



Ks338

35c

T. V. SMITH

NOTED AUTHOR, TEACHER, AND LECTURER

LIVE WITHOUT FEAR

Unlike any other self-help book published, this unusual and realistic volume brings to your side the practical experience and invaluable guidance of **the greatest thinkers of all time**, shows you how to cope successfully with the problems that face you and how to get along better with family, friends and employers.

A SIGNET **KEY** BOOK

The Wisdom of the Ages— at your Fingertips!

If you've ever faced problems with your children, parents, employer, husband, or wife and yearned for the advice of a wise and understanding counselor, you will find this sound, realistic book of great help. T. V. Smith, a brilliant scholar, teacher, and lecturer, has brought together the wisdom of great minds of the Western World, from Aristotle to Abraham Lincoln to Winston Churchill, to guide you in making wise decisions in daily life.

You will learn how to recognize your own limits and accept yourself as you really are, how to expand your own powers, how to treat your enemies and understand and appreciate the differences among your friends. This invaluable book will show you how to see the universality of your problems; how to stop envying your neighbors and go your own way; how to face grief, disappointment and death through a better understanding of life.

Packed with profound insights and keen observations, this is a straight-from-the-shoulder book of inspiring advice on surmounting the problems of modern living.

DATA ENTERED

T. V. Smith, a former member of the House of Representatives, is now Professor of Citizenship and Civilization at the Maxwell Graduate School of Syracuse University.

CONTENTS

Other SIGNET KEY Books of Interest

THE CONQUEST OF HAPPINESS *by Bertrand Russell*

In this practical, inspiring book, a famous philosopher and Nobel Prize winner offers friendly, personal advice on how to get more out of life, achieve peace of mind, and success. (#Ks322—35¢)

YOUR WAY TO POPULARITY AND PERSONAL POWER

by James Bender and Lee Graham

A practical method for winning friends and new success and helping you cope with problems of marriage, career, your business and social life. Includes ten stimulating self-improvement tests that show you yourself as others see you. (#K313—25¢)

HOW TO LAND THE JOB YOU WANT *by Jules Z. Willing*

A complete, detailed, blueprint for your job-hunting campaign, including specific advice on how to answer ads, handle interviews, file applications and utilize employment agencies by an expert personnel consultant. (#Ks316—35¢)

YOUR GUIDE TO FINANCIAL SECURITY

by Sidney Margolius

Revealing, up-to-date information on life, accident, and health insurance, safe investment and speculation, mutual funds, credit rackets, budgeting, borrowing, government aid, social security and many other vital subjects that will help you make the most of your income. (#Ks325—35¢)

HOW TO MAKE A SUCCESS OF YOUR MARRIAGE

by Dr. Eustace Chesser

How to achieve a happy marriage, from courtship and early adjustment through parenthood and old age. (#K301—25¢)

TO OUR READERS

We welcome your comments about SIGNET, SIGNET KEY or MENTOR books as well as your suggestions for new reprints. If your dealer does not have the books you want, you may order them by mail, enclosing the list price plus 5¢ a copy to cover mailing costs. Send for a copy of our complete catalog. The New American Library of World Literature, Inc., 501 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

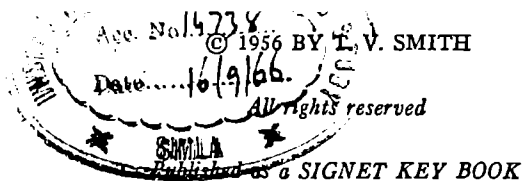
Live
Without Fear

T. V. SMITH



A SIGNET KEY BOOK

Published by The New American Library



107
6-57L

FIRST PRINTING, JULY, 1956

(The page following constitutes an extension
of this copyright page.)

The author gratefully acknowledges permission to quote from
the following works to illustrate the text of this book:

Allen & Unwin, Ltd.: For "Equality" by R. H. Tawney.

Dodd, Mead & Company: From *The Complete Poems of
Paul Laurence Dunbar*.

Doubleday & Company, Inc.: From *Adventures in Friendship*
by David Grayson, Copyright 1910 by Doubleday & Com-
pany, Inc.; from *Crusade in Europe* by Dwight D. Eisen-
hower, Copyright 1948 by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, Inc.: From *Listening with the
Third Ear*, by Theodor Reik, Copyright, 1948, by Theodor
Reik.

Samuel French, Ltd.: For "The New Miracle" from *Poems
1908-1919* by John Drinkwater, Copyright 1919 by John
Drinkwater.

Edgar A. Guest: For "It Couldn't Be Done" from *Collected
Verse* by Edgar A. Guest, Copyright, 1934 by the Reilly
& Lee Company



Library IAS, Shirla

LIBRARY OF CON



SIGNET K
The New America

00014738

501 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

- Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc.: For "Always the Young Strangers" by Carl Sandburg.
- Peter H. Holme: For "Star Gatherer" by Jamie Sexton Holme.
- Henry Holt and Company, Inc.: For "The Culprit" from *Collected Poems of A. E. Housman*, Copyright, 1922, 1940, by Henry Holt and Company, Inc., Copyright, 1950, by Barclays Bank, Ltd.
- Herbert Hoover: From *Memoirs of Herbert Hoover*, Copyright 1951, 1952 by Herbert Hoover.
- Houghton Mifflin Company: For "Debt" from *The Door of Dreams* (1918) by Jessie Rittenhouse, Copyright, 1918, by Jessie B. Rittenhouse; for "The Menagerie" from *Collected Poems* by William Vaughn Moody.
- David Lilienthal: From *This I Do Believe*, Copyright 1949 by David E. Lilienthal.
- Little Brown & Company: From *Collected Poems* by Emily Dickinson; for "The Faith of a Soldier" from *Speeches* by Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes.
- Longmans, Green & Co., Inc.: From *Whither Mankind* by Charles A. Beard, Copyright 1928 by Longmans, Green and Co.
- New York Herald Tribune: For the Jan Struther epitaph from a letter written by Margaret Fishback.
- W. W. Norton & Company, Inc.: From *Killers of the Dream* by Lillian Smith, Copyright 1949 by Lillian Smith.
- Oxford University Press, Inc.: From *The Uses of the Past* by Herbert J. Muller, Copyright, 1952, by Oxford University Press, Inc.; from *Collected Poems* by Conrad Aiken.
- Random House, Inc.: From *Brother to Dragons* by Robert Penn Warren, Copyright 1953 by Robert Penn Warren; from *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* by Gertrude Stein, Copyright, 1933, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc., Copyright, 1933 by The Atlantic Monthly Company.
- Charles Scribner's Sons: From *The Poems of George Santayana*; from *The Story of My Life* by Clarence Darrow, Copyright, 1932 by Charles Scribner's Sons.
- The Viking Press, Inc.: From *The Log of the Sea of Cortez* by John Steinbeck, Copyright, 1951, by John Steinbeck.

TO JOHN DOE AND MARY ROE

Who Sometimes Legislate

but

Who Never Liquidate

Personalized

Preface

In Texas it was, on a freight train—between Dallas and Denison—that I got my first book-introduction to philosophy. The introduction was also my conversion. The conversion was the more effective by virtue of its being winter, and even Texas can be cold on a freight train, especially if you are “riding the rods.” A brakeman—I honor his memory—instead of kicking me off the train, as was the custom, invited me back to the “caboose,” where a coal stove was red hot, with a bunk alongside.

“Make yourself at home, kid,” he said, nodding toward the bunk; “I’ll be out working the train most of the night.”

I did so in a sense far-reaching. While my body made itself at home on the couch, my spirit found a home, a home-at-large for the whole of life. For there on the table where the brakeman could reach it from the bunk, face down was a book, a book opened at a fateful page. On that page began the *Discourse on Method* of Descartes. This French philosopher I had never heard of; I had no idea how even to pronounce his curious-looking name. Indeed, the very word “philosophy,” I dare say, had never crossed my lips nor its lovely sounds caressed my ears. The Harvard Classics I had heard of. They were a set of books widely noted even among those too poor to buy. It was a “five-foot shelf of books,” the compendium of all culture, a magic short cut to knowledge. The Harvard Classics was a heaven in prospect for my poor family, “heaven” being appropriately defined as “where you ain’t.” We could not conceivably afford on four-cent cotton this marvelous set of books; could afford only to talk about it.

Here in the caboose of a freight train was a volume of the Harvard Classics, opened at the right page, compellingly inviting me to read. Tired as I was and, once thawed out, sleepy as I was, I dipped into that book where fortune and the friendly brakeman had readied it for me. I read and read and read, throughout the night. At break of day, when I left the train, I knew that my life was determined in one regard at least: I would, so far as possible, be a man like Descartes, a man who would not take the easy path of credulity but who would seek through scrupulosity a foundation for faith and action.

For here, in that magic book, was a man saying out loud the discovery of all adolescence: that parents and teachers and

even one's own senses have so often deceived him that he hesitates to trust as *any time* right that which is *sometimes* wrong.

Here was a man putting into cold print what I had hardly dared as yet to think in timid silence, and yet what I knew to be so: that the wise thing to do is to doubt whatever you can, in order that you may not get caught believing so many things that "ain't so." It was long afterward that I was to discover the constructive reason for this bold faith: "If you start with certainty," it has been nobly phrased, "you will end in doubt; but if you start with doubt, and persist in it, you may end in certainty." The nobility of honest skepticism is measured by the honor of faith that has been duly earned. Intellectual ambition must substitute for the medieval saying that "he who doubts is damned already," the modern correction that "he who doubts not is fossilized already."

I have dared here to put this adolescent experience into print, that my confidence in philosophy may be seen from the beginning to have grass roots. I have always, since the rendezvous that night with Descartes, found the philosophers to be full of both light and leading. They may be ignorant of many know-hows which more practical men possess; but they are also wise to many things that experts are ignorant of. We all "know" more than we *understand*, and the philosophers can help us with the all-important business of understanding. This book will show you how easily they come trooping at your call.

A word may now be added as to another of our main reliances for wisdom, the poets. We shall be quoting the poets because they bring in sweetened tablets the wisdom of the sometimes crabbed philosophers. They make us feel good in taking our medicine. We may say of poetry what Aristotle taught us to say of philosophy: it enables us to accept gladly what others accept but grudgingly. None of us really needs an introduction to poetry. That we got at our mothers' knees, though many modern men have been sophisticated out of the sense they learned in infancy. Just below the level of critical consciousness lies the lovely land of measured tone. Let us not be ashamed to dig for treasure where the human race has buried it for us. If we discern in rhyme the roots of wisdom, we shall find in rhythm a nectar so mellow that it will lull our critical senses to sleep while it quickens our appreciation like wine of some rare vintage.

Philosophy and poetry are our double reliances to help us to live with our problems. But underlying, and overgirding,

these is man's final aid to understanding: common sense. This is often an uncommon article, where sophistication rules the day. There is a fountain of human insight, bubbling up in the springs of philosophy and poetry, upon which we all alike must rely. Men outsmart themselves who grow ashamed of the common fount of all our wit and wisdom. We do not envy their arid lot.

There is a modern philosopher, luckily also a poet, who has taught us that the discipline of doubt recommended by Descartes is most hygienic when it goes in company with "animal faith." George Santayana, a Spaniard by birth and preference, an American by adoption, and a citizen of the spirit by vocation, George Santayana, only now deceased, has taught us in poetry this noble philosophy:

It is not wisdom to be only wise,
And on the inward vision close the eyes,
But it is wisdom to believe the heart
Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine
That lights the pathway but one step ahead
Across a void of mystery and dread.

Guided by that insight, we shall hunt in sophistication for the sense that first made it smart. We look through respectabilities to see what it was that made them respectable. We peer beyond conventions, even conventions of thought, in order to rise on wings of wonder to clearer ozone of the upper air. "To trust the soul's invincible surmise" shall be our only audacity. There is a natural acceptance which we share with all animals and on which alone we erect what makes us truly human. When we ignore this base, we risk our total investment for wise living.

Upon this animal faith we have ourselves relied to sustain our discipline of doubt, since the night with Descartes, long ago. Let our first mentor and guide, therefore, have the closing word of this our self-indicted introduction to a life which over-masters fear.

"Good sense," says Descartes, "is, of all things among men, the most equally distributed; for every one thinks himself so abundantly provided with it, that those even who are the most difficult to satisfy in everything else, do not usually desire a larger measure of this quality than they already possess. And in this it is not likely that all men are mistaken."

—T. V. S.

Four Winds,
Jamesville,
New York

Contents

- PUBLIC INTRODUCTION, 11
1. BEING A HERO, AT REST, 16
 2. STACK UP YOUR TROUBLES, 31
 3. AFFORDING A FRIEND, 42
 4. SUPPORTING AN ENEMY, 53
 5. GETTING MARRIED AND STAYING THAT WAY, 65
 6. PLAYING AT PARENTHOOD, 80
 7. ENJOYING YOUR BETTERS (EVEN THE "BOSS"), 89
 8. YOU CAN BE AN UNBLOATED CAPITALIST, 104
 9. BEING A SATISFIED CITIZEN, 124
 10. BY-PASSING THE JONESES, 137
 11. IS SOMEBODY AT HOME WHEN YOU CALL UPON YOURSELF? 150
 12. WORSHIPING ON WEDNESDAY, 162
 13. HOW TO DIE—BUT ONCE, 178
- INDEX OF NAMES, 191

Public

Introduction

The chief difference between a "do-gooder" and a doer of good appears most clearly in the matter of offering advice. The do-gooder exudes that commodity, like a dandy trailing cheap perfume. He not only volunteers advice; he conscripts your right to reject it. His specialty is, as the poet says, "to make easy simplicity of lives not his own." The trouble with the do-gooder is that, when all is said and done, he does so little good.

Our approach is more reluctant. Without going quite so far, we veer toward Thoreau's opinion as to advice. "I have lived thirty years on this planet," says the crabbed New Englander, "and I have yet to hear the first syllable of valuable . . . advice from my seniors." Our own dislike of advice and our reluctance to proffer it arise from modesty born of experience. We do not even think that we can solve your problems. Why, we are not able to solve our own. We doubt indeed whether many of your problems can be solved short of "more civilization." We see that you are not solving them; and if you can't, who can? What, for a simple fact, can one man know about another's intimate worries? He cannot even feel them the way they feel. Certainly we ourselves are too far away from you—even if only as far as the simple vastness of cold print!—to offer you peace of soul or even to proffer you peace of mind.

But if we are too far, you yourself may be too near. Overnearness can impair vision as well as heighten the hurt. Might we not "split the difference" and thus get the problems of both of us out in the open where they can be seen more clearly?

The chief factor, indeed, that limits our aid to one another is neither distance nor difference—neither distance

between us nor difference in our problems. It is, rather, that the plain cure for our ills—yours as well as ours—is hard to take. The soul's medicine is always bitter.

We all want enlightenment in general; but how we do resist enlightenment in particular! Knowing that it's not troubles themselves that kill but how we take them, most of us subscribe to the task of getting a better attitude until some critic pointedly tells us what's wrong with the attitude we already have. Then we rush to our own defense, though only a moment before we admitted ourselves defenseless! What we want to be told is how civilized we already are before we listen to how much more civilized we need to become. Yes, we all have our problems and are likely to have them to the end. We've got to learn to live with them, and in achieving this goal certain decent confidences may go quite a way. Says Thoreau again:

Great God, I ask thee for no meaner pelf
Than that I may not disappoint myself.

Beginning, then, with one's own undisappointed self, problems are of many kinds, and come in varying degrees. What cannot be cured may be eased; and what cannot be helped at all must simply be endured. A wise physician it is, then, who lets us know gently what has to be endured permanently. Patience to endure is prerequisite to progress. Patience is necessary to effect social resolutions. Science is the child of patience. Philosophy rises out of wonder through patience. Religion is near neighbor to patience; for it counsels resignation in the presence of what permanently baffles remedy.

Patience is our chief prerequisite; for we must live with our problems, at least while the cure for them, if any, is taking hold. There are at every given moment things enough wrong to make life miserable unless we have learned how to be friendly-like with our problems; how to live them down if we cannot live with them. Frequently the only aid there is of any sort is just fuller understanding of them. Not to understand is usually to make worse; to understand is always to make better.

"What you don't know won't hurt you," is a very foolish saying indeed. "What you do know will do you good," is

to be commended instead. Mere understanding sometimes abolishes problems; for certain troubles are indeed imaginary. Stop thinking about them; and, since they come with the remembering, they will go with the forgetting. "The little man who isn't there" is the worst marauder in the house. Even that disturber disappears when you cease to honor him with attention.

"What are you going to do to me?" cried the spinster cornered in her dream by the tall, dark, handsome, masculine apparition who stood by her bedside, the gift of her unconscious to her frightened self.

"How would I know, lady?" said he calmly, calling her conscious bluff. "After all, it is *your* dream!"

Be wise, woman; be wise, man! To deny what you know to be so is but to fool yourself. Problems which you cannot solve, you may live down; and problems which you cannot live down, you may learn to live through—and, as for the rest, we'll just have to live *with* them. "The man who is not his own doctor by the time he is forty," so runs the wise saying, "will never be well." Nor is it wise to suppose that you are alone in having problems that simply must be lived with. If misery loves company, it is because company dilutes misery. There is surprising strength in the discovery that woes you supposed must be silently suffered and privately upborne are really communally owned and may be jointly supported. Organs of opinion owned or run by women, and women critics themselves, have been quicker than men to see something helpful in the Kinsey report on women. The dissipation of worry among women has been great from seeing that sexual omissions and commissions which they thought peculiar to them, if not indeed abnormal in them, are widespread if not universal.

Too much privacy produces prudery; publicity yields purification. There's paralysis in prudery; there's correction of prudery in trends. "I feel like a fugitive from the law of averages!" cries Mauldin's hero in a famous cartoon, as the bullets whistle around him. Nor is this relief mere erosion which familiarity practices on conscience. It is, rather, an example of Edmund Burke's wise maxim, that you cannot indict a people, or a whole sex. What the entire human race does can hardly be wholly wrong; indeed what half the human race does, half plus one, is at least on the road

to rightness, has already arrived at political virtue.

Yes, we have heard what the preachers are preaching as to the danger of humanism and relativism. But we have watched what the preachers themselves do. We can ourselves quote St. Paul as well as they, against all who "measuring themselves by themselves and comparing themselves among themselves, are not wise." But after all the hearing is over and all the quotations are quoted, we come back to the stubborn precipitate of human experience: that there is no way to save morality except to divorce it from morbidity—from both the morbid presumption of damning the human race and the morbid humility of making oneself of no account, "a worm of the dust." We must take ourselves for better or worse.

As we think well of ourselves, so we think well of one another. We shall not add insult to injury by dismissing your pet problems as psychic, save when indeed they are just that. When they are concrete, we shall proffer analysis that is tangible; and when they are not, we shall sit with you and hold your hand, if we may—hold your hand and talk. Something might be said here and there that would prove comforting; good talk is worth while in itself.

Understanding is the most important element in any and all aid that one human being can bring another. To do good without it is "do-goodism," and who wants to be caught on the receiving end of that? Jane Addams declared from her "Cathedral of Compassion" in the slums of Chicago that "One does good, if at all, *with* people, not *to* people." It is a profound observation, and one that we shall keep before us like a guiding star.

You have often had the experience, no doubt, of talking over a problem with a friend. If he was wise, he did not rush to advise you, making himself a simpleton by oversimplifying you and your situation. Advice which is so cheap is seldom worth as much as it costs. But, no doubt, too, you have at times felt much better for a talk—and, if feminine, for a cry—even though that was all you got out of it. How so, when so? Was it not that you saw around the problem much better merely for hearing it out loud, so to say?

A more than middle-aged auditor once sent me this pathetic note at the end of a lecture on "Materialism":

"For forty years I have been a materialist and never could quite acknowledge it before. Thanks for new-found courage!" It was a humble but a healing faith which he had found. Even if the old tale were man's total lore—"born, troubled, died"—between the first and the third, there are ways and ways of being "troubled." There are even *nice* ways of being troubled.

There is manna in sharing troubling meanings. Perspective is widened and sagacity deepened in the meeting of minds. A friend can help you see your problems through fresh eyes, and thus insure that no curative factors be overlooked. Besides, communication is in itself curative.

Let us, therefore, bring in courageous common sense to your problems such knowledgeable sympathy as the philosophers and the poets possess. More than mere sympathy, when more is possible; but never less than this.

It will help if you do not overdo your troubles, or do not let others underdo them. In all probability, things are not as bad with you as they might be. You might be blind; but, behold, you are reading these words. You might be alone; but, no, let me hold your hand. Back of me are others who would hold your hand, too. You are indeed accompanied by the wise and the good who are longing to give you the easy way what they have learned the hard way. Kings and wealthy ones have often asked and got less than is now yours merely for the asking.

You must of course effect the cure; but they will provide the medicine. Right here, for instance, is your first capsule from the philosophers: "Only those who sleep on the floor never fall out of bed." When you have swallowed that, roll then under your tongue this philosophic insight, sweetened with poetry by that American wise woman, Emily Dickinson:

I have no time to hate, because
The grave would hinder me,
And life is not so ample I
Could finish enmity.

Nor have I time to love, but since
Some industry must be,
The little toil of love, I think,
Is large enough for me.

CHAPTER 1

Being A Hero, At Rest

No man, it has been said, is a hero to his valet; but every healthy human ego, we may shrewdly guess, is something of a hero to himself. Somewhere in between what the valet thinks of his master and what a man thinks of himself is to be found the golden mean of human worth. And optimism permits us to lean toward the rosier side of a man's own self-estimate.

It took me, I am sorry to say, a long time to learn this elementary lesson in generosity. Until mid-life—until, in fact, I became an active politician—I went innocently along thinking that some men, a good many men indeed, were such obvious s.o.b.'s that if I went to them and told them, kindly and confidentially, that I knew what they were, they would thank me for not making public disclosure of my knowledge, but would candidly admit to me the obvious truth: that they were s.o.b.'s. What I discovered in politics—it was a happy, if belated, discovery—was this: that no man is an s.o.b. to himself. And more than that, to put it positively, I came to wonder whether there is a single man who is not somehow a hero to himself. Walter Mitty lives not only in the pages of James Thurber.

One of America's wisest men, and certainly one of our

toughest minds—Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes—has declared “in all sadness of conviction,” as he puts it, “that to think great thoughts you must be *heroes* as well as idealists” (italics supplied). To be an idealist is natural, because men are purposive animals; and ideals are but generalized purposes, purposes invested with the perspective of vast postponement. It is indeed natural to have ideals; natural and wholesome and honorable. But to be a hero is better than to be a mere idealist; for that means that you know what to do with ideals and *what not to do* with them. You can either make yourself sick on ideals, or make the world better through them; you are not likely to do both.

But there are two ways of being a hero: the way of commission and the way of omission. To be the one you must be standing up, “on your toes” all the time; but you may be the other sitting down. It is this quieter type of heroism which I would now bring to your attention.

