one lesson more than another which should pierce his ear, it is, The world is nothing, the man is all; in yourself is the law of all nature, and you know not yet how a globule of sap ascends; in yourself slumbers the whole of Reason; it is for you to know all; it is for you to dare all. Mr. President and Gentlemen, this confidence in the unsearched might of man belongs, by all motives, by all prophecy, by all preparation, to the American Scholar. We have listened too long to the courtly muses of Europe. The spirit of the American freeman is already suspected to be timid, imitative, tame. Public and private avarice make the air we breathe thick and fat. The scholar is decent, indolent, complaisant. See already the tragic consequence. The mind of this country, taught to aim at low objects, eats upon itself. There is no work for any but the decorous and the complaisant. Young men of the fairest promise, who begin life upon our shores, inflated by the mountain winds, shined upon by all the stars of God, find the earth below not in unison with these, but are hindered from action by the disgust which the principles on which business is managed inspire, and turn drudges, or die of disgust, some of them suicides. What is the remedy? They did not yet see, and thousands of young men as hopeful now crowding to the barriers for the career do not yet

see. that if the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts. and there abide, the huge world will come round to him. Patience.—patience; with the shades of all the good and great for company; and for solace the perspective of your own infinite life; and for work the study and the communication of principles, the making those instincts prevalent, the conversion of the world. Is it not the chief disgrace in the world, not to be an unit;—not to be reckoned one character;—not to yield that peculiar fruit which each man was created to bear, but to be reckoned in the gross, in the hundred, or the thousand, of the party, the section, to which we belong; and our opinion predicted geographically, as the north, or the south? Not so. brothers and friends.—please God, ours shall not be so. We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds. The study of letters shall be no longer a name for pity, for doubt, and for sensual indulgence. The dread of man and the love of man shall be a wall of defence and a wreath of joy around all. A nation of men will for the first time exist, because each believes himself inspired by the Divine Soul which also inspires all men.

Language and Its Use

This section, which deals with language, takes up a subject that must be an immediate and fundamental concern of all students in college English courses. The writers represented here approach the subject variously. Robert Benchley simply reports humorously on the kind of experience we have all had with the irregularities of English word forms. Charlton Laird claims that the traditional English grammar does not explain the language and argues that it should be replaced with a modern, workable grammar. Jacques Barzun strikes out against what he terms the "infinite duplication of dufferism" and calls for greater purity in the use of language. Irving Lee is particularly concerned about people's tendency to "talk past each other," and urges greater attention to the exact communication of ideas. Finally, Somerset Maugham tells us what he has come to believe are the important achievements in expression for a good writer.

Robert Benchley

WORD TORTURE

A personal tribulation

In his column a short time ago Mr. O. O. McIntyre asked who could tell, without looking it up, the present tense of the verb of which "wrought" is the

past participle. That was, let us say, of a Thursday. Today my last finger-nail went.

At first I thought that it was so easy that I passed it by. But, somewhere in the back of that shaggy-maned head of mine, a mischievous little voice said: "All right—what is it?"

"What is what?" I asked, stalling.

"You know very well what the question was. What is the present tense of the verb from which the word 'wrought' comes?"

I started out with a rush. "I *wright*," I fairly screamed. Then, a little lower: "I wrught." Then, very low: "I wrouft." Then silence.

From that day until now I have been muttering to myself: "I wright—I wraft —I wronjst. You wruft—he wragst—we wrinjsen." I'll be darned if I'll look it up, and it looks now as if I'll be incarcerated before I get it.

People hear me murmuring and ask me what I am saying.

"I wrujhst," is all that I can say in reply.

"I know," they say, "but what were you *saying* just now?"

"I wringst."

This gets me nowhere.

While I am working on it, however, and just before the boys come to get me to take me to the laughing academy, I will ask Mr. McIntyre if he can help me out on something that has almost the same possibilities for brain seepage. And no fair looking *this* up, either.

What is a man who lives in Flanders and speaks Flemish? A Flem? A Flan? A Floom? (This is a lot easier than "wrought," but it may take attention away from me while I am writhing on the floor.) And, when you think you have got it the easy way, remember there is another name for him, too, one that rhymes with "balloon." I finally looked that one up.

At present I'm working on "wrought."

Charlton Laird

THE SPEECH THAT BLOOMS ON THE TONGUE, TRA-LA, HAS LITTLE TO DO WITH CASE

Grammar Is Not a Pigeonhole Desk

The previous chapter has suggested that our traditional grammar and our actual grammar bear little resemblance to each other. Many people to whom this

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statement may be unwelcome would reply, however, that whatever the theory may be, the practice of modern grammar is sound. They will say that although applying grammatical rules may be a little difficult, because grammar is a difficult and complicated subject, grammatical rules do explain the language. These people are likely to feel that they themselves can explain most of the language, and would be able to explain the remainder if they knew their grammar a little better.

This I have not found to be true. For years I have taught a college course in the nature of language through which have passed a considerable number of persons who were sure that the grammatical rules had been worked out and that they knew these rules. During this time I have maintained a standing challenge to anybody to make the following simple experiment. Pick up a book at random, open to a page at random, and put your finger on a sentence. Then explain the meaning of the sentence by conventional grammar. I have never found anyone who could do so. Some day I will. Some day I will lose because somebody will be lucky enough to put his finger on *Ouch!* He will say "Interjection," and I shall have lost, at least by his rules of the game. In reality, to explain the grammar of *Ouch!* we should need to examine adjacent sentences, but the conventional grammarian would never concede I was being fair in expecting that of him, and accordingly I should lose. As yet, however, this has not happened, and nobody has explained a sentence for me on the basis of Latin grammar.

People who think the conventional grammar makes sense usually do so because they are not examining the grammar at all. They are doing one, and usually all, of the following:

(1) They restrict their examination of language to sentences made up to fit rules, and they do not examine these sentences further than to notice that they do fit. This of course is nonsense. If grammar will not explain ordinary prose—to say nothing of sentences made up *not* to fit the rules—there is something wrong with the grammatical rules.

(2) They expect to save any rule which gets into trouble by assuming, in any example which will not fit it, that additional words or a different order is "understood." The sentence is accordingly changed so that it does fit. Let us see how this works. Since I have recommended taking a sentence at random from a book, I will take one from a book which happens to be lying open on the table. It is Josephine Tey's *The Daughter of Time* (New York; Macmillan, 1952), opened to page 80. Running my eye down the page --since I am now looking for an example, not trying to explain any piece of prose—I find that one character says "Oh!" unexpectedly, and the hero asks, "What was the 'Oh' for?" Let us endeavor to parse this last sentence. *What* is an interrogative pronoun, subject of the sentence. *Was* is the verb. *Oh* is the complement. What is *for?* The *New International Dictionary*, second edition, which embodies a good compendium of conventional but relatively liberal grammatical opinion, gives *for* as a conjunction or a preposition. (Lest I be accused of treating dictionaries unkindly—and I am very far from wishing to do so—let me say once for all that I am citing dictionaries partly for my own convenience, and partly be-

cause the makers of widely used dictionaries have generally been more liberal than the makers of widely used grammars.) But *for* in this sentence cannot be a conjunction; it has nothing to join. It cannot be a preposition; it has no object.

Obviously, *for* must be something. Accordingly a conventional grammarian would be likely to start by changing the sentence to another which is "understood." He might substitute "What was the 'Oh' intended for?" *Intended* can modify *oh*, and if *for* can be an adverb, it can modify the past participle *intended*. This is possible, for although the *New International* does not enter *for* as an adverb, doubtless some other authority does so. Or the grammarian could change the sentence to "For what was the 'Oh' intended?" *For* has now become a preposition. Other additions are possible, for instance, "For what remark which you suppressed was the 'Oh' intended to substitute?" and "What does the 'Oh' stand for?" The conventional grammarian also changes the order, although, if order is the basis of English grammar, one wonders what right he has to change it. He might say that the sentence is understood to be "For what was the 'Oh'?" No one would talk such nonsense, but let us pass that. Is *for what* the subject? Obviously not, for whatever a *for what* is, it is not and was not an *Oh*. Nor does the sentence improve if we try to make *for what* the complement and *Oh* the subject. Can *for what* be a modifier of *is?* Surely not; it does not qualify the is-ness of *is*. Unless *is* means *serves, substitutes,* or something else it does not mean. *for what* can scarcely modify it.

This sort of grammatical juggling might warrant several comments, but here are two obvious ones. First, these additions of words and changes of structure are not "understood." If they are understood, how are we to know which of the various possibilities we are to understand? I suspect that Miss Tey would have been outraged were we to suggest that she had meant any of these words or structures to be understood in place of the words and structure she used.

Now for a second comment. If we are to discuss the grammar of this sentence, we must discuss the sentence as it is. Obviously it has grammar. It was written by a reputable writer; it is put into the mouth of a presumably well-educated man and one who is highly intelligent; the man is at the moment discussing a subject seriously. Certainly Miss Tey thought the sentence had grammar when she wrote it. Any competent reader of English would know at once what the sentence was intended to mean. Therefore, Miss Tey is right; the sentence has grammar, and any grammatical statement which will not account for "What was the 'Oh' for?" without changing it in any particular is an inadequate statement. Our grammatical rules, not Miss Tey's grammar, are at fault.

(3) The people who defend conventional grammar are not concerned with understanding the grammar, but with putting words into pigeonholes. This is a harmless diversion, but it has little to do with English grammar, particularly since there are no pigeonholes into which grammatical concepts in English can be assorted so as to form anything like a classification. On what basis does the conventionally accepted grammar classify words? Not on form. Most of the so-called parts of speech have no connection with form, and those which do

have some have not much. Adverbs end in *-ly*, but *fast* and *well* are adverbs (unless you call them verbs, modifiers, or adjectives, which of course they can be) and *homely* and *family* are supposedly not adverbs, although they end in *-ly*. Neither does traditional grammar classify words on meaning. Supposedly nouns are determined on meaning, and within limits the division is valid, but the presence of nouns determined by meaning among other pigeonholed objects determined on other bases only confuses the classification. And last, the conventional grammarians do not use function as a means of classification, although this is the most commonly supposed basis. Most of the supposed functions do not exist, and those that do, do not fit the categories.

For instance, where does the verb in the following sentence begin and end? *You'd better start doing something about getting the tire blown up. You* is the subject. *Had* (contracted to *'d*) is part of the verb, but part of what verb: *had start, had doing, had start doing?* None of these makes any sense. Unless the verb includes *better* the sentence has no meaning, and yet no conventional grammarian can admit, and no conventional authority I have consulted does admit, that *better* in this sense can be part of a verb. (Just in case anyone should suggest that this sentence is not "good grammar," notice E. B. White's "I better get them today" [*One Man's Meat*, p. 261]. I assume that most modern writers would agree that if *better* as a verb is good enough for White it is good enough for them.) Is the verb *better start doing?* This still has no meaning. *Had better start doing something* has meaning, but not the meaning of the sentence. Clearly the verb must include *doing something about;* it must also include *getting,* and *blown up* if the words in the sentence are to have their meanings. *The tire,* by all conventional statements, is a noun with its article and presumably is a complement. But observe what happens if we remove it: *You'd better start doing something about getting blown up.* Can we say that even a noun is not somehow involved in the verb if the entire meaning of the verb changes when the noun is removed? Pretty clearly we have one idea which develops all the way from *had* to *blown up;* it cannot be broken up into little chunks which can be filed in pigeonholes unless we are willing to ignore the meanings of words and the whole meaning of the sentence.

But perhaps this sentence is exceptional. Suppose we try *Grandma was peeling apples by the window.* This is certainly a simple, ordinary sentence which should fit conventional rules if any sentence will. The conventional statement would be as follows: *Grandma* is a noun, subject of the verb; *was peeling* is a verb made up of present participle *peeling* and auxiliary *was; apples* is a noun, direct object of *peeling; by the window* is an adverbial prepositional phrase, made up of the preposition *by,* which introduces the object of the preposition, *window,* modified by the article *the,* and the whole prepositional phrase modifies the verb, *was peeling.* This sounds objective, learned, even final. But does it make much sense? *By the window* is said to modify *was peeling,* but it must also modify *grandma* and *apples.* They must all have been by the window or grandma could not have been peeling the apples. But to say this is heresy, for *grandma* and *apples* are both nouns, and modifiers of

nouns are adjectives, not adverbs. That is, it is completely impossible to decide whether *by the window* is an adjective or an adverb. It is a modifier, but pretty clearly it modifies the whole sentence. Now for *apples;* it is said to be the direct object, because it receives the action of the verb. But it also determines the action of the verb. Remove it, and the action becomes quite different: *Grandma was peeling by the window.* Grandma has now become scrofulitic, or perhaps, like Gypsy Rose Lee, ecdysiastic.

And these, of course, are not the difficult grammatical categories. They are the common ones. Even a concept like *pronoun* will stand no analysis. "A pronoun is a word used in place of a noun." Consider the following:

> Johnny is my nephew.
> He is a brat.

Conventional grammarians would say something like this of the pair of sentences: *He* in the second sentence is a pronoun because it is used in the place of the noun *Johnny*. To simplify:

> *Johnny* = *he* ∴ *he* is a pronoun because it is used in place of *Johnny*, a noun.

Now substitute another word for *he* in the second sentence.

> Johnny is my nephew.
> The boy is a brat.

Follow the same procedure with this pair of sentences.

> *Johnny* = *the boy* ∴ *boy* is a pronoun because it is used in place of *Johnny*, a noun.

If *boy* is a pronoun, and it must be, by the logic of conventional grammar, then what has become of the concept of nouns and pronouns? Why cannot all nouns be pronouns?

For is called a co-ordinating conjunction and *because* a sub-ordinating conjunction, but are they not identical in use in *I honor Brutus, for he is an honorable man; I honor Brutus because he is an honorable man?*

And so it goes. Any careful examination of the conventional categories of the parts of speech will reveal that they mean very little; they do not include what they should include, they do not exclude all words outside their category, and they do not reveal the functioning of Modern English. Usually they are unworkable, and when they can be made to include the words we use, most of them tell very little about what gives the words meaning. In short, the conventional grammar is not much more revealing of the actual grammar of Modern English than one would expect it to be when we consider what has happened: The grammar of an inflected language, Latin, has been forced upon a distributive language, English, which has been wrenched in an attempt to make it fit the alien grammar. A large number of intelligent people have labored for generations to make sense of this forced wrenching, this set of rules which is

fundamentally wrong. That the conventional grammar makes as much sense as it does is a high tribute to the patience and intelligence of our grammarians.

The Grammatical System We Do Not Have

According to the traditionalists, the core of our grammar is nouns which have gender, number, and case, and verbs which occur in certain tenses and moods. Let us examine these assumptions. Most nouns have number, expressed in form; except for certain borrowed words and some words which retain archaic characteristics, the plural is formed by adding *-s*, or *-es*. We have developed other plurals by distributive means (*many a man, person after person*), but on the whole, declension provides number in the noun.

Of gender there remain scraps, such fragmentary scraps that most Americans do not know what gender is. With us it has become a synonym for sex, which it is not, because distinction on the basis of sex is the only bit of gender we have left, and that appears only in the third person singular pronoun (*he, she, it*), unless one excepts forms like *comedian, comedienne, actor, actress*. Gender is a much broader concept, which can include any sort of classification of objects, and in Indo-European must have included a considerable number, distinguished by different sets of case endings. So in other languages. Certain North American Indian languages have gender which requires with any noun the use of syllables which indicate one of the following: that the object mentioned is in the immediate possession of the speaker; that it is not in his possession, but can be reached by sight, sound, smell, or touch; that it is not within reach of his senses, but is supposedly not far away; that it is at a remote or unknown place.

Of case, also, almost nothing remains. Of the seven cases in Indo-European, only one, the so-called possessive, can now be recognized. It is steadily being replaced by forms with *of*, and of course it often does not indicate possession. Consider the following:

> Please keep *your* seats while I introduce *your* candidate for sheriff. From *his* earliest childhood he has been a staunch supporter of *our* party; he has been a noble servant of *his* constituents in *his* previous offices, promoting *their* best interests in *our* country as, prior to *his* entry into public life, he promoted the interests of *his* company, distributing *their* products in *your* community.

The italicized words are all "possessives," although most of them do not show possession in the capitalistic sense. *Your seats* are yours only because you are sitting in them; they belong to whoever owns the hall. *Your candidate* is yours only in the sense that you are expected to vote for him. *His childhood* is his only in the sense that he experienced it. *Our party* is ours not because it belongs to us but because we belong to it. The candidate did not own *his offices, his constituents*, or *his company*; and the company, although it owns its products, would still call them *their* products after they have sold them.

Such are the remnants of declension in the noun. Most of the relationships within a sentence which involve names for things are now made clear by order or by relationship words. Anybody who tries to talk about nouns on the conventional basis is not talking about much.

With verbs the situation is no better. The following are the commonly recognized tenses:

Present:	I drive
Past:	I drove
Perfect:	I have driven
Pluperfect:	I had driven
Future:	I shall (will) drive
Future Perfect:	I shall (will) have driven

But these are not the tenses they profess to be. *I drive* is not simple present. No one would say, "I drive an automobile." meaning that he is now at this moment in process of operating a vehicle. If he wishes to say that he would probably say "I'm driving an automobile," which is supposedly a progressive form. One says, "I drive to work every morning," thereby implying a past, a present, and a probable future. Similarly, the past is not usually the past, and the perfect is not usually the perfect since it does not represent a "perfected" or completed action. The past is most commonly used for the perfect (I *drove* into the yard and *stopped* at the front door), and the perfect is commonly used for the past (I *have driven* all my life; I *have been driving* all my life). Curiously enough, the pluperfect is actually used for the pluperfect. The future can be the future, but the approved form *I shall drive* is certainly less common than *I'm going to drive*. The future perfect also exists, but is a rare form which might well be removed from a simplified paradigm in favor of some of the common uses of the verb which we do not recognize.

The supposed uses of the verb, then, are not the uses they are supposed to be. But do these forms give us any notion of the English verb, even though the uses are misnamed? They do not. Consider, for instance, the following list, which by no means exhausts the forms which we use constantly as futures:

I shall (will) drive (I'll drive)
I am going to drive (I'm going to drive)
I drive tomorrow
I am just about to drive
I am just going to drive
I am off to drive
I am on the verge of driving
I am now in a position to drive
I expect to drive
I am considering driving
I am scheduled to drive

I am determined (have decided) to drive
This requires me to drive
It would seem best to drive
I am bound to drive
There will be the drive
And then there is the drive
I have to plan on driving

This is only a beginning. One might notice that although the simple present *I drive* is not a simple present, it can be a future. One might notice, also, something about the nature of the future tense. The future is always uncertain, and Modern English, since it builds its verbs mainly by distributive means, is uncommonly rich in devices for expressing degrees of future uncertainty. The list above includes futures which allow for doubt in the speaker's mind and for the unpredictability of events. The following forms provide for a still wider latitude of uncertainty:

If I am able to drive
If I could drive
If I were able to drive
If only I were able to drive
Could I drive
Were I in a position to drive
If I could manage to drive
If it were possible to drive
If the road were drivable
I should like to drive
I should like to be able to drive
I wish I could drive
If I were in a position to drive
If the driving conditions were other than they are

The list omits many of the strongly subjunctive forms, expressing a wish, like *Oh, that I could drive;* the passive forms like *I'm going to be driven, I am about to be driven,* and the imperative and interrogative forms.

Furthermore, we have ignored the concept of aspect, one of the most important qualities of a verb, but one so neglected that until recently it did not even appear in dictionaries as a grammatical term. and it still does not occur in many grammars. It might be called the attitude of the speaker toward time. For instance, *I keep falling into mudholes; I am forever getting into debt* are iterative; they imply a repeated action. *I walk to work whenever it is not raining* and *Rain usually accompanies a moist front of air* imply habitual or routine actions. *I am just going to start making payments* is inceptive, implying beginning, and *I have only now finished the inventory* is conclusive, implying ending. By combining aspect with tense and mood, and by combining the result-

ing verbs with modifiers and complements, verb forms can be devised which permit extremely exact expression: *We used to go to the beach every Sunday, but this summer we haven't felt like bothering except now and then.*

The English verb, and especially the American verb, can become extremely complicated. Early in this chapter we observed a verb which seemed to be so amorphous that it was taking unto itself various supposed nouns, pronouns, and modifiers. But let us not complicate the situation so much. Let us now use a verb which is made of nothing but recognizable verb forms:

I should like to go
I should like to be able to go
I should have liked to be able to go

These are acceptable forms. Furthermore, they represent slight variations in meaning, so that the writer of English can vary his statement with extreme exactitude if he wishes. But what are the names of these forms? Do we have paradigms for them?

On the whole, no. No book which has gained any currency contains anything like a description of the Modern American verb. If anyone has as yet made a genuinely serious effort to collect and classify the forms of the American verb I have not heard of it—although I admit that this may be going on and I do not know about it. There is a good beginning in Harold Whitehall's *The Structural Essentials of Written English* (Indiana University, 1951), and Professor Whitehall would be the first to point out that his paradigms provide only a beginning. Margaret Bryant's *A Functional English Grammar* (Boston, 1945) contains a sound survey of verbs. I say with admiration that much excellent work in the study of modern language, including grammar, is now going forward in this country. The fact remains, however, that as yet nothing like a full description of Modern English has been published; and only recently have we begun to become aware of the fantastic depths of our ignorance.

Grammar Is Slippery Stuff

Grammar is somewhat like a freshly caught fish. Take it in your hand to wash it in the stream; two wriggles, and it is gone. So with grammar, and I speak as one who has gone through the chastening experience of asking himself quite soberly what our grammar is. I have tried to divest myself of old grammatical prejudices beaten into me at an early age, and acquired later with the profligate expenditure of midnight electricity. I have at times thought I had drawn from the deceptive grammatical waters a fine, trim, grammatical fact. I grasped him firmly by the tail, and meant only to clean him up a bit. Two flips, and he was gone.

And thus it is in all humility that I point out that we have not as yet described our grammar. Grammatical concepts are not easy to deal with. Grammatical phenomena are extremely numerous, extremely varied, and bafflingly shifty. Part of our trouble is that we have no precedent. Except English, Chinese is the

only great distributive language, and the Chinese have apparently done no more than we to understand their grammar. At least, if there is any adequate Chinese analysis of language it has gained no currency in this country to provide students of English with anything like a pilot job. Apparently, if we are to understand our language we shall have to think, and observe, and argue our way through the exploration ourselves.

We have a start. In fact, we have an excellent start. All grammarians now concede—even those who still think as though Latin grammar is the basis of grammar—that the grammar of any language must be derived from the language itself. All grammarians now concede that the source of English grammar is to be sought in Anglo-Saxon, and in the changes which the English language has undergone since Anglo-Saxon days. They all concede that in studying language we must take account of both written and oral language, and that of the two, oral language is probably the more significant, although the more difficult to deal with.

It is hard to see how this new understanding of the revealing ways to work with language can be wrong. It is also hard to see how any work on the old basis, a basis that is fundamentally wrong, could produce entirely valid conclusions. But we have now changed our approach to one which seems basically right. We now think we know how to work with English grammar and we are working.

We have acquired this new approach neither easily nor quickly. Apparently the new attitudes grew out of the study of Anglo-Saxon and Middle English. It is interesting to observe that linguistic truth came as a sort of handmaiden of literary love. Early English was not much studied before the last century; *Beowulf* was not known, and nobody knew how to pronounce Chaucer's English. Only a smattering of early writing had been printed, and that smattering mostly in poor editions. Even universities did not teach the study of early English languages; Latin, Greek, and Hebrew were either the marks of a gentleman or the tools of a divine, but relatively few scholars bothered with Anglo-Saxon or Middle English. Partly the change came about through the Romantic Movement, which made old things, especially bizarre, primitive, and "Gothic" things popular. Partly the change is due to German philologists who started studying language, especially all dialects of Germanic language, with patience, competence, and objectivity.

Then love took a hand. Scholars discovered that the ancient and medieval Germanic writings constituted an entrancing body of literature. *Beowulf*, for instance, appeared no longer as the crude product of a barbarous time, but as a highly wrought, powerful, and in some ways sophisticated poem. Chaucer was obviously a literary craftsman of very high order, as well as one of the most engaging human beings who ever harbored a sly smile. Since *Beowulf* and the *Canterbury Tales* had become works of art, their grammar became subjects of scholarly study. Gradually, students who had gone to the older literatures for love of the literatures saw in these works evidence that English grammar was a native thing, that it existed before Anglo-Saxons knew anything about Latin,

and that English seemed quite capable of living on its own resources, using a grammar that differed sharply from Latin.

While all this was going on, a philosophical background was growing for a new linguistic approach. Brilliant grammatical thinkers, mostly German and Scandinavian, had broken loose from traditional limitations. The whole concept of language families, which appeared with the knowledge of the relationships of languages like Sanskrit, Gothic, Greek, and Anglo-Saxon, suggested that grammatical notions needed revision, that linguistic truths might be much broader, deeper, and more significant than the older writers upon language had been aware. Men like Bopp and Rask, Max Müller and the Grimm brothers produced most fruitful researches and most pregnant thought, although, as a matter of course, these men were wrong much of the time. Their conclusions have required revision. Nevertheless, they shook Western linguistic study loose from its old classic complacency, and in a general way they laid out the lines which modern thinking about language has followed.

The New Look in Language

This is not the place for a history of modern linguistic thought. Among the results of this growth, however, are bodies of careful linguistic study, and in this century several efforts to approach Modern English grammar objectively. The Danish grammarian, Otto Jespersen, endeavored to salvage the terminology of conventional grammar while superimposing upon it a system of ranks in words. He started with the noun as the name of an object, and a use as subject or complement; this noun became primary, its modifiers secondary, and the modifiers of modifiers tertiary. Thus in the combination, *slightly aching head, head* is primary, *aching* is secondary, and *slightly* is tertiary. This ranking he maintained in the face of the older conceptions; *father* would normally be considered a noun, but in the combination *father's aching head, father's* would become tertiary. There is much to be said for this system; it certainly has some logic behind it. But it provides us with two schemes of grammar, where one is baffling us already, and it has never received the subsequent careful working over which would be required in a satisfactory grammatical statement—assuming that a statement could be worked out with this system.

Some grammarians, recognizing that speakers of English make themselves understood by naming a subject and then modifying this subject, have tried to reduce the parts of speech to two, subjects and modifiers. This would seem to be simplicity itself, and certainly as far as it goes it is hard to find out what is wrong with it. In the sentence *John runs, runs,* although it is commonly called a verb, certainly modifies our conception of John. Or expand the sentence as follows: *John, being as stubborn as a mule and as conceited as a peacock, runs every four years for President of the United States, having himself nominated by the No-Cigarettes-for-Women Party.* We still have *John,* the subject, modified in our minds by all that comes after it. But assuming that this description is valid, does it help much? In effect, this approach provides us with a new term for the old grammatical tenet that a sentence is made up of a subject and

a predicate. If we accept this statement, the fact remains that the modifier (or predicate) can be an extremely complicated agglomeration, which would seem to need some breaking down before we can hope to grasp it very well.

I. A. Richards suggested that the study of grammar be based entirely upon meaning, but understandably did not care to spend the remainder of his life trying to do so. No systematic study of English grammar has been founded exclusively upon meaning, but since grammarians have usually assumed that the "use" of a word—that is, its function in composition—was to reveal meaning, the whole idea of function rests upon meaning. Other grammarians have forsaken both meaning and function as a starting point for the study of English grammar, and have tried to study it upon the basis of speech rhythm, upon word patterns, or upon something which can be approached with relative objectivity. Studying meaning objectively has proved very difficult, because meaning is highly varied and shifting.

The most elaborate recent attempt is embodied in *The Structure of English* by Professor Charles Carpenter Fries of the University of Michigan. Professor Fries has long been an independent thinker and indefatigable worker in language. During the late war he was able to acquire some fifty hours of transcribed conversation. By studying the conversation he constructed a theory of grammar which makes but limited use of meaning. He relies upon sentence patterns and accepts as a part of speech any word which can fall into a certain position within the pattern. The results are extremely interesting, and they will certainly be worked over carefully by other grammarians. Obviously Professor Fries is right about many things, and his book will deeply affect our thinking about Modern English grammar. Whether the book will be accepted as the standard statement no one can as yet safely predict—it was published while this manuscript was being written—but it suggests the degree to which modern grammar is at last being studied, in and for itself.

Another interesting recent treatment appears in *The Structural Essentials of Written English* mentioned above. Professor Whitehall employs sentence pattern, as indeed anyone must, for if modern grammar has demonstrated one fact it is that a distributive grammar relies upon patterns of words as an inflected language relies upon forms of words. He also makes use of the phoneme, a relatively recent concept in language, which may be defined as all the sound within a spread of sound which hearers would recognize as part of the same word. For instance, the [l] in *lean* differs from the [l] in *hill,* but the two sounds constitute one phoneme because they convey one meaning. Similarly, some speakers will pronounce the [ɪ] in *hill* lower or farther back than other speakers do, but so long as this vowel does not go so far back or down that the word becomes *hull* or *hell,* all of these sounds of [ɪ] constitute one phoneme. In his use of pattern and the phoneme Professor Whitehall is modern, although not startlingly new; but in resting grammar and grammatical analysis mainly upon the rising and falling tone of the spoken voice, he is pioneering. He asserts (the italics are his): "Remember that *English sentences are not sentences merely by virtue of the kind of constructions they represent or the kind of words*

they contain; they are sentences because they possess one or other of the final tone patterns characteristic of English."

At this writing Modern English grammar is a lively if confusing subject. We do not understand our grammar, but apparently it has become something distinctive enough to intrigue our interest and warrant our understanding. And we may yet solve its mystery.

Jacques Barzun

ENGLISH AS SHE'S NOT TAUGHT

At an educational conference held in Vancouver last summer, leaders of the Canadian school system generally agreed that from half to three quarters of their students in the first year of college were incompetent in grammar, syntax, and analysis of thought. What was notable in the discussion was that nearly every participant used the English language with uncommon force and precision. Any looseness or jargon heard there came from the three American guests, of whom I was one. Most of our hosts—Canadian teachers, principals, supervisors, and university instructors—had obviously gone through the mill of a classical education; the chairman made a mild pun involving Latin and was rewarded with an immediate laugh. Yet they declared themselves unable to pass on their linguistic accomplishment to the present school generation, and they wanted to know why.

In the United States the same complaint and inquiry has been endemic, commonplace, for quite a while. You come across it in the papers. You hear parents, school people, editors and publishers, lawyers and ministers, men of science and of business, lamenting the fact that their charges or their offspring or their employees can neither spell nor write "decent English." The deplorers blame the modern progressive school or the comics or TV; they feel that in school and outside, something which they call discipline is lacking, and they vaguely connect this lack with a supposed decline in morality, an upsurge of "crisis." Like everything else, bad English is attributed to our bad times, and the past (which came to an end with the speaker's graduation from college) is credited with one more virtue, that of literary elegance.

The facts seem to me quite different, the causes much more tangled, and the explanation of our linguistic state at once more complex and less vague. For many years now I have been concerned with the art of writing and kept busy at the invidious task of improving other people's utterance, and I cannot see that performance has deteriorated. The level is low but it has not fallen. As a reader of history I am steadily reminded that the writing of any language has

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always been a hit-and-miss affair. Here is Amos Barrett, our chief source on the battles of Concord and Lexington: "It wont long before their was other minit Compneys . . . We marched Down about a mild or a mild half and we see them acomming . . ." and so on. An illiterate New England farmer? Not so, since he could write; he had been taught and in some way represents "the past." The question he poses is, how do people write who are not professionals or accomplished amateurs? The answer is: badly, at all times.

Writing is at the very least a knack, like drawing or being facile on the piano. Because everybody can speak and form letters, we mistakenly suppose that good, plain, simple writing is within everybody's power. Would we say this of good, straightforward, accurate drawing? Would we say it of melodic sense and correct, fluent harmonizing at the keyboard? Surely not. We say these are "gifts." Well, so is writing, even the writing of a bread-and-butter note or a simple public notice; and this last suggests that something has happened within the last hundred years to change the relation of the written word to daily life.

Whether it is the records we have to keep in every business and profession or the ceaseless communicating at a distance which modern transport and industry require, the world's work is now unmanageable, unthinkable, without *literature*. Just see how many steps you can take without being confronted with something written or with the necessity of writing something yourself. Having been away for a couple of weeks during the summer, I find a bill from the window washer, who luckily came on a day when the cleaning woman was in the apartment. He has therefore scribbled below the date: "The windows have been cleaned Wed. 12:30 P.M. Your maid was their to veryfey the statement"--perfectly clear and adequate. One can even appreciate the change of tenses as his mind went from the job just finished to the future when I would be reading this message from the past.

Call this bad writing if you like, it remains perfectly harmless. The danger to the language, if any, does not come from such trifles. It comes rather from the college-bred millions who regularly write and who in the course of their daily work circulate the prevailing mixture of jargon, cant, vogue words, and loose syntax that passes for prose. And the greater part of this verbiage is published, circulated, presumably read. A committee won't sit if its drivelings are not destined for print. Even an interoffice memo goes out in sixteen copies and the schoolchildren's compositions appear verbatim in a mimeographed magazine. Multiply these cultural facts by the huge number of activities which (it would seem) exist only to bombard us with paper, and you have found the source of the belief in a "decline" in writing ability--no decline at all, simply the infinite duplication of dufferism. This it is which leads us into false comparisons and gloomy thoughts.

The apparent deterioration of language is a general phenomenon which is denounced throughout Western Europe. One had only to read the Catalogue of the British Exhibition of 1951 to see the common symptoms in England. Sir Ernest Gowers's excellent little book of a few years earlier, *Plain Words*, was

an attempt to cure the universal disease in one congested spot, the Civil Service, which is presumably the most highly educated professional group in Britain.

In France, the newspapers, the reports of Parliamentary debates, and the literary reviews show to what extent ignorance of forms and insensitivity to usage can successfully compete against a training obsessively aimed at verbal competence. And by way of confirmation, M. Jean Delorme, a native observer of the language in French Canada, recently declared the classic speech "infected" on this side of the Atlantic too. As for Germany, a foreign colleague and correspondent of mine, a person of catholic tastes and broad judgment, volunteers the opinion that "people who cultivate good pure German are nowadays generally unpopular, especially among the devotees of newspaper fiction and articles. The universal barbarism of language has already gone well into the grotesque."

So much for the democratic reality. But great as has been the effect of enlarged "literacy," it does not alone account for what is now seen as linguistic decadence. The educated, in fact the leaders of modern thought, have done as much if not more to confuse the judgment. For what is meant by the misnomer "pure speech" is simply a habit of respect toward usage, which insures a certain fixity in vocabulary, forms, and syntax. Language cannot stand still, but it can change more or less rapidly and violently. During the last hundred years, nearly every intellectual force has worked, in all innocence, against language. The strongest, science and technology, did two damaging things: they poured quantities of awkward new words into the language and this in turn persuaded everybody that each new thing must have a name, preferably "scientific." These new words, technical or commercial, were fashioned to impress, an air of profundity being imparted by the particularly scientific letters *k*, *x*, and *o* = Kodak, Kleenex, Sapolio. The new technological words that came in were sinful hybrids like "electrocute" and "triphibian," or misunderstood phrases like "personal equation," "*n*th degree," or "psychological moment"—brain addlers of the greatest potency.

The passion for jargon was soon at its height, from which it shows no sign of descending. Every real or pseudo science poured new verbiage into the street, every separate school or -ism did likewise, without shame or restraint. We can gauge the result from the disappearance of the Dictionary properly so called. Consult the most recent and in many ways the best of them, *Webster's New World Dictionary*, and what you find is a miniature encyclopedia filled with the explanation of initials, proper names, and entries like "macrosporangium" or "abhenry," which are not and never will be words of the English language.

Under the spate of awe-inspiring vocables, the layman naturally felt that he too must dignify his doings and not be left behind in the race for prestige. Common acts must suggest a technical process. Thus we get "contact" and "funnel" as workaday verbs—and "process" itself: "we'll process your application"—as if it were necessary to name the steps or choices of daily life with scientific generality. I know a young businessman who makes jottings of his business thoughts; when he has enough on one topic he *folderizes* them.

What is wrong with all this is not merely that it is new, heedless, vulgar, and unnecessary (all signs of harmful vice in a language) but that jargon swamps thought. The habit of talking through cant words destroys the power of seeing things plain. "I'll contact you to finalize the agreement." What does it mean? The drift is plain enough, but compare: "I'll call at your office to sign the contract." The former raises no clear image or expectation, the latter does. Moreover, the former smells of inflated ego, it fills the mouth in a silly bumptious way.

But who cares? Why fuss?—good questions both. Nobody cares much because – we all think—it's the deed (or the thing) that counts, not the words. This conviction, too, is a product of modern technology, and its effect is great though unremarked. The power of words over nature, which has played such a role in human history, is now an exploded belief, a dead emotion. Far from words controlling things, it is now things that dictate words. As soon as science was able to chop up the physical world and recombine it in new forms, language followed suit; and this not only among scientists making up new vocables, but among the supposed guardians of the language, the poets and men of letters. It is highly significant that around 1860 writers deliberately began to defy usage and turn syntax upside down. Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear made good fun with it; "obscure" poets such as Rimbaud sought new depths of meaning. There was in this a strong impulse to destroy all convention, for Victorian moralism had made the idea of conventionality at once suspect and hateful. The revolt succeeded and its spirit is still alive; novelty-hunting is now a linguistic virtue, or to express it differently, a common influence is at work in Jabberwocky and James Joyce, in the scientist's lingo and in the advertiser's "Dynaflow," "Hydramatic," or "Frigidaire"– which end by becoming household words. In short, modern man is feeling his oats as the manipulator of objects and he shows it in his manhandling of words.

This helps to explain why the predominant fault of the bad English encountered today is not the crude vulgarism of the untaught but the blithe irresponsibility of the taught. The language is no longer regarded as a common treasure to be hoarded and protected as far as possible. Rather, it is loot from the enemy to be played with, squandered, plastered on for one's adornment. Literary words imperfectly grasped, meanings assumed from bare inspection, monsters spawned for a trivial cause—these are but a few of the signs of squandering. To give examples: the hotel clerk giving me a good room feels bound to mention the well-known person whom "we last hospitalized in that room." Not to lag behind Joyce, the advertiser bids you "slip your feet into these easy-going *leisuals* and breathe a sigh of real comfort."

Undoubtedly these strange desires are often born of the need to ram an idea down unwilling throats. We all fear our neighbor's wandering attention and try to keep him awake by little shocks of singularity, or again by an overdose of meaning. Unfortunately, novelty-hunting proceeds from the known to the unknown by a leap of faith. "It was pleasant," writes the author of very workmanlike detective stories, "to watch her face and find his resentment *vitiate* as he made excuses for her."

The notable fact is that all this occurs in printed books, written by writers, published (usually) by first-rate firms that employ editors. In speech, the same blunders and distortions come from educated people. It is all very well to say, as one expert has confidently done, that "what certain words really mean is moving toward what they seem to mean," the implication being that after a while everything will be in place. Actually, this leaves meaning nowhere, if only because we're not all moving in step. The *New Yorker* spotted a movie theater sign on which "adultery" was used to mean "adulthood." From an English periodical I learn that some new houses "*affront* the opposite side of the street." If Mrs. Malaprop is going to become the patron saint of English, what is going to prevent "contention" from meaning the same thing as "contentment" or the maker of woodcuts from being called a woodcutter?

There is no getting around it: meaning implies convention, and the discovery that meanings change does not alter the fact that when convention is broken misunderstanding and chaos are close at hand. Mr. Churchill has told how Allied leaders nearly came to blows because of the single word "table," a verb which to the Americans meant dismiss from the discussion, whereas to the English, on the contrary, it meant put on the agenda. This is an extraordinary instance, and the vagaries of those who pervert good words to careless misuse may be thought more often ludicrous than harmful. This would be true if language, like a great maw, could digest anything and dispose of it in time. But language is not a kind of ostrich. Language is alive only by a metaphor drawn from the life of its users. Hence every defect in the language is a defect in somebody.

For language is either the incarnation of our thoughts and feelings or a cloak for their absence. When the ordinary man who has prepared a report on sales up to June 30 rumbles on about "the frame of reference in which the coordination campaign was conceived," he is filling the air with noises, not thoughts.

For self-protection, no doubt, the contemporary mind is opposed to all this quibbling. It speaks with the backing of popular approval when it says: "Stop it! You understand perfectly well what all these people mean. Don't be a dirty purist looking under the surface and meddling with democratic self-expression." To haggle over language *is* quibbling, of course. All precision is quibbling, whether about decimals in mathematics or grains of drugs in prescriptions—fairly important quibbles. The question is whether in language the results justify the quibble. Well, the public is here the best judge, and it is evident that as a consumer of the written word, the public is always complaining that it cannot understand what it is asked to read: the government blanks, the instructions on the bottle or gadget, the gobbledygook of every trade, the highbrow jargon of the educators, psychiatrists, and social workers, and—one must also add—the prose of literary critics. The great cry today is for improved communication, mass communication, the arts of communication, and yet under the pretext of being free and easy and above quibbling, those who do the most talking and writing indulge themselves in the very obscurities and ambiguities that cause the outcry.

They are abetted, moreover, by another offspring of the scientific spirit, the professional student of language. In his modern embodiment, the linguist takes the view that whatever occurs in anybody's speech is a fact of language and must not be tampered with, but only caught in flight and pinned on a card. This is "scientific detachment," and it has gone so far that under its influence in many schools all the categories of grammar, syntax, and rhetoric have been discarded. The modern way to learn English or a foreign language is to absorb a phrase-by-phrase enumeration of all that might conceivably be said in ordinary talk—a directory instead of a grammar.

This brings us back to our first difficulty, how to teach the millions the use of their mother tongue *in composition.* We have made nearly everybody literate in the sense of able to read and write words. But that is not writing. Even those who profess disdain for the literary art and the literary quibbles respond automatically to good writing, which they find unexpectedly easy to read and retain, mysteriously "pleasant" as compared with their neighbors' matted prose. The linguists themselves pay lip service to "effective" speech, approving the end while forbidding discrimination among the means.

Now many thousands of people in the United States today exercise this discrimination; there is amid the garbage a steady supply of good writing, modestly done and published—in every newspaper and magazine, over TV and radio, in millions of ads and public notices, in railroad timetables, travel booklets, and printed instructions on objects of daily use. Good writing is good writing wherever it occurs, and some of the impugned comics which are supposed to defile the native well of English in our young are far better than acceptable.

It is therefore idle and erroneous to condemn "the newspapers" or "the radio" en masse. Here too one must discriminate, and the failure to do so is one cause of the trouble—the strange cultural trait whose origin I have sketched and which makes us at once indifferent to our language, full of complaints about it, and irresponsible about mangling it still more. In these conditions people who write well learn to do so by virtue of a strong desire, developed usually under necessity: their job requires lucidity, precision, brevity. If they write advertising copy they must not only make it fit the space but make the words yield the tone.

Tone—that is the starting point of any teaching in composition. What effect are you producing and at what cost of words? The fewer the words, and the more transparent they are, the easier they will be to understand. The closer the ideas they stand for and the more natural their linkage, the more easily will the meaning be retained. Simple in appearance, this formula is yet extremely difficult to apply, and even more arduous to teach. You cannot work on more than one pupil at a time and you must be willing to observe and enter into his mind. On his part, the discipline calls for a thorough immersion in the medium. He must form the habit of attending to words, constructions, accents, and etymologies in everything he reads or hears—just as the painter unceasingly notes line and color and the musician tones. The would-be writer has the harder

task because words are entangled with the business of life and he must stand off from it to look at them, hearing at the same time their harmonies and discords. It is an endless duty, which finally becomes automatic. The ideal writer would mentally recast his own death sentence as he was reading it—if it was a bad sentence.

Now such a discipline cannot be imposed from without, and not everybody needs it in full. But its principle, which suffices for ordinary purposes, should be made clear to every beginner, child or adult. Unfortunately, the school system, even when progressive, makes writing an irrational chore approached in the mood of rebellion. The school does this in two ways: by requiring length and by concentrating on correctness. I know very well that correctness was supposedly given up long ago. The modern teacher does not mention it. But if the teacher marks spelling and grammatical errors and speaks of little else, what is a child to think? He gets a mark with the comment "imaginative" or "not imaginative enough" and most often: "too short," and he is left with no more idea of composition than a cow in a field has of landscape painting. How *does* one judge the right length and get it out of a reluctant brain? Nobody answers, except perhaps with the word "creative," which has brought unmerited gloom to many a cheerful child. Who can be creative on demand, by next Tuesday, and in the requisite amount? In all but a few chatterboxes, mental frostbite is the only result.

Meanwhile the things that are teachable, the ways of translating the flashes of thought into consecutive sentences, are neglected. They have been, most often, neglected in the teachers themselves. How do *they* write or speak, what do *they* read? If they read and write educational literature, as they often must for advancement, are they fit to teach composition? And what of the teachers of other subjects, whose professional jargon also infects their speech, what is their countervailing effect on a child to whom a good English teacher has just imparted a notion of the writer's craft? Suppose the teacher of a course on family life has just been reading *Social Casework* and his mind is irradiated with this: "Familial societality is already a settled question biologically, structured in our inherited bodies and physiology, but the answer to those other questions are not yet safely and irrevocably anatomized." Unless this is immediately thrown up like the nux vomica it is, it will contaminate everybody it touches from pupil to public—in fact the whole blooming familial societality.

The cure is harsh and likely to be unpopular, for it must start with self-denial. It can be initiated by the school but it must not stop there. As many of us as possible must work out of our system, first, all the vogue words that almost always mean nothing but temporary vacancy of mind—such words as "basic," "major," "over-all," "personal," "values," "exciting" (everything from a new handbag to a new baby); then all the wormy expressions indicative of bad conscience, false modesty, and genteelism, as in: "Frankly, I don't know too much about it"—a typical formula which tries through candor and whining to minimize ignorance while claiming a kind of merit for it; finally, all the tribal

adornments which being cast off may disclose the plain man we would like to be: no frames of reference, field theories, or apperception protocols; no texture, prior to, or in terms of; and the least amount of coördination, dynamics, and concepts.

After the vocabulary has been cleansed, the patient is ready for what our Canadian friends at the Vancouver conference deplored the lack of in the modern undergraduate: analysis of thought. To show what is meant and let criticism begin at home, I choose an example from a New York City report of 1952 entitled "The English Language Arts." It begins: "Because language arts or English is so—" Stop right there! What are language arts?—A perfectly unnecessary phrase of the pseudo-scientific kind which tries to "cover." Besides, "language arts or English" is nonsense: ever hear of another language? Moreover, "language arts . . . is" doesn't sound like a happy opening for a report by and to English teachers. Let us go on: English is so what? Well, "language arts or English is so intimately connected with all knowledge and all living, it is the subject which most often bursts the dikes separating it from others." What do you mean, language is *connected* with living? And how does English connect with *all* knowledge and *all* living? Is the practical knowledge of the Russian engineer intimately connected with English? Do the amoebas speak English? And if this intimacy does exist, then what are these dikes that separate English from other subjects? Are these subjects not part of "all knowledge" with which English is connected—or rather, of which it too is a part?

Cruel work, but necessary if anything akin to thought is to arise from the written word. The Neanderthal glimmer from which the quoted sentence sprang is irrecoverable but its developed form should run something like this: "English, being a medium of communication, cannot be confined within set limits like other subjects; to the peoples whose speech it is, all theoretical knowledge, and indeed most of life, is inseparable from its use."

And this is so true that it justifies the operation just performed on the specimen of non-thought. For although it is possible to think without words and to communicate by signs, our civilization depends, as I said before, on the written word. Writing is embodied thought, and the thought is clear or muddy, graspable or fugitive, according to the purity of the medium. Communication means one thought held in common. What could be more practical than to try making that thought unmistakable?

As for the receiver, the reader, his pleasure or grief is in direct proportion to the pains taken by the writer; to which one can add that the taking of pains brings its special pleasure. I do not mean the satisfaction of vanity, for after a bout of careful writing one is too tired to care; I mean the new perceptions—sensuous or intellectual or comic—to be had all day long in one's encounters with language. Imagine the fun people miss who find nothing remarkable in the sentence (from Sax Rohmer): "The woman's emotions were too tropical for analysis"; or who, trusting too far my disallowance of "contact" as a verb, miss the chance of using it at the hottest, stickiest time of year: "On a day like this, I wouldn't contact anybody for the world."

Irving Lee

THEY TALK PAST EACH OTHER

"It takes," says Thoreau, in the noblest and most useful passage I remember to have read in any modern author, "two to speak truth—one to speak and another to hear."—Robert Louis Stevenson, "Truth of Intercourse," *Virginibus Puerisque*, J. M. Dent & Sons, 1925, p. 32.

How Misunderstanding Happens

The one thing people tend to take for granted when talking to others is that they understand each other. It is rare, indeed, in a meeting to have someone hold up his own argument long enough to say, "I think you said. . . . Did you?" or "Was I right in thinking you meant . . . ?" We found people ever so eager to parry what a man says without ever wondering whether *that* is what the man said.

In the give-and-take of talk things go fast, and one is so busy organizing his reply that he doesn't take the time to make sure he knows what he is replying to. This is unfortunate because it often means that, instead of talking with others, people talk past or by-pass each other.

Note some by-passings.

1. The British Staff prepared a paper which they wished to raise as a matter of urgency, and informed their American colleagues that they wished to "table it." To the American staff "tabling" a paper meant putting it away in a drawer and forgetting it. A long and even acrimonious argument ensued before both parties realised that they were agreed on the merits and wanted the same thing.[1]

2. I remember a worrisome young man who, one day, came back from the X-ray room wringing his hands and trembling with fear. "It is all up with me," he said. "The X-ray man said I have a hopeless cancer of the stomach." Knowing that the roentgenologist would never have said such a thing, I asked, "Just what did he say?" and the answer was on dismissing him, the roentgenologist said to an assistant, "N.P." In Mayo clinic cipher this meant "no plates," and indicated that the X-ray man was so satisfied with the normal appearance of the stomach on the X-ray screen that he did not see any use in making films. But to the patient, watching in an agony of fear for some portent of disaster, it meant "nothing possible": in other words that the situation was hopeless![2]

From *How to Talk with People* by Irving Lee, Harper & Brothers. Copyright, 1952, by Harper & Brothers.

1. Winston Churchill, "The Second World War," Vol. III, Book II, *The New York Times*, February 28, 1950, p. 31.

2. Walter C. Alvarez, *Nervousness, Indigestion and Pain*, Paul B. Hoeber, Inc., 1943, p. 74.

3. A foreman told a machine operator he was passing: "Better clean up around here." It was ten minutes later when the foreman's assistant phoned: "Say, boss, isn't that bearing Sipert is working on due up in engineering pronto?"

"You bet your sweet life it is. Why?"

"He says you told him to drop it and sweep the place up. I thought I'd better make sure."

"Listen," the foreman flared into the phone, "get him right back on that job. It's got to be ready in twenty minutes."

. . . What [the foreman] had in mind was for Sipert to gather up the oily waste, which was a fire and accident hazard. This would not have taken more than a couple of minutes, and there would have been plenty of time to finish the bearing. Sipert, of course, should have been able to figure this out for himself—except that something in the foreman's tone of voice, or in his own mental state at the time, made him misunderstand the foreman's intent. He wasn't geared to what the foreman had said.[3]

4. Lady recently ordered some writing paper at a department store and asked to have her initials engraved thereon. The salesgirl suggested placing them in the upper right-hand corner or the upper left-hand corner, but the customer said no, put them in the center. Well, the stationery has arrived, every sheet marked with her initials equidistant from right and left and from top and bottom.[4]

5. In a private conversation with Mr. Molotov, it became apparent that another difficult misunderstanding in language had arisen between ourselves and the Russians. At the San Francisco Conference when the question of establishing a trusteeship system within the United Nations was being considered, the Soviet delegation had asked Mr. Stettinius what the American attitude would be toward the assumption by the Soviet Union of a trusteeship. Mr. Stettinius replied in general terms, expressing the opinion that the Soviet Union was "eligible" to receive a territory for administration under trusteeship. Mr. Molotov took this to mean we would support a Soviet request for a trusteeship.[5]

In each case a word or phrase or sentence was used one way by the speaker and interpreted in another way by the listener. This is possible because words are versatile. Except for those intended for highly specialized purposes (like tetrasporangium, icosahedron, bisulfite), it is not unusual to find most words put to rather varied uses. A seventh-grade class in English was able to make up thirty sentences in which the word "set" was used differently each time. Even "word" is listed in sixteen different ways in *The American College Dictionary*.

3. *The Foreman's Letter*, National Foreman's Institute, Inc., February 8, 1950, p. 3.

4. "The Talk of the Town," *The New Yorker*, January 28, 1950, p. 21. Reprinted by permission. Copyright, 1950, The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

5. James F. Byrnes, *Speaking Frankly*, Harper & Brothers, 1947, p. 96.

The naïve speaker of a language usually has the feeling that, in general, words have a meaning, and he is seldom conscious of the great "area" of meaning for all except highly technical words. It is in this respect that the student's observation first needs widening and sharpening. Frequently we have tried to "build vocabularies" by adding more units or words. But to push first the addition of more vocabulary units in order to increase the number of words may interfere with, rather than help, effective mastery of language. This is the process that produces a Mrs. Malaprop. Most frequently the student needs first to know well the various areas of use of the units he is already familiar with; he needs to be made conscious of the great diversity of uses or meanings for commonly used words. He must be made aware, for example, that the statement "The children did not *count*" can mean that they did not *utter the words* for the numbers in a series, or that the children *were not considered*. Ordinarily we just don't believe without considerable careful examination that for the five hundred most used words in English (according to the Thorndike *Word Book*) the Oxford Dictionary records and illustrates from our literature 14,070 separate meanings.[6]

At different times the same words may be used differently.

When Francis Bacon referred to various people in the course of his *Essays* as *indifferent*, *obnoxious*, and *officious*, he was describing them as "impartial," "submissive," and "ready to serve." When King James II observed that the new St. Paul's Cathedral was *amusing*, *awful*, and *artificial*, he implied that Sir Christopher Wren's recent creation was "pleasing, awe-inspiring, and skilfully achieved." When Dr. Johnson averred that Milton's *Lycidas* was "*easy*, *vulgar*, and therefore *disgusting*," he intended to say that it was "effortless, popular, and therefore not in good taste."[7]

A role of experience also affects the varieties of usage. Brander Matthews provided an example from a dinner-party conversation:

> The second topic . . . was a definition of the image called up in our several minds by the word *forest*. Until that evening I had never thought of forest as clothing itself in different colors and taking on different forms in the eyes of different men; but I then discovered that even the most innocent word may don strange disguises. To Hardy forest suggested the sturdy oaks to be assaulted by the woodlanders of Wessex; and to Du Maurier it evoked the trim and tidy avenues of the national domain of France. To Black the word naturally brought to mind the low scrub of the so-called deer-forests of Scotland; and to Gosse it summoned up a view of the green-clad mountains that towered up from the Scandinavian fiords. To Howells it recalled the thick woods that in his youth fringed the rivers of Ohio; and to me

6. Charles C. Fries, "Using the Dictionary," *Inside the ACD*, October 1948, p. 1.
7. Simeon Potter, *Our Language*, Pelican Books, 1950, p. 116.

there came back swiftly the memory of the wild growths bristling up unrestrained by man, in the Chippewa Reservation which I had crossed fourteen years before in my canoe trip from Lake Superior to the Mississippi. Simple as the word seemed, it was interpreted by each of us in accord with his previous personal experience.[8]

This conclusion about the range and possible uses of a word is easily verified. When it is forgotten, a listener just as easily comes to believe that (1) there is but one way to use a word—*his*—and (2) the speaker is doing with his words what the listener would were the listener doing the talking.

Can you see these beliefs at work in the examples given above?

In short, what *you* understand by any word or statement may not be what someone else intends to say. In a way, this is so obvious that most of us feel no obligation to think more about it. However, when one is aware of the fact it does not necessarily follow that he will act in terms of it. And there is some evidence that, unless people can be made sensitive to the possibility of bypassing, they make only meager efforts to stop it.

It Takes Two to Make Communication

I have no wish here to give comfort to the bore who gets so much pleasure squelching discussions with his defiant "Define your terms." His maneuver results in shifting the burden in communication to the other fellow. Both must be brought into the act. We would have the listener work just a bit, too. So we urge him to state his notion of what was being said. Incidentally, that bore may sometimes be routed with this: "What definition of my words have you in mind? Perhaps we are thinking together after all."