Heroism by commission is the accolade of successful action. It is common enough among men: common to practical souls who ride a purpose over great difficulties to a goal; common, too, to thinkers who hover “on the brink of the bottomless pit of reflection,” undaunted by finding behind every cause a cause and back of every reason a reason. Our world is full of challenges to this heroism of commission, rich in opportunities for distinction, and far from barren in resolute fulfillment of purposes.

“Boldness be my Friend” might almost be the motto of our age and country, as it is of a popular book. America abounds in success stories, and the heroism of commission is the chief ingredient of success. The heady bouquet of boldness is more intoxicating to us than all the sweet voices of overt praise. But this heroism of active effort is not enough; it is not enough for the hour of man’s authentic honor.

Without the other kind, the heroism of omission, the thinking of even the greatest thoughts will undo the best of us. Let us illustrate how ideals undo men whose heroism is merely hyperthyroid.

Take the ideal of being strong (to bargain from a position of strength, as we now say): it is a great thought, individually and nationally. Take, too, the ideal of peace:

it is a great thought, nationally and individually. To think such high thoughts one at a time is to be but an idealist, and never more than half a hero; but to think these conflicting thoughts *together* requires a dash of toughness and a strain of heroism. To bare one's breast to the inevitable conflict which obtains among ideals requires courage, courage which under tensional circumstances matures as full-bodied heroism. Even the martial hero, as General Patton once told me in Sicily, is not a man without fear but one who refuses "to take counsel of his fears."

Let us now confront these conflicting ideals of peace and prowess, as they do often meet in actual life. In the capital city of my native state (Austin, Texas), there is on one corner a church dedicated to the Prince of Peace. Within the same block, merely across a narrow alley, is a naval establishment, with guns properly elevated in semblance of effective action.

I. *The Two Heroisms Contrasted*

It would take courage, but not of heroic proportion, to cry from the church steeple, "Down with the guns!" and the same to cry from the turret, "Away with the church!" Neither cry, however, would carry far. Pacifism is not fully heroic, nor is militarism. Each but carries to its own small limit the kind of consistency that "is the hobgoblin of little minds." You can pursue the ideal of peace, that is, until there's nothing left but apathy—and then, on the rebound of appeasement, have nothing result save war. Or you can get going on the ideal of strength and preparedness, until in fear you blacken the skies with your planes and until your guns get in the way of your guns—until, in sequel, all prowess wastes itself in provocation. Opposite ideals, like these, have somehow to be taken together, not pursued separately. The will to power and the will to peace make ambition and aspiration uneasy partners in heroism.

Militarists can man guns and pacifists can preach sermons; but it takes a full-fledged hero to come in "on a wing *and* a prayer." We are a "Christian people," once declared our Supreme Court; "but also a nation with the duty to survive." And as a nation with such a mission, we

are noblest and safest, though far from happiest, when soldiers from churches devoted to peace man those guns dedicated to war. Full-bodied heroism, to summarize, is of passion as well as of action.

The tragic element in our individual, and especially in our national, vocation goes further than wistfulness; it reaches deeper than tears. It arises from the fact of conflict between ideals, but it does not stop short of the surplusage of value which each single ideal inflicts upon its human carrier. As to the conflicts, it is enough to observe that not all good men have ever been agreed upon goodness, not all just men on justice, nor all holy men on holiness. As to the doctrine of surplusage, it is sufficient for each man to recall from his own chastening experience that no ideal is so humble as not, when accepted, to require of the idealist more than he can command.

Neither the fact of radical disagreement among idealists nor the inevitable discrepancy between ideal demand and man's best response to it constitutes reason enough, however, for us not to acknowledge and to honor in action the great pole stars of aspiration: Truth, Goodness, and Beauty. To turn cynical and try to flout these uplifted demands is not to betray ideals; it is, rather, to crucify ourselves. Cynicism begets self-punishment, and chronic self-punishment inflicts the most intimate dishonor known to man. Though we know that action is not enough, we know also that it is indispensable.

So we rightly honor those who wreak themselves through valiant effort upon a purpose, through effort to the uttermost, even through unavailing effort. We must indeed view with inspired awe the uttermost of heroism in war, which at times leads a soldier, as Holmes says, "to throw away his life in obedience to a blindly accepted duty, in a cause which he little understands, in a plan of campaign of which he has no notion, under tactics of which he does not see the use."

It would be treason of the spirit indeed not to acknowledge such absolute ideals with some honest down payment. When, however, all is done that may be done, the utmost heroism of commission never discharges in toto the debt which the idealist feels and acknowledges. A residue remains over sufficient to impair the health of our animal

life, unless this residue somehow becomes sustenance for our spiritual growth. It is as necessary that the surplusage of the ideal be contained as that the functional aspect of it be discharged. Not to know how to contain the residue is to become in truth the tragic victim of all that is best in human life.

II. *Three Unheroic Types*

Let us say a further word, and a more concrete one, on this doctrine of containment, for from it we derive the heroism of omission. We may see the high utility of what I am calling "containment" in three human types most characterized by its lack.

1. The *gossip*, for initial instance, is one who lacks it: he cannot contain the virtuous enough urge to communicate all that calls for sharing. Most of us are heirs to secrets enough to keep any given community in a continuous uproar. So speech is silver; silence is golden. The gossip is one who has not learned this, has not learned that it is as unheroic to run at the mouth as at the nose.

2. The *joiner*, for a second instance, is one who lacks it: he cannot contain the virtuous enough prompting to pool individual energies into collective power. So he joins such a large number of organizations that he barely has time to rotate from one committee meeting to another, and has no strength left to do anything but rotate, sometimes to gyrate. It is ideal to fraternize, but it is unheroic to dissipate one's energies in gregarious splurges. To fraternize is one thing, to nuzzle is another. The successive un-American activities committees of the national Congress have taught, or I hope they have, the American liberal that he ought to have more reason for joining an organization, any organization, than the mere fact that he has no good reason for not joining up. The final bankruptcy of spirituality is contained in the remark of a certain society woman: that she would "be a complete wreck if she had to spend one evening alone!"

3. The *fanatic*, above all, is one who lacks it: he cannot contain his impetuosity to share the truth with you and win you to his way. He seeks a short-cut to certainty by merely extrapolating his own poor certitude, whereas, as Holmes says, "Certitude is not the test of certainty."

The proselyter not only "makes easy simplicity of lives not his own," but he makes other persons his means by seeking to convert them in order to reassure himself that he is right. The fanatic is the most lurid example of the lack of ability to contain one's own ideal impetuosities. So he poisons his world only by doing "what God would do if God had all the facts." He has been otherwise characterized as the man who redoubles his energies when he has forgotten his goals. The convert does seem doomed by some inner necessity to be a converter, and a nuisance, as if the world were not rich in manifold goods, richer indeed when each is left free to "roll his own."

William James, with a reformer's zeal, was once trying to convert his old friend, Oliver Wendell Holmes, to an interest in séances conducted by spiritualists. Holmes replied with a logic which ought to be more frequently put to use against monomaniacs: "Why don't you study Mohammedanism? Hundreds of millions of men and women think you will be eternally damned without it." No man can be all things; why not, then, just be oneself?

III. *Illustrations of This Quiet Heroism*

With these negative examples of containment before us, let us now put our doctrine of heroism positively. We live in a universe whose outer aspect at least is that of a conflict between powers. Indeed, this clashing cosmos has been named by Josiah Royce, the American philosopher, "The World of the Powers." Inanimate conflicts are resolved, when they *are* resolved, in terms of the stronger force having its way with a weaker force. The only possibility of a less wasteful confluence of clashing energies is found in man, in the sanctum sanctorum of man's solitary soul.

In human collectivities the same or something approaching the same wasteful principle holds as in the conflict of inanimate powers: the weaker simply makes way for the stronger. Recall the gist of what the Athenian imperialism, according to Thucydides, said to the weaker Melians: *Of men we know for a fact and of the gods we believe by tradition, that the strong take what they can find and the weak suffer what they must. At the very best when collec*

tive men meet men collectivized, a compromise results. And while compromise may be, as a student of mine has it, "the highest of the evils," it is also, as he did not neglect to say, "the lowest of the goods."

The only visible chance to rise above pure power in nature and mere appeasement in politics is to internalize the struggle and let the alchemy of reason transmute the brute clash of the powers. This is in imagination to sublimate the power struggle, dramatically rehearsing the options available until—*mirabile dictu!*—the desirable in idea becomes the desired in fact. Reason, says John Dewey, is the dramatic rehearsal of the possibilities of action. Thus conflict of powers achieves through synthesis what approaches a confluence of plural values. The good man may be, as is often thought, a man who struggles successfully against himself; but the great man is one who has come to terms with himself through advance assimilation of his warring options. He has learned the economy of having his cake after eating it. Greatness is the harmonious functioning of human powers each unafraid of the other. The complete hero is one who has the greatness to do in every situation what he can without allowing himself to suffer from what he cannot do. The Stoics made this matter clear, as we shall presently see, by distinguishing between what is within and what is outside of one's powers.

In the annals of heroism, it is high honor to fulfill ideals as far as may be; but it is higher honor, out of respect for one's limitations or for other people's rights, to contain what cannot be fulfilled. Truly unheroic are those who surrender to the sense of guilt, becoming victims thus of their own better parts. Such idealists have historically failed to make the clear distinction between humility, which is a vice, and modesty, ever a virtue. They have become professionally the humble men, self-nominated "worms of the dust," trucklers on weekdays before men of success, grovelers on Sunday before a *diabolus* of power. The fruitage of spirituality is nobility of spirit, robustness of health. Nervous prostrations are not heroic, nor peptic ulcers, nor even galloping hiccoughs. If I appear to speak lightly, even inconsiderately, of those who suffer from hyperthyroid consciences, it is because I think it better for the human race that others learn to smile at rather than to

sympathize with, us when we obtrude open evidence of our incapacity to contain the surplusage of our own better parts. *To think great thoughts you must, indeed, be heroes as well as idealists!*

We may not all be called upon to handle great affairs of state, whence heroism of commission most easily arises; but the heroism of omission bulks large in matters that appear less overt. Every question of absolute value calls for forbearance, in its nature heroic. Disagreement among absolutists as to what the absolute is requires either the modest relativity of admitting that one is himself not God or the proud relativity of one absolutist's liquidating another absolutist in the name of the ideal. You may have your choice, but *one* of the options you must choose; for the chronic disagreement as to what the absolute truth is, shows somebody, if not everybody, to be less than he claims.

This is the meaning of the First Amendment to the American Constitution, the amendment separating church and state. If any absolutist is given the upper hand, he will presumptuously act as if he were God, inflicting rather than containing his ideal impetuosities. We have today as much reason to watch sectarians who in the name of their brand of orthodoxy would sabotage the First Amendment as we have to fear the so-called "Fifth-Amendment Communists."

"I shall not change your mind, I see," said Jeremy Bentham to his biographer Bowring. "You will not change mine, you know. If we go on, I shall give you pain, or you will give me pain, and in either case pain to both will be the consequence. We will never talk on this matter again."

"Nor did we," adds Bowring.

This type of forbearance, constitutionally imbedded in our First Amendment, may now be spread before us in the words and lives of three great Americans who had learned it well. Against all impetuosity, John Burroughs hurls the noble lines in his immortal poem called "Waiting":

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine will know my face.

Against all impetuosity, likewise, Holmes puts the heroic doctrine of containment in solitude:

No man has earned the right to intellectual ambition until he has learned to lay his course by a star which he has never seen—to dig by the divining rod for springs which he may never reach. . . . Only when you have worked alone—when you felt around you a black gulf of solitude more isolating than that which surrounds the dying man, and in hope and in despair have trusted to your own unshaken will—then only will you have achieved. Thus only can you gain the secret isolated joy of the thinker, who knows that, a hundred years after he is dead and forgotten, men who never heard of him will be moving to the measure of his thought.

Against all the impiety of infliction, Abraham Lincoln puts his acceptance of historic "necessity":

If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. . . . And yet I have never understood that the Presidency conferred upon me an unrestricted right to act officially upon this judgment and feeling on slavery. . . . Wrong as we think slavery is, we can afford to let it alone where it is, *because that much is due to the necessity arising from its actual presence in the nation.* [Italics mine.]

But the utility of such forbearance is not enough, nor all the outer advantages that attend the strategy of containment. Creation of character is more important than the conveniences of men, even of the best men. And in this mystery of grace called "containment" we find the basic recipe for sustaining and creating character. The surpluse of value which issues as character, and it alone, can preserve the proper semblance of amity in the face of the cultural pluralism which freedom begets.

IV. *Emergence of Character from Containment*

Something happens to a man, positively as well as negatively, who allows his soul to become the battleground of the world of the powers. The negative precipitate of such action is clear; for he gets over the fever of fanaticism. He learns to lean from, rather than to

yearn toward, the crowd; to support his own weight—and, at length, the weight of weakly leaning brothers. Such a man exemplifies Emerson's noble saying: "It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude."

A man who learns to contain his ideal impetuosity loses his innocence and takes on a maturity of canniness that is yet lacking in guile. "What I deal with," said Lincoln; "is too vast for malice."

There is a mellowness about one who can resolutely commit himself to options which at certain stages are equally seductive, or equally repulsive. In deference to the temporal flow and to social interdependence, he who takes up in himself the dark conflicts of creed and the harsh incidence of conflicting powers emerges, if he manages to emerge, himself a brighter and a sweeter soul.

One turns again and again to Lincoln when this is the train of thought. He made himself such an advance battlefield as touching slavery in the War between the States. "If all earthly power were given me," said he of the institution, "I should not know what to do about it." The Southerners, said he, "are just what we would be in their situation. If slavery did not now exist among them, they would not introduce it. If it did now exist among us, we should not instantly give it up." I have elsewhere written in honor of this ideal-containing man, this secular saint of our national life, that Lincoln

hid his bitterness in laughter, fed his sympathy on solitude, and met recurring disaster with whimsicality to muffle the murmur of a bleeding heart. Out of the tragic sense of life, he pitied where others blamed, bowed his own shoulders with the woes of the weak, endured humanely his little day of chance power, and won through death what life does not often bestow upon such simple souls—lasting peace and everlasting glory.

Whoever has learned thus to exemplify the virtue of containment, on each receding wave of his frustrating but best essay at action, has promoted himself to membership in a choir invisible of the heroic living and the immortal

dead. Heroism shines through his inaction. Lowes Dickinson has well described this quieter type of hero. "There is, I think," writes he of Cambridge men,

a certain type, rare, like all good things. . . . It is a type unworldly without being saintly, unambitious without being inactive, warm-hearted without being sentimental. Through good report and ill such men work on, following the light of truth as they see it; content to know what is knowable and to reserve judgment on what is not. The world could never be driven by such men, for the springs of action lie deep in ignorance and madness. But it is they who are the beacon in the tempest, and they are more, not less, needed now than ever before.

V. *Stoicism Informed of Science*

The deeper distinction intended by Dickinson, and by us, is a doctrine ancient and honorable known as Stoicism. These ancient philosophers distinguished between what is within and what is without human power. What can be done, the wise man does; and if time and place be opportune, he may be acclaimed a hero—of commission. What cannot be cured can be endured. He who endures with grace, even if he be not canonized a saint, may be acclaimed a hero—of omission. As Milton wrote:

"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best.

They also serve who only stand and wait.

The Stoic distinction, with its Christian echo, is good, but it is made too sharp by both Stoics and Puritans. Or, perhaps, we should more justly say that progress has opened for us a door, closed to them, which discloses an escalator between what is and what is not within human power. True, whatever is within our power is ours, by right and by responsibility; and whatever is beyond our power is outside our responsibility. This distinction does put a ceiling over our hope and, better still, a floor under our

despair. But it is not as rigid a distinction as it sounds.

So with all this said on behalf of the wisdom of the ancients, we must say a further word, yea two words, in behalf of our own modern vantage. The first word is that it is sometimes necessary for us to raise our sights above the horizon of our powers in order to hit the farthest target which is within our powers. The final extension of human power is understanding of what is beyond our power. No one ever knows what his limits are unless he taxes himself to the limit.

The second word is that, in order to live to the limit of our powers, we must be always stretching the powers themselves. The men whom we have subsequently adjudged to be, in America, for instance, our greatest are those who at the time of their ordeal have pushed, rather than merely leaned, against the boundaries. Consider how both Jefferson and Lincoln crowded their powers, constitutionally speaking. Hear Jefferson on his power to purchase Louisiana: "The Constitution has made no provision. . . . The Executive . . . have done an act beyond the Constitution. . . . The Legislature . . . must throw themselves on their country for doing for them unauthorized what we know they would have done for themselves had they been in a situation to do it." Hear Lincoln upon his constitutional power to emancipate the slaves: "I felt that measures otherwise unconstitutional might become lawful by becoming indispensable."

Life is like that, a balance of vital energies which never stays put: it is a balance ever receding or always advancing. If one does not push on, he begins to slip back; and if he starts downward, he easily ends in his own dead sea.

What is outside our powers today may, tomorrow, through wise exercise meantime and courage at the crossroads, be within our powers. And, sometimes, knowledge of what one does not know is super-knowledge.

The privilege of expanding our powers, yea the duty to do so, brings us back to the constructive tack, not overly emphasized by Stoicism and sometimes badly neglected in Christian thought. The ancients were more concerned to tell men what not to do than to open for them new paths of prowess. Salvation became the goal, not amelioration. To stay within your powers has always been a safer counsel

than to push action to its uttermost, as both Santayana and Prometheus did. The less you do, the less you do that is wrong. And in both our Hebrew and our Greek heritage presumption was more to be feared than prowess was to be encouraged. Where thought is thus negative, the efficacy of effort will always be depreciated. There are styles of theology; and they come and go, like other styles. It was once the idiom of piety to fear excess and to warn against presumption. Today it is permitted to fear defect and to flee stagnation. Man's final vice is to stomach what can be avoided—or voided.

It is the spirit of science which has made this difference. Science has turned Stoicism into Pragmatism, and has deflected the "path of salvation" into the "social gospel." We can now go further than our forefathers went and still remain well within our powers. Science begets the expanding fact; poetry articulates the growing insight. Hear John Drinkwater on the contrast:

Of old men wrought strange gods for mystery,
 Implored miraculous tokens in the skies,
 And lips that most were strange in prophecy
 Were most accounted wise.

And so they built them altars of retreat,
 Where life's familiar use was overthrown,
 And left the shining world about their feet,
 To travel world's unknown.

We hunger still. But wonder has come down
 From alien skies upon the midst of us;
 The sparkling hedgerow and the clamorous town
 Have grown miraculous.

And man from his far travelling returns
 To find yet stranger wisdom than he sought,
 Where in the habit of his threshold burns
 Unfathomable thought.

Through such change in ideological styles, we have before us now the simple fact, quite capable of demonstration and utterly rewarding of emphasis, that what is today beyond our powers may tomorrow be within them, if we do

not meantime take leave of our courage and throw our arms away. It is this blessed ambiguity, to be clarified through time and by means of resolution, which enables us, and indeed nerves us, to turn to account all that we know of science and all that we can learn of society.

How far we have swung from fear toward hope is eloquently testified to by the fact that in India, for instance, the old economy of fear of overpopulation is now turned into hope of remedy by pushing the limits of population control. We bow no more before the gods of quantity but worship upright now the divinity of human quality. Our age of science is an age that does not disprove, but which does amend, the fine old insight of Stoicism.

Science thrives upon the expansion of human powers. One may be modest enough, as was Newton, as was Einstein, before the impossible, but at the same time be bold to demand proof that anything is impossible before surrendering to apathy. As the war motto had it: "The difficult we do at once; the impossible takes a little longer." The truth is that we do not have to worry about the impossible, if we fearlessly emphasize the indefinite expansibility of the possible.

The most precious of all our human powers is this capacity to extend our powers. To emphasize one's best is good; but to make one's best better, that is surely the very best for men. Let the limits of our powers, then, be determined by hope, not by fear. The test of power is prowess, not surrender. Acceptance of the less is noble only after we have done our very best to secure the more. To be a hero sitting down is magnificent, but only after one has done his best standing up, face to the foe. Edgar Guest, as often, expresses in homely idiom the proper relationship of the two heroisms open to man:

Somebody said it couldn't be done,
But he with a chuckle replied
That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so until he tried.

So he buckled right in with a trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that,
At least no one ever has done it";
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat,
And the first thing we knew he'd begun it.

With a lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,
Without any doubting or quiddit,
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,
There are thousands to prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point out, one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you.

But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
Just take off your coat and go to it;
Just start to sing as you tackle the thing
That cannot be done,—and you'll do it!

CHAPTER 2

Stack Up Your Troubles

A philosopher has been characterized as a man who when he meets a difficulty makes a distinction. Though by intent the remark is witty, in consequence it is also wise. The first great distinction about our troubles we have already made: between those within our powers and those without them. But worries that are all clearly within our powers come in many shapes and sizes. We must, therefore, further discriminate. It is only a foolish man—or one mad, like Hamlet—who will indiscriminately “take arms against a sea of troubles”—and, by opposing the impossible, end himself.

To treat measles as if they were mumps, or to suppose gastric ulcers to be gremlins at work in the stomach, is hardly the way to a cure. It is, rather, to act like the frontier doctor, face to face with his first case of small-pox. He gave the patient something to throw him into convulsions, and then went to work to this tune: “I don’t know nothing about these pustules; but”—jutting out his jaw with pride—“I’m hell on fits!”

To distinguish, whether in medicine or in life, is the beginning of wisdom; it is the way, in George Santayana’s fine phrase, to become “a good shepherd of your own thoughts.” Divide and conquer! All hail the philosopher,

then, if that's what he shows us how to do: how better to discriminate. Aristotle, to take an example from classic times, says: "It is the mark of an educated man to look for precision in each class of things just as far as the nature of the subject matter admits." "It is equally foolish," he continues, "to accept probable reasoning from a mathematician and to demand of a rhetorician ["politician," we would say] scientific proofs."

The way for us to unite Santayana's modern and Aristotle's ancient wisdom is to distinguish three types of things. There are, first, *problems*. There are, second, *predicaments*. There are, third, *perturbations*. Now problems are troubles which we can (sometimes) solve. Predicaments are troubles which we can (sometimes) resolve. Perturbations are troubles that breed guilty feelings, from which we have need to absolve ourselves. *To solve, to resolve, to absolve*—these are the inviting steps up which we advance in our task of discrimination.

I. *To Solve*

To solve his problems is the privilege of modern man; and we have already described it as his first duty. Duty or not, it has often been sadly neglected. From the beginning of time there have been men who lay down before their problems rather than rose up to master them. It is an easy temptation to place outside our powers all that we are loath to tackle. Stoicism sometimes became such a philosophy and Christianity often such a religion. There has always been a Gamaliel just around the corner of the Christian conscience to argue: "If this work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God." Moral? *Don't do anything—not even find out whence it comes.*

But let us take an illustration out of modern times. Galileo busied himself, as we know, inventing the telescope and mapping the heavens through its lenses. He was distinguishing problems and was fabricating plans for their solution. Such a man, with face toward the future, came upon other men, with no face save for the past: professors of a philosophy that was handmaiden to dogmatic theology. But hear Galileo's own story of what happened as late as the seventeenth century, an account written to his fellow-scientist, Kepler:

Oh, my dear Kepler, how I wish that we could have one hearty laugh together! Here at Padua is the principal professor of philosophy, whom I have repeatedly and urgently requested to look at the moon and planets through my glass, which he pertinaciously refuses to do. Why are you not here? What glorious folly! And to hear the professor of philosophy at Pisa labouring before the Grand Duke with logical arguments, as if with magical incantations, to charm the new planets out of the sky!

It was such experiences, over and over again, of men who in the name of traditional fidelity feared to try to solve their problems, even to understand them, that led Andrew D. White, first president of Cornell University, to pen a great book, *History of the Warfare of Science with Theology* The moral he draws both affirmatively and negatively: earnest advice to let nothing stand in the way of the continuing effort to solve all problems.

In all modern history, interference with science in the supposed interest of religion, no matter how conscientious such interference may have been, has resulted in the direst evils both to science and to religion, and invariably; and, on the other hand, all untrammelled scientific investigation, no matter how dangerous to religion some of its stages may have seemed for the time to be, has invariably resulted in the highest good both of religion and of science.

Clarity to understand his troubles and courage to ameliorate his lot, this is the double gift of science to modern man. It is a virtue not only of the mind, but of the heart as well. There is no heroism in suffering evils that can be cured. To make of vice a virtue is itself the final vice. Even a child sees through such tawdry claims.

It is my duty to live for you, dear child, and your duty to live for your children, and their duty to live for theirs. . . . But, Mother, if you put it off that way, the jig will one day be up and nobody will have lived for himself at all!

Cannot life, must not life, be at last lived for its own sake?

The youthful Jane Addams, she who was destined to tower in greatness above all other women of her time, she who was to be courageous to build in the slums of Chicago her own "Cathedral of Compassion," yes, that Lady of Life and Love saw through such shams of virtue even in her youth. "She [the Dean of Rockford Seminary] does everything for the love of God alone, and I do not like that." So she organized a feminine club of fellow-devotees of the Open Way, pledging themselves to become neither missionaries (of so scant a faith in life) nor the wives of missionaries! And she climaxed her part of the contract by refusing to be graduated until the seminary of such silliness became a college of courage to face life and to mitigate its problems.

"Secular" the shallow pretenders to piety called her ends, and "political" they denominated her means; but Jane Addams knew that nothing which touches human life can be profane. She emancipated the "sacred" from provincial bounds and spread its mantle of meaning over the whole of life. She became the leader of all women who have turned their faces from the dark past of abject submission to the rigors of nature and to the exactions of men, in order to face a future brightened through mastery of the means of welfare.

Science glorifies common sense by making its curiosity effective as invention. The learned professions have glorified science, in turn, by organizing its insights into the ministries of law, of engineering, of medicine, and their growing likes. Life has become for professional men as for pure scientists an adventure into the unknown for the sake of what can be known and what can thereby be improved.

Justice Holmes, who was fond of old maps, used to gaze upon and chuckle over the folly of an early map of America, which marked all lands beyond the Allegheny Mountains as "Terra Incognita"; and which further described that "unknown land" with the Latin inscription: *Hic sunt leones!* ("Lions are here!"). But, countered the Justice out of his wisdom: "No, if you went there, you'd not find *lions*; you'd more likely find asses—there are many more asses than lions in this world!"

Only asses indeed shy from the unknown out of fear of lions. *In knowledge is hope*: this is the promise of science, and the spirit of the learned professions which mediate the growing knowledge to mankind. Where men used to be afraid of offending the local deities, or provoking jealousy from the great gods, the engineer now intrepidly flings his bridges of steel or conquers the depths through caissons of concrete. "Within my lifetime," writes Herbert Hoover feelingly,

engineering has been transformed from a trade into a profession. There is the fascination of watching a figment of the imagination emerge through the aid of science to a plan on paper. Then it moves to realization in stone or metal or energy. Then it elevates living standards and adds to comforts.

And from the fourth century B.C. medical men have been swearing the Oath of Hippocrates, which runs in part as follows:

You do solemnly swear, each man by whatever he holds most sacred, that you will be loyal to the profession of medicine and just and generous to its members; that you will lead your lives and practice your art in uprightness and honor; that into whatsoever house you shall enter, it shall be for the good of the sick to the utmost of your power. . . . These things you do swear.

The march of that double spirit of scientific mastery and of professional service has been so fast, and has gone so far, that we stand upright today as men of science and as children of the light. No longer are we cringing pawns before occult powers, portentous only through ignorance.

Science is primarily the search for causes, and the scientist is an apostle of the gospel of causation. To know causes is to become master of effects. If we do not like effects, we can diminish them by diverting causation. If we do like them, we can augment the causal operation. By knowledge of the earlier, man presides over the fate of the later; and the emblem of his sovereign residence is the "If . . . then" relation between cause and effect.

To suppose, however, that all man's troubles will eventually succumb to the ministry of science is to jump

the guns on progress and is to substitute credulity of hope for the bondage of fear, and it may well be to fall into arrogance. Romanticism is bad for progress, be it in defect or in excess. We must not sacrifice what Aristotle called "the mark of the educated man."

In addition to problems, there are, we now recall, predicaments, which by definition are not true candidates for solution. Are we, then, to master our problems only to become in turn victims of our predicaments?

II. *To Resolve*

There is frequent complaint, in our war-weary and war-fearing world, that social sciences and the humanities, which together encompass the fields where our predicaments lie, have not advanced as rapidly as the natural sciences, which have mastered so many of our problems. A few rash ones have even proposed that we call a halt on natural-science development until the humaner disciplines catch up. Such loss of nerve is not, of course, to be taken seriously, nor perhaps is it very seriously intended. But that there is something here to concern us deeply may readily be admitted, lest humanity destroy itself. The trouble, however, is mis-identified, and is not likely to be remedied until it is properly tagged. Let us, again with Aristotle, apply the hallmark of an educated mind.

The fundamental trouble is that social studies do not deal with the same kind of "causes" as do the physical sciences. So different are the two, in fact, that it would be useful to have a different terminology to cover them. Let us make clearer to ourselves the nature, then, of what we have called predicaments.

It would be inviting trouble to say that any effect does not have a cause; but in the social field there are many effects which have not as yet identifiable causes at all. It is at times the utter complexity of the social problems, where what we call causes are effects and what we call effects are causes; and both are each at the same time. But the main difference does not appear to turn on the matter of complexity. It is a difference in kind, rather than merely in degree. There are causes which we well know but do not dare to treat: the cure would be worse than the dis-

ease. Liberty, says James Madison, is the cause of differences among men and so the cause of conflicts. But we dare not tamper with that "cause."

To put it more generally, when the causes of things are *reasons* and the reasons are in other minds not to be got at by any means at hand, then causal solutions are out, even though the causes be known and identified. Where different reasons in different minds are the "causes" of hopeless conflicts, we have entered the field of "predicaments," and are wise not to expect solutions. This does not mean, however, that we must lie down before our predicaments. Persuasion substitutes for demonstration. We cannot solve predicaments, but we may be able to *resolve* them. To summarize, solutions are manipulation of causes; resolutions are accommodation of reasons to reasons.

It will be seen that, through such talk, we have left the domain of science, as precise mastery of nature, and have entered the realm of politics. Clearly one is not wise to expect in this new realm the same precision, nor the same remedial results. The reason is found in the nature of things political. Politics does not deal primarily with concrete things, certainly not with facts. Facts are the business of science, but facts seldom if ever settle political predicaments. Even if partisans agree upon the facts, which they seldom do, facts would not settle the issues; for the issues are as to what the facts *mean* or as to what policy the facts *warrant*. On such issues men equally honest and equally intelligent have been at war from the beginning of time, and presumably always will be at odds. Indeed it does seem that the more intelligent men are, the more they will differ; and the more honest they are, the more steady they will set upon their differences.

What is to be done in such premises? Certainly the fact that we cannot be quit of such predicaments by neat solutions does not mean that we must surrender to hopelessness as touching the minds of men as sources of conflict. In the first place, I may persuade you to my view of the matter. That would be a happy outcome for me, but an outcome which, frankly, I have seldom been privileged to enjoy. In the second place, you might persuade me to your view but not very likely!

In the field of religion proselyting has by and large been a failure, and coercion ugly as well as ineffective. The only effects of such efforts, observed Jefferson, have been to redden the soil of the earth with human blood and of the unliquidated to make one half hypocrites and the other half fools.

The failure of conversion marks the grave of the effort to *solve* such predicaments. Then let us seek how to *resolve* them. We may learn to tolerate one another. This is the mental beginning of the physical outcome which we seek. "As long as men entertain monstrosities," said Voltaire, "they will commit atrocities." The most monstrous "monstrosity," and the one most likely to end in atrocity, is the easy and cruel conclusion that your neighbor is either a knave or a fool *because he cannot be got to agree with you*. Differences may be varieties of the truth. But this view of the matter is not open to the sectarian mind.

Now compromise is not a solution. Solutions stay put. Resolutions are recurrent; they must be done and redone. While strict problems can be solved, predicaments can only be resolved, and resolution is ever in need of renewal. Conceived as science, then, politics is a mighty flop: it simply does not cure our interpersonal troubles. But conceived as a holding operation against the undertow of passion and against the high tides of differing convictions, politics is a mighty mentor of peace and a secular savior of mankind.

The greatest single social insight of the human race was that institutionalized, if not indeed discovered, by the Founding Fathers of America. They discerned in the political field that the other man's "error" was but his way of seeking the truth. This led them to see that men do not need to agree upon their fundamental beliefs in order to live together in peace and to build a prosperous society. They had the grace to discern that virtue thrives on variety. Competition of virtues makes each more, not less, virtuous. The more latitude is allowed the inner life, the more longitude, as it were, accrues to the outer domain of action. The more tolerance men develop for notions other than their own, the more accommodation they can allow in meeting one another halfway in actions which require majority support.

This is true not only in the obvious sense, but in the

further and more precious sense that the man who has more ideality to live *on* can do with less ideality to live *for*. Most sensitive men have such perfect ideals to live *for* that they cannot live *with* other men, who are equally rigid because of their outer commitments.

The politician "can compromise issues without compromising himself." As the scientist is possessed of courage to face knowledge, so the politician is possessed of the courage of ignorance. He knows that neither he nor his opponent can claim monopoly of thought in the presence of the dispute between them. But ignorance of *what* final values are need not impair the joint conviction *that* they are, nor undermine his courage to seek such values through the technique of enlarging the area of agreement among men. He composes differences by compounding issues, and he gets a moderate good where otherwise would prevail an immoderate evil as the fruit of bitter dispute.

To the previous high privilege, then, of solving our problems we now may add the deep duty of men to resolve their predicaments.

III. *To Absolve*

Upon the inevitability of political compromise, as the best of the bads in social life, there supervenes something worse than either problems or predicaments: It is a natural and an inevitable "sense of guilt." Let us be clear about its genesis so that we will not misconceive its nature. A sense of guilt is natural, inevitable, and universal. It is a natural precipitate in all sensitive minds of the discovery that our very best is simply and plainly not good enough. We seek to solve our problems, but our best efforts to do so leave so many problems still unsolved that we would be less than modest if we did not honor our failure with self-depreciation. We try to resolve our predicaments, but our best efforts to do so, as citizens if not as officeholders, leave such injustice crying aloud in the alleys of life that we would be less than citizens if we did not honor our failure with self-accusation. The sense of guilt which inevitably arises because our best is not good enough makes our former best (already too poor to suffice) less good than it was. The added frustration from knowing that we are the

source of our own frustration is cumulative. It may fixate itself so firmly in the soul as to drive us to suicide or to conduct us toward insanity.

In the soul's lonely land nothing short of catharsis will suffice. The incidence of guilt can neither be avoided nor completely exorcised. Hence the art of *self-forgiveness*, as the soul's high privilege and deepest duty.

But why *self* as the appropriate prefix to forgiveness? Why not God? Religion has been the age-old reliance of men to shift from shoulders too weak to bear them to shoulders strong enough to bear them, bear the inexorable ills of finitude. This ancient resort is excellent where religion is still available; but, for one reason or another, religion does not, as a matter of fact, reach all men with its potential absolution. Moreover, when it does reach men, they still have to take the initiative in the curative process of absolution. For men so overcome by guilt that they cannot take the first step, religion is and always has been unavailable. Conviction of sin only lacerates further the wounds it cannot heal. A catharsis is therefore required for men who dare to remain, or who must remain, unforgiven by the Deity. The world is often run by such men, and so we cannot with impunity refuse to consider their need. The "wages of sin" does not have to be gastric ulcers.

If not religion, why not psychoanalysis as the art of absolution? That is precisely what the analyst intends, to get rid of at least useless guilt. And by all means let him have free run of such as can afford his services. But even at the prevailing luxury price of ever-lengthening consultations, there are not enough analysts to go around. For different reasons, then, psychoanalysis is as unavailable as is religion in many crucial cases. Without one word, or even a thought, against either religion or analytic psychology, we must still seek absolution, then, for many men in an emancipative philosophy of life, which is universally available. Such a philosophy of life will have, I think, at least three practical aspects.

1. *It will emphasize the therapy of action.* We were animals long before we became spirits, and we remain animals at least throughout the tenancy of our bodies. Animals require action by their basic nature. Born with

a cry and nurtured on spryness, man must have some bodily outlet for his excess energies. Cynicism toward ideals which are also the natural ends of action, is no cure; action alone suffices for animal need. To make daily a down payment—as William James prescribes—upon ideals, this is the first prescription in the philosophy of life which can facilitate self-forgiveness. To go home at night too tired to worry over the sins of the day is conducive to sleep; and sleep does in turn knit up the ravelled sleeve of too much caring. David Hume is here our wise consultant; for at the end of too much thought, he turned to a game of backgammon or some other form of curative compensation. Without the relief of such resort we all “hover on the brink of the bottomless pit of [reflection].”

2. *It will emphasize contemplation.* As spirits we can eat our cake and have it too. There is a kingdom of matchless delight furnished to each human being by his own imagination. The man who has learned to live in his mind has found constructive catharsis for the sense of guilt. This is the second pathway to philosophic self-release.

3. *It will utilize humor.* Not so proud as contemplation nor yet so humble an animal action, is humor, curious compound as it is of both. This middle-sized virtue is a matchless resource for daily living. Beginning its cultivation with our enemies, then practicing it on neighbors, and finally upon friends, we may prepare ourselves at length for the achievement of self-release: the marvelous medicine of being able to laugh at ourselves. That achieved, we are self-endowed with a creative laboratory for the manufacture of what is a spiritual two-in-one: an elixir for catharsis of guilt and a vitamin for tensionless living. Let us keep handy the very old and very wise maxim for sanity from pre-Communist Russia: “Only he who tickles himself may laugh as he likes.”

CHAPTER 3

Affording A Friend

If you can afford a friend, you will have found an antidote to many troubles. A man without a friend is a man minus insurance on his contentment. A friend is a sort of animated aspirin against the ordinary headaches of life. He is a magic anodyne against the heartbreak of loneliness. Marriage is the only cure for this malady, but friendship is a potent protection and so is high ally to marriage in man's endless quest for comradeship. "Friendship," as the old saying goes, "is love, without either flowers or veil."

But can you *afford* a friend? It is a cinch that you cannot afford many. He who has "friend" on his lips to everybody has seldom any *friend* at all in his heart. Friends are expensive in more than one dimension. Said Socrates long ago:

All people have their fancies: some desire horses, and others dogs; and some are fond of gold, and others of honour. Now, I have no violent desire of any of these things; but I have a passion for friends; and I would rather have a good friend than the best cock or quail in the world: I would even go further, and say the best horse or dog. Yea, by the dog of Egypt, I should greatly prefer a real friend to all the gold of Darius, or even to Darius himself: I am such a lover of friends as that.

Now Socrates, for all these many words, probably never had a friend. He himself was too hard to take. Socrates was not only too little needful; he was also too analytic. He could have learned wisdom from David Grayson, our current American philosopher of friendship, who declares: "I have spent so much time thinking of my friends that I have scarcely ever stopped to reflect upon the abstract quality of friendship." Socrates, on the other hand, was more concerned to define friendship than to possess a friend. He had loyal disciples, who looked up to him; and fierce foes, who looked down on him. But friendship is neither an upward nor a downward thrust: it is a straightforward relation.

I. *Testimony of the Great to Friendship*

It is ungracious, however, to speak too much of the costs of friendship until we have gloried in its values. Of course we can afford friendship if we rate it highly enough. Our own little, but sincere, song in its honor we shall defer until we have heard the noble songs hymned by the great to the cause of friendship.

Plato has written of friendship, and Cicero. Lord Bacon has done his deference, and Ralph Waldo Emerson. Indeed, what man who loves his fellow-man has not praised this noble bond which ties men together, one-and-one?

And what has Plato said in praise of friendship, Plato, the most imaginative and wisest of philosophers? What indeed but that friendship is the noblest bond next love, and is itself a very part of love, "man's greatest helper." "With friends all things are common," Plato cries over and over again. The sharing by two lives of what each holds dear renders dearer the very act of sharing. Plato puts all this into a definition which, because it is so packed with meaning, is a little hard to see through at first glance. But it is worth an effort to understand. "Friendship," says he in the dialogue *Lysis*, devoted to the subject, "is the love which by reason of the presence of evil the neither good nor evil has of the good."

This much at least is clear, that Plato makes friendship a species of love, a species founded on mutual need, fulfilling lack, and achieving a goodness in the bargain. We shall

see later, though not from Plato, that marriage is founded on the greater need, but that friendship and love are together high servants of mankind in all its noblest aspiration. "Beauty," which he makes to be the juice of affection, "is a soft, smooth, slippery thing, and therefore of a nature which slips in and permeates our soul."

Cicero, that eloquent patriot who served Rome the century before Christ, has also written on friendship. Unlike Plato, who was concerned with it as an ornament of private life, this statesman is chiefly taken up with the role of friendship among men of affairs. He opens his famous essay with the notion that only the good can be friends, and closes with the double emphasis upon patriotism as the form of the good which friendship serves. He declares that "the most difficult thing in the world is for a friendship to remain unimpaired to the end of life." This is particularly so in public life, because of shifting loyalties and developing animosities. "Friendship," says he warily, "is very difficult to find among those who engage in contest for office."

Men of integrity must so often stand alone in public affairs that Cicero's perspective is moving and his personal confession is touching. "If a man could ascend to heaven," says he, "and get a clear view of the natural order of the universe and the beauty of the heavenly bodies, that wonderful spectacle would give him small pleasure, though nothing could be conceived more delightful if he had but had someone to tell what he had seen." And as to his personal confession, "I declare that of all the blessings which either fortune or nature has bestowed upon me I know none to compare with friendship." "You might just as well take the sun out of the sky," cries he climactically, "as friendship from life." "Nature abhors isolation," and friendship is the abolition of isolation!

Ralph Waldo Emerson, New England philosopher and nineteenth-century traveling teacher of adult America, returns in his song toward the scale of Plato, though not without a touch of Stoic duty. Feeling with the poet Ovid that "it is vulgar to estimate friendship by its advantage," Emerson promotes the use of friendship to the idiom of spirit. Friends are those "who carry out the world for me to new and noble depths," he says, "and enlarge the mean-

ings of all my thoughts. Quite above augmentation of my joys and well beyond the diminution of my sorrows, friendship expands and prospers my soul." "I hate," says he, "the prostitution of the name of friendship to signify modish and worldly alliances." Independent of any strict utility, friendship shines brightly in its worth alone.

The essence of friendship Emerson finds in what he calls "entireness." But its completeness is twofold: friendship is *truth* and it is *tenderness*. This Solitary of Concord is shrewd to observe, and quick to grieve, that society always commits one to some degree of dissimulation. "At the entrance of a second person, hypocrisy begins." Emerson thinks that the soul is always sincere enough with itself. This thought he overdoes—he lived before Freud!—but its opposite is hard to overdo; for, as Emerson puts it, "almost every man we meet requires some civility—requires to be humored; he has some fame; some talent, some whim of religion or philanthropy in his head that is not to be questioned, and which spoils all conversation with him." Friendship, however, cuts through such surface politeness and achieves the maximum of sincerity. It is rendered possible not less through the grace of silence than by the art of conversation.

Friendship is, furthermore, therapy for the emotions as it is elixir to the mind. It is "tenderness." "We are armed all over," he observes, "with subtle antagonisms, which, as soon as we meet, begin to play, and translate all poetry into stale prose." It is poignant how sensitive Emerson is to this flat note in social relations. "After interviews have been compassed with long foresight," confesses he, "we must be tormented presently by baffled blows, by sudden, unseasonable apathies, by epilepsies of wit and animal spirits, in the heyday of friendship and thought."

Life is aggression; friendship is tenderness. When friend meets friend, aggression is forgotten if not entirely foregone, and heart flows out to heart in empathy that is magnanimous. Soul involves itself with soul through the tendrils of fellow-feeling, and gondolas of selflessness, like phantoms of twoness, glide into unity without a jolt to mark their merging into one. In this mystic commingling, says Emerson, "we meet as though we met not, and part as though we parted not."

Emerson, more than most, has put into noble prose the lesson that it is not what a friend has, nor yet what he does, but what in truth he is, that makes friendship possible. And Emerson more than any other American has put this high theme to song:

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
 Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
 At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
 Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust? . . .
 O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

II. *Friendship Is Hard to Achieve and Harder to Sustain*

Like all things precious, friendship as thus highly conceived is rare, and is hard to sustain. Its requirements are manifold; its exactions onerous. These conditions, however severe a test of character, we must understand before we can sincerely add to the world's chorus our own little paean of praise. To prescribe as solution to human problems what is itself a greater problem is harsh mercy and poor candor. We will not be party to it, not even in the name of friendship. Understanding must be here, as elsewhere, our final aid. There are four conditions which we must understand if we are to prosper in friendship.

1. *Friendship Implies a Self as Well as Seeks a Self.* As friendship is a unity, it implies previous separation. A person must have become something in his own right, standing on his own feet, before he can be a worthy partner to the relation of friendship. A weakling is a poor friend, a mere hanger-on to the bounty of spirit; and, harder still to say, he cannot offer what is necessary in order to get what he needs. This is what Emerson had in mind when he declared that "the condition which high friendship demands is ability to do without it."

A man must have needs, but he must not be needy, if he is a candidate for friendship. You can always infer a strong man to be at the center when weak men cluster around the periphery. Need flocks to fulfillment as flies to honey. But such as seek to repair their weaknesses in the strength of the strong are candidates for benefits, not novitiates of completeness. To have friendship you must

be worthy of it; and to be worthy means to have made of your separate entity a self-subsisting soul. It is not as though the strong had no needs, but his need is for strength to merge with strength so that there may be communion of like with like. Friends lean on each other only lightly. They stand side by side and shoulder to shoulder.