The "plain-talk" and "say-it-in-simple-words" teachers have been in vogue but they haven't been especially helpful. They, too, tend to put the emphasis on one side of the communication line. Putting the burden for understanding on the speaker is a kind of implied invitation to the listener to sit back and contentedly assume he has nothing to do but wait his turn. And besides, even the simple words have uses which too frequently vary between man and man.

We once observed eight meetings of a group of nine men, who functioned as a standing committee in a corporation having wide public responsibilities. Five had taken one or more courses and had studied some of the books on "talking plainly." One of the items checked had to do with "the assumption of understanding." Can men be differentiated according to their readiness to believe they know what the other fellow is referring to? We looked in their replies for such indications as *questions* for assurance that the asker is "with" the speaker, *qualifications* like "If I understand what you say" or "If

8. Brander Matthews, *These Many Years: Recollections of a New Yorker*, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1917, pp. 287–288. Quoted from the essay by Allen Walker Read, "Linguistic Revision as a Requisite for the Increasing of Rigor in Scientific Method," read at the Third Congress on General Semantics, July 22, 1949.

I knew what you mean. . . ," *invitations* like "Correct me if I'm off the beam" or "Tell me whether I answered what you intended to say. . . . "

We were hardly prepared to find that four of the "plain-talk students" did the least amount of questioning, qualifying, inviting, etc. This may, of course, be an accident. Before a conclusion worth much can be drawn we should have a broader sampling of the population. And before a cause can be assigned with confidence much more investigation would be needed. Nevertheless, *these particular men*, knowing the ways to "plainness" and using them, tended to think they had done enough when they spoke so. They seemed to focus attention on *their* talking. They made no comparable effort to look to the character of what they heard.

I am not at all arguing that this finding in these particular cases means that training in plain talking makes for poor listening. I am trying to suggest only that training in the explicit effort at understanding may be a difficult sort of thing and may not automatically carry over from other training.

Cardinal Manning once said something relevant:

> I have no doubt that I will hear that I am talking of what I do not understand; but in my defence I think I may say, I am about to talk of what I do not understand for this reason: I cannot get those who talk about it to tell me what they mean. I know what I mean by it, but I am not at all sure that I know what they mean by it; and those who use the same words in different senses are like men that run up and down the two sides of a hedge, and so can never meet.

It is helpful to think of the radio in this. The performer in the studio can talk his heart out, but if the man in the easy chair is tuned in elsewhere it really makes no difference what is being said. Unless the receiver is on the same wave length, the character of what is sent out hardly governs the communication process.[9]

This is not to imply that a speaker cannot help by putting what he has to say in clear, listenable language. Anything he does to define, simplify, amplify, illustrate, is all to the good. But it is only part of the process. The listener has a job to do, too. He must make the effort to come to terms with the speaker to keep from assuming that he inevitably knows what the speaker has in mind. At the very least he might temper his arrogance with a question now and then just to make sure.

It takes two to make communication.

Are You on His Communication Line?

The preceding pages of this chapter were mimeographed and given to three groups, one meeting for study of the Bible, one considering matters of policy in a business corporation, and one working on problems in the administration

9. This image is well developed in the article by Charles T. Estes, "Speech and Human Relations in Industry," *The Quarterly Journal of Speech*, April 1946, pp. 160–169.

of a college fraternity. Every member of each group read a portion out loud. We then talked about the main point—it takes two to make communication. We agreed that this was rather simple stuff and that we would try to talk with the possibility of by-passing in mind. We agreed, further, that no one of us would be insulted if asked to clarify or "talk some more" on any doubtful point. Nor would anyone feel hesitant about trying to get on the same wave length with anyone else. We gave each a small card with the inscription, "Are you on *his* communication line?"

What happened?

In each case the business of the meeting was slowed down. Only half as many items on the agenda could be covered. There was a certain amount of unfruitful wrangling about small points. Some members became tongue-tied in the face of so much freedom. Others became impatient with what seemed a waste of time, this trying to get to the speaker. The first sessions were always the worst. Most members felt comfortable only after the second or third.

And then we came upon something interesting. A man was being listened to. He found that others were actually waiting until he finished. He felt flattered in turn by the fact that another was trying to reach him rather than argue at him. He found himself trying to make his points so that his hearers would have less trouble with them. They were trying harder to read the cards he was putting on the table. The ornery member, normally so quick to doubt, stayed to question. The timid member found that the social pressure about the participation was all on his side.

We are inclined to think that the long-run results were worth the time and trouble.

The Purist's Dogma

In a number of experimental discussion groups generous enough to submit to such instruction there was a curious resistance to this seemingly obvious doctrine. I would be asked questions like these: Do you mean to say that a word doesn't have some definite, accurate meaning of its own regardless of the person who uses it? Isn't there a right or correct use for each word? If somebody fails to use a word exactly isn't he violating some rule in rhetoric or grammar?

How did these people come under the spell of the purist's dogma? Were they remembering some menacing drillmaster with a word list asking "what is *the* meaning of ——?" Or had they been badgered by vocabulary tests with entries like *glabrous heads: bald, over-sized, hairy, square, round; his stilted manner: irresolute, improper, cordial, stiffly formal* with instructions to circle the meaning? Or maybe they grew up when Alexander Woollcott was campaigning against certain current usage. He fought the use of "alibi" as a synonym for excuse; he wanted it saved for its "elsewhere" sense. He sneered when "flair" was used in the sense of knack or aptitude. He wanted it reserved for "capacity to detect." He and the traditional handbooks had a long list of such "reservations."

Or maybe they got their moorings from the pronouncements of Richard Grant White, who once said, "There is a misuse of words that can be justified by no authority, however great, and by no usage, however general." Or maybe they got no further in *Through the Looking Glass* than

> ". . . How old did you say you were?"
> Alice made a short calculation, and said, "Seven years and six months."
> "Wrong!" Humpty Dumpty exclaimed triumphantly. "You never said a word like it!"
> "I thought you meant 'How old *are* you?' " Alice explained.
> "If I'd meant that, I'd have said it," said Humpty Dumpty.

Regardless of the source, they used this dogma as the basis for a theory of their own about the cause of misunderstanding. If a speaker didn't use a word correctly it was only natural if a listener who did know the exact meaning was misled. Just get people to use words in their right meaning and then everyone will understand everyone else.

Indeed, this might be a way—but how can we do it? Who has the authority to declare *the* correct use and who has the time to learn it? There are more than 600,000 words in the Merriam-Webster unabridged dictionary and perhaps half as many more in the technical vocabularies of medicine, engineering, law, etc. And when the dictionary gives several meanings, which is *the* one? And just how is anyone going to curb those who, like Humpty Dumpty, would have their own ways with words:

> ". . . Impenetrability! That's what I say!"
> "Would you tell me please," said Alice, "what that means?"
> "Now you talk like a reasonable child," said Humpty Dumpty, looking very much pleased. "I meant by 'impenetrability' that we've had enough of that subject, and it would be just as well if you'd mention what you mean to do next, as I suppose you don't mean to stop here all the rest of your life."
> "That's a great deal to make one word mean," Alice said in a thoughtful tone.
> "When I make a word do a lot of work like that," said Humpty Dumpty, "I always pay it extra."

And what is more crucial, why do we look at words alone? Are words not most often used with other words in phrases, clauses, sentences? May not the setting affect the word?

We tried to get around this ill-advised zeal for exactness by suggesting that a word might be compared with a tool which can be used in a variety of ways. Thus, a screwdriver might be designed to drive screws, but once available it can be used to stir paint, jimmy a tight window, or, lacking any other weapon, to defend oneself with. You might, if you wish, insist that the screw function

is the "right" or "correct" one and that a pistol is a much more effective weapon. But your insistence will hardly stop me from using the screwdriver in these other ways if I find it convenient or necessary to do so. A carpenter with a full rack of tools may have good reason for reserving each for but one use, but if some other purpose is served there is nothing in the nature of the tool which could prevent that other use. The desire for the restriction, then, is personal rather than functional.

Within limits, especially in technical disciplines, it is possible to standardize word usage. One is usually safe in assuming that the workers in specialized areas will conform to some established, stipulated word usages. In the military establishment and in legal affairs, for example, it is often possible as well as necessary to insist that particular words be used in particular ways.

Once outside the range of the specialist's interests, however, we are wise if we expect words to be used variously. A speaker's concern at any moment is not to use a word but to make a statement. In his eagerness to speak his piece he is more concerned with his continuous expression than with his total effect. If he happens to range outside his listeners' conventional usage, they will get nowhere lamenting his lexicographical heresy. And if they do not get to his usage they are likely to assume that he said what he never intended to.

We have come to see wisdom in this advice: Never mind what words mean. What did *he* mean?

It may take time to find out what a man means. It may demand a patient listening and questioning. It may be an unexciting effort. But it should help to bring people into an area of awareness which they are too often on the outside of. Mr. Justice Jackson's experience in a situation more momentous than anything we were exposed to adds to our confidence in the advice:

> It was my experience with the Soviet lawyers at Nurnberg that the most important factor in collaboration with the Soviet was patiently and persistently to make sure, when a proposition is first advanced, that it is thoroughly understood and that both sides are using their words to express the same sense. When this was done, the Soviet lawyers kept their agreements with us quite as scrupulously as American lawyers would. They may or may not regard that as a compliment, but my intentions are good. But it was my experience that it took infinite patience with them, as they thought it took infinite patience with us, to get to a point where there was a real meeting of minds as distinguished from some textual abstract formula which both could accept only because concretely it meant nothing or meant different things to each. And I have sometimes wondered how much misunderstanding could have been avoided if arrangements between the two countries had not often been concluded so hurriedly, in the stress of events, that this time-consuming and dreary process of reducing generalities to concrete agreements was omitted.[10]

10. Excerpt from address by Mr. Justice Robert H. Jackson at the Bar Dinner of the New York County Lawyers' Association, December 8, 1949.

W. Somerset Maugham

THREE AIMS FOR WRITERS

I knew that I should never write as well as I could wish, but I thought with pains I could arrive at writing as well as my natural defects allowed. On taking thought it seemed to me that I must aim at lucidity, simplicity and euphony. I have put these three qualities in the order of the importance I assigned to them.

I have never had much patience with the writers who claim from the reader an effort to understand their meaning. You have only to go to the great philosophers to see that it is possible to express with lucidity the most subtle reflections. You may find it difficult to understand the thought of Hume, and if you have no philosophical training its implications will doubtless escape you; but no one with any education at all can fail to understand exactly what the meaning of each sentence is. Few people have written English with more grace than Berkeley. There are two sorts of obscurity that you find in writers. One is due to negligence and the other to wilfulness. People often write obscurely because they have never taken the trouble to learn to write clearly. This sort of obscurity you find too often in modern philosophers, in men of science, and even in literary critics. Here it is indeed strange. You would have thought that men who passed their lives in the study of the great masters of literature would be sufficiently sensitive to the beauty of language to write if not beautifully at least with perspicuity. Yet you will find in their works sentence after sentence that you must read twice to discover the sense. Often you can only guess at it, for the writers have evidently not said what they intended.

Another cause of obscurity is that the writer is himself not quite sure of his meaning. He has a vague impression of what he wants to say, but has not, either from lack of mental power or from laziness, exactly formulated it in his mind and it is natural enough that he should not find a precise expression for a confused idea. This is due largely to the fact that many writers think, not before, but as they write. The pen originates the thought. The disadvantage of this, and indeed it is a danger against which the author must be always on his guard, is that there is a sort of magic in the written word. The idea acquires substance by taking on a visible nature, and then stands in the way of its own clarification. But this sort of obscurity merges very easily into the wilful. Some writers who do not think clearly are inclined to suppose that their thoughts have a significance greater than at first sight appears. It is flattering to believe that they are too profound to be expressed so clearly that all who run may read, and very naturally it does not occur to such writers that the fault is with their own minds which have not the faculty of precise reflection. Here again the

From *The Summing Up* by W. Somerset Maugham. Copyright 1938 by W. Somerset Maugham. Reprinted by permission of Doubleday & Company, Inc.

magic of the written word obtains. It is very easy to persuade oneself that a phrase that one does not quite understand may mean a great deal more than one realizes. From this there is only a little way to go to fall into the habit of setting down one's impressions in all their original vagueness. Fools can always be found to discover a hidden sense in them. There is another form of wilful obscurity that masquerades as aristocratic exclusiveness. The author wraps his meaning in mystery so that the vulgar shall not participate in it. His soul is a secret garden into which the elect may penetrate only after overcoming a number of perilous obstacles. But this kind of obscurity is not only pretentious; it is short-sighted. For time plays it an odd trick. If the sense is meagre time reduces it to a meaningless verbiage that no one thinks of reading. This is the fate that has befallen the lucubrations of those French writers who were seduced by the example of Guillaume Apollinaire. But occasionally it throws a sharp cold light on what had seemed profound and thus discloses the fact that these contortions of language disguised very commonplace notions. There are few of Mallarmé's poems now that are not clear; one cannot fail to notice that his thought singularly lacked originality. Some of his phrases were beautiful; the materials of his verse were the poetic platitudes of his day.

Simplicity is not such an obvious merit as lucidity. I have aimed at it because I have no gift for richness. Within limits I admire richness in others, though I find it difficult to digest in quantity. I can read one page of Ruskin with delight, but twenty only with weariness. The rolling period, the stately epithet, the noun rich in poetic associations, the subordinate clauses that give the sentence weight and magnificence, the grandeur like that of wave following wave in the open sea; there is no doubt that in all this there is something inspiring. Words thus strung together fall on the ear like music. The appeal is sensuous rather than intellectual, and the beauty of the sound leads you easily to conclude that you need not bother about the meaning. But words are tyrannical things, they exist for their meanings, and if you will not pay attention to these, you cannot pay attention at all. Your mind wanders. This kind of writing demands a subject that will suit it. It is surely out of place to write in the grand style of inconsiderable things. No one wrote in this manner with greater success than Sir Thomas Browne, but even he did not always escape this pitfall. In the last chapter of *Hydriotaphia* the matter, which is the destiny of man, wonderfully fits the baroque splendour of the language, and here the Norwich doctor produced a piece of prose that has never been surpassed in our literature; but when he describes the finding of his urns in the same splendid manner the effect (at least to my taste) is less happy. When a modern writer is grandiloquent to tell you whether or no a little trollop shall hop into bed with a commonplace young man you are right to be disgusted.

But if richness needs gifts with which everyone is not endowed, simplicity by no means comes by nature. To achieve it needs rigid discipline. So far as I know ours is the only language in which it has been found necessary to give a name to the piece of prose which is described as the purple patch; it would not

have been necessary to do so unless it were characteristic. English prose is elaborate rather than simple. It was not always so. Nothing could be more racy, straightforward and alive than the prose of Shakespeare; but it must be remembered that this was dialogue written to be spoken. We do not know how he would have written if like Corneille he had composed prefaces to his plays. It may be that they would have been as euphuistic as the letters of Queen Elizabeth. But earlier prose, the prose of Sir Thomas More, for instance, is neither ponderous, flowery nor oratorical. It smacks of the English soil. To my mind King James's Bible has been a very harmful influence on English prose. I am not so stupid as to deny its great beauty. It is majestical. But the Bible is an oriental book. Its alien imagery has nothing to do with us. Those hyperboles, those luscious metaphors, are foreign to our genius. I cannot but think that not the least of the misfortunes that the Secession from Rome brought upon the spiritual life of our country is that this work for so long a period became the daily, and with many the only, reading of our people. Those rhythms, that powerful vocabulary, that grandiloquence, became part and parcel of the national sensibility. The plain, honest English speech was overwhelmed with ornament. Blunt Englishmen twisted their tongues to speak like Hebrew prophets. There was evidently something in the English temper to which this was congenial, perhaps a native lack of precision in thought, perhaps a naïve delight in fine words for their own sake, an innate eccentricity and love of embroidery, I do not know; but the fact remains that ever since, English prose has had to struggle against the tendency to luxuriance. When from time to time the spirit of the language has reasserted itself, as it did with Dryden and the writers of Queen Anne, it was only to be submerged once more by the pomposities of Gibbon and Dr. Johnson. When English prose recovered simplicity with Hazlitt, the Shelley of the letters and Charles Lamb at his best, it lost it again with De Quincey, Carlyle, Meredith and Walter Pater. It is obvious that the grand style is more striking than the plain. Indeed many people think that a style that does not attract notice is not style. They will admire Walter Pater's, but will read an essay by Matthew Arnold without giving a moment's attention to the elegance, distinction and sobriety with which he set down what he had to say.

The dictum that the style is the man is well known. It is one of those aphorisms that say too much to mean a great deal. Where is the man in Goethe, in his birdlike lyrics or in his clumsy prose? And Hazlitt? But I suppose that if a man has a confused mind he will write in a confused way, if his temper is capricious his prose will be fantastical, and if he has a quick, darting intelligence that is reminded by the matter in hand of a hundred things he will, unless he has great self-control, load his pages with metaphor and simile. There is a great difference between the magniloquence of the Jacobean writers, who were intoxicated with the new wealth that had lately been brought into the language, and the turgidity of Gibbon and Dr. Johnson, who were the victims of bad theories. I can read every word that Dr. Johnson wrote with delight, for he had good sense, charm and wit. No one could have written better if he had not

wilfully set himself to write in the grand style. He knew good English when he saw it. No critic has praised Dryden's prose more aptly. He said of him that he appeared to have no art other than that of expressing with clearness what he thought with vigour. And one of his Lives he finished with the words: "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." But when he himself sat down to write it was with a very different aim. He mistook the orotund for the dignified. He had not the good breeding to see that simplicity and naturalness are the truest marks of distinction.

For to write good prose is an affair of good manners. It is, unlike verse, a civil art. Poetry is baroque. Baroque is tragic, massive and mystical. It is elemental. It demands depth and insight. I cannot but feel that the prose writers of the baroque period, the authors of King James's Bible, Sir Thomas Browne, Glanville, were poets who had lost their way. Prose is a rococo art. It needs taste rather than power, decorum rather than inspiration and vigour rather than grandeur. Form for the poet is the bit and the bridle without which (unless you are an acrobat) you cannot ride your horse; but for the writer of prose it is the chassis without which your car does not exist. It is not an accident that the best prose was written when rococo with its elegance and moderation. at its birth attained its greatest excellence. For rococo was evolved when baroque had become declamatory and the world, tired of the stupendous, asked for restraint. It was the natural expression of persons who valued a civilized life. Humour, tolerance and horse sense made the great tragic issues that had preoccupied the first half of the seventeenth century seem excessive. The world was a more comfortable place to live in and perhaps for the first time in centuries the cultivated classes could sit back and enjoy their leisure. It has been said that good prose should resemble the conversation of a well-bred man. Conversation is only possible when men's minds are free from pressing anxieties. Their lives must be reasonably secure and they must have no grave concern about their souls. They must attach importance to the refinements of civilization. They must value courtesy, they must pay attention to their persons (and have we not also been told that good prose should be like the clothes of a well-dressed man, appropriate but unobtrusive?), they must fear to bore, they must be neither flippant nor solemn, but always apt; and they must look upon "enthusiasm" with a critical glance. This is a soil very suitable for prose. It is not to be wondered at that it gave a fitting opportunity for the appearance of the best writer of prose that our modern world has seen, Voltaire. The writers of English, perhaps owing to the poetic nature of the language, have seldom reached the excellence that seems to have come so naturally to him. It is in so far as they have approached the ease, sobriety and precision of the great French masters that they are admirable.

Whether you ascribe importance to euphony, the last of the three characteristics that I mentioned, must depend on the sensitiveness of your ear. A great

many readers, and many admirable writers, are devoid of this quality. Poets as we know have always made a great use of alliteration. They are persuaded that the repetition of a sound gives an effect of beauty. I do not think it does so in prose. It seems to me that in prose alliteration should be used only for a special reason; when used by accident it falls on the ear very disagreeably. But its accidental use is so common that one can only suppose that the sound of it is not universally offensive. Many writers without distress will put two rhyming words together, join a monstrous long adjective to a monstrous long noun, or between the end of one word and the beginning of another have a conjunction of consonants that almost breaks your jaw. These are trivial and obvious instances. I mention them only to prove that if careful writers can do such things it is only because they have no ear. Words have weight, sound and appearance; it is only by considering these that you can write a sentence that is good to look at and good to listen to.

I have read many books on English prose, but have found it hard to profit by them; for the most part they are vague, unduly theoretical, and often scolding. But you cannot say this of Fowler's Dictionary of Modern English Usage. It is a valuable work. I do not think anyone writes so well that he cannot learn much from it. It is lively reading. Fowler liked simplicity, straightforwardness and common sense. He had no patience with pretentiousness. He had a sound feeling that idiom was the backbone of a language and he was all for the racy phrase. He was no slavish admirer of logic and was willing enough to give usage right of way through the exact demesnes of grammar. English grammar is very difficult and few writers have avoided making mistakes in it. So heedful a writer as Henry James, for instance, on occasion wrote so ungrammatically that a schoolmaster, finding such errors in a schoolboy's essay, would be justly indignant. It is necessary to know grammar, and it is better to write grammatically than not, but it is well to remember that grammar is common speech formulated. Usage is the only test. I would prefer a phrase that was easy and unaffected to a phrase that was grammatical. One of the differences between French and English is that in French you can be grammatical with complete naturalness, but in English not invariably. It is a difficulty in writing English that the sound of the living voice dominates the look of the printed word. I have given the matter of style a great deal of thought and have taken great pains. I have written few pages that I feel I could not improve and far too many that I have left with dissatisfaction because, try as I would, I could do no better. I cannot say of myself what Johnson said of Pope: "He never passed a fault unamended by indifference, nor quitted it by despair." I do not write as I want to; I write as I can.

But Fowler had no ear. He did not see that simplicity may sometimes make concessions to euphony. I do not think a far-fetched, an archaic or even an affected word is out of place when it sounds better than the blunt, obvious one or when it gives a sentence a better balance. But, I hasten to add, though I think you may without misgiving make this concession to pleasant sound, I

think you should make none to what may obscure your meaning. Anything is better than not to write clearly. There is nothing to be said against lucidity, and against simplicity only the possibility of dryness. This is a risk that is well worth taking when you reflect how much better it is to be bald than to wear a curly wig. But there is in euphony a danger that must be considered. It is very likely to be monotonous. When George Moore began to write, his style was poor; it gave you the impression that he wrote on wrapping paper with a blunt pencil. But he developed gradually a very musical English. He learnt to write sentences that fall away on the ear with a misty languor and it delighted him so much that he could never have enough of it. He did not escape monotony. It is like the sound of water lapping a shingly beach, so soothing that you presently cease to be sensible of it. It is so mellifluous that you hanker for some harshness, for an abrupt dissonance, that will interrupt the silky concord. I do not know how one can guard against this. I suppose the best chance is to have a more lively faculty of boredom than one's readers so that one is wearied before they are. One must always be on the watch for mannerisms and when certain cadences come too easily to the pen ask oneself whether they have not become mechanical. It is very hard to discover the exact point where the idiom one has formed to express oneself has lost its tang. As Dr. Johnson said: "He that has once studiously formed a style, rarely writes afterwards with complete ease." Admirably as I think Matthew Arnold's style was suited to his particular purposes, I must admit that his mannerisms are often irritating. His style was an instrument that he had forged once for all; it was not like the human hand capable of performing a variety of actions.

If you could write lucidly, simply, euphoniously and yet with liveliness you would write perfectly: you would write like Voltaire. And yet we know how fatal the pursuit of liveliness may be: it may result in the tiresome acrobatics of Meredith. Macaulay and Carlyle were in their different ways arresting; but at the heavy cost of naturalness. Their flashy effects distract the mind. They destroy their persuasiveness; you would not believe a man was very intent on ploughing a furrow if he carried a hoop with him and jumped through it at every other step. A good style should show no sign of effort. What is written should seem a happy accident. I think no one in France now writes more admirably than Colette, and such is the ease of her expression that you cannot bring yourself to believe that she takes any trouble over it. I am told that there are pianists who have a natural technique so that they can play in a manner that most executants can achieve only as the result of unremitting toil, and I am willing to believe that there are writers who are equally fortunate. Among them I was much inclined to place Colette. I asked her. I was exceedingly surprised to hear that she wrote everything over and over again. She told me that she would often spend a whole morning working upon a single page. But it does not matter how one gets the effect of ease. For my part, if I get it at all, it is only by strenuous effort. Nature seldom provides me with the word, the turn of phrase, that is appropriate without being far-fetched or commonplace.

Mass Media

The mass media are the means of communication, such as television, moving pictures, radio, and the press, which reach vast numbers of Americans. Members of the great audiences to which they appeal are tremendously influenced by them in their ways of thinking and looking at things. In a democracy, therefore, these media are of great importance. Their audiences have the responsibility of knowing them for what they are, of gauging them, of judging them. Those in control of them have the responsibility of using them wisely and fairly. The first passage in this section, a part of the autobiography of Eric Sevareid, journalist and radio and television commentator, tells how Sevareid, working on a newspaper when he was eighteen, became aware of some of the problems of the press. Edgar Dale's "The Effects of the Mass Media" notes the significant effects of mass media in general, and suggests some practical ways of assuring that these forces for good or evil will be put to the best use. T. S. Matthews' "What Makes News" sets forth some challenging ideas about the role and the power of newspapers. Arthur Knight's "Types, Stereotypes, and Acting in Films" discusses some of the special demands of movie acting and the development of that phenomenon, the Hollywood star. Martin Mayer's "What Happens to the Talent?" describes the work that went into developing a television documentary series and also points out the difficulty the television industry has in holding talent.

Eric Sevareid

CUB REPORTER

A personal discovery

If a young man goes directly from secondary school to the university, and completes the study of his profession in theory and principle before entering his first office, everything is quite different. The faces, the titles, the very arrangement of the desks and departments he sees as a functional pattern. He has his mind on the end product of the concern; he knows how and why his product came about in modern society; he knows its present status in terms of history, and he no doubt understands the relationship of himself and his work to the times in which he lives. It must be a great advantage to begin that way, but it also means missing a brief period of complete enchantment. The old Minneapolis *Journal*, no longer extant, was an imposing and venerable in-

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stitution in that northwest country, identified with the permanent structures of the landscape—the original buildings of Fort Snelling, the first dam on the upper Mississippi, the first roadbed laid by Jim Hill, the Empire Builder. It spoke with authority in the land, if not with wisdom, and it was an interconnecting cog in the social machinery of a widely scattered civilization. I was unaware that its directors were in, hand and glove, with the potentates of railroad, timber, and milling who for a very long time dictated, as if by kingly right, the political and economic affairs of this civilization. I was unaware that the men who wrote its pages *were* aware, bitterly so, of the paper's true function. To me at eighteen it was that most remarkable, most fascinating of all human institutions, a daily newspaper, peopled with those glamorous, incomparable men known as reporters and editors, actually there, alive, touchable, knowable. The ceremony of the "ghost walking" with the pay envelopes on Saturday afternoon was merely one of the more delightful moments of the week, a necessary bit of the engrossing ritual that preceded the ceremony of drinking beer down below at the "Greasy Spoon." The pay check of course was not really essential, these superhuman creatures being above anything so prosaic as the need for food, but was merely a kind of token and badge to signify that one Belonged. There was a positive sensual pleasure when one hurried from below-zero weather, so early it was scarcely light, into the warmth and smells of the city room where the telegraph editor was already waiting for the first yellow strips from the press association machines, into the warmer, noisier, greasier composing room upstairs where the limp, moist galley proofs of overset matter were piled and waiting for distribution below. The movement and noise built up with every hour, with the ordered cacophony of improvised symphony to the thundering finale by the great presses below the street, followed by the quiet aftermath of triumph when I would stagger into the city room with fifty fresh, pungent copies in my arms for the relaxing virtuosi who waited there, feet upon their instruments, gifted fingers lighting cigarettes.

This was my entry into the world of private enterprise in which most Americans pass their earthly existence. Surely, this was the best of all possible systems of life, where one simply chose the thing he most wanted to do, and, because he loved it, worked as hard as he could, and, because he worked hard, steadily rose from position to position, until he had "arrived," when the world would hold no more secrets or problems, and life gracefully leveled out on a plane of confidence, security, and happiness. I was convinced of the truth of this when after only six weeks as a copy runner I was made a reporter, with a desk of my own, admission to the Saturday night poker game around the copy desk, and fifteen dollars a week. Up to that time I had never made an enemy, never known anyone to feel that I was a threat to him, nor felt that anyone else was a threat to me. When I broke the great news that I was to become a reporter, to a rewrite man I worshipped, I received the first shock and hurt and began to learn. I expected warm congratulations and perhaps admiring predictions of future greatness. Instead, the Godlike journalist looked at me coldly and said: "For Christ's sake. The bastards." It was some time before I realized that ex-

perienced reporters, family men who required more than fifteen dollars a week, were being rebuffed each day in their search for employment.

My one regular chore on the paper, the inescapable heritage of the newest and rawest cub, was to spend each Friday as "religious editor," which meant putting together a page of copy with a summed-up story of Sunday's events, followed by several columns of "church notices" in six-point type. It meant interviewing a few visiting clerics of distinction, who never turned down the request. One of these was Billy Sunday, the evangelist, then in his last days. In his case, no questions were needed. He bounded about the hotel room, now peering intently out the window with one foot on the sill, now grasping the dressing table firmly in both hands while lecturing his reflection in the mirror. I never opened my mouth after introducing myself and scarcely remembered a word of what he said. Suddenly he ceased talking and darted out of the room, whereupon "Ma" Sunday unhooked a half-dozen typewritten sheets from a loose-leaf folder and handed them to me. This was the interview, all prepared, his emphasis marked by capitalized words and phrases in red ink with many exclamation marks. When I first took over this task on the paper I mentioned it one day to a Protestant pastor I happened to know rather well. He clasped his hands together, cast a brief glance upwards, and said: "Thank God for that! I have been grieving over the lack of publicity for our little church." He gripped my shoulder in a brotherly manner and said: "I hope this will be the answer to my prayers." I was quickly to learn that of all the citizens who rang the newspaper or came to the lobby seeking publicity, the men of the church were the most demanding and insatiable. I was frequently embroiled in controversy with pastors who would demand why I had not run the photographs of themselves which they had just sent in, whereas Pastor X had had *his* picture in the paper twice in the last three months. The rabbis were equally desirous, but generally more clever about it, while the important Catholic priests simply let their assistants handle the publicity question and rarely entered the negotiations in person. I learned that the newspaper was frightened of the preachers. The city desk could tell a vaudeville press agent to go to hell when his demands overreached the decent limit, but nobody ever spoke anything but soft words to the press agent of a church. I could see why nobody else wanted my task, but no doubt it was good training in basic diplomacy.

I was firmly convinced that a newspaper reporter "saw life" as did no one else in current society. (He sees no more of life than the iceman does, but he is compelled to note down and comment and thus acquires some habit of observation, if not reflection. That's all the difference there is.) I wanted to observe "human nature" and for some reason did not believe preachers exhibited any manifestations of human nature. So I seized any other kind of assignment anybody else was too lazy or too wise to want: interviews with the drinkers of canned heat who lived, and often died, in the caves and shacks along the riverbed, with movie stars of more majestic condescension than any bishop. Once I dressed as a waiter and served Katharine Hepburn her breakfast in bed after she had kept the reporters waiting in bitter cold for two hours at the station,

then refused to see them. I have a vivid memory of knocking at apartment doors in the dead of night, to inform a young wife that her husband had just been killed in an accident or a police shooting, and did she have a photograph of him? Usually she turned white and ran to grab up the baby from its crib. These experiences left me limp and shaking. But somehow these wretched people—if they were poor, with poor people's belief that newspapers are powerful things with unquestioned rights—would find a photograph, would, between sobs, answer my questions. It was a surprise to find that the rich did not react the same way. When I went to ask questions of the wife of a manufacturer who had killed a man in disgraceful circumstances, she waited until I had spoken, then coolly requested me to leave the premises before she called the police. I spent three weeks in police headquarters, in Washington Avenue saloons, in the parlors of innumerable citizens, trying to solve the celebrated local mystery of the missing baby, stolen from the bed of its fifteen-year-old "unwed mother" in the city hospital. I worked morning, noon, and night, uncovered various bits of evidence, and finally located a youthful suspect who the police were convinced was the kidnapper, but whom they were unable to convict. I had always had the normal citizen's respect for the police, but during this experience discovered to my surprise that we reporters were frequently hours and days ahead of them unraveling the mystery.

One became, at that age, aware of social structure but not of social forces. One knew that certain individuals represented certain levels of the structure, in the city and inside the office, but one was scarcely aware that these individuals themselves were pushed and pulled by invisible pressures of a class allegiance, in society and business. It took me a long time to understand that the publisher had far more in common with, far more loyalty to, the bankers or grain merchants with whom he lunched at the Minneapolis Club than to the editors and reporters who worked with him to produce the paper. I began work with an idealistic view of the newspaper as the mounted knight of society, pure in heart, its strength as the strength of ten, owing no favor, fearing no man. I did not know that, while many great organs had begun that way (a few retained their integrity) with rugged, incorruptible founders, they had been handed down to sons and grandsons who were less interested in the true social function of the institution than in its money-making capacities which secured their position in the luxury class to which they, unlike their fathers and grandfathers, were born. You learned. You learned by listening to the servile voices of the women who wrote the society pages as they asked the great ladies of Lowry Hill to be so very kind as to give them the names of their reception guests. You learned by discovering that if you became involved in controversy with an important businessman about the handling of a given story, you were always wrong and the businessman was always right. You learned by finding that if a picture were published of a Negro, however distinguished, and one of the great ladies, who happened to be from Georgia, telephoned to protest that she was offended, profuse apologies would be offered the sensitive creature.

With this general discovery of the structure of community life came the simultaneous discovery that nearly all men, working in a large American concern, did their daily work under the tyranny of fear. It varied in intensity from man to man, from prosperity to depression, but it was always there. The reporters were afraid of the city editor, the assistant city editor was afraid of the city editor, and the city editor, worried about his job, was afraid of his assistant. All were afraid of the managing editor, who in turn was afraid of the publisher. None of them wanted to feel that way, few were really "after" another's position, but each understood the pressures on the other which might at any moment cause the latter in self-protection to bear down upon the former. I might have learned all this much earlier, as most boys do from their fathers, who come home at night and relate to their wives at dinner the latest move in their "office politics." But my father had been an independent operator most of his life, and even when he did join a large establishment his sense of personal dignity and honor forbade him to discuss his superiors or inferiors, even with his family. And so I had begun working life in the simple faith that one's rise or fall was a matter solely of one's own capacities.

There was a charming old man who lived like an office hermit in a musty room in the interior labyrinths of the *Journal*. He was a scholar of some distinction, in love with the history of the northwest country, and he wrote graceful essays and homilies for the Sunday edition. I was charmed by his style and occasionally would take my portable lunch and bottle of milk at noon to eat with him. I assumed that with his literary attainments he was an important and respected person in the establishment. Once I stayed longer than usual; we were both spellbound with his own fascinating account of a vanished village. He looked suddenly at his watch. He became extremely agitated, grabbed up his copy in trembling fingers, and said: "Excuse me, excuse me. The editors. They will be very rough with me. I am very late." His bent figure shuffled rapidly from the room. He had spent his life on that newspaper.

The financial editor worked at a desk directly behind my own. One night when I was working exceptionally late, he came in slightly unsteady from drinking. He emptied into a suitcase the contents of his locker, a few books, a batch of clippings, a pair of golf shoes. I asked in surprise if he was leaving. He said: "I've been on this paper eighteen years, son. I've just been fired by a guy I used to teach where to put commas." He staggered out, leaving me with a sick, hollow feeling in the pit of my stomach and a dark light dawning in my head. Innocence departed. Life, it seemed, was a relentless, never-ending battle; one never "arrived"; loyalty, achievement, could be forgotten in a moment; a single man's whim could ruin one. I began to take stock of the situation and discovered that the men who got to the top, no matter how long they stayed there, were nearly all men who had studied in universities, who knew something besides the routine of their own desks. It was fear as much as anything else that drove me to college, purely personal ambition as much as curiosity about the world I lived in and what had made it the way I found it to be.

Edgar Dale

THE EFFECTS OF THE MASS MEDIA

Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York City once challenged the censors by pointing out that he had never heard of any girl being ruined by a book. Morris Ernst, noted exponent of civil liberties, asked members of an audience whether any of them had ever been morally injured by reading any book, or seeing a play or motion picture. The inference in both cases was that no girl was ever ruined by a book or that no individual was ever hurt by the mass media.

Are these men saying that books, or movies, or plays have no effects—good or bad? Morris Ernst would hardly have written *The First Freedom* just for his own pleasure. If books have no effect, then why concern ourselves about the censorship of such books? It seems to me that those who argue against censorship on the ground that the mass media have no significant effects on behavior are on shaky ground. We oppose censorship of books, newspapers, films, or television precisely because these media *do* have significant effects.

Further, we are for free and open discussion of ideas because this is one way of trying to figure out just what effects such ideas may have. It is also a way of changing the effects, as I shall point out later. We prohibit the communication of ideas only when they are obscene or when harmful action may follow the communication so closely that there will be no time for discussing and evaluating the ideas. You can go to jail for yelling "Fire!" in a theater only because the immediate effect is likely to be panic. You can yell "Fire!" in a park to your heart's content—even though there is no fire. Listeners may conclude that you are either crazy or a congenital liar. We see, then, that the situation helps determine what the effect will be.

But let us look a little more closely at the word "effect." One of our problems in discussing the effects of the mass media is one of definition. If we use the word "effect" as meaning only a precipitating event, the last event in a chain of related events, the final triggering action, we would have to admit that a book, a film, a letter, or many communication devices can finally trigger off an action.

Thus, if a boy commits a robbery by imitating a specific method shown in a movie or TV program, we must first ask what kind of boy he was. Was he ready to rob in any of another half dozen ways? If he had not seen the movie, is it likely he would have made no other attempt? Did the movie "load the gun," or merely pull the trigger?

We could hardly expect that television and other media could refrain from portrayal of all actions which might be imitated with disastrous effects. A playmate of mine seeing a circus acrobat dive into a net decided after reaching

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home to dive out of the haymow onto a spring mattress, thus permanently injuring his spine. But we could hardly argue that high diving should not be permitted in circuses because little boys may imitate it with dangerous results.

When we talk about the mass media, therefore, we must distinguish between those immediate triggering effects which might also be set off by other activities exclusive of mass media and those influences which have "a persistent, shaping effect upon the thought and behavior of human beings, singly or collectively," as noted by Louis Gottschalk in his book *Understanding History.*

What are some of these possible shaping effects upon our ways of using leisure time? At least five thousand motion picture theaters have closed in the last few years. This has an effect on the way former patrons will now use their leisure time. Perhaps they now attend a larger movie theater, but more than likely they are spending the movie time looking at television. They have changed their habits, but whether for good or ill is an extraordinarily difficult question to answer. But a truly massive effect has already been made upon the way they spend their leisure time.

Do the mass media have a persistent shaping effect upon specific behavior? Some maintain that the mass media do influence behavior but only on the good side of the ledger. The mass media can reinforce good, they say, but not the bad. However, if it is reasonable to assume that a medium can have "beneficial" effects, then we must also assume that it can produce "harmful" effects. Consequent behavior can move in socially disapproved or socially approved directions.

As one reads the literature on the effects of the mass media, he notes the hardly debatable conclusion that it is much easier to reinforce present values than to change values. It will obviously be easier to bring about more learning in a particular field than to get unlearning plus relearning. Thus it is usually less difficult to interest a man in improving his golf game than it is to persuade him to quit it and learn another sport. One may also conclude that transfer of learning will occur under certain conditions. It took twenty years of work with mass media and demonstration to get Iowa farmers to accept hybrid corn. But the introduction of hybrid oats, following hybrid corn, took only three years.

What about the effect of the mass media upon the shaping of specific attitudes? On this point Joseph T. Klapper in *The Effects of Mass Media* says: "Thousands of experiments have established beyond reasonable doubt that persuasion can be achieved by the planned, or even unplanned presentation of appropriate content through mass media."

One finds this specifically documented in the Payne Fund studies of Thurstone and Peterson, *Motion Pictures and Attitudes of Children.* Their major conclusion was "that motion pictures have definite, lasting effects on the social attitudes of children and that a number of pictures pertaining to the same issue may have a cumulative effect on attitude."

The fact that films or radio programs or written material can be used to change attitudes does not mean that it is easy to do it. About half of the films selected by Thurstone and Peterson to study for possible effects did not produce

the expected effect. One film brought about the exact opposite of what had been predicted. Carefully laid public relations programs sometimes boomerang. As noted above, it is easier to produce an effect which means merely giving increased momentum to one's attitudes than it is to decelerate and reverse the attitude.

What about the use of the mass media in shaping erroneous ideas about people, in causing them to accept false information as true? Here again, the findings are like those relating to attitudes. There is a tendency to accept as true what is seen on the screen unless it is patently false or unless the person already has sound information with which to evaluate it. Thus if you don't know what college is like, you are likely to accept the picture presented in a movie. If you have good sense about what the world is like, nonsense can take care of itself. It will be seen as foolish, or funny, or fantastic. But when the truth is not known, the inaccurate is accepted as truth and the dream is seen as reality.

One of the most illuminating findings about effects of mass media relates to latency. Thus in the studies in the armed forces it was discovered that some expected effects were not found just after the film exposure but that they did appear several months later.

The mass media, then, do have significant effects. Some are merely triggers to set off a gun that somebody else, some other agency of communication, has loaded and cocked. But the mass media play their own role, too, and influence the ideas, the attitudes, and the stock of information which people have about the real world.

What can we do about it? First, we must try to convince people that they are not immune to the symbolic world as brought to us through movies, television, radio, and the press. It is subtly influencing our ways of thinking.

Second, we reject the idea that the free flow of ideas should be impeded either by censorship or by monopoly control. There is no simple answer to the problem of one-newspaper towns, newspaper chains, four television networks, concentration of film production. Some argue cogently that large-scale operation is a necessity and that competition among the various media makes monopoly difficult.

We need to make certain that the mass media are not monopolized by persons who have the same ideas about labor, capital, religion, taxation, or whatever the field may be. Perhaps we need some more *Christian Science Monitors* or labor dailies. There should be competition of ideas in the marketplace of opinion. In all the shouting of the mass media there must be room for the opposing voices to be heard.

Third, we must bend every effort to develop the discriminating viewer, listener, and reader. There are so many falsehoods presented through the mass media (e.g., the toothpaste ads), so many accusations, so many divergent claims, that we must develop some rough yardsticks as to whom to believe. The remedy for this avalanche of claims and counterclaims is not to doubt everything but to learn how to tell what is true and what is false, a truly tough job.

Our schools must give students contact with excellence wherever it appears in the mass media. Provision must be made in colleges, for example, for students to see the best in films—theatrical, documentary, and educational films. This

association with excellence is good vaccination against what is phony. Students should have an opportunity somewhere in their English or social studies curriculum to become acquainted with excellent magazines and daily newspapers.

Certainly we can expect that there will be discriminating teaching in reference to television. Students can be asked to report on programs best and least liked and to give reasons for their choices. They can sample programs recommended by fellow students or by teachers. They can contrast and evaluate styles of news commentators. They can discuss which ones seem to appeal primarily to one's emotions and which depend upon facts and reasoning for their judgments.

If mass media are having a persistent shaping effect upon our information, our outlook, our attitudes, then parents, schools, and colleges have an obligation to help children and young people to think through what these effects are and whether they are good or bad. If the effects are deemed desirable, then we ask how such effects may be accelerated. If the effects are contrary to sound parental teachings or to public policy, then we must ask how harmful effects can be minimized or eliminated. We must work with national organizations which are constructively trying to improve taste in television. Perhaps more than anything else, the consumer of the mass media should not think of them as "out of this world." They are in the same world he is, and he should make the most of it.

T. S. Matthews

WHAT MAKES NEWS

The main business of the press, supposedly, is news, as the main business of banks is money. It might surprise the public to discover how incurious many bankers are about the real nature of money and how unclear they are about it. In just the same way, and perhaps to a greater extent, most journalists are incurious about the real nature of news and just as unclear about it.

Perhaps the neatest as well as the most generally accepted definition of news is "what happened yesterday." I remember once toting up the front-page news stories in a good provincial newspaper in America. Of the eleven stories on the page, seven had not happened at all. Some of the speculations about the future, and there were many, might have come true, but so far they were just speculations. If news is what happened yesterday, the newspapers print an awful lot of phony news.

Most of the world's "news" is manufactured by the press itself: interviews with important men, reports on grave situations, press conferences, press investigations, political surveys, "informed speculation." An amusing example of manufactured news appeared last winter in the New York *Herald Tribune's* Paris edition. On

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February 6, 1957, the main headline on the front page read: "Dulles Believes Israel, Egypt Will Obey Resolutions of UN" and the following day the main headline was: "Eisenhower Believes Israel Will Withdraw." For two days the biggest news the paper could find was what an official *said* he thought!

Most "hard news" falls into the press's lap like meteorites or manna from heaven: murder and suicide, rape, war, pestilence, famine, catastrophes of all kinds. This bad news is the best news to the press: it is not only exciting to read but it comes ready-made. Mongers of sensational news, like the London *Daily Mirror*, admitting that the supply of this sort of news is unsteady, meet the daily demand for sensation in two ways: by dressing up small news to look big and by ballyhooing daily features. There is no essential difference between the inevitable screaming front-page headline of the *Mirror* and the "running story" of a diplomatic conference from Reuter's News Agency. Both are manufactured news. They are said to have happened big; actually, they either didn't happen at all or they only happened a little.

Some of the more exacting followers of C. P. Scott, the famous editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, still insist that their paper deals in sacredly regarded facts. That is probably true in spots, although they conveniently overlook the other spots in the paper that are profanely opinionated rather than sacredly factual. A large part of the British and American press has in effect abandoned the pretense of dealing exclusively with facts or the pretense that their source is invariably as pure as the Pierian spring. A great many newspapers, for example, make no bones about printing gossip. They still, officially at least, exclude rumor (except from the gossip columns or unless it can be attributed to a "hitherto unimpeachable source," when it rises from "rumor" to "speculation" or "inside information").

Actually, news includes a great deal of rumor. A journalist friend of mine, on assignment in Central America, once had occasion to hire a "stringer" (a local correspondent) in a small town there. Since there was no newspaper in the town, the most likely candidate was one of the few English-speaking inhabitants who seemed to know his way around. He was duly hired and his duties explained to him. A few days later my friend looked up the new stringer to see how he was getting on. As yet he had found nothing to report, but he had prepared himself for any emergency by buying a large notebook which he had divided into two sections; the first was headed "Rumors," the second "False Rumors."

Claud Cockburn, once a prized London *Times* correspondent, during the last war put out a brilliant weekly news sheet that was read by the small number of people who constituted "everybody" in London. His views on the nature of news were also unorthodox:

> I went about saying that rumours were just as important, just as significant, just as—in the last analysis—"valid" as "facts."
>
> This shocked people horribly, although if you pressed them and asked whether it was not true that ninety percent of "information received" by such serious persons as Ambassadors and Chiefs of Police really consists in

> significant rumours and rumours which can be interpreted by the person who knows enough rumours, they were usually bound to admit that this is indeed the case. . . . Unless one is God, how on earth can one tell truth from rumour in less than perhaps fifty years? And fifty years is too long to wait if one is in the business of issuing a weekly newspaper.

Cockburn was honest enough—or cynical enough, if you prefer—to include rumor in his definition of news. Few editors would agree with him without wincing, but whatever they may say, their practice follows his precept. The only journalists who are consistently successful in keeping rumor and gossip out of the news are the Communists. The Communist press, an avowed instrument of government, is dedicated to the proposition that facts equal propaganda equals truth. The facts are chosen, the propaganda ordered, and the truth announced. It's much simpler than with us. And the Russians have a great contempt for the confusions of the Western press, which all stem from this inadmissible *search* for news. News in Russia is issued as a valuable, state-controlled ration.

When Ilya Ehrenbourg, one of the dark stars of Communist journalism, visited the United States a few years ago, he was much bothered by reporters who pried into what he considered irrelevant personal questions. The one that moved him to most sardonic mirth was whether a suit he was having made at a New York tailor's was to have trousers with a buttoned fly or with a zipper. There, he said triumphantly, you have a picture of the Western press, which concerns itself with gossip: buttons or zipper, that is all it cares to know about. In the doctrinaire Communist view, our free press makes too little distinction between public news (which is the press's only business) and private news (which is none of its business). Moreover, say the Communists, nobody but they knows what news is fit to publish, or what news really is.

Our answer to this is apt to be, "The truth shall make you free"—by which we mean that if everybody talks continuously at the top of his lungs, somebody from time to time will probably say something true, somebody else may hear it, and it may have some good effect, by and large. Nevertheless, we have an uneasy suspicion that there should be some distinction between public and private news, and that the press doesn't make the distinction clear—no doubt because of the general confusion about what news really is. Public or private, the news must affect our individual lives, it must be translatable into our personal terms, before we will pay attention to it. Even the news in Russian papers, which couldn't be more public, can be so translated, I should imagine. Everything *Pravda* or *Izvestia* publishes means some action or threat of action by the government; the trick is to figure out, "How is that going to affect *me?*" We read the newspapers that way in time of war, when all governments are gray. In peacetime, public news for most of us is just something to quack about, and it rolls off our backs; the news that really concerns us comes by word of mouth or by mail. The opening door, the doctor's verdict, the expected letter, the telegram that says "death" or "life": each of these is the kind of news that comes home to us. Perhaps it is the only real news there is.

Nevertheless, we feel that there should be bigger news than this, and the press continually assures us that indeed there is. The press keeps on telling it. in big headlines; big good news and big bad news. The big good news is mainly manufactured, not so much because the press is sanguine by nature as because it is committed to the encouraging notion of progress. The big bad news is what has actually happened. When our candidate is elected or the war ends. we may call the news both big and good; but what will it be called by the people who voted for the other man, or who lost the war? No really good news. in the public sense, is either incredible or beyond our understanding. And yet we crave it, its absence seems wrong. we want it to be.

The press, which is as human as the rest of us, shares this craving and gropes for big good news—however incredible or beyond our understanding. When the New York *Times* printed the text of Einstein's theory, it was in this mystical and groping spirit. It's rather like the poem in which Thomas Hardy said that if someone asked him on Christmas Eve to come with him to the stable to see the oxen kneel before the Christ child, he would go along, "Hoping it might be so." The hope was that Einstein had found a large piece of truth even if nobody. or almost nobody, could understand it; and in that hope the New York *Times* editor was willing to bow his uncomprehending head and take the whole congregation of the *Times* to their knees with him.

In less than two generations science has become untranslatable, and its speculations about the world come to us more and more faintly. The news that it sends back to us (with the press as messenger) often seems contradictory of earlier bulletins; the gist of it comes across as a progressive disillusionment with accepted facts and an immense widening and deepening of the unknowable. But this is depressing and therefore unacceptable to our optimistic habit of mind—as if, with all our advantages, we were just catching up with Socrates. So the press continues to hail every scientific "discovery" (the substitution of a new theory for an abandoned one) as if it were real news. big news. and good news. And the public, official view of science's search for knowledge is one of untiring hope and faith. In private, however, there is skepticism and doubt, and not just among illiterate peasants, either.

The only big news. private and public, that human beings are really concerned about is news of life and death. There has been no new news on either subject for some time—nearly 2000 years, in fact. The Resurrection was tremendous good news. if true; the best news ever reported. But though it has been told wherever Christian missionaries have gone, and a large proportion of the earth's population must have heard it, it is still widely disbelieved or believed only in a poetic or mystical sense, as an honorable thought or an incomprehensible symbol.

The press is only a reflection of the world it reports, and, like the world, it is quite unable to recognize or accept really good news—a saint for the ages, a lasting hero. a revelation of permanent truth; it can only exaggerate or minimize, ignore. misreport. or doubt, just like the rest of us. Big bad news it can't miss; big good news it never sees. though it pretends a lot of little good news is big,

and manufactures all the big good news it can. What keeps the press going is mainly snippets: some news, much gossip, loads of rumors—not to speak of all the features, extras, special acts, and entertaining etceteras.

The biggest piece of claptrap about the press is that it deals exclusively, or even mainly, with news. And the next biggest piece of claptrap is that the press has enormous power. This delusion is persistent and widespread. It is taken for granted by the public-at-large, who are apt to be impressed by anything that is said three times; it is continually advertised by the press itself; and it is cherished by press lords, some of whom, at least, should know better.

In what way is the press supposed to be so powerful? The general notion is that the press can form, control, or at least strongly influence public opinion. Can it really do any of these things? Hugh Cudlipp, editorial director of the London *Daily Mirror*, and a man who should know something about the effect of newspapers on public opinion, doesn't share this general notion about their power. He thinks newspapers can echo and stimulate a wave of popular feeling, but that's all: "A newspaper may successfully accelerate but never reverse the popular attitude which common sense has commended to the public." In short, it can jump aboard the bandwagon, once the bandwagon is under way, and exhort others to jump aboard too; but it can't start the bandwagon rolling or change its direction once it has started.

Like other habit-forming pills, the press can stimulate or depress, but it cannot cure. It can fan fear and hatred of another nation when the fear and hatred are there waiting to be fanned, but it cannot make peace. William Randolph Hearst, in his day the biggest of American press tycoons, deliberately used his papers to embroil the United States with Spain in 1898. In the process of fomenting war fever, he sent correspondents to Cuba, then in halfhearted revolt against Spain, to get propaganda photographs and inflammatory stories. When one of them protested that he could find no suitable photographs, Hearst cabled him in a fury: "You furnish the pictures and I'll furnish the war."

As more and more people have painful reason to know, the press has a nasty kind of power, the same kind of power a bully has: that of hurting somebody smaller and weaker than himself. An individual's only defense against the press is the law of libel, but considerable harm and much pain can be caused without going so far as to commit an actionable libel. Journalists themselves generally have a horror of being interviewed, "written up," or even noticed by the press; they know too well from their own experience how inept and cruel a distortion the result is likely to be—even in photographs—which, in the lying phrase, "cannot lie." They can be made to lie (for example, to bolster a point of propaganda, as Northcliffe was one of the first to discover. When he was using the *Daily Mail* to try to get Asquith out as Prime Minister and Lloyd George in, he once issued this order: "Get a smiling picture of Lloyd George, and underneath put the caption 'Do It Now,' and get the worst possible picture of Asquith and label it 'Wait and See.'" Since Northcliffe's day this technique has been developed much further) In spite of the reluctance of picture editors to admit

it, the camera can also distort. In the office where I worked there used to be a saying: "The camera distorts. The TV camera distorts absolutely."

Nine times out of ten, ineptness is to blame rather than conscious cruelty; but there is always that tenth case. And a blundering friendly hand can be as heavy as an unfriendly fist. The press is often like a clumsy giant who gives you a pat on the back and knocks the wind out of you, if he doesn't cause internal injuries. I remember once coming upon an elderly professor from my university who had just been "written up" by the paper I worked on. When he saw me, tears came into his eyes, and he said: "What have I done to them? What have I done to deserve this?" He was deeply wounded by the article and regarded it as an extremely unkind caricature. Knowing that it had been written by one of his former students who liked and admired the professor, I tried to reassure him that it was at least kindly meant. I don't think I succeeded.

The press has a negative power—to titillate, alarm, enrage, amuse, humiliate, annoy, even to drive a person out of his community or his job. But of the positive power to which it pretends and of which the press lords dream—to make and break governments, to swing an election, to stop a war or start a revolution—there is no tangible evidence. Its vaunted might is a gigantic spoof. Professor David Mitrany, speaking in 1932 on "The Press and International Relations," put the case with delicate irony: "There is no need to spend time in an attempt to show how great is the influence of the press. It is greater in certain fields than in others. It is greater, one could say, in any field in which the knowledge and interest of the man in the street is lesser. For in that case the reading public is apt to think that the press speaks with the voice of Authority; while the authorities are apt to assume that the press is speaking with the voice of the People. . . ."

Everyone has heard of the "power of the press"; no one has seen it. The greatest believers in this exaggerated power and the loudest promoters of it are, naturally, the press lords themselves. One of the most deluded of these, not even excepting Northcliffe or Beaverbrook, was Robert McCormick, publisher of the Chicago *Tribune* (still emblazoned with his modest motto, "The world's greatest newspaper"). McCormick and, of course, his paper were always in bitter opposition to the Roosevelt Democrats as well as to the liberal element in his own Republican Party. A story used to be told about the Chicago *Tribune*, no doubt apocryphal but in essence true: that one of the janitors in the *Tribune* building always bet against any political candidate the paper supported, and gave odds to boot; and that he found this side line so profitable that he was able to buy two sizable apartment houses. The men in the street are better able than the press lords to judge the power of the press; in spite of all the kowtowing and brass bands, they can see that the Emperor has no clothes on.