2. *Friendship Is Limited to Few.* It has become a fad in America to call everybody by given names, and to do it upon first meeting. One does not tilt with fads, but he does not take them for other than what they are. Crude intimacy becomes blighted friendship. A stranger at Rotary may marvel that men know each other so well that they have to look on the lapel to find out who which is. Such forcing fools no one. A man is not a friend merely because he can pronounce the word. Loneliness is not to be exorcised, nor comradeship taken by force.

I remember with embarrassment a long-time acquaintance once asking me whether he might not call me by my given name, after we had known each other for years! What seasoning had failed to nurture, forcing could hardly provide. There are no elevators to the sacred mounts: paths to shrines must be smoothed by the feet of pilgrims.

Friendship requires investment of emotional capital which no man has in unlimited store. So, as Emerson says, "Friendship should be surrounded with ceremonies and respects, and not crushed into corners. Friendship requires more time than poor, busy men can usually command." More time and more energy, too. No man would be niggard enough to limit artificially the number of his friends. It is a self-limiting principle to which reference is made. Jonathan had only one David, and David only one Jonathan. Each loved the other, the Scriptures say, as "he loved his own soul." Friendship is a relationship as exhausting as it is exacting, and so it must be limited to a few, and even the few come one by one. Two is friendship, three is company, four is a crowd. Friends communicate in dialogue seldom in triologue.

It is not that we ignore, of course, what David Grayson so beautifully exclaims: "How with cultivation, one's capacity for friendship increases." It is, rather, that it is more rewarding to register this increase qualitatively rather than quantitatively. "It is a phenomenon worthy of con-

sideration by all hardened disbelievers," Grayson goes on, ". . . that when a man's heart really opens to a friend he finds there room for two." "The more angels," said the mystic Swedenborg, "the more heaven to hold them." It is a question of intensity, not of extensity. It is better to cultivate quality than, as it were, to quantify excellence. There is room on the wide ocean of life for vast ships like "Citizenship," but room, too, let us hope, in the coves of the world for the elegance of yachts. There is, as Samuel Johnson once exclaimed, "an enduring elegance" about friendship. Citizenship is roomy with utility, friendship is cozy with affection.

3. *Friendship Requires Mastery of Means.* As one does not come by friends jerkily, like the grabbing shopper, so one does not maintain friendship by a once-for-all promise to love, cherish, and reciprocate. A down payment of affection is required every day, and the note can never be marked "discharged." "A man, Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "should keep his friendship in constant repair."

4. *Friendship Implies Self-Containment.* Strategic silence, then, ornaments friendship even more than the most pregnant speech. It is not that the bond of friendship is, like love, so intimate that each understands what is left unsaid. It is, rather, that, unlike lovers, friends do not need to pump each other dry. Reserves, not expenditures, measure strength. Leave something for another day. To have something to look forward to is indispensable to friendship. Not only does premature intimacy impoverish communion, but intimacy itself is treading on dangerous ground for a friendship that is to last and to grow. There is a candor of silence as well as of speech.

Friends will recognize that some things belong to God, man's "friend behind phenomena." "No man has any more right," an anonymous Shintoist has declared, "to talk to me intimately about my religion than he has to talk to me about my wife." Some things belong, as Abraham Lincoln said, to "that friend . . . down inside me." The most sacred relationship on earth is that between "me" and "myself." To interrupt that from the outside is to impoverish the soil of friendship.

The art of self-containment, with its accompanying reticencies, is so central to the life of friendship that we may

properly pursue it from the intellect to the heart itself. It has been said that "pure friendship is something which men of an inferior intellect can never taste." This is even more true of those of shoddy character. Friendship requires strong minds and rewards strong characters.

III. *Reassuring Examples of Friendship*

There are not many classic examples of this deep relationship heartily sustained. And of those we have, there is no example between women. We only remark it; we do not moralize on it. There are only two classic examples of men friends, the one Greek and the other Hebrew.

Damon and Pythias were Syracusan Greeks who became so devoted to each other that the former substituted for the latter in the death cell, so that Pythias could go home and adjust his affairs. When the condemned man returned to die, the tyrant Dionysius was so impressed with this example of loyalty that he released both men and desired that the pair be made a threesome to include him. It is not recorded how long the triumvirate lasted. But we remember Emerson's judgment upon such a possibility. "Two may talk and one may hear, but three cannot take part in a conversation of the most sincere and searching sort."

Then we have from Hebrew history David and Jonathan, whose friendship survived severe trials and lasted unto death. The Scriptures record that they loved each other like brothers, indeed better than many brothers have loved. In our time from Korea comes a story of friendship, reminiscent of these classic cases, from which both partners drew sustenance against torture. Says Capt. Byron A. Dobbs of the death pact between him and Lieut. James Stanley: "Once we were resigned to die, it wasn't too bad. . . . We decided to let them go as far as they wanted to."

Cicero's emphasis, that it is hard for men in power to remain friends, is climaxed by the Roman poet, Lucan, who says: "There is no friendship between those associated in power; he who rules will always be impatient of an associate." This is a hard saying, usually true but, luckily, not always so.

There resounds today the enmity between Jimmy Byrnes and Harry Truman. Byrnes took the new U. S. Senator from Missouri under his experienced wing long ago and they became fast friends. Truman, become President meantime, made Byrnes, in turn, Secretary of State. But either the character of one or the other proved too weak, or the temptation to alienation which power constitutes proved too strong; and the former friends parted noisily, only to shout to the world their present enmity.

Quite otherwise was another friendship of the war days. It would be difficult to estimate the significance upon world affairs which resulted from the relationship of Winston Churchill and Franklin Roosevelt, when the world trembled with hope or fear at the mention of their joint names. Cooperation which was enforced upon them by necessity was touched to glory by the fact that these men of power found each in the other a friend no less than a cooperant. They supplemented each other, temperamentally as well as prudentially; and they augmented high resolve in each other, when the world was seeing its most desperate days. It was difficult, as Churchill's papers make clear, but it was done; and, as Robert Sherwood says, in surveying its difficulties, "Their friendship survived, and it is eloquently commemorated in this book [Churchill's memoirs]."

Franklin Roosevelt's name lives in another friendship which too, lasted to death. Louis Howe and Franklin Roosevelt became friends long before the latter reached the pinnacle of power. He reached it, indeed, in no mean sense because of the former's devotion. But power did not poison the intimate relation between them. Harold Ickes echoes in his diary what others have remarked: that Louis Howe could and would and did tell Roosevelt the truth, even when it hurt. Thus was fulfilled in Howe one of the qualifications we have seen traditionally emphasized: that friendship must rest on candor. That's the reason power is so hard a test for friendship. "Save me from my friends!" cries the cynic; "I'll take care of my enemies!" Roosevelt's character was able to abide his friend's candor, and this made the friendship more fruitful. Part of Roosevelt's heart was buried in Howe's grave.

Two other striking examples of friendship in America,

in recent times, are those between Theodore Roosevelt and William Howard Taft, and the later example between Woodrow Wilson and Edward M. House. Both of these friendships are morality plays, as it were, upon the impermanence of friendship where power obtrudes.

Roosevelt, it will be remembered, made Taft by giving him high opportunity for public service, and then secured for him the presidency. So Roosevelt thought. Very naturally Taft played his own role up a little more and Roosevelt's somewhat less. Taft accepted the aid gratefully, but the continuous advice not so gladly. Roosevelt was big enough to make his friend president but was not big enough to let him be president. Their letters, now published, reveal with slow sadness the erosion upon friendship of ambition for power on Roosevelt's part and ambition for privacy or at least for autonomy on Taft's part.

More notable still upon the theme of power was the friendship between Woodrow Wilson and Edward M. House, but more salutary as to the obsequies of friendship. This example of friendship between Wilson and House represents both the classic career and the proper ending prescribed by ancient sources. House became to Wilson, at a time of great personal and world need, "a second self," as Cicero and Bacon would have it. Seldom has a friendship flourished with more private satisfaction or with more public profit than this one. "Our friendship," says House, "was as close as human friendships grow to be. . . . Never, during the years we worked together, was there an unkind or impatient word written or spoken, and this to me is an abiding consolation."

Like all things precious, the friendship had easy ending, and that, alas, while both were still alive. But its ending was according to classic prescription. Precious things, if they must die, should die nobly. House says simply and sadly, "The friendship lapsed. It was not broken." And the silence of both men immortally reflected the wisdom of Cicero, who said: "There can be nothing more discreditable than to be at open war with a man with whom you have been intimate."

Setting in restraint an example which the nation would later have profited from anew if Truman and Byrnes could have sustained it, Woodrow Wilson let the relationship

subside silently, and over its ruins Edward House pronounced this restrained elegy:

My separation from Woodrow Wilson was and is to me a tragic mystery, a mystery that now can never be dispelled, for its explanation lies buried with him.

IV. *The Intrinsic Worth of Friendship*

We have been making friendship our problem because it, when achieved and sustained, is such a mighty solvent of all the other problems of mankind. A friend is precisely what you cannot afford to be without. Friendship drains the heart of worry; it purges the motives of aggression; it gives "entireness" without impairing integrity. It is synonymous with a sense of well-being.

Friendship is the most fertile pattern for causing the world that ought to be to arise from the rootage of the world that is. The world we want is a world in which every man may have a friend and in which all men can be friendly. Friendship thus becomes a norm for social reconstruction.

CHAPTER 4

Supporting an Enemy

Thomas Jefferson not only wrote the Declaration of American Independence from Great Britain; he also spoke up mightily for every man's independence from all that holds him down. He proclaimed man's independence from ignorance, fathering the public-school system in Virginia and encouraging public education everywhere. He proclaimed man's independence from superstition, declaring that any God worthy of a free man's worship would prefer man to seek independently for His existence and attributes. He proclaimed man's independence from all outworn institutions, putting himself on record for change against all institutions that had degenerated into blind custom, "heavy as frost, and deep as life."

Even the Constitution, which he had helped (from abroad) to perfect and (at home) implement, was not to become an ark of sanctimoniousness too sacred to be changed. It was Jefferson, indeed, who lived all his life true to the oath he had sworn of "eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man." Nor did he take his faith out in negation. He was *for* "life," *for* "liberty," *for* "the pursuit of happiness." He was, in short, for men, as well as against all the enemies of men. His faith was summarized in the expression "perfectibility of mankind." The tyranny of ancient institutions it is which most undoes man.

Imagine the shock to such a man with such a philosophy

when the sons of his own sister were found guilty of a most unnatural crime: the murder of a young slave through sadistic mutilation for intangible reasons and in the enforced presence of all the other slaves. There is no record of Jefferson's comment upon the terrible crime perpetrated by his own kith and kin. Such a lapse from high theory requires comment before one can persist in optimism as to the nature of a man. That comment is provided in creative imagination by a powerful poet of our time, Robert Penn Warren, in his long poem *Brother to Dragons*. He has reconstructed the whole scene in a dire drama, not unlike the book of Job in picturing the impact of evil upon men of goodly inheritance. His story carries a particular moral for all whose optimism gives man too clean a bill of health. It is in character that Jefferson is made to say:

I read the books, and know that all night long
 History drips in the dark, and if you should fumble
 Your way into that farther room where no
 Light is, the floor would be slick to your foot.

And philosophy has never raised a drop of hair
 Where the scalping knife has once done the scythe-work.

The horrible act of his nephews is made to appear a little less than insane only through an accumulation of grievances of the brothers against the slaves, each grievance too vague to pin down and yet in total impact too obvious to ignore. The slaves respond with sullenness to each new blow until their conduct becomes insufferable, and the accumulated ire bursts forth in an act of frenzy and horror. In this regard the story seems as real as life and as full of morals as a sermon. The penalty of slavery upon the master, even upon the uttermost privacy of the master, has never been better portrayed. Says Jefferson in ruminative sympathy for the intangibles that his nephews must have suffered:

Spy—yes, they spy—they spy from the shadow.
 They spy from the darkest corner of the hall,
 They serve you the dish and stand with face blandly
 Averted, but sidewise that picklook gaze has triggered
 The tender mechanism of your destructive secret.

Oh, they've surprised you
At meat, at stool, at concupiscence; and with sardonic
detachment
Have even inspected your face while you turned inward
To the most soul-searching meditation. And when
You turn inward, at the heart's darkest angle you meet
The sly accusation and the shuttered gleam
Of that sidelong eye.

Such motives can accumulate until, like a thunderstorm, they burst the bounds of placidity and overwhelm all rationality. There is required a piecemeal method of dealing with the darker forces of nature as they have their incidence in man.

I. *We Need a Metaphysics of Malevolence*

It is a curious thing that when theorists get going, they go too far, whatever the direction of the going. Emphasis upon the good side of man sensitizes one to observe this side further, until man's goodness monopolizes the whole field of attention, just as all the murders of the world when put together on the same page of a newspaper for a single day make it seem as if the world itself had suddenly turned to murderous madness. You get on the defensive for any exception that may occur in the generality of righteousness; and, first thing you know, you have built up a philosophy or even a religion in which love alone is real. And yet a sober view of the persisting lesson of the world's great religions is that God is always accompanied, indeed dogged, by a devil. The child's wonder as to why God *allows* the devil anyhow leads on to the adult surmise that God somehow or other *needs* the devil. The divine is thus bifurcated into the deific and the diabolic; and great religions are frank enough to admit the fact, whether they find a satisfactory explanation for it or not.

Suppose we take to ourselves retail the lesson which these religions teach wholesale. We all know from experience what motives of aggression are. As the poet Southey said,

Earth could not hold us both, nor can one heaven
Contain my deadliest enemy and me.

And yet, if we are fully wise, we know how frustrative such motives are in the end. We have ourselves often enough "cut off our noses to spite our faces" to know full well that, as Emily Dickinson says, there is never time enough to "finish enmity." It feeds on itself. That is the pathos of action based upon adverse motives: such action grows great on what it feeds upon, and the malign soul is doomed to augmenting effort which can never come to its goal, which indeed ever and ever takes us further afield. The knowledge that it is so does not prevent such motives from arising and does not enable us to deal with them radically, through total excision. Motives to act get fullest catharsis through the perpetration of the action and not from its artificial interruption. But this is to commit the evil intended that one may get over the motives that energize the action. A poor time to get over the motives, when the damage has already been done! Paradoxical as this sounds, it may appear the more reasonable if we first inquire what else can be done with the malevolence of motives, from which no human life is wholly free.

1. *We may deny its presence.* This is the radical remedy illustrated by perfectionists. One may crucify the flesh by denying that there is any flesh. Such a person is fortunate if he does not in an hour of dire affirmation of the reality denied make up, in terror, for all his wholesale denial that he too is host to terror. This is the "nice Sunday-school boy" who more often than is comfortable for optimism turns out to be the sex fiend or the irresponsible killer of teacher or parents. But there are religions that make God to be love alone, and love to be all. In a world of stark evil this is a precarious proposal.

2. *We may admit the presence of evil but deny its operation.* Such are the religions and philosophies that interpret evil as merely the absence of good. Mere privation can have no effect whatsoever, though the affirmation of such negation can and does have effect.

3. *We may admit the presence and the operation of evil but permit it only an inner orbit.* Such was St. Paul's reported solution of the problem of malevolence. "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, gave him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head."

(Italics supplied.) Vengeance belongs not to man but to God. Men may, however, get the unearned increment of the divine ambivalence by *doing right*, but doing so with an unfriendly motive.

4. *Finally, aggression may both disclose its existence and exhaust its evil in a final hellish deferment where all will be repaid, in measure heaped and running over.* Our barbaric Anglo-Saxon ancestors had something to teach us here. Lest the damned get acclimated to heat and thus defeat the purpose of hell, in one of their earliest poems they portrayed a real hell, with all the trimmings. All night long, said they, the fire burned hot; but at dawn a cold east wind, that cut like ice, sprang up and blew all day. Then at night the fire came on again.

If, however, one's theology be too weak, or his heart too merciful, to sustain such transcendental ambivalence, he need only turn Communist to get the exact analogue on earth of the malevolence which fundamentalistic Christianity has deferred but eternally magnified. The evil of consciousness of class and the resulting class warfare even unto liquidation will be compensated in the promised classless society. "Come the Revolution," the heel of the grinder will grind his own seed to the dust.

Now, admittedly, none of these are entirely satisfactory ways of dealing with the simple and universal fact of evil, including notably malevolence of motive. The alternative which we have broached may appear better now that we see the full adversity of our human predicament. The alternative is, simply, that you get for yourself an enemy or two—you won't need many—to drain off gradually as it rises the virus of aggression. Nobody but an enemy will do for the job; for the infliction of evil save on an enemy leaves a sense of guilt which in turn punishes him who perpetrates it. To do evil to an enemy, if he's a real downright enemy, is not an evil; it is somehow a good. As John O'Reilly sums it up:

The world is large when its weary leagues two
Loving hearts divide;
But the world is small when your enemy is loose
On the other side.

An enemy gives us something to live against.

Now most of us do not have to hunt for an enemy; life inflicts enemies upon us, free of charge. This enemy may live right in our block; or in the apartment just above! Who indeed is so pure of heart as not to feel with Paul Laurence Dunbar:

There is a heaven, for ever, day by day,
The upward longing of my soul doth tell me so.
There is a hell, I'm quite as sure; for pray,
If there were not, where would my neighbors go?

II. *How to Prize a Real Enemy in the Flesh*

Let us suppose, now, that life has been good enough to furnish you with a real live enemy. It may be that your better nature will tell you that there is just no way to treat an enemy save to try to make of him a friend. It is not for us to censure that noble resolve, but only to suggest caution. Let us go further and suppose, alas, that your best efforts to make him a friend will fail in the end. And even if they do not fail, you will still have to make a special case of your enemy while he is being softened up for friendship. If your efforts do fail—and it is not unusual—you will need then to know how to make permanent the treatment of him which you have adopted meantime.

An enemy should be treated as an enemy because he is inimical, you know. There is one fine compensation that comes from your toughening yourself up to treating an enemy inimically. His being there, as your thorn in the flesh, will endear to you all the more those who are your friends. That's one use of an enemy, to make friends more dear. If "hatreds" are, as Sir Walter Raleigh declared, "the cinders of affection," they are also the kindlers, and even the sustainers, of affection.

Do not give your enemy the breaks. Throw the worst light upon his conduct and question his motives. If you do otherwise and he is a real enemy, he will take advantage of you. Yalta, on the international scale, would not have had so sad a sequence if President Roosevelt had treated Stalin for what Stalin was, rather than for what Roosevelt hoped Stalin was, and thought he was. Even if Roosevelt

had been as suspicious as was Churchill, the world would have been better off. Good seldom comes from misapprehension of facts, even though the misapprehension be to make them better than they are. But Yalta is historic and far away; and we weren't there.

Coming nearer, let me swallow my pride and give you a personal example of how to make and treat an enemy. This is a practical matter, of almost daily concern. I once had a professional colleague who, in an administrative post, did me dirt. Or, at least, I thought and think so. He lied about an important matter that intimately concerned me. He made himself, by the grace of his own action, my enemy. I was somewhat uneasy in the new role, however, until I got used to recognizing him as my enemy. Moreover, I knew that I might be wrong in my judgment and, besides, the private enmity was inconvenient for our association in larger matters that concerned others as well as ourselves. For this latter reason in particular I would gladly have been reconciled to him. Enmity that cannot be privately contained becomes itself quite a problem for any man who hates to see dirty linen waving in public.

It fell out that one day I found myself in the compromising position of having told him a white lie. (His was a *black* lie.) Then I resolved that I would make it easy for him to confess his big lie by admitting to him my little lie. Instead, however, of taking advantage of this generous opening I had proffered for the purging of his soul, he replied: "I knew all the while that you were lying to me!"

You may guess that I easily forgave myself for what I thereupon said and did; and you may know that I followed up the immediate and violent reaction by making him my enemy for life. Right then and there he became my Enemy No. 1. Since he had so clearly nominated himself for my need, I proceeded to fixate my malevolence upon him. Every time I think of him, even after two decades or so, I snarl and subconsciously spit in his direction. I feel purged when, each time, I finish with his memory. I have other enemies whom it is hard to keep my feelings white hot against, but not that one. He has developed through frequent exercise into a real and chronic enemy. I have no impulse any longer to kill him, or even

to harm him. Insult is enough; injury is not required. Nor have I—and I will even say as much for him—ever let this enmity poison public relations in which he and I have had to cooperate for the sake of ends that outrun our enmity. It is enough that he is out there as self-certified receiver of my major malevolence. I treasure him for what he is, “my dearest enemy.”

III. *The Possibility of Ideal Enemies*

It is possible, if you find my example too crass, barely possible it is, for you to make out with “Ideal” enemies, if we may state it so. It is clear indeed that I have made my enemy No. 1. into something like an “ideal” enemy. Why may you not go all the way? I think you can; but your enmity will wear a little thin unless there’s a real person at least to begin with. To hate the sin but to love the sinner is a counsel of perfection. You may hate what Mike Hammer hates, or you may, turning the tables, hate Mike Hammer himself, the hater. I read Mickey Spillane because I get this double catharsis. The author furnishes enemies on two levels. It is easy to hate, as the author intends, the villains whom Mike Hammer goes out to get. They are indeed a despicable lot. They deserve all the terrible things which the hero gives them, and one can get a lot of free drainage for his own sewer-waste in every Spillane story.

But, on reflection, I hate Mike Hammer more than those whom he hates: for he covers malevolence over with a shining robe of passionate righteousness, and he makes sadism into the main factor in success. To pursue the world’s arch-villains is to compensate for much of villainy in you yourself. Whodunits would seem to indicate that many, many people today profit from imaginative substitutes for the malevolence which they crassly feel and dare not directly vent. It is less expensive to oneself, and much less disruptive of human society, to find thus ideal enemies, and take your aggressions out on them. They serve vicariously the cause of purgation. An enemy or two in the flesh may be accepted as a normal part of every well-ordered life.

IV. *Reducing the Whole Matter to Rule*

This matter, however, is not to be gone at half-heartedly, as if it were only something personal and private. It is general and should be fittingly celebrated. If you are going to afford an enemy or two, you will have to support enmity. Otherwise, you'll find yourself in soft moments slipping toward the sentimental quagmire of forgiveness toward those who deserve the opposite.

The only way to guarantee maintenance of enmity at a high level of heat is to reduce the matter to a sustaining rule. The rule need not, among civilized men, require you to do as much damage to your enemy as you can. Enmity is enough; overt injury is not necessitated or recommended, save where defense is impractical without offense. This moderate forbearance is prudential, not benevolent; it is for your good, not for his. There is available a rule, patterned after the Golden Rule, a rule specially fabricated for enemies and for the present end in view. It is negative but forthright. Let us call it the "Iron Rule," and formulate it as follows: "Don't let your enemies do to you what you would not do to them."