During the twenty years (1932-1952) of Democratic Party government in America under Roosevelt and Truman, something like 85 per cent of the American press was owned or controlled by Republicans: the majority of American newspaper readers were being continually exhorted to vote Republican but continued to vote Democrat. The people in Chicago who bought the *Tribune* didn't buy it to find out how to cast their votes: they bought it in spite of its

advice and its bias, because on the whole they liked its personality and found it entertaining.

Does this seem to argue a too shrewd, calm, and sensible attitude on the part of the ordinary newspaper reader? The press is generally appreciated by the public for what it is rather than for what it pretends to be; they don't feel it as a power in their lives but as a perquisite in their working day.

Arthur Knight

TYPES, STEREOTYPES, AND ACTING IN FILMS

Incredible as it may seem, there was a time when the movies existed without stars. For more than a decade after films were born, pictures were recognized by the companies that produced them—Biograph, Vitagraph, Edison—or, by the more discerning, through their directors—Griffith, Porter, even the French Georges Méliès. The players themselves remained anonymous, some by choice (a motion-picture appearance was considered degrading by most professional actors—a last resort when all else failed), more importantly because the producers calculated that any effort spent in building up a name might endanger the price structure of their industry. They might have to pay their actors more than the customary $5.00 a day.

It was the public itself that created the star system. Audiences began to discover that most Biographs featured a pretty little girl with long golden curls. They called her "Little Mary," after the name generally given her in the stories. The buxom beauty in the Vitagraph productions became, quite simply, "The Vitagraph Girl." And "Broncho Billy" was singled out by young and old alike as the first Western hero. Gradually, out of the repertory companies that each studio established for itself, types began to emerge—the handsome leading man, the flat-footed comic, the villain with his fine airs, the golden-haired heroine. But the public soon wanted to know who its heroes were, the names of the pretty girls who won its heart week after week in their ten- or twenty-minute melodramas. The companies were barraged by letters of inquiry into the identity of the new favorites. The letters went unanswered.

One shrewd showman, however—Carl Laemmle, who directed the destinies of Universal Pictures for so many years—guessed that this public interest in personalities could be turned to advantage. He engaged the services of the anonymous "Biograph Girl" and, amid suitable publicity, introduced her as Florence Lawrence. The star system was born (and, it might be noted, the word

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itself was born almost simultaneously). Miss Lawrence made her debut under her own name in 1910. By 1913 few of the companies had not acceded to popular demand—prodded by their own actors who threatened to work elsewhere if they could not drink the heady, profitable mead of personal publicity at their own studios. Two years later, the star was a dominant factor in the film industry, a position that has been but slightly altered since that time. "Famous Players in Famous Plays," one successful company called itself and forthwith began to ransack the stage for names and properties to live up to its grandiose title. The enterprising Samuel Goldwyn brought from the operatic stage Mary Garden and Geraldine Farrar to star in his silent spectacles.

The odd thing is that the great names of the theater meant little to the movies. Some doting parents in the nickelodeon era, when movies were still considered déclassé, exposed their children to culture by taking them to see Sarah Bernhardt in *Queen Elizabeth* and similar uplifting enterprises; but the true movie star was created by the audiences, not by the producers. Between 1915 and 1920 virtually every great name on the stage—Mrs. Fiske, Pavlova, even Caruso—flirted with immortality through celluloid only to withdraw, sadder but richer, to their proper element. On the other hand, this great dragnet that the early film producers had flung over the theater did scrape up a number of relatively obscure young actors who, lured by the promise of a modest but regular weekly pay check, went to work for the movie companies. Among the more successful of these was a sad-faced young actor in Shakespearean repertory, leading man to Julia Arthur and Modjeska, who was quickly transformed into that prototype of all strong, silent Western heroes, William S. Hart. The comedian in a touring British music hall turn was offered $125.00 a week to join the Keystone Company—but the management wasn't certain whether his name was Caplan or Chaplin. A breezy juvenile from the Broadway stage, Douglas Fairbanks, was signed by the Triangle Corporation, distinctly a lesser plum in a pie that also contained Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, Weber and Fields, DeWolf Hopper, Billie Burke, and Frank Keenan.

What happened, of course, is that Hart, Chaplin, and Fairbanks, and all the others who permanently deserted the stage for the studio, discovered that there was a very special kind of acting required by the camera, a technique quite different from anything they had ever known before. The successful were those who modified and adapted their styles to movie requirements. But the great ones, the established names in the theater, persisted in performing as if they were still behind the footlights at the Empire or the Lyceum. Even granting the relatively uninhibited acting permissible in the movies of those days, their gestures were still too broad and emphatic, their facial contortions too absurd, their manner too grand for the average movie patron. They were playing for the gallery instead of the little black box a few feet away. And, it must be admitted, there were some few aging juveniles and matronly ingenues who failed to pass the searching scrutiny of the camera lens. By 1920 the noble experiment of importing famous players in wholesale lots had been abandoned by the studios, and most of the importees had returned to their legitimate

bailiwicks. Not until 1929, with the advent of sound, did the studios again raid Broadway with such reckless abandon.

Two fundamental differences set movie-acting apart from acting in the theater: one is the manner in which movies are produced. and the other is film technique itself. Although the two are closely related, it might be well to consider them apart for the moment. A play is presented, and generally rehearsed, all of a piece. At any rate, before too many days have passed, each actor knows his part in relation to the play as a whole. Rehearsals pass from Act I to Act II to Act III before touchups are applied to individual scenes. When the play is finally presented, the actor may be called upon to sustain his characterization for two or three hours a night, but there is a continuity to his work; it has a beginning, a middle, and an end, a logical progression that he follows and feels at each performance. For those few hours he builds his role, even lives his part. But once the curtain comes down, the character disappears completely until the next show.

Movies, of course, are made quite differently. Their actual shooting time may extend over a month or more. And never are they shot in orderly progression from the first fade-in to the final clinch. No one in Hollywood feels that this might not be an ideal way to make a picture, but to produce a film economically any number of additional factors must be taken into consideration. It is the job of the assistant director to juggle all these factors—star availability, the allocations of studio time. how to group the crowd scenes most economically, and, if possible, how to get through all the scenes with the higher-priced players in the least number of days. He breaks down the script, not in terms of the actor's problem, but in terms of the most efficient production schedule. And if $500,000 —or even $5,000—can be saved by shooting first the middle, then the ending, then the opening scene, that is the way the schedule is arranged. In actual practice, the scrambling is far more intense than this, with separate fragments of even the same scene being taken days or even weeks apart. And there have been instances where no one, not even the writer, knew precisely what the ending would be when the initial sequences were already before the camera.

Naturally, this creates a certain difficulty for the actor. He is called upon to play a scene, or a fragment of a scene, often with only the sketchiest knowledge of its relation to the completed picture. He is called upon to create a characterization on occasions when the details of that character have yet to be clarified in the author's own mind. In any case, almost invariably it is the director who carries about the complete knowledge of how everything fits together. Rare indeed is the film—so rare as to make news—that is rehearsed before it goes on the floor, the film in which at least the principals are completely familiar with their characters and their relation one to the other.

Something more than acting, in the theater's sense of building and sustaining a character, is clearly called for in motion pictures. And part of that extra quality is to be found in film technique itself. As early film theoreticians like Eisenstein and Pudovkin pointed out years ago. the film actor is no more than one

element in the completed picture. His image, photographed on a strip of film, is commingled by the editor with hundreds of others—a flower, a busy street, a steamboat departing, a cocktail glass. The emotion associated with the inanimate object colors, even clarifies, the mood of the actor as conveyed on the strips immediately preceding and following the insert.

To illustrate this, Pudovkin once conducted an interesting experiment. From a completed film he extracted a strip containing a practically immobile closeup of the actor Mozhukhin. He inserted this into another film, followed immediately by a closeup of a plate of soup. Later in the film he used the same shot of Mozhukhin joined to a scene of a dead woman in her coffin; and still later he joined it to a shot of a little girl playing with a teddy bear. The audience marveled at the virtuosity of Mozhukhin's performance, his range and subtlety —his pensive glance at the soup, his deep sorrow over the dead woman, the little smile that touched his lips as he gazed at the child. The public acclaimed the acting; Pudovkin went on experimenting with the techniques of putting a film together. He searched for what he called "plastic material," the most appropriate visual references to create and sustain the emotional content of a scene. The actor to him was no more than incidental.

Indeed, so very incidental is the actor that the director can decompose him at will, concentrating solely on the cigarette held nervously between his fingers, the slump of his shoulders as seen from the rear, his stumbling footsteps on an icy sidewalk, if these will more fully project the emotional tone of a scene than a grimacing closeup and a line of dialogue. The camera's unique ability to frame off the most significant detail of a scene and present it from its most significant aspect often reduces the actor in this way to a mere thing, simply another object to be manipulated by the director and his editor, another bit of "plastic material." Alfred Hitchcock once summarized, inelegantly but expressively, the typical director's point of view: "Actors are cattle," he said.

Naturally, the director likes to believe that the final picture is his creation alone. Yet few are so utterly egoistic as to believe that their name on the credit sheets is what brings audiences into moviehouses across the nation—or across the world. Perhaps a dozen directors are known by name to the average moviegoer; of them less than half actually mean anything when it comes to selling tickets at the box office. But their actors—their "cattle"—are known, loved, and revered wherever movies are shown. In our democratic United States stars are treated like royalty. Elsewhere they become veritable gods. A Chaplin, a Garbo, today even a Marilyn Monroe, can so affect audiences as to induce a mass hysteria. The characters that they have created on the screen become accepted as an extension of their true personalities. And woe betide the artist who would disabuse his public of that fact! No small part of Chaplin's recent troubles are due less to the unpopularity of his political views than to the one-time popularity of the man himself. Audiences did not want their favorite funny man to think. Ingrid Bergman, the screen's epitome of pure love, lost vast sections of her

fans after her sensational affair with Roberto Rossellini, the noted Italian director. But Rita Hayworth, the screen's epitome of *im*pure love, lost none of her following after her no less sensational affair with Aly Khan—nor its equally sensational denouement.

It is here that we find a most significant clue to the nature of film-acting. Technique to one side, the successful actor is the one who can suggest on the screen a complete, living personality. Out of the thousands of individual shots that together make up a single feature-length film, shots lasting an average of only twenty seconds, there must emerge a single, integrated, recognizable human being. It is scarcely an accident, considering how movies are made, that this character tends to be the same in picture after picture. No matter what the director may choose to believe, a Clark Gable film *is* a Clark Gable film. Gable's self-confidence, his virility, his brusque humor, are evident in every role he plays. The unsuccessful Clark Gable picture is the one in which the starring role has not been written to capitalize fully on Gable's screen personality.

One can examine each of the box-office favorites over the years and find the same law in operation. Each star has a handful of adjectives to describe the kind of role he plays best: Bing Crosby—genial, folksy, sentimental; Gary Cooper—easy-going, even shy, until he is pushed; Greer Garson—lady-like, intelligent, true-blue; Humphrey Bogart—tough, devil-may-care, a clouded past; Joan Crawford—hard, sophisticated, but a sufferer. Given a script that utilizes these highly specific character traits, each can turn in a capable enough performance. When the script utilizes them naturally and to full advantage, an outstanding performance often results—Crosby's in *Going My Way*, Cooper's in *High Noon*, Garson's in *Mrs. Miniver*, Bogart's in *The African Queen*, Crawford's in *Mildred Pierce*. Unfortunately, the studios are also aware of this fact. If they have a story that might make a good Gary Cooper picture, they may very well change the central character a bit—or a good bit—to make it fit more snugly to Cooper's special qualities. The result is stereotype, deadly to both actors and the film itself.

But this abuse of type-casting, prevalent though it be, does not alter the basic correctness of the process for motion-picture purposes. Documentary directors have repeatedly demonstrated that no actor makes as convincing a steelworker as a real steelworker; and today in Hollywood men like Elia Kazan and Fred Zinnemann—and in Italy, De Sica and Rossellini—make it a practice to cast subsidiary roles with nonprofessional types. The stars, as *professional* types, are similarly incorporated by the skilled director into his narrative. They become "plastic material" which he can shape and mold at his discretion. Considering the basic ability of many a star performer, this is an especially sound procedure. It is also a partial explanation of why so many of our actors will shine in the hands of one director and appear completely wooden when handled by others. The director with a reputation of being "good with actors" is generally the director who knows how much he can elicit from his performers and how much he must suggest by artifice, by the use of film technique.

In addition to the star performer, however, the motion-picture medium over the years has developed a handful of highly skilled virtuoso players sufficiently protean in their abilities to rise above both type and stereotype. Garbo, Chaplin, Bette Davis, Alec Guinness, and, of the younger crop, Richard Widmark and Jean Simmons—each seems able to suggest a life that extends beyond whatever film he is appearing in, a life that began before the introductory titles and will go on after the film is over. The parts they play are surcharged with emotional overtones, frequently suggesting depths in the character untouched by the screen-play. And though type-casting inevitably has claimed them all from time to time, pictures fitted to the stars instead of the other way around, the mediocrity of a role is invariably accepted as a challenge by these performers, an opportunity to add new feathers to an old hat.

Certainly, few stars have had more old hats handed to them than Bette Davis. Yet throughout her long career (she entered films in 1930) she has waged a constant, and generally successful, struggle against being typed. True, she has repeated more than a few times her cold, self-centered Mildred in *Of Human Bondage*, the role that brought the first full revelation of her talents. But always there were new insights into the character, new facets to be explored, as in *Bordertown*, *Jezebel*, and, more recently, *Beyond the Forest*. It is never Bette Davis playing the same old role, but a new personality being created from the ground up by Bette Davis. And in between these roles have come a great gallery of memorable portraits—the mad Carlotta of *Juarez*, the courageous wife of *Watch on the Rhine*, the calculating Regina of *The Little Foxes*, the mercuric Margo Channing of *All about Eve*. In each of these the actress has submerged herself, even transformed herself physically in the process of developing a new identity. (Chaplin strikingly displayed this same rare ability in the series of guises he invented for his *Monsieur Verdoux*.) An act of creative imagination that must be sustained over a long period of time, it is only possible where the star's influence and control over a picture approximate that of the director.

Alec Guinness is another whose ability to transform himself physically to meet the demands of virtually any script is little short of extraordinary. His gnarled, malevolent Fagin in *Oliver Twist* was no less remarkable than the exuberant youthfulness of his Denry Machin in *The Promoter*, or his prissy, middle-aged bank clerk in *The Lavender Hill Mob*. But in Guinness we discover always, disturbingly, the personality of the performer peeping out through the character he has created. Disturbing not because the personality is in conflict with the role, but because Guinness himself always seems to promise more than the character he is playing. There is mischief in the man, a mischief that springs from profound sources, something almost otherworldly. It touches every role he plays; but only once to date—in the early, relatively unsuccessful J. B. Priestley film, *Last Holiday*—has the character portrayed itself embraced this elusive quality. For Guinness, of course, it was a triumph of acting over material, yet particularly memorable because here the material came so supernaturally close to the actor. More than any other film star, however,

Guinness has the ability to merge his identity with whatever role he is performing—but it is a process of merging, not submerging.

In the work of such true artists as these, screen-acting may be seen at its best, the creation and projection of a complete personality, a believable human being that is not the personality of the star himself—not lovable old Spencer Tracy, not rugged Burt Lancaster, not pouty Lana Turner—but an equally vivid "Denry Machin" or "Sidney Stratton," a "Regina Giddens" or "Margo Channing," a "Monsieur Verdoux." Pudovkin spoke of this quality as "transmutation of self," in contrast to the "direct manifestation of self" that characterizes most film-acting. The "direct manifestation of self," or at least of a recognizable film personality recurring in picture after picture, is something nurtured by most film companies today. They call it "building a star," and they see to it that their star's virtues and graces are buttressed both by the stories in which he appears and by the stories that appear about him in fan magazines, the daily press, and radio and television interviews. Even the products that he indorses so enthusiastically in the advertisements must be "suitable," in keeping with his screen character. A photogenic face, an attractive physique, an agreeable speaking voice—these are appurtenances enough for a star buildup, should the studio be so inclined.

But "transformation of self" is the work of the individual actor. He undertakes it alone, often against the expressed wishes of his studio. It is a kind of non-conformism, a break with the pattern that may even result in the actor's being branded as "difficult" and refused work. "Difficult" the actor is who believes that simply by exchanging one type for another he can become a better actor. For great film-acting is achieved only by those few who, once they have mastered the actor's art, are then prepared to master the art of the film, to participate fully in the creative effort of breathing life into moving shadows on a white sheet.

Martin Mayer

WHAT HAPPENS TO THE TALENT?[1]

Of all the industries which use publicly owned water, land, and air to produce private profits, one alone is specifically licensed to operate "in the public interest": broadcasting. All the others are regulated in the prices they may charge and the quantity of service they must give. From the broadcaster alone the law demands a *quality* of service, a balanced schedule which provides information as well as entertainment.

From *Television's Lords of Creation* by Martin Mayer. Reprinted by permission of the author. Copyright © 1956 by Harper & Brothers.

1. This is the second of two articles published in *Harper's Magazine* titled "Television's Lords of Creation."

"We function," says Sig Mickelson, CBS Vice President in charge of Public Affairs, "as the conscience of the network. The big problem in this business is to strike a balance between showmanship and the objectives of public enlightenment. There's a red line somewhere, separating the two, and we stay on the educational side of the line. We think of our programs in terms of good will, proof of the public-spiritedness of the officials of the network."

Mickelson is a large, square-faced Midwesterner in his early forties who came to broadcasting from newspaper work in Sioux Falls and Minneapolis. As a vice president of the parent CBS (which has a separate executive structure from CBS Television), he has considerable independent authority. His department is supposed to lose money, and to produce programs which will please the more discriminating members of the television audience. The measure of his success is that despite broadcasting profits two or three times as great as those of NBC—a most suspicious circumstance—CBS has far greater acceptance than NBC in the intellectual community.

CBS has not yet been known to turn down a sponsor's money for a public-affairs program, and will make minor changes in any show to meet a sponsor's desires. But it is particularly proud of the programs which are, from the bookkeeper's point of view, pure public service. Defending his business against a scouting party from the Senate, CBS President Frank Stanton cited nine public-affairs programs as an example of what a network can do; not one of them was a sponsored show.

At NBC the charitable aspect of public affairs is far less heavily played. The department itself is busier, producing feature spots for "Today," "Home," and "Tonight," as well as the usual educational and religious shows, news and documentaries; and revenues attributable to its work account for more than one-sixth of NBC's gross sales.

"NBC," says Davidson Taylor, who is Mickelson's opposite number and speaks in rounded periods, "is not interested in public-affairs shows that do not get sponsored. Good ones will be sponsored. It is to the self-interest of the American advertiser to become identified with projects that enlarge the American horizon."

The advertiser usually acquires this identification after the fact. Sometimes an attempt is made to sell him an idea (NBC asked General Dynamics for $1,250,000 to finance a proposed series of programs on the forthcoming International Geophysical Year—and was turned down), but more often the show is filmed and in the can before the advertiser is approached. On NBC's "Project 20," "documentaries of contemporary life," the producer's deadline is at least ten weeks earlier than the proposed broadcast time, so that potential advertisers can see the show before committing the money. The customary budget for these hour-long shows is $100,000, and NBC wants a sponsor to pick up the entire bill.

Some of the department's work, of course, is done without considering advertising. NBC has a producer assigned full-time to the production of filmed

obituaries, with the co-operation of the eventual obituees. Negotiations with the Soviet government have been in progress for more than a year, and if satisfactory arrangements can be made NBC will gladly fork over $150.000 to make a documentary film on the daily life of the Russian people—not a subject particularly attractive to advertisers. And even without General Dynamics, NBC went ahead with its plans to send a cameraman down to the Antarctic last winter, and presented without sponsorship two hours of the film he took. These programs were extremely well received, but NBC does not like to talk about them—they can't have been as good as people say or else, by definition, they would have been sponsored.

This doctrinaire optimism about advertisers, a reflection of former NBC Chairman Pat Weaver's complete confidence in all the people with whom he did business, limits to some extent the work of the department. Staff producer Ted Mills, after the success of "Assignment: India," was anxious as only a young producer can be to do a serious film about the postwar crises of France. But Chester LaRoche, who owns one of the nation's prominent advertising agencies, had suggested that the "Assignment: India" team move on to Southeast Asia generally. So NBC in gratitude for Mills' accomplishments gave him $100.000 to produce a film about "Maurice Chevalier's Paris"—on condition that he would then do Southeast Asia.

Planning a Major Series

CBS relies much more heavily on its own judgment. Confronted with a crisis in its plans for "Air Power," perhaps the most expensive film documentary series ever attempted, the network promptly gave the job to Perry Wolff, a young poet and novelist who in seven years of broadcasting had never written or produced a sponsored program.

"Air Power" is a series of twenty-six films which tells the story of the airplane as a military weapon from the primitive strut-and-canvas devices of the early years to the newest jets. The first of the films, an hour-long examination of present American preparedness, was broadcast as a special Armistice Day feature; the others, each half an hour long, will be appearing every Sunday until May on 154 CBS affiliated television stations.

It is a true documentary series, composed almost entirely of film shot on the spot; its production was a joint venture by CBS, which put into it approximately $1,000,000, and the U. S. Air Force, which contributed most of the film, a certain amount of laboratory work, transportation, and technical guidance.

The Air Force brought the idea for "Air Power" to CBS in 1952, when it became apparent that both parties could use an answer to NBC's "Victory at Sea." But it was not until late 1953—when the Air Force Association submitted twenty-six fifteen-minute training films which it hoped could be used as the basis for the series—that CBS became seriously interested. In 1954 a staff producer was assigned to work up the training films from a quarter to half an hour, and a skeleton staff was hired to help him. By the end of the year it was

clear that the training films would have to be junked if anything of any distinction was to be accomplished, and that the producer was not the man to start so large a project from scratch.

Perry Wolff was then producing, with the help of the staff of the American Museum of Natural History, the highly imaginative, prize-winning "Adventure"; the network asked him to switch. Wolff accepted, with the understanding that he was to produce something more significant than just another series of heavy-action war films.

"It may be," Wolff explained, "that I've been spending too much time with anthropologists, but I see modern man with the airplane the way stone-age man is with metal. You give metal to stone-age people, and for a while they try to use it as stone; then it revolutionizes their culture. Today we're in a crisis period; we're suffering a cultural lag, adjusting to the airplane.

"You can tell a lot about people by the way they use their airplanes. You remember the Japanese Kamikazes? When the Japanese were hard-pressed, they built planes without landing gear, without escape gear. We never built such planes, and neither did the Germans. And—I think it's one of the most hopeful signs—neither did the Russians.

"What you do with the airplane is always the key. In the 1930s, when the United States committed itself to the B-17, it couldn't be isolationist any more. The B-17 was an *attacking* weapon.

"These are the points I want to make in the series—these and one more: I'd like to see the show called 'Peace Through Air Power,' because the more I see the more convinced I am there mustn't be another war. The films won't directly *say* all this, of course, but I like to think it's what will come through to people as they're watching."

Wolff shook his head and gave a typical shy grin. "Well," he concluded, "everybody takes his own work too seriously."

Fifty Thousand Miles of Pictures

Wolff was born in Chicago the same day Skeezix was born to the residents of Gasoline Alley; his father and his friends have never called him anything but Skee. He got out of college just in time to serve four years in the infantry, two of them fighting in France and Germany. After the war he spent some time in France, in the Gertrude Stein ménage, published a book of poetry ("*not* paid for by me"), and went to work for WBBM in Chicago as a writer and producer of radio documentaries; his programs on juvenile delinquency and racial discrimination won Peabody Awards in 1947 and 1950. While with WBBM he wrote a novel about the war, *The Friend*, which sold several thousand copies in hard covers and several hundred thousand in a pocket reprint under the title *Attack*. Like many other Americans who saw considerable combat, he has never been able to shake the war from the front of his consciousness; he took on "Air Power" partly for the opportunity "to live with the war again, nine hours a day."

CBS set him up in a suite of eight rooms in a minor office building off Broadway, and to these rather dingy offices, every business day for two full years

—and every night the last few months—came the staff of fifteen which put together "Air Power." Its two senior members were James Faichney and Peter Poor, who had been hired as supervising editor and film editor by Wolff's predecessor; Wolff made Faichney Associate Producer ("He's been co-producer, really," Wolff says) and Poor, Senior Editor.

Faichney, a cheerful, very steady man in his late thirties, was in charge of censoring and releasing all combat film taken by the U. S. Army and Army Air Force during the war; after the war he was for several years head of the film division of the U. S. Information Service. Poor, a fairly recent Harvard graduate who studied cinema in Rome on a two-year Fulbright scholarship, did miscellaneous movie and television jobs for independent producers before signing up with "Air Power."

In October 1954, Poor and Faichney went together to the Air Force film depository in Dayton, Ohio, to look at movies. Eight to ten hours a day, six days a week, for five weeks ("Our wives loved our new jobs") they stood at adjacent tables, cranking film through a viewer by hand. Between them, they looked at nearly ten million feet of film (1,800 hours' worth at normal running time) and noted down what "Air Power" would need. The film included captured German footage, and non-military newsreel aviation photography given to the Air Force by the newsreel companies, as well as material taken by Air Force cameramen. "But," said Faichney, who is a walking archive of all the film that has ever passed across his desk, "some of the stuff I remember we haven't found yet. A lot of film was lost toward the end of the war—it was shipped out to Culver City, where it sat around for a couple of years on open flat cars, convenient for any larceny. Some of my friends at Culver City have the best Kodachromes the Air Force ever took."

For the Japanese view of the war there was the Japanese film depository, seized by the Americans during the Occupation and subsequently rejected by the Pentagon, the Signal Corps, and others before finding a home at the Library of Congress. Its only catalogue was the original Japanese list, a succession of flowery titles; the film itself, after ten years in untouched cans, had seriously deteriorated. Some of it had disintegrated into clouds of gaseous nitrogen, which filled the room and choked the intrepid editors; even the best of it had shrunk and wouldn't fit into the sprockets of ordinary film machines. But from the nitrogen vapor descended tens of thousands of feet of war photography never before shown outside Japan—including a complete, twenty-reel documentation of the attack on Pearl Harbor.

While in Washington, Faichney spoke to the Air Attaché at the British Embassy, who cleared the way for him to go to London in the spring of 1955. There the RAF opened its archives at Stanmore Park to him, releasing certain secret material for the first time, and put its information officers and historians at his disposal.

From London Faichney went on to Germany, where CBS correspondent Dick Hottelet had dug up, among other things, a terrifying 16-mm. film on the bombing of Hamburg, which the Germans had put together for civil-defense instruc-

tion purposes. At the American High Commissioner's office in Munich, Faichney found thousands of feet of film about the Berlin airlift. And he made contact with a mysterious type who, for a consideration, smuggled Soviet film about the Red Air Force from the East to the West Zone.

At the end, Faichney, Poor, and their assistants had spun through 50,000 miles of film, representing 50,000 hours of normal running time. All that was left to do was boil it down to two dozen half-hour shows.

From Rough Cut to Script

Every picture starts with a story line. The story line for each of the "Air Power" films was hammered out in conference by Wolff and Faichney, with a writer sitting in on the few occasions when Wolff did not do the script himself. Then either Wolff or Faichney would write a "treatment," a sequential list, two to eight pages long, of what pictures the film should contain. This was turned over to one of "Air Power's" three film editors, who went looking in the files for the film that would make the written treatment a movie.

"Sometimes it isn't there," Poor said, "and then the treatment changes. The treatment ought to be defined as what you'd *like* to do if you could find the stuff."

The three editors worked in one square room, each editor at a "Moviola," a green, upright machine which shows pictures on a small glass plate. Behind each Moviola was a cardboard barrel, into which the film disappeared as it ran off the machine. When they found a scene immediately useful, the editors clipped the strip of film and hung it on a rack; useless sections they stuffed back in the can. In a matter of minutes an editor could take a thousand-foot reel of film and convert it to fifty pieces, some hanging straight on racks, some curled up in the bottom of the barrel for further examination, some stacked in neat cylinders back in the film can.

From these short strips of film—perhaps as many as 600 of them—the editor made up a "rough cut," which might run as long as an hour and a half for a 26½-minute show. The rough cut often included more than the treatment demanded.

"Half of a film editor's job," Poor says, "is spotting something good; you can't just say, 'It's not in the treatment.' "

During the work for "The Conquest of the Air," a researcher picked up from the Signal Corps several miles of film about preparations for the Normandy invasion. Running through it Poor spotted what could only be—even without a sound track—an impromptu French lesson given from the hatch of a tank by an educated GI. This brief scene—the soldier saying "*Boire*," his companions attempting the strange sound, the soldier shaking his head and repeating, "*Boire*"—established in thirty seconds the mood of the Army awaiting the call to invasion.

Wolff, Faichney, Poor, and the individual editor—if it wasn't Poor himself, who put together about half the films—went over the rough cut on the more elaborate Westrex Moviola in Wolff's office. Wolff perched on a high stool over the Moviola's ground-glass screen, studying the film for technical quality,

asking where individual shots came from, whether Faichney had sound effects, whether the locality shown was *really* Bastogne. Sometimes he recognized the source of the shot and the locality: "Mm-hmm," he said as the screen showed assault boats allegedly crossing the Rhine, "the Roer."

A rough cut exists to be changed; suggestions for change were made continuously. At the end there was an hour's conference, or more. Then the editor went back to work, patching, revising, cutting, adding; and the scene in Wolff's office was repeated.

Eight or nine rough cuts were par for the course, and even then the whole job might be scratched. The film on the 1930s, for example, was done over entirely.

"I put it together myself," Faichney said, grinning under his mustache, "because I had my first job in the 'thirties, as an editor for Pathé News. I went back over my own work—the big steel strike, the dust bowl—and I thought, 'Gee, I was awfully good when I was a kid.' So I used all my own stuff, and now somebody else will have to redo it."

Finally the rough cut was pared down and reassembled into a film exactly 2,370 feet long, running 26 minutes and 20 seconds, with its own dramatic unity; and Wolff sat down at his typewriter, with the Moviola beside him, to express that unity in words.

"You can't write a script like this away from the film, because talk goes one way, film goes another." Wolff explains. "Whenever I say that, Faichney always says. 'Not if you know what you're doing.' But it's the way I have to work."

If Wolff were to criticize "Victory at Sea," it would be to say that the NBC films had too much narration, emotionally overcharged. "The film has all the emotion," he said, "the film and the score. The narration ought to explain what's happening, not tell you how you should feel about it."

Where the scene called for words of emotional content, Wolff tried to give it to actors, voices for the airmen in the picture, rather than to the narrator. Sometimes he could find out what the men were saying by lip-reading the film, and in a few instances "Air Power" had sound film containing actual dialogue. Where he had to write his own dialogue, Wolff hunted—with that Tom Sawyer imagination which made "Adventure" a Peabody Award winner—for ways to make sure he was right.

One film, the story of the deep-penetration raid on the ball-bearing factories at Schweinfurt, from which one-third of the American planes failed to return, Wolff wanted to do without narration. He had an introduction from the Amherst War Memorial, which includes a memorial stone to the Schweinfurt raid, and opening scenes lifted bodily from "Target for Today," a never-issued Air Force documentary, complete with dialogue. Most of the rest of the film showed the men in the planes, going ahead without fighter escort to meet the Luftwaffe. During these scenes he wanted the sounds of the intercom, the airmen talking back and forth with each other as the German fighters attacked. He asked the Air Force for a man who had been on the Schweinfurt raid, and they sent him a Maior who had flown the mission.

"He came over here," Wolff recalls. "all jaunty and gay, not taking it very seriously, and I showed him the film. When it was over, his hands were as wet as if he'd been keeping them in a bucket of warm water. He was trembling. I turned on the tape recorder, and asked him what guys said to each other during this sort of run. Sometimes he was crying as it came back to him, he lived it again on the film; I felt as though I were an analyst, putting him on the couch. And all the dialogue in those scenes comes off that tape."

Like the rough cut, the script usually went through half a dozen drafts or more. When Wolff had more or less satisfied himself, seven or eight people gathered in his office to hear him read the script against the film as it ran through the Moviola. Criticism was expected—on all grounds from artistry to veracity: a researcher was supposed to find a document supporting every statement. Wolff listened carefully to all objections and often stopped the film for a discussion, which might end with Faichney's serio-comic. "You're outvoted, boss."

"They call it democracy." Wolff said. "I call it anarchy. But I can't remember a time—not since the early days, anyway, when we were just getting to know each other—when I ever said. 'I'm the producer and this is the way it's got to be.' We've hammered everything out. When I wrote the script I needed someone to tell me. this stinks, because I was, in a way, abandoning my function as producer to write it. There were some films which Faichney edited and I wrote, and when we'd finished we'd run it for Poor, and we'd be hanging on his frown or smile, because he was the only one of us who could judge it."

Words and Music

Next to the film itself, Wolff considered the musical score the most important part of each show, and budgeted more money for music than for script (which is one of the reasons he wound up writing the scripts himself). NBC had hired Richard Rodgers to do the music for "Victory at Sea," with Robert Russell Bennett turning Rodgers' effort into a usable score. Wolff ran a competition among three widely respected American composers. The winner was Norman Dello Joio, whose orchestral scores have been played by most of the nation's major symphonies and whose opera, "The Trial at Rouen," was presented last year by the NBC Television Opera Theater.

Dello Joio had his own room in the "Air Power" offices, furnished with a desk, a Moviola, and an unlovely upright piano at which he could be heard picking and then pounding as he watched the film spin by. Since his score was not to run throughout the film, but to accentuate the impact of certain scenes, he couldn't get to work until editing and script were final. He and Wolff and Faichney would sit over the Westrex, choosing the scenes which wanted music to heighten their effect or establish their continuity. Music cannot be written in seven-second bursts, and Dello Joio would fight for time to "get in," time to "get out." He had to be very exact, because the music was to be recorded without his presence. Sometimes scenes would be recut or rearranged to give him development time.

Narrator for all the films was CBS announcer Walter Cronkite, who worked mostly in a New York studio, but was also ferried around Europe and Africa to appear before backgrounds appropriate to the films he would introduce. Wolff never let Cronkite see a film until after he had recorded the narration: "I wanted to be sure his tone would be completely neutral. he wouldn't be influenced by what went with the words."

The roars of sound for "Air Power" were contracted out to a young engineer supervised by Faichney and Poor. Voices for the airmen were recorded separately by actors, some of them quite prominent, gathered at minimum Equity rates from among Wolff's friends. Then. when all the separate sound tracks were done. Wolff. Faichney. Poor, and Dello Joio gathered in a big, lavish screening room at Reeves' Sound Studios to see what they had accomplished and to make a "mix" of the six or seven sound tracks. a final lock-up of the film.

Until this point. changes were relatively easy and relatively cheap to make; after the mix, any change would involve doing over almost the entire technical and laboratory job. Often it took an entire day for a half-hour film. And then the film was finished.

Satisfying the Brass

Except that a higher power might intervene. As a joint production of the United States Air Force and the Columbia Broadcasting System, each final film had to be approved *in toto* and in detail by high brass in both organizations. At the beginning there were liaison men from both in the "Air Power" offices. Not long after Wolff took over, the Air Force representative was transferred to London ("as far away." Faichney explained, "as we could decently arrange to have him sent"). but the CBS liaison man continued throughout the work, supervising the budget and making himself useful on the business end.

Political considerations were vital to the Air Force. Each film when finished had to be taken down to Washington. to be reviewed for accuracy by an Air Force historian, and for policy by a committee of thirteen colonels. Even if the colonels liked it, there might still be trouble with a general. Wolff remembers the Pentagon screening of "Strangle." a film about the Italian campaign. Wolff sat behind a general who had brought his wife to see the free movie. At the end, the general got up shaking his head and said. "It completely misrepresents the strategic spirit of the war in Italy." His wife had been crying through most of the film; she said, "Shut up, you son of a bitch."

The one serious altercation with the Air Force came at the very beginning, with the film about the raids on the oil refineries at Ploesti, the first show "Air Power" put in the can. Wolff had titled his original script "Ploesti—The Defeat of the American Air Force." It had not previously occurred to the Air Force that any of their television shows might be tragedies, and they shot "Ploesti" back with bitter comments. An objection of such gravity was outside Wolff's competence. He and his staff sat on the sidelines—collecting their salaries and planning for the future, but finishing no films—until CBS and the Air Force had reached a new agreement, which gave Wolff the desired freedom plus the

co-operation of a sympathetic combat airman with a strong sense of public relations, Colonel John C. Pitchford, who became chairman of the review board.

Pitchford came to New York one day a week, and called up three or four times a week, keeping steadily in touch with all developments.

With CBS relations were more formal. Wolff at the beginning had submitted a budget, which was accepted with some anguish. ("You know," said Sig Mickelson, with the air of a child who has been told over and over again that the world is round, not flat, "it's surprising, but it costs more to make a film from stock than to go out and shoot something new.") Thereafter his only regular contact with his employers was through the liaison man on his staff.

CBS did, of course, want to know what it was getting for its $1,000,000. When Wolff had finished his first four films he began showing them to executives of the public-affairs department, and to the salesmen who would try to find a sponsor for the series. Then, one morning when Wolff and Faichney were in Washington, the CBS telephone rang in the "Air Power" offices, and Peter Poor, as officer of the day, was ordered to bring the films to a studio that afternoon. William S. Paley, Chairman of the Board, wanted to see them.

Top television executives do not go to screening rooms to look at films; they sit in their own offices watching their television sets, on which the films appear via closed-circuit transmission. Poor crouched in the studio, alone with the engineers, and when all the films had been shown he had not the vaguest notion of their reception.

Soon, however, reactions began to appear, delivered by messengers. Wolff was told to watch out for his openings, because the television audience, according to the best research reports, decides whether to stay with a program or move on to another station during the first three minutes. The titles, which originally appeared against banks of clouds, were to have a new background; and the voices of soldiers and airmen on which Wolff had relied to tell much of his story were to be eliminated; Mr. Paley didn't like them.

Wolff was willing to change the title backgrounds, and to put as much zip as possible into his openings; but the use of voices rather than narration was basic to his conception of the series. He knew that the word passed finally to the creative personnel always represents some garbling of the original executive statement, because each subordinate must protect his superior and nobody dares request an explanation (for fear that the boss doesn't have one). He fought to find out what Paley had really said. It turned out that the criticism was specific rather than general. Paley had disliked the use of voices in a single scene in "The Winning of France."

"And, of course," Wolff said, shortly after the case had been marked Closed in everybody's files, "Paley was right. He was saying that I had overwritten the film. I probably could have accepted it more easily if it wasn't that everybody—Faichney, Poor, the guy who sweeps up the film from the workroom—had been telling me all along that I was overwriting. It's the writer's essential vice—he always feels he's got to express in words what the picture is expressing very well all by itself."

While Wolff was putting together his films, the CBS Sales Department was preparing a printed brochure about "Air Power"—its national importance, the enormous audience it could be expected to draw, its wonderful scenes, the amount of money it would cost an advertiser. (The brochure was full of pictures of Navy planes, which outraged the Air Force.) And in July of this year, a long, thin CBS salesman named Bob Livingston, who had been trying to sell a Skee Wolff show since the days when they were both with WBBM, Chicago, sold "Air Power" to the Prudential Life Insurance Company, to be slotted in the "You Are There" time at 6:30 Sunday nights, beginning on November 11.

Prudential paid about $675,000 for the twenty-six films, and CBS can count on recovering the rest of its costs by re-releasing the series—selling it to independent stations or even another network after the first run. Everyone was off the hook. Most important of all, the fear that "Air Power" might not make a splash commensurate with the work that had gone into it was removed. With the program presented weekly on 154 stations, thousands of Prudential agents spreading the word through their communities, CBS and Air Force public relations pulling in harness on the groaning chariot of publicity, "Air Power" would surely receive more attention than anything on TV—except a high-stake quiz show.

CBS has paid "Air Power" the ultimate compliment: it has budgeted another million dollars for another series of documentary films made from stock footage. And the "Air Power" films themselves will receive a kind of acclaim which has been given to nothing since "Victory at Sea," for war is one of the few subjects that fascinate intellectuals and the large audience alike. "Air Power" is inevitably better, as a job of documentary-making, than "Victory at Sea": Wolff says, "I built on what they did, and some day somebody else will build on me." Henry Salomon, producing "Victory at Sea," had established the clichés of the medium; Wolff could thereupon reject them.

In addition to his benefits from Salomon's pioneer work, Wolff had a more photogenic subject with a greater variety of incident to describe. But his task was more subtle. "Victory at Sea" was frankly a propaganda series for the Navy, produced by a man who had worked under Rear Admiral Samuel Eliot Morison in the naval historian's office. Wolff was an infantryman in the war, and his attitude toward the Air Force is essentially civilian, a mixture of admiration and anxiety.

The message he hoped to convey, under the straight narrative of the films themselves, was a delicate one; and his success in conveying it is a delicate question—one that can be answered only by the viewer who will see the films without hearing the message personally from their producer.

Exit the Talent

Wolff has been offered the production of the new documentary series but has turned it down; he is leaving television, at least temporarily, taking his family to Italy, where he hopes to sit still for a while, write one or more novels, and generally contemplate the world.

"I've given four years to television," he said recently. "and I'm not sure whether either television or myself has got much out of it. I'm not complaining about anything. But I remember Gertrude Stein saying that the problem with the movies was, there wasn't any garret. I was pretty impressed with that at the time, until I found out she hadn't seen a movie since 1926. But it's true of television—all those flat-roofed studios, no garret at all. No place for experimental work. They were still calling 'Adventure' experimental after I'd been producing it a year and a half. and I'd run out of ideas completely." Wolff stopped and thought for a moment.

"They make so much money in this business," he said.

Wolff's departure is a symbol of television's besetting difficulty: the growing shortage of talent. Among them, the three networks are on the air more than 12,000 hours a year. They use more copy than all the nation's mass-circulation magazines put together. more film than the movie industry, more actor-hours than the Broadway stage. They offer to talent—with considerable good will, too—an unapproachable opportunity and very good money. But they have failed to hold the allegiances of first-rate people. Hardly anybody says proudly, "I work in television"; the writers are novelists or playwrights, the actors are hanging on until a part opens up in a show, the producers and directors have their eyes on Hollywood.

The reasons for leaving are as varied as the individuals who leave. Some are offended by the ephemeral nature of the medium, by the fact that the result of their work is a single, brief appearance before an invisible audience. Some find it hard to be a cog in so large a wheel as a television network—even "Air Power," a major project, will represent only one per cent of CBS program production during the six months of its run. Some resent the restraints of advertising, or of the artificial code which says what can and what can't be put on a television screen, or of the rigid time limits (thirty, sixty, ninety minutes) into which their thoughts must be squeezed or stretched.

What drives away most of the talent that touches television, though, is the nature of the medium itself.

"My people," Wolff said, "are film people, not television people, and I've had to teach them that you can't put as many ideas per minute into a television film as you can into a film for a theater. People pay money to get into a movie house, they sit in a dark room and they come to give something; people who watch television just have a box in a corner, and all they want to do is take. They won't concentrate."

The television audience is amorphous, composed not of people interested in the subject but of people with nothing better to do at the moment; the television artist feels that the eyes watching him are essentially hostile.

Such an audience is inevitable when a show is aimed at so vast a public. A hit movie reaches perhaps twelve million Americans; a television show with twice that audience is only fairly successful. Only the pressure of a developing art form could make serious people seriously interested in presenting their

talents before so neutral a mass. And since it has no garret, television has no place where such pressure can be generated.

Public-affairs programs have been generally better than entertainment programs because they have been able to attract, on a full-time basis, a higher grade of talent. There is no other paying market for documentary films. But even here the blight is on the vine. Ed Murrow's commercial "Person to Person" has deprived the lesser ranks at CBS of their feeling that there was a man up top who cared deeply about the informational functions of television; Pat Weaver's dismissal from NBC is seen throughout the industry as a lowering of the relative prestige of imagination as against money. As the public-affairs departments become more important in network schedules there is a greater executive feeling that the programs should be made failure-proof in the commercial sense, by using old, well-tested ideas or employing "big names," whether or not their talents are suited to the subject. Nothing could be more depressing to the people who do the work.

Beneath this depression lies a fundamental philosophical failure: the inability of the networks to decide what the medium can add to the sum of human production. There has been much nonsense spoken about Frank Costello's hands or television's exposure of phoniness, much complaint that programs are somehow not "good" enough; but the only constructive theory offered from within the industry was that of Pat Weaver, who saw television as a "communications instrument." In Weaver's mind, television's highest value is that it can communicate all the products of all the arts, to an audience previously deprived of such stimuli.

This philosophy is widely admired in the industry, even by those who devoted years to fighting Weaver, and those who put in several days getting him to resign. But it has little appeal for talent. If television is merely a communications instrument, then the men who work in it are mere communicators; and you cannot get highly talented people to man a telephone switchboard, whatever wages you pay.

Literature and the Fine Arts

The writers of this section draw on their own experiences for their discussion of some important questions regarding literature and the arts. First H. L. Mencken describes his early formative experiences as a reader. The following three writers are concerned in part with attitudes toward literature and the arts. Sylvia Wright is concerned with the attitudes of the general public. Art, she argues, is not susceptible of statistical analysis or of second-hand explanation. Politicians, propagandists, all of us, must let art speak for itself. William Faulkner is concerned with the attitudes of the artist. The writer, he feels, must not

be content simply to report but must "help man endure by lifting his heart." Theodore Morrison is concerned with the attitudes of the critics. His "story" shows a series of critics each making his approach to a particular work of art—a poem. Implicit in the selections by Faulkner and Morrison are ideas about the nature of literature. In the two articles which follow, Alfred H. Barr, Jr., discusses the problem of understanding and appreciating modern painting, and Aaron Copland describes the process involved in creating music.

H. L. Mencken

LARVAL STAGE OF A BOOKWORM

A personal discovery

The first long story I ever read was "The Moose Hunters," a tale of the adventures of four half-grown boys in the woods of Maine, published in *Chatterbox* for 1887. *Chatterbox*, which now seems to be pretty well forgotten, was an English annual that had a large sale, in those days, in the American colonies, and "The Moose Hunters" seems to have been printed as a sort of sop or compliment to that trade, just as an English novelist of today lards his narrative with such cheery native bait as "waal, pardner," "you betcha" and "geminy-crickets." The rest of the 1887 issue was made up of intensely English stuff; indeed, it was so English that, reading it and looking at the woodcuts, I sucked in an immense mass of useless information about English history and the English scene, so that to this day I know more about Henry VIII and Lincoln Cathedral than I know about Millard Fillmore or the Mormon Temple at Salt Lake City.

"The Moose Hunters," which ran to the length of a full-length juvenile, was not printed in one gob, but spread through *Chatterbox* in installments. This was an excellent device, for literary fans in the youngest brackets do their reading slowly and painfully, and like to come up frequently for air. But writing down to them is something else again, and that error the anonymous author of "The Moose Hunters" avoided diligently. Instead, he wrote in the best journalese of the era, and treated his sixteen-year-old heroes precisely as if they were grown men. So I liked his story very much, and stuck to it until, in a series of perhaps twenty sessions, I had got it down.

This was in the Summer of 1888 and during hot weather, for I remember sitting with the volume on the high marble front steps of our house in Hollins street, in the quiet of approaching dusk, and hearing my mother's warnings that reading by failing light would ruin my eyes. The neighborhood apprentices to gang life went howling up and down the sidewalk, trying to lure me into their

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games of follow-your-leader and run-sheep-run, but I was not to be lured, for I had discovered a new realm of being and a new and powerful enchantment. What was follow-your-leader to fighting savage Canucks on the Little Magalloway river, and what was chasing imaginary sheep to shooting real meese? I was near the end of the story, with the Canucks all beaten off and two carcasses of gigantic meese hanging to trees, before the author made it clear to me that the word *moose* had no plural, but remained unchanged *ad infinitum*.

Such discoveries give a boy a considerable thrill, and augment his sense of dignity. It is no light matter, at eight, to penetrate suddenly to the difference between *to*, *two* and *too*, or to that between *run* in baseball and *run* in topographical science, or *cats* and *Katz*. The effect is massive and profound, and at least comparable to that which flows, in later life, out of filling a royal flush or debauching the wife of a major-general of cavalry. I must have made some effort to read *Chatterbox* at the time my Grandmother Mencken gave it to me, which was at Christmas, 1887, but for a while it was no go. I could spell out the shorter pieces at the bottoms of columns, but the longer stories were only jumbles of strange and baffling words. But then, as if by miracle, I found suddenly that I could read them, so I tackled "The Moose Hunters" at once, and stuck to it to the end. There were still, of course, many hard words, but they were no longer insurmountable obstacles. If I staggered and stumbled somewhat, I nevertheless hung on, and by the Fourth of July, 1888, I had blooded my first book.

An interval of rough hunting followed in Hollins street and the adjacent alleys, with imaginary Indians, robbers and sheep and very real tomcats as the quarry. Also, I was introduced to chewing tobacco by the garbageman, who passed me his plug as I lay on the roof of the ash-shed at the end of the backyard, watching him at his public-spirited work. If he expected me to roll off the roof, clutching at my midriff, he was fooled, for I managed to hold on until he was out of sight, and I was only faintly dizzy even then. Again, I applied myself diligently to practicing leap-frog with my brother Charlie, and to mastering the rules of top-spinning, catty and one-two-three. I recall well how it impressed me to learn that, by boys' law, every new top had to have a license burned into it with a red-hot nail, and that no strange boy on the prowl for loot, however black-hearted, would venture to grab a top so marked. That discovery gave me a sense of the majesty of the law which still sustains me, and I always take off my hat when I meet a judge—if, of course, it is in any place where a judge is not afraid to have his office known.

But pretty soon I was again feeling the powerful suction of beautiful letters—so strange, so thrilling, and so curiously suggestive of the later suction of amour—, and before Chistmas I was sweating through the translation of Grimms' Fairy Tales that had been bestowed upon me, "for industry and good deportment," at the closing exercises of F. Knapp's Institute on June 28. This volume had been put into lame, almost pathological English by a lady translator, and my struggles with it awoke in me the first faint gutterings of the critical faculty. Just what was wrong with it I couldn't, of course, make out, for

my gifts had not yet flowered, but I was acutely and unhappily conscious that it was much harder going than "The Moose Hunters," and after a month or so of unpleasantly wrestling with it I put it on the shelf. There it remained for more than fifty years. Indeed, it was not until the appearance of "Snow White" as a movie that I took it down and tried it again, and gagged at it again.

The second experiment convinced me that the fault, back in 1888, must have been that of either the brothers Grimm or their lady translator, but I should add that there was also some apparent resistant within my own psyche. I was born, in truth, without any natural taste for fairy tales, or, indeed, for any other writing of a fanciful and unearthly character. The fact explains, I suppose, my lifelong distrust of poetry, and may help to account for my inability to memorize even a few stanzas of it at school. It probably failed to stick in my mind simply because my mind rejected it as nonsense—sometimes, to be sure, very jingly and juicy nonsense, but still only nonsense. No doubt the same infirmity was responsible for the feebleness of my appetite for the hortatory and incredible juvenile fiction fashionable in my nonage—the endless works of Oliver Optic, Horatio Alger, Harry Castlemon and so on. I tried this fiction more than once, for some of the boys I knew admired it vastly, but I always ran aground in it. So far as I can recall, I never read a single volume of it to the end, and most of it finished me in a few pages.

What I disliked about it I couldn't have told you then, and I can account for my aversion even now only on the theory that I appear to have come into the world with a highly literal mind, geared well enough to take in overt (and usually unpleasant) facts, but very ill adapted to engulfing the pearls of the imagination. All such pearls tend to get entangled in my mental *vibrissae*, and the effort to engulf them is as disagreeable to me as listening to a sermon or reading an editorial in a second-rate (or even first-rate) newspaper. I was a grown man, and far gone in sin, before I ever brought myself to tackle "Alice in Wonderland," and even then I made some big skips, and wondered sadly how and why such feeble jocosity had got so high a reputation. I am willing to grant that it must be a masterpiece, as my betters allege—but not to *my* taste, not for *me*. To the present moment I can't tell you what is in any of the other juvenile best-sellers of my youth, of moral and sociological hallucination all compact, just as I can't tell you what is in the Bhagavad-Gita (which Will Levington Comfort urged me to read in 1912 or thereabout), or in the works of Martin Tupper, or in the report of Vassar Female College for 1865. I tried dime-novels once, encouraged by a boy who aspired to be a train-robber, but they only made me laugh. At a later time, discovering the pseudo-scientific marvels of Jules Verne, I read his whole canon, and I recall also sweating through a serial in a boys' weekly called *Golden Days*, but this last dealt likewise with *savants* and their prodigies, and was no more a juvenile, as juveniles were then understood, than "Ten Thousand Leagues Under the Sea."

But before you set me down a prig, let me tell you the rest of it. That rest of it is my discovery of "Huckleberry Finn," probably the most stupendous event of my whole life. The time was the early part of 1889, and I wandered into

Paradise by a kind of accident. Itching to exercise my newly acquired art of reading, and with "The Moose Hunters" exhausted and Grimms' Fairy Tales playing me false, I began exploring the house for print. The Baltimore *Sunpaper* and *Evening News*, which came in daily, stumped me sadly, for they were full of political diatribes in the fashion of the time, and I knew no more about politics than a chimpanzee. My mother's long file of *Godey's Lady's Book* and her new but growing file of the *Ladies' Home Journal* were worse, for they dealt gloomily with cooking, etiquette, the policing of children, and the design and construction of millinery, all of them sciences that still baffle me. Nor was there any pabulum for me in the hired girl's dog's-eared files of *Bow Bells* and the *Fireside Companion*, the first with its ghastly woodcuts of English milkmaids in bustles skedaddling from concupiscent baronets in frock-coats and corkscrew mustaches. So I gradually oscillated, almost in despair, toward the old-fashioned secretary in the sitting-room, the upper works of which were full of dismal volumes in the black cloth and gilt stamping of the era. I had often eyed them from afar, wondering how long it would be before I would be ripe enough to explore them. Now I climbed up on a chair, and began to take them down.

They had been assembled by my father, whose taste for literature in its purer states was of generally low order of visibility. Had he lived into the days of my practice as a literary critic, I daresay he would have been affected almost as unpleasantly as if I had turned out a clergyman, or a circus clown, or a labor leader. He read every evening after dinner, but it was chiefly newspapers that he read, for the era was one of red-hot politics, and he was convinced that the country was going to Hell. Now and then he took up a book, but I found out long afterward that it was usually some pamphlet on the insoluble issues of the hour, say "Looking Backward," or "If Christ Came to Chicago," or "Life Among the Mormons." These works disquieted him, and he naturally withheld them from his innocent first-born. Moreover, he was still unaware that I could read —that is, fluently, glibly, as a pleasure rather than a chore, in the manner of grown-ups.

Nevertheless, he had managed somehow to bring together a far from contemptible collection of books, ranging from a set of Chambers' Encyclopedia in five volumes, bound in leather like the Revised Statutes, down to "Atlantis: the Antediluvian World," by Ignatius Donnelly, and "Around the World in the Yacht *Sunbeam*." It included a two-volume folio of Shakespeare in embossed morocco, with fifty-odd steel plates, that had been taken to the field in the Civil War by "William H. Abercrombie, 1st Lieut. Company H, 6th Regiment, Md. Vol. Inftr.," and showed a corresponding dilapidation. Who this gallant officer was I don't know, or whether he survived the carnage, or how his cherished text of the Bard ever fell into my father's hands. Also, there were Dickens in three thick volumes, George Eliot in three more, and William Carleton's Irish novels in a third three. Again, there were "Our Living World," by the Rev. J. G. Woods; "A History of the War For the Union," by E. A. Duyckinck; "Our Country," by Benson J. Lossing, LL.D., and "A Pictorial History of the World's Great Nations From the Earliest Dates to the Present Time," by

Charlotte M. Yonge—all of them likewise in threes, folio, with lavish illustrations on steel, stone and wood, and smelling heavily of the book-agent. Finally, there were forty or fifty miscellaneous books, among them, as I recall, "Peculiarities of American Cities," by Captain Willard Glazier; "Our Native Land," by George T. Ferris; "A Compendium of Forms," by one Glaskell; "Adventures Among Cannibals" (with horrible pictures of missionaries being roasted, boiled and fried), "Uncle Remus," "Ben Hur," "Peck's Bad Boy," "The Adventures of Baron Münchhausen," "One Thousand Proofs That the Earth Is Not a Globe" (by a forgotten Baltimore advanced thinker named Carpenter), and a deadly-looking "History of Freemasonry in Maryland," by Brother Edward T. Schultz, 32°, in five coal-black volumes.