This rule might be left lightly suspended as but your privilege; but I would go further and widen its application, setting it forth as your overt duty. We do in fact owe it to ourselves to resist aggression. A bully can sometimes be bullied out of his badness. The Chinese sage Lao-tze says: "To those who are good to me I am good; and to those who are not good to me I am good. And thus all get to be good." Would that it were so! We have not found it so, for instance, in dealing with the Communists. Show yourself innocent, or weak, and you'll get fleeced.

It reads well as poetry or piety to turn the other cheek when the one cheek has already been reddened; but the plain prose of life appears in the question: "What to do after both cheeks have been slapped, and you have been kicked in the pants for good measure?" Aggression feeds upon aggression, and there is no logical stopping place. There is, however, a practical stopping place, and that is before it starts. Don't let others begin practicing their aggressiveness on you. If they don't begin, they won't commence!

This is a rule whose application is clearly seen today internationally. The background is full of sad guidance. The Japanese ignored protests against aggression and went on to make it pay in Manchuria. While their maw stretched itself to China and beyond, Mussolini made aggression pay in Ethiopia. And while the Italian maw stretched for more in Albania, Hitler made aggression pay off in the Rhineland, in Austria, and, against his plighted word, in Czechoslovakia.

By this time it was seen that the aggressive spirit expands by an inner law, and keeps on expanding until it meets outside correction. The maw of malevolence is insatiable. You cannot treat with it. You either conquer or get conquered. There is little gain for good in having carriers of goodness liquidated at the hands of a sadist like Hitler, who was reported to have boasted in conversation that the proudest idealist could be brought down with "just one twist of the bayonet in his belly."

The civilized world at last decided—India in doubt (1955)—that there is little virtue and no recompense in passivity. With this decision civilization shouldered its cross and risked Calvary to stop Nazidom from extending universally what civilized men would not themselves do. Now the lesson comes up once more for recitation. You would think that already we should know it by heart. The Communists declare openly that they will use all the leeway we allow their aggressiveness in order to abolish the last leeway for our liberties. They will use our toleration to stamp out tolerance for both our principles and our persons. There is no earned increment from our virtue, and the only unearned increment is continuous diminution of our rights. A new duty is thus defined by the strident occasion, and our reliance becomes the "Iron Rule": Don't let them do to us what we would not do to them. Enemies are properly honored only by turning against them the exigencies which they provoke. As even the gentle Emerson said, "The doctrine of hatred must be preached, as the counteraction of the doctrine of love, when that pulses and whines."

It is a curious fact that men of mild conviction not only are put on the defensive by fanatics, but all too often accept the defensive as somehow their due. This might justify

us in making a virtue of positive provocation against the provoking; but we have not felt necessitated to go that far: only far enough to maintain our integrity, even if that integrity be found in our negativity. Sir Winston Churchill illustrated the point in dining once, during the late war, with King Ibn Saud. "I had been told," Churchill later wrote, "that neither smoking nor alcoholic beverage were allowed in the Royal presence." Now what Christian would not have let this Moslem get by with it, thus making, by default, a norm of abstinence rather than of temperance? What one, indeed, especially if American? But not Churchill, the old Viking!

I . . . said to the interpreter . . . that my rule of life prescribed as an absolutely sacred rite smoking cigars and also the drinking of alcohol before, after, and if need be during all meals.

Churchill, observe, was not trying to thrust his manner of life upon the king, but the king was all too willing to thrust his way of life—who shall say that it was better?—upon Churchill. It is a psychological basis for hope of progress beyond the Iron Rule that the ironhearted often show curious respect for the Iron Rule. Such indeed was the outcome of this occasion. "The King graciously accepted the position," remarks Churchill, only to conclude the narrative in sportsmanlike glee: "His own cup-bearer from Mecca offered me a glass of water from its sacred well, the most delicious that I had ever tasted." Thanks to all the gods that be!

V. Iron Rule the Means, Golden Rule the End

There is available a safeguard against what we admit to be the excessive undertow of enmity. We prescribe enmity not for enmity's sake, but as a shield while the gentler processes of the world make openings for themselves. We have stated the Iron Rule negatively, not positively. Our enemies may well deserve that we should do them positive hurt; but we do not deserve to inflict harm upon them. It would be wrong for us to give them what it is right for them to get. We would ourselves suffer attrition from overt perpetration. We owe ourselves the breaks.

While we uphold against aggression directed at us the

shield of the Iron Rule, we wave to all neutral mankind the palm leaf of the Silver Rule: "Don't do to others what you would not have them do unto you." The generality of men and women are neither our enemies nor our friends. To dissipate our affections upon them would be gratuitous; and to hurl defiance at them would be presumptuous. We owe them something, but very little; and the duty which befits their neutral state is negativity. "Don't do to them what you would not have them do to you." This is both appropriate and sufficient.

Beyond indifference owed to the multitude of mankind and far above the inimical few are the human beings who give goodness and who deserve goodness in return. For them is the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." Here the positive negation of the Iron Rule—"Don't let them do"—and the negative affirmation of the Silver Rule—"Don't do"—reaches climax in the full affirmation of the Golden Rule—"Do." This Golden Rule is applicable, however, to only the Golden-hearted.

Those who are our equals, share our tastes, and covet neither our property nor our liberty—with such sharing ones we may fully share. But the Rule does not reach very far, not nearly as far as the romantic suppose. Said the African chieftain to the Christian missionary, who had just refused the gift of a dozen choice native maidens for a harem: "You have been teaching me to do for you what I would have you do for me. I expect to visit you in America one day, and this is a courtesy I would expect. Yet when I proffer it, according to your Rule, you refuse my gift and reproach my person!" If there is anything logically wrong here, it would appear to be with the logic of the missionary, who overextends the Rule of Benevolence.

To stretch the limited and intimate Rule to cover the millions who are indifferent to us and toward whom we can honestly feel only neutrality, would be to sow the salty sea with the seeds of violets, and to extend the rule of friends to cover enemies would be to debase our Gold to a crass alloy composed mostly of Iron.

To each man, then, only what his status deserves: to friends, affection; to enemies, animosity; good-natured apathy to all in-betweens.

CHAPTER 5

Getting Married and Staying That Way

Problems connected with marriage cannot be approached fruitfully save by reminding ourselves of how complex and deep the needs are which lead to marriage in the first place. "Marriage is a great institution," says Channing Pollock, "and no family should be without it." "Compared with marriage," says one who ought to know—Dorothy Dix—"being born is a mere episode in our careers, and dying a trivial incident." To understand the needs is to see again what we often forget—how tough and durable is the old institution which tries to meet these needs. What comes out of the deepest depths will hardly disappear in any shallows created by our modern restlessness. Let us advance, then, into this romance-land with the realistic notion that *anything is success in marriage which does not end in divorce.*

In an age and country, meantime, where the divorce rate mounts and then mounts again, this basic understanding of the dire need of men and women for each other is half the preparation for living with the problems of marriage. The other half comes with clearer knowledge of the intrinsic difficulties of marriage, difficulties that match point

for point the preciousness of its values. The needs we will see to center around sex and talk; the difficulties arise in satisfying these needs.

Among all important things these two are for human beings the most important: sex and talk. Talk is what makes the simian world go round, and sex is what it mostly goes round about. Marriage specializes in both: it exists to make sex more safe and satisfactory and to make talk more easy and intimate. Each is so indispensable a value that it can largely compensate for the other, though never wholly so. If this way of presenting marriage appears so candid as to be crass, then the wind, once its direction be ascertained, may be tempered for timid lambs.

Talk

Successful sex is interpersonal communion; and adult talk is spiritual communication. Now these are no crass matters as touching marriage: communion and communication. The woman who expects communication without the communion—if the second Kinsey volume leaves any such women—underestimates the treasure that partners can have; and the man—whoever he be—who expects communion in marriage without communication has yet to learn what a sixth sense, that of sublimation, can add to sex. The failure of either communion or communication marks equally the trouble zones of marriage.

The problems that arise from faulty communication are the more profound; for, as Erasmus said, "wedlock of minds is greater than wedlock of bodies." With the greater then in mind, it is talk, we have said, that makes the world go round. Solitary confinement is the worst of punishments; and radiant conversation is everywhere top of the morning, as sex is the lovely queen of the night.

"Half the fun of life is in flowing freely at the mouth. It may be but a bubble at the tea table, rising to a bubble before the liquored bar, and striding to a bickering before the enrobed bench. It may be the whispered retinue of sweet nothings—all-important, say the poets, in the high art of making love. It may rise to a nobler gushing from the rostrum and the stump. It may become an avalanche of foam and fury in the presence of hardly suffered wrong. In whatever form the flowing flows the heart is eased of ful-

ness so that it may enjoy itself to fulness once again and back again. . . .

"Half the rewards of all silent days arise from talk projected or from talk remembered. . . . It is written down in sacred sound that 'in the beginning was the word.' As in the beginning so in the ending and in the middle. The *word* remains and abides.

"Newspapers are but talk still sticky with ink; magazines talk where the ink has dried; books, talk canned in decorous code and preserved against hours of solitude and silence. Our meditative musing is but free-wheeling talk, and our most cogent thinking, talk rehearsed in private against the happy hour when the stage will once more be ours. Talk is full telltale of our simian ancestry, chattering among the trees; talk is full commemorative of our human heritage, sharing sense through sound; talk is faintly predictive of our fairest clairvoyance, in some romance grounded after gloaming of perfect understanding. Meantime, lovers live fullest who talk best; and, as for marriage, they also succeed who only sit and talk."

Sex

But let us not get so engrossed in *Talk* as to forget that *Sex* is what the talk is most preciously about. Turn to the *Song of Solomon* to see the sacred significance of shared sensuousness. The man-made titles attached to the *Song* in our Bible cannot obscure with unctious what is being sung in passion, the wild delight of body coming home to body in deepest communion. The cosmic need which sex fulfills has never been more poignantly told than in Plato's myth of the origin of the separate genders.

Originally, so runs the myth as presented by Plato through Aristophanes, in high but sad jest, humanity was not divided. The sexes were rolled into one, and so every human being was self-sufficient in joy. Circular in form—the circle is ever symbol of perfection—this mate-to-itself went merrily rolling along, without hunger or want, filled with self-renewing sustenance. But, for one reason or another, the gods, as if jealous of man's self-sufficiency, decided upon a scheme. "Methinks," said Zeus, "I have a plan which will humble their pride and improve their manners." So he cut them in two, crucial but cruel blow!

Since the fatal division each half spends most of its time seeking the other half, and never finding bliss until the missing counterpart reinstates the original and beatific whole. In this blind seeking, there are many misidentifications; and all the more so because of the extreme need for unification and so the precipitate haste which attends the noble necessity of communion. Love is thus, says Plato, a child of Plenty and of Poverty: always too much, or too little; seldom just enough. Yet who can doubt what Plato says would be the overwhelming "Yea" that would go up from humanity if the gods put to a plebiscite this cosmic question: "Do you desire to be wholly one; always day and night to be in one another's company? For if this is what you desire, I am ready to melt you into one and let you grow together, so that being two you shall become one, and while you live a common life as if you were a single man, and after your death in the world below still be one departed soul instead of two." There is not a man of them, Plato concludes, who, if he heard the proposal, would deny or would not acknowledge that this meeting and melting into one another, this becoming one instead of two, was the very expression of his ancient need.

Dropping with a tear this classic tale of our deep need for one another, there appears but one sure way to effect a perfect union; and that is to be perfect yourself and then to marry the perfect mate. Since, however, perfection is rare, the next best would be for you yourself to be "the marrying kind" and then to make no mistake in getting a mate who is also of "the marrying kind." Getting married, like getting born, is largely a matter of luck: but staying married is more a matter of art.

Freud recognized this distinction in telling one who was then his student, but later was to become a successor, author of "Listening with the Third Ear," Theodore Reik:

When making a decision of minor importance, I have always found it advantageous to consider all the pros and cons. In vital matters, however, such as the choice of a mate or a profession, the decision should come from the unconscious, from something within ourselves. In the important decisions of our personal life, we should be governed, I think, by the deep inner needs of our nature.

Clarence Darrow, the criminal lawyer, has illustrated from his own family tree how complex these "unconscious" factors are, and so how far the element of luck reaches. "It seems," writes he in his autobiography,

that my grandfathers from both sides came from Connecticut. They had never met in the East, and did not come [West] at the same time. . . . When I visualize the paternal grandfather Darrow driving off on a thousand-mile trip into a near-wilderness I can hardly refrain from shouting to tell him that he has left Grandfather Eddy behind. . . . But later on my grandfather [Eddy] on my mother's side drove away into the unknown West as if in search of a mate for one of his unborn daughters, so that I could have a couple of parents after many years.

Piling chance upon chance, the two grandfathers at long last settled in the same Western town, so that *his* future father and mother went as children to the same school: and, as Darrow slyly adds: "I can leave the rest to the reader's imagination."

Given, then, a marriage based precariously but beatifically upon romantic love, the practical question becomes: How, then, maintain the love with which marriage begins, against the attrition of indifference and against the worse onslaught of motives of aggression? Since, as the poet says, "We blunder into bliss," how deepen lucky love through consideration and sympathy?

Two general observations are first in order, the one negative, the other positive. The negative: rid yourself so far as possible of compulsives as motivation. You "don't gotta" do anything about love. Love cannot be commanded. To try to command it is to dissipate it altogether.

What you "gotta" do, you won't do, because psychologically you can't. *To gotta* leads in sex to violence or impotence—and in communication to psychic resistance. You *don't gotta*, and all you "need to" is to stay out of your own way. You have love to begin with; let it have its course. As Freud says, as touching compulsives, "One owes discretion even to oneself." The other observation is more of the same, but now positive. Perfection is the enemy of the perfecting process. The best may often become

enemy of the better, as Jane Addams used to say.

Perfectionism here, as elsewhere—indeed, in marriage more than elsewhere—is enemy of the success which lies within our powers. Children from unhappy homes often have laid upon themselves the compulsion to succeed where and because they have seen their parents fail. The very urgency of the ambition often undermines their aspiration.

When one starts the race, any race, from below scratch, it is doubly difficult to even accounts all at once. It would be realistic to allow a generation in between as cushion between great failure and eminent success. But what generation is willing to be the cushion of a marriage—success that is only so-so? We have only one life to live, and so we cannot voluntarily sink to become agents of a love life that is less than idyllic. So by straining our emotional credit, we often go bankrupt and through divorce have to start marriage over from way below scratch.

Let us look at marriage realistically, then, from three levels of success: high-level, mid-level, and low-level. Thus may we hope to approximate the success that lies within our power. This is better than to beat our poor wings out against the unavailing blue.

1. *High-Level Success in Marriage.* There is indeed possible through marriage a happiness that is foretaste of heaven. One sees such success materialize now and then before his very eyes. In most such cases the success is a work of arduous art, if the truth be known, rather than a gift of heaven. God helps the married pair who help themselves. True, such prospect of high success is heightened if both parties to it come themselves from happy homes. Only so much, and such like, is a work of grace. Art begins always with recalcitrant materials. Happiness in marriage never grows wild on trees, nor nurtures itself in hothouses of sentimentality. Happiness in marriage is more the pull of beauty than it can ever be the push of duty. To push too hard is always to put off perfection.

The most that can ordinarily be done to increase the pull of perfection is to keep the prospect of such ideal mating vividly and happily before the eyes. To see with the mind's eye blissfully wedded lovers carry over into the day-shift of life, with a wink or a smile or the toss of a curl, the nocturnal bliss of shared bodies, is to maintain lustroously

the lovely thing which both communion and communication can be. To see with the mind's eye, too, lovers a-listening with "the third ear" to the approaching footfalls of each other is to make an art of expectancy and a science of mutuality. To behold the spark that leaps from mind to mind as conversation plays freely between partners and never a cue missed, and seldom a cue awaited, this is to enter into the felicitous cosmos of shared meanings. As Conrad Aiken says:

Music I heard with you was more than music
And bread I broke with you was more than bread.

But we strain through prose words to express even a semblance of what marriage can come to be at its best. It is all very simple in analysis but very hard to say: sex, the sharing of bodies, and talk, the sharing of minds—these two precious simplicities relieve life of its tedium and lift it to its summit. But let Jessica Rittenhouse, a contemporary poet, brighten the prospect with a more adequate expression of what we mean.

My debt to you, Beloved,
Is one I cannot pay
In any coin of any realm
On any reckoning day;

For where is he shall figure
The debt, when all is said,
To one who makes you dream again
When all the dreams were dead?

Or where is the appraiser
Who shall the claim compute,
Of one who makes you sing again
When all the songs were mute?

So sacred is the secular communion of sex, and so sensuous the sacred achievement of communication, that to approximate the fullness of both is felicity indeed. Each of these values can up to a point, as we have said, compensate for the other's lack; but they tend to go together and to feed each other from the same sweet fount of sharability.

To have caught the whiff of such perfume is to do the little that may be done to actualize the ideal in the domain of marriage. To have scented, even evanescently, such fragrance of mutuality is to tinge with sadness, however necessitated its acceptance, a marriage that is second best. But better second best than third or fourth best; and men and women must expect of marriage only what their own capacities make possible. We are not all geniuses, most of all not at love. Let the reward be proportioned to our own merit. Who was it who guaranteed you bliss, when you subjected yourself to so lovely a game of chance as marriage is?

2. *Middle-sized Success in Marriage.* The first failure of the ideal is leakage in the process of communication. Talk is a mighty reward, on the positive side, as it is a mighty remedy, on the negative side. It takes a poet to describe the success, as it takes a saint to feel fully the failure, in this psychic enterprise. As touching failure, listen to Jamie Sexton Holme, who from her Rocky Mountain home warbled the universal note of grief over imperfection:

Oh, far less credible than this
Is what I long have known—
That two may journey hand in hand,
Yet utterly alone.

And heart may lie on throbbing heart
As far as pole and pole apart.

Few marriages fail because of sex which have not failed, or are a-failing, because of impaired communication. So let us concentrate upon this too little emphasized, rather than upon that much emphasized, aspect of married unhappiness. The positive point we have to make is that mediocrity in marriage is less a failure than it seems, so hard and high come the conditions of vibrant success. Many men and women live out their days far from miserable whose marriage is not a copybook success. They even birth children and raise them; and now and then they sense the sun-girt crags of bliss. Their sex life is not full-primed nor timed well together, and their conversation is long since reduced to the monosyllabics of daily doings. But

though much of ecstasy is lost, not all of satisfaction is foregone.

The surest way to reduce such middle-sized marriages from mediocre success to miserable failure is for *her* to nag him because he no longer shares things with her and to compensate for his silence with uninterrupted garrulity. "Monologue is a conversation between two people, such as wife and husband." Equal to this as a recipe for failure is for *him* to blame her for not understanding things which she has never experienced and which he has never explained. Communication is one of the things which cannot be nagged into existence nor forced to appear merely because it *ought* to be. To undertake such cure for failing bliss is to black out all bliss. With such a death of one, two die.

And yet in the mortuary of such joint dying, who has not observed in the silence of long-married pairs this difference? Some silence is hostile; it is vocal between the lines, so to say, and full of grating noises. Other silence is benign. The hostile silence may well come from failure to accept the other silence as one's lot. Romantically, it ought to be different, and so one ruins all romance in the name of its insistence. No, you really "don't gotta," not even in the field of communication, And certainly not in the domain of sex. Silence which is understood can become a high form of communication—

So simply and so silently
Our glances met that day,
We scarce had need of speech at all;
The world was far away;
The touch that rested on my hair
Said all there was to say.

Even silence that is accepted without being understood can become a seed-bed of wonder. To wonder what a silent partner is thinking is to get oneself back toward a mood of playfulness which might well prelude some delightful talk.

Once silence has been accepted with wonder, other possibilities open up. Good-natured kidding is lubricant to speech. The invention of guessing games; the laughing out

loud so as to prompt a query as to what is so funny; the gentle prodding under the table; and above all, the joint possession and use of an alphabet of sex which is not understood by anybody else may be incitement to communicate or at least invitation conveyed without loss of face or embroilment in tensional hostility.

If none of these work to re-establish communication, then that state of marriage is bad, but even so not necessarily as bad as it might be. It may still be easily tolerable as an alternative to what divorce often is. Divorce does not make communication easier but harder, and not infrequently it reduces one or two to the abnormality of talking to themselves. It pays to know when you are well off. Meantime, a division of labor as to what subjects are to be ignored is a part of the repertoire of every pair whose marriage is not made in heaven. Hear an expert testify upon this point. (The testimony is authentic, though the name is fictitious.)

Mrs. Cunnubialson had married a man already famous, and once divorced. The marriage was near to blissful, for almost a year. Toward the end of the year, however, one night her husband did not come home or telephone. And he didn't come home and he didn't come home. Midnight passed with apprehension mounting, and even fear of an accident increasing. She hesitated to call the police, because of his repute. Beside herself with anxiety, and even terror, she heard at 3 A.M. the key turn in the lock, and the familiar and deliberate footsteps upon the stair. Hysterical, she demanded an explanation. He continued to undress silently. At last, quite out of control, she shrieked: "Where have you been, where have you been? I cannot stand it any longer!"

Ready at last for bed, he looked at her unflurried, smiled and said slowly: "My dear, I have never lied to you, and I do not propose to begin it now. If you ask again, I'll answer your question. But think carefully before you ask!" She thought—did not ask; and they lived happily ever afterward.

That at least was her story; and she stuck by it, telling it to me after his death, many, many years later.

It illustrates at least our main point: that somewhere short of high mutuality, there may be accommodation pos-

sible which prescribes silence and yet leaves marriage at least happier than the "lonely bliss" of single blessedness. But as high sharing betokens good luck, so only half-confidence requires deep character. Ordinarily when men and women start to slip in the confidence which makes sharing possible, they find no stopping place save in separate and bottomless wells of loneliness. There is, however, a middle ground between complete sharing, which is rare, and utter clamminess, which is intolerable. The necessity of some ground between is adequate motivation for exploration and should provide implementation for efforts at reasonable adjustment. That failing, worse comes to near the worst.

3. *Marriage that Is Merely Tolerable.* Of this "worst" we shall say as little as possible, and that sadly. Before a wise man acknowledges failure, he will, however, lower his sights, and inquire what is the very least he can settle for in the lottery of marriage.

Relief of tensions has much to be said for it, when nothing else can be said for sex. You'll get less than that out of divorce; or not a great deal more, though at a higher price, from prostitution. To one long confined in utter solitude, talk in only monosyllables would appear sweet indeed. And to have somebody to quarrel with, the preliminaries already arranged and the Queensberry rules of domesticity well enough understood by both, is, if worst comes to worst, something still to live for. Such falling away is far from the romance with which marriage starts, but the cliff is still in front, not behind; and there remains prudence in the advice to look before you leap, especially before you leap into a lawyer's lap.