I leave the best to the last. All of the above, on my first exploration, repelled and alarmed me; indeed, I have never read some of them to this day. But among them, thumbing round, I found a series of eight or ten volumes cheek by jowl, and it appeared on investigation that the whole lot had been written by a man named Mark Twain. I had heard my father mention this gentleman once or twice in talking to my mother, but I had no idea who he was or what he had done: he might have been, for all I knew, a bartender, a baseball-player, or one of the boozy politicoes my father was always meeting in Washington. But here was evidence that he was a man who wrote books, and I noted at once that the pictures in those books were not of the usual funereal character, but light, loose and lively. So I proceeded with my inquiry, and in a little while I had taken down one of them, a green quarto, sneaked it to my bedroom, and stretched out on my bed to look into it. It was, as smarties will have guessed by now, "Huckleberry Finn."

If I undertook to tell you the effect it had upon me my talk would sound frantic, and even delirious. Its impact was genuinely terrific. I had not gone further than the first incomparable chapter before I realized, child though I was, that I had entered a domain of new and gorgeous wonders, and thereafter I pressed on steadily to the last word. My gait, of course, was still slow, but it became steadily faster as I proceeded. As the blurbs on the slip-covers of murder mysteries say, I simply couldn't put the book down. After dinner that evening, braving a possible uproar, I took it into the family sitting-room, and resumed it while my father searched the *Evening News* hopefully for reports of the arrest, clubbing and hanging of labor leaders. Anon, he noticed what I was at, and demanded to know the name of the book I was reading. When I held up the green volume his comment was "Well, I'll be durned!"

I sensed instantly that there was no reproof in this, but a kind of shy rejoicing. Then he told me that he had once been a great reader of Mark Twain himself —in his younger days. He had got hold of all the volumes as they came out—"The Innocents" in 1869, when he was still a boy himself; "Roughing It" in 1872, "The Gilded Age" in 1873, "Tom Sawyer" in 1876, "A Tramp Abroad" in 1880, the year of my birth, and so on down to date. (All these far from pristine firsts are still in the Biblioteca Menckeniana in Hollins street, minus a few that were lent to neighbor boys and never returned, and had to be

replaced.) My father read them in the halcyon days before children, labor troubles and Grover Cleveland had begun to frazzle him, and he still got them down from the shelf on quiet evenings, after the first-named were packed off to bed. But a man of advancing years and cares had to consider also the sorrows of the world, and so he read in Mark less than aforetime.

As for me, I proceeded to take the whole canon at a gulp—and presently gagged distressfully. "Huckleberry Finn," of course, was as transparent to a boy of eight as to a man of eighty, and almost as pungent and exhilarating, but there were passages in "A Tramp Abroad" that baffled me, and many more in "The Innocents," and a whole swarm in "A Gilded Age." I well recall wrestling with the woodcut by W. F. Brown on page 113 of the "Tramp." It shows five little German girls swinging on a heavy chain stretched between two stone posts on a street in Heilbronn, and the legend under it is "Generations of Bare Feet." That legend is silly, for all the girls have shoes on, but what puzzled me about it was something quite different. It was a confusion between the word *generation* and the word *federation*, which latter was often in my father's speech in those days, for the American Federation of Labor had got under way only a few years before, and was just beginning in earnest to harass and alarm employers. Why I didn't consult the dictionary (or my mother, or my father himself) I simply can't tell you. At eight or nine, I suppose, intelligence is no more than a small spot of light on the floor of a large and murky room. So instead of seeking help I passed on, wondering idiotically what possible relation there could be between a gang of little girls in pigtails and the Haymarket anarchists, and it was six or seven years later before the "Tramp" became clear to me, and began to delight me.

It then had the curious effect of generating in me both a great interest in Germany and a vast contempt for the German language. I was already aware, of course, that the Mencken family was of German origin, for my Grandfather Mencken, in his care for me as *Stammhalter*, did not neglect to describe eloquently its past glories at the German universities, and to expound its connections to the most remote degrees. But my father, who was only half German, had no apparent interest in either the German land or its people, and when he spoke of the latter at all, which was not often, it was usually in sniffish terms. He never visited Germany, and never signified any desire to do so, though I recall my mother suggesting, more than once, that a trip there would be swell. It was "A Tramp Abroad" that made me German-conscious, and I still believe that it is the best guidebook to Germany ever written. Today, of course, it is archaic, but it was still reliable down to 1910, when I made my own first trip. The uproarious essay on "The Awful German Language," which appears at the end of it as an appendix, worked the other way. That is to say, it confirmed my growing feeling, born of my struggles with the conjugations and declensions taught at F. Knapp's Institute, that German was an irrational and even insane tongue, and not worth the sufferings of a freeborn American. These diverse impressions have continued with me ever since. I am still convinced that Germany, in the intervals of peace, is the most pleasant country to travel in ever

heard of, and I am still convinced that the German language is of a generally preposterous and malignant character.

"Huck," of course, was my favorite, and I read it over and over. In fact, I read it regularly not less than annually down to my forties, and only a few months ago I hauled it out and read it once more—and found it as magnificent as ever.

Sylvia Wright

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS, CULTURE, AND THE CARTHAGINIANS

During the war, when writers in the Office of War Information had to explain the difficulties of supplying our armies, they used the following statistic: "It takes one ton of equipment to land an American soldier in the European battle zone, and seven tons a month to keep him fighting."

This compact and handy fact soon came so trippingly from various typewriters that one editor used to comment somberly. "Here comes old one-ton-seven-tons again." Old one-ton-seven-tons was one of many, including "One-third of America's manpower is woman power" (war production) and "From Guadalcanal to Tokyo is six times the distance from Paris to Berlin."

In recent months I have been working for the State Department as an editor of a booklet called *The Arts in the United States*, for distribution overseas under the information program. Again I tapped a mine of neat, self-contained facts that come easily to the typewriter—this time not about war but about American culture. In the field of music, for example: "Since 1936, there has been an enormous increase in the number of summer music schools and music festivals in the United States." (I am ashamed to say that the word "burgeon" often creeps in.) "During twenty years at the Eastman School Festival of American Music, 900 orchestral works by more than 100 American composers have been played."

The elemental and classic quote in this galaxy was used by Frederick Lewis Allen in an article called "The Spirit of the Times" in the July issue of *Harper's:* "In 1900 there were only a handful of symphony orchestras in the country; by May 1951 there were 659 'symphonic groups'—including 52 professional, 343 community, 231 college, and a scattering of miscellaneous amateur groups. Fifteen hundred American cities and towns now support annual series of concerts."

I could give you similar meaningful facts about American literature, painting, and the other arts.

If you write propaganda you need facts like these, and it can't be helped if they become clichés. It can't be helped either if things are always entering the

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main stream of American culture or some American art form is always coming of age. American literature has come of age at least four separate times—which reminds me again of the old OWI, where there were four different turning points for the Second World War.

In putting together a booklet on the arts in the United States, the Division of Publications of the State Department was moved by the worthy ambition of correcting some false impressions and convincing the outside world that we *are* a cultured people—traditional European belief, the wails of our avant-garde, and the general appearance of things to the contrary notwithstanding. What more natural than to describe an increasing interest in the arts all over the country, the huge new audience for classic ballet, the new audience for artistic films, and even, on the basis of Gian-Carlo Menotti's television opera "Amahl and the Night Visitors," to hold out hope for television as the source of a huge new audience for opera?

This is the "659-symphonic-groups" approach to American culture. I think it's just, it's dignified, it's worthy, and I don't like it.

At one point when my colleagues and I despaired of producing a booklet that would be anything but boring in the face of this approach, we decided to be Frenchmen producing a propaganda booklet on the arts in France. It was a breeze. Outside pressure prevented us from arriving at a complete table of contents, but it contained something like the following: at least one article on the philosophy of fashion; a hitherto unpublished and startling set of limericks from recently unearthed notebooks of a late great French savant; a lyrically written article called "The Morality of Evil," on the beauty of early morning in the red-light district of Paris (this was composed by a new fifteen-year-old writer in the jail where he was serving a term for peddling dope and was illustrated by Brassai or Cartier-Bresson photographs); somewhere in the book there was, of course, a full-page photograph of Jean Cocteau's hands; the lead article, by Sartre and entitled "*L'Etre, ce n'est pas moi,*" announced that Sartre had ceased to exist and was therefore repudiating existentialism.

You see what I mean. There were no statistics, nothing about how the population loved art, nothing about little orchestras sawing away in remote *départements*. The French booklet took for granted that France had culture and dealt with specific products—the work of artists.

Mr. Allen of *Harper's*, like the State Department, prefers the symphonic approach. He takes a comparison from the late President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard between the civilization of Greece, which influenced the whole world because the Greeks respected learning, philosophy, and the arts, and Carthage, which had no influence at all because its civilization was purely commercial. Mr. Allen sets out to prove that the United States is not a Carthage, that although we are not as religious as our ancestors, we have a new sort of morality that is not entirely to be sneezed at, and that many of us Americans are constantly busy with cultural activities of all kinds.

Now, about the Carthaginians. They were deeply religious in their own peculiar way—probably more so than we are—and there were a number of

well-educated and able Carthaginians like Hannibal. But as a whole they concentrated their energy on trading all over the Mediterranean, and their education, designed to promote money-making, emphasized handwriting, arithmetic, and bookkeeping. In short, they had no culture.

But the real reason Carthage made little mark on history is not that the Carthaginians were a money-grubbing lot, but that in seven hundred years they produced only three or four good writers—and the magnum opus of one of these was a twenty-eight-volume work on animal husbandry. My own hunch is that most of the people who could write spent their time turning out propaganda pamphlets for the Romans, the Libyans, and the Numidians: "It takes one elephant to get a Carthaginian soldier to Italy, and seven elephants a month to keep him fighting"; "Carthaginians attend at least three hundred lectures on cultural subjects every year"; "Fifty thousand Carthaginians study the lyre and the flute"; "Although respect for the gods isn't as great as it was in the time of Hanno, still, during the past year twenty-seven new temples were built and four thousand aristocratic children under the age of six were sacrificed to Moloch."

The Roman reaction to this kind of thing was to announce at regular intervals that Carthage must be destroyed.

Leaving the Carthaginians out of it, it is something new to describe a country's civilization in terms of the number of people engaged in cultural activities. I've never heard how many Elizabethans sang in amateur madrigal groups or put on experimental masques in small community theaters all over England. When I went to college, we learned about the great artists of the Elizabethan period. We did hear that Shakespeare always drew large audiences, but I don't remember figures on the study groups of farmers and workers who met to discuss the plays. In fact, from some of the descriptions, Shakespeare's audiences sound pretty uncultured.

How do you determine how cultured a population at large is, and who cares? Worrying about your culture is dangerous: You can get sacred and mystical, and then you are in the soup. (See Germany.) The only other country I can think of which gets so upset about its culture is the Soviet Union, where, as various commentators have pointed out, everyone rushes to clean up washrooms, speak politely, and produce more tanks if his behavior is criticized as "*nyet kulturni*." I could make out an argument (but I won't) that in emphasizing our culture, the State Department is being un-American.

In a thousand or two thousand or three thousand years, what historian of civilization will care that we played in 659 "symphonic groups," in one year, bought 231 million pocket books (including 350,000 copies of the Odyssey), and visited art museums fifty million strong, if he possesses one recording of *Appalachian Spring*, one copy of *The Wild Palms*, a Cummings poem, or a Marin water color?

Propaganda writers are supposed to project American democracy, so perhaps it is natural that they should talk about the arts in terms of the largest group

of people involved—the audience. But this is like talking about swimming the English Channel in terms of the number of minnows frightened by the swimmer. Art has nothing to do with large groups of people. It is lonely, ruthless, and ademocratic. We have a tradition that any American boy can be President. We should call a halt before we find ourselves believing that any American boy can be Hemingway. One is plenty.

But it is true that if he is called on to talk about the artists themselves, the propaganda writer is in trouble. "What are their politics?" demands a Congressman or one of the several security agencies set up to screen material before it gets to the point where Congress can leap on it. While those Congressmen who get artists—particularly abstract ones—mixed up with Communists are relatively few, their influence, which is out of all proportion to their number, permeates the minds of government workers with doubt and fear, and forces them to confine American art to those artists who have never signed a petition, made an ill-advised statement, written an ill-advised letter to the newspapers, or loved a doubtful friend.

Artists who have never done any of these things are either half dead or wholly dead, in which case they are considered O.K. to write about. For example, it is much easier to compose a State Department booklet on American painting of the nineteenth century than that of the twentieth. Thomas Eakins never had a chance to belong to an organization on the Attorney General's list, or Albert Ryder to sign a petition for sending aid to Loyalist Spain. The mind boggles at what Whitman, if he were alive today, might have involved himself in. But he's dead, so he can be the father of modern American poetry. It is obvious why propaganda writers head for those "symphonic groups" like homing pigeons. (Query from the State Department editor: "Could you change the pigeons? In translation, it might come out as a reference to That Dove.")

But in the end even the Congressman will not be soothed or enlightened by reading about how cultured we are as a nation. If you give him statistics, he will say, "Fine, we have all the culture Europe has, and we have a lot of other things besides." He will be quite happy until he hears the community symphonic group playing something by Henry Cowell or John Cage, and then he will start looking up the conductor in a list of subversives. All that can be done about him is to throw as much straight art as possible at him. In time he may realize that it is profoundly more subversive than even he thought, but perhaps he will also realize that in a free country it doesn't matter.

When I suggest that we should talk more about our artists and less about our cultured population, it is clear that I think our artists are doing all right, and that some of them are superb. A good many better-qualified people don't agree. Artists today in America, they say, are in despair. The gilt is off the gingerbread and there is no God. Well, artists are frequently in despair, usually because they can't get on with the next chapter, and a cheery, cultured attitude on the part of the rest of the population isn't going to make them do anything

but snarl. Besides, while despair may not be a fruitful state for a non-artist, it can be fruitful for an artist, who must know as much as possible about all emotions.

The strongest argument against what I am saying is that a cultured population is important because it is the seed bed for artists. A learned and brilliant case could be made for this, but I am not sure that it is valid. Many critics have outlined the conditions under which art can and does blossom. Yet the arrival of an artist remains something unpredictable. He is an inexplicable and unexpected gift of God, a man of unusual talent and insight. of course, but, perhaps more important, of unusual energy, for this makes him able to carry through the most heartbreakingly difficult work in the world. Symphonic groups cannot distract him nor mass culture harm, for he is looking in another direction, into himself for the thing which is peculiarly his and which he must draw painfully up, like a heavy anchor out of a sea fathoms deep. There is no way the rest of us can help him except by leaving him alone, and yet we must ceaselessly hunt him down in order to find out what he has to tell us. In the modern world, there may be no God visible. but if He is here, the artist will see Him.

What the artist produces is particular to his time and place, and yet it is also what all the propaganda writers are looking for and wish were theirs, a true Esperanto, the only language which crosses national boundaries and which can be understood by men in all countries. From it the rest of the world will learn far more about the United States than from statistics about symphonic groups. Let us export our music, our painting. and our literature and forget about the advertising leaflets and preliminary selling copy. It is both logical and practical to do so, because, being international. our art is the most easily exportable product we manufacture. The thread gauges of art are the same all over the world. Artists use only one system of measurement.

William Faulkner

THE WRITER'S DUTY

I feel that this award was not made to me as a man but to my work—a life's work in the agony and sweat of the human spirit, not for glory and least of all for profit, but to create out of the materials of the human spirit something which did not exist before. So this award is only mine in trust. It will not be difficult to find a dedication for the money part of it commensurate with the purpose and significance of its origin. But I would like to do the same with the acclaim too, by using this moment as a pinnacle from which I might be listened

Upon receiving the Nobel Prize, Stockholm, December 10, 1950. Courtesy of Random House, Inc.

to by the young men and women already dedicated to the same anguish and travail, among whom is already that one who will someday stand here where I am standing.

Our tragedy today is a general and universal physical fear so long sustained by now that we can even bear it. There are no longer problems of the spirit. There is only the question: When will I be blown up? Because of this, the young man or woman writing today has forgotten the problems of the human heart in conflict with itself which alone can make good writing because only that is worth writing about, worth the agony and the sweat.

He must learn them again. He must teach himself that the basest of all things is to be afraid; and, teaching himself that, forget it forever, leaving no room in his workshop for anything but the old verities and truths of the heart, the old universal truths lacking which any story is ephemeral and doomed—love and honor and pity and pride and compassion and sacrifice. Until he does so he labors under a curse. He writes not of love but of lust, of defeats in which nobody loses anything of value, of victories without hope and worst of all without pity or compassion. His griefs grieve on no universal bones, leaving no scars. He writes not of the heart but of the glands.

Until he relearns these things he will write as though he stood among and watched the end of man. I decline to accept the end of man. It is easy enough to say that man is immortal simply because he will endure; that when the last ding-dong of doom has clanged and faded from the last worthless rock hanging tideless in the last red and dying evening, that even then there will still be one more sound: that of his puny inexhaustible voice, still talking. I refuse to accept this. I believe that man will not merely endure: he will prevail. He is immortal, not because he alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice, but because he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance. The poet's, the writer's, duty is to write about these things. It is his privilege to help man endure by lifting his heart, by reminding him of the courage and honor and hope and pride and compassion and pity and sacrifice which have been the glory of his past. The poet's voice need not merely be the record of man, it can be one of the props, the pillars to help him endure and prevail.

Matthew Arnold

DOVER BEACH[1]

The sea is calm tonight,
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits;—on the French coast the light

1. This poem is the subject of the literary criticisms presented in the article which follows.

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,
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.

Told though it is in the form of a story, this interesting magazine article is in fact a shrewd commentary upon different kinds of literary criticism. Because it is at times less explicit than magazine articles usually are, the reader needs to note particularly its implications.

Theodore Morrison

DOVER BEACH REVISITED

Early in the year 1939 a certain Professor of Educational Psychology, occupying a well-paid chair at a large endowed university, conceived a plot. From his desk in the imposing Hall of the Social Sciences where the Research Institute in Education was housed he had long burned with resentment against teachers of literature, especially against English departments. It seemed to him that the professors of English stood square across the path of his major professional ambition. His great desire in life was to introduce into the study, the teaching, the critical evaluation of literature some of the systematic method, some of the "objective procedure" as he liked to call it, some of the certainty of result which he believed to be characteristic of the physical sciences. "You make such a fetish of science," a colleague once said to him, "why aren't you a chemist?"—a question that annoyed him deeply.

If such a poem as Milton's "Lycidas" has a value—and most English teachers, even to-day, would start with that as a cardinal fact—then that value must be measurable and expressible in terms that do not shift and change from moment to moment and person to person with every subjective whim. They would agree, these teachers of literature, these professors of English, that the value of the poem is in some sense objective; they would never agree to undertake any objective procedure to determine what that value is. They would not clearly define what they meant by achievement in the study of literature, and they bridled and snorted when anyone else attempted to define it. He remembered what had happened when he had once been incautious enough to suggest to a professor of English in his own college that it might be possible to establish norms for the appreciation of Milton. The fellow had simply exploded into a peal of histrionic laughter and then had tried to wither him with an equally histrionic look of incredulity and disgust.

He would like to see what would happen if the teachers of English were forced or lured, by some scheme or other, into a public exposure of their position. It would put them in the light of intellectual charlatanism, nothing less . . . and suddenly Professor Chartly (for so he was nicknamed) began to see his way.

It was a simple plan that popped into his head, simple yet bold and practical. It was a challenge that could not be refused. A strategically placed friend in one of the large educational foundations could be counted on: there would be money for clerical expenses, for travel if need be. He took his pipe from his pocket, filled it, and began to puff exultantly. Tomorrow he must broach the

From *Harper's Magazine*, February 1940. Reprinted by permission of Theodore Morrison. 726

scheme to one or two colleagues; to-night, over cheese and beer, would not be too soon. He reached for the telephone.

The plan that he unfolded to his associates that evening aroused considerable skepticism at first, but gradually they succumbed to his enthusiasm. A number of well-known professors of literature at representative colleges up and down the land would be asked to write a critical evaluation of a poem prominent enough to form part of the standard reading in all large English courses. They would be asked to state the criteria on which they based their judgment. When all the answers had been received the whole dossier would be sent to a moderator, a trusted elder statesman of education, known everywhere for his dignity, liberality of intelligence, and long experience. He would be asked to make a preliminary examination of all the documents and to determine from the point of view of a teacher of literature whether they provided any basis for a common understanding. The moderator would then forward all the documents to Professor Chartly, who would make what in his own mind he was frank to call a more scientific analysis. Then the jaws of the trap would be ready to spring.

Once the conspirators had agreed on their plot their first difficulty came in the choice of a poem. Suffice it to say that someone eventually hit on Arnold's "Dover Beach," and the suggestion withstood all attack. "Dover Beach" was universally known, almost universally praised; it was remote enough so that contemporary jealousies and cults were not seriously involved, yet near enough not to call for any special expertness, historical or linguistic, as a prerequisite for judgment; it was generally given credit for skill as a work of art, yet it contained also, in its author's own phrase, a "criticism of life."

Rapidly in the days following the first meeting the representative teachers were chosen and invited to participate in the plan. Professional courtesy seemed to require the inclusion of an Arnold expert. But the one selected excused himself from producing a value judgment of "Dover Beach" on the ground that he was busy investigating a fresh clue to the identity of "Marguerite." He had evidence that the woman in question, after the episode hinted at in the famous poems, had married her deceased sister's husband, thus perhaps affecting Arnold's views on a social question about which he had said a good deal in his prose writings. The expert pointed out that he had been given a half-year's leave of absence and a research grant to pursue the shadow of Marguerite through Europe, wherever it might lead him. If only war did not break out he hoped to complete this research and solve one of the vexing problems that had always confronted Arnold's biographers. His energies would be too much engaged in this special investigation to deal justly with the more general questions raised by Professor Chartly's invitation. But he asked to be kept informed, since the results of the experiment could not fail to be of interest to him.

After a few hitches and delays from other quarters, the scheme was ripe. The requests were mailed out, and the Professor of Educational Psychology sat back in grim confidence to await the outcome.

II

It chanced that the first of the representative teachers who received and answered Professor Chartly's letter was thought of on his own campus as giving off a distinct though not unpleasant odor of the ivory tower. He would have resented the imputation himself. At forty-five Bradley Dewing was handsome in a somewhat speciously virile style, graying at the temples, but still well-knit and active. He prided himself on being able to beat most of his students at tennis; once a year he would play the third or fourth man on the varsity and go down to creditable defeat with some elegiac phrases on the ravages of time. He thought of himself as a man of the world; it was well for his contentment, which was seldom visibly ruffled, that he never heard the class mimic reproducing at a fraternity house or beer parlor his manner of saying: "After all, gentlemen, it is pure poetry that lasts. We must never forget the staying power of pure art." The class mimic never represents the whole of class opinion, but he can usually make everyone within earshot laugh.

Professor Dewing could remember clearly what his own teachers had said about "Dover Beach" in the days when he was a freshman in college himself, phrases rounded with distant professional unction: faith and doubt in the Victorian era; disturbing influence of Darwin on religious belief; Browning the optimist; Tennyson coming up with firm faith after a long struggle in the waters of doubt; Matthew Arnold, prophet of skepticism. How would "Dover Beach" stack up now as a poem? Pull Arnold down from the shelf and find out.

Ah, yes, how the familiar phrases came back. The sea is calm, the tide is full, the cliffs of England stand. . . . And then the lines he particularly liked:

> Come to the window, sweet is the night air!
> Only, from the long line of spray
> Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd 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 . . .

Good poetry, that! No one could mistake it. Onomatopoeia was a relatively cheap effect most of the time. Poe, for instance: "And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain." Anyone could put a string of s's together and make them rustle. But these lines in "Dover Beach" were different. The onomatopoeia was involved in the whole scene, and it in turn involved the whole rhythmical movement of the verse, not the mere noise made by the consonants or vowels as such. The pauses—only, listen, draw back, fling, begin, cease—how they infused a subdued melancholy into the moonlit panorama at the same time that they gave it the utmost physical reality by suggesting the endless iteration of the waves! And then the phrase "With tremulous cadence

slow" coming as yet one more touch, one "fine excess," when it seemed that every phrase and pause the scene could bear had already been lavished on it: that was Miltonic, Virgilian.

But the rest of the poem?

> The Sea of Faith
> Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
> Lay like the folds or a bright girdle furl'd . . .

Of course Arnold had evoked the whole scene only to bring before us this metaphor of faith in its ebb-tide. But that did not save the figure from triteness and from an even more fatal vagueness. Everything in second-rate poetry is compared to the sea: love is as deep, grief as salty, passion as turbulent. The sea may look like a bright girdle sometimes, though Professor Dewing did not think it particularly impressive to say so. And in what sense is *faith* a bright girdle? Is it the function of faith to embrace, to bind, to hold up a petticoat, or what? And what is the faith that Arnold has in mind? The poet evokes no precise concept of it. He throws us the simple undifferentiated word, unites its loose emotional connotations with those of the sea, and leaves the whole matter there. And the concluding figure of "Dover Beach":

> . . . we are here as on a darkling plain
> Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
> Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Splendid in itself, this memorable image. But the sea had been forgotten now; the darkling plain had displaced the figure from which the whole poem tacitly promised to evolve. It would not have been so if John Donne had been the craftsman. A single bold yet accurate analogy, with constantly developing implications, would have served him for the whole poem.

Thus mused Professor Dewing, the lines of his verdict taking shape in his head. A critic of poetry of course was not at liberty to pass judgment on a poet's thought; he could only judge whether in treating of the thought or sensibility he had received from his age, the poet had produced a satisfactory work of art. Arnold, Professor Dewing felt, had not been able to escape from the didactic tone or from a certain commonness and vagueness of expression. With deep personal misgivings about his position in a world both socially and spiritually barbarous, he had sought an image for his emotion, and had found it in the sea —a natural phenomenon still obscured by the drapings of conventional beauty and used by all manner of poets to express all manner of feelings. "Dover Beach" would always remain notable, Professor Dewing decided, as an expression of Victorian sensibility. It contained lines of ever memorable poetic skill. But it could not, he felt, be accepted as a uniformly satisfactory example of poetic art.

III

It was occasionally a source of wonder to those about him just why Professor Oliver Twitchell spent so much time and eloquence urging that man's lower nature must be repressed. his animal instincts kept in bounds by the exertion of the higher will. To the casual observer, Professor Twitchell himself did not seem to possess much animal nature. It seemed incredible that a desperate struggle with powerful bestial passions might be going on at any moment within his own slight frame, behind his delicate white face in which the most prominent feature was the octagonal glasses that focused his eyes on the outside world. Professor Twitchell was a good deal given to discipleship but not much to friendship. He had himself been a disciple of the great Irving Babbitt. and he attracted a small number of disciples among his own more earnest students. But no one knew him well. Only one of his colleagues, who took a somewhat sardonic interest in the mysteries of human nature, possessed a possible clue to the origin of his efforts to repress man's lower nature and vindicate his higher. This colleague had wormed his way sufficiently into Oliver Twitchell's confidence to learn about his family. which he did not often mention. Professor Twitchell, it turned out. had come of decidedly unacademic stock. One of his brothers was the chief salesman for a company that made domestic fire-alarm appliances. At a moment's notice he would whip out a sample from his bag or pocket, plug it into the nearest electric outlet, and while the bystanders waited in terrified suspense, would explain that in the dead of night. if the house caught fire, the thing would go off with a whoop loud enough to warn the soundest sleeper. Lined up with his whole string of brothers and sisters. all older than he, all abounding in spirits, Professor Twitchell looked like the runt of the litter. His colleague decided that he must have had a very hard childhood, and that it was not his own animal nature that he needed so constantly to repress, but his family's.

Whatever the reasons, Professor Twitchell felt no reality in the teaching of literature except as he could extract from it definitions and illustrations of man's moral struggle in the world. For him recent history had been a history of intellectual confusion and degradation, and hence of social confusion and degradation. Western thought had fallen into a heresy. It had failed to maintain the fundamental grounds of a true humanism. It had blurred the distinction between man. God, and nature. Under the influence of the sciences, it had set up a monism in which the moral as well as physical constitution of man was included within nature and the laws of nature. It had, therefore, exalted man as naturally good, and exalted the free expression of all his impulses. What were the results of this heresy? An age, complained Professor Twitchell bitterly, in which young women talked about sexual perversions at the dinner table; an age in which everyone agreed that society was in dissolution and insisted on the privilege of being dissolute; an age without any common standards of value in morals or art; an age, in short, without discipline, without self-restraint in private life or public.

Oliver Twitchell when he received Professor Chartly's envelope sat down with a strong favorable predisposition toward his task. He accepted wholeheartedly Arnold's attitude toward literature: the demand that poetry should be serious, that it should present us with a criticism of life, that it should be measured by standards not merely personal, but in some sense *real*.

"Dover Beach" had become Arnold's best-known poem, admired as his masterpiece. It would surely contain, therefore, a distillation of his attitude. Professor Twitchell pulled down his copy of Arnold and began to read; and as he read he felt himself overtaken by surprised misgiving. The poem began well enough. The allusion to Sophocles, who had heard the sound of the retreating tide by the Aegean centuries ago, admirably prepared the groundwork of high seriousness for a poem which would culminate in a real criticism of human experience. But did the poem so culminate? It was true that the world

> Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
> Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain

if one meant the world as the worldling knows it, the man who conducts his life by unreflective natural impulse. Such a man will soon enough encounter the disappointments of ambition, the instability of all bonds and ties founded on nothing firmer than passion or self-interest. But this incertitude of the world, to a true disciple of culture, should become a means of self-discipline. It should lead him to ask how life may be purified and ennobled, how we may by wisdom and self-restraint oppose to the accidents of the world a true human culture based on the exertion of a higher will. No call to such a positive moral will, Professor Twitchell reluctantly discovered, can be heard in "Dover Beach." Man is an ignorant soldier struggling confusedly in a blind battle. Was this the culminating truth that Arnold the poet had given men in his masterpiece? Professor Twitchell sadly revised his value-judgment of the poem. He could not feel that in his most widely admired performance Arnold had seen life steadily or seen it whole; rather he had seen it only on its worldly side, and seen it under an aspect of terror. "Dover Beach" would always be justly respected for its poetic art, but the famous lines on Sophocles better exemplified the poet as a critic of life.

IV

As a novelist still referred to in his late thirties as "young" and "promising," Rudolph Mole found himself in a curious relation toward his academic colleagues. He wrote for the public, not for the learned journals; hence he was spared the necessity of becoming a pedant. At the same time the more lucrative fruits of pedantry were denied to him by his quiet exclusion from the guild. Younger men sweating for promotion, living in shabby genteel poverty on yearly appointments, their childless wives mimicking their academic shop-talk in bluestocking phrases, would look up from the stacks of five-by-three cards on which they were constantly accumulating notes and references, and would

say to him, "You don't realize how lucky you are, teaching composition. You aren't expected to know anything." Sometimes an older colleague, who had passed through several stages of the mysteries of preferment, would belittle professional scholarship to him with an elaborate show of graciousness and envy. "We are all just pedants," he would say. "You teach the students what they really want and need." Rudolph noticed that the self-confessed pedant went busily on publishing monographs and being promoted, while he himself remained, year by year, the English Department's most eminent poor relation.

He was not embittered. His dealings with students were pleasant and interesting. There was a sense of reality and purpose in trying to elicit from them a better expression of their thoughts, trying to increase their understanding of the literary crafts. He could attack their minds on any front he chose, and he could follow his intellectual hobbies as freely as he liked, without being confined to the artificial boundaries of a professional field of learning.

Freud, for example. When Professor Chartly and his accomplices decided that a teacher of creative writing should be included in their scheme and chose Rudolph Mole for the post, they happened to catch him at the height of his enthusiasm for Freud. Not that he expected to psychoanalyze authors through their works; that, he avowed, was not his purpose. You can't deduce the specific secrets of a man's life, he would cheerfully admit, by trying to fit his works into the text-book patterns of complexes and psychoses. The critic, in any case, is interested only in the man to the extent that he is involved in his work. But everyone agrees, Rudolph maintained, that the man is involved in his work. Some part of the psychic constitution of the author finds expression in every line that he writes. We can't understand the work unless we can understand the psychic traits that have gained expression in it. We may never be able to trace back these traits to their ultimate sources and causes, probably buried deep in the author's childhood. But we need to gain as much light on them as we can, since they appear in the work we are trying to apprehend, and determine its character. This is what criticism has always sought to do. Freud simply brings new light to the old task.

Rudolph was fortunate enough at the outset to pick up at the college bookstore a copy of Mr. Lionel Trilling's recent study of Matthew Arnold. In this volume he found much of his work already done for him. A footnote to Mr. Trilling's text, citing evidence from Professors Tinker and Lowry, made it clear that "Dover Beach" may well have been written in 1850, some seventeen years before it was first published. This, for Rudolph's purposes, was a priceless discovery. It meant that all the traditional talk about the poem was largely null and void. The poem was not a repercussion of the bombshell that Darwin dropped on the religious sensibilities of the Victorians. It was far more deeply personal and individual than that. Perhaps when Arnold published it his own sense of what it expressed or how it would be understood had changed. But clearly the poem came into being as an expression of what Arnold felt to be the particular kind of affection and passion he needed from a woman. It was a love poem, and took its place with utmost naturalness, once the clue had been

given, in the group of similar and related poems addressed to "Marguerite." Mr. Trilling summed up in a fine sentence one strain in these poems, and the principal strain in "Dover Beach," when he wrote that for Arnold "fidelity is a word relevant only to those lovers who see the world as a place of sorrow and in their common suffering require the comfort of constancy."

> Ah, love, let us be true
> To one another! for the world . . .
> Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light . . .

The point was unmistakable. And from the whole group of poems to which "Dover Beach" belonged, a sketch of Arnold as an erotic personality could be derived. The question whether a "real Marguerite" existed was an idle one, for the traits that found expression in the poems were at least "real" enough to produce the poems and to determine their character.

And what an odd spectacle it made, the self-expressed character of Arnold as a lover! The ordinary degree of aggressiveness, the normal joy of conquest and possession, seemed to be wholly absent from him. The love he asked for was essentially a protective love, sisterly or motherly; in its unavoidable ingredient of passion he felt a constant danger, which repelled and unsettled him. He addressed Marguerite as "My sister!" He avowed and deplored his own womanish fits of instability:

> I too have wish'd, no woman more,
> This starting, feverish heart, away.

He emphasized his nervous anguish and contrary impulses. He was a "teas'd o'erlabour'd heart," "an aimless unallay'd Desire." He could not break through his fundamental isolation and submerge himself in another human soul, and he believed that all men shared this plight:

> Yes: in the sea of life enisl'd,
> With echoing straits between us thrown,
> Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
> We mortal millions live *alone*.

He never "without remorse" allowed himself "To haunt the place where passions reign," yet it was clear that whether he had ever succeeded in giving himself up wholeheartedly to a passion, he had wanted to. There could hardly be a more telltale phrase than "Once-long'd-for storms of love."

In short much more illumination fell on "Dover Beach" from certain other verses of Arnold's than from Darwin and all his commentators:

> Truth—what is truth? Two bleeding hearts
> Wounded by men, by Fortune tried,
> Outwearied with their lonely parts,
> Vow to beat henceforth side by side.

The world to them was stern and drear;
Their lot was but to weep and moan.
Ah, let them keep their faith sincere.
For neither could subsist alone!

Here was the nub. "Dover Beach" grew directly from and repeated the same emotion, but no doubt generalized and enlarged this emotion, sweeping into one intense and far-reaching conviction of insecurity not only Arnold's personal fortunes in love, but the social and religious faith of the world he lived in. That much could be said for the traditional interpretation.

Of course, as Mr. Trilling did not fail to mention, anguished love affairs, harassed by mysterious inner incompatibilities, formed a well-established literary convention. But the fundamental sense of insecurity in "Dover Beach" was too genuine, too often repeated in other works, to be written off altogether to that account. The same sense of insecurity, the same need for some rock of protection, cried out again and again, not merely in Arnold's love poems but in his elegies, reflective pieces, and fragments of epic as well. Whenever Arnold produced a genuine and striking burst of poetry, with the stamp of true self-expression on it, he seemed always to be in the dumps. Everywhere dejection, confusion, weakness, contention of soul. No adequate cause could be found in the events of Arnold's life for such an acute sense of incertitude; it must have been of psychic origin. Only in one line of effort this fundamental insecurity did not hamper, sadden, or depress him, and that was in the free play of his intelligence as a critic of letters and society. Even there, if it did not hamper his efforts, it directed them. Arnold valiantly tried to erect a barrier of culture against the chaos and squalor of society, against the contentiousness of men. What was this barrier but an elaborate protective device?

The origin of the psychic pattern that expressed itself in Arnold's poems could probably never be discovered. No doubt the influence that Arnold's father exercised over his emotions and his thinking, even though Arnold rebelled to the extent at least of casting off his father's religious beliefs, was of great importance. But much more would have to be known to give a definite clue—more than ever could be known. Arnold was secure from any attempt to spy out the heart of his mystery. But if criticism could not discover the cause, it could assess the result, and could do so (thought Rudolph Mole) with greater understanding by an attempt, with up-to-date psychological aid, to delve a little deeper into the essential traits that manifested themselves in that result.

V

In 1917 Reuben Hale, a young instructor in a Western college, had lost his job and done time in the penitentiary for speaking against conscription and for organizing pacifist demonstrations. In the twenties he had lost two more academic posts for his sympathies with Soviet Russia and his inability to forget his Marxist principles while teaching literature. His contentious, eager, lovable, exasperating temperament tried the patience of one college administration after another. As he advanced into middle age, and his growing family

suffered repeated upheavals, his friends began to fear that his robust quarrels with established order would leave him a penniless outcast at fifty. Then he was invited to take a flattering post at a girls' college known for its liberality of views. The connection proved surprisingly durable; in fact it became Professor Hale's turn to be apprehensive. He began to be morally alarmed at his own security, to fear that the bourgeois system which he had attacked so valiantly had somehow outwitted him and betrayed him into allegiance. When the C.I.O. made its initial drive and seemed to be carrying everything before it, he did his best to unseat himself again by rushing joyfully to the nearest picket lines and getting himself photographed by an alert press. Even this expedient failed, and he reconciled himself, not without wonder, to apparent academic permanence.

On winter afternoons his voice could be heard booming out through the closed door of his study to girls who came to consult him on all manner of subjects, from the merits of Plekhanov as a Marxist critic to their own most personal dilemmas. They called him Ben; he called them Smith, Jones, and Robinson. He never relaxed his cheerful bombardment of the milieu into which they were born, and of the larger social structure which made bourgeois wealth, bourgeois art, morals, and religion possible. But when a sophomore found herself pregnant it was to Professor Hale that she came for advice. Should she have an abortion or go through with it and heroically bear the social stigma? And it was Professor Hale who kept the affair from the Dean's office and the newspapers, sought out the boy, persuaded the young couple that they were desperately in love with each other, and that pending the revolution a respectable marriage would be the most prudent course, not to say the happiest.

James Joyce remarks of one of his characters that she dealt with moral problems as a cleaver deals with meat. Professor Hale's critical methods were comparably simple and direct. Literature, like the other arts, is in form and substance a product of society, and reflects the structure of society. The structure of society is a class structure: it is conditioned by the mode of production of goods, and by the legal conventions of ownership and control by which the ruling class keeps itself in power and endows itself with the necessary freedom to exploit men and materials for profit. A healthy literature, in a society so constituted, can exist only if writers perceive the essential economic problem and ally themselves firmly with the working class.

Anyone could see the trouble with Arnold. His intelligence revealed to him the chaos that disrupted the society about him; the selfishness and brutality of the ruling class; the ugliness of the world which the industrial revolution had created, and which imperialism and "liberalism" were extending. Arnold was at his best in his critical satire of this world and of the ignorance of those who governed it. But his intelligence far outran his will, and his defect of will finally blinded his intelligence. He was too much a child of his class to disown it and fight his way to a workable remedy for social injustice. He caught a true vision of himself and of his times as standing between "two worlds, one dead, one powerless to be born." But he had not courage or stomach enough to lend

his own powers to the birth struggle. Had he thrown in his sympathies unreservedly with the working class, and labored for the inescapable revolution, "Dover Beach" would not have ended in pessimism and confusion. It would have ended in a cheerful, strenuous, and hopeful call to action. But Arnold could not divorce himself from the world of polite letters, of education, of culture, into which he had been born. He did his best to purify them, to make them into an instrument for the reform of society. But instinctively he knew that "culture" as he understood the term was not a social force in the world around him. Instinctively he knew that what he loved was doomed to defeat. And so "Dover Beach" ended in a futile plea for protection against the hideousness of the darkling plain and the confused alarms of struggle and flight.

Professor Chartly's envelope brought Reuben Hale his best opportunity since the first C.I.O. picket lines to vindicate his critical and social principles. He plunged into his answer with complete zest.

VI

When Peter Lee Prampton agreed to act as moderator in Professor Chartly's experiment he congratulated himself that this would be his last great academic chore. He had enjoyed his career of scholarship and teaching, no man ever more keenly. But now it was drawing to an end. He was loaded with honors from two continents. The universities of Germany, France, and Britain had first laid their formative hands on his learning and cultivation, then given their most coveted recognition to its fruits. But the honor and the glory seemed a little vague on the June morning when the expressman brought into his library the sizable package of papers which Professor Chartly had boxed and shipped to him. He had kept all his life a certain simplicity of heart. At seventy-four he could still tote a pack with an easy endurance that humiliated men of forty. Now he found himself giving in more and more completely to a lust for trout. Half a century of hastily snatched vacations in Cape Breton or the Scottish Highlands had never allowed him really to fill up that hollow craving to find a wild stream and fish it which would sometimes rise in his throat even in the midst of a lecture.

Well, there would be time left before he died. And meanwhile here was this business of "Dover Beach." Matthew Arnold during one of his American lecture tours had been entertained by neighbors of the Pramptons. Peter Lee Prampton's father had dined with the great man, and had repeated his conversation and imitated his accent at the family table. Peter himself, as a boy of nineteen or so, had gone to hear Arnold lecture. That, he thought with a smile, was probably a good deal more than could be said for any of these poor hacks who had taken Professor Chartly's bait.

At the thought of Arnold he could still hear the carriage wheels grate on the pebbly road as he had driven, fifty odd years ago, to the lecture in town, the prospective Mrs. Prampton beside him. His fishing rod lay under the seat. He chuckled out loud as he remembered how a pound-and-a-half trout had jumped in the pool under the clattering planks of a bridge, and how he had pulled up the horse, jumped out, and tried to cast while Miss Osgood sat scolding in the

carriage and shivering in the autumn air. They had been just a little late reaching the lecture, but the trout, wrapped in damp leaves, lay safely beside the rod.

It was queer that "Dover Beach" had not come more recently into his mind. Now that he turned his thoughts in that direction the poem was there in its entirety, waiting to be put on again like a coat that one has worn many times with pleasure and accidentally neglected for a while.

The Sea of Faith was once, too, at the full.

How those old Victorian battles had raged about the Prampton table when he was a boy! How the names of Arnold, Huxley, Darwin, Carlyle, Morris, Ruskin had been pelted back and forth by the excited disputants! *Literature and Dogma, God and the Bible, Culture and Anarchy.* The familiar titles brought an odd image into his mind: the tall figure of his father stretching up to turn on the gas lamps in the evening as the family sat down to dinner; the terrific pop of the pilot light as it exploded into a net of white flame, shaped like a little beehive; the buzz and whine of a jet turned up too high.

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 . . .

Peter Lee Prampton shivered in the warmth of his sunny library, shivered with that flash of perception into the past which sometimes enables a man to see how all that has happened in his life, for good or ill, turned on the narrowest edge of chance. He lived again in the world of dreams that his own youth had spread before him, a world truly various, beautiful, and new; full of promise, adventure, and liberty of choice, based on the opportunities which his father's wealth provided, and holding out the prospect of a smooth advance into a distinguished career. Then, within six months, a lavish demonstration that the world has neither certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain: his mother's death by cancer, his father's financial overthrow and suicide, the ruin of his own smooth hopes and the prospect instead of a long, hampered, and obscure fight toward his perhaps impossible ambition. He lived again through the night hours when he had tramped out with himself the youthful question whether he could hold Miss Osgood to her promise in the face of such reversals. And he did not forget how she took his long-sleepless face between her hands, kissed him, and smiled away his anxiety with unsteady lips. Surely everyone discovers at some time or another that the world is not a place of certitude; surely everyone cries out to some other human being for the fidelity which alone can make it so. What more could be asked of a poet than to take so profound and universal an experience and turn it into lines that could still speak long after he and his age were dead?

The best of it was that no one could miss the human feeling, the cry from the heart, in "Dover Beach"; it spoke so clearly and eloquently, in a language everyone could understand, in a form classically pure and simple. Or did it? Who could tell what any job-lot of academicians might be trusted to see or fail to see? And this assortment in Chartly's package might be a queer kettle of fish! Peter Lee Prampton had lived through the *Yellow Book* days of Art for Art's sake; he had read the muckrakers, and watched the rise of the Marxists and the Freudians. Could "Dover Beach" be condemned as unsympathetic with labor? Could a neurosis or a complex be discovered in it? His heart sank at the sharp sudden conviction that indeed these and worse discoveries about the poem might be seriously advanced. Well, he had always tried to go on the principle that every school of criticism should be free to exercise any sincere claim on men's interest and attention which it could win for itself. When he actually applied himself to the contents of Professor Chartly's bale he would be as charitable as he could, as receptive to light from any quarter as he could bring himself to be.

But the task could wait. He felt the need of a period of adjustment before he could approach it with reasonable equanimity. And in the meanwhile he could indulge himself in some long-needed editorial work on his dry-fly book.

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.

WHAT IS MODERN PAINTING?

What is modern painting? It is not easy to answer this question in writing, for writing is done with words while paintings are made of shapes and colors. The best words can do is to give you some information, point out a few things you might overlook, and if, to begin with, you feel that you don't like modern painting anyway, words may help you to change your mind. But in the end you must look at these works of art with your own eyes and heart and head. This may not be easy, but most people who make the effort find their lives richer, more worth living.

What is modern painting? Stop reading a few minutes, turn the pages of this selection and look at the pictures, keeping in mind that these small reproductions represent paintings which actually are very different in size and color.[1]

What is your first impression? Bewildering variety? Yes, that is true. The variety of modern art reflects the complexity of modern life; though this may

Reprinted by permission from *What Is Modern Painting?* by Alfred H. Barr, Jr., The Museum of Modern Art, 1952.

1. The book from which this selection is taken includes a number of reproductions of modern painting. On pages 389-392 you will find eight interesting examples from this larger collection.

give us mental and emotional indigestion, it does offer each of us a wide range to choose from.

But it is important not to choose too quickly. The art which makes a quick appeal or is easy to understand right away may wear thin like a catchy tune which you hear twice, whistle ten times and then can't stand any more.

It is just as important not to fool yourself. Don't pretend to like what you dislike or can't understand. Be honest with yourself. We don't all have to like the same things. Some people have no ear for music; a few have no eye for painting—or say they haven't because they are timid or don't want to make the effort.

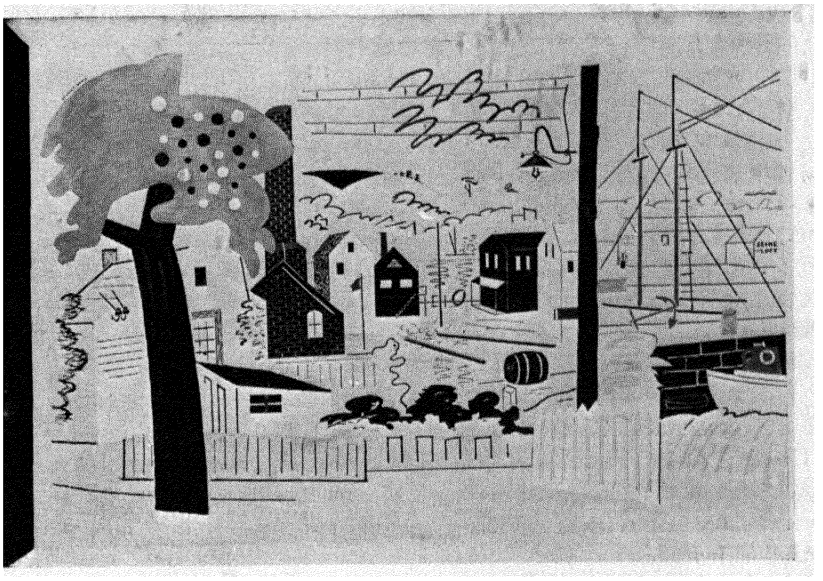
Yet everybody who can see has an eye for pictures. Most of us see hundreds, maybe thousands, of pictures every week, some of them very good ones too—photographs in newspapers and magazines, cartoons, illustrations and comics, advertising in buses and subways: Joe Palooka Happy Atom Scientists Buy Sweetie Pie Soap Buck Rogers Vote For McLevy Dallam Scores in Third Wreck Near Trenton Zowie The Pause That Refreshes—pictures which try to get you to buy this or that, tell you something you may forget tomorrow or give you a moment's lazy entertainment. (And do you remember the pictures on the walls of your home?)

When you look at the pictures in this selection you may be upset because you can't understand them all at first glance. These paintings are not intended to sell you anything or tell you yesterday's news, though they may help you to understand our modern world.

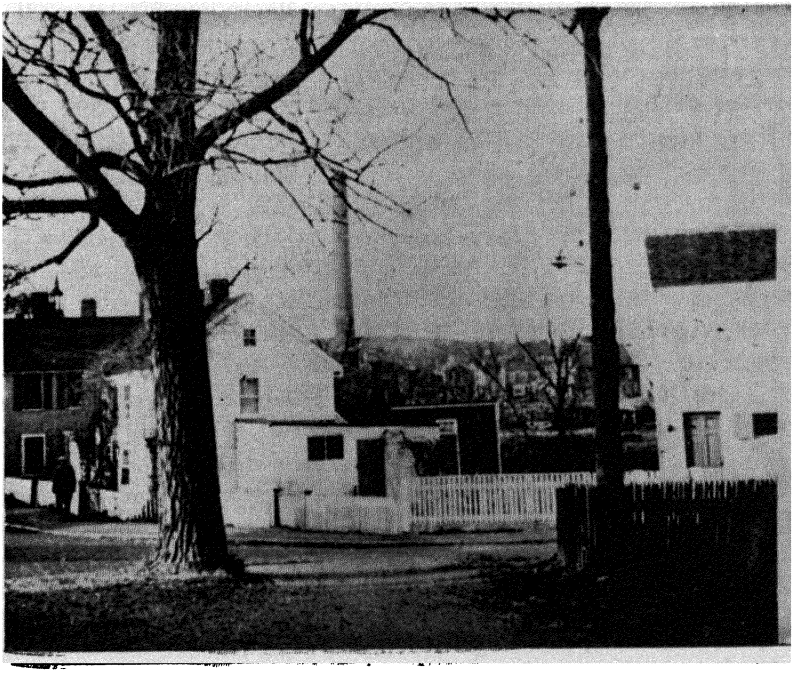
Some of them may take a good deal of study, for although we have seen a million pictures in our lives we may never have learned to look at painting as an art. For the art of painting, though it has little to do with words, is like a language which you have to learn to read. Some pictures are easy, like a primer, and some are hard with long words and complex ideas; and some are prose, others are poetry, and others still are like algebra or geometry. But one thing is easy, there are no foreign languages in painting as there are in speech; there are only local dialects which can be understood internationally, for painting is a kind of visual Esperanto. Therefore it has a special value in this riven world.

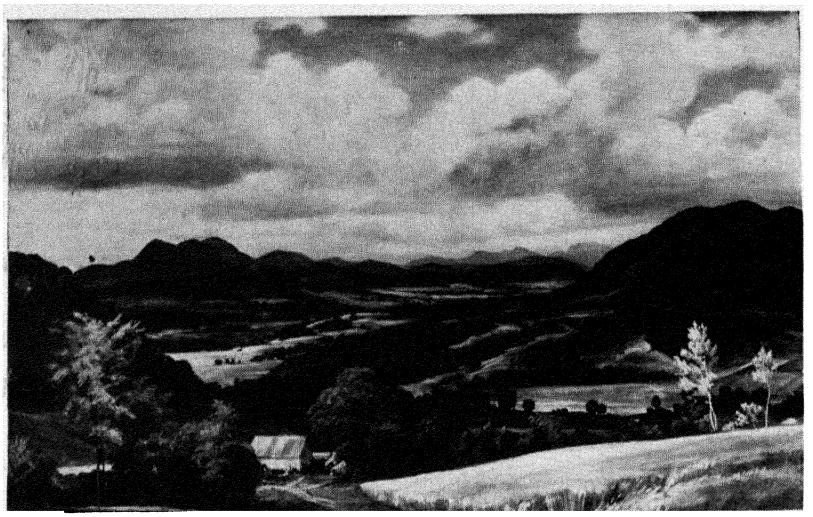
The greatest modern artists are pioneers just as are modern scientists, inventors and explorers. This makes modern art both more difficult and often more exciting than the art we are already used to. Galileo, Columbus, the Wright brothers suffered neglect, disbelief, even ridicule. Read the lives of the modern artists of seventy years ago, Whistler or van Gogh for instance, and you will keep an open mind about the art you may not like or understand today. Unless you can look at art with some spirit of adventure, the pioneer artists of our own day may suffer too. This might be your loss as well as theirs.

Perhaps you feel that these pictures have little to do with our everyday lives. This is partly true; some of them don't, and that is largely their value—by their poetry they have the power to lift us out of humdrum ruts. But others have a lot to do with ordinary life: vanity and devotion, joy and sadness, the beauty of landscape, animals and people, or even the appearance of our houses



DAVIS: *Summer Landscape*. 1930. Oil, 29 x 42". Museum of Modern Art. *Stuart Davis*, American, born 1894.
Photograph of the original scene upon which Davis based his painting *Summer Landscape*.





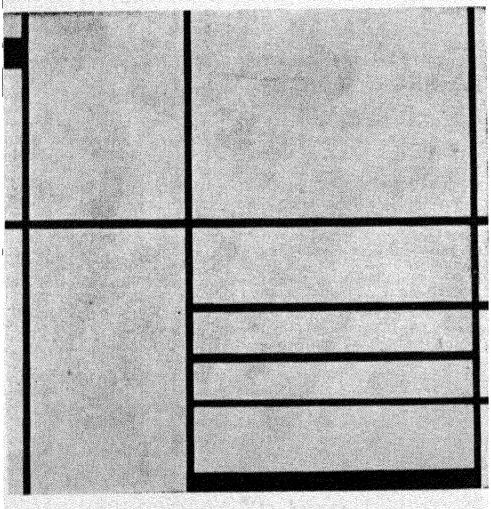
FAUSETT: *Derby View*. 1939. Oil 24⅛ x 40". Museum of Modern Art. *Dean Fausett*, American, born 1913.
EURICH: *Withdrawal from Dunkirk*. 1940. Oil, 30 x 40". Owned by the British Government. *Richard Eurich* (Yurik), British, born 1903.



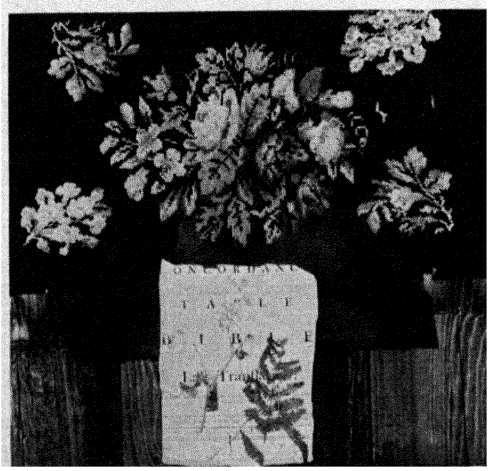
OROZCO: *Dive Bomber and Tank*. 1940. Fresco, 9 x 18 feet, divided into 6 movable panels Museum of Modern Art, commissioned through the Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Purchase Fund. *José Clemente Orozco*, Mexican, 1883-1949.



WHISTLER: *Arrangement in Grey and Black (Portrait of the Artist's Mother).* c. 1871. Oil, 56 x 64". The Louvre Museum, Paris. *James Abbott McNeill Whistler,* American, born Lowell, Mass., 1834; died in London, 1903.



MONDRIAN: *Composition in White, Black and Red.* 1936. Oil, 40¼ x 41". Museum of Modern Art, gift of the Advisory Committee. *Piet Mondrian,* born The Netherlands, 1872; worked in Paris; died New York, 1944.