That the adverse things about marriage are not new, and perhaps not inwardly worse than before, we may guess from a telltale calculus of woe published in the *Boston News-Letter* a hundred years ago:

Widows eloped from their husbands.	1,362
Husbands run away from their wives.	2,361
Married pairs in a state of separation.	4,120
Married pairs at open war, under same roof. . .	191,023
Married pairs living in a state of inward hatred for each other, tho' concealed from the world	162,320

Married pairs living in a state of coldness and indifference for each other.....	510,132
Married pairs reputed happy in the esteem of the world	1,102
Married pairs comparatively happy.....	134
Married pairs absolutely and entirely happy...	9

Without vouching that these ancient estimates are more accurate than modern statistics on such intangibles, we do append with some appreciation the moral which was attached: "Let all married Pairs learn," the author advises, "these following rules; please and be pleased, bear and forbear, wink and forgive: A short Lesson! But if well got, it will increase the Number of Happy Pairs, restore good Harmony in Families, and Man and Wife will not be distinguished by Characters quite opposite to the End of their States."

4. *Divorce Itself Is a Low Form of Success.* There comes at last, however, a point of intolerability, though of course it is differently located by different people. If sexual satisfaction is frozen at the fountain of frigidity or impotence, or is completely and voluntarily withdrawn; and if talk comes only in icicles or in a sluice of abuse, there arrives a time when even the unimpassioned law cries "Halt!" There is no American state where divorce is not possible, and there is no church that does not sanction it or provide for its moral equivalent. Enough can be enough; and when it is, it is quite sufficient. There is no salvation, even for marriage, in sadism, however discreetly it be concealed in the silence of wedlock.

There are two great debits to divorce as a cure for marriage failure. The first is that divorce seldom dissevers. Perhaps it never completely separates. The divorced person goes, therefore, even into another marriage trailing clouds of guilt (not to say dragging chains of alimony), which fact adds to the difficulties of a first marriage peculiar difficulties which must be overcome in a second marriage. It is most difficult, if not impossible, for one to depersonalize the lessons of his failure so as to profit from them rather than to store them up as motives of aggression.

The other great debit of divorce is more organic to human personality. Look around you and see whether

divorced persons who remarry do not seem somehow fated to select second mates who are more like the first than they ever understand. Not to see that failure is normally as much one's own fault as the fault of another is to fail to profit in discipline of character from previous experiences. Adding this tendency of the persistence of preference and that earlier tendency to carry over to the second attempt guilt from the first failure, we get a prognosis of divorce that reduces it to the lowest scale as a resolution of marital unhappiness.

But let us repeat: this is not to deny divorce altogether. There are things which are intolerable, and there is no use in saying otherwise. When mankind ceases to demand more than the minimum in marriage, to ask something better than suicide of mind and starvation of body, then the human race will itself be beyond redemption. Our moral is, however, to grow wise as to what lies within our power, and to improve our powers starting with life as it is. It is not a sign of maturity to look for what can never be; but it is mature to hope for that which through our best efforts may come to be.

THE HINDU STORY OF THE CREATION OF WOMAN

Let us gather together the strands of our discussion in an account of the creation of woman. It will show the difficulties of marriage but leave its necessities unmitigated. The Hindu god of creation found himself, like Jehovah, without substantial stuff of which to make woman, having used all the solid materials he had in creating man and the other creatures. But he decided differently and did thus:

He took the roundness of the moon, the undulation of the serpent, the entwining of the climbing plant, the slenderness of the rose stem, the glance of the mist, the inconsistency of the wind, the timidity of the hare, the vanity of the peacock, the softness of the down on the throat of the swallow, the bitterness of gall, the sweet flavor of honey, the warmth of the fire, the chill of the snow, the chatter of the jay, and the cooing of the turtle dove. All these he united to form woman.

Then he made a present of her to man.

The man had his way for five days, whereupon he returned to the god with this complaint: "My Lord, this creature you gave me poisons my existence. She chatters without rest, she takes all my time, she laments for nothing at all, and she is always ill. I beg you to relieve me of her."

The god thereupon granted the first human divorce.

After five more days, however, the man came again, somewhat apologetically: "My Lord, my life is very solitary since I returned this creature. I remember that she glanced at me from the corner of her eye, she played with me, she clung to me: I beg you to return her."

And the god as graciously returned her. This time, however, only three days passed when the god espied the man coming once more.

"My Lord, I'm sure I do not understand exactly how; but I know this creature causes me more annoyance than pleasure. I beg you to relieve me of her—for good."

"Go your way," said the god, shaking his head sadly—"go your way and do your best!"

"But I cannot live with her," countered the man.

"Neither can you live without her," pronounced the creator with finality. Then the man went his way sorrowfully, saying: "Woe, woe, woe is me; for neither can I live with her nor without her."

To know our necessities is the first order of wisdom. The acknowledgment of the necessity of marriage reconciles us to much in the institution otherwise adjudged intolerable. It might also incline our thoughts to humble remedies of marital ills.

For marriage at its worst, let us propose as remedy that we treat our spouse as politely as we would an enemy with whom we are necessarily thrown. Even that order of politeness might lead to something. For marriage that is mediocre, let us think of the rule: Be as polite to one's partner as one is to mere friends. That would represent a great improvement. For a marriage of felicity, there is no law save love: more and more of the same!

As touching marriage, then, consider all these things, and consider them well. Bethink yourself particularly of what kind of person *you* are, and what chances there are that you will at this stage substantially change your char-

acter. It is just as we would have supposed: you are set in your ways and must abide your fate. This very knowledge can make your fate less unendurable.

Above, there is a glory of the moon, and one of the sun, and another of the stars. On earth, only doves coo. Magpies chatter. Nightingales sing. Crows caw. Nor are crows the less, but all the more, crows—for all their cawing.

If degrees of felicity you will not learn from the aviary, proceed with us to the zoo. Certain animals are kind enough to become object lessons against human presumption. The ape does not demand, like you, to be supported in a style to which he is not accustomed. Nor did you more than he, think to write into the contract for your own evolution that you, his latest descendant, must be happy. It is too late a date, then, for you to demand more than was bargained for. You are owed in this business of marriage only what you can collect. The cosmos has its own *caveat emptor*. Back, then, to the zoo, for your post-graduate instruction.

It isn't pleasant when you're stepping high
To catch a giraffe smiling on the sly.

And as for your grinning cousin, please be further advised
with William Vaughn Moody, that—

If you're a sweet thing in a flower-bed hat,
Or her best fellow with your tie tucked in,
Don't squander love's bright springtime girding at
An old chimpanzee with an Irish grin:
There may be hidden meaning in his grin.

Considering your ancestry, you are not well off, that's true; but even the animals know that you could be worse off. When things are not as bad as they might be, they might, you know, become better than they are. That is a mild hope, but it can become adequate antidote to despair. Problems that cannot be solved and cannot be lived down, may after all be lived with. A hint to the sufficient is wise.
Case quashed; divorce lawyers dismissed.

CHAPTER 6

Playing at Parenthood

The play motif will certainly seem to some a wrong-headed beginning for any helpful approach to parenthood. "Why, why in heaven's name," they will exclaim, "should anyone drag the notion of play into the most serious business in the world, the high responsibility of parenthood?" Our answer is ready, ready and waiting from long experience: "It is precisely because parenthood is so serious that we would shoot it through and through with the spirit of play. Courage is properly bathed in smiles, not deluged with tears." Sit here by me now and let me counsel you further.

The greatest enemy of wise parenthood is impatience, and the most ready producer of impatience is over-seriousness. If I were Solon and were allowed only three counsels to impart my wisdom for parenthood, they would be as follows, in the order indicated: (1) be patient, (2) be patient, and (3) be patient.

If, then, someone could persuade you to play, you parents, and you could find the grace to teach yourselves how to make that counsel prevail—to play, in short—great would be the consequence thereof. Play, of course, is not opposed to earnestness; it is opposed to tenseness. Play, we repeat, is the one available cure, if cure there be, for the vice of overseriousness.

Let us now make this matter more concrete. To deal wisely and well with a child, one needs to join the child's

orbit, to take his view of things, to learn to see through his eyes.

"You can't move that chair," said the thoughtless parent; "it's as big as you are."

"I'm as big as it is," replied the eager beaver; and proceeded to move it.

It's a great game, this game of jumping one's own orbit, and "playing as if" the child's world were the real world, as of course it is for the child. This is a fine exercise to expand one's own powers, and literally the only way to further the wholesome growth of the child. Yet it is singularly difficult to forget that one is grown, and is master, or victim, of many important worries, not the least of which concerns is the child himself. "I wouldn't take a million dollars for this child," cries the proud parent; but, adds the worrier, "I wouldn't give five cents for another!" There is no way so sure to hit the golden mean between parental worry and parental pride as to become gay host to the blithesome spirit.

It is easy to see that the child himself expands into the fullness of his potential selfhood by playing at the game of being somebody else, of being everybody else. As Wordsworth, the sensitive poet of childhood, says:

A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And unto this he frames his song;
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;

As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

Or, as Gray puts the matter, with a brow more furrowed than that of Wordsworth:

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play;
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor cares beyond today.

Play wraps up two great virtues, which we only broach now, in order to focus attention upon them later: empathy

with objects and sympathy for persons. These alike conduce to an integration of character which expands to include the thinghood of all objects and the sovereign selfhood of all subjects. Here are two outgoing undertows which, if we can ride them, like games of the surf, will bear us outward and onward from adult self-centeredness.

I. *Play Implies Voluntary Parenthood*

If we are to do justice to this high theme of play in the enterprise of parenthood, we must begin at the beginning. Now, the beginning of parenthood is conception of the child. Shall this high creative act be demoted to mere chance or shall it be lifted to the nobility of design? The essence of any "game" is that it be an activity freely chosen. Happenstance, then, or happy choice?—this is the first question as touching the inception of parenthood. Of one thing we need not be in doubt; if we are to inform parenthood with the lustrous mantle of play, we must make it a matter of choice.

Yes, of course, to make parenthood voluntary is the beginning of making it play. Gertrude Stein quaintly records, in connection with the parental plight of the young Ernest Hemingway, in Paris, the all too common deviation of parenthood from the spirit of something voluntarily chosen:

He came to the house about ten o'clock in the morning and he stayed, he stayed for lunch, he stayed all afternoon, he stayed for dinner and he stayed until about ten o'clock at night and then all of a sudden he announced that his wife was enceinte and then with great bitterness, and I, I am too young to be a father. We consoled him as best we could and sent him on his way.

Games, on the other hand, are not inflictions, they are not exactions, nor are they dreaded accidents; they are activities entered upon for their own sake. If games *have* to be played, it isn't any longer "play." Nor have such "games" the virtues of self-justifying activities. This moral is the deep lesson that Spinoza, the wise and patient Jewish philosopher, has to teach us about life. He distinguishes

between "passions," which are what are suffered, and "action," which is self-determination and therefore freedom. "Human freedom," says he pithily, "consists solely in the fact, that men are conscious of their own desire." "If," as he goes on, "a man has proposed to do a thing and has accomplished it, he calls it perfect, and not only he, but everyone else who has really known or has believed that he has known the mind and intention of the author of that work will call it perfect too." Perfection is, after all, the perfected conquest of obdurate materials for the domain of consciousness and choice. To will as one's very own what is going to happen, so that one becomes author, and so master, of his own fate, this is the beginning of wisdom and the end of salvation.

As applied to parenthood, Spinoza's wisdom is, therefore, that procreation, like any other act, must be a thing of conscious choice, and so an exercise of freedom. Both talk and sex, as the ends of marriage, are equal activities of spontaneity, and so are both promoted out of the class of "passion," i.e., things men have to suffer. "The night my father got me," says the wry poet, "his mind was not on me." "The day my mother bore me," continues Housman, "she was a fool and glad." But the end of such double accidents is itself in the poem of human fatality: "Now 'tis only I must hang so high."

For this side of stark tragedy, we may simply say that it is undoubtedly a debit to childhood to be conceived by accident and to be born unwanted. It is true, of course, that in lucky sequel a child is sometimes wanted, and loved, who in advance was unasked and was unwelcomed. But it is a danger so great, to be unwanted, that no child should have to chance it. It prejudices from the beginning what should be in truth "a blessed event," the dear beatitude of birth.

As to be unwanted is a putative injury to the child, so it is a certain insult to parenthood: that procreation, of all things, should come as an accident rather than as a conscious projection of joint selfhood. Not to be in actual control of what falls within our powers is, as we have seen, to lower the dignity of man. It is both to ignore man's deepest duty and to neglect his highest privilege. Design, then, is so obviously superior to chance that there

is no need to argue the matter among civilized men. Whatever remains arguable can be but the means to the happy end of birth-by-choice.

Now there are "natural" and there are "artificial" means of lifting inception from the unwanted to the wanted; and there are philosophies to defend the one and to deprecate the other. Into that quarrel over means, into the competition of utilities, we need not enter. Ours the high philosophic privilege, instead, of concentrating upon the great common and glorious end; and the end of both is not merely to get children but to set them off to the best possible start. The road of selfhood will be arduous enough without roughing it up at the start. Play is more fun than work, and parenthood should begin at the loftiest level open to amorous creation. To will conception is to lift human reproduction to the ambit of sublimity.

This, however, is only the beginning of playing at parenthood, though it is veritably the beginning. The child must not only be produced in the high atmosphere of play—the mighty play of authentic passion—but, once born, he should be sustained in the same beatific atmosphere. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

II. *Exploring the Cracks in the Floor*

Let us further pursue the subject of play by joining the crawling infant, exploring, as his majesty is likely to be doing, the honorable cracks in the floor. Every object which the Crown Prince touches is constituted by his royal interest a sovereign fact-in-itself. In his empathy with objects and insects is the seed of his future sympathy with persons. Identification is projection, and feeds upon itself. This animal indulgence may be only an annoyance to his father and a worry to his mother, for his curious activity intersects and often interrupts what they are about. To impose their adult orbit of interest as standard for his activity is at once to interrupt what he is doing and is to begin also to crucify his curiosity. To be able, on the other hand, to identify themselves with him, to stoop under the ceiling of his lowly world, is to do something to themselves as well as do, or not do, something to him. To squelch his curiosity and to deflect his intentions is to begin to make the finished prod-

uct which the policeman is reported to have found lost at the circus—lost, in fact, in life:

“What is your name, my child?”

“My name is Johnny *Don't!*”

The child must have room and the right to begin his career where he is, if he is to go elsewhere than where he is and is to become other than he is. The human animal learns to do (better) by doing (what he can do). This deference to the dignity of his orbit, so indispensable to his development, marks the path of growth for the parents no less than for his babyhood. It requires conscious effort to stoop from the sovereignty of adulthood and to accept the humility of exploring with baby the cracks in the floor.

Every object has to inspected, pinched, looked at, even submitted to the final test of taste. But such lowly exercise is, I repeat, the salvation of parents through humble fulfillment of their duty to the crawling scientist in their midst. We all tend to build on what we have achieved, and this means intellectually to pile abstractions on top of abstractions, until at length we become oversophisticated and lose the capacity to live in the concrete world and to enjoy simple things of which life after all is most stably built.

The wondrous world of the cracks! How many things there are and how interesting what we had forgotten long ago! Each generation has to begin from scratch, from the cracks in the floor. It is lucky that it is so. To play as if what the baby finds interesting were interesting, is to *find* it interesting and important. Childhood leads the human race, leads it back each generation to the simple things of which all complex entities are compounded—and, often alas, confounded! Not only to taste again the simple tangibles of infantile discovery, but to recover the concrete meanings of symbols by which men live, this is the high privilege of learning through play to see what the child sees.

Language, that veil of all our clarities, is words, words, words: things, veritably, in their own right. To taste over and over the essence of words, to repeat them as an endless game, to scramble them in nonsense combinations, this is to recover through linguistic indulgence the kinesthesia of

symbolism which approaches the substance for which symbols stand. Without this exercise in concreteness, poetry gets overattenuated into unintelligibility and metaphysics loses the solid foundation of physics. The "spiritual" that is not informed of natural piety for the *material* is like the proverbial cats which climbed out of sight each upon the flying fur of the other. The fruits of play are then of double and equal importance: the glad evolution of the child and the humble devolution of the adult. This amelioration through play does not end merely with the rootage of universal empathy; it proceeds and matures in the luscious fruitage of dependable sympathy.

III. *Players Meet upon the Level and Part upon the Square*

To meet the child on his level and to play within his orbit is, happily, to extend his orbit as well as your own. And the noblest extension is along the curve of a growing feeling for persons. This potentiality reaches from the humblest playmate on up to the "Choir Invisible of those immortal dead who live again in minds made better by their presence." These rules are not engendered instinctively, nor are they learned by rote; they come the hard way, for they limit the activities of childhood and even subject to the strain of discipline the operations of his intensive curiosity.

Baby begins, naturally enough, with the sovereign right of snatching whatever he wants and can reach. To learn to respect the wants of others as the condition of fulfilling his own, this is arduous mountain-climbing for toddling feet, and the going is often rough and tough. To discover that there are rules, and that the rules have to be learned and respected if one is to be played with, this is the beginning of morality. Duty starts as limitations upon pleasures; otherwise it has no continuing dynamics to carry it through to pleasures fulfilled by the very art of voluntary limitation.

Any adult who has supervised the play of small children knows both the pains of the ordeal and the peaceable fruits of character which accrue to such as are exercised thereby. The deviousness with which children will seem to accept rules only through interpretation to wrest the rules to their own ends, this is the beginning of the wisdom learned by

parents who play at their arduous job.

An eight-year-old daughter was called by her father to explain why her smaller brother had cried out in pain in the adjoining room, where both were playing.

"Johnny says you hit him, Cynthia."

"He hit me."

"Johnny, did you hit your sister?"

"No, no, she hit me; see my cheek here, how hard she slapped me?"

"Cynthia, I do not understand. What happened—*did* you, or did you not, hit Johnny?"

"Well," said Cynthia, collecting all her wits; "I did hit him first—*back!*"

From such deep impartiality of self-preference, from such trigger-happy defensiveness, the human animal advances slowly, tentatively, and often painfully toward the acceptance of rules of the game with an impartial arbiter to *interpret* them. The only adequate implementation for rules of the game is joy in the game—and moderate fear, too, that one will not get played with at all, if one flouts the rules.

The amplitude of play is learned more largely from others than from parents; but the principle is the same, and if the parents are to be and remain influential in this high regard, it is by learning how themselves to play the continuing game of life.

IV. *The High Art of Self-Legislation*

Childhood is not over until rules become so internalized that one who develops normally is a good sport when the umpire's back is turned.

There are two great obstacles against which one inwardly requires the fortifications of self-imposed rules: the one is the lure of the immediate desire and the other is the lure of the selfish impulse. If we put the two lures together, for the sake of brevity, we may then say that the moral man is one who will not let his own good outweigh the good of all or the nearness of any good blind him wholly to the equal claim of more distant goals. "Don't do what you want, but what you really want; and what you really want is what ten years from now you will still want to have

wanted." What is required is perspective and patience.

The kind of rules one makes for himself will depend upon the kind of self he carries. What are the dependable principles of self-legislation, and how can parents produce some minimum amount of that commodity, without which children are not prepared to be turned loose upon the world, nor prepared indeed to be left alone with themselves, or even alone with a car? How can the spirit of play conduce toward this final thing: *creative autonomy*?

We know that the "authoritarian" personality is as undependable for itself in the dark as it is unfruitful for others in the light. What "you gotta do," you manage somehow almost never to get done. There are not enough policemen in the world to make social rules prevail that appeal only to the sanction of compulsion; and there is not enough strength in negativity to produce from it, even in oneself, much positive results. "You don't gotta" is a better motto for self-legislation. What you ought to do is composed in part of what others expect of you, in part of what you have come to expect of yourself, and in part of what then and there you want to do. The free personality out of the very understanding of its freedom comes to lean upon rules made by it or freely accepted from others as its own.

To play at parenthood is clearly our best way to help produce in our children the kind of personality that is free enough safely to be turned loose on its own. Great as is the responsibility of parenthood, the fun is greater that comes from successful discharge of its privileges. In parenthood we have, intrinsically, one of the most satisfying of human experiences. It is the climax of womanhood and of manhood; it is the largest possible realization of the joint venture of marriage.

To approach the art of play, which is the elixir of childhood, in the spirit of diversion, which is the catharsis of overmaturity, is to fulfill, through parenthood, the potentiality of childhood. The child does not have to learn from others to smile or to laugh; these he does naturally. But he does need to learn to smile at the foibles of others and to laugh at his own ineptitudes. Only a smiling parent can teach the complex lesson of the smile, and only a laughing parent can tickle himself at the crucial moment sufficiently to transform parental patience into childish perspective.

CHAPTER 7

Enjoying Your Betters (Even the "Boss")

Enjoyment as touching people—and people are sometimes nothing short of delicious!—can be slanted up and down, as well as be deflected sideways. We speak of a friend, affectionately if colloquially, as a "side-kick." To stand face to face or to work shoulder to shoulder is honorable; but to be above or below another is today somewhat suspect. It has gone out of fashion to look up to anybody, even to a boss, though not quite out of fashion to look down on our neighbors. That there is something strained in our refusal to look up to anybody is seen in the deference we pay to visiting royalty, provided only of course it be *somebody else's* royalty. We ourselves are quite above having a king or queen, even though we can enjoy them, borrowed-like. There still remains, however, a certain unquestionable, if low, pleasure in condescension. Let us take our hair down.

This chapter is an exercise in helping you to be honest and live vertically once more, to look either up or down with good conscience. We do not get our share of enjoyment out of an activity for which we at the same time or later punish ourselves. Let us put it pointedly: there are some people who ought to be looked up to, and there are

some whom we may with honor look down upon. If we wished to be provocative about it, rather than merely informative, we might head this chapter "Rewards of Snobbery." But then, of course, snobbery is the downward look of one who is himself more down than he acknowledges. No look, whether up or down, is finally rewarding unless it is deserving.

I. *Inequality Historically Viewed*

Early Americans came from a European society, whatever their country, which insisted upon distinctions of superiority and inferiority. They found in America conditions that constituted deep undertows toward equality; but they found, or quickly made, opportunities for invidious comparisons. They found the Indians as obvious savages and they brought the Negroes as slaves, even more obviously degraded to the bottom of the heap. This early American recognition of "one's betters" is pictured with peculiar force by Alexis de Tocqueville, a young French aristocrat who came over in the early nineteenth century to be an observer of and a philosopher on American democracy.

The peculiarity of the Frenchman's position arose from the fact that he came to America with a fixed notion about democracy. His notion was that democracy demands and begets equality, which clearly was not to his liking as an aristocrat. He saw a great leveling influence going on in the world, guessed it to be particularly rampant in America, and, being what he was, he feared its effect anywhere and everywhere upon civilization. But he came to America not to air these fears, but to see for himself whether his notion was true, how true, why true, and true to what ends.

He discovered that men who had been looked down on in Europe, no less than others, liked to be looked up to in America. The cruelty of the downward look had not diminished, for any, the pleasure of the upward look. And de Tocqueville saw for himself that the materials for condescension were hardly more imported than discovered in America. In the first volume of his book *Democracy in America*, de Tocqueville gives an unforgettable domestic picture of what he found.