DOVE: *Grandmother.* 1925. Shingles, needlepoint, printed paper, pressed flowers, 20 x 21¼". Museum of Modern Art, gift of Philip L. Goodwin. *Arthur G. Dove,* American, 1880-1946.

and our kitchen floors. And still others have to do with the crucial problems of our civilization: war, the character of democracy and tyranny, the effects of industrialization, the exploration of the subconscious mind, the survival of religion, the liberty and restraint of the individual.

The artist is a human being like the rest of us. He cannot solve these problems except as one of us; but through his art he can help us see and understand them. for artists are the sensitive antennae of society.

Beyond these comparatively practical matters art has another more important function: the work of art is a symbol, a visible symbol of the human spirit in its search for truth. for freedom and for perfection.

Contrasts: Two Landscapes

It is good to rest the eye on Dean Fausett's peaceful Vermont valley. The style of *Derby View* (p. 390), the way it is painted, is as relaxed and free from strain as the subject. The artist has spread before you the panorama of green hills with broad, easy brush strokes. The paint itself has a fresh beauty of color and texture which unobtrusively enhances the pictured beauty of the landscape.

Fausett, though he is a young American, paints his summer scene in a manner handed down from English artists of over a hundred years ago. Stuart Davis is older than Fausett but he works in a more "modern" style. Davis' *Summer Landscape* (p. 389) does not depend for its chief interest upon what the artist saw in nature but upon how he has changed what he saw.

The photograph, although it was taken in winter with no leaves on the trees, shows the scene on which Davis based his picture. Comparing it with the painting we can see how the artist has transformed a prosaic, commonplace view into a lively, decorative composition.

How did he go about it? First he drew the forms in simple outlines, leaving out unimportant or confusing details and reducing board fences, clouds and ripples to a lively linear shorthand. By omitting all shadows he lets you see these essential shapes and patterns more clearly. He moves houses around and even keeps half the house to the left of the telephone pole while throwing the other half away—probably without your noticing it. But with all these omissions and simplifications and rearrangements Davis has given a clearer and more complete idea of the village than does the snapshot. And when you see the original painting you may agree that he has not only created a crisp, vivacious, gayly colored design but has even caught the lighthearted spirit of a summer day.

Perhaps when you compare Fausett's *Derby View* and Davis' *Summer Landscape* you will find it hard to choose between them, but it is not hard to decide which shows the more imagination, the greater will to select, control, arrange and organize.

Contrasts: Two War Pictures

To help us not to forget World War II, its glory and its agony, we have these two paintings, one of them by a young English artist, the other by a famous

Mexican. Both were painted in 1940 but they are so unlike that they seem done in different centuries, even in different worlds.

In the foreground of Richard Eurich's *Withdrawal from Dunkirk* (p. 390) British troops, thick as ants, are ferried out through the surf to embark on small steamers and fishing craft. At the right a destroyer swings away toward England; and in the distance beyond the lighthouse rises a vast, black umbrella of smoke. The painter has recorded all this patiently, with exact detail and British reticence. His picture is as calm as the blue sky above the scene, clearer than a photograph and almost as impersonal. From the way he paints you would not guess that his subject was one of the crucial and overwhelmingly dramatic moments of the entire War.

Orozco's mural *Dive Bomber and Tank* (p. 391) was painted two months after Dunkirk. His mind, like ours, was full of the shock of the mechanical warfare which had just crushed western Europe. But instead of picturing an actual incident with technically accurate details he makes us feel the essential horror of modern war—the human being mangled in the crunch and grind of grappling monsters "that tear each other in their slime." We can see suggestions of the bomber's tail and wings, of tank treads and armor plate and human legs dangling from the jaws of shattered wreckage. Beneath emerge three great sightless masks weighted with chains which hang from pierced lips or eyes. The ancient symbols of dramatic agony and doom are fused with the shapes of modern destruction to give the scene a sense of timeless human tragedy.

As you can see, Orozco makes full use of the modern artist's freedom: he combines real and unreal objects, employs the cubist technique of breaking up nature into half-abstract, angular planes and uses emphatic, emotional, expressionist drawing.

Eurich's technique was developed five hundred years ago. Orozco's belongs to the twentieth century. Stop a moment and look at them both again. Subject matter aside, which style, which way of painting means more to you? Or do both have value?

Contrasts: Two Portraits

In 1877 John Ruskin, the renowned art critic, visited an exhibition where he saw several paintings by Whistler, who had for years been the storm center of art in London. Ruskin was outraged, called Whistler impudent and accused him of "flinging a pot of paint in the public's face." Whistler brought suit for libel but the trial was a farce; the public and the court sided with Ruskin, and Whistler, although he won half a cent damages, was forced into bankruptcy by legal expenses.

It was really the freedom of the artist which had been on trial. Ruskin and the public insisted that painting should be an exact, detailed, realistic picture of some object, scene or event. Whistler answered—but let him use his own words:

"The vast majority of folk cannot and will not consider a picture as a picture, apart from any story which it may be supposed to tell . . . As music is the poetry of sound, so is painting the poetry of sight, and the subject matter has nothing to do with harmony of sound or of color.

"Take the picture of my mother, exhibited at the Royal Academy as an *Arrangement in Grey and Black* (p. 392). Now that is what it is. To me it is interesting as a picture of my mother; but what can or ought the public to care about the identity of the portrait?"

Whistler's *Mother* did not actually figure in the trial. It was painted six years before and, though this is hard to believe now, it had been rejected when Whistler sent it to the annual national exhibition at the Royal Academy. Only after one of the more open-minded members threatened to resign was it finally exhibited. For the next twenty years it remained unsold, even traveling to America, where no one offered to buy it. Ultimately the French Government acquired it for eight hundred dollars. Forty years later, in 1932, when it was again brought to America for exhibition by the Museum of Modern Art, it was insured for $500,000.

Looking back on the astonishing story of Whistler, we can see that the public was blind and intolerant. To them the *Mother* seemed dull in color, unpleasantly flat and simplified in style. And they resented the artist's calling it an "arrangement." But Whistler was mistaken too in asking the public to ignore the human interest of his painting, the quality which has made it one of the world's most popular pictures.

Whistler's ideas were not only ahead of his time—they were actually ahead of his own art. He wanted people to look at his paintings as "harmonies" or "arrangements" without paying attention to the subject matter. Therefore if he had followed his principles to a logical conclusion he might have made his intention clearer by leaving out the figure of his mother entirely from his *Arrangement in Grey and Black*—since he had already asked us to ignore her emotionally. We would then have had left a composition of rectangles, as in the diagram below. And this diagram is not very different from the abstract *Composition in White, Black and Red* (p. 392) painted by Mondrian in 1936, many years after Whistler died. (Of course Whistler would have pointed out

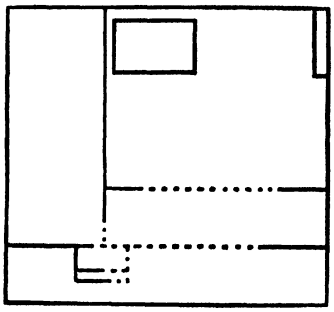


Diagram showing the main lines of Whistler's composition (p. 392) with the figure omitted Compare the Mondrian, page 392.

quite justly that by omitting his mother's silhouette his design had been spoiled —so let us put her back in again so that we can distinguish her from Dove's *Grandmother* [p. 392].)

If you like you can also look at Arthur Dove's composition called *Grandmother* as an arrangement of rectangles and irregular forms, an arrangement made all the more interesting to the eye because the forms are not painted but are actual textures formed by cloth, wood, paper. But if you do look at it simply as an arrangement you will miss half the point of the picture, for the artist in making his composition has taken a page from an old Bible concordance, some pressed ferns and flowers, a piece of faded needlepoint embroidery and a row of weathered shingles turned silvery grey with age; these he has combined into a visual poem, each element, each metaphor of which suggests some aspect of the idea of grandmother: her age, her fragility, her silvery hair, her patience, her piety.

So we find Whistler calling his portrait of his mother an *Arrangement in Grey and Black* and, fifty years later, Dove naming his arrangement of assorted textures and shapes *Grandmother*. During those fifty years many things happened in the history of art which help to explain how this paradox came about. But the important matter here and now is not history but the relation between yourself and these two pictures, no matter whether you prefer to look at them as compositions or portraits of old ladies or both. And the same is true of the two landscapes and the two battle pictures. Each pair has shown you two very different ways of treating a similar subject. Actually there are a hundred ways, a thousand—as many as there are pictures. Have you open eyes and a free mind?

Aaron Copland

THE CREATIVE PROCESS IN MUSIC

Most people want to know how things are made. They frankly admit, however, that they feel completely at sea when it comes to understanding how a piece of music is made. Where a composer begins, how he manages to keep going—in fact, how and where he learns his trade—all are shrouded in impenetrable darkness. The composer, in short, is a man of mystery to most people, and the composer's workshop an unapproachable ivory tower.

One of the first things most people want to hear discussed in relation to composing is the question of inspiration. They find it difficult to believe that composers are not as preoccupied with that question as they had supposed. The layman always finds it hard to realize how natural it is for the composer

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to compose. He has a tendency to put himself into the position of the composer and to visualize the problems involved, including that of inspiration, from the perspective of the layman. He forgets that composing to a composer is like fulfilling a natural function. It is like eating or sleeping. It is something that the composer happens to have been born to do; and, because of that, it loses the character of a special virtue in the composer's eyes.

The composer, therefore, confronted with the question of inspiration, does not say to himself: "Do I feel inspired?" He says to himself: "Do I feel like composing today?" And if he feels like composing, he does. It is more or less like saying to himself: "Do I feel sleepy?" If you feel sleepy, you go to sleep. If you don't feel sleepy, you stay up. If the composer doesn't feel like composing, he doesn't compose. It's as simple as that.

Of course, after you have finished composing, you hope that everyone, including yourself, will recognize the thing you have written as having been inspired. But that is really an idea tacked on at the end.

Someone once asked me, in a public forum, whether I waited for inspiration. My answer was: "Every day!" But that does not, by any means, imply a passive waiting around for the divine afflatus. That is exactly what separates the professional from the dilettante. The professional composer can sit down day after day and turn out some kind of music. On some days it will undoubtedly be better than on others; but the primary fact is the ability to compose. Inspiration is often only a by-product.

The second question that most people find intriguing is generally worded thus: "Do you or don't you write your music at the piano?" A current idea exists that there is something shameful about writing a piece of music at the piano. Along with that goes a mental picture of Beethoven composing out in the fields. Think about it a moment and you will realize that writing away from the piano nowadays is not nearly so simple a matter as it was in Mozart or Beethoven's day. For one thing, harmony is so much more complex than it was then. Few composers are capable of writing down entire compositions without at least a passing reference to the piano. In fact, Stravinsky in his *Autobiography* has even gone so far as to say that it is a bad thing to write music away from the piano because the composer should always be in contact with *la matière sonore*. That's a violent taking of the opposite side. But, in the end, the way in which a composer writes is a personal matter. The method is unimportant. It is the result that counts.

The really important question is: "What does the composer start with; where does he begin?" The answer to that is, Every composer begins with a musical idea—a *musical* idea, you understand, not a mental, literary, or extra-musical idea. Suddenly a theme comes to him. (Theme is used as synonymous with musical idea.) The composer starts with his theme; and the theme is a gift from Heaven. He doesn't know where it comes from—has no control over it. It comes almost like automatic writing. That's why he keeps a book very often and writes themes down whenever they come. He collects musical ideas. You can't do anything about that element of composing.

The idea itself may come in various forms. It may come as a melody—just a one-line simple melody which you might hum to yourself. Or it may come to the composer as a melody with an accompaniment. At times he may not even hear a melody; he may simply conceive an accompanimental figure to which a melody will probably be added later. Or, on the other hand, the theme may take the form of a purely rhythmic idea. He hears a particular kind of drumbeat, and that will be enough to start him off. Over it he will soon begin hearing an accompaniment and melody. The original conception, however, was a mere rhythm. Or, a different type of composer may possibly begin with a contrapuntal web of two or three melodies which are heard at the same instant. That, however, is a less usual species of thematic inspiration.

All these are different ways in which the musical idea may present itself to the composer.

Now, the composer has the idea. He has a number of them in his book, and he examines them in more or less the way that you, the listener, would examine them if you looked at them. He wants to know what he has. He examines the musical line for its purely formal beauty. He likes to see the way it rises and falls, as if it were a drawn line instead of a musical one. He may even try to retouch it, just as you might in drawing a line, so that the rise and fall of the melodic contour might be improved.

But he also wants to know the emotional significance of his theme. If all music has expressive value, then the composer must become conscious of the expressive values of his theme. He may be unable to put it into so many words, but he feels it! He instinctively knows whether he has a gay or a sad theme, a noble or diabolic one. Sometimes he may be mystified himself as to its exact quality. But sooner or later he will probably instinctively decide what the emotional nature of his theme is, because that's the thing he is about to work with.

Always remember that a theme is, after all, only a succession of notes. Merely by changing the dynamics, that is, by playing it loudly and bravely or softly and timidly, one can transform the emotional feeling of the very same succession of notes. By a change of harmony a new poignancy may be given the theme; or by a different rhythmic treatment the same notes may result in a war dance instead of a lullaby. Every composer keeps in mind the possible metamorphoses of his succession of notes. First he tries to find its essential nature, and then he tries to find what might be done with it—how that essential nature may momentarily be changed.

As a matter of fact, the experience of most composers has been that the more complete a theme is the less possibility there is of seeing it in various aspects. If the theme itself, in its original form, is long enough and complete enough, the composer may have difficulty in seeing it in any other way. It already exists in its definitive form. That is why great music can be written on themes that in themselves are insignificant. One might very well say that the less complete, the less important, the theme the more likely it is to be open to new connotations. Some of Bach's greatest organ fugues are constructed on themes that are comparatively uninteresting in themselves.

The current notion that all music is beautiful according to whether the theme is beautiful or not doesn't hold true in many cases. Certainly the composer does not judge his theme by that criterion alone.

Having looked at his thematic material, the composer must now decide what sound medium will best fit it. Is it a theme that belongs in a symphony, or does it seem more intimate in character and therefore better fitted for a string quartet? Is it a lyrical theme that would be used to best advantage in a song; or had it better be saved, because of its dramatic quality, for operatic treatment? A composer sometimes has a work half finished before he understands the medium for which it is best fitted.

Thus far I have been presupposing an abstract composer before an abstract theme. But actually I can see three different types of composers in musical history, each of whom conceives music in a somewhat different fashion.

The type that has fired public imagination most is that of the spontaneously inspired composer—the Franz Schubert type, in other words. All composers are inspired of course, but this type is more spontaneously inspired. Music simply wells out of him. He can't get it down on paper fast enough. You can almost always tell this type of composer by his prolific output. In certain months, Schubert wrote a song a day. Hugo Wolf did the same.

In a sense, men of this kind begin not so much with a musical theme as with a completed composition. They invariably work best in the shorter forms. It is much easier to improvise a song than it is to improvise a symphony. It isn't easy to be inspired in that spontaneous way for long periods at a stretch. Even Schubert was more successful in handling the shorter forms of music. The spontaneously inspired man is only one type of composer, with his own limitations.

Beethoven symbolizes the second type—the constructive type, one might call it. This type exemplifies my theory of the creative process in music better than any other, because in this case the composer really does begin with a musical theme. In Beethoven's case there is no doubt about it, for we have the notebooks in which he put the themes down. We can see from his notebooks how he worked over his themes—how he would not let them be until they were as perfect as he could make them. Beethoven was not a spontaneously inspired composer in the Schubert sense at all. He was the type that begins with a theme; makes it a germinal idea; and upon that constructs a musical work, day after day, in painstaking fashion. Most composers since Beethoven's day belong to this second type.

The third type of creator I can only call, for lack of a better name, the traditionalist type. Men like Palestrina and Bach belong in this category. They both exemplify the kind of composer who is born in a particular period of musical history, when a certain musical style is about to reach its fullest development. It is a question at such a time of creating music in a well-known and accepted style and doing it in a way that is better than anyone has done it before you.

Beethoven and Schubert started from a different premise. They both had serious pretensions to originality! After all, Schubert practically created the song form singlehanded; and the whole face of music changed after Beethoven

lived. But Bach and Palestrina simply improved on what had gone before them.

The traditionalist type of composer begins with a pattern rather than with a theme. The creative act with Palestrina is not the thematic conception so much as the personal treatment of a well-established pattern. And even Bach, who conceived forty-eight of the most varied and inspired themes in his *Well Tempered Clavichord*, knew in advance the general formal mold that they were to fill. It goes without saying that we are not living in a traditionalist period nowadays.

One might add, for the sake of completeness, a fourth type of composer—the pioneer type: men like Gesualdo in the seventeenth century, Moussorgsky and Berlioz in the nineteenth. Debussy and Edgar Varese in the twentieth. It is difficult to summarize the composing methods of so variegated a group. One can safely say that their approach to composition is the opposite of the traditionalist type. They clearly oppose conventional solutions of musical problems. In many ways, their attitude is experimental—they seek to add new harmonies, new sonorities, new formal principles. The pioneer type was the characteristic one at the turn of the seventeenth century and also at the beginning of the twentieth century, but it is much less evident today.[1]

But let's return to our theoretical composer. We have him with his idea—his musical idea—with some conception of its expressive nature, with a sense of what can be done with it, and with a preconceived notion of what medium is best fitted for it. Still he hasn't a piece. A musical idea is not the same as a piece of music. It only induces a piece of music. The composer knows very well that something else is needed in order to create the finished composition.

He tries, first of all, to find other ideas that seem to go with the original one. They may be ideas of a similar character, or they may be contrasting ones. These additional ideas will probably not be so important as the one that came first—usually they play a subsidiary role. Yet they definitely seem necessary in order to complete the first one. Still that's not enough! Some way must be found for getting from one idea to the next, and it is generally achieved through use of so-called bridge material.

There are also two other important ways in which the composer can add to his original material. One is the elongation process. Often the composer finds that a particular theme needs elongating so that its character may be more clearly defined. Wagner was a master at elongation. I referred to the other way when I visualized the composer's examining the possible metamorphoses of his theme. That is the much written-about development of his material, which is a very important part of his job.

All these things are necessary for the creation of a full-sized piece—the germinal idea, the addition of other lesser ideas, the elongation of the ideas, the bridge material for the connection of the ideas, and their full development.

1. Recent experiments with electronically produced music, however, point to a new species of scientifically trained composer as the pioneer type of our time.

Now comes the most difficult task of all--the welding together of all that material so that it makes a coherent whole. In the finished product, everything must be in its place. The listener must be able to find his way around in the piece. There should be no possible chance of his confusing the principal theme with the bridge material, or vice versa. The composition must have a beginning, a middle, and an end; and it is up to the composer to see to it that the listener always has some sense of where he is in relation to beginning, middle, and end. Moreover, the whole thing should be managed artfully so that none can say where the soldering began—where the composer's spontaneous invention left off and the hard work began.

Of course, I do not mean to suggest that in putting his materials together the composer necessarily begins from scratch. On the contrary, every well-trained composer has, as his stock in trade, certain normal structural molds on which to lean for the basic framework of his compositions. These formal molds I speak of have all been gradually evolved over hundreds of years as the combined efforts of numberless composers seeking a way to ensure the coherence of their compositions. . . .

But whatever the form the composer chooses to adopt, there is always one great desideratum: The form must have what in my student days we used to call *la grande ligne* (the long line). It is difficult adequately to explain the meaning of that phrase to the layman. To be properly understood in relation to a piece of music, it must be felt. In mere words, it simply means that every good piece of music must give us a sense of flow—a sense of continuity from first note to last. Every elementary music student knows the principle, but to put it into practice has challenged the greatest minds in music! A great symphony is a man-made Mississippi down which we irresistibly flow from the instant of our leave-taking to a long foreseen destination. Music must always flow, for that is part of its very essence, but the creation of that continuity and flow—that long line—constitutes the be-all and end-all of every composer's existence.

Science

The impact of science on modern life is hard to overestimate. Commencement speakers have made the statement platitudinous, but it is nevertheless profoundly true that "we live in a scientific age." The following essays explore some of the facets of that age.

Joseph Wood Krutch in "Machinery for Evolution" shows the excitement of scientific discovery—not only the excitement of the discovery itself but also the excitement of the reflections that for a thoughtful person inevitably follow hard upon discovery. Thomas Henry Huxley describes how scientific discovery can be systematized and tested. First delivered as a speech in 1866 to an

audience of unread workingmen in England, Huxley's "The Method of Scientific Research" still remains one of the clearest explanations of the scientific method. The two essays that follow deal with some of the effects and implications of scientific knowledge. In "Science and Human Life" Bertrand Russell declares that science offers humanity either unprecedentedly glorious achievement or utter disaster. Albert Einstein in "Science and Religion" asserts epigrammatically that "science without religion is lame, religion without science is blind."

Joseph Wood Krutch

MACHINERY FOR EVOLUTION

A personal discovery

On the second of January 1700 Anthony van Leeuwenhoek, draper of Delft and self-taught Columbus of the littlest world, was writing to the Royal Society of London one of the many letters in which he described his voyages of discovery within a drop of water.

To William Dampier and other such rovers he left the exploration of the terrestrial globe. To another contemporary he left those equally adventurous voyages "through strange seas of thought, alone" which took Newton across abysses of space to spheres much larger but not so little known as those to which Leeuwenhoek devoted his long life.

These worlds of his were not lifeless but teeming with life; and his discoveries, unlike those of Columbus, were discoveries in an absolute sense. He saw what no man, not merely no European man, had ever seen before. He had every right to be—he probably was—more amazed than Balboa.

The draper of Delft was already just short of seventy when he wrote:

> I had got the aforesaid water taken out of the ditches and runnels on the 30th of August: and on coming home, while I was busy looking at the multifarious very little animalcules a-swimming in this water, I saw floating in it, and seeming to move of themselves, a great many green round particles, of the bigness of sand-grains.
>
> When I brought these little bodies before the microscope [actually a single very small lens which he had ground himself and fixed between two perforated metal plates] I saw that they were not simply round, but that their outermost membrane was everywhere beset with many little projecting particles, which seemed to me to be triangular, with the end tapering to a point: and it looked to me as if, in the whole circumference of that little ball, eight such particles were set, all orderly arranged and at equal dis-

From *The Great Chain of Life* by Joseph Wood Krutch, © 1956. Reprinted by permission of and arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.

tances from one another: so that upon so small a body there did stand a full two thousand of the said projecting particles.

This was for me a pleasant sight, because the little bodies aforesaid, how oft soever I looked upon them, never lay still; and because too their progression was brought about by a rolling motion. . . .

Each of these little bodies had enclosed within it 5, 6, 7, nay some even 12, very little round globules, in structure like to the body itself wherein they were contained.

There is no mistaking the fact that what had just swum into Leeuwenhoek's ken was that very original and inventive organism, Volvox. Through hundreds of millions of years it had waited in countless places for man to become aware of its existence and, ultimately, to guess how important a step it had taken in the direction of both consciousness and that curiosity which was leading the Dutch draper to seek out in the ditches of Delft. The "little projecting particles" are the peripheral cells which enclose the watery jelly in Volvox's interior. The "5, 6, 7, nay some even 12, very little round globules, in structure like to the body itself" are the vegetative "daughter cells" produced by a sort of virgin birth between the sexual generations, much as in some of the higher plants "offsets" as well as seeds are produced. Nor did Leeuwenhoek's observation stop there:

While I was keeping watch, for a good time on one of the biggest round bodies . . . I noticed that in its outermost part an opening appeared, out of which one of the enclosed round globules, having a fine green color, dropped out; and so one after another till they were all out, and each took on the same motion in the water as the body out of which it came. Afterwards, the first round body remained lying without any motion: and soon after a second globule, and presently a third, dropped out of it; and so one after another till they were all out and each took its proper motion.

After the lapse of several days, the first round body became as it were, again mingled with the water; for I could perceive no sign of it.

In other words Leeuwenhoek saw both the liberation of the daughter colonies and also, though he did not realize its importance, something even more remarkable. He saw Volvox yielding to one of its two remarkable inventions—natural (or inevitable) Death. The other half of the strange story eluded him completely. He did not know that after a few generations have been vegetatively reproduced by the process he observed there comes a generation that will produce eggs which must be fertilized by sperm before they can develop.

Nearly three hundred years later and more than five thousand miles from Delft, I, in my late turn, have also been looking at Volvox still rolling along in his gracefully expert way. Like most of the free-living protozoa, he has established himself pretty well over the whole earth outside the regions of eternal ice and there is no use speculating how the cosmopolitan distribution was

achieved or how he got to America. During the vast stretches of time which have been his, routes were open at one time or another from every part of the earth to every other part.

Historical plant geographers come almost to blows over the question how, for instance, the sweet potato got to the South Sea islands. But Volvox's history goes back too far for even speculation or contention to reach. If only the fit survive and if the fitter they are the longer they survive, then Volvox must have demonstrated its superb fitness more conclusively than any higher animal ever has.

My equipment is as much superior to Leeuwenhoek's as his originality, ingenuity, and persistence were superior to mine. Instead of a single blob of glass fixed in front of a tiny tube holding water and held up to sun or candlelight, I use the compound microscope, which was not brought to its present state until the second half of the nineteenth century. Light passes from a mirror through a complicated set of lenses designed to place it at exactly the right spot. An image is formed by another series of lenses, cunningly designed to correct one another's faults and then form an image in a black tube, this image again magnified by another set of lenses. I can confine Volvox to a hanging drop of water; I can light him from below, from the side, or even from the top. I can slow him down with sticky substances introduced into the drop; and I keep a supply of his species thriving in an artificial culture medium prepared for me by a biological supply house dealing in all sorts of improbable things. But though the beauty of Volvox must be even clearer to me than it was to Leeuwenhoek I have seen only what he saw and described in unmistakable terms.

Under a magnification of no more than a hundred diameters—called by microscopists "very low power"—Volvox looks about the size of a marble and when motionless less like a plant-animal than like some sort of jeweler's work intended, perhaps, as an earring. The surface of the crystal sphere is set with hundreds of tiny emeralds; its interior contains five or six larger emeralds disposed with careless effectiveness.

But Volvox is seldom motionless when alive and in good health. Bright as a jewel, intricate as a watch, and mobile as a butterfly, his revolutions bring one emerald after another into a position where they sparkle in the light. Though he is called the Roller, he actually *revolves* rather than *rolls*, because he seems to turn on an invisible axis, much as the planets do, and he moves forward with this axis pointing in the direction of his motion. His speed varies and he frequently changes direction but I once counted the seconds it took him to cross the field of the microscope and calculated that his speed, in proportion to his size, is comparable to that of a man moving at a fast trot. Volvox, however, suggests nothing so undignified as a trot. There is something majestic and, one might almost imagine, irresistible about his revolutions—again like those of a planet. One half expects to hear some music of the spheres.

Because the microscope has temporarily abolished the barrier of size which separates the universe of Volvox from my own, I enter temporarily into a dreamlike relationship with him, though he is unaware of my world and per-

haps equally unaware of his own. Nevertheless there is an easy purposefulness in his movements and from what I have learned from the careful research of others I know that it is all much more complex and astonishing than I would ever have guessed or than Leeuwenhoek did guess.

When I lift my head from the microscope the dream vanishes. But it is man and his consciousness which is really the fleeting dream. Volvox, or something very much like him, was leading his surprisingly complex life millions of years before man's dream began and may well continue to do so for millions of years after the dream ends. Harder to realize is the fact that the enterprise and adventures of Volvox typify certain of the innovations and inventions which are casually summed up in the word "evolution" and hence constituted some of the earliest and most essential steps toward making possible our dream.

Such acquaintance with Volvox as I have gained from my own casual observations is as superficial as what one gets from a moment's examination of a flower or from peering with mild curiosity at some strange animal behind the bars of a zoo. Yet even so casual an examination will lead one to guess at some of the significant facts.

The predominant color of Volvox is green; the green looks like chlorophyl, and so it is. Moreover Volvox can be "cultured" in a purely chemical solution. All of this suggests a plant rather than an animal, but biologists have decided that the classification is meaningless at this level. Both textbooks of zoology and textbooks of botany usually claim Volvox, and there are no hard feelings because zoologists and botanists agree that Volvox represents a stage of evolution at which plants have not diverged from animals. He is either the one or the other. Or, more properly, he is neither. He is not a plant or an animal; he is simply something which is alive.

Concerning another ambiguity the observer is likely to make an even better guess. The walls separating one cell from another are clearly marked out and each of the cells which lie upon the periphery of the sphere is exactly like the other peripheral cells. Every one of them looks like a complete one-celled creature, lashing its two flagella precisely as many such one-celled creatures do—although, as was mentioned a few pages back, it is easy to see that Volvox's cells do not crack their whips independently because they are co-ordinated in such a way that the organism as a whole moves purposefully forward in a given direction as though the individual flagella were controlled by a central intelligence.

Yet the individual cells not only look like separate animals but are in fact morphologically all but indistinguishable from a certain very common specific free-living organism that occurs by the millions in stagnant rain water and is one of the usual causes why such water takes on a green color. Like this creature each of Volvox's peripheral cells has a nucleus, two flagella, and an "eye spot." Any observer might easily suppose that a number of such tiny creatures had recently got together and formed a ball; or, that the one-celled creatures were the result of the dissolution of Volvoxes. But if the one-celled creatures did form aggregates which then became cooperative, all that happened millions

of years ago and for a very long time Volvox has been much more than a mere casual grouping. One of his peripheral cells cannot live without the others. He is at least as much one creature as many and he must live or die as a whole. He can no longer dissolve into the myriad of individuals of which, long ago, his ancestors were no doubt composed.

If you want to call him a multicelled animal you have to admit that the peripheral cells have retained a good deal of their original equipment for independent life. On the other hand if you want to call him a mere aggregation you have to concede that the individuals composing the colony have been co-ordinated, disciplined, and socialized to a degree no human dictator has yet even hoped to achieve in his "monolithic" state. But in any event the guess that Volvox represents a stage in the development of the "higher" multicellular animals and suggests how the transition was made is more immediately persuasive than many of the other guesses biology finds itself compelled to make.

Without comment I pass over the suggestion made sometimes with horror and sometimes with approval that our present-day society is in the process of taking a step analogous to that once taken by Volvox; that just as the one-celled animal cooperated until he was no longer an individual but part of a multicelled body, so perhaps the highest of the multicelled animals is now in the process of uniting to make a society in which he will count for as much and as little as an individual cell counts for in the human body.

Now comes the most powerful argument of all for calling Volvox a unified individual rather than even a tight social group and it has to do with three different sorts of cells sometimes found within his central jelly. The least remarkable of the groups of special cells are those composing the "daughter colonies" which Leeuwenhoek saw and which in time will break out of the parent colony to start life on their own. About them there is nothing so very surprising, since "budding" of one kind or another is not uncommon among microscopic organisms. The other two groups of specialized cells are much more interesting because they seem to represent the first appearance of sexual differentiation.

One group is of spindle-shaped cells very much like the sperm of the higher animals. The other is a sort of egg considerably larger than the sperm because, like most eggs, it contains a rich store of reserve food to nourish a growing "embryo." Sooner or later a sperm cell will seek out an egg, the two will fuse, and thus they will pool the hereditary characteristics carried by the sperm and by the egg. Thus Volvox introduces a method of procedure almost universal among the higher plants and animals. Moreover, there is even the beginning of the distinction between Male and Female *individuals* as well as a distinction in the sex cells themselves, because, in the species which I have been observing, a given individual usually produces either eggs only or sperm only. The cynic who said that the two great errors in creation were the inclination of the earth's axis and the differentiation of the sexes probably had no idea how long ago the second error was made. To eliminate it we would not have to wipe the slate quite clean but we would have to go back at least as far as Volvox.

Being the inventor of sex would seem to be a sufficient distinction for a creature just barely large enough to be seen by the naked eye. But as we have already said, Volvox brought Natural Death as well as Sex into the world. The amoeba and the paramecium are potentially immortal. From time to time each divides itself into two, but in the course of this sort of reproduction no new individual is ever produced—only fragments of the original individuals, whose life has thus been continuous back to the time when life itself was first created. Though individuals can be killed there is no apparent reason why amoeba should ever die.

Individuals have been kept alive in laboratories for years by carefully isolating one-half of the organism after each division. What memories an amoeba would have, if it had any memories at all! How fascinating would be its firsthand account of what things were like in Protozoic or Paleozoic times! But for Volvox, death seems to be as inevitable as it is in a mouse or in a man. Volvox must die as Leeuwenhoek saw it die because it has had children and is no longer needed. When its time comes it drops quietly to the bottom and joins its ancestors. As Hegner, the Johns Hopkins zoologist, once wrote: "This is the first advent of inevitable natural death in the animal kingdom and all for the sake of sex." And as he asked: "Is it worth it?"

Nature's answer during all the years which have intervened between the first Volvox and quite recent times has been a pretty steady *Yes*. Sex plays an essential part in the vast majority of all the forms of life presumably more recent than Volvox. In your very back yard, if you have one, there is on the other hand evidence that she may be reconsidering her momentous decision—though for the moment we shall say no more about this startling fact.

Suppose we look instead a little more deeply into the meaning and purpose of that sexual love for the sake of which Volvox consented to die.

No small part of all fiction and poetry is concerned with the various ways in which a member of one sex has "proposed" to a member of the other—with the terms in which he (and sometimes she) has made the proposal, with the reasons given why the proposal should be accepted, and with the consequences that were supposed to follow if it was.

Arranged in an ascending series, such typical "proposals" have been: "Let us share a delight," "Let us commit ourselves to one another for ever," and "Let us unite our souls." Occasionally it has even been "Let us create a new life since we ourselves must die." But never, I imagine, has it ever been "Let us exchange our chromosomes." Yet that, if you insist upon equating everything with its origins, is what sex is really about.

These chromosomes are something with which all the higher plants and animals, as well as the majority of all the protozoa, come equipped. One of the reasons why the latter are not mere "blobs of undifferentiated protoplasm" is that embedded in the protoplasm is a little nodule of material quite different from the rest of the protoplasmic mass. This nucleus, as it is called, is so tremendously important that the very secret of life seems to reside within it.

A somewhat similar nucleus is found within every living-tissue cell of the human body and our nuclei are like those of many protozoa in another important respect. Both contain within themselves a number of little threads called chromosomes which seem to be the nucleus' Holy of Holies just as the nucleus is the cell's. The number of chromosomes a protozoan has is not the same as the number we have. In fact every plant and animal has a number specific for that organism and every single cell (except the sex cells) composing the tissue of any multicellular organism has the number characteristic of it.

When a typical protozoan decides that it would rather be two protozoa instead of one—when, in other words, it reproduces by fission—the first thing it does is precisely what a cell in your body does when any one of your tissues grows. No new cell would be any good without a nucleus or without a nucleus provided with chromosomes. What happens in order that it should have one is extremely complicated, but it may be simplified thus: before the cell itself begins to divide the chromosomes move about until they are arranged in a sort of spindle-shaped group. Each chromosome, already split lengthwise, cuts itself in two near the middle; two groups are formed; when the whole cell divides, one-half of each chromosome is found within the two cells existing where only one existed before.

Thus it is that the protozoan reproduces itself and that a bit of your tissue grows. The new protozoan or the new cell does not differ from the old one. What you have is merely a pair of identical twins.

Most of the cells in your body reproduce indefinitely in just that fashion. But most protozoa "conjugate" as well as divide. From time to time two meet, their bodies either completely fuse or, in the case of many, their mouths are pressed together for a considerable time in a sort of soul kiss during which each gives up to the other a portion of its nucleus. Presently each individual combines the gift portion with the retained portion of his original nucleus to make a new one. And when the time comes for division it is this new nucleus that will be shared between the two halves of itself. Hence the new individual will, like the offspring of one of the higher animals, "inherit" from each of its conjugationed parents; and because of the combination of inherited traits it will be a unique individual.

Should we, then, say that sex already exists in a large number of protozoa? The answer to that question is yes and no. It is yes because a mingling of heredities—which is the grand purpose of all sexual processes—is to some extent accomplished. Though there are no parents in the usual sense because the parent splits in two, the fact remains that the two individuals resulting from a division after a conjugation are both different from what they would have been if no conjunction had taken place. And for that reason such reproduction is commonly called "sexual," to distinguish it from either a division or a budding not preceded by any form of conjugation.

Yet the answer is no if you are thinking in terms of the complete sexual process as it occurs in the higher plants and animals. The most obvious incompleteness is in the absence of any differentiation of the sexes. No detect-

able difference in structure exists between two conjugating protozoa. There are no males and no females. Neither are there any specific sex cells—no eggs and no sperm. It is in respect to these two facts that Volvox takes a great step toward sexuality as it is commonly known.

Volvox never indulges in the kind of conjugation we have been describing. Neither does it ever divide into two halves. Instead it produces what may properly be called "children"—sometimes by the vegetative process which Leeuwenhoek described and sometimes by a more surprising method which no free-living, single-celled animal ever practices.

Somewhere inside its sphere appear certain groups of small cells which might at first sight be mistaken for vegetative buds. But they develop quite differently in either one of two ways. Sometimes they become quite large. Sometimes on the other hand they split up into a great number of extremely small mobile cells. The first are eggs; the second sperm. Neither is good for anything by itself. But each is ready to do what the egg and the sperm of all the higher animals do. The egg waits. The sperm seeks it out. Then the two fuse and the fertilized egg is endowed with the hereditary traits contributed by the sperm as well as with those originally its own. Some species of Volvox are hermaphroditic as many lower organisms are. A single individual, that is to say, produces both male and female cells. But Volvox is also inventing the sexual differentiation of the whole organism. Certain species are commonly either male or female; the one producing only eggs, the other only sperm.

In what ways, one is bound to wonder, is this differentiation of sex cells and the further differentiation of male and female organisms superior to the simpler arrangement which the protozoa have managed to get along with during millions of years?

It has been, as satirists have so frequently pointed out, the cause of a lot of trouble in the world. Yet there must be compensating advantages, because as one moves upward along the evolutionary scale sexuality becomes universal and even hermaphroditism tends to disappear.

That sexual differentiation provides a richer emotional experience is a reason that few biologists are likely to admit as relevant and indeed it would be hard to prove that Volvox finds life more colorful than a paramecium does. Hence the biologist has to fall back upon such things as the superior viability of an egg, which can be heavy with reserve food resources because it does not have to be active when a small mobile sperm is there to seek it out. Possibly another fact is even more important. In all the higher animals sperm and egg cells differ from every other cell in the body of that organism in that they have only half the normal number of chromosomes and that the normal number is reëstablished when the sperm's half-number is added to the egg's half-number—which arrangement certainly shuffles hereditary characteristics more thoroughly than when the offspring has the whole inheritance from both sides of the family. In any event (and to repeat) there must be some advantage, since every animal above the protozoan level tends to adopt the novel arrangement first observable in Volvox.

Having reminded myself of all this, I cannot resist the temptation to push the typewriter aside to stare again at Volvox, quietly revolving in the beam of light concentrated from below and directed upward through my microscope. He (or she, for there are no sex cells visible at the moment) revolves steadily like some planet; and at a magnification of one hundred diameters looks as large as Mars through the largest telescope. But no more than Mars will Volvox abide my question. Over and over again I catch myself referring to him as "simple." Yet though his organism as a whole may reasonably be called relatively simple his sexual processes are not simple, either comparatively or absolutely. In many respects they seem quite as involved as those in a human being, although his chromosomes are no doubt far less complex. Something unimaginably complicated and subtle goes on when his sex cells isolate the hereditary uniqueness of the one organism and then, later, unite it with the uniqueness of an individual of the opposite sex.

Is, I wonder, the difference between Volvox and a human being as great as the difference between it and any theoretical, half-living blob of undifferentiated protoplasm would be?

Suppose that some biochemist should realize his dream and synthesize in his laboratory something which is undeniably protoplasm and is alive. How long would it take that protoplasm, either with or without the chemist's aid, to get a nucleus with chromosomes and to acquire the habit of sexual reproduction? Is it as easy to imagine how the simple product of "an improbable chemical reaction" could invent sex as it is to imagine how something which had once got as far as Volvox has might go on to become a man?

Even for the sake of picturesqueness and drama I would hesitate to say that Volvox invented Love as well as Sex. What he invented was perhaps at most only the possibility of Love. But in even the simplest creature Death—either accidental as it always is in one-celled creatures or sometimes natural as it may be in Volvox—is all too plainly like death in every other creature up to man. It is something we have not been able to change or complicate any more than we have been able to abolish it. Volvox may not love as we love, but he seems to die as we die.

A drop of water suspended in the intense beam of a microscope is not a very favorable environment for any organism, and several times I have seen a Volvox die. Usually his activity slows down and then stops. There comes the moment when he gives up his little ghost, though the body, like a human corpse, may seem hardly different from what it was before. A tiny spark is extinguished as suddenly and as irrevocably as the larger spark in any larger animal. What was alive is dead. The immeasurable, indescribable difference between the animate and the inanimate has been produced in a single instant. The spark can no more be revived in Volvox than in man. He was rounder than Humpty-Dumpty but not all the king's horses or all the king's men. . . .

It is no wonder, I say to myself, that so many men in so many different places and at so many different times have assumed that some soul must at the moment of death fly the body and betake itself elsewhere. It is the most

natural of all possible theories, even if it is not the current one. The dead body of even a Volvox seems suddenly to have been vacated. Something intangible seems to have departed from it. What, on the contrary, I do find surprising is not the assumption that men have souls, but that it should ever have come to be commonly assumed that no other creature has. The sense that something which was there is gone is almost as strong in the one case as in the other and nothing suggests that the death of one is radically different from the death of the other. The very word "inanimate" means "without a soul" and the fact that we still use it testifies to its appropriateness.

I assume that the biologists are right when they tell me that Volvox, having got as far as it did, seems to have got no farther. Perhaps some other creature independently paralleled his inventions—which would make the whole thing at least twice as remarkable.

Looking again at the Roller I console him thus: At least you were on the right track. Like many others in the history of invention, like, to take a very minor example, Langley and his airplane—you were on the right track even though something stopped you before ultimate success. Once you had transformed a colony into an integrated individual you showed how it was possible for living creatures to achieve more than merely microscopic size. Once you had invented the differentiation of the sexes you had started on the way to poetry as well as to rich variability.

It may also be true that none of your other inventions was more important than Death, without which none of the others could have been fully effective. As a certain multicellular, mortal and sexually-differentiated individual called Bernard Shaw has argued, nature would not have been able to experiment very freely with new forms if the earlier experiments were not removed after a reasonable time. The potentially immortal amoeba got nowhere. Only mortal creatures evolved.

Thomas Henry Huxley

THE METHOD OF SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION

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 be-

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tween the operations and methods of a baker or of a butcher weighing out his goods in common scales, and the operation 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.

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.

There is a well-known incident in one of Molière's plays, where the author makes the hero express unbounded delight on being told that he has 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.

A very trivial circumstance will serve to exemplify this. Suppose you go into a fruiterer's shop, wanting an apple—you take one up, and, on biting, 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.

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 make an induction from; you generalize the facts, and you expect 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 premise, its minor premise, 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 conclusion of the particular case. Well now, suppose, having got your 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 immediately 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.

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 toward the others.

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 parlor of your house, finds that a teapot 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 windowframe, and perhaps, in addition to that, you notice the impress of a hobnailed shoe 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 teapot!" 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.

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 teapots and spoons do not go out of a window spontaneously, and you are satisfied that, as they are now not 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 hobnails 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 animals than men, 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 premises—and that is what constitutes your hypothesis—that the man who made the marks outside and on the window sill, opened the window, got into the room, and stole your teapot 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.

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 teapots 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 that 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.

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 parlor, and would act accordingly.

Now, in this supposititious case, I have taken phenomena of a very common kind, in order that you might see what are the different 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 endeavoring 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 endeavors 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.

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 telescope 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 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 has 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.

Bertrand Russell

SCIENCE AND HUMAN LIFE

Science and the techniques to which it has given rise have changed human life during the last hundred and fifty years more than it had been changed since men took to agriculture, and the changes that are being wrought by science continue at an increasing speed. There is no sign of any new stability to be attained on some scientific plateau. On the contrary, there is every reason to think that the revolutionary possibilities of science extend immeasurably beyond what has so far been realized. Can the human race adjust itself quickly enough to these vertiginous transformations, or will it, as innumerable former species have done, perish from lack of adaptability? The dinosaurs were, in their day, the lords of creation, and if there had been philosophers among them not one would have foreseen that the whole race might perish. But they became extinct because they could not adapt themselves to a world without swamps. In the case of man and science, there is a wholly new factor, namely that man himself is creating the changes of environment to which he will have to adjust himself with unprecedented rapidity. But, although man through his scientific skill is the cause of the changes of environment, most of these changes are not willed by human beings. Although they come about through human agencies, they have, or at any rate have had so far, something of the inexorable inevitability of natural forces. Whether Nature dried up the swamps or men deliberately drained them, makes little difference as regards the ultimate result. Whether men will be able to survive the changes of environment that their own skill has brought about is an open question. If the answer is in the affirmative, it will be known some day; if not, not. If the answer is to be in the affirmative, men will have to apply scientific ways of thinking to themselves and their institutions. They cannot continue to hope, as all politicians hitherto have, that in a world where everything has changed, the political and social habits of the eighteenth century can remain inviolate. Not only will men of science have to grapple with the sciences that deal with man, but—and this is a far more difficult matter—they will have to persuade the world to listen to what they have discovered. If they cannot succeed in this difficult enterprise, man will destroy himself by his halfway cleverness. I am told that, if he were out of the way, the future would lie with rats. I hope they will find it a pleasant world, but I am glad I shall not be there.

But let us pass from these generalities to more specific questions.

One of the most obvious problems raised by a scientific technique is that of the exhaustion of the soil and of raw materials. This subject has been much

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discussed, and some governments have actually taken some steps to prevent the denudation of the soil. But I doubt whether, as yet, the good done by these measures is outweighing the harm done in less careful regions. Food, however, is such an obvious necessity that the problem is bound to receive increasing attention as population pressure makes it more urgent. Whether this increased attention will do good or harm in the long run is, I fear, questionable. By a spendthrift use of fertilizers, food production in the present can be increased at the cost of food production in the future. Can you imagine a politician going to his constituents and saying: "Ladies and gentlemen, it is in your power to have abundance of food for the next thirty years, but the measures that will give you this abundance will cause scarcity for your grandchildren. I am therefore proposing measures to insure frugality in the present in order to avoid famine in the somewhat distant future." Is it possible to believe that a politician who said this would win elections against one less addicted to foresight? I hardly think so, unless the general level of political intelligence and virtue can be very considerably increased.

The question of raw materials is more difficult and complex than the question of food. The raw materials required at one stage of technique are different from those required at another. It may be that by the time the world's supply of oil is exhausted, atomic power will have taken its place. But to this sort of process there is a limit, though not an easily assignable one. At present there is a race for uranium, and it would seem likely that before very long there will be no easily accessible source of uranium. If, when that happens, the world has come to depend upon nuclear energy as its main source of power, the result may be devastating. All such speculations are of course very questionable, since new techniques may always make it possible to dispense with formerly necessary raw materials. But we cannot get away from the broad fact that we are living upon the world's capital of stored energy and are transforming the energy at a continually increasing rate into forms in which it cannot be utilized. Such a manner of life can hardly be stable, but must sooner or later bring the penalty that lies in wait for those who live on capital.

In primitive times, when the human population of the globe was small, such problems did not arise. Agriculture, it is true, was practiced in ways that exhausted the soil for a time, but there were usually new vacant lands available; and if there were not, the corpses of enemies sufficed as fertilizers. The system was "conservative" in the physicists' sense. That is to say, energy on the whole accumulated as fast as it was used. Now, this is not the case; and, so far as one can see, it will never be the case while scientific technique continues.

All this however, you may say, is distant and doubtful; we have more pressing matters to consider. This is true, and I will proceed to consider some of them.

The problem which most preoccupies the public mind at the present moment is that of scientific warfare. It has become evident that, if scientific skill is allowed free scope, the human race will be exterminated, if not in the next war, then in the next but one or the next but two—at any rate at no very distant

date. To this problem there are two possible reactions: there are those who say, "let us create social institutions which will make large-scale war impossible"; there are others who say, "let us not allow war to become *too* scientific. We can not perhaps go back to bows and arrows, but let us at any rate agree with our enemies that, if we fight them, both sides will fight inefficiently." For my part, I favor the former answer, since I cannot see that either side could be expected to observe an agreement not to use modern weapons if once war had broken out. It is on this ground that I do not think that there will long continue to be human beings unless methods are found of permanently preventing large-scale wars. But this is a serious question as to which I will say no more at the moment. I shall return to it presently.

The substitution of machines for human labor raises problems which are likely to become acute in the not very distant future. These problems are not new. They began with the Industrial Revolution, which ruined large numbers of skilled and industrious handicraftsmen, inflicting upon them hardships that they had in no way deserved and that they bitterly resented. But their troubles were transitory: they died; and such of their children as survived sought other occupations. The sufferers had no political power and were not able to offer any effective resistance to "progress." Nowadays, in democratic countries, the political situation is different and wage earners cannot be expected to submit tamely to starvation. But if we are to believe Norbert Wiener's book on cybernetics—and I see no reason why we should not—it should soon be possible to keep up the existing level of production with a very much smaller number of workers. The more economical methods, one may suppose, would be introduced during a war while the workers were at the front, if such a war were not quickly ended by H-bomb extermination, and when the survivors returned their former jobs would no longer be available. The social discontent resulting from such a situation would be very grave. It could be dealt with in a totalitarian country, but a democracy could only deal with it by radical changes in its social philosophy and even in its ethics. Work has been thought to be a duty, but in such a situation there would be little work to do and duty would have to take new forms.

Changes in political philosophy are necessary for several reasons. One of the most important is that modern techniques make society more organic in the sense that its parts are more interdependent and an injury to one individual or group is more likely than it formerly was to cause injury to other individuals or groups. It is easier to kill a man than to kill a sponge because he is more highly organized and more centralized. In like manner it is easier to inflict vital damage upon a scientific community than upon a community of nomads or scattered peasants. This increase of interdependence makes it necessary to limit freedom in various ways which liberals in the past considered undesirable. There are two spheres in which such limitation is especially necessary: the one is in economics; and the other, in the relations between states.

Take economics first. Suppose, as is not improbable, that most of the power used in industry comes to be distributed from a fairly small number of atomic

power-stations, and suppose that the men working in these stations retained the right to strike. They could completely paralyze the industrial life of a nation and could levy almost unlimited blackmail in the form of demands for higher wages. No community would tolerate such a state of affairs. The workers in power-stations would have to have understudies like actors in a theater, and the forces of the state would have to be employed if necessary to enable the understudies to replace workers on strike. Another example, which war has already brought to the fore, is the supply and use of raw materials. Whenever raw materials are scarce their distribution has to be controlled and not left to the free play of unfettered economic forces. Scarcity of this sort has hitherto been thought of as a transitory phenomenon due to the needs and ravages of war. But it is likely to remain, in regard to many essentials, a normal condition of highly developed industry. Some central authority for the allocation of raw materials must therefore be expected as a necessary limitation of economic freedom. Another unavoidable limitation comes from the vastness of some obviously desirable enterprises. To bring fertility to the interior of Australia and to parts of Siberia is almost certainly possible, but only by an expenditure far beyond the capacity of private enterprise. One may expect that the progress of science will increase the number of such possible enterprises. Perhaps it will be possible in time to make the Sahara rainy, or even to make northern Canada warm. But, if such things become possible, they will be possible only for whole communities and not for private corporations.

Even more important than the limitations of economic liberty are the limitations on the liberty of states. The liberal doctrine of nationality, which was preached by liberals before 1848 and embodied in the Treaty of Versailles by President Wilson, had its justification as a protest against alien domination. But to allow *complete* liberty to any national state is just as anarchic as it would be to allow complete liberty to an individual. There are things which an individual must not do because the criminal law forbids them. The law and the police are in most cases strong enough to prevent such things from being done: murderers are a very small percentage of the population of any civilized country. But the relations between states are not governed by law and cannot be until there is a supranational armed force strong enough to enforce the decisions of a supranational authority. In the past, although the wars resulting from international anarchy caused much suffering and destruction, mankind was able to survive them, and, on the whole, the risks of war were thought less irksome than the controls that would be necessary to prevent it. This is ceasing to be true. The risks of war have become so great that the continued existence of our species either has become or soon will become incompatible with the new methods of scientific destruction.

The new dangers resulting from our more organic society call for certain changes in the kind of character that is admired. The bold buccaneer, or the great conqueror such as Alexander or Napoleon, has been admired and is still admired although the world can no longer afford this type of character. We come

here upon a difficulty. It is a good thing that people should be adventurous and that there should be scope for individual enterprise; but the adventure and enterprise, if they are not to bring total disaster, must steer clear of certain fields in which they were formerly possible. You may still, without harm to your fellow men, wish to be the first man to reach the moon. You may wish to be a great poet or a great composer or a man who advances the boundaries of scientific knowledge. Such adventure injures no one. But if Napoleon is your ideal, you must be restrained. Certain kinds of anarchic self-assertion, which are splendid in the literature of tragedy, have come to involve too much risk. A motorist alone on an empty road may drive as he pleases, but in crowded traffic he must obey the rules. More and more the lives of individuals come to resemble the motorist in traffic rather than the lonely driver in an empty desert.

I come at last to a question which is causing considerable concern and perplexity to many men of science, namely: what is their social duty toward this new world that they have been creating? I do not think this question is easy or simple. The pure man of science, as such, is concerned with the advancement of knowledge, and in his professional moments he takes it for granted that the advancement of knowledge is desirable. But inevitably he finds himself casting his pearls before swine. Men who do not understand his scientific work can utilize the knowledge that he provides. The new techniques to which it gives rise often have totally unexpected effects. The men who decide what use shall be made of the new techniques are not necessarily possessed of any exceptional degree of wisdom. They are mainly politicians whose professional skill consists in knowing how to play upon the emotions of masses of men. The emotions which easily sway masses are very seldom the best of which the individuals composing the masses are capable. And so the scientist finds that he has unintentionally placed new powers in the hands of reckless men. He may easily come to doubt, in moments of depression or overwork, whether the world would not be a happier place if science did not exist. He knows that science gives power and that the power which it gives could be used to increase human welfare; but he knows also that very often it is used, not so, but in the very opposite direction. Is he on this account to view himself as an unintentional malefactor?

I do not think so. I think we must retain the belief that scientific knowledge is one of the glories of man. I will not maintain that knowledge can never do harm. I think such general propositions can almost always be refuted by well-chosen examples. What I will maintain—and maintain vigorously—is that knowledge is very much more often useful than harmful and that fear of knowledge is very much more often harmful than useful. Suppose you are a scientific pioneer and you make some discovery of great scientific importance, and suppose you say to yourself, "I am afraid this discovery will do harm": you know that other people are likely to make the same discovery if they are allowed suitable opportunities for research; you must therefore, if you do not wish the discovery to become public, either discourage your sort of research or control

publication by a board of censors. Nine times out of ten, the board of censors will object to knowledge that is in fact useful—e.g., knowledge concerning contraceptives—rather than to knowledge that would in fact be harmful. It is very difficult to foresee the social effects of new knowledge, and it is very easy from the sheer force of habit to shrink from new knowledge such as might promote new kinds of behavior.

Apart from the more general duties of scientists toward society, they have a quite special and exceptional duty in the present critical condition of the world. All men of science who have studied thermonuclear warfare are aware of two superlatively important facts: first, that whatever agreements may have been reached to the contrary, thermonuclear weapons will certainly be employed by both sides in a world war; second, that if such weapons are employed there can be no hope of victory for either side, but only of universal destruction involving, quite possibly, the end of all human and animal life and almost certainly, failing that, a complete reversion to barbarism. A great war with thermonuclear weapons will not produce a universal victory of communism. It will also not produce the sort of world desired by the Western Powers. Nor will it give opportunity for the independent flourishing of Southeast Asia or Africa. Radioactive clouds, borne by the wind, will not respect frontiers and will ignore the legal rights of neutrals. In view of this prospect, there is one matter upon which the interests of the whole world coincide. Whether you are a Communist or an anti-Communist, an inhabitant of Asia or Europe or America, a white, brown, yellow or black man, your interests are exactly the same as those of the rest of the human race. Your paramount interest, if you are aware of the situation, must be to preserve the existence of mankind by preventing a great war. It is clearly the duty of men of science to bring the facts home, as far as lies in their power, to the governments and peoples of both East and West. This is no easy task. The governments of both East and West, whether from ignorance or from motives of prestige, are engaged in trying to persuade their populations that thermonuclear weapons will destroy the enemy but not themselves. *The Red Star*, the official military organ of the Soviet government, published several articles on methods of defense against thermonuclear weapons. These articles were so absurd that one could hardly believe their authors to be sincere. It seemed obvious that the purpose of the articles was to deceive people in Russia as to the perils to which they would be exposed. I am afraid that the schemes for civil defense put forward in America and Britain are equally misleading. I hope that this is because the authorities are ignorant and not because they are dishonest.

Clearly, scientists both of the East and of the West have an imperative duty: namely, the duty of bringing home to the protagonists the fact that the time is past for swashbuckling and boasting and campaigns of bluff which, if the bluff is called, can end only in utter disaster. I have been glad to see a lead given by a small number of men of science of the highest eminence, representing many countries and all creeds, Americans, Western Europeans, Poles and Japanese.

I have rejoiced to see these men issue a clear statement as to what is likely to happen in a great war; and I should wish them to invite all other men of science, in all countries, to subscribe to this statement.

I am aware that this will involve a certain degree of heroism and self-sacrifice. But there will be a reward which brave men should find sufficient: the reward of preserving uprightness and self-respect in the face of danger. These virtues are common in battle, and men of science should be able to show them also in a conflict with ignorance and ferocity. Science has fought great fights in former centuries against the embattled forces of obscurantism. In the nineteenth century it seemed as though science were victorious, but the victory is in danger of proving illusory. If science is to do its duty by mankind, men of science must once again face martyrdom and obloquy and the accusation of indifference to moral values. Perhaps their prestige may suffice to save them from the worst penalties for their courage, but of this we cannot be confident. What we can say with confidence is that it is not worth while to prolong a slavish and cowardly existence for a few miserable years while those who know the magnitude of the impending catastrophe wait for that radioactive death that is in store for them as well as for others.

A difficult readjustment in the scientists' conception of duty is imperatively necessary. As Lord Adrian said in his address to the British Association, "Unless we are ready to give up some of our old loyalties, we may be forced into a fight which might end the human race." This matter of loyalty is the crux. Hitherto, in the East and in the West alike, most scientists, like most other people, have felt that loyalty to their own state is paramount. They have no longer a right to feel this. Loyalty to the human race must take its place. Everyone in the West will at once admit this as regards Soviet scientists. We are shocked that Kapitza, who was Rutherford's favorite pupil, was willing, when the Soviet government refused him permission to return to Cambridge, to place his scientific skill at the disposal of those who wished to spread communism by means of H-bombs. We do not so readily apprehend a similar failure of duty on our own side. I do not wish to be thought to suggest treachery, since that is only a transference of loyalty to another national state; I am suggesting a very different thing: that scientists the world over should join in enlightening mankind as to the perils of a great war and in devising methods for its prevention. I urge with all the emphasis at my disposal that this is the duty of scientists in East and West alike. It is a difficult duty, and one likely to entail penalties for those who perform it. But, after all, it is the labors of scientists which have caused the danger and on this account, if on no other, scientists must do everything in their power to save mankind from the madness which they have made possible.

Science from the dawn of history, and probably longer, has been intimately associated with war. I imagine that when our ancestors descended from the trees they were victorious over the arboreal conservatives because flints were sharper than coconuts. To come to more recent times, Archimedes was re-

spected for his scientific defense of Syracuse against the Romans; Leonardo obtained employment under the Duke of Milan because of his skill in fortification, though he did mention in a postscript that he could also paint a bit; Galileo similarly derived an income from the Grand Duke of Tuscany because of his skill in calculating the trajectories of projectiles. In the French Revolution, those scientists who were not guillotined devoted themselves to making new explosives. There is therefore no departure from tradition in the present-day scientists' manufacture of A-bombs and H-bombs. All that is new is the extent of their destructive skill.

I do not think that men of science can cease to regard the disinterested pursuit of knowledge as their primary duty. It is true that new knowledge and new skills are sometimes harmful in their effects, but scientists cannot profitably take account of this fact since the effects are impossible to foresee. We cannot blame Columbus because the discovery of the Western Hemisphere spread throughout the Eastern Hemisphere an appallingly devastating plague. Nor can we blame James Watt for the Dust Bowl, although if there had been no steam engines and no railways the West would not have been so carelessly or so quickly cultivated. To see that knowledge is wisely used is primarily the duty of statesmen, not of men of science; but it is part of the duty of men of science to see that important knowledge is widely disseminated and is not falsified in the interests of this or that propaganda.

Scientific knowledge has its dangers; but so has every great thing. And over and beyond the dangers with which it threatens the present, it opens up as nothing else can the vision of a possible happy world, a world without poverty, without war, with little illness. And, what is perhaps more than all, when science has mastered the forces which mold human character, it will be able to produce populations in which few suffer from destructive fierceness and in which the great majority regard other people, not as competitors to be feared, but as helpers in a common task. Science has only recently begun to apply itself to human beings, except in their purely physical aspect. Such science as exists in psychology and anthropology has hardly begun to affect political behavior or private ethics. The minds of men remain attuned to a world that is fast disappearing. The changes in our physical environment require, if they are to bring well-being, correlative changes in our beliefs and habits. If we cannot effect these changes, we shall suffer the fate of the dinosaurs who could not live on dry land. I think it is the duty of science—I do not say of every individual man of science—to study the means by which we can adapt ourselves to the new world. There are certain things that the world quite obviously needs: tentativeness, as opposed to dogmatism, in our beliefs; an expectation of co-operation, rather than competition, in social relations; a lessening of envy and collective hatred. These are things which education could produce without much difficulty. They are not things adequately sought in the education of the present day.

It is to progress in the human sciences that we must look to undo the evils which have resulted from a knowledge of the physical world hastily and

superficially acquired by populations unconscious of the changes in themselves that the new knowledge has made imperative. The road to a happier world than any known in the past lies open before us if atavistic destructive passions can be kept in leash while the necessary adaptations are made. Fears are inevitable in our time, but hopes are equally rational and far more likely to bear good fruit. We must learn to think rather less of the dangers to be avoided than of the good that will lie within our grasp if we can believe in it and let it dominate our thoughts. Science, whatever unpleasant consequences it may have by the way, is in its very nature a liberator, a liberator of bondage to physical nature and, in time to come, a liberator from the weight of destructive passions. We are on the threshold of utter disaster or unprecedentedly glorious achievement. No previous age has been fraught with problems so momentous; and it is to science that we must look for a happy issue.

Albert Einstein

SCIENCE AND RELIGION

It would not be difficult to come to an agreement as to what we understand by science. Science is the century-old endeavor to bring together by means of systematic thought the perceptible phenomena of this world into as thoroughgoing an association as possible. To put it boldly, it is the attempt at the posterior reconstruction of existence by the process of conceptualization. But when asking myself what religion is, I cannot think of the answer so easily. And even after finding an answer which may satisfy me at this particular moment, I still remain convinced that I can never under any circumstances bring together, even to a slight extent, all those who have given this question serious consideration.

At first, then, instead of asking what religion is, I should prefer to ask what characterizes the aspirations of a person who gives me the impression of being religious: a person who is religiously enlightened appears to me to be one who has, to the best of his ability, liberated himself from the fetters of his selfish desires and is preoccupied with thoughts, feelings, and aspirations to which he clings because of their super-personal value. It seems to me that what is important is the force of this super-personal content and the depth of the conviction concerning its overpowering meaningfulness, regardless of whether any attempt is made to unite this content with a Divine Being, for otherwise it would not be possible to count Buddha and Spinoza as religious personalities. Accordingly, a religious person is devout in the sense that he has no doubt of the significance and loftiness of those super-personal objects and goals which

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neither require nor are capable of rational foundation. They exist with the same necessity and matter-of-factness as he himself. In this sense religion is the age-old endeavor of mankind to become clearly and completely conscious of these values and goals and constantly to strengthen and extend their effects. If one conceives of religion and science according to these definitions then a conflict between them appears impossible. For science can only ascertain what *is*, but not what should be, and outside of its domain value judgments of all kinds remain necessary. Religion, on the other hand, deals only with evaluations of human thought and action; it cannot justifiably speak of facts and relationships between facts. According to this interpretation, the well-known conflicts between religion and science in the past must all be ascribed to a misapprehension of the situation which has been described.

For example, a conflict arises when a religious community insists on the absolute truthfulness of all statements recorded in the Bible. This means an intervention on the part of religion into the sphere of science; this is where the struggle of the Church against the doctrines of Galileo and Darwin belongs. On the other hand, representatives of science have often made an attempt to arrive at fundamental judgments with respect to values and ends on the basis of scientific method, and in this way have set themselves in opposition to religion. These conflicts have all sprung from fatal errors.

Now, even though the realms of religion and science in themselves are clearly marked off from each other, nevertheless there exist between the two, strong reciprocal relationships and dependencies. Though religion may be that which determines the goal, it has, nevertheless, learned from science, in the broadest sense, what means will contribute to the attainment of the goals it has set up. But science can only be created by those who are thoroughly imbued with the aspiration towards truth and understanding. This source of feeling, however, springs from the sphere of religion. To this there also belongs the faith in the possibility that the regulations valid for the world of existence are rational, that is comprehensible to reason. I cannot conceive of a genuine scientist without that profound faith. The situation may be expressed by an image: science without religion is lame, religion without science is blind.

Though I have asserted above, that in truth a legitimate conflict between religion and science cannot exist, I must nevertheless qualify this assertion once again on an essential point, with reference to the actual content of historical religions. This qualification has to do with the concept of God. During the youthful period of mankind's spiritual evolution, human fantasy created gods in man's own image, who, by the operations of their will were supposed to determine, or at any rate to influence, the phenomenal world. Man sought to alter the disposition of these gods in his own favor by means of magic and prayer. The idea of God in the religions taught at present is a sublimation of that old conception of the gods. Its anthropomorphic character is shown, for instance, by the fact that men appeal to the Divine Being in prayers and plead for the fulfilment of their wishes.

Nobody, certainly, will deny that the idea of the existence of an omnipotent, just and omnibeneficent personal God is able to accord man solace, help, and guidance; also, by virtue of its simplicity the concept is accessible to the most undeveloped mind. But, on the other hand, there are decisive weaknesses attached to this idea in itself, which have been painfully felt since the beginning of history. That is, if this Being is omnipotent, then every occurrence, including every human action, every human thought, and every human feeling and aspiration is also His work; how is it possible to think of holding men responsible for their deeds and thoughts before such an Almighty Being? In giving out punishment and rewards He would to a certain extent be passing judgment on Himself. How can this be combined with the goodness and righteousness ascribed to Him?

The main source of the present-day conflicts between the spheres of religion and of science lies in this concept of a personal God. It is the aim of science to establish general rules which determine the reciprocal connection of objects and events in time and space. For these rules, or laws of nature, absolutely general validity is required—not proven. It is mainly a program, and faith in the possibility of its accomplishment in principle is only founded on partial success. But hardly anyone could be found who would deny these partial successes and ascribe them to human self-deception. The fact that on the basis of such laws we are able to predict the temporal behavior of phenomena in certain domains with great precision and certainty, is deeply embedded in the consciousness of the modern man, even though he may have grasped very little of the contents of those laws. He need only consider that planetary courses within the solar system may be calculated in advance with great exactitude on the basis of a limited number of simple laws. In a similar way, though not with the same precision, it is possible to calculate in advance the mode of operation of an electric motor, a transmission system, or of a wireless apparatus, even when dealing with a novel development.

To be sure, when the number of factors coming into play in a phenomenological complex is too large, scientific method in most cases fails us. One need only think of the weather, in which case prediction even for a few days ahead is impossible. Nevertheless no one doubts that we are confronted with a causal connection whose causal components are in the main known to us. Occurrences in this domain are beyond the reach of exact prediction because of the variety of factors in operation, not because of any lack of order in nature.

We have penetrated far less deeply into the regularities obtaining within the realm of living things, but deeply enough nevertheless to sense at least the rule of fixed necessity. One need only think of the systematic order in heredity, and in the effect of poisons, as for instance alcohol on the behavior of organic beings. What is still lacking here is a grasp of connections of profound generality, but not a knowledge of order in itself.

The more a man is imbued with the ordered regularity of all events, the firmer becomes his conviction that there is no room left by the side of this

ordered regularity for causes of a different nature. For him neither the rule of human nor the rule of Divine Will exists as an independent cause of natural events. To be sure, the doctrine of a personal God interfering with natural events could never be *refuted*, in the real sense, by science, for this doctrine can always take refuge in those domains in which scientific knowledge has not yet been able to set foot.

But I am persuaded that such behavior on the part of the representatives of religion would not only be unworthy but also fatal. For a doctrine which is able to maintain itself not in clear light but only in the dark, will of necessity lose its effect on mankind, with incalculable harm to human progress. In their struggle for the ethical good, teachers of religion must have the stature to give up the doctrine of a personal God, that is, give up that source of fear and hope which in the past placed such vast power in the hands of priests. In their labors they will have to avail themselves of those forces which are capable of cultivating the Good, the True, and the Beautiful in humanity itself. This is, to be sure, a more difficult but an incomparably more worthy task.[1] After religious teachers accomplish the refining process indicated, they will surely recognize with joy that true religion has been ennobled and made more profound by scientific knowledge.

If it is one of the goals of religion to liberate mankind as far as possible from the bondage of egocentric cravings, desires, and fears, scientific reasoning can aid religion in yet another sense. Although it is true that it is the goal of science to discover rules which permit the association and foretelling of facts, this is not its only aim. It also seeks to reduce the connections discovered to the smallest possible number of mutually independent conceptual elements. It is in this striving after the rational unification of the manifold that it encounters its greatest successes, even though it is precisely this attempt which causes it to run the greatest risk of falling a prey to illusions. But whoever has undergone the intense experience of successful advances made in this domain, is moved by profound reverence for the rationality made manifest in existence. By way of the understanding he achieves a far-reaching emancipation from the shackles of personal hopes and desires, and thereby attains that humble attitude of mind towards the grandeur of reason incarnate in existence, which, in its profoundest depths, is inaccessible to man. This attitude, however, appears to me to be religious, in the highest sense of the word. And so it seems to me that science not only purifies the religious impulse of the dross of its anthropomorphism, but also contributes to a religious spiritualization of our understanding of life.

The further the spiritual evolution of mankind advances, the more certain it seems to me that the path to genuine religiosity does not lie through the fear of life, and the fear of death, and blind faith, but through striving after rational knowledge. In this sense I believe that the priest must become a teacher if he wishes to do justice to his lofty educational mission.

1. This thought is convincingly presented in Herbert Samuel's book, *Belief and Action*.

Religion and Ethics

From time immemorial, one of the unceasing quests of man has been for a satisfactory religion, a satisfactory pathway to virtue. The autobiographical passage by the essayist Agnes Repplier which opens this section tells a touching story of a little girl's first serious encounter with ethical problems. The three selections which follow offer a series of contrasting answers, given by men with different attitudes, to the questions, "What should a man believe?" and "How is a man to live?" They are arranged chronologically. The first sets forth the doctrines of the founder of the Christian religion. The second states the beliefs of an American mystic, Henry David Thoreau, who wrote a literary and philosophical masterpiece, the book *Walden,* in the middle of the nineteenth century. The third gives a twentieth-century viewpoint, one by C. S. Lewis, an essayist, novelist, and Oxford professor. (In connection with the problems raised in this section, Albert Einstein's essay "Science and Religion," page 125, presents another important twentieth-century attitude.)

Agnes Repplier

SIN

A personal discovery

I was twelve years old, and very happy in my convent school. I did not particularly mind studying my lessons, and I sometimes persuaded the less experienced nuns to accept a retentive memory as a substitute for intelligent understanding, with which it has nothing to do. I "got along" with other children, and I enjoyed my friends; and of such simple things is the life of a child composed.

Then came a disturbing letter from my mother, a letter which threatened the heart of my content. It was sensible and reasonable, and it said very plainly and very kindly that I had better not make an especial friend of Lilly Milton; "not an exclusive friend," wrote my mother, "not one whom you would expect to see intimately after you leave school."

I knew what all that meant. I was as innocent as a kitten; but divorces were not common in those conservative years, and Mrs. Milton had as many to her credit as if she were living—a highly esteemed and popular lady—to-day.

From *The Atlantic Monthly,* June 1938. Reprinted by permission of *The Atlantic Monthly* and Agnes Repplier.

I regretted my mother's tendency to confuse issues with unimportant details (a mistake which grown-up people often made), and I felt sure that if she knew Lilly—who was also as innocent as a kitten, and was blessed with the sweetest temper that God ever gave a little girl—she would be delighted that I had such an excellent friend. So I went on happily enough until ten days later, when Madame Rayburn, a nun for whom I cherished a very warm affection, was talking to me upon a familiar theme—the diverse ways in which I might improve my classwork and my general behavior. The subject did not interest me deeply,—repetition had staled its vivacity,—until my companion said the one thing that had plainly been uppermost in her mind: "And Agnes, how did you come to tell Lilly Milton that your mother did not want you to go with her? I never thought you could have been so deliberately unkind."

This brought me to my feet with a bound. "Tell Lilly!" I cried. "You could not have believed such a thing. It was Madame Bouron who told her."

A silence followed this revelation. The convent discipline was as strict for the nuns as for the pupils, and it was not their custom to criticize their superiors. Madame Bouron was mistress general, ranking next to the august head, and of infinitely more importance to us. She was a cold, severe, sardonic woman, and the general dislike felt for her had shaped itself into a cult. I had accepted this cult in simple good faith, having no personal grudge until she did this dreadful thing; and I may add that it was the eminently unwise custom of reading all the letters written to or by the pupils which stood responsible for the trouble. The order of nuns was a French one, and the habit of surveillance, which did not seem amiss in France, was ill-adapted to America. I had never before wasted a thought upon it. My weekly home letter and the less frequent but more communicative epistles from my mother might have been read in the market place for all I cared, until this miserable episode proved that a bad usage may be trusted to produce, sooner or later, bad results.

It was with visible reluctance that Madame Rayburn said after a long pause: "That alters the case. If Madame Bouron told Lilly, she must have had some good reason for doing so."

"There was no good reason," I protested. "There couldn't have been. But it doesn't matter. I told Lilly it wasn't so, and she believed me."

Madame Rayburn stared at me aghast. "You told Lilly it was not so?" she repeated.

I nodded. "I could not find out for two days what was the matter," I explained; "but I got it out of her at last, and I told her that my mother had never written a line to me about her. And she believed me."

"But my dear child," said the nun, "you have told a very grievous lie. What is more, you have borne false witness against your neighbor. When you said to Lilly that your mother had not written that letter, you made her believe that Madame Bouron had lied to her."

"She didn't mind believing that," I observed cheerfully, "and there was nothing else that I could say to make her feel all right."

"But a lie is a lie," protested the nun. "You will have to tell Lilly the truth."

I said nothing, but my silence was not the silence of acquiescence. Madame Rayburn must have recognized this fact, for she took another line of attack. When she spoke next, it was in a low voice and very earnestly. "Listen to me," she said. "Friday is the first of May. You are going to confession on Thursday. You will tell Father O'Harra the whole story just as you have told it to me, and whatever he bids you do, you must do it. Remember that if you go to confession and do not tell this you will commit the very great sin of sacrilege; and if you do not obey your confessor you will commit the sin of open disobedience to the Church."

I was more than a little frightened. It seemed to me that for the first time in my life I was confronted by grown-up iniquities to which I had been a stranger. The thought sobered me for two days. On the third I went to confession, and when I had finished with my customary offenses—which, as they seldom varied, were probably as familiar to the priest as they were to me—I told my serious tale. The silence with which it was received bore witness to its seriousness. No question was asked me; I had been too explicit to render questions needful. But after two minutes (which seemed like two hours) of thinking my confessor said: "A lie is a lie. It must be retracted. To-morrow you will do one of two things. You will tell your friend the truth, or you will tell Madame Bouron the whole story just as you told it to me. Do you understand?"

"Yes," I said in a faint little voice, no louder than a sigh.

"And you will do as I bid you?"

"Yes," I breathed again.

"Then I will give you absolution, and you may go to Communion. But remember, no later than to-morrow. Believe me, it will get no easier by delay."

Of that I felt tolerably sure, and it was with the courage of desperation that I knocked the next morning at the door of Madame Bouron's office. She gave me a glance of wonderment (I had never before paid her a voluntary call), and without pause or preamble I told my tale, told it with such bald uncompromising verity that it sounded worse than ever. She listened at first in amazement, then in anger. "So Lilly thinks I lied to her," she said at last.

"Yes," I answered.

"And suppose I send for her now and undeceive her."

"You can't do that," I said. "I should tell her again my mother did not write the letter, and she would believe me."

"If you told another such lie, you would be sent from the school."

"If I were sent home, Lilly would believe me. She would believe me all the more."

The anger died out of Madame Bouron's eyes, and a look of bewilderment came into them. I am disposed to think that despite her wide experience as nun and teacher, she had never before encountered an *idée fixe*, and found out that the pyramids are flexible compared to it. "You know," she said uncertainly, "that sooner or later you will have to do as your mother desires."

I made no answer. The "sooner or later" did not interest me at all. I was living now.

There was another long pause. When Madame Bouron spoke again it was in a grave and low voice. "I wish I had said nothing about your mother's letter," she said. "I thought I could settle matters quickly that way, but I was mistaken, and I must take the consequences of my error. You may go now. I will not speak to Lilly, or to anyone else about this affair."

I did not go. I sat stunned, and asking myself if she knew all that her silence would imply. Children seldom give adults much credit for intelligence. "But," I began feebly—

"But me no buts," she interrupted, rising to her feet. "I know what you are going to say; but I have not been the head of a school for years without bearing more than one injustice."

Now when I heard these words sadly spoken something broke up inside of me. It did not break gently, like the dissolving of a cloud; it broke like the bursting of a dam. Sobs shook my lean little body as though they would have torn it apart. Tears blinded me. With difficulty I gasped out three words. "You are good," I said.

Madame Bouron propelled me gently to the door, which I could not see because of my tears. "I wish I could say as much for you," she answered, "but I cannot. You have been very bad. You have been false to your mother, to whom you owe respect and obedience; you have been false to me; and you have been false to God. But you have been true to your friend."

She put me out of the door, and I stood in the corridor facing the clock. I was still shaken by sobs, but my heart was light as a bird. And, believe it or not, the supreme reason for my happiness was—not that my difficulties were over, though I was glad of that; and not that Lilly was safe from hurt, though I was glad of that; but that Madame Bouron, whom I had thought bad, had proved herself to be, according to the standards of childhood, as good as gold. My joy was like the joy of the blessed saints in Paradise.

Matthew

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him. And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying: Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.

Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled. Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven. For I say unto you, That except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment. But I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment: and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council: but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire. Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee; leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift. Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him; lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Verily I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.

Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not commit adultery. But I say unto you, That whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.

And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell. And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.

It hath been said, Whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement, but I say unto you, That whosoever shall put away his wife,

saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery: and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery.

Again, ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths, but I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by heaven; for it is God's throne; nor by the earth; for it is his footstool: neither by Jerusalem; for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: but I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloke also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? do not even the publicans so?

Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.

Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them: otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven. Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have the glory of men. Verily I say unto you, they have their reward.

But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth that thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly.

And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly. But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not ye therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him.

After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our

debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you. But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.

Moreover when ye fast, be not, as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance: for they disfigure their faces, that they may appear unto men to fast. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thine head, and wash thy face; that thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father which is in secret: and thy Father, which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal. But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal. For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light. But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!

No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon. Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?

Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?

And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed?

For after all these things do the Gentiles seek. For your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.

But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.

Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but con-

siderest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.

Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you.

Ask and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?

Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets.

Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat, because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves. Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.

Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity.

Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock. And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock.

And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand. And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it.

And it came to pass, when Jesus had ended these sayings, the people were astonished at his doctrine. For he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes.

Henry David Thoreau

HIGHER LAWS

As I came home through the woods with my string of fish, trailing my pole, it being now quite dark, I caught a glimpse of a woodchuck stealing across my path, and felt a strange thrill of savage delight, and was strongly tempted to seize and devour him raw; not that I was hungry then, except for that wildness which he represented. Once or twice, however, while I lived at the pond, I found myself ranging the woods, like a half-starved hound, with a strange abandonment, seeking some kind of venison which I might devour, and no morsel could have been too savage for me. The wildest scenes had become unaccountably familiar. I found in myself, and still find, an instinct toward a higher, or, as it is named, spiritual life, as do most men, and another toward a primitive, rank and savage one, and I reverence them both. I love the wild not less than the good. The wildness and adventure that are in fishing still recommended it to me. I like sometimes to take rank hold on life and spend my day more as the animals do. Perhaps I have owed to this employment and to hunting, when quite young, my closest acquaintance with Nature. They early introduce us to and detain us in scenery with which otherwise, at that age, we should have little acquaintance. Fishermen, hunters, woodchoppers, and others, spending their lives in the fields and woods, in a peculiar sense a part of Nature themselves, are often in a more favorable mood for observing her, in the intervals of their pursuits, than philosophers or poets even, who approach her with expectation. She is not afraid to exhibit herself to them. The traveller on the prairie is naturally a hunter, on the head waters of the Missouri and Columbia a trapper, and at the Falls of St. Mary a fisherman. He who is only a traveller learns things at second-hand and by the halves, and is poor authority. We are most interested when science reports what those men already know practically or instinctively, for that alone is a true *humanity*, or account of human experience.

They mistake who assert that the Yankee has few amusements, because he has not so many public holidays, and men and boys do not play so many games as they do in England, for here the more primitive but solitary amusements of hunting, fishing, and the like have not yet given place to the former. Almost every New England boy among my contemporaries shouldered a fowling-piece between the ages of ten and fourteen; and his hunting and fishing grounds were not limited, like the preserves of an English nobleman, but were more boundless even than those of a savage. No wonder, then, that he did not oftener stay to play on the common. But already a change is taking place, owing, not to an increased humanity, but to an increased scarcity of game, for perhaps the hunter is the greatest friend of the animals hunted, not excepting the Humane Society.

Moreover, when at the pond, I wished sometimes to add fish to my fare for variety. I have actually fished from the same kind of necessity that the first fishers did. Whatever humanity I might conjure up against it was all factitious, and concerned my philosophy more than my feelings. I speak of fishing only now, for I had long felt differently about fowling, and sold my gun before I went to the woods. Not that I am less humane than others, but I did not perceive that my feelings were much affected. I did not pity the fishes nor the worms. This was habit. As for fowling, during the last years that I carried a gun my excuse was that I was studying ornithology, and sought only new or rare birds. But I confess that I am now inclined to think that there is a finer way of studying ornithology than this. It requires so much closer attention to the habits of the birds, that, if for that reason only, I have been willing to omit the gun. Yet notwithstanding the objection on the score of humanity, I am compelled to doubt if equally valuable sports are ever substituted for these; and when some of my friends have asked me anxiously about their boys, whether they should let them hunt, I have answered, yes,—remembering that it was one of the best parts of my education,—*make* them hunters, though sportsmen only at first, if possible, mighty hunters at last, so that they shall not find game large enough for them in this or any vegetable wilderness,—hunters as well as fishers of men. Thus far I am of the opinion of Chaucer's nun, who

> "yave not of the text a pulled hen
> That saith that hunters ben not holy men."

There is a period in the history of the individual, as of the race, when the hunters are the "best men," as the Algonquins called them. We cannot but pity the boy who has never fired a gun; he is no more humane, while his education has been sadly neglected. This was my answer with respect to those youths who were bent on this pursuit, trusting that they would soon outgrow it. No humane being, past the thoughtless age of boyhood, will wantonly murder any creature which holds its life by the same tenure that he does. The hare in its extremity cries like a child. I warn you, mothers, that my sympathies do not always make the usual phil*anthropic* distinctions.

Such is oftenest the young man's introduction to the forest, and the most original part of himself. He goes thither at first as a hunter and fisher, until at last, if he has the seeds of a better life in him, he distinguishes his proper objects, as a poet or naturalist it may be, and leaves the gun and fish-pole behind. The mass of men are still and always young in this respect. In some countries a hunting parson is no uncommon sight. Such a one might make a good shepherd's dog, but is far from being the Good Shepherd. I have been surprised to consider that the only obvious employment, except woodchopping, ice-cutting, or the like business, whichever to my knowledge detained at Walden Pond for a whole half-day any of my fellow-citizens, whether fathers or children of the town, with just one exception, was fishing. Commonly they did not think that they were lucky, or well paid for their time, unless they got a long string of fish, though they had the opportunity of seeing the pond all the

while. They might go there a thousand times before the sediment of fishing would sink to the bottom and leave their purpose pure; but no doubt such a clarifying process would be going on all the while. The Governor and his Council faintly remember the pond, for they went a-fishing there when they were boys; but now they are too old and dignified to go a-fishing, and so they know it no more forever. Yet even they expect to go to heaven at last. If the legislature regards it, it is chiefly to regulate the number of hooks to be used there; but they know nothing about the hook of hooks with which to angle for the pond itself, impaling the legislature for a bait. Thus, even in civilized communities, the embryo man passes through the hunter stage of development.

I have found repeatedly, of late years, that I cannot fish without falling a little in self-respect. I have tried it again and again. I have skill at it, and, like many of my fellows, a certain instinct for it, which revives from time to time, but always when I have done I feel that it would have been better if I had not fished. I think that I do not mistake. It is a faint intimation, yet so are the first streaks of morning. There is unquestionably this instinct in me which belongs to the lower orders of creation; yet with every year I am less a fisherman, though without more humanity or even wisdom; at present I am no fisherman at all. But I see that if I were to live in a wilderness I should again be tempted to become a fisher and hunter in earnest. Beside, there is something essentially unclean about this diet and all flesh, and I began to see where housework commences, and whence the endeavor, which costs so much, to wear a tidy and respectable appearance each day, to keep the house sweet and free from all ill odors and sights. Having been my own butcher and scullion and cook, as well as the gentleman for whom the dishes were served up, I can speak from an unusually complete experience. The practical objection to animal food in my case was its uncleanness; and besides, when I had caught and cleaned and cooked and eaten my fish, they seemed not to have fed me essentially. It was insignificant and unnecessary, and cost more than it came to. A little bread or a few potatoes would have done as well, with less trouble and filth. Like many of my contemporaries, I had rarely for many years used animal food, or tea, or coffee, etc.; not so much because of any ill effects which I had traced to them, as because they were not agreeable to my imagination. The repugnance to animal food is not the effect of experience, but is an instinct. It appeared more beautiful to live low and fare hard in many respects; and though I never did so, I went far enough to please my imagination. I believe that every man who has ever been earnest to preserve his higher or poetic faculties in the best condition has been particularly inclined to abstain from animal food, and from much food of any kind. It is a significant fact stated by entomologists,—I find it in Kirby and Spence,—that "some insects in their perfect state, though furnished with organs of feeding, make no use of them;" and they lay it down as "a general rule, that almost all insects in this state eat much less than in that of larvae. The voracious caterpillar when transformed into a butterfly . . . and the gluttonous maggot when become a fly" content themselves with a drop or two of honey or some other sweet liquid. The abdomen under the wings of the butter-

fly still represents the larva. This is the tidbit which tempts his insectivorous fate. The gross feeder is a man in the larva state; and there are whole nations in that condition, nations without fancy or imagination, whose vast abdomens betray them.

It is hard to provide and cook so simple and clean a diet as will not offend the imagination; but this, I think, is to be fed when we feed the body; they should both sit down at the same table. Yet perhaps this may be done. The fruits eaten temperately need not make us ashamed of our appetites, nor interrupt the worthiest pursuits. But put an extra condiment into your dish, and it will poison you. It is not worth the while to live by rich cookery. Most men would feel shame if caught preparing with their own hands precisely such a dinner, whether of animal or vegetable food, as is every day prepared for them by others. Yet till this is otherwise we are not civilized, and, if gentlemen and ladies, are not true men and women. This certainly suggests what change is to be made. It may be vain to ask why the imagination will not be reconciled to flesh and fat. I am satisfied that it is not. Is it not a reproach that man is a carnivorous animal? True, he can and does live, in a great measure, by preying on other animals; but this is a miserable way,—as any one who will go to snaring rabbits, or slaughtering lambs, may learn,—and he will be regarded as a benefactor of his race who shall teach man to confine himself to a more innocent and wholesome diet. Whatever my own practice may be, I have no doubt that it is a part of the destiny of the human race, in its gradual improvement, to leave off eating animals, as surely as the savage tribes have left off eating each other when they came in contact with the more civilized.

If one listens to the faintest but constant suggestions of his genius, which are certainly true, he sees not to what extremes, or even insanity, it may lead him; and yet that way, as he grows more resolute and faithful, his road lies. The faintest assured objection which one healthy man feels will at length prevail over the arguments and customs of mankind. No man ever followed his genius till it misled him. Though the result were bodily weakness, yet perhaps no one can say that the consequences were to be regretted, for these were a life in conformity to higher principles. If the day and the night are such that you greet them with joy, and life emits a fragrance like flowers and sweet-scented herbs, is more elastic, more starry, more immortal,—that is your success. All nature is your congratulation, and you have cause momentarily to bless yourself. The greatest gains and values are farthest from being appreciated. We easily come to doubt if they exist. We soon forget them. They are the highest reality. Perhaps the facts most astounding and most real are never communicated by man to man. The true harvest of my daily life is somewhat as intangible and indescribable as the tints of morning or evening. It is a little star-dust caught, a segment of the rainbow which I have clutched.

Yet, for my part, I was never unusually squeamish; I could sometimes eat a fried rat with a good relish, if it were necessary. I am glad to have drunk water so long, for the same reason that I prefer the natural sky to an opium-eater's heaven. I would fain keep sober always; and there are infinite degrees of

drunkenness. I believe that water is the only drink for a wise man; wine is not so noble a liquor; and think of dashing the hopes of a morning with a cup of warm coffee, or of an evening with a dish of tea! Ah, how low I fall when I am tempted by them! Even music may be intoxicating. Such apparently slight causes destroyed Greece and Rome, and will destroy England and America. Of all ebriosity, who does not prefer to be intoxicated by the air he breathes? I have found it to be the most serious objection to coarse labors long continued, that they compelled me to eat and drink coarsely also. But to tell the truth, I find myself at present somewhat less particular in these respects. I carry less religion to the table, ask no blessing; not because I am wiser than I was, but, I am obliged to confess, because, however much it is to be regretted, with years I have grown more coarse and indifferent. Perhaps these questions are entertained only in youth, as most believe of poetry. My practice is "nowhere," my opinion is here. Nevertheless I am far from regarding myself as one of those privileged ones to whom the Ved refers when it says, that "he who has true faith in the Omnipresent Supreme Being may eat all that exists," that is, is not bound to inquire what is his food. or who prepares it; and even in their case it is to be observed, as a Hindoo commentator has remarked, that the Vedant limits this privilege to "the time of distress."

Who has not sometimes derived an inexpressible satisfaction from his food in which appetite had no share? I have been thrilled to think that I owed a mental perception to the commonly gross sense of taste. that I have been inspired through the palate, that some berries which I had eaten on a hillside had fed my genius. "The soul not being mistress of herself," says Thsengtseu, "one looks, and one does not see; one listens, and one does not hear; one eats, and one does not know the savor of food." He who distinguishes the true savor of his food can never be a glutton; he who does not cannot be otherwise. A puritan may go to his brown-bread crust with as gross an appetite as ever an alderman to his turtle. Not that food which entereth into the mouth defileth a man, but the appetite with which it is eaten. It is neither the quality nor the quantity, but the devotion to sensual savors; when that which is eaten is not a viand to sustain our animal, or inspire our spiritual life, but food for the worms that possess us. If the hunter has a taste for mud-turtles, muskrats, and other such savage tidbits, the fine lady indulges a taste for jelly made of a calf's foot, or for sardines from over the sea, and they are even. He goes to the mill-pond, she to her preserve-pot. The wonder is how they, how you and I, can live this slimy, beastly life, eating and drinking.

Our whole life is startlingly moral. There is never an instant's truce between virtue and vice. Goodness is the only investment that never fails. In the music of the harp which trembles round the world it is the insisting on this which thrills us. The harp is the travelling patterer for the Universe's Insurance Company, recommending its laws, and our little goodness is all the assessment that we pay. Though the youth at last grows indifferent, the laws of the universe are not indifferent, but are forever on the side of the most sensitive. Listen to every zephyr for some reproof, for it is surely there, and he is unfortunate who

does not hear it. We cannot touch a string or move a stop but the charming moral transfixes us. Many an irksome noise, go a long way off, is heard as music, a proud, sweet satire on the meanness of our lives.

We are conscious of an animal in us, which awakens in proportion as our higher nature slumbers. It is reptile and sensual, and perhaps cannot be wholly expelled; like the worms which, even in life and health, occupy our bodies. Possibly we may withdraw from it, but never change its nature. I fear that it may enjoy a certain health of its own; that we may be well, yet not pure. The other day I picked up the lower jaw of a hog, with white and sound teeth and tusks which suggested that there was an animal health and vigor distinct from the spiritual. This creature succeeded by other means than temperance and purity. "That in which men differ from brute beasts," says Mencius, "is a thing very inconsiderable; the common herd lose it very soon; superior men preserve it carefully." Who knows what sort of life would result if we had attained to purity? If I knew so wise a man as could teach me purity I would go to seek him forthwith. "A command over our passions, and over the external senses of the body, and good acts, are declared by the Ved to be indispensable in the mind's approximation to God." Yet the spirit can for the time pervade and control every member and function of the body, and transmute what in form is the grossest sensuality into purity and devotion. The generative energy, which, when we are loose, dissipates and makes us unclean, when we are continent invigorates and inspires us. Chastity is the flowering of man; and what are called Genius, Heroism, Holiness, and the like, are but various fruits which succeed it. Man flows at once to God when the channel of purity is open. By turns our purity inspires and our impurity casts us down. He is blessed who is assured that the animal is dying out in him day by day, and the divine being established. Perhaps there is none but has cause for shame on account of the inferior and brutish nature to which he is allied. I fear that we are such gods or demigods only as fauns and satyrs, the divine allied to beasts, the creatures of appetite, and that, to some extent, our very life is our disgrace.—

> "How happy's he who hath due place assigned
> To his beasts and disafforested his mind! . . .
> Can use his horse, goat, wolf, and ev'ry beast,
> And is not ass himself to all the rest!
> Else man not only is the herd of swine,
> But he's those devils too which did incline
> Them to a headlong rage, and made them worse."

All sensuality is one, though it takes many forms; all purity is one. It is the same whether a man eat, or drink, or cohabit, or sleep sensually. They are but one appetite, and we only need to see a person do any one of these things to know how great a sensualist he is. The impure can neither stand nor sit with purity. When the reptile is attacked at one mouth of his burrow, he shows himself at another. If you would be chaste, you must be temperate. What is

chastity? How shall a man know if he is chaste? He shall not know it. We have heard of this virtue, but we know not what it is. We speak conformably to the rumor which we have heard. From exertion come wisdom and purity; from sloth ignorance and sensuality. In the student sensuality is a sluggish habit of mind. An unclean person is universally a slothful one, one who sits by a stove, whom the sun shines on prostrate, who reposes without being fatigued. If you would avoid uncleanness, and all the sins, work earnestly, though it be at cleaning a stable. Nature is hard to be overcome, but she must be overcome. What avails it that you are Christian, if you are not purer than the heathen, if you deny yourself no more, if you are not more religious? I know of many systems of religion esteemed heathenish whose precepts fill the reader with shame, and provoke him to new endeavors, though it be to the performance of rites merely.

I hesitate to say these things, but it is not because of the subject—I care not how obscene my *words* are,—but because I cannot speak of them without betraying my impurity. We discourse freely without shame of one form of sensuality, and are silent about another. We are so degraded that we cannot speak simply of the necessary functions of human nature. In earlier ages, in some countries, every function was reverently spoken of and regulated by law. Nothing was too trivial for the Hindoo lawgiver, however offensive it may be to modern taste. He teaches how to eat, drink, cohabit, void excrement and urine, and the like, elevating what is mean, and does not falsely excuse himself by calling these things trifles.

Every man is the builder of a temple, called his body, to the god he worships, after a style purely his own, nor can he get off by hammering marble instead. We are all sculptors and painters, and our material is our own flesh and blood and bones. Any nobleness begins at once to refine a man's features, any meanness or sensuality to imbrute them.

John Farmer sat at his door one September evening, after a hard day's work, his mind still running on his labor more or less. Having bathed, he sat down to re-create his intellectual man. It was a rather cool evening, and some of his neighbors were apprehending a frost. He had not attended to the train of his thoughts long when he heard some one playing on a flute, and that sound harmonized with his mood. Still he thought of his work; but the burden of his thought was, that though this kept running in his head, and he found himself planning and contriving it against his will, yet it concerned him very little. It was no more than the scurf of his skin, which was constantly shuffled off. But the notes of the flute came home to his ears out of a different sphere from that he worked in, and suggested work for certain faculties which slumbered in him. They gently did away with the street, and the village, and the state in which he lived. A voice said to him, Why do you stay here and live this mean moiling life, when a glorious existence is possible for you? Those same stars twinkle over other fields than these.—But how to come out of this condition and actually migrate thither? All that he could think of was to practice some new austerity, to let his mind descend into his body and redeem it, and treat himself with ever increasing respect.

C. S. Lewis

from MERE CHRISTIANITY[1]

1. The Law of Human Nature

Everyone has heard people quarrelling. Sometimes it sounds funny and sometimes it sounds merely unpleasant; but however it sounds, I believe we can learn something very important from listening to the kind of things they say. They say things like this: "How'd you like it if anyone did the same to you?"—"That's my seat, I was there first"—"Leave him alone, he isn't doing you any harm"—"Why should you shove in first?"—"Give me a bit of your orange, I gave you a bit of mine"—"Come on, you promised." People say things like that every day, educated people as well as uneducated, and children as well as grown-ups.

Now what interests me about all these remarks is that the man who makes them is not merely saying that the other man's behaviour does not happen to please him. He is appealing to some kind of standard of behaviour which he expects the other man to know about. And the other man very seldom replies: "To hell with your standard." Nearly always he tries to make out that what he has been doing does not really go against the standard, or that if it does there is some special excuse. He pretends there is some special reason in this particular case why the person who took the seat first should not keep it, or that things were quite different when he was given the bit of orange, or that something has turned up which lets him off keeping his promise. It looks, in fact, very much as if both parties had in mind some kind of Law or Rule of fair play or decent behaviour or morality or whatever you like to call it, about which they really agreed. And they have. If they had not, they might, of course, fight like animals, but they could not *quarrel* in the human sense of the word. Quarrelling means trying to show that the other man is in the wrong. And there would be no sense in trying to do that unless you and he had some sort of agreement as to what Right and Wrong are; just as there would be no sense in saying that a footballer had committed a foul unless there was some agreement about the rules of football.

Now this Law or Rule about Right and Wrong used to be called the Law of Nature. Nowadays, when we talk of the "laws of nature" we usually mean things like gravitation, or heredity, or the laws of chemistry. But when the older

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1. The contents of this book were first presented by Mr. Lewis in the form of radio broadcasts over the BBC and then published in three separate parts as *The Case for Christianity* (1943), *Christian Behavior* (1943), and *Beyond Personality* (1945). In the printed versions he made a few additions to what he had said at the microphone, but otherwise left the text much as it had been.

thinkers called the Law of Right and Wrong "the Law of Nature," they really meant the Law of *Human* Nature. The idea was that, just as all bodies are governed by the law of gravitation and organisms by biological laws, so the creature called man also had *his* law—with this great difference, that a body could not choose whether it obeyed the law of gravitation or not, but a man could choose either to obey the Law of Human Nature or to disobey it.

We may put this in another way. Each man is at every moment subjected to several different sets of law but there is only one of these which he is free to disobey. As a body, he is subjected to gravitation and cannot disobey it; if you leave him unsupported in mid-air, he has no more choice about falling than a stone has. As an organism, he is subjected to various biological laws which he cannot disobey any more than an animal can. That is, he cannot disobey those laws which he shares with other things; but the law which is peculiar to his human nature, the law he does not share with animals or vegetables or inorganic things, is the one he can disobey if he chooses.

This law was called the Law of Nature because people thought that every one knew it by nature and did not need to be taught it. They did not mean, of course, that you might not find an odd individual here and there who did not know it, just as you find a few people who are colour-blind or have no ear for a tune. But taking the race as a whole, they thought that the human idea of decent behaviour was obvious to every one. And I believe they were right. If they were not, then all the things we said about the war were nonsense. What was the sense in saying the enemy were in the wrong unless Right is a real thing which the Nazis at bottom knew as well as we did and ought to have practised? If they had had no notion of what we mean by right, then, though we might still have had to fight them, we could no more have blamed them for that than for the colour of their hair.

I know that some people say the idea of a Law of Nature or decent behaviour known to all men is unsound, because different civilisations and different ages have had quite different moralities.

But this is not true. There have been differences between their moralities, but these have never amounted to anything like a total difference. If anyone will take the trouble to compare the moral teaching of, say, the ancient Egyptians, Babylonians, Hindus, Chinese, Greeks and Romans, what will really strike him will be how very like they are to each other and to our own. Some of the evidence for this I have put together in the appendix of another book called *The Abolition of Man;* but for our present purpose I need only ask the reader to think what a totally different morality would mean. Think of a country where people were admired for running away in battle, or where a man felt proud of double-crossing all the people who had been kindest to him. You might just as well try to imagine a country where two and two made five. Men have differed as regards what people you ought to be unselfish to—whether it was only your own family, or your fellow countrymen, or everyone. But they have always agreed that you ought not to put yourself first. Selfishness has never been admired. Men have differed as to whether you should have one wife

or four. But they have always agreed that you must not simply have any woman you liked.

But the most remarkable thing is this. Whenever you find a man who says he does not believe in a real Right and Wrong, you will find the same man going back on this a moment later. He may break his promise to you, but if you try breaking one to him he will be complaining "It's not fair" before you can say Jack Robinson. A nation may say treaties do not matter; but then, next minute, they spoil their case by saying that the particular treaty they want to break was an unfair one. But if treaties do not matter, and if there is no such thing as Right and Wrong—in other words, if there is no Law of Nature—what is the difference between a fair treaty and an unfair one? Have they not let the cat out of the bag and shown that, whatever they say, they really know the Law of Nature just like anyone else?

It seems, then, we are forced to believe in a real Right and Wrong. People may be sometimes mistaken about them, just as people sometimes get their sums wrong; but they are not a matter of mere taste and opinion any more than the multiplication table. Now if we are agreed about that, I go on to my next point, which is this. None of us are really keeping the Law of Nature. If there are any exceptions among you, I apologise to them. They had much better read some other work, for nothing I am going to say concerns them. And now, turning to the ordinary human beings who are left:

I hope you will not misunderstand what I am going to say. I am not preaching, and Heaven knows I do not pretend to be better than anyone else. I am only trying to call attention to a fact; the fact that this year, or this month, or, more likely, this very day, we have failed to practise ourselves the kind of behaviour we expect from other people. There may be all sorts of excuses for us. That time you were so unfair to the children was when you were very tired. That slightly shady business about the money—the one you have almost forgotten—came when you were very hard up. And what you promised to do for old So-and-so and have never done—well, you never would have promised if you had known how frightfully busy you were going to be. And as for your behaviour to your wife (or husband) or sister (or brother) if I knew how irritating they could be, I would not wonder at it—and who the dickens am I, anyway? I am just the same. That is to say, I do not succeed in keeping the Law of Nature very well, and the moment anyone tells me I am not keeping it, there starts up in my mind a string of excuses as long as your arm. The question at the moment is not whether they are good excuses. The point is that they are one more proof of how deeply, whether we like it or not, we believe in the Law of Nature. If we do not believe in decent behaviour, why should we be so anxious to make excuses for not having behaved decently? The truth is, we believe in decency so much—we feel the Rule or Law pressing on us so—that we cannot bear to face the fact that we are breaking it, and consequently we try to shift the responsibility. For you notice that it is only for our bad behaviour that we find all these explanations. It is only our bad temper that we put down to being tired or worried or hungry; we put our good temper down to ourselves.

These, then, are the two points I wanted to make. First, that human beings, all over the earth, have this curious idea that they ought to behave in a certain way, and cannot really get rid of it. Secondly, that they do not in fact behave in that way. They know the Law of Nature; they break it. These two facts are the foundation of all clear thinking about ourselves and the universe we live in.

2. Some Objections

If they are the foundation, I had better stop to make that foundation firm before I go on. Some of the letters I have had show that a good many people find it difficult to understand just what this Law of Human Nature, or Moral Law, or Rule of Decent Behaviour is.

For example, some people wrote to me saying, "Isn't what you call the Moral Law simply our herd instinct and hasn't it been developed just like all our other instincts?" Now I do not deny that we may have a herd instinct: but that is not what I mean by the Moral Law. We all know what if feels like to be prompted by instinct—by mother love, or sexual instinct, or the instinct for food. It means that you feel a strong want or desire to act in a certain way. And, of course, we sometimes do feel just that sort of desire to help another person: and no doubt that desire is due to the herd instinct. But feeling a desire to help is quite different from feeling that you ought to help whether you want to or not. Supposing you hear a cry for help from a man in danger. You will probably feel two desires—one a desire to give help (due to your herd instinct), the other a desire to keep out of danger (due to the instinct for self-preservation). But you will find inside you, in addition to these two impulses, a third thing which tells you that you ought to follow the impulse to help, and suppress the impulse to run away. Now this thing that judges between two instincts, that decides which should be encouraged, cannot itself be either of them. You might as well say that the sheet of music which tells you, at a given moment, to play one note on the piano and not another, is itself one of the notes on the keyboard. The Moral Law tells us the tune we have to play: our instincts are merely the keys.

Another way of seeing that the Moral Law is not simply one of our instincts is this. If two instincts are in conflict, and there is nothing in a creature's mind except those two instincts, obviously the stronger of the two must win. But at those moments when we are most conscious of the Moral Law, it usually seems to be telling us to side with the weaker of the two impulses. You probably *want* to be safe much more than you want to help the man who is drowning: but the Moral Law tells you to help him all the same. And surely it often tells us to try to make the right impulse stronger than it naturally is? I mean, we often feel it our duty to stimulate the herd instinct, by waking up our imaginations and arousing our pity and so on, so as to get up enough steam for doing the right thing. But clearly we are not acting *from* instinct when we set about making an instinct stronger than it is. The thing that says to you, "Your herd instinct is asleep. Wake it up," cannot itself *be* the herd instinct. The thing that tells you which note on the piano needs to be played louder cannot itself be that note.

Here is a third way of seeing it. If the Moral Law was one of our instincts, we ought to be able to point to some one impulse inside us which was always what we call "good," always in agreement with the rule of right behaviour. But you cannot. There is none of our impulses which the Moral Law may not sometimes tell us to suppress, and none which it may not sometimes tell us to encourage. It is a mistake to think that some of our impulses—say mother love or patriotism—are good, and others, like sex or the fighting instinct, are bad. All we mean is that the occasions on which the fighting instinct or the sexual desire need to be restrained are rather more frequent than those for restraining mother love or patriotism. But there are situations in which it is the duty of a married man to encourage his sexual impulse and of a soldier to encourage the fighting instinct. There are also occasions on which a mother's love for her own children or a man's love for his own country have to be suppressed or they will lead to unfairness towards other people's children or countries. Strictly speaking, there are no such things as good and bad impulses. Think once again of a piano. It has not got two kinds of notes on it, the "right" notes and the "wrong" ones. Every single note is right at one time and wrong at another. The Moral Law is not any one instinct or any set of instincts: it is something which makes a kind of tune (the tune we call goodness or right conduct) by directing the instincts.

By the way, this point is of great practical consequence. The most dangerous thing you can do is to take any one impulse of your own nature and set it up as the thing you ought to follow at all costs. There is not one of them which will not make us into devils if we set it up as an absolute guide. You might think love of humanity in general was safe, but it is not. If you leave out justice you will find yourself breaking agreements and faking evidence in trials "for the sake of humanity," and become in the end a cruel and treacherous man.

Other people wrote to me saying, "Isn't what you call the Moral Law just a social convention, something that is put into us by education?" I think there is a misunderstanding here. The people who ask that question are usually taking it for granted that if we have learned a thing from parents and teachers, then that thing must be merely a human invention. But, of course, that is not so. We all learned the multiplication table at school. A child who grew up alone on a desert island would not know it. But surely it does not follow that the multiplication table is simply a human convention, something human beings have made up for themselves and might have made different if they had liked? I fully agree that we learn the Rule of Decent Behaviour from parents and teachers, and friends and books, as we learn everything else. But some of the things we learn are mere conventions which might have been different—we learn to keep to the left of the road, but it might just as well have been the rule to keep to the right—and others of them, like mathematics, are real truths. The question is to which class the Law of Human Nature belongs.

There are two reasons for saying it belongs to the same class as mathematics. The first is, as I said in the first chapter, that though there are differences between the moral ideas of one time or country and those of another, the differ-

ences are not really very great—not nearly so great as most people imagine—and you can recognise the same law running through them all: whereas mere conventions, like the rule of the road or the kind of clothes people wear, may differ to any extent. The other reason is this. When you think about these differences between the morality of one people and another, do you think that the morality of one people is ever better or worse than that of another? Have any of the changes been improvements? If not, then of course there could never be any moral progress. Progress means not just changing, but changing for the better. If no set of moral ideas were truer or better than any other, there would be no sense in preferring civilised morality to savage morality, or Christian morality to Nazi morality. In fact, of course, we all do believe that some moralities are better than others. We do believe that some of the people who tried to change the moral ideas of their own age were what we would call Reformers or Pioneers—people who understood morality better than their neighbours did. Very well then. The moment you say that one set of moral ideas can be better than another, you are, in fact, measuring them both by a standard, saying that one of them conforms to that standard more nearly than the other. But the standard that measures two things is something different from either. You are, in fact, comparing them both with some Real Morality, admitting that there is such a thing as a real Right, independent of what people think, and that some people's ideas get nearer to that real Right than others. Or put it this way. If your moral ideas can be truer, and those of the Nazis less true, there must be something—some Real Morality—for them to be true about. The reason why your idea of New York can be truer or less true than mine is that New York is a real place, existing quite apart from what either of us thinks. If when each of us said "New York" each meant merely "The town I am imagining in my own head," how could one of us have truer ideas than the other? There would be no question of truth or falsehood at all. In the same way, if the Rule of Decent Behaviour meant simply "whatever each nation happens to approve," there would be no sense in saying that any one nation had ever been more correct in its approval than any other; no sense in saying that the world could ever grow morally better or morally worse.

I conclude then, that though the differences between people's ideas of Decent Behaviour often make you suspect that there is no real natural Law of Behaviour at all, yet the things we are bound to think about these differences really prove just the opposite. But one word before I end. I have met people who exaggerate the differences, because they have not distinguished between differences of morality and differences of belief about facts. For example, one man said to me, "Three hundred years ago people in England were putting witches to death. Was that what you call the Rule of Human Nature or Right Conduct?" But surely the reason we do not execute witches is that we do not believe there are such things. If we did—if we really thought that there were people going about who had sold themselves to the devil and received supernatural powers from him in return and were using these powers to kill their neighbours or drive them mad or bring bad weather, surely we would all agree that if anyone

deserved the death penalty, then these filthy quislings did. There is no difference of moral principle here: the difference is simply about matter of fact. It may be a great advance in knowledge not to believe in witches: there is no moral advance in not executing them when you do not think they are there. You would not call a man humane for ceasing to set mousetraps if he did so because he believed there were no mice in the house.

3. The Reality of the Law

I now go back to what I said at the end of the first chapter, that there were two odd things about the human race. First, that they were haunted by the idea of a sort of behaviour they ought to practise, what you might call fair play, or decency, or morality, or the Law of Nature. Second, that they did not in fact do so. Now some of you may wonder why I called this odd. It may seem to you the most natural thing in the world. In particular, you may have thought I was rather hard on the human race. After all, you may say, what I call breaking the Law of Right and Wrong or of Nature, only means that people are not perfect. And why on earth should I expect them to be? That would be a good answer if what I was trying to do was to fix the exact amount of blame which is due to us for not behaving as we expect others to behave. But that is not my job at all. I am not concerned at present with blame; I am trying to find out truth. And from that point of view the very idea of something being imperfect, of its not being what it ought to be, has certain consequences.

If you take a thing like a stone or a tree, it is what it is and there seems no sense in saying it ought to have been otherwise. Of course you may say a stone is "the wrong shape" if you want to use it for a rockery, or that a tree is a bad tree because it does not give you as much shade as you expected. But all you mean is that the stone or tree does not happen to be convenient for some purpose of your own. You are not, except as a joke, blaming them for that. You really know, that, given the weather and the soil, the tree could not have been any different. What we, from our point of view, call a "bad" tree is obeying the laws of its nature just as much as a "good" one.