I remember that while I was travelling through the forests which still cover the state of Alabama, I arrived one day at the log house of a pioneer. I did not wish to penetrate into the dwelling of the American, but retired to rest myself for a while on the margin of a spring, which was not far off, in the woods. While I was in this place . . . an Indian woman appeared, followed by a Negress, and holding by the hand a little white girl of five or six years, whom I took to be the daughter of the pioneer. A sort of barbarous luxury set off the costume of the Indian; rings of metal were hanging from her nostrils and ears, her hair, which was adorned with glass beads, fell loosely upon her shoulders; and I saw that she was not married, for she still wore that necklace of shells which the bride always deposits on the nuptial couch. The Negress was clad in squalid European garments. All three came and seated themselves upon the banks of the spring; and the young Indian, taking the child in her arms, lavished upon her such fond caresses as mothers give, while the Negress endeavored, by various little artifices, to attract the attention of the young Creole. The child displayed in her slightest gestures a consciousness of superiority that formed a strange contrast with her infantile weakness; as if she received the attentions of her companions with a sort of condescension. The Negress was seated on the ground before her mistress, watching her smallest desires and apparently divided between an almost maternal affection for the child and servile fear; while the savage, in the midst of her tenderness, displayed an air of freedom and pride which was almost ferocious. I had approached the group and was contemplating them in silence, but my curiosity was probably displeasing to the Indian woman, for she suddenly rose, pushed the child roughly from her, and, giving me an angry look, plunged into the thicket.

De Tocqueville, in returning to the theme and in generalizing its moral, makes clear that invidious distinctions which continue to obtain over a long period of time are never wholly inflicted; they are always in part a matter of consent.

The Negro makes a thousand fruitless efforts to insinuate himself among men who repulse him; he conforms to the tastes of his oppressors, adopts their opinions, and

hopes by imitating them to form a part of their community. Having been told from infancy that his race is naturally inferior to that of the whites, he assents to the proposition and is ashamed of his own nature. In each of his features he discovers a trace of slavery, and if it were in his power, he would willingly rid himself of everything that makes him what he is.

And then, turning to the indigenous race, de Tocqueville continues:

The Indian, on the contrary, has his imagination inflated with the pretended nobility of his origin, and lives and dies in the midst of these dreams of pride. Far from desiring to conform his habits to ours, he loves his savage life as the distinguishing mark of his race and repels every advance to civilization, less, perhaps, from hatred of it than from a dread of resembling the Europeans.

Then the Frenchman concludes, with this moral:

The Negro, who earnestly desires to mingle his race with that of the Europeans, cannot do so; while the Indian, who might succeed to a certain extent, disdains to make the attempt. The servility of the one dooms him to slavery, the pride of the other to death.

De Tocqueville found the made-to-order situation in America which required the recognition of one's "betters." But it did not wholly, or even largely, prepare the American to enjoy the fact of human inequality. It led him, rather, toward the pain of divided selfhood, with the consequent impact of guilt. De Tocqueville is particularly good for us because he recognized this "discrepancy" more quickly than did we. (The foregoing picture he presents as among the things which, as he says, are "American without being democratic.")

Says he, reflecting further on the American scene:

I often chanced to see individuals together who belonged to the three races that people North America. I had perceived from many different traits the preponderance of the whites. But in the picture that I have just been describing there was *something peculiarly touching*; a bond of affection here united the oppressors

with the oppressed, and the *effort of Nature* to bring them together rendered still more striking the immense distance placed between them by prejudice and the laws. [Italics supplied.]

II. *That Way Lies a Bad Conscience*

De Tocqueville was reflecting much more than his own sentiment in thus setting against the iniquity of "prejudice and the laws" what he calls the "effort of Nature" to bring the three races together, even as he reflects something deeply cultural when he finds in the whole situation which he is pictured "something peculiarly touching." The cultural constellation was already present in American consciousness no less than in the sensitivity of the Frenchman.

Already the Virginia Bill of Rights had voiced the same sentiment that Nature was just, however men might impose upon one another: "All men are by nature equally free and independent." Already the national Declaration of Independence had strengthened the message of nature by identifying it with divine justice: "All men are created equal and are [rightly and nobly] endowed by the creator. . . ." Already the equivocal conscience had declared itself in multiple action: as touching the Negro, in the compromise to make each Negro slave three-fifths of a man for purposes of representation and to recognize the evils of slavery by stopping the importation of slaves after 1808; and as touching the Indian: the intermittent adjudging of him to be a *noble* "savage" and the progressive, but always scant, indemnification of him for "his" land. The continuous and unremitting, if ineffectual, exhortations of the national presidents from Jefferson to Eisenhower that our treatment of the Indian is a stain upon our national character, is eloquent testimony to the ambivalence of our conscience on the Indian.

As touching the Negro also, let Jefferson articulate our ambivalence, by predicting the Civil War, as it turned out to be, as a just if horrible retribution: "I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just, that His justice cannot sleep forever." Hear, too, reverberating echoes of that guilt projected by Jefferson as they flare up, crescendo-wise, in Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address:

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 the wealth piled by the bondsman'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, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

But we do not need to document the career of our national conscience up to date in electoral ferment or in successive court decisions whittling away the harsh incidence of current segregation. Our guilt has publicly accumulated from our historic looking down upon the Negro. As touching the Indian, our efforts at purgation have been equally continuous, even if less effective. But legally the Indian is not now a second-rate citizen; he is no longer a ward; he is indeed in many ways an American hero.

III. *Communistic Overcompensation*

There is danger indeed that we will overdo, if we have not already overdone, our retribution for our domestic condescension. Communism warns us, as well as shames us. It is, for a fact, a shameful thing that we let Russian communism get the jump on us in wooing so-called backward peoples. And yet in some spots of the world it is an actual thing. Let us not overdo their temporary triumph, in recognizing their success for what it is. It is to the glory of the colored race in America, on the other hand, and to the exculpation of the nation, that the communistic drive for Negro support in America has been almost wholly unproductive. For one Robeson there come to consciousness phalanxes of eminent Negroes and almost the whole multitude of unknowns who see through the communistic disingenuity of proffering them salvation through class revolution (has the Kremlin overlooked a drive for Indian support in America?). The Negro disresponse in America makes one see to be wholly just Dunbar's tribute to the stamina of his race under stress:

No other race, or white or black,
When bound as thou wert, to the rack,
So seldom stooped to grieving;
No other race, when free again,
Forgot the past and proved them men
So noble in forgiving.

In America the dam of common sense has held against the Marxian tides, but not so well in spots distant enough from our civilization as not to permit daily inspection of the workings of freedom. The communistic agitation in both Africa and Asia warns us of the necessity of watchfulness, as well as shames us for serving the communistic convenience through our domestic atrocities, especially against the Negro race.

The communistic success in propaganda arises because their half-truths are given the mien of truth by their superficial resemblance to our own Christian doctrine of the absolute equality of men.

It is the latent seeds in Christianity itself which render the most sensitive consciences unprotected against communism. (Remember the *Witness* of the Communist Chambers and the Communist Bentley and others now reformed. And note especially that Chambers has taken refuge in the extreme individualism of the Friends and that Miss Bentley has taken refuge in the comparative authoritarianism of the Roman Church.) Sensitive consciences are peculiarly susceptible, through sympathy itself, to fellow-traveling appeals. This peculiar exposure of the Christian conscience to communism is not well understood, though it is observable enough to even the casual eye.

I refer not primarily to the notion that the Holy Spirit appears "in the midst" of every two or three who are gathered together in the *name*, though this is a notion which gives strong rootage to the homely type of collectivism which knocks at every Christian heart. I refer, rather, to the more obvious emphasis of early Christianity on ethical communism. "And all that believed [so runs the scriptural testimony] were together, and had all things common." True, this early experiment did not last long.

But the sympathy which led to this Christian experiment did not die with its demise. That spirit goes marching

on, like the hero of an old ballad who, even after his legs were shot away, fought valiantly still upon his stumps. The spirit is that of *equality*: All men ought to be equal whether they are or not! And particularly so as touching the crass thing called property! Is not property power, and is power not poison? Private property leads to private profit and that to private thoughts, heretic thoughts for all you know! It is the essence of Christian doctrine that sympathy ought to rule human relations; not apathy, and above all not antipathy. "Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink." Now, that's mighty fine—for the enemies, as the communists have gleefully found out!

Already, now, it will be seen how, merely by airing common Sunday-school notions of Christianity, we have got into the very middle of the "party line," casting a certain suspicion, like leaven that will work quietly, upon private enterprise and even calling in moral question the privacy of thought. This is all very nice—for communism. While we wallow in sticky sentimentalism, they change venue, and abuse the plaintiff.

It is not primarily the notion of private ownership which they oppose—that only as a means to a more important end: it is the ownership of one's soul, the sacredness of privacy which they oppose. They demand the *party* domination of conscience, of thought, and of speech. Already we seen one ending of that line of thought to be as anti-Christian as can be—coercion as a means, liquidation as an end; but we had better see, and see clearly, that there is a beginning which is common, as between Christianity and communism.

Only thus can we get clear, and keep clear, what it is in Christian thought, and especially in Christian feeling, which prepares so many sensitive consciences in Christendom to play down coercion in Russia as a blight on truth, and to overlook liquidation as an outrage on justice. There is something dangerous, if not downright perverse, in the very notion of communalism. The community appeal is always an easy "come-on" for the simple-minded who are also innocent of heart. Let us toughen our fiber by recalling our history. Russia is not the first soviet system which we Americans have known. The first was in Massachusetts

Bay Colony, the Puritan Commonwealth. And, sad to say but sagacious to see, the soviet of the Russian sinners is not substantially worse, save in added power, than was the Massachusetts soviet of the saints. They both drove unremittingly, though strategically, to make public property of human privacy, and both liquidated as much as they could of independent judgment. John Cotton would wash brains "in the blood of the Lamb," making brains "more bloody still," as Roger Williams, the victim, shouted; the other washes brains with the astringency of stern comradeship, practicing daily the loving kindness of liquidation.

It may be, after all, that "wherever two or three"—and especially more than three—"are gathered together" in any name there the spirit which arises among them is diabolic rather than divine. Or positively, it just might be that the Holy Spirit of religion finds securer residence, as with the Quaker faith, where only one is gathered together with himself, or in a meeting turned into individualism through silence. It would appear from all human experience that the still small voice tends to become less audible with every addition that is made to its individual host.

We have now intentionally, if harshly, planted the thought that what many regard the very heart of our religion may indeed become the heartland of communism. This thought might lead us to try honestly to separate in our religion what is compatible with democratic freedom and what has historically achieved the mantle of something sacerdotal. Our suspicion is that accuser and accused alike share, and share alike, what we regard as in itself suspect: namely, that the good human life is found at its highest and best in *cooperative* activity of any sort, or in *shared* experience. More important than sharing is what is shared and its intrinsic worth.

Communism finds a powerful undertow, which it can easily and constantly does exploit, in any notion of the good life which does not keep strict individualism as its psychological and moral core. What is *shared* must be the right of each to determine the content of his privacy. Give any collectivism a theoretical inch as to the content of shared experience and it will, like communism, take an actual mile. The consequences of this abstract doctrine we shall pursue elsewhere, especially in the next two chapters

on economics and politics; but the core we have here exposed.

The core of communism is found in the doctrine of human equality. This notion that men are actually equal is more dynamic than even de Tocqueville thought; and the notion pursuant to it that if men aren't equal, they ought to be made alike, reduced to commonalty, is as deadly as it is dynamic. There is a vast misunderstanding about equality, which we hold it here our duty, and welcome as our privilege, to try to clear up and to make safe for both Christianity and democracy.

We make bold at the outset to declare radically and unequivocally that men are unequal. To enable you at once to see how the matter has been argued, let us get before you three contemporary quotations, all of which seem to go against the popular grain.

The first is from a scholar, an Englishman, R. H. Tawney, who wrote a famous book and gave it to the English under the title, *The Sickness of an Acquisitive Society*, but gave it to America under the blander title of *An Acquisitive Society*. This quotation, however, is from another book of his, simply entitled *Equality*.

"Equality" possesses more than one meaning. It may purport to state a fact or convey the expression of an ethical judgment. . . . IT may affirm that men are, on the whole, very similar in their natural endowments of character and intelligence. On the other hand . . . that while they differ profoundly . . . they are equally entitled as human beings to consideration and respect. . . . If made in the first sense the assertion of human equality is clearly untenable. It is a piece of mythology against which irresistible evidence has been accumulated.

The second quotation is from an American novelist, Owen Wister, a friend of Theodore Roosevelt. The quotation is taken from his most popular novel, *The Virginian*.

It was through the Declaration of Independence that we Americans acknowledged the *eternal inequality* of man. For by it we abolished a cut-and-dried aristocracy. We had seen little men artificially held up in high places, and great men artificially held down in low places, and our own justice-loving hearts abhorred this violence to

human nature. Therefore we decreed that every man should thenceforth have equal liberty to find his own level. By this very decree we acknowledged and gave freedom to true aristocracy, saying, "Let the best man win, whoever he is." Let the best man win! That is American's word. That is true democracy. And true democracy and true aristocracy are one and the same thing. If anybody cannot see this, so much the worse for his eyesight.

From that forthright proposal we go on to deal more drastically still with the concept, hardly stopping short of doctoring the dictionary itself. The third quotation is from a Southern woman of our time, novelist and publicist, who feels deeply on the matter. We quote from an intense book, *Killers of the Dream*, by Lillian Smith, who has carried on the work of a brigade in behalf of justice to both Negroes and whites:

We in America—and men across the earth—have trapped ourselves with that word *equality* which is inapplicable to the genus *man*. I wish we would forget it. Stop its use in our country. Let the communists have it. It isn't fit for men who fling their dreams across the skies. It is fit only for a leveling down of mankind. There is only one time when men are equal and that is when they are dead.

Now this brings us back to our niche in history, indeed back to the Frenchman, de Tocqueville, whose foreboding hypothesis was that democracy would mean a leveling down of mankind. The notion has persisted, and the fear has deepened. There is a young American, teaching at Purdue University, Herbert J. Muller, who makes more sense with his one-volume *Uses of the Past* than all the many volumes of Arnold Toynbee, the English philosopher, or the heavy work of the German Spengler. Says Muller:

Undoubtedly it [equality] has worked to dignify mediocrity and lower standards of excellence. It has produced the new tyranny of the masses, the chief enemy of true individuality.

"To accept [equality] as the truth," we now add from the old gadfly of American architecture, not to say of Amer-

ican life, Frank Lloyd Wright, "would only be dangerous because a world so planned implies total death. Consistent struggle makes our world what it is—not struggle for equality but for spiritual supremacy."

IV. *Equality, a Fiction of Great Power*

Let us pass now to our more constructive thought, and pass upon the footpath provided by Wright's fine phrase, "for spiritual supremacy." The danger-flag is up around the notion of equality; but our warning will not be as strident as the foregoing by Lillian Smith, who wants us to forget it: The cure isn't as easy as she thinks, though the disease is perhaps as bad as she fears. We cannot be cavalier with the dictionary. Not only did no group of us make the dictionary; it was not made by all of us in any given age. Men have to swim with their concepts, or they drown in nonsense. What is ours to do, however, is to define our concepts as nearly as we can in the light of their history and in the face of our needs.

The equality ideal is dynamic and ambiguous. It has often energized men to idealistic action. It seems to imply that men are the same, but nothing could be clearer than that men are different. In nothing are any two men the same: not in strength, not in grace, not in kindness, not in cleverness, not in virtue. Moreover, it would seem to reflect on the Deity to say that "before God all men are equal"; for how could they be equal before God when as a matter of fact they are not equal? God sees men as they are.

How, then, *are* they? We repeat, they are different; but that fact itself does not tell us how to treat these differences. It might seem to follow that men should be treated differently. Yet it might be, on the other hand, that, however different men are, the differences ought collectively to be ignored, and that they ought to be treated the same. We say that men ought to be equal before the law; but this means that any difference in their legal treatment ought to be justified by certain differences in their conduct or status. One we may acquit of a charge, another we convict. Of those convicted, one is reprimanded, one is fined, another

is jailed. And so it goes. But this ought to be done judiciously and not arbitrarily.

We say that men ought to have equal opportunity. This need not mean the *same* opportunity. Let us, then, say that in emphasizing equality of opportunity, we intend that so far as possible we shall operate on the notion that all men shall be treated alike.

This we need not base on the false notion that men are the same, or on the improbable ideal that men ought to be made what they are not. "It is because men are unequal," opines Rousseau, "that the legislator ought to strive to make them equal." We may treat men the same for neither of these bad reasons, but for the very good reason that *we want to find out what their real differences are*. That men are different we know; but how different they are, we do not yet know. If there are adequate reasons for our wanting to know this—and there are such reasons—then we must discover a way to find it out. It is not as easy a matter as it might seem. Look at the sorry mess men have already made.

We know that men are different in color. So what? We are now civilized enough, or almost so, to admit that no difference in treatment is justified by that fact. We know that men are different religiously, but on that difference our constitution forbids us to base serious differences of treatment. Many differences we see, but see also that most of them are *indifferent* as bases of conduct. Suppose that still we have adequate reasons for wanting to know what the real and serious differences are among men?

Then the only way to find that out is to treat them the same so that they can express their different individualities. In short, the only method we have yet discovered to find out how *unequal* men are is to treat them *equally*, as nearly the *same* as possible. America believes in public schools—almost a religion it is—schools in principle open to all and in fact free to all. In general, all children are to get the same opportunities. We think this wise, and this we practice in school and out of school as far as we may and for as long as possible. This is what we mean by "the same": a method for discovering "the different." We glorify education largely because we find the practice easier there.

V. *Luscious Fruitage of the Fiction*

From this therapy two consequences flow, both highly desirable: one negative, the other positive. The negative consequence from equal treatment is to reduce to a minimum the motive of aggression, natural and inevitable, as we have seen, but not highly productive, as we know. It is difficult for a man to envy another man when they went to the same school, or for a man to harbor a grudge against the "System" that gave him the same chance as others got.

When blame comes home to roost on one's own doorstep, blame is not lightly invoked. At the best, equality of opportunity works like this: "I knew that successful fellow way back when; we went to the same school, were indeed classmates, and we also belonged to the same Boy Scout troop. He learned, however, and went on; I either wouldn't or couldn't. There's no one to blame but myself." He may add, "Lucky stiff!" But it will not be added with disdain for "luck" nor with a communistic snarl against what they love to call the "System," which means the totalization of their grudges.

The positive value of equal opportunity results in something more marvelous still. Where equal treatment is effective in school and later in law and custom, it discloses real differences in men, and makes possible a variegated and productive society. Would any man prefer the drabness of sameness if he could have the excitement of variety? This goes as much for personalities as for food or industrial products. The saddest part of communism is what has come to be called "faceless men," its finished product. In Russia it is not safe to be different. Differences are feared. There men are forced into the same mold in order to make and keep them alike; here we recognize inequality because we love differences. The one discipline is bondage, where fear and resentment are the main motives; the other discipline is freedom, where aggression is under control and growth is both the rule and the joy of life.

VI. *Enjoying Your Betters with a Good Conscience*

Through the methodology of equality we are now in a position to take a different look at human hierarchy. It is

natural that men who are different should manifest that difference by locating themselves, in addition to the arrangement inherited, on many scales in terms of many criteria. It is certainly more colorful to have it so. It is, without a doubt, more productive. Nor need it be less moral. Sociality need not mean gregariousness; and men do not have to kiss in order to cooperate. There is a fraternity of free men, and it is much more beautiful than a brotherhood of slaves. What, after all, is more moral than to give to men what they deserve, that being necessarily determined in part by where they have placed themselves in the competition of merit?

It is easy to give condescension where disdain is due, all too easy. But it is not beyond human capacity to give deference where deference is due. It is natural to look down, and not unwholesome, if the downward look be deserved. A man may support a perfectly good conscience from his honest application of the Iron Rule. The one requirement is that it must be applied only against the iron-hearted.

The principle of it all is clear enough: live upward and downward as far as you can in the light of deserts. The principle is clear, but the practice is difficult. We are not discouraged, nor are you to be, by the difficulties in detail. We are not trying to run your life for you, but only to let you see what wise and good men before you have thought and said. Equality need not be hereafter a door through which every night a Trojan horse is sneaked into the democratic camp by the communists.

And a final thing: In industry more than elsewhere the incidence of hierarchy is present and often pressing; for production is a stern taskmaster, and survival is a criterion of last resort. Fewer mistakes are made here than elsewhere as to getting betters on top. There is no dishonor in honoring men who have achieved positions of command. Somebody has to be boss in business. Since you haven't yet attained that eminence, why not enjoy honoring as your boss the man who has? It is not hard to like a good boss, and liking him makes both you and him better. Why not through the avenue of good morale go light on yourself and heavy on production? Our national mood of the moment is otherwise; but the moment passes—and the years of industrialism loom head.

CHAPTER 8

You Can Be An Unbloated Capitalist

Abroad, and especially in Russia, the American capitalist is pictured as a corpulent villain bloated on the blood of his proletarian victims. Like all caricatures, this reflects a basic fact; in this case that the businessman has grown great, whether with the bloat of mere proud flesh or with substantial bone and sinew. The caricature arises, when not from malice, from ignorance of his nature and particularly from unacquaintance with his creative role. Such ignorance, as prompted by malice, need not concern us here, save as part of the cold war.

What does concern us immediately is the misunderstanding which capitalism encounters at home. Our democratic system of production, distribution, and consumption is, as a matter of fact, capitalistic. It is all the more important that we understand capitalism if we are sympathetic with democracy, for understanding, here as elsewhere, becomes no small part of any success we may achieve through our way of life. If we must have a boss—and the capitalist is always presented as such—it is much better to have a boss whom we can include among our “betters.” It’s much more fun that way. In capitalism the boss, however, is not the only capitalist; we are all alike capitalists insofar as we work for profit, save some of what we earn, and invest what

we save, in the hope of profit for ourselves. If the productive system tends to bloat some, the distributive system tends to bloat all. But, of course, "bloating" is but an epithet which unconsciously praises while it consciously damns.

I. *Capitalism Judged*

Among American men of business, I have known bad bosses and good bosses. I have known workingmen skilled and unskilled, efficient and inefficient; as indeed among Russian commissars one no doubt would find clever and stupid ones, more considerate ones and less considerate ones. Let us look at American capitalism as a going concern, starting with certain stereotyped suspicions of it among ourselves.

1. *Judged with Religious Suspicion.* Partly because of certain ideas shared, as we have seen, by Christianity and communism, the Christian judgment upon business enterprise has always tended to be severe. The medieval strictures against "usury" were, let us recall, extended to interest. So there has been little Christian joy in looking up to business betters. It was not right for men to use money to make money. Therefore, says the communist, there must be no private ownership of the means of production, i.e., of the kind of property that can be used to create profit. Christianity, however, which must draw its support in a business economy from businessmen has had to make concessions. The church may bite, but even it must not bite off, the hand that feeds it. "Usury" comes slowly, therefore, to mean *inordinate* profit, not mere profit. And profit that is private is permissible if it is not illicitly gained.