Now have you noticed what follows? It follows that what we usually call the laws of nature—the way weather works on a tree for example—may not really be *laws* in the strict sense, but only in a manner of speaking. When you say that falling stones always obey the law of gravitation, is not this much the same as saying that the law only means "what stones always do"? You do not really think that when a stone is let go, it suddenly remembers that it is under orders to fall to the ground. You only mean that, in fact, it does fall. In other words, you cannot be sure that there is anything over and above the facts themselves, any law about what ought to happen, as distinct from what does happen. The laws of nature, as applied to stones or trees, may only mean "what Nature, in fact, does." But if you turn to the Law of Human Nature, the Law of Decent Behaviour, it is a different matter. That law certainly does not mean "what human beings, in fact, do"; for as I said before, many of them do not obey this law at all, and none of them obey it completely. The law of gravity tells you what stones

do if you drop them; but the Law of Human Nature tells you what human beings ought to do and do not. In other words, when you are dealing with humans, something else comes in above and beyond the actual facts. You have the facts (how men do behave) and you also have something else (how they ought to behave). In the rest of the universe there need not be anything but the facts. Electrons and molecules behave in a certain way, and certain results follow, and that may be the whole story.[2] But men behave in a certain way and that is not the whole story, for all the time you know that they ought to behave differently.

Now this is really so peculiar that one is tempted to try to explain it away. For instance, we might try to make out that when you say a man ought not to act as he does, you only mean the same as when you say that a stone is the wrong shape; namely, that what he is doing happens to be inconvenient to you. But that is simply untrue. A man occupying the corner seat in the train because he got there first, and a man who slipped into it while my back was turned and removed my bag, are both equally inconvenient. But I blame the second man and do not blame the first. I am not angry—except perhaps for a moment before I come to my senses—with a man who trips me up by accident; I am angry with a man who tries to trip me up even if he does not succeed. Yet the first has hurt me and the second has not. Sometimes the behaviour which I call bad is not inconvenient to me at all, but the very opposite. In war, each side may find a traitor on the other side very useful. But though they use him and pay him they regard him as human vermin. So you cannot say that what we call decent behaviour in others is simply the behaviour that happens to be useful to us. And as for decent behaviour in ourselves, I suppose it is pretty obvious that it does not mean the behaviour that pays. It means things like being content with thirty shillings when you might have got three pounds, doing school work honestly when it would be easy to cheat, leaving a girl alone when you would like to make love to her, staying in dangerous places when you could go somewhere safer, keeping promises you would rather not keep, and telling the truth even when it makes you look a fool.

Some people say that though decent conduct does not mean what pays each particular person at a particular moment, still, it means what pays the human race as a whole; and that consequently there is no mystery about it. Human beings, after all, have some sense; they see that you cannot have real safety or happiness except in a society where every one plays fair, and it is because they see this that they try to behave decently. Now, of course, it is perfectly true that safety and happiness can only come from individuals, classes, and nations being honest and fair and kind to each other. It is one of the most important truths in the world. But as an explanation of why we feel as we do about Right and Wrong it just misses the point. If we ask: "Why ought I to be unselfish?" and you reply "Because it is good for society," we may then ask, "Why should I care what's

2. I do not think it *is* the whole story, as you will see later. I mean that, as far as the argument has gone up to date, it *may* be.

good for society except when it happens to pay *me* personally?" and then you will have to say, "Because you ought to be unselfish"—which simply brings us back to where we started. You are saying what is true, but you are not getting any further. If a man asked what was the point of playing football, it would not be much good saying "in order to score goals," for trying to score goals is the game itself, not the reason for the game, and you would really only be saying that football was football—which is true, but not worth saying. In the same way, if a man asks what is the point of behaving decently, it is no good replying, "in order to benefit society," for trying to benefit society, in other words being unselfish (for "society" after all only means "other people"), is one of the things decent behaviour consists in; all you are really saying is that decent behaviour is decent behaviour. You would have said just as much if you had stopped at the statement, "Men ought to be unselfish."

And that is where I do stop. Men ought to be unselfish, ought to be fair. Not that men are unselfish, nor that they like being unselfish, but that they ought to be. The Moral Law, or Law of Human Nature, is not simply a fact about human behaviour in the same way as the Law of Gravitation is, or may be, simply a fact about how heavy objects behave. On the other hand, it is not a mere fancy, for we cannot get rid of the idea, and most of the things we say and think about men would be reduced to nonsense if we did. And it is not simply a statement about how we should like men to behave for our own convenience; for the behaviour we call bad or unfair is not exactly the same as the behaviour we find inconvenient, and may even be the opposite. Consequently, this Rule of Right and Wrong, or Law of Human Nature, or whatever you call it, must somehow or other be a real thing—a thing that is really there, not made up by ourselves. And yet it is not a fact in the ordinary sense, in the same way as our actual behaviour is a fact. It begins to look as if we shall have to admit that there is more than one kind of reality; that, in this particular case, there is something above and beyond the ordinary facts of men's behaviour, and yet quite definitely real—a real law, which none of us made, but which we find pressing on us.

4. What Lies Behind the Law

Let us sum up what we have reached so far. In the case of stones and trees and things of that sort, what we call the Laws of Nature may not be anything except a way of speaking. When you say that nature is governed by certain laws, this may only mean that nature does, in fact, behave in a certain way. The so-called laws may not be anything real—anything above and beyond the actual facts which we observe. But in the case of Man, we saw that this will not do. The Law of Human Nature, or of Right and Wrong, must be something above and beyond the actual facts of human behaviour. In this case, besides the actual facts, you have something else—a real law which we did not invent and which we know we ought to obey.

I now want to consider what this tells us about the universe we live in. Ever since men were able to think, they have been wondering what this universe really is and how it came to be there. And, very roughly, two views have been

held. First, there is what is called the materialist view. People who take that view think that matter and space just happen to exist, and always have existed, nobody knows why; and that the matter, behaving in certain fixed ways, has just happened, by a sort of fluke, to produce creatures like ourselves who are able to think. By one chance in a thousand something hit our sun and made it produce the planets; and by another thousandth chance the chemicals necessary for life, and the right temperature, occurred on one of these planets, and so some of the matter on this earth came alive; and then, by a very long series of chances, the living creatures developed into things like us. The other view is the religious view.[3] According to it, what is behind the universe is more like a mind than it is like anything else we know. That is to say, it is conscious, and has purposes, and prefers one thing to another. And on this view it made the universe, partly for purposes we do not know, but partly, at any rate, in order to produce creatures like itself—I mean, like itself to the extent of having minds. Please do not think that one of these views was held a long time ago and that the other has gradually taken its place. Wherever there have been thinking men both views turn up. And note this too. You cannot find out which view is the right one by science in the ordinary sense. Science works by experiments. It watches how things behave. Every scientific statement in the long run, however complicated it looks, really means something like, "I pointed the telescope to such and such a part of the sky at 2:20 A.M. on January 15th and saw so-and-so," or, "I put some of this stuff in a pot and heated it to such-and-such a temperature and it did so-and-so." Do not think I am saying anything against science: I am only saying what its job is. And the more scientific a man is, the more (I believe) he would agree with me that this is the job of science—and a very useful and necessary job it is too. But why anything comes to be there at all, and whether there is anything behind the things science observes—something of a different kind—this is not a scientific question. If there is "Something Behind," then either it will have to remain altogether unknown to men or else make itself known in some different way. The statement that there is any such thing, and the statement that there is no such thing, are neither of them statements that science can make. And real scientists do not usually make them. It is usually the journalists and popular novelists who have picked up a few odds and ends of half-baked science from textbooks who go in for them. After all, it is really a matter of common sense. Supposing science ever became complete so that it knew every single thing in the whole universe. Is it not plain that the questions, "Why is there a universe?" "Why does it go on as it does?" "Has it any meaning?" would remain just as they were?

Now the position would be quite hopeless but for this. There is one thing, and only one, in the whole universe which we know more about than we could learn from external observation. That one thing is Man. We do not merely observe men, we *are* men. In this case we have, so to speak, inside information; we are in the know. And because of that, we know that men find themselves

3. See Note at the end of this chapter.

under a moral law, which they did not make, and cannot quite forget even when they try, and which they know they ought to obey. Notice the following point. Anyone studying Man from the outside as we study electricity or cabbages, not knowing our language and consequently not able to get any inside knowledge from us, but merely observing what we did, would never get the slightest evidence that we had this moral law. How could he? for his observations would only show what we did, and the moral law is about what we ought to do. In the same way, if there were anything above or behind the observed facts in the case of stones or the weather, we, by studying them from outside, could never hope to discover it.

The position of the question, then, is like this. We want to know whether the universe simply happens to be what it is for no reason or whether there is a power behind it that makes it what it is. Since that power, if it exists, would be not one of the observed facts but a reality which makes them, no mere observation of the facts can find it. There is only one case in which we can know whether there is anything more, namely our own case. And in that one case we find there is. Or put it the other way round. If there was a controlling power outside the universe, it could not show itself to us as one of the facts inside the universe—no more than the architect of a house could actually be a wall or staircase or fireplace in that house. The only way in which we could expect it to show itself would be inside ourselves as an influence or a command trying to get us to behave in a certain way. And that is just what we do find inside ourselves. Surely this ought to arouse our suspicions? In the only case where you can expect to get an answer, the answer turns out to be Yes; and in the other cases, where you do not get an answer, you see why you do not. Suppose someone asked me, when I see a man in a blue uniform going down the street leaving little paper packets at each house, why I suppose that they contain letters? I should reply, "Because whenever he leaves a similar little packet for me I find it does contain a letter." And if he then objected, "But you've never seen all these letters which you think the other people are getting," I should say, "Of course not, and I shouldn't expect to, because they're not addressed to me. I'm explaining the packets I'm not allowed to open by the ones I am allowed to open." It is the same about this question. They only packet I am allowed to open is Man. When I do, especially when I open that particular man called Myself, I find that I do not exist on my own, that I am under a law; that somebody or something wants me to behave in a certain way. I do not, of course, think that if I could get inside a stone or a tree I should find exactly the same thing, just as I do not think all the other people in the street get the same letters as I do. I should expect, for instance, to find that the stone had to obey the law of gravity —that whereas the sender of the letters merely tells me to obey the law of my human nature, He compels the stone to obey the laws of its stony nature. But I should expect to find that there was, so to speak, a sender of letters in both cases, a Power behind the facts, a Director, a Guide.

Do not think I am going faster than I really am. I am not yet within a hundred miles of the God of Christian theology. All I have got to is a Something which is

directing the universe, and which appears in me as a law urging me to do right and making me feel responsible and uncomfortable when I do wrong. I think we have to assume it is more like a mind than it is like anything else we know—because after all the only other thing we know is matter and you can hardly imagine a bit of matter giving instructions. But, of course, it need not be very like a mind, still less like a person. In the next chapter we shall see if we can find out anything more about it. But one word of warning. There has been a great deal of soft soap talked about God for the last hundred years. That is not what I am offering. You can cut all that out.

NOTE.—In order to keep this section short enough when it was given on the air, I mentioned only the Materialist view and the Religious view. But to be complete I ought to mention the In-between view called Life-Force philosophy, or Creative Evolution, or Emergent Evolution. The wittiest expositions of it come in the works of Bernard Shaw, but the most profound ones in those of Bergson. People who hold this view say that the small variations by which life on this planet "evolved" from the lowest forms to Man were not due to chance but to the "striving" or "purposiveness" of a Life-Force. When people say this we must ask them whether by Life-Force they mean something with a mind or not. If they do, then "a mind bringing life into existence and leading it to perfection" is really a God, and their view is thus identical with the Religious. If they do not, then what is the sense in saying that something without a mind "strives" or has "purposes"? This seems to me fatal to their view. One reason why many people find Creative Evolution so attractive is that it gives one much of the emotional comfort of believing in God and none of the less pleasant consequences. When you are feeling fit and the sun is shining and you do not want to believe that the whole universe is a mere mechanical dance of atoms, it is nice to be able to think of this great mysterious Force rolling on through the centuries and carrying you on its crest. If, on the other hand, you want to do something rather shabby, the Life-Force, being only a blind force, with no morals and no mind, will never interfere with you like that troublesome God we learned about when we were children. The Life-Force is a sort of tame God. You can switch it on when you want, but it will not bother you. All the thrills of religion and none of the cost. Is the Life-Force the greatest achievement of wishful thinking the world has yet seen?

5. We Have Cause to Be Uneasy

I ended my last chapter with the idea that in the Moral Law somebody or something from beyond the material universe was actually getting at us. And I expect when I reached that point some of you felt a certain annoyance. You may even have thought that I had played a trick on you—that I had been carefully wrapping up to look like philosophy what turns out to be one more "religious jaw." You may have felt you were ready to listen to me as long as you thought I had anything new to say; but if it turns out to be only religion, well,

the world has tried that and you cannot put the clock back. If anyone is feeling that way I should like to say three things to him.

First, as to putting the clock back. Would you think I was joking if I said that you can put a clock back, and that if the clock is wrong it is often a very sensible thing to do? But I would rather get away from that whole idea of clocks. We all want progress. But progress means getting nearer to the place where you want to be. And if you have taken a wrong turning, then to go forward does not get you any nearer. If you are on the wrong road, progress means doing an about-turn and walking back to the right road; and in that case the man who turns back soonest is the most progressive man. We have all seen this when doing arithmetic. When I have started a sum the wrong way, the sooner I admit this and go back and start over again, the faster I shall get on. There is nothing progressive about being pigheaded and refusing to admit a mistake. And I think if you look at the present state of the world, it is pretty plain that humanity has been making some big mistake. We are on the wrong road. And if that is so, we must go back. Going back is the quickest way on.

Then, secondly, this has not yet turned exactly into a "religious jaw." We have not yet got as far as the God of any actual religion, still less the God of that particular religion called Christianity. We have only got as far as a Somebody or Something behind the Moral Law. We are not taking anything from the Bible or the Churches, we are trying to see what we can find out about this Somebody on our own steam. And I want to make it quite clear that what we find out on our own steam is something that gives us a shock. We have two bits of evidence about the Somebody. One is the universe He has made. If we used that as our only clue, then I think we should have to conclude that He was a great artist (for the universe is a very beautiful place), but also that He is quite merciless and no friend to man (for the universe is a very dangerous and terrifying place). The other bit of evidence is that Moral Law which He has put into our minds. And this is a better bit of evidence than the other, because it is inside information. You find out more about God from the Moral Law than from the universe in general just as you find out more about a man by listening to his conversation than by looking at a house he has built. Now, from this second bit of evidence we conclude that the Being behind the universe is intensely interested in right conduct—in fair play, unselfishness, courage, good faith, honesty and truthfulness. In that sense we should agree with the account given by Christianity and some other religions, that God is "good." But do not let us go too fast here. The Moral Law does not give us any grounds for thinking that God is "good" in the sense of being indulgent, or soft, or sympathetic. There is nothing indulgent about the Moral Law. It is as hard as nails. It tells you to do the straight thing and it does not seem to care how painful, or dangerous, or difficult it is to do. If God is like the Moral Law, then He is not soft. It is no use, at this stage, saying that what you mean by a "good" God is a God who can forgive. You are going too quickly. Only a Person can forgive. And we have not yet got as far as a personal God—only as far as a power, behind the Moral Law, and more like a mind than it is like anything else. But it may still be very unlike a Person. If

it is pure impersonal mind, there may be no sense in asking it to make allowances for you or let you off, just as there is no sense in asking the multiplication table to let you off when you do your sums wrong. You are bound to get the wrong answer. And it is no use either saying that if there is a God of that sort—an impersonal absolute goodness—then you do not like Him and are not going to bother about Him. For the trouble is that one part of you is on His side and really agrees with His disapproval of human greed and trickery and exploitation. You may want Him to make an exception in your own case, to let you off this one time; but you know at bottom that unless the power behind the world really and unalterably detests that sort of behaviour, then He cannot be good. On the other hand, we know that if there does exist an absolute goodness it must hate most of what we do. That is the terrible fix we are in. If the universe is not governed by an absolute goodness, then all our efforts are in the long run hopeless. But if it is, then we are making ourselves enemies to that goodness every day, and are not in the least likely to do any better tomorrow, and so our case is hopeless again. We cannot do without it, and we cannot do with it. God is the only comfort, He is also the supreme terror: the thing we most need and the thing we most want to hide from. He is our only possible ally, and we have made ourselves His enemies. Some people talk as if meeting the gaze of absolute goodness would be fun. They need to think again. They are still only playing with religion. Goodness is either the great safety or the great danger—according to the way you react to it. And we have reacted the wrong way.

Now my third point. When I chose to get to my real subject in this roundabout way, I was not trying to play any kind of trick on you. I had a different reason. My reason was that Christianity simply does not make sense until you have faced the sort of facts I have been describing. Christianity tells people to repent and promises them forgiveness. It therefore has nothing (as far as I know) to say to people who do not know they have done anything to repent of and who do not feel that they need any forgiveness. It is after you have realised that there is a real Moral Law, and a Power behind the law, and that you have broken that law and put yourself wrong with that Power—it is after all this, and not a moment sooner, that Christianity begins to talk. When you know you are sick, you will listen to the doctor. When you have realised that our position is nearly desperate you will begin to understand what the Christians are talking about. They offer an explanation of how we got into our present state of both hating goodness and loving it. They offer an explanation of how God can be this impersonal mind at the back of the Moral Law and yet also a Person. They tell you how the demands of this law, which you and I cannot meet, have been met on our behalf, how God Himself becomes a man to save man from the disapproval of God. It is an old story and if you want to go into it you will no doubt consult people who have more authority to talk about it than I have. All I am doing is to ask people to face the facts—to understand the questions which Christianity claims to answer. And they are very terrifying facts. I wish it was possible to say something more agreeable. But I must say what I think true. Of course, I quite agree that the Christian religion is, in the long run, a thing of unspeakable comfort. But

it does not begin in comfort; it begins in the dismay I have been describing, and it is no use at all trying to go on to that comfort without first going through that dismay. In religion, as in war and everything else, comfort is the one thing you cannot get by looking for it. If you look for truth, you may find comfort in the end: if you look for comfort you will not get either comfort or truth—only soft soap and wishful thinking to begin with and, in the end, despair. Most of us have got over the pre-war wishful thinking about international politics. It is time we did the same about religion.

STUDENT'S HANDBOOK

Reading Factual Prose

Since this is a free country and there are virtually no laws that regulate reading, all Americans read pretty much what they please in the way they please. They read different things and, at different times, read in different ways. Of all these ways, the most common probably is reading for recreation: relaxed reading. The most intellectually profitable certainly is reading for mastery: intensive reading. The latter is the kind of reading advocated by this book for study and other serious purposes. In preparation for a discussion of it, though, we might look briefly at the former, the more popular variety.

Relaxed and Intensive Reading

Suppose you pick up a newspaper, a magazine, or a book for relaxation. Whether your fare is a Sunday supplement or a mystery story, whether it is a love story or a biography or an article on golf, you will find that you can rest your mind. For reading of this sort there is only one simple rule: relax. No instruction is needed for following this rule, since most of us either have a natural-born talent for following it or can develop a talent without any help.

Relaxed reading can be one of the finest kinds of recreation, and no one would deny it this special and important value. But there is no blinking the fact that relaxed reading has its limitations and—at times—even its dangers. Undoubtedly, thousands of relaxed followers of Al Capp's comic strip, "Li'l Abner," have been too inattentive even in looking at the drawings to get all the humor from them that they might. One of the funny things about the strip is that it frequently pictures, in the guise of hillbilly citizens of Dogpatch, very eminent (and very different) citizens of the outside world. Thus one disreputable Dogpatch hillbilly was the spittin' image of a world-famous and dignified British statesman; another had the beauteous face and figure of a well-known movie star; another was pictured in the likeness of a popular crooner; still another had craggy features quite like those of a much-televised attorney. Again, those lacking both the background and the awareness to see that the strip at times parodies movies or best-selling novels, at times comments on current controversies, miss amusing comic elements.

Not only may relaxed and inattentive readers fail to appreciate fully even something so simple as comic strips; they may also, without knowing it, be led by their "reading" to acquire some political beliefs or prejudices. Even so unsophisticated a comic strip as Harold Gray's "Orphan Annie" has preached politics—in this instance of the conservative sort. A few years ago, at least one editor discontinued publishing Annie's adventures because, he said, he objected to "propaganda" being "smuggled into comic strips under the guise of entertainment." More recently, some newspapers omitted passages in the

"Pogo" comic strip when it attacked a conservative senator. Most of us like to feel that we acquire our political attitudes, as well as other ways of thinking, by active thought rather than by sleepy reading.

Constantly, in addition to such prejudices, the relaxed reader is likely to garner misinformation. If you relaxed and read several years ago, say, a certain tobacco company's claim in numerous advertisements that "in recent laboratory 'smoking bowl' tests, Dash tobacco burned eighty-six degrees cooler than the average—coolest of all." you might easily have concluded that Dash tobacco *was* "eighty-six degrees cooler than" most other brands of pipe tobacco and that it *was* the "coolest of all" said tobaccos. The company that wrote the advertisements, however, specifically stated in a legal defense that the advertisements made no such claim. Careful reading would have shown that the advertisements did not indicate either the exact nature of the tests or the kinds or numbers of tobaccos used, and that they only claimed that Dash tobacco was eighty-six degrees cooler than the *average* tobacco tested.

For students, relaxed reading can develop into an insidious habit and carry over from the reading of mystery stories (where it is appropriate) to the reading of college textbooks (where it is not). When this happens, pathetically little learning takes place. You know the picture: Carl (or Arnold or Mabel) curls up in the armchair, adjusts the radio to a lulling volume, puts the coke and cigarettes in easy reach, and starts in at the beginning of the chapter. The reading is fast and slow by turn depending upon his state of drowsiness. Sometimes he underlines a sentence or puts a check in the margin, but not too often (otherwise the book could not be sold at the end of the semester). After an hour or two the chapter is read and Carl feels fine, partly because an assignment is done and partly because he has had such a restful evening. But how critically has he examined what got into that relaxed mind of his? And how much actually got in?

Not only is he unlikely to absorb much information, but in his relaxed state he is unlikely to examine the facts critically. Of course, students must read textbooks to pass examinations, and often they have to be sweetly trustful in stowing away statements from the texts which they later dutifully reproduce on examinations. But no student, by so reading and learning from textbooks, should acquire the habit of swallowing without question anything he reads. The relaxed reader—more easily than the careful reader—can fall into the habit of accepting as truth anything that appears in print.

Finally, the relaxed reader faces one other danger: his desultory, uncritical reading does not develop that insight into the methods of good authors which prepares him to use such methods to improve his own writing. Since this type of reader is not much concerned with effective techniques for expression, he will not consciously acquire them as he reads.

It is perfectly clear that there are times, in college and out, when relaxed reading is not enough. Take a few simple examples:

If you are learning from a set of instructions how to lay a cement sidewalk—or how to bake a cake—you will need to learn precisely, and in the exact order,

the steps involved in doing the job well. If you are reading the plea of a politician for your vote, you will need to know exactly what he says, and how sound his arguments are (provided you are eager to vote intelligently). If you are reading a legal contract before signing it, you will want to know in the minutest detail what its provisions are. If you are reading a scientific report, a book on philosophy, a historical document, an essay by an important author, a textbook on physics or economics or animal husbandry in preparation for a paper or an examination, you will not be satisfied (if you are really a *student*) with anything less than a mastery of every detail. For occasions such as these you will find it important to read intensively.

Reading for Mastery: A Preliminary Survey

Theoretically, the complete mastery of a piece of factual prose may require not one but three readings: (1) a preliminary survey of the text, (2) a detailed study, and (3) an evaluation. Actually there may be times when only one or a combination of any two of these readings is desirable. And actually any two of these processes, at times, may be and will be carried on simultaneously. The preliminary survey, for instance, may often do all the work of a detailed study. What is more, any reading practically always gets the reader into the position of doing some evaluating. Because a complete comprehension, however, may involve all three readings, and because it may be useful to sort out the three processes and to comment specifically upon each, we will now—so far as is practical—consider each in turn.

The chief reason for the first reading—a preliminary sizing up of the piece of writing—is to discover as quickly as possible its general content and purpose. Common sense suggests why this step should be taken first of all. Anyone who reads a newspaper demonstrates the reason when, by scanning the headlines, he determines that some of them designate stories with which he has no concern, and that he therefore will stop with the headlines. In other words, by seeing their general content and purpose, he has been able to decide that he is not interested in some of the news stories. In other instances, his preliminary survey will justify a careful reading.

If you see that a particular work is concerned with a subject of interest to you, you will find it useful to discover something else which may be included under its purpose—how the subject is dealt with. Such information will en-

able you to read in an appropriate fashion. Say there are these varied considerations of a subject of interest to you—a coal shortage: (1) an Associated Press dispatch from the coal fields, (2) a speech by a politician who blames striking miners and wants a law passed, and (3) a humorous column called "By My Coal-less Fireside." Naturally, you as an intelligent reader will want to go to each of these pieces in an appropriate way, that is, a different way. Knowing that people should read varying works in diverse fashions, you will want to ask and answer different questions about each. In addition, unless you know what a whole piece attempts, when you look at details in it, you will be unable to figure out how such details are relevant or irrelevant.

How does a reader get a general picture of a piece of writing? Well, some aids to such a discovery will be pretty obvious ones. Witness the newspaper headlines or the titles of some pieces. Sometimes a title actually will set forth the main idea which the writer or speaker is going to develop, as does the one given to Nadine Miller's talk, "The Importance of Advertising" (p. 59). A title in the form of a question, such as Barr's "What Is Modern Painting?" (p. 387), shows the nature of the problem with which the article is going to deal. The title for Einstein's "Science and Religion" (p. 425) suggests that the author may relate these two categories.

Sometimes, of course, a title will be of no assistance at all, perhaps because the author of the piece deliberately uses it to attract attention or to create interest, e.g., "Self-Consciousness, Culture, and the Carthaginians" (p. 368). And even at best, though a title may give useful hints, it probably will not answer several important questions. The title of the talk by Nadine Miller, for example, leaves unanswered a couple of important questions—"What advertising?" and "Important to whom?" And the question which is the title of Barr's article, after all, does not indicate his answer to it.

As a rule, therefore, a preliminary survey requires that you dip into the work itself to get a fairly precise idea of the coverage. Sometimes the author will be helpful enough to write section titles or chapter headings along the way (as your editors are doing in this part of the book). By running through such headings, either in a table of contents or in the work itself, you can often get a clear notion of what is happening.

Often, however, there will be no chapter headings or subheads, and there will be nothing to do but peer at the text itself. In informative prose, a very likely place to look is at the beginning and at the end. For instance, though Mayer's title "What Happens to the Talent?" is noncommittal, his final paragraphs neatly summarize his thesis (pp. 360-361).

But if the study of the title and the beginning and the end does not serve, the reader may have to skim through the whole text seeking for its general nature and purpose. Probably this will be required for "Dover Beach Revisited" (p. 375), which is in the form of a narrative, or for a piece of reasoning such as "The Limits of Government Interference" (p. 241).

By one of these means or another, you may eventually achieve the goal of your preliminary survey—the tentative formulation of the general content and pur-

pose of the article or book. You will then be able to state—*in a general way*—what the piece is saying, how it proceeds, to whom it is addressed, and what its effect may be upon the reader.

One final word: Do not underestimate the value of the preliminary survey. Studies with hundreds of students show that they read and *remember what they have read* much better if the reading is preceded by a quick preliminary survey.

A Detailed Study

Whereas the first step leads to a *general* notion of the main thing attempted in a work, a detailed study leads to a *thorough* knowledge of what the author says and, to this end, of the way he says it. Naturally, while making a preliminary survey, you, as the reader, will get some glimpses of such matters. A detailed study will be concerned with a thorough understanding of *what* the author says and of *how* what he says is related to the overall method—how divisions of the piece, paragraphs in each division, sentences in each paragraph, and even words and phrases all do or fail to do their share. As an efficient reader, you will notice details large and small until you can say what, if anything, every word contributes to the meaning, the author's expression of it, and the reader's understanding.

Different readers will operate in different ways to get such insights. A few geniuses will romp through the piece, pausing only momentarily on each page but coming out at the end, astonishingly, with all the answers. More mundane souls will have to take more time and trouble. Some will go through the piece painstakingly from start to finish once, or time after time, as is needed. Some will skip through it to get the lay of the land and then will go back and survey each part of the ground carefully. Some will combine methods, racing through some parts but carefully working through what they believe are key parts and difficult ones, then returning for a last careful reading. Doubtless some readers will first concentrate on the smallest units and then work up to the largest, while others will reverse this process. The particular method is unimportant. What is important is the final complete mastery.

One rule, nevertheless, holds for any of these procedures: Always note particularly the relationship between the part and the whole. In terms of author's technique, this means: Constantly notice how word relates to phrase or sentence, sentence to paragraph, paragraph to division, division to the achievement of the whole composition. In terms of content, this means: Constantly notice how ideas or conceptions are related or subordinated. In terms of both, it means: *Always read in context.* Our consideration will be based consistently upon this fundamental rule as, in the following discussion, we begin with the smallest parts (words) and go on to the larger.

WORDS

The smallest unit of verbal communication is, of course, the word. It is with the word that communication begins and, in a sense, ends. The problem for the careful reader is first of all, then, to master the words of what he is reading: their meanings, their connotations, and their total effect or style.

Words and Meaning

Very often, when reading factual prose, you will be able to get nowhere unless you understand all the key words and many of the words of minor importance in a piece of writing. Sometimes the author will considerately define such words or terms, as Becker does "Democracy" (p. 39) and as Dale does "Effect" (p. 334). The reader then follows the scheme which is suggested by the questions about the excerpt by Becker.

Other problems arise when the author provides no definition. Often the problem will promptly be solved by the reader. Words, luckily, more often than not are used by authors to signify their ordinary meanings. When they are so used, you simply take care of the words by thinking of their usual meanings. If you are unfortunate enough not to know such meanings, you usually skip them and hope that you will be able to get along without knowing them, or you try to figure out for yourself what they may mean, or you ask somebody. To save time and to learn the exact meanings, however, the best method is to look up the unfamiliar words in a dictionary.

Even when you encounter familiar words, a dictionary will sometimes be necessary. Consider this bit from Emerson: "The thoughtless say . . . What boots it to do well? there is one event of good and evil . . . all actions are indifferent." Here "boots." "event," and "indifferent," familiar enough in one meaning, have been used to convey other meanings. Older authors frequently (e.g., the translators of the New Testament, p. 432), and contemporary authors at times, plague a reader thus, and nothing will take care of such a problem so well as a trip to the dictionary. The dictionary alone, of course, will not do the job; even after the reader has found the unusual definitions, he will have to look around in the sentence or the paragraph to figure out which makes the best sense.

You will have real trouble when the author uses words in a sense not to be discovered in a dictionary and also fails to define them explicitly. One may cite the educational little talk Alice had with Humpty Dumpty:

"There's glory for you!" said Humpty Dumpty.

"I don't know what you mean by 'glory,'" Alice said.

Humpty Dumpty smiled contemptuously. "Of course you don't—till I tell you. I meant 'there's a nice knock-down argument for you!'"

"But 'glory' doesn't mean 'a nice knock-down argument,'" Alice objected.

"When *I* use a word," Humpty Dumpty said, in rather a scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less."

Humpty Dumpty, like several other charming characters in *Through the Looking Glass*, is slightly mad, but in this passage he is pretty sound. Few authors will be quite as whimsical as he is about assigning meanings to words. Nevertheless, an author will often make a word mean, not what everybody else takes it to mean, or even what dictionary definitions allow it to mean, but what his logic, his philosophy, or one of his prejudices has caused him, like Humpty Dumpty, to "choose it to mean." And such an author, instead of conveniently defining the word, may leave to the reader the job of deciphering the author's peculiar meaning.

But even in such instances, you will find ninety-nine times out of a hundred that the author has really indicated, in an indirect way, what he means. To be sure, he has not told explicitly. But he has told implicitly—by the way he used the word. And the reader's problem is to study out the implied meaning by looking *at the context.*

Words and Connotations

Particularly important in reading any piece of writing is an awareness of the *connotations* of the words—the intellectual and emotional associations which, in time, accrete to words because of the company they have kept and the uses to which they have been put. The difference between the word "saloon" and the word "tavern" these days is, to illustrate, a difference not of meaning or denotation but of suggestiveness or connotation. As Professors Greenough and Kittredge have noted:

> When a word has been long used in a particular sense, there clusters about it a great variety of traditional associations—religious, historical, literary, or sentimental, which, though not a part of its meaning, properly so called, are still a considerable factor in its significant power. . . . A rose by another name would smell as sweet, no doubt; yet no other name would so vividly suggest to us its fragrance. . . . Words like *father, mother, home* or the name of one's country, may have a tremendous effect in a great crisis. A mob may be aroused to fury by the utterance of a single word; yet in all such cases it is of course not the word at all that produces the effect, but its associations.[1]

Clearly, if he is to read with real insight, the reader must be alive to such powers in words. What connotative words may do when handled by a master such as Abraham Lincoln will be seen in "The Gettysburg Address" (analyzed, p. 485).

The choice of similar words may determine the quality or tone of a work as a whole; the choice of dissimilar words may bring about meaningful contrasts. Such contrasts may be, as in the Lincoln "Second Inaugural" (p. 86), between parts of a whole work; they may be between paragraphs; they may be between sentences, clauses, or phrases. When a majority of the words

1. *Words and Their Ways in English Speech* (New York: Macmillan, 1902), pp. 226-227.

that an author uses even in a sentence are of one sort, he may emphasize individual words or groups of words by making them of another sort. Witness the emphases achieved by this means in a few sentences written by a noted authority on American speech, H. L. Mencken:

For a youth to reach twenty-one without having fallen in love in an **abject** and **preposterous** manner would be for doubts to be raised as to his **normalcy.**

Long ago, I suggested that a good way to diminish lynching in the South would be to establish **brass bands in country towns.**

The argument by design, once the bulwark of Christian apologetics, is so **full of holes** that it is no wonder that it has been abandoned.

I am well aware, of course, that getting the whole human race **stewed** and keeping it **stewed,** year in and year out, would **present formidable technical difficulties.**[2]

Words and Style

Now let us compare the following passages, culled from three pages of one newspaper:

Selected rails and industrials moved higher in today's stock market although early gains running to 2 or more points were reduced or lost at the close. Dealings expanded at intervals, but slowdowns were frequent. Transfers of 730,000 shares compared with 650,000 Monday which were the smallest for a full session since last Oct. 30. The Associated Press 60 stock average was up 0.1 at 60.6, its sixth consecutive upturn. Of 874 issues registering, 406 were ahead, 240 down, and 228 unchanged.

Q.—"Do boys admire other boys who feed lines to all gals and collect female hearts?" A.—In the beginning, when all fellows are amateurs in the dating department, a Joe who keeps a lot of gals guessing might be admired as a fine hunk of heartbreak, a boy who knows how to get around. But as time goes by and fellows realize that gals don't like that type, their hero worship attitude will wear off, too. A fellow who isn't "honest" about dating never is really popular.

Eddie Bruneteau shook the Bostonians with a beautiful solo dash two minutes after the third period started, tying the count, and then Liscomb personally took charge of the game. His two goals, on both of which Joe Carvath got assists, means Detroit fans will see their first Stanley Cup final series since the Wings won the cup two years ago.

No very impressive detective work is needed to assign one of the passages just quoted, on the basis of style, to the financial page, one to a teen-age column, and one to a sports story. The writers of these bits have chosen words *to suit their audiences;* in other words, they have adopted styles appropriate to their

2. *Prejudices,* Fourth Series, pp. 66, 267, 61, 175.

audiences. Similarly, housewives and theatrical people, Republicans and Communists, Protestants and Catholics will all have a vocabulary of a specialized sort. An author addressing any one of these groups will choose his vocabulary to fit his audience. Often an important clue to a piece of writing will be furnished by relating the author and his audience. Is he a Republican speaking to Republicans or (if you can conceive of it) to Democrats or Communists? Is he a Catholic speaking to Catholics? An understanding of the strategy of a whole speech may depend upon finding out what kind of person is talking to whom, and the kind of words used may make possible such a perception.

Words, in addition, may be studied in their stylistic relationship to *the piece of writing itself*. Such a study would make clear to you as reader (1) what type or types of words are used and (2) why they are or are not effective. At one time or another, it will help you to notice whether individual words or the majority of the words in a piece are short or long, formal or informal, abstract or concrete, technical or nontechnical, ordinary or extraordinary, modern or ancient, and so forth.

Let us look at two contrasting versions of a short passage to see how, in each instance, the author's choice of words has helped him achieve an appropriate effect. Compare two versions of a sentence—one by Westbrook Pegler; the other a modification of Pegler's sentence. Pegler here is ridiculing the "Hair-Trigger Plaintiff" who, on the slightest pretext, sues for damages:

Version A. A man crosses a street against a traffic light, leaps to avoid a car, barks his shin against a curb, yells murder with great presence of mind, demands an ambulance and puts in a week's time malingering in a hospital over an injury whose proper treatment would be a dab of iodine and a jolt of scotch.

Version B: An individual traverses a public highway illegally, accelerates his speed of movement to escape a vehicle, injures a portion of his anatomy, utters an ejaculation with great discernment and alacrity, calls for a conveyance, and spends an undue amount of time in a hospital recovering from minor injuries.

For purposes of ridicule, the abstract Version B is far less appropriate than Pegler's Version A, full of concrete details which vividly show the paltriness of the injuries suffered and the disproportionate amount of fuss which accompanies them.

In similar comparisons, different classifications of words may be employed. In each, however, the appropriateness of one sort of diction as contrasted with another will become clear. Readers thus may profitably relate the word choice of any given author to the purpose and tone of his work.

SENTENCES

After many scientific studies, authorities on reading have come out flatly with the conclusion that it is best, except in particular instances, not to read so much by words as by phrases and clauses. Comparative studies of eye-

movements show that while ineffective readers stumble along a letter or a word at a time, effective readers take in whole sentences by conquering a series of words at a glance. Reading clinics have as a chief purpose training the reader to encompass word groups instead of single words. Authorities find that readers thus trained not only are faster but, at times, are more capable of getting the real sense out of passages. If there is improvement, the reason probably is that such readers relate parts of sentences to wholes—that is, they read in context.

Reading in the context of sentences involves discovering what can be learned from (1) grammatical relationships and (2) order in sentences.

Grammatical Relationships in Sentences

A sentence as a whole is simple, compound, complex, or complex-compound: I saw him; I saw him and I was angry; I saw him when I was angry; I saw him and I was angry because I remembered his remarks. The parts of a sentence, determined by their grammatical functions, are subject, predicate, and modifiers. In the sentence "I saw him when I was angry," the subject is "I"; the predicate, "saw him"; and the modifier, "when I was angry." The main clause is "I saw him"; the rest of the sentence is subordinated.

Knowing how to view sentences structurally will help the reader see how a writer has shaped his sentences: (1) to clarify what, in the context, are the important things and the subordinate things; (2) to clarify the relationship between the sentence and the rest of the paragraph. To achieve the first, authors may use subordination and coordination. To do the second of these, authors may use the various connective devices.

A paragraph in a magazine article, Wolfgang Langewiesche's "Making the Airplane Behave," reads thus:

(1) Weick, turner upside-down of ideas, solved this problem by putting the usual landing gear hindside to. (2) Instead of setting his ship on two main wheels, forward, and a third wheel under the tail, he put in two main wheels, set fairly far back, and put the third wheel under its chin. (3) Instead of sitting on the ground in the familiar, haughty pose, such a 'tricycle' geared ship assumes an attitude much like a Walt Disney dog sniffing a trail: the nose is close to the ground, and the whole ship is actually pointing slightly down. (4) Thus ground contact slaps the ship down in front into a position in which, regardless of speed, its wings cannot lift it off again, and if the brakes are put on hard the ship will bear down on its nose wheel, but it cannot nose over.

Since Weick has been the chief character in the paragraph preceding this, the use of his name at the start of sentence 1 shows a relationship between this paragraph and the adjacent one. Furthermore, this whole paragraph tells the reader Weick did this and that; the ship was changed in such and such a way; the result was this and that. Therefore, Weick should be the subject of the first part. The main clause of sentence 1 is "Weick . . . solved this problem. . . ." Two subordinated parts, one modifying the subject, one the predicate,

indicate the way he solved the problem. In sentence 2, where the "how" has become the main thing to explain, two coordinated predicates explain it: "he put in two main wheels, set fairly far back, and put the third wheel under its chin." The "Instead of . . . " modifier is a further development of an idea which, in sentence 1, is used to describe Weick, "turner upside-down of ideas." In sentence 3, the ship, since it now becomes the main character, is the subject of the sentence and the first part of the sentence tells of the change, emphasizing, as is proper, the new aspect of the ship. The amplifying main clauses follow the coordination colon to show the changed position of the nose of the ship and of the whole ship. Sentence 4 begins with "thus," to show that the author is prepared to indicate the results. Three main clauses tell of these, the most important last: "ground contact slaps the ship down . . . and . . . the ship will bear down . . . but it cannot nose over." Thus main clauses reveal important points, while modifying elements reveal subordinated ones. Connective devices include "this problem" (sentence 1), "instead of" (sentence 3), "such a" (sentence 3), "thus," "and," "but" (sentence 4). Each is important.

To achieve variety and informality, authors will not always thus make sentence forms exactly correspond to desired emphases. Again, objectives other than emphasis—euphony or clarity, for instance—may make rigid subordination undesirable. (See Barzun's comments on clarity, pp. 307-314.) However, the reader will find that a knowledge of emphasizing and relating often helps him get the author's meaning.

Order in Sentences

There is a certain student. The student is an honor student. This student has passed his courses. He has passed them time after time. He has passed them by cheating. Now an effective author, writing about this worthy, probably will avoid the infantile style of the five sentences which we have just set down; he will do this by putting all our facts together in one sentence. Without much effort, he can think up at least the following five ways of writing such a sentence:

1. This honor student has passed his courses, time after time, by cheating.
2. This honor student, by cheating, has, time after time, passed his courses.
3. By cheating, this honor student has, time after time, passed his courses.
4. Time after time, this honor student, by cheating, has passed his courses.
5. Passed his courses, time after time, by cheating—this honor student!

Aware of such choices, the author will also know that the various sentences thus concocted have various shades of meaning—that shifts in the *order* of grammatical elements may make for greatly different emphases. He will employ whichever order gives the emphasis he wants. Similarly, you as a reader will be wise to keep in mind such possible shifts, such possible shades of emphasis, and will take into account the order employed.

In other words it often pays to recall that the writer may move around parts of sentences to emphasize individual words and phrases by: (1) placing them at the beginning, (2) placing them at the end, or (3) inverting their order or employing an unusual order.

You do well, too, at times, to note carefully how the author handles patterns of whole sentences. The seasoned speaker often employs decided rhythms, brought out by pauses, changes in the pace, variations in the pitch of his voice. Those rhythms are related to what the speaker is saying. He shapes whole sentences in such a way as to give them emotional and intellectual impact. He uses patterns of balances, say, or of climaxes, or patterns of other kinds. The speeches of Lincoln (pp. 86, 485) and Roosevelt (pp. 84, 216) offer examples. And study will show how such patterns—though usually to a lesser degree—appear in written as well as in spoken discourse. The following are some samples:

Antithesis: Any man or State who fights against Nazism will have our aid. Any man or State who marches with Hitler is our foe.—*Winston Churchill*

Balanced Sentence: I would rather lose in a cause that I know some day will triumph than to triumph in a cause that I know some day will fail.—*Wendell Willkie*

Climax: It is a revolution of negatives, a revolution of the defeated, a revolution of the dispossessed, a revolution of despair.—*Archibald MacLeish*

Anticlimax: He had the calm confidence of a Christian with two aces up his sleeve. —*Mark Twain*

Rhetorical Question: Are the men and women of America so selfish that they will not make sacrifices for the good of their country?—*Radio Advertisement for Government Savings Bonds*

Careful reading requires an insight into the relationship between such patterns and the thought and meaning of the work.

PARAGRAPHS AND DIVISIONS

What the word or the grammatical element is to the sentence, the paragraph or the division made up of several paragraphs is to the work as a whole. In a well-written piece, each paragraph or cluster of paragraphs will come along at the right point to do its little or big chore. As you read such a work, you will be able to see how each helps the accomplishment of the author's task—how the relative position as well as the content of each contributes. In reading a faulty piece, by contrast, you will see that there are parts which might well be amputated, or parts which are missing, or perhaps that the order is not systematic but chaotic.

To get an understanding of the way the parts have been put together and of the consequent meaning of the whole, you need constantly to watch for signs of interrelationships. As a rule you will find that the author has indicated divisions and subdivisions by his paragraphing. Often, too, you will find that coordinations and modifications of the sort used within sentences (p. 469) are also used to relate sentences in paragraphs, paragraphs in divisions, and

divisions in the whole piece. In addition, you will at times notice that the author, by throwing in a phrase, a clause, a sentence, or even a whole paragraph, gives you notice of a transition. And you will see that repeated words or phrases, or pronouns which refer back to words or phrases, serve to show important relationships to you. By noticing all such indications, you will discover what distinguishes parts and what holds them together and therefore will be able to see how thoughts are interrelated to convey meaning.

THE WHOLE COMPOSITION

So far in this section on detailed study we have been urging that you relate each part of what you read to its immediate context. Spelled out again, this means understanding the word in the context of its sentence, the sentence in the context of its paragraph, and the paragraph in the context of its division or of the total composition. Before bringing this section to a close, however, we must point out that the total composition has a context, too, and the careful reader will do well to keep this fact in mind.

Any piece of writing is created in time and place and has, therefore, a context in history. Sometimes this historical context is unimportant for the reader, as it is with respect, say, to the selection on detrital sediments (p. 31). At other times it is essential for an understanding of the meaning and implications of what is said. When, for example, Franklin Delano Roosevelt in his third inaugural address asserted that "Democracy is not dying," his listeners realized that these were not idle words. The date was January 20, 1941. Hitler had seized Austria and Czechoslovakia and was threatening Poland, if not all of Europe. Both he and Mussolini had repeatedly charged that democracy *was* dying and that the future belonged to the Nazis and Fascists. In the light of this situation, therefore, President Roosevelt's words said far more than they seem to say to the reader today. They were in effect a denial, a refutation, a challenge hurled in the teeth of the German and Italian leaders. Obviously the facts of history are frequently important to the careful reader.

But the historical context is more than simply a matter of a few facts. It includes also the nature of the writer (or speaker), of the immediate readers (or listeners), and what the writer or speaker wants his audience to do or think. Thus Roosevelt's third inaugural address can be read with even more understanding if you know something of his own faith and earnestness, if you realize the apprehensions of his listeners, and if you can recapture something of his desire to allay their fears and to instill in them the courage and high moral purpose that were going to be necessary for the difficult tasks that lay ahead.

Generally, reading arguments requires more attention to the historical context than reading explanations or even criticisms. But whatever the type of discourse, the careful reader will always ask himself whether an investigation of the historical context is important for a full mastery of what he is reading. And remember: the word "historical" can apply to yesterday just as well as to a time twenty or forty or two hundred years ago.

Evaluation

As we have suggested, it is practically impossible—and we might add, it is undesirable—to divorce the "preliminary survey" of a piece completely from "a detailed study" of it, or to divorce "a detailed study" completely from some "evaluations." Consequently, the reader has noticed, no doubt, that we have not hesitated to advise him to make evaluations of one sort and another during his careful reading of various kinds of pieces. Nevertheless, since evaluation is of paramount importance in reading and since it may involve somewhat different procedures from a detailed study, we have taken up the problem of evaluation in a good deal of detail in this book (pp. 92-178). To this treatment of the subject we have little to add.

It may be worth noting, however, that according to the scheme outlined in the text, a piece of informative prose may be evaluated in at least three ways. Take the essay by Thomas Henry Huxley, "The Method of Scientific Investigation" (p. 411). Here are three possible evaluations of this essay, each involving a method of its own:

1. "Huxley's piece is much less valuable for conveying a true understanding of the way scientists actually work than is a moving picture based upon the life of Pasteur or Madame Curie. Scientists don't work that way at all. He gives a completely false picture."

2. "This is a clear piece of exposition. By moving from the familiar to the unfamiliar and by providing a number of homely and helpful examples, Huxley leads the reader gently but firmly to an understanding of the idea he has of scientific methods."

3. "Although the essay is a workmanlike job, it is not a great literary work. Since great literature expresses great ideas, this piece is of secondary importance."

These three varying judgments express notably different opinions about how good—or how bad—this particular piece of writing is. They vary as they do because each is based upon a different kind of concern on the part of the reader: each represents measurement with a different sort of measuring stick. The concerns of the three judgments are indicated, respectively, by the following three questions:

1. Is what the work says, in detail or as a whole, *true* or *untrue?*
2. Does the work do well or badly, *in its own terms,* what it sets out to do?
3. What is its value as *literature?*[3]

Any reader could properly and profitably judge any piece of prose by any one, any two, or all of these standards provided he considered it in an appropriate way or in appropriate ways.

3. For a more detailed judgment of Huxley of the third sort, see Aldous Huxley, *The Olive Tree* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1937), pp. 47–83.

MEANING AND VALUE

A comparison between careful reading to discover *meaning* and careful reading for the purpose of *evaluation* will perhaps serve to summarize and to complete what we have had to say in these suggestions. Though the two methods differ in their aim, they are alike in being demonstrable.

When even the best and most careful readers discuss the *meaning* of a piece of writing, there will probably be a few disagreements. Absolute certainty about *all* meanings and *all* details of meaning, in other words, is impossible. Nevertheless, as we have seen, agreement about many such matters is possible. It is possible because readers may refer to both the method and the content of a work to demonstrate the likelihood of their particular interpretation and the unlikelihood of other interpretations. If, after the citation of such evidence, there is still disagreement about meaning, it is still possible for intelligent readers to agree about exactly what evidence there is for and against each interpretation.

When we compare the process of evaluation with this process of interpretation, we find that readers again may disagree. "Differences of opinion," wrote Mark Twain, "make horse races." They also make varying standards of evaluation and different conclusions about the excellence of any given work. Nevertheless, regardless of what standards are used, there may be two kinds of talk about personal judgments. The first kind, characteristic of poor readers, is blurred and impressionistic; the second, characteristic of good readers, is precise and reasoned. The first takes no account of precise standards or of their precise employment. The second takes into account two things: (1) exactly what standard or standards the reader is applying and (2) exactly how he has applied them to any piece of writing. Granted that there will be differences of opinion about both the validity of the standards and the validity of their applications, the intelligent reader will be able to argue for both in a fashion which is clear and worthy of respect. Just as a good reader will be able to defend his understanding of meaning, the good evaluator will be able to state and to defend his values; he will also be able to demonstrate that he has applied them well by citing respectable evidence within and outside the text.

Sample Analyses

Recent research on learning and retention seems to indicate that most of us retain what we have read much better if we review it after a short lapse of time, say a day or so. This suggests that the third of our three steps in reading for mastery—evaluation—might profitably be tied into such a review, for a review should properly be not only a recalling of facts and ideas but also an analysis

and evaluation of them. At least you might experiment to see whether a combined review-evaluation coming a day or two after your detailed study helps you, as it has so many other students, to retain what you have read.

For analyses of selections embodying chiefly (1) explanation, (2) argument by logic, (3) argument by psychological means, and (4) a documented research paper, turn to "The Marginal World" (immediately following), "Notes on Liberty and the Boundaries of the Promised Land" (p. 482), "The Gettysburg Address" (p. 485), and "Burlesques in Nineteenth-Century American Humor" (p. 489).

Rachel Carson

THE MARGINAL WORLD

The edge of the sea is a strange and beautiful place. All through the long history of Earth it has been an area of unrest where waves have broken heavily against the land, where the tides have pressed forward over the continents, receded, and then returned. For no two successive days is the shore line precisely the same. Not only do the tides advance and retreat in their eternal rhythms, but the level of the sea itself is never at rest. It rises or falls as the glaciers melt or grow, as the floor of the deep ocean basins shifts under its increasing load of sediments, or as the earth's crust along the continental margins warps up or down in adjustment to strain and tension. Today a little more land may belong to the sea, tomorrow a little less. Always the edge of the sea remains an elusive and indefinable boundary. ¶ **1**

The shore has a dual nature, changing with the swing of the tides, belonging now to the land, now to the sea. On the ebb tide it knows the harsh extremes of the land world, being exposed to heat and cold, to wind, to rain and drying sun. On the flood tide it is a water world, returning briefly to the relative stability of the open sea. ¶ **2**

ANALYSIS

The first step in reading for mastery—the preliminary survey—yields quick results in this essay. By reading the title, skimming the first and last paragraphs, and just glancing at what lies in between we can easily come up with the author's central point: that the marginal world of the seashore is an ancient and ever-changing place where life can be observed in all its beauty, tenacity, and adaptability.

The second step—the detailed study—begins properly with the first sentence, a short, precise, topic sentence that focuses our thinking immediately: "The edge

From "The Marginal World" from *The Edge of the Sea* by Rachel Carson. Reprinted by permission of and arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Co., the authorized publishers.

of the sea is a strange and beautiful place." The remainder of the first two paragraphs then explores one facet of this generalization: the edge of the sea is a place of instability. In the first paragraph the author primarily takes the long view of this instability—the slow changes in the continents, the slow rise and fall of the level of the sea. In the second paragraph she takes the short view of the instability—the differences occurring because of the regular changes in the tide. By the end of the second paragraph, then, we have the inorganic aspects of the marginal world blocked in and characterized, and we are ready to go ahead with a consideration of the life forms there.

Only the most hardy and adaptable can survive in a region so mutable, yet the area between the tide lines is crowded with plants and animals. In this difficult world of the shore, life displays its enormous toughness and vitality by occupying almost every conceivable niche. Visibly, it carpets the intertidal rocks; or half hidden, it descends into fissures and crevices, or hides under boulders, or lurks in the wet gloom of sea caves. Invisibly, where the casual observer would say there is no life, it lies deep in the sand, in burrows and tubes and passageways. It tunnels into solid rock and bores into peat and clay. It encrusts weeds or drifting spars or the hard, chitinous shell of a lobster. It exists minutely, as the film of bacteria that spreads over a rock surface or a wharf piling; as spheres of protozoa, small as pinpricks, sparkling at the surface of the sea; and as Lilliputian beings swimming through dark pools that lie between the grains of sand. ¶ **3**

The shore is an ancient world, for as long as there has been an earth and sea there has been this place of the meeting of land and water. Yet it is a world that keeps alive the sense of continuing creation and of the relentless drive of life. Each time that I enter it, I gain some new awareness of its beauty and its deeper meanings, sensing that intricate fabric of life by which one creature is linked with another, and each with its surroundings. ¶ **4**

The first sentence of the third paragraph shifts our attention immediately to the life forms in the marginal world. Notice how for emphasis the author in the first half of this sentence leads us to suspect that life will be scarce in this region. Then with a *yet* she turns us around and tells us that the area is *crowded* with plants and animals. The point is reinforced in the second sentence and particularized in the next five. In this particularization notice that we consider first the places where life can be seen and second places where life exists unseen. The fourth paragraph is a transitional paragraph in which the author (1) reinforces her central thesis in the first two sentences and (2) prepares us in the last sentence for the personal experiences that are to follow. Notice how the beginning of this sentence—"Each time"—narrows our attention immediately from the general to the specific. See, too. how the use of the first person pronoun in the sentence shifts the consideration from an impersonal one and prepares us for the individual reactions that follow in phrases like "new awareness of its beauty," "deeper meanings," "sensing the intricate fabric of life." This fourth paragraph is transitional, therefore, because in it the selection swings to more personal and more specific considerations.

In my thoughts of the shore, one place stands apart for its revelation of exquisite beauty. It is a pool hidden within a cave that one can visit only rarely and briefly when the lowest of the year's low tides fall below it, and perhaps from that very fact it acquires some of its special beauty. Choosing such a tide, I hoped for a glimpse of the pool. The ebb was to fall early in the morning. I knew that if the wind held from the northwest and no interfering swell ran in from a distant storm the level of the sea should drop below the entrance to the pool. There had been sudden ominous showers in the night, with rain like handfuls of gravel flung on the roof. When I looked out into the early morning the sky was full of a gray dawn light but the sun had not yet risen. Water and air were pallid. Across the bay the moon was a luminous disc in the western sky, suspended above the dim line of distant shore—the full August moon, drawing the tide to the low, low levels of the threshold of the alien sea world. As I watched, a gull flew by, above the spruces. Its breast was rosy with the light of the unrisen sun. The day was, after all, to be fair. ¶ 5

Later, as I stood above the tide near the entrance to the pool, the promise of that rosy light was sustained. From the base of the steep wall of rock on which I stood, a moss-covered ledge jutted seaward into deep water. In the surge at the rim of the ledge the dark fronds of oarweeds swayed, smooth and gleaming as leather. The projecting ledge was the path to the small hidden cave and its pool. Occasionally a swell, stronger than the rest, rolled smoothly over the rim and broke in foam against the cliff. But the intervals between such swells were long enough to admit me to the ledge and long enough for a glimpse of that fairy pool, so seldom and so briefly exposed. ¶ 6

And so I knelt on the wet carpet of sea moss and looked back into the dark cavern that held the pool in a shallow basin. The floor of the cave was only a few inches below the roof, and a mirror had been created in which all that grew on the ceiling was reflected in the still water below. ¶ 7

Under water that was clear as glass the pool was carpeted with green sponge. Gray patches of sea squirts glistened on the ceiling and colonies of soft coral were a pale apricot color. In the moment when I looked into the cave a little elfin starfish hung down, suspended by the merest thread, perhaps by only a single tube foot. It reached down to touch its own reflection, so perfectly delineated that there might have been, not one starfish, but two. The beauty of the reflected images and of the limpid pool itself was the poignant beauty of things that are ephemeral, existing only until the sea should return to fill the little cave. ¶8

Whenever I go down into this magical zone of the low water of the spring tides, I look for the most delicately beautiful of all the shore's inhabitants—flowers that are not plant but animal, blooming on the threshold of the deeper sea. In that fairy cave I was not disappointed. Hanging from its roof were the pendent flowers of the hydroid Tubularia, pale pink, fringed and delicate as the wind flower. Here were creatures so exquisitely fashioned that they seemed unreal, their beauty too fragile to exist in a world of crushing force. Yet every detail was functionally useful, every stalk and hydranth and petal-like tentacle fashioned for dealing with the realities of existence. I knew that they were merely

waiting, in that moment of the tide's ebbing, for the return of the sea. Then in the rush of water, in the surge of surf and the pressure of the incoming tide, the delicate flower heads would stir with life. They would sway on their slender stalks, and their long tentacles would sweep the returning water, finding in it all that they needed for life. ¶ **9**

Paragraphs 5-9, describing the author's experience in a particular cave, emphasize the beauty and delicacy of the marginal world. The fifth paragraph deals with the general conditions of the weather and tide that make the trip possible. The sixth paragraph describes conditions at the mouth of the cave and the entry into it. The seventh paragraph gives a quick overall picture of the cave: the pool in the floor reflecting the ceiling a few inches above. The eighth paragraph then takes up the life there. Note how in this paragraph there is a movement from the plural (sponges and sea squirts) to the singular (the elfin starfish). Finally in the ninth paragraph the author turns toward the most spectacular form of life in the cave, the pendent flowers of the hydroid Tubularia, flowers that are not plant at all but animal. As we can now see, the movement in these five paragraphs is partly governed by time and place, but more importantly it is a movement from the general to the specific, from the ordinary to the extraordinary. The sentences in this section should be studied with especial care for their coherence and variety. Notice how many sentence beginnings pin down time and place relationships: "When I . . . ," "Across the bay . . . ," "Later . . . ," "Under water . . . ," etc.

And so in that enchanted place on the threshold of the sea the realities that possessed my mind were far from those of the land world I had left an hour before. In a different way the same sense of remoteness and of a world apart came to me in a twilight hour on a great beach on the coast of Georgia. I had come down after sunset and walked far out over sands that lay wet and gleaming, to the very edge of the retreating sea. Looking back across that immense flat, crossed by winding, water-filled gullies and here and there holding shallow pools left by the tide, I was filled with awareness that this intertidal area, although abandoned briefly and rhythmically by the sea, is always reclaimed by the rising tide. There at the edge of low water the beach with its reminders of the land seemed far away. The only sounds were those of the wind and the sea and the birds. There was one sound of wind moving over water, and another of water sliding over the sand and tumbling down the faces of its own wave forms. The flats were astir with birds, and the voice of the willet rang insistently. One of them stood at the edge of the water and gave its loud, urgent cry; an answer came from far up the beach and the two birds flew to join each other. ¶ **10**

The flats took on a mysterious quality as dusk approached and the last evening light was reflected from the scattered pools and creeks. Then birds became only dark shadows, with no color discernible. Sanderlings scurried across the beach like little ghosts, and here and there the darker forms of the willets stood out. Often I could come very close to them before they would start up in alarm—the sanderlings running, the willets flying up, crying. Black skimmers flew along the

ocean's edge silhouetted against the dull, metallic gleam, or they went flitting above the sand like large, dimly seen moths. Sometimes they "skimmed" the winding creeks of tidal water, where little spreading surface ripples marked the presence of small fish. ¶ **11**

The shore at night is a different world, in which the very darkness that hides the distractions of daylight brings into sharper focus the elemental realities. Once, exploring the night beach, I surprised a small ghost crab in the searching beam of my torch. He was lying in a pit he had dug just above the surf, as though watching the sea and waiting. The blackness of the night possessed water, air, and beach. It was the darkness of an older world, before Man. There was no sound but the all-enveloping, primeval sounds of wind blowing over water and sand, and of waves crashing on the beach. There was no other visible life—just one small crab near the sea. I have seen hundreds of ghost crabs in other settings, but suddenly I was filled with the odd sensation that for the first time I knew the creature in its own world—that I understood, as never before, the essence of its being. In that moment time was suspended; the world to which I belonged did not exist and I might have been an onlooker from outer space. The little crab alone with the sea became a symbol that stood for life itself—for the delicate, destructible, yet incredibly vital force that somehow holds its place amid the harsh realities of the inorganic world. ¶ **12**

Paragraphs 10-12 deal with another experience, this time one on the Georgia flats at twilight. Here the emphasis is on the tenacity of life in the marginal world. The first two sentences of paragraph 10 create a bridge between the experience in the cave and this one in Georgia. The next sentences describe, first, the sights and, second, the sounds of the flats just after sunset. And the last sentence pulls the paragraph together interestingly by describing a specific detail that involves both sight and sound. Paragraph 11 deals with the flats at dusk, more especially with the bird life there. And paragraph 12 considers the life of the flats after dark when the "elemental realities" come into sharper focus. Notice how in paragraph 12 the author concentrates on one creature—a crab—in order to dramatize the seeming helplessness and yet the tenacity of these creatures of the shoreline. In retrospect the movement in this section seems to be simply one of time, but on closer inspection we find that it is also a movement from light to dark, from the more general to the more specific, from the less to the more perceptive observation, and from the less to the more intellectually stimulating. Incidentally, notice how the words and rhythm at the close of this section have been manipulated to give an effect of wonder and loneliness.

The sense of creation comes with memories of a southern coast, where the sea and the mangroves, working together, are building a wilderness of thousands of small islands off the southwestern coast of Florida, separated from each other by a tortuous pattern of bays, lagoons, and narrow waterways. I remember a winter day when the sky was blue and drenched with sunlight; though there was no wind one was conscious of flowing air like cold clear crystal. I had landed on the

surf-washed tip of one of those islands, and then worked my way around to the sheltered bay side. There I found the tide far out, exposing the broad mud flat of a cove bordered by the mangroves with their twisted branches, their glossy leaves, and their long prop roots reaching down, grasping and holding the mud, building the land out a little more, then again a little more. ¶ **13**

The mud flats were strewn with the shells of that small, exquisitely colored mollusk, the rose tellin, looking like scattered petals of pink roses. There must have been a colony nearby, living buried just under the surface of the mud. At first the only creature visible was a small heron in gray and rusty plumage—a reddish egret that waded across the flat with the stealthy, hesitant movements of its kind. But other land creatures had been there, for a line of fresh tracks wound in and out among the mangrove roots, marking the path of a raccoon feeding on the oysters that gripped the supporting roots with projections from their shells. Soon I found the tracks of a shore bird, probably a sanderling, and followed them a little; then they turned toward the water and were lost, for the tide had erased them and made them as though they had never been. ¶ **14**

Looking out over the cove I felt a strong sense of the interchangeability of land and sea in this marginal world of the shore, and of the links between the life of the two. There was also an awareness of the past and of the continuing flow of time, obliterating much that had gone before, as the sea had that morning washed away the tracks of the bird. ¶ **15**

The sequence and meaning of the drift of time were quietly summarized in the existence of hundreds of small snails—the mangrove periwinkles—browsing on the branches and roots of the trees. Once their ancestors had been sea dwellers, bound to the salt waters by every tie of their life processes. Little by little over the thousands and millions of years the ties had been broken, the snails had adjusted themselves to life out of water, and now today they were living many feet above the tide to which they only occasionally returned. And perhaps, who could say how many ages hence, there would be in their descendants not even this gesture of remembrance for the sea. ¶ **16**

The spiral shells of other snails—these quite minute—left winding tracks on the mud as they moved about in search of food. They were horn shells, and when I saw them I had a nostalgic moment when I wished I might see what Audubon saw, a century and more ago. For such little horn shells were the food of the flamingo, once so numerous on this coast, and when I half closed my eyes I could almost imagine a flock of these magnificent flame birds feeding in that cove, filling it with their color. It was a mere yesterday in the life of the earth that they were there; in nature, time and space are relative matters, perhaps most truly perceived subjectively in occasional flashes of insight, sparked by such a magical hour and place. ¶ **17**

Here is another section describing an experience, this one on the Florida coast. The emphasis here is on the evolution or adaptability of life in the marginal world. Again the author begins (paragraph 13) with the general conditions of the light, sky, wind, tide, and shore. In paragraph 14 she moves to a more par-

ticularized description, first of the sea creatures and next of the land creatures. Paragraph 15 is a transitional paragraph in which the section turns from an emphasis on observation to an emphasis on reflection or generalization. Briefly it restates the central point of the selection, giving especial emphasis to the evolutionary aspect of life along the coast. Here is where life began and continues to evolve. Paragraph 16 supports the point by referring to the change in snails: how they were originally sea-dwellers, how they now live above the tide and return to the sea only occasionally, and how in the future they may never return to it. Paragraph 17 suggests another change, the disappearance of the flamingo from the Florida coast. Roughly, as we can now see, the movement in this section is from the author's observations to her reflections upon these observations.

There is a common thread that links these scenes and memories—the spectacle of life in all its varied manifestations as it has appeared, evolved, and sometimes died out. Underlying the beauty of the spectacle there is meaning and significance. It is the elusiveness of that meaning that haunts us, that sends us again and again into the natural world where the key to the riddle is hidden. It sends us back to the edge of the sea, where the drama of life played its first scene on earth and perhaps even its prelude; where the forces of evolution are at work today, as they have been since the appearance of what we know as life; and where the spectacle of living creatures faced by the cosmic realities of their world is crystal clear. ¶ **18**

Not unexpectedly this last paragraph brings us back to the central idea. Notice that the first sentence pulls together the sections on the cave, the Georgia flats, and the Florida coast, as well as the details in paragraphs 16 and 17: all these are part of the spectacle of life. In the next sentences we perceive again that all of this beauty, tenacity, and change contain the elusive meaning of life—if it is contained anywhere. See how the last sentence lengthens out with three "where" clauses, providing a slow, almost stately prose rhythm for the conclusion.

The third step in the process of reading for mastery—evaluation—might well be divided into three parts: (1) How true is all this? To discuss the answer to this question you would want to check the author's statements against your own information and whatever information you can assemble from other authoritative works on the subject. (2) How clear is this as an explanation? In developing an answer to this question you would have to decide how well the words operate in the sentences, the sentences in the paragraphs, and the paragraphs in the overall structure in making clear to you that the marginal world *is* an ancient and ever-changing place where life can be observed in all of its beauty, tenacity, and adaptability. (3) How good is this selection as literature? Here you would have to decide how well the author gives form, meaning, and emotional effect to her material. Does the work give you esthetic pleasure? Do you find it intellectually stimulating? Does it move you? Are you likely to remember it with pleasure and some excitement? How would you compare it with an encyclopedia article or a chapter in a textbook on the same subject?

The analysis of the following portion of an essay (published in 1931) gives an example of the way a reader may follow an author's reasoning in a piece which persuades largely by means of logic. Only enough is given and analyzed to show how lines of reasoning may be followed.

Aldous Huxley

from NOTES ON LIBERTY AND THE BOUNDARIES OF THE PROMISED LAND

"Mediaeval liberty," said Lord Acton, "differs from modern in this, that it depended on property." But the difference is surely a difference only in degree, not in kind. Money may have less influence in a modern than in a medieval court of law. But outside the court of law? Outside, it is true, I am legally free to work or not to work, as I choose; for I am not a serf. I am legally free to live here rather than there; for I am not bound to the land. I am free, within reasonable limits, to amuse myself as I like; archdeacons do not fine me for indulging in what they consider unseemly diversions. I am legally free to marry any one (with the possible exception of a member of the royal family) from my first cousin to the daughter of a duke; no lord compels me to marry a girl or widow from the manor, no priest forbids the banns within the seventh degree of consanguinity. The list of all my legal freedoms would run to pages of type. Nobody in all history has been so free as I am now. ¶ 1

ANALYSIS

The words "Notes on" in the title warn that the essay which follows may wander around a bit. Actually, although a careful reading is needed to prove that it does, this piece holds together fairly well. A careful reading is also necessary before the reader is able to see the trend of the whole. After such a study, the reader will probably conclude that "Notes on Liberty" explains facts about the nature of liberty which make necessary "the Boundaries of the Promised Land." In other words, the early parts of this chatty essay prepare for Huxley's implied conclusion that even in future Utopias liberty will have certain limitations.

The essay begins with Lord Acton's distinction between medieval liberty and modern liberty. Huxley, analyzing Lord Acton's claim, sees that it represents the following line of deductive reasoning, with the bracketed premise implied though not stated:

From *Music at Night and Other Essays* by Aldous Huxley. Reprinted by permission of Harper & Brothers and Oxford University Press, Canadian Branch (Canadian representatives of Chatto and Windus).

[Liberty which depended upon property is different from modern liberty.]
Medieval liberty depended upon property.
Therefore medieval liberty is different from modern liberty.

Huxley, in the next two sentences, indicates that he doesn't entirely agree with the major premise. He attacks it first by distinguishing *legal* liberty from liberty *in practice*, and he says that if Acton were talking only about legal liberty, he could agree with him. He cites instance after instance of legal liberties, thus reasoning inductively to the generalization stated in the final sentence of paragraph 1. Enough particular instances have been offered to make the generalization seem valid, and the reader probably accepts it.

But let us see what happens if I try to make use of my legal liberty. Not a serf, I choose to stop working; result, I shall begin to starve next Monday. Not bound to the land, I elect to live in Grosvenor Square and Taormina; unhappily, the rent of my London house alone amounts to five times my yearly income. Not subject to persecutions of ecclesiastical busybodies, I decide that it would be pleasant to take a young woman to the Savoy for a bite of supper; but I have no dress clothes, and I should spend more on my evening's entertainment than I can earn in a week. Not bound to marry at the bidding of a master, free to choose wherever I like, I decide to look for a bride at Chatsworth or Welbeck; but when I ring the bell, I am told to go round to the servants' entrance and look sharp about it. ¶ **2**

All my legal liberties turn out in practice to be as closely dependent on property as were the liberties of my medieval ancestors. The rich can buy large quantities of freedom; the poor must do without it, even though, by law and theoretically, they have as good a right to just as much of it as have the rich. ¶ **3**

"But," paragraph 2 begins, thereby announcing that the next emphasis will be upon Huxley's disagreement with Acton's claims. Huxley now shows that there are great limitations upon his theoretical freedom. To do this he cites many instances which demonstrate that liberty *in practice* today does depend upon property, thus reasoning inductively to the conclusion that he states in the first sentence of paragraph 3 and restates, in other words, in the second sentence. The reader notes the proof and accepts the generalization.

A right is something which I have at the expense of other people. Even my right of not being murdered and not being made a slave is something which I have at the expense of those stronger than myself who could kill me or force me into servitude. There are no such things as "natural rights"; there are only adjustments of conflicting claims. What I have at your expense ought not to be more than what you have at my expense: that, whatever the practice may be, is the theory of justice. ¶ **4**

Many murderees and slaves, however feeble, are stronger, in the last resort, than a few slavers and murderers. From time to time the slaves and murderees have actually demonstrated this in sanguinary fashion. These revolts, though

rare, though quite astonishingly rare (the abject patience of the oppressed is perhaps the most inexplicable, as it is also the most important, fact in all history) have been enough to scare the oppressors into making considerable concessions, not only in theory, but even in practice. ¶ **5**

Legally and theoretically, we are all free now; but the right to make use of these liberties must continue, under the present dispensation, to depend on property and the personal abilities which enable a man to acquire property easily. Some people, like tramps and certain artists, enjoy, it is true, a good deal of liberty without paying for it; but this is only because, unlike most human beings, they are not interested to stake out a claim among the things which can be paid for with money. ¶ **6**

In paragraphs 1 and 2, Huxley has demonstrated that there is a property limitation or boundary for liberty. At the end of paragraph 3, a "right" is mentioned. Paragraph 4 then proceeds to define a "right" as "something which I have at the expense of other people," thus suggesting another ancient as well as modern limitation for liberty. The author argues for this definition of a right by showing how "even" the most fundamental rights depend upon other people and concludes that there are no "natural rights." His line of reasoning here could be represented as follows:

[If] even my right of not being murdered and my right of not being made a slave depend upon others, [there are no such things as natural rights.]

Even these rights do depend upon others.

Therefore there are no such things as natural rights.

The bracketed portions of the major premise are not specifically stated, but the word "even" implies them.

In 4, the author cites the law of justice which would lead to the implied conclusion by this reasoning:

What I have at your expense ought not to be more than what you have at my expense.

I have my rights as a potential murderee and slave at your expense.

[Therefore my rights as a potential murderee and slave ought not to be more than you have at my expense.]

Paragraph 5 considers and answers a question about this conclusion: "Are my rights greater than those which you have at my expense?" The answer is, "They are not, since you have, at my expense, a state of truce between yourself and the mighty force which I and my fellows among the oppressed as a rule refrain from exerting." Thus is demonstrated the generalization that all men—the strong and the weak (i.e., because of "personal abilities")—have whatever rights they possess at the expense of one another. This is the generalization which, at the start of paragraph 6, is added to the previous one about property. The second sentence of paragraph 6 takes into account a minor exception to the general rule. The reader, noting these details, decides that so far the reasoning developed in "Notes on Liberty and the Boundaries of the Promised Land" seems sound.

To show how a careful reader may study some aspects of a work which has a strong element of persuasion by psychological means, we now present and analyze what many recognize to be one of the greatest single achievements of this sort in American history—"The Gettysburg Address," delivered at the dedication of the National Cemetery, November 19, 1863.

Abraham Lincoln

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. ¶ **1**

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. ¶ **2**

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth. ¶ **3**

ANALYSIS

We have evidence of two kinds about the purpose of this address: some in the speech itself, some in the historical facts about its delivery. Both kinds of evidence indicate that this address, like most great ones, had a rather complex purpose. It is called the "*Gettysburg* Address," and the name indicates that it was delivered at Gettysburg, to dedicate the National Cemetery there. But if we look at the two most important parts of the speech—the beginning and the end—and if we look at what lies between, we see evidence that the author is concerned not only with

dedicating a cemetery but also with an effective definition and defense of the American democratic philosophy. So much we see merely by looking at the speech.

A study of the circumstances of the delivery, valuable in studying any historic utterance, verifies these conclusions and suggests other details about the author's purpose. The date of delivery was November 19, 1863; the war was still going on, and a reaffirmation of the principles for which the North believed it was fighting was therefore desirable. But a message going beyond the time and place was also important. Carl Sandburg tells us that in the weeks just before the dedication, two men had done their best to make Lincoln see himself as a spokesman of democracy, popular government, the mass of people as opposed to aristocrats, classes, and special interests. One of these men, an English liberal, told Lincoln that the people of England, as well as the people of the North, should be made to see that the war was a struggle between democracy and aristocracy. We see, then, that in this address Lincoln's justification of democracy was very important.

Finally, since Lincoln was in a high political office and soon was to be a candidate for re-election, the speech was also likely to have political significance. A claim of Lincoln's enemies was that he was a frivolous man, a buffoon. It was claimed that, on the battlefield of Antietam a year before, the President, moving among the dead, had told some of his horrible jokes and had cackled obscenely at them. To refute such lies, Lincoln wanted the public to understand how he really felt about the sacrifices of soldiers. An important end of the address, as a result, was to make known the President's character. A dignified yet sincerely emotional utterance would show that he felt as a noble man should about the soldier dead as well as the democratic faith.

These are the facts then about the purpose, or rather the purposes, of this address: the speech was to dedicate a National Cemetery; it was to show that Lincoln's feelings about lives lost in battle were not frivolous but were profound; it was to spur the efforts of the North and to court the sympathy of the outside world by eloquently championing the doctrine of democracy.

With these purposes in mind, we may now consider whether the speech was well adapted to their achievement. In any address, of course, the organization—the ordering of the materials—is important. Let us therefore begin with this. A little study shows us an obvious organization of a sort proper for a dedicatory address. Part I (paragraphs 1 and 2) treats the propriety of the ceremonies; Part II (the first three sentences of paragraph 3), the inability of the living to dedicate this ground; and Part III (to the end), the dedication of the living to the unfinished task. This organization is appropriate for the immediate occasion.

The faith of the North in its cause—the patriotic faith that it is battling to preserve the time-hallowed governmental system of the nation—is emphasized by a time organization which is superimposed upon the one which we have just seen: "Fourscore and seven years ago" (the past); "*Now* we are engaged in a great civil war" (the present); and "this nation . . . *shall have* a new birth of freedom" (the future). By using this chronological order, Lincoln firmly relates the contemporary struggle to the American tradition of democratic government.

Still another organization is unobtrusively used to give the speech breadth of significance as a plea for democracy. These brief ceremonies, Lincoln is suggesting, are insignificant contrasted with the high resolve to preserve our democratic way of life. He is helped, we think, by what might be called a "geographic narrowing" followed by a "geographic broadening." "Our fathers," he begins, "brought forth on this *continent* a new *nation*," thus "narrowing" from talk of a continent to talk of a portion of the continent. In order, you will note, he mentions the continent, then the nation, then the battlefield, then a *portion* of the battlefield. He now sets this tiny area in contrast with the world. "The world," he remarks, "will little note nor long remember" our insignificant ceremonies. Having thus "narrowed" his consideration as he talks of the insignificance of the ceremonies, he now "enlarges" the broader meanings of the occasion by mentioning first "this nation" and then, at the very end, all the earth.

But logical organizations, of course, are not sufficient to express a speaker's deep feelings or to move men in his day or a later day to religious faith in democracy. Moving words and rhythms, far better than naked logic—these in discourse akin to poetry move the hearts of men. Such poetry, with its emotional overtones, is the essence of this address.

One notes, for instance, the way the time order of the speech is linked by figurative language with the elemental events of human life: "our fathers *brought forth* . . . a new nation, *conceived* in liberty" (birth); "and dedicated" (baptism); "long endure" (life); "final resting place . . . gave their lives" (death); and "new birth of freedom" (rebirth). Such a metaphorical linking of history with the span of human life is in itself full of emotional implications. It attributes vitality and human warmth to a set of laws and a system of government.

Notice, however, that the particular pattern of life here suggested is a religious pattern. Dedication and rebirth are parts of it. Furthermore, this pattern is expanded and emphasized when Lincoln, at the end of his speech, uses words which significantly connote the central pattern of the Christian religion—sacrifice and rebirth. These dead, like Christ, Lincoln implies, have "given their lives" that others may live; they have "hallowed" and "consecrated" the ground on which they died; and because of their sacrifice, they have laid upon the living, "under God," the duty to be reborn and rededicated to immortal life. Folk with backgrounds of Christian faith, in Lincoln's day and later, could not but be moved by such an appeal, based as it is upon faiths and feelings which are deeply rooted.

This religious appeal, furthermore, is one which is consistently evoked by the biblical language which Lincoln employs. "Fourscore and seven years ago," the opening words, for instance, are far more biblical than the normal phrase of Lincoln's day, "eighty-seven years ago," would have been. Other biblical echoes enforce the religious tone—"our fathers," "dedicated," "consecrate," and "hallow," to cite but a few. And even when the language is not specifically biblical, it has those qualities of simplicity and strength which are characteristic of the style of older translations of the Bible.

Finally, the words and rhythms of the speech are so arranged as to mount to an emotional climax. The first two paragraphs are made up of words which are

relatively matter of fact; the last paragraph is dotted with words which are increasingly poetic. And by and large, though the rhythms of all the sentences are impressive, the sentences toward the end are increasingly rhythmical and sonorous. The second paragraph contains two staccato sentences: "We are met on a great battlefield of that war," and "It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this." The first sentence in the last paragraph, by contrast, uses a periodic structure which builds up to a climax. The second and third sentences, in contrasting the futile words of the living with the deeds of the dead soldiers, employ rhythmical balance. The final sentence, the longest in the address, arranges three parallel clauses so as to mount to the memorable climax at the end: "and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." The rhythms thus are valuable both to emphasize the thought and to express and stimulate feeling.

Now in judging this famous address, not as a poetic structure but as an utterance of truth, one must examine its implications and meanings. Mr. Edgar Lee Masters, after reading it carefully, finds these do not represent his assumptions and beliefs. Says Mr. Masters:

> It was untrue that our fathers in 1776 had brought forth a new nation; for in that year our fathers brought forth thirteen new nations, each of which was a sovereign state. Therefore the war was not testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, could long endure. The war was testing whether sovereign states which had ratified a Constitution and formed a Union, could repeal their ratification. . . . Thus we have in the Gettysburg Address that refusal of the truth which is written all over the American character and its expressions. The war then being waged was not glorious, it was brutal and hateful and mean-minded. It had been initiated by radicals and fanatics, by Boston and Chicago, by men like Garrison and Medill. . . . That was the trouble with Gettysburg; consciously or otherwise the Northern soldiers who died there died for gain, not honor, not liberty. . . .

Those who agree with Mr. Masters will find this judgment sound. Those who disagree may be more sympathetic with Mr. Carl Sandburg when he says:

> He that stood that day, the world's foremost spokesman of popular government, saying that democracy was yet worth fighting for. . . . He incarnated the assurances and pretenses of popular government, implied that it could and might perish from the earth. . . . He did not assume that the drafted soldiers, substitutes, and bounty-paid privates had died willingly under Lee's shot and shell, in deliberate consecration of themselves to the Union cause. His cadences sang the ancient song that where there is freedom men have fought and sacrificed for it, and that freedom is worth men's dying for. For the first time since he became President he had on a dramatic occasion declaimed, howsoever it might be read, Jefferson's proposition which had been a slogan of the Revolutionary war—"All men are created equal"—leaving no other inference than that he regarded the Negro slave as a man. His outwardly smooth sentences were inside of them gnarled and tough with the enigmas of the American experiment.

Walter Blair

BURLESQUES IN NINETEENTH-CENTURY AMERICAN HUMOR[1]

During recent years, several writers on American humor have pointed out the important fact that America's boisterous nineteenth-century literary comedians, writing honestly of the life about them, were significant pioneers in the development of realism in American fiction.[2] It has not, however, been made sufficiently clear that these humorists attacked the ruling romanticism in still another fashion —by magnifying its absurdities in a flood of burlesques and parodies which swept into print during the latter part of the century. The number and the methods of the attacks deserve consideration, for a study of the work of the parodists not only indicates the methods of the humorists but also adds a significant detail to the story of the beginnings of American realism.

Most of the major humorists employed burlesques frequently. The first book, for example, of George Horatio Derby, *Phoenixiana* (1855), had as its sub-title, *or Sketches and Burlesques*, and twelve of the thirty-three sections of the book were burlesques.[3] The proportion of burlesques in Derby's *Squibob Papers* was only slightly smaller. Artemus Ward wrote a series of burlesque novels, some published in *Vanity Fair*, nine of which are included in his complete works,[4] and two of which have been salvaged by Mr. Seitz;[5] and his works are studded with briefer bits of burlesque writing.[6] Mark Twain, beginning his career as a humorist for *The Californian*, wrote seven burlesques for that paper, taking off orations, historical writings, answers to correspondents, and the Sunday School story.[7] And burlesques are to be found in Clemens's later works. He parodied the

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1. Since no distinction was made between the burlesque and the parody by the humorists, it has seemed wise to follow the authors in using the terms synonymously.

2. Professor Pattee hinted at the fact in *A History of American Literature since 1870* (New York: Century, 1915), p. 43. The point has been made more definitely in J. L. King's *Doctor George William Bagby* (New York: Columbia, 1927), p. 62, Napier Wilt's *Some American Humorists* (New York: Nelson, 1929), p. xi, and Franklin J. Meine's *Tall Tales of the Southwest* (New York: Knopf, 1930), pp. xxix-xxx.

3. "Official Report of Professor John Phoenix, A.M.," "A New System of English Grammar," "Musical Review Extraordinary," "Lectures on Astronomy," "Illustrated Newspapers," "Sandyago—a Soliloquy," "Fourth of July Celebration in San Diego," "Melancholy Accident," "A Full Account of the San Francisco Antiquarian Society," "Review of New Books," "Lectures on Astronomy Continued," and "A Legend of the Tehama House."

4. *The Complete Works of Artemus Ward* (New York: Carleton, 1883), pp. 157–189.

5. Don C. Seitz, *Artemus Ward* (New York: Harper & Bros., 1919), pp. 239–292.

6. Note, for example, *op. cit.*, pp. 52–54 (burlesque oration), pp. 64–67 (burlesque dramatic criticism), pp. 78–79 (burlesque resolutions), pp. 316–320 (burlesque autobiography).

7. The writings of Mark Twain for the paper are listed in Bret Harte and Mark Twain, *Sketches of the Sixties* (San Francisco: John Howell, 1926), pp. 219–221.

playbill and dramatic criticism, for example, in *Innocents Abroad*, the Sunday School speech in *The Gilded Age* and *Tom Sawyer;* and the obituary poem furnished a target for his shafts on at least three occasions. And when Bill Nye, the last important funny man of the old school, published his first book in 1881, he parodied the ode, the fictional romance, the campaign song, the oration, the political speech, the biblical parable, the lyric, and the newspaper "answers to correspondents" department;[8] and most of his later books were also sprinkled with burlesques.

Most of the comic papers printed burlesques by leading humorists and by minor figures as well. The first volume of *Vanity Fair*, to cite one of many publications which might serve equally as well, contained no less than eighteen burlesques, some of them continued through several issues.[9] Somewhat later, a writer in *Vanity Fair* hardly exaggerated when he said:

> To burlesque is now deemed sublime; to be serious is to be ridiculous. . . . We are engaged in a noble work. We are doing for literature what the actors are doing for the stage—we are simplifying matters—stripping them of their excrescences, and proving that everything is susceptible of being burlesqued.[10]

These facts indicate, in a general way, the eminence of the parody as a humorous form. A more complete understanding of the extensive use of the form, and of its chief devices, may be arrived at by tracing three important and prevalent types of burlesque through the period during which the native school of humorists was most active (*c.* 1830–*c.* 1896). A study of the burlesques of oratory, of history, and of fiction shows how the comic writers tilted at fine writing and pseudo-romanticism.

II

The oratorical style of the period was thus criticized by a hostile critic in 1889:

> To beautify "elegant" sentiment with "elegant" if elephantine rhetorical frilligigs, is the highest delight of the "elegant" orator, who despises "plain"

8. *Bill Nye and Boomerang* (Chicago: Belford, Clarke & Co., 1881).

9. *Vanity Fair*, Vol. I, Dec. 31, 1859-June 16, 1860, included "Reynard the Fox" (burlesque fable), p. 5; "Song of the Locomotive" (Hood's "Song of the Shirt"), 20; "The Message Made Easy" (political speech), 24; "New Guide to Central Park" (guide book), 87; "Song of the Shirtless" (Hood's poem), 91; "Il Politico" (grand opera), 132–133; "Scene from the Political Drama of Romeo and Juliet," 157; "Conservative's Lament" (Tennyson), 181; "Counter Jumps" (Walt Whitman), 183; "The Gentle Shepherd" (Bible), 196–7; "The Doom of the Iron Law" (novel), 212; "Habits of Good Society" (etiquette book), 231, and continued in several issues; "The Counter Jumper Swell" (Aldrich's "Babie Bell"), 263; "Don't Give Up the Belt" (poem), 308; "Our Agricultural Column" (hints to farmers); "Punning Made Easy" (textbook on rhetoric), 356, and continued through several issues; "Life of Lincoln (Abraham)" (biography), 389.

10. "The Burlesque Business," *Vanity Fair*, IV, 245 (Nov. 20, 1861). The reference to the stage no doubt had to do with the burlesque of Brougham and others, which, as Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton has remarked in *The Drama in English* (New York: Scribner's, 1930), pp. 230–231, "punctured the pontifical solemnity of the romantic tradition and constantly introduced a contemporary note."

English. His interest in simple words becomes compound when he can use three syllables instead of one. . . . He thinks it more blessed to "donate" than to give, and more refreshing to bathe in a "natatorium" than in a bath.[11]

Naturally such a style was a red flag to men blessed with humor, and the artificialities which the critic denounced were frequently sprinkled over pages intended not to inspire but to amuse.

Whole books by minor humorists were filled with hilarious apings of the popular orator. Even sermons were parodied extensively. Joseph F. Paige, writing under the pseudonym of "Dow, Jr.," published one volume of "short patent sermons" in 1841, and reissued them, with many additions, sixteen years later.[12] Two unidentified humorists put the high-flown words of ministers into Dutch and Negro dialect.[13] One of William Penn Brannen's parody sermons, frequently reprinted, gave a title to a famous collection of humor in 1858.[14] Works other than sermons furnished inspirations for other parodists. The popular publishers of dime novels, Beadle & Co., issued, in 1863, a *Comic Speaker* which contains nothing but burlesque oratory—"A Texan Eulogium," supposedly delivered by a pompous orator in the state legislature, and testifying to the greatness of the late "Solomon Dill"; "The United States," in which it is remarked, with flourishes, that ours is a fine country; the spiel of "The Mountebank" with testimonials; "Sermon on the Feet"; "Political Stump Speech"; and others. So popular was the oratorical burlesque that two examples crept into *Beadle's Exhibition Speaker* (New York, 1881), where they rubbed shoulders with specimens of the style they parodied.[15] Dr. W. Valentine issued two volumes largely made up of burlesque speeches.[16]

Echoes of the oratorical style found their way into writings of authors who were not primarily interested in parody. Colonel Crockett's speeches, intentionally or unintentionally, resort to grandiloquence. Major Jack Downing recorded some of the flights of political spellbinders with whom he had contacts. *The Biglow Papers*, in the "Debate in the Sennit," which caricatures the bombastic oratory of the Southern Calhoun, and elsewhere, offers amusing parodies. Longstreet's *Georgia Scenes* (1835), Hooper's *Simon Suggs* (1845), Baldwin's *Flush Times* (1853), the *Orpheus C. Kerr Papers* (1861–2), and Harris's *Sut Lovingood* (1867) contain brief passages in the conventional style. Artemus Ward's "The Crisis" and "A War Meeting" quote typically ornate speeches, and one is hardly

11. "Newspaper Americanisms," *The Critic*, XIV, 236 (May 11, 1889).

12. *Short Patent Sermons* (New York: Lawrence Labree, 1841). The second edition was published by Peterson of Philadelphia in four volumes. Several of the sermons first appeared in *The New York Mercury*.

13. *Comic Lectures on Everything in General and Nothing in Particular*. By Deacon Snowball and Diedrich Lager-Blatter (New York: Frederick A. Brady, [n.d.]).

14. *The Harp of a Thousand Strings* (New York: Dick & Fitzgerald, 1858), reissued in 1865.

15. "The Orator of the Day" and "The Disconcerted Candidate" show an elegant orator being interrupted by a vulgar audience whose remarks are painfully uncouth.

16. *A Budget of Wit and Humor* (New York: Dick & Fitzgerald [c. 1857?]) and *Comic Lectures and Comic Metamorphoses* (New York: Dick & Fitzgerald [n.d.]).

surprised to hear the illiterate Petroleum V. Nasby roar: "Fellow whites, arowz! The inemy is onto us! Our harths is in danger! . . . Rally agin Conway! Rally agin Higler! Rally agin the porter at the Reed House!"[17] Later Max Adeler, Robert Burdette, and Bill Nye frequently used the oration as humorous material.

One particular variety of the oration was more prevalent and more pretentious, perhaps, than any other during the period—the Fourth of July Address of the type commented on in Cooper's *Home as Found* in 1838. The Independence Day orator, a necessary part of every celebration of the Fourth, felt, as James Bryce said, "bound to talk his very tallest" in order that the eagle might scream while the perspiring audience applauded. Famous orators such as Webster, Everett, and Sumner, and orators famed only in their own villages summoned all their artistry to praise their country. And after the speaker's thunder had died, the committee, with his permission, embalmed his words in little pamphlets destined to grow dusty on library shelves.

As early as 1856, George H. Derby ("Phoenix") parodied all the elements of the printed pamphlet of this type in his "Fourth of July Oration in Oregon," which contains the request by the local committee that John Phoenix appear and orate, John's condescending compliance, and, finally, the highly embroidered speech.[18] The same day, according to Artemus Ward, the genial showman spoke in Wethersfield, Connecticut, famous "for her onyins and patritism the world over."[19] In 1875, *Mose Skinner's Centennial* preserved an oration which began, auspiciously, "One hundred years ago the spot where we now stand was located elsewhere . . ." and in 1881, *Beadle's Exhibition Speaker* recorded the remarks of "The Orator of the Day."

Typical as an example of these parodies was the address included in Bill Nye's "How the Fourth Was Celebrated at Whalen's Grove Last Year," delivered by "a self-made man from Hickory township" and embodied in a burlesque country newspaper account.[20] The opening words remind one of the beginning of an actual address given July 4, 1824, in New York, in which Dr. Hooper Cumming, the orator, said:

> Auspicious Morn! which witnesses the noblest declaration that ever issued from the lips of patriotism. Auspicious morn! which gilded the manly brows, and dilated the benevolent bosoms . . . of . . . Jefferson, and Adams, and Franklin . . . which heard three millions of freemen exclaim, "The sword of the Lord and of Washington."[21]

Said Nye's Hickory township orator:

17. *Struggles* (1871), p. 42.
18. *The Squibob Papers* (New York: Carleton, 1865), pp. 13–42. The address was published in newspaper form nine years earlier.
19. "Fourth of July Address," *op. cit.*, pp. 116–119. The article was first printed in *The Cleveland Plain-Dealer*, July 16, 1859, and later in *Vanity Fair*, in 1861.
20. *Bill Nye's Chestnuts* (Chicago: Belford, Clarke & Co., 1887), pp. 21–29.
21. Quoted by Mr. Edmund Pearson in *Queer Books* (Garden City: Doubleday, Doran & Co., 1928), pp. 27–28. Mr. Pearson's amusing essay, "Making the Eagle Scream," in which the quotation appears, gives a brief history of the Independence Day oration and some satires on it.

> Fellow Citizens: This is the anniversary of the day when freedom towards all and malice towards none first got a foothold in this country. And we are now to celebrate that day. I say that on that day Tireny and uzurpation got a setback they will never recover from. We then paved the way for the poor, oppressed foreigner, so that he could come to our shores and take liberties with our form of government. . . .

A moment later, Nye's orator asked why the country had been blessed as it was:

> Why are we today a free people, with a surplus in the treasury that nobody can get at? . . . Why are our resources so great that they almost equal our liabilities? Why is everything done to make it pleasant for the rich man and every inducement held out for the poor man to accumulate more and more poverty? Why is it that so much is said about the tariff by men who do not support their own families?

Years before, on July 4, 1814, similarly puzzled, Robert Y. Hayne had asked a Charleston audience:

> In what then, my countrymen, does your superior lot consist? Does the verdure of your field delight the eye? The vineyards of France . . . display equal beauty. Are your mountains the objects of your admiration? . . . in the glaciers of Switzerland you will behold nature in her grandeur and simplicity. . . .

He answered his perplexing question as follows: "The United States . . . is the only free country on earth."[22] Nye's orator was less considerate; he did not get around to a reply to his question, being, perhaps, too eager to conclude on the note that "whatever may be said about our refinement and our pork, our style of freedom is sought for everywhere. It is a freedom that will stand any climate. . . ."

Nye's system of parody is similar to that employed by others who burlesqued oratory. With the grand style he mingled homely words and phrases, and for the picture book version of contemporary conditions he substituted the realist's knowledge of facts. Then he ended the speech, not with a hair-raising peroration, but with an absurd anti-climax.

III

The treatment of history by the humorists presented as much of a contrast to the ornate romantic historical works of the period. Comic treatments were numerous after "A Comic History of the United States" ran through several issues of Volume II of *Yankee Doodle* (1847-48). At least six books published between 1861 and 1894 were occupied with a recounting of the nation's story by burlesque historians.[23] Furthermore, many humorists made briefer

22. Quoted by Pearson, *op. cit.*, pp. 25–26.

23. [Willis Hazard], *Herod Otis . . . Pictorial History of the United States . . .* (New York: Leavitt & Allen, 1861); [John L. Newell], *Orpheus C. Kerr's Smoked Glass* (New York: G. W. Carleton, 1868), which treated the Reconstruction period; John D. Sherwood, *The Comic History of the United States* (Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co., 1870); Livingstone

excursions into historical writing—Mark Twain, Orpheus C. Kerr, Artemus Ward, George H. Derby, and Max Adeler among them.

The humorous historians were consistently irreverent; they made historical events comical by stressing foibles of honored leaders; they constantly mingled the realistic with the romantic, the colloquial with the elegant. Washington's appearance, asserted Derby, might be discovered by looking at "a portrait by Gilbert Stuart, of this great soldier and statesman . . . taken when the general was in the act of chewing tobacco, the left cheek distended. . . ."[24] Hopkins noted that "Washington crossing the Delaware furnished a very good subject for a very bad painting, which may be seen among other bad paintings in the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington . . . at first sight . . . mistaken for an advertising dodge of some ice company. . . ."[25] Artemus Ward, his "bossum" heaving "with sollum emotions" as he views the spot "where our revolutionary forefathers asserted their independence and spilt their Blud," is reminded that the sacred ground is "good for white beans and potatoes, but as regards raisin' wheat, 't'aint worth a dam."[26] Mark Twain, writing in about 1870, of "The Late Benjamin Franklin," remembers with rancor Franklin's industry, his maxims which "were full of animosity towards boys," his stove "that would smoke your head off in four hours by the clock."[27] The parodists were most joyous when they found a chance to tie up homely material with glamorous figures or romantic moments of history.

Often the grandiloquent style affected by popular historians was travestied in anticlimaxes. Gazing upon the figure of Garibaldi, Orpheus C. Kerr passionately told his reader: "Behold him, then, at his tasks"—and then he added a few details—"in a red shirt amputated at the neck, and two yellow patches . . . flaming from the background of his seat of learning."[28] Bricktop painted a beautiful picture of Washington at Valley Forge, "his army reduced by sickness and desertion. . . . Add to this the terrors of one of the severest winters ever known, and understand that his army was half naked and had hardly any shelter from the winter, and you have only a portion of the picture, for starvation threatened them. . . ." Then the tone changes as the writer adds: "Strip a man's back and pinch his belly, and you have a very good test of his patriotism if he stands without kicking. The men at Valley Forge didn't kick—they lacked the strength to."[29] And Nye found a part of a Fourth of July address fitted quite nicely into a history:

Hopkins, *A Comic History of the United States* (New York: American Book Exchange, 1880); *Bricktop's Comic History of America* (New York: M. J. Ivens & Co., 1893), and *Bill Nye's History of the United States* (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott, 1894). Internal evidence seems to indicate that *Bricktop's History* first appeared in 1876.

24. *Squibob Papers* (New York, 1865), p. 32.

25. *Op. cit.*, p. 111.

26. *Op. cit.*, p. 80.

27. *Sketches New and Old* (Author's National Edition), (New York: Harper, 1903), XIX, 211–215.

28. "Life of General Garibaldi," *Orpheus C. Kerr Papers* (New York, 1862), pp. 297–304.

29. *Op. cit.*, p. 45.

All over that little republic, so begun in sorrow and travail, there came in after-years the dimples and the smiles of the prosperous child who would one day rise in the lap of the mother-country, and, asserting its rights . . . place a large and disagreeable fire-cracker under the nose of royalty, that, busting the awful stillness, should jar the empires of the earth, and blow the unblown noses of future kings and princes. (This is taken bodily from a speech made by me July 4, 1777, when I was young.—THE AUTHOR.)[30]

Certainly, if attitude and manner are considered, these playful chroniclers were, in their way, predecessors of modern realistic writers on history. In a period when most American histories were written in the romantic tradition and the grandiloquent style, the humorists worked for realism by looking at the past through worldly eyes and by poking fun at the gilded mannerisms and heightened materials of serious historians.

IV

But if the humorists found affectations and impossible romanticism in the orations and the histories of the century, they found even more absurdities in the popular novels of the time. Many an impassioned writer of romance in the period, after a few moralizing paragraphs, began his story in something like the following fashion:

. . . Surrounded as he (the hero) was by hills on every side, naked rocks dared the efforts of his energies. Soon the sky became overcast, the sun buried itself in the clouds, and the fair day gave place to gloomy twilight, which lay heavily on the Indian Plains. . . . The mountain air breathed fragrance—a rosy tinge rested on the glassy waters that murmured. . . . Beside the shore of the brook sat a young man about eighteen or twenty, who seemed to be reading some favorite book, and who had a remarkably noble countenance—eyes which betrayed more than a common mind.[31]

Nye, perceiving the excellence of such an opening, thus started his burlesque novel, "Pumpkin Jim; or the Tale of a Busted Jackass Rabbit":

It was evening in the mountains. The golden god of day was gliding slowly adown the crimson west. Here and there the cerulean dome was flecked with snowy clouds.

The flecks were visible to the naked eye.

Meanwhile the golden god of day, hereinbefore referred to, continued to glide adown the crimson west, with about the same symmetrical glide. It had done so on several occasions previous to the opening of this story.[32]

30. *Bill Nye's History of the United States* (Philadelphia, 1894), p. 41.

31. The passage is quoted from a novel which pleased Mark Twain so much with its unconscious humor that he reprinted the whole in *The American Claimant and Other Stories and Sketches—The Enemy Conquered; or, Love Triumphant* (New Haven, 1845), pp. 7–8. Clemens thought it an unusual book, but it is not difficult to find many which are as amazingly bad.

32. *Bill Nye and Boomerang*, p. 90.

Nye, too, showed a partiality for heroes with noble countenances: a little later,

> All at once, like a flash of dazzling light, a noble youth came slowly down the mountain side, riding an ambling palfrey of the narrow gauge variety.[33]

The palfrey unfortunately stumbled and sat down upon the young man.

> "Curses upon thee. thou base and treacherous mule!" he muttered, brokenly. "By my beard, thou hast poorly repaid me for my unremitting kindness to thee. Ah, alack, alack, alack—"[34]

This was the proper sort of language for a hero to use. The hero here had another idiosyncrasy: he was Jesse James in disguise. He was therefore good heroic material. In 1861, Orpheus C. Kerr had pointed out that writers of popular fiction had a genius—

> . . . a power of creating an unnatural and unmitigated ruffian for a hero, my boy, at whose shrine all created crinoline and immense delegations of inferior broadcloth are impelled to bow. Such a one was that old humbug, Rochester, the beloved of "Jane Eyre." The character has been done-over scores of times since poor Charlotte Bronte gave her novel to the world, and is still "much used in respectable families."[35]

And Kerr had indicated the justice of his criticism in a burlesque, "Higgins. An Autobiography. By Gushalina Crushit," in which a very innocent woman adores a perfect monster.[36] Artemus Ward had discovered the tendency, and had complimented *The Atlantic Monthly* because: "It don't print stories with piruts and honist young men into 'em, making the piruts splendid fellers and the honist young men dis'gree'ble idiots—so that our darters very nat'rally prefer the piruts to the honist young idiots. . . ."[37] Ward parodied the despised type of story in "The Fair Inez,"[38] the hero of which is a picturesque corsair; in "Moses the Sassy";[39] "Roberto the Rover";[40] and "Red Hand,"[41] wherein elegant desperadoes and "piruts" play important parts.

Another type of hero, the lover who "isn't handsome, but . . . very good," is the hero of Nye's "The Lop-Eared Lovers of the Little Laramie."[42] His remarks still "sound so much like reading from a manuscript, that the reader

33. *Ibid.*, p. 105.
34. *Ibid.*, p. 106.
35. *Orpheus C. Kerr Papers*, p. 64.
36. *Ibid.*, pp. 66–73.
37. Browne, *The Complete Works of Artemus Ward* (New York, 1883), pp. 81–82.
38. First published in *Vanity Fair*, Vol. IV (July 27, 1861-August 24, 1861), and reprinted in Seitz, *op. cit.*, 239–276.
39. *Vanity Fair*, III, 273 (June 15, 1861), and Browne, *op. cit.*, pp. 157–161.
40. Browne, *op cit.*, pp. 169–173.
41. *Ibid.*, pp. 173–177.
42. *Bill Nye and Boomerang*, pp. 118–126.

can't help pitying him."[43] but his eloquent elegance makes him no less red-blooded or brave. In "The True Tale of William Tell,"[44] another type of hero and another type of story—the historical romance—are parodied. And "Patrick Oleson" makes light of the deserving and persevering young man who works his way up to great success.[45] Thus Nye burlesqued a fairly wide range of fictional types.

In thus making light of the romantic nineteenth-century fiction, Nye was in line with other humorists of the American school. As early as 1858, a collection of humorous skits, *The Harp of a Thousand Strings,* had included three examples of parodied popular fiction.[46] *Vanity Fair,* during its entire career, had published a steady stream of burlesque tales.[47] Artemus Ward had created not only the parodies treating rascally heroes cited above but also six other burlesques, two of which held up to ridicule the popular French novels and the choppy style later to furnish capital for Bret Harte. In the three series of *Orpheus C. Kerr Papers,* Newell had included ten burlesque novels of various types, including two parodies of Dickens, and in 1870, he had devoted an entire volume to a parody of Dickens's last work.[48] C. H. Webb had issued, in two separate volumes, parodies of very popular novels,[49] and had later reprinted the two with another burlesque novel and some poetic parodies in one volume.[50] In 1867, Bret Harte, as much in the tradition as Nye was to be, had published his *Condensed Novels.* Mark Twain, using some of the tricks which were to be useful in *A Connecticut Yankee,* in a burlesque novel had poked fun at the medieval romance.[51] The humorous periodicals had continued the

43. Quoted from Bill Nye's essay, "Fiction," in *Forty Liars and Other Lies* (Chicago, 1893), p. 228, first published in 1882. The article shows that Nye had definite critical ideas concerning the current fiction which he parodied.

44. *Ibid.,* pp. 158–160.

45. *Ibid.,* pp. 75–80. Of course, according to the realistic Nye, Patrick's perseverance, much to the hero's surprise, brought him nothing.

46. "The Skeleton in the Cupboard, a Tale of Crinoline" (152–155), "Nautical Novel" (227), and "My Elopement" (349–363).

47. Every volume of the magazine between Dec. 31, 1859 and June 2, 1862, excepting Vol. II, contained burlesque fiction. Seven parodies in all were published, four of them continued through several issues. Notable works were two by Artemus Ward, Fitz-Hugh Ludlow's "The Primpenny Family" (14 installments), McArone's "Rantanquero de Boom-Jing-Jing; or the Wrath of the Rebel Rival," and "A Quarter of Twelve" by Orpheus C. Kerr.

48. Orpheus C. Kerr, *The Cloven Hoof: Being an Adaptation of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood"* (New York: Carleton, 1870).

49. *Liffith Lank; or. Lunacy* (New York: Carleton, 1866), a parody of *Griffith Gaunt,* and *St. Twel'mo; or. the Cuneiform Cyclopedist of Chattanooga* (New York: C. H. Webb, 1867), a parody of *St. Elmo.*

50. John Paul [C. H. Webb], *Parodies, Prose and Verse* (New York: Carleton, 1876). The other parody in the volume was "A Wicked Woman."

51. "Awful, Terrible Medieval Romance" first published in *Mark Twain's Burlesque Autobiography and First Romance* (New York: Sheldon & Co. [1871]), pp. 24–46. Clemens here took off the grandiloquent style and the complicated plot, getting his heroine into such a mess that he could not finish.

attack.[52] And Robert Burdette, in 1877, had mocked the ghost story and the romantic novel.[53] The list of burlesque tales might be continued almost indefinitely.

The passages quoted from Nye's mock fiction indicate the method of attack used by all of the parodists of the novel. Like Nye, they exaggerated the unlifelike characterizations, the absurd plots, and the water-color backgrounds which were fashionable, until their absurdity, thus magnified, became quite evident. They treated the lacy style of novelists as they had treated the unnatural styles of orators and historians, demonstrating its artificiality by mingling with it the natural everyday speech of human beings. An extended consideration would indicate that other romantic expressions were just as consistently attacked by the rough-and-tumble humorists—the "pious editorial," the moral tale, the obituary poem which was an offspring of the graveyard school of poetry,[54] and others.

It is evident that the burlesque was an important form in the work of humorists in America in the nineteenth century. It is evident, too, that in an age when recognized critics felt that almost every review of fiction must be laudatory, these unlettered comic men were the most important adverse critics of popular fiction. And their attacks, in the form of burlesques, hit squarely at the worst features of contemporary romantic writing, in behalf of the realism which they practiced and encouraged.

ANALYSIS

This paper, a historical article, differs from others which have been analyzed in this section in that it reports on the results of research and in that it is documented. As the author, having studied books about American humor and books of American humor, reports on one aspect of his findings, he employs footnotes to cite sources of his claims and his discoveries and to comment upon relevant matters. Thus in its aims and methods the article is comparable to a student's term paper, a thesis, or a scholarly book.

The organization is so obvious as to need little comment. A fault of the paper indeed may be its repetitious emphasis upon its organization; readers may be annoyed by repeated references to so apparent a scheme. The first paragraph indicates to the specialists in American literature for whom the paper was

52. *The Boneville Trumpet* (1868–9) was full of burlesque. *Puck* was a valiant parodist throughout its career; a volume picked at random—Vol. VIII (1880–1881)—contained eight burlesque novels, three of them serialized, "Fresh as the Dew, by Arthur W. Zola Black Lot," "N. Dymion, by Penchamin Tisraeli," and "A 19th Century Boom."

53. *The Rise and Fall of the Moustache* (Burlington: Burlington Publishing Company, 1877), pp. 210–219, 173–176.

54. The burlesque obituary has been traced in a sketchy fashion in *The Sweet Singer of Michigan*, ed. and with an introduction by Walter Blair (Chicago: Pascal Covici, 1928), pp. xvii-xxiv, where mock obituaries by Clemens (1870, 1883, 1896), Max Adeler (1874), Eugene Field (1880), Knox and Sweet (1882) and Bill Nye (1884) are treated. To the list of parodists mentioned may be added Phoenix, Nasby, Eli Perkins, and Burdette.

written (readers of the journal *American Literature*) what the author hopes to do which is new: He will relate nineteenth-century burlesques to the development of realistic fiction by considering "the number and the methods of the attacks" they level at romantic fiction. Part I then deals with the number of nineteenth-century burlesques, Part II with the burlesques of oratory, Part III with the burlesques of history, and Part IV with the burlesques of romantic fiction. The final paragraph summarizes the whole paper.

The documentation—the footnotes—typifies the kind found in a research paper. Other authors may use somewhat different forms, but the form here is fairly representative. Such citations are important parts of scholarly studies. They offer extensions and proofs of the remarks in the text, and thus enable any readers to check in detail upon the accuracy and the soundness of the paper. They are of two sorts: (1) those which explain or comment upon terms or statements in the article, and (2) those which cite sources of information in such precise terms that the reader may, if he wishes, hunt down the citations.

Footnote 1 is an example of the first type, indicating as it does the reason why the author will not make a distinction in his use of certain terms. If the audience were not a group of literary specialists, the footnote might well have defined the term "burlesque." Footnote 10, another partly explanatory note (in the sentence following the citation), clarifies a reference in the text to burlesques on the stage which might not be clear to all readers. This latter example shows a value which such explanatory comments may have: on occasion they may make possible the relegation to the bottom of the page of materials which would otherwise interrupt the coherent development of ideas in the text.

The second type of footnote, which occurs more frequently in this and most other research papers, may refer to work of other students in the field, as numbers 2, 4, and 21 do, giving credit where credit is due, bolstering a claim, and leading readers to further or different discussions of the author's topics. Again, like footnotes 8 and 9, this kind of footnote may refer to words about which statements are made in the text, giving exact page numbers or, like footnotes 11 and 19, indicating the sources of quotations in the text.

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