It was unquestionably this religious and moral background of suspicion that enabled the New Deal to do drastic things to business structure in the United States and to receive popular support for far-reaching reforms: federal guarantee of bank deposits, renewed trust-busting, and the several forms of social security, in large part at corporate expense. This suspicion enabled also the growth under Federal patronage of the labor-union movement into strength equal, and then more than equal, to corporate

bargaining power. Businessmen felt themselves to be, as actually they were, on the defensive, morally as well as legally.

This suspicion led to what David Lilienthal has well called "downgrading, as 'materialism,' of our talents for productivity." He thinks that it also accounts for the "negative feeling about business as vocation and . . . for the undisguised defensiveness about their life's work that one finds not infrequently among even the most constructive and successful of businessmen." We shall presently see this use of "materialism" as a *downgrading* device turned by a Chinese sage into an *upgrading* technique to the honor of our democratic capitalism.

2. *Judged with Aristocratic Suspicion.* The deeplying and invidious distinction between "white-collar" and "overall" workers reveals an aristocratic suspicion which reaches farther than prejudice against work that is dirty. It includes in its reach most work done with the hands. A lady (once) must not do manual work, except "embroidery"; and a colonel (once) must not be caught carrying anything in public. "Manufacture" is by derivation *handwork*. Hands that were hired became "hired hands." The boss who does the hiring is contaminated by association. There is such a thing as guilt by proximity.

Plato's prejudice against the Sophists because they took pay for what an aristocrat would give without charge is but a part of the depreciation of all who work for pay, depreciation indeed of the whole "paying" business. The workers gets a "wage," the employer a "price," the lawyer a "fee," the preacher a "gratuity," and the professor an "honorarium." Under the same shadow, businessmen were second-class citizens in Plato's *Republic*. The utilitarian is the plebeian, and the plebeian is the unworthy.

One who knows himself to be socially superior to others by blood, or birth, or leisure, or even vocation, is not likely to look with a kindly eye upon an economic process which makes all workers honorable by counting the work of all indispensable. That would be leveling; and "those who seek to level, never equalize." Economics became the "dismal" science as much on aesthetic as on other grounds. It was as ugly as it was useful. The useless has always seemed superior when judged by the aristocracy. From both points

of view capitalism rated a dim view. "Worldly philosophers" is historically both a descriptive and a depreciatory title for economists. Worldly philosophy deals with "worldlings," and is doomed to adverse judgment in comparison with the honorific.

3. *Judged with Intellectual Suspicion.* Building upon aristocratic prejudices but going beyond them, there have always been those who invidiously distinguish intellectual activity from other activity. Brain work is human; bodily exercise is animal. The one is worthy of man, the rational animal; the other is nonrational if not irrational. The cerebrum gives off no odor; it may secrete thought but it does not sweat, and it does not smell. The intellectual finds his vocation in the classics. The "Humanities" is genteel education. The "Sciences," especially the physical sciences, may be necessary, but they tend to be neutral to honor.

Rolling several of these prejudices into one, but still the one best classified as "intellectual," let us call up the case of one Charles Francis Adams, right here at home in America, if "Boston" can be called home by all Americans. At any rate he was once President of Jay Gould's railroad, the Union Pacific.

As I approach the end, I am more than a little puzzled to account for the instances I have seen of business success—money-getting. It comes from a rather low instinct. Certainly, as far as my observation goes, it is rarely met with in combination with the finer or more interesting traits of character. I have known, and known tolerably well, a good many "successful" men—"big" financially—men famous during the last half-century; and a less interesting crowd I do not care to encounter. Not one that I have ever known would I care to meet again, either in this world or the next; nor is one of them associated in my mind with the idea of humor, thought, or refinement. A set of mere money-getters and traders, they were essentially unattractive and uninteresting. . . . In the course of my railroad experiences I made no friends, apart from those in the Boston direction; nor among those I met was there any man whose acquaintance I valued. They were a coarse, realistic, bargaining crowd.

It is clear the way the aristocratic land lies, slanting in

the "Boston direction"; and it is equally clear how the land lies intellectually, slanting toward the symbolic, which is always clean, rather than toward the substantial, which is sometimes dirty. It is the *process* of business to which this aristocrat and intellectual objects. He resigned his Union Pacific presidency at last in order to spend his declining days writing philosophy, history, and particularly the history of Massachusetts.

This Adams but summarizes at a high level much of the prejudice in America which has made, and does yet make, business activity suspect and capitalism a distrusted thing. Such people as Adams, however, would hardly find any productive system satisfactory. It is not an economic alternative to capitalism which they seek; it is an alternative to economics itself. Not communism but utopia is their homeland, where one's intellectual and aesthetic activities feed upon themselves. Lilies grow out of white ectoplasm, not out of dirty soil.

II. *Capitalism Adjudged*

Contrast with all this depreciation of capitalism, the radical correction furnished—*mirabile dictu!*—by an Oriental thinker, who has seen what the alternative is. He plants our feet once more on solid soil. He discerns only fictitious honor in any spiritualism which is not able economically to support itself. I refer to Dr. Hu Shih, a statesman equally well at home in the East and the West. He was born and nurtured in China. Then he came to the United States for his subsequent education. He speaks both languages and understands both ways of life. He was once Chinese ambassador to America. Hear what he has to say about the spiritual potency of our capitalistic "materialism":

The term "materialistic civilization," which has often been applied to stigmatize the modern civilization of the West, seems to me to be a more appropriate word for the characterization of the backward civilizations of the East. For to me that civilization is materialistic which is limited by matter and incapable of transcending it; which feels itself powerless against its material environment and fails to make the full use of human intelli-

gence for the conquest of nature and for the improvement of the condition of man.

And then turning to a positive characterization of our capitalistic system, he continues:

On the other hand, that civilization which makes the fullest possible use of human ingenuity and intelligence in search of truth in order to control nature and transform matter for the service of mankind, to liberate the human spirit from ignorance, superstition, and slavery to the forces of nature, and to reform social and political institutions for the benefit of the greatest number—such a civilization is highly idealistic and spiritual.

Men have to have food and other goods to live upon; these have to be produced in some manner; they have somehow to get distributed; and they will be consumed in abundance or meagerness, in an atmosphere of hope or of fear. Regarded realistically, there are not an unlimited number of economic systems for doing these necessary things. Now capitalism happens to be the name of one of the general ways of making and distributing goods.

If the business is not done this way, it has to be done some other way. It is a safe guess—this being earth and we being human—that none of the ways will be perfect. In this fair spirit, let us, then, turn our back on caricature and suspicion, and let us look at capitalism as (1) a method of creating goods, as (2) a method of distributing them, and as (3) a climate of opinion for enjoying what we make and get.

1. *Production.* As a method of getting foods grown and goods produced, capitalism finds its genius in individual savings turned to corporate use, and it achieves its easiest justification in the superior quantity of goods that get produced. We speak of it as “large-scale” production, which it is. But it is so because it encourages private effort, it stimulates individual savings, and it rewards investment with interest or dividends. By pooling our personal savings, we make “capital” available for doing things in a big way: inventing machinery, erecting factories, constructing warehouses, promoting railroads and highways, and, in a thou-

sand ways, turning individual energies to public account as well as to further private profit.

President Eisenhower (then General Eisenhower) quotes Marshal Zhukov as saying about our system—though he made it as a charge—“that we induced a man to do things by telling him he might keep what he earned, might say what he pleased, and in every direction allowed him to be largely an undisciplined, unoriented entity within a great national complex.” It is so, very much as the Marshal says.

This is only one of the ways of handling production. Another way is much simpler: a productive system, for example, where one does everything, or most things, by hand. Such machinery as there is among many backward peoples is made by hand and is operated by hand, with hardly more product than two hands can wrest for hungry mouth from reluctant soil. If mouths come too fast, as they often do, the hands cannot keep up with hunger; and famine or war takes off the surplus of bodies which the productive system could not sustain.

Those are only two ways, but they *are* two ways of handling the matter of production. Produce men must, or starve; and they may both create *and* starve, if the productive system falls behind the reproductive system.

There is still another way of handling production, and that is communism. Communism cannot stomach the simple method; that is a stage of human progress now foregone. Under communism, imperialism takes in part the form of pride in population. Communism will not accept the means relied on by capitalism. But so long as the ends of the two systems are similar (maximum production of goods), the means are comparable, even though very different. The welkins ring in Russia today with the promise of prosperity. This promise requires large-scale production, and this, in turn, machinery, which produces machinery which in turn produces goods. The difference is that the motive for the process must be public and the rewards not private. Neither private ownership of the means of production nor private profit from individual effort is allowed.

Be the motivation what it may, the simple truth is that in communism not less than in capitalism the impera-

tive is to produce more. Production has greatly increased in Russia. The time is foreseeable, indeed, when Russian production will catch up, as it has not yet done, with European production. But the capitalistic form of production in America is well out in front, and is not likely in any foreseeable time to be eclipsed. If civilization is a race between production and extinction, America is in no imminent danger of extinction.

In terms of production, then, the capitalist is unbloated by understanding, and the system of capitalism stands adjudged before the world, shining by its own light and putting as yet all competitors in the shade.

2. *Distribution.* This, which gets more attention today than does production, cannot substitute for production, in the competition of economic systems, though it can to an extent compensate for inferior production. Smaller production more justly distributed might outweigh in competition for human loyalty a larger production unjustly distributed. Many questions are begged by the terms "just" and "unjust." But let it be so. This kind of ambiguity is of the essence of life. The nearest approach to a common conception of justice, as between communism and capitalism, is the notion of *equality*. That too is ambiguous; but if we arbitrarily resolve the ambiguity by making "equality" mean the *same* wage or the *same* amount of goods, we can then compare the distributive systems. Russia does not, for all her emphasis upon equality, achieve as "just" a distribution of her smaller amount of goods as America achieves with her larger amount.

This comparison is crucial; for all that could compensate for deficient quantity of production would be superior quality of its distribution. This compensation is not forthcoming: not even as to income, and much less as to more intangible ways of measuring needs, such as "safety of person and property," such as "deference," which is a universal need. Of this latter a few get nearly all, and the many very little. After all, only a few belong to the party, and only party members deserve deference. "Big Brother," even among party members, has all but a monopoly upon deference.

But returning to the tangible, i.e. the distribution of income, the gap between the best paid and the poorest

paid in Russia is very great—greater, it is said by responsible estimators (nothing more accurate is available), than the discrepancy of income in America as between the day laborer and the millionaire. And this disparity where “the cult of the Comrade” enters into the daily form of salutation.

Her main maxim runs, it will be remembered, “From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs.” Apart from the ironic “need” of the Kulak for liquidation and the “need” of the nonconformist for Siberia, the actual *need* of the worker for security and of his family for substance nowhere approaches the recognition of the worker’s claim in America upon safety, upon income, and most of all upon deference. Our main maxim tops their maxim as our practice shames their practice: “The greatest happiness of the greatest number: each to count for one and none to count for more than one.” And this from a maxim as old as one of Cromwell’s soldiers: “The poorest he in England hath a life to live as the richest he.”

3. *Consumption.* This brings us up to our last criterion of capitalism, that of consumption, with the freedom which attends both employment and leisure. And what can we say here that will not be understatement of the superiority which the worker has under capitalism as contrasted with the atmosphere of distrust and alarm under communism? All escapees under the Iron Curtain bear witness alike to the wastage from the constant weight of fear. The surplus of capitalistic production, the justice of capitalistic distribution, these—great as they are—are poor things compared with the liberty in which the capitalistic worker produces, the participation with which he distributes, and the secure and confident freedom in which he does what he will with what he has. The final judgment upon any police state is that no amount of production and no excellence of distribution can make more than barely tolerable the indignity of fear in which the whole enterprise goes forward. Not only does the “Comrade” endure taxation without representation; he endures production without participation in its ends, distribution with hardly a word to say as to who gets what.

These several criteria do not operate severally, where

one can compensate for the other, as we here and there may have seemed to assume. They operate together, or they do not operate at all. The absence of the one spells inoperation of the others; and the presence of one makes for the operation of all. It is the free atmosphere in which the workers of capitalism live and move and have their being that sets the superiority. But this, of course, swells production and quickens conscience to formulate humane principles of distribution instead of canons of liquidation. The more that is produced, the more there is to be distributed, and the greater the will to distribute it decently. Hunger does not produce magnanimity. The more that is distributed and consumed in contentment, the more production in turn is swelled through surplus energy and superior morale. Real wages have risen in America when, by all Marxist theory, the standard of living should have gone down and down.

This was the moral, says Mr. Theodore H. White, which Europe finally drew from the Marshall Plan efforts to appropriate the secret of American productivity: "Americans just worked differently, there was an indefinable spirit that made Americans work harder, more efficiently, better, more together. It was the spirit that was the clue."

But all this superiority of capitalism, replies the bright-eyed devotee, even if admitted, obtains only during the socialistic transition when communism is not yet here. "Come the Revolution, ah, come the Revolution," all will be different. Here, too, alas, is the dreamer sold down the river of romanticism by his leaders. "Come the Revolution," says Marx himself in the *German Ideology*, "society by regulating the common production makes it possible for me to do this today and that tomorrow, to hunt in the morning, to fish in the afternoon, to carry on cattle-breeding in the evening, also to criticize the food—just as I please—without becoming either hunter, fisherman, shepherd or critic."

To one not utterly rapt in romantic reverie, it will occur with wonder how under communism production will go forward at all, when the dream is back to unspecialized endeavor, where each Comrade can do what he pleases when he pleases, without having to account to anybody for his adolescent irresponsibility. No, that way lie ends that,

even if they could be achieved, would be worse than the means, whose horror is displayed for all the world to see. Even Stalin admitted to Churchill that the liquidation of peasants was "horrible" while it lasted (millions of them had to be maltreated, Stalin himself admitted).

Earlier we have judged capitalism in terms of the prevailing prejudices against it; we have now rectified that resultant by adjudging capitalism in the broad daylight of its comparative production, distribution, and consumption of goods. The capitalist has, in this clearer light of comparison, already lost his corpulency. The "bloat" was due to poison injected by saboteurs who caught some of the germs we did not drop in Korea. It remains now for us positively and properly to celebrate the superiority of our magnificent system, and to make appropriate awards to the capitalists who have made it possible for capitalism to surmount Marx's dire prediction of its doom. That done, we can then look forward, as always, to something better tomorrow. Capitalism is a *dynamic* system.

III. *Capitalism Commended*

Indeed the most remarkable thing about capitalism is its dynamism and its resiliency. It is creative men who make the system, and the dynamic system which, in turn, makes the men. Altogether, it is self-renewing because self-corrective, and self-corrective because self-critical; and it is self-critical because it is self-confident. "Honed to a fine-cutting edge," says Mr. White again, in speaking of the problem of Marshall Plan production, "by the grindstone of competition, held rigidly in place by the demands of monolithic unions, the American businessman [has] developed . . . the science of 'management.'"

The pride of private ownership and the prod of incentive production—the auricle and the ventricle of capitalism—are the heart of the American way of life. Let us see how widespread and how deep-lying is the health of the corporate organism, with its resulting independence and morale.

1. *Take the Farmer.* He has never in America been a peasant; for peasantry is a state of mind, in which "masterless men" are not quite men. Even the most dependent

“sharecropper,” who can still move from one tenancy to another, has not wholly lost his independence. His lot is hard, admittedly, but it is not the norm. It represents the abuse of a system which was intended to keep plantations operative after a war that liquidated slavery but left the slaves alive and “slavish” still of mind. Even at the worst, “sharecropping” is incentive production; for the more you produce, the more you get; and even the more you own, the more you get. Without stock or tools you get half of what you make; with stock and tools, you pay the landlord one-third (corn) and one-fourth (cotton). Such is the standard procedure, amid many variations. The system itself is on the decrease. Many states now have laws protecting the rights of the sharecropper. And while the system lasts, every rural renter in America, even of the sharecropper sort, is a landowner at heart, if not for himself, then for his children. With care in management, he himself can climb into ownership on the shares he gets as a renter. This upgrading upon the profits of the system itself is not only the principle but more and more the American practice.

This ownership of one's own spirit, that is the important thing. This has been preserved and even produced by another difference which characterizes the American farmer: he has not traditionally lived in villages and daily taken a “collective” self out to his land; rather, he has lived alone on the land, and has weekly brought an “independent” spirit into town for supplies and company. Country solitude has given him time and has furnished him incentive to think his own thoughts, instead of airing as his opinions the more or less unconscious “Gallup Poll” psychology of peasants in other lands who live in the atmosphere of custom, made dramatic through daily gossip. To a large extent Jefferson was right in his feeling that agrarian living made for independence of character. Whatever else he may own, the American farmer owns at least the “breathing space” around him. Every farmer is his own capitalist, and those who culminate the lure of the land with ownership thereof, are capitalists in deed as well as in thought.

2. *Take the industrial worker.* In America the industrial worker has traditionally owned his own tools; and

this has made for responsibility in their care and for pride in their use. Nor has decline in that practice made his plight the tragedy which communism predicted. According to Marxian dogma it should have; but the American is not a slave to theory, like the Russian. The practice has been for the industrial worker to compensate for his weakness as a landless and toolless individual with the collective strength achieved through trade unionism. This inventiveness was not foreseen by the Marxist, who expected men to accept their fate lying down (until aroused to revolutionary activity by Marxist propaganda). In America the sense of independence is kept alive in off-hours by a growing amount of home-ownership and a pervasive air of individualism.

That this collective compensation has not been ineffective is seen in the ever-rising proportion which *wage-earning* capitalists get of the so-called "surplus value" which on Marxist theory must go to bloat the boss. The result is that that's not "bloat" which you see on the American boss; that's muscle and sinew got the hard way of survival of the fittest in competition for increased production. There is little nepotism, or other forms of favoritism, in American business. Those who deliver the goods get the jobs. Competition does not allow the luxury which Marxist theory postulates for the ownership function under modern capitalism.

Truth to tell, the most immediate danger to our productive system no longer arises, as the communist thought, and still pretends to think, from the heartlessness of the bloated boss or from the impersonal iniquity of the profit motive, but from the irresponsible incidence of this new-found workers' strength. This monster of communalism, which in Marxist theory is to save the world, proves not only the ruin of the world when it comes to maturation in their all-state power but also to be a danger to the world as it slowly matures in our own productive system. All this awareness the communists act upon, whether fully conscious of it or not. By going all out in every country to capture labor unions, they think to destroy all the good that labor unionism has achieved and to elevate to the top all the evil that any collectivism harbors.

By disclosing irresponsible power to be what it always

tends to become, we propose to check its progress, wherever it occurs, and so to abort its final evil as projected by communism. The similarity of the power process in unions and in industrial cartels is seen in the identity of human types which come to power as union boss and as business tycoon: combative, acquisitive, imperious. In America the successful labor leader could, nine times out of ten, as well be a successful industrialist. In my town the mayor (1953) was once a labor leader turned into a successful banker, and later trusted enough by both sides and by the whole community to become a popular politician. And the moral?—this: the American laborer, whether on the farm or in the factory, is a capitalist at heart. The “bloat” that blights is the communist bloat of Big Brother and his secret-police minions swollen with irresponsible power.

3. *Take the Intellectual.* The “egg-head” in America is a capitalist at heart. The Illinois University professor was typical enough in spirit, though untypical in his vast success, who played the stock market on never more than a \$6,000-a-year salary and ran his holdings up to almost \$1,000,000. And in nothing was he more typically American than in willing all of it to his university, which had hospitably housed him in freedom. It is true that the intellectual, whether as professor or as a professional man otherwise, historically thinks of himself as a critic of Big Business and as contemporaneously, for the same reason, a potential critic of Big Unionism. His freedom is individual and is in individualism. He is at times pinched by each of them; and in crucial times harder pinched by both as they struggle for power and perhaps interrupt community services.

But one professional man, a lawyer, has but now written the best available defense of large-scale production: *Big Business*, by David Lilienthal. And another, a professor, has written a most substantial corrective of the monopoly danger in Big Unionism (and for that matter in Big Business): *Capitalism*, by David McCord Wright. And both men have written what they have written in the exercise of and for the defense of the kind of property which capitalism exists to protect and to preserve.

Property need not be in land or bonds or tools. But

whatever it be of or in, it must be privately owned. This is the essence of capitalism. The final property is indeed independence of spirit and pride in skill. This ideal the professional man, and above all the intellectual, exists to serve, and to enjoy. It is not the privacy of property (in the Marxian sense) that distinguishes capitalism; it is the property of privacy, which is finally sacred. All else is means to this end. This is the end-in-itself, the be-all and the end-all of the good life. It is this end, as we have seen, which conditions production, which humanizes distribution, and which frees consumption from envy and fear.

IV. *Every American His Own Capitalist*

This conception of property is no fanciful distinction which I have drummed up at the end of a literary device to dramatize the fact that in America the "bloated" capitalist is you and me made powerful of sinew and health from the ozone of aspiration which we daily breathe. No, it is a distinction which is basic to our Republic, was present at its founding, and has never been wholly absent in the crises of our history. We invoke this distinction in our struggle with communism. It was made explicit and put to work by James Madison, the Father of our Constitution; but it was used by Thomas Jefferson to infuse his whole program with the proper spirit. Madison writes,

A man has property in his opinions and the free communications of them.

He has property of peculiar value in religious opinions.

He has property very dear to him in the safety and liberty of his person.

He has equal property in the free use of his faculties and free choice of the objects on which to employ them.

In a word, as a man is said to have a right to his property, he may be equally said to have a property in his rights.

Capitalism, we may now repeat to the tune of Madison's noble refrain, is only one system of production; but it is the one which turns out the goods; it is only one system of distribution, but it is the one that most approximates

to justice; it is only one system of consumption, but it is the one, the only one, which in the modern world lets the farmer and laborer and professional man and industrialist get the most of the bread that he earns and eat that most in peace and safety. The capitalist is only the individualist become self-supporting.

Let us get all this, now, in brilliant perspective. Let us finish a story already touched upon earlier. Marshal Zhukov told General (now president) Eisenhower, when the two world-renowned warriors met and fraternized at the Elbe, that our (American) system "appealed to all that was selfish in people. . . . We induced a man to do things by telling him he might keep what he earned, might say what he pleased, and . . . allowed him to be an un-oriented entity within a great national complex . . ." But their system, the communist warrior continued, substituted "for such motivations the devotion of a man to the great national complex of which he formed a part." But the Marshal went on, in typical littleness of spirit, though under the dominance of an ideal so majestic, to demand of Eisenhower that he suppress an American magazine which had published something (trivial, in fact) which the Marshal did not like. In his country, said he, "I would see that the magazine ceased operations at once. . . . What are you going to do?"

Who here is the "bloated" boss, Eisenhower or Zhukov? Who here is drunk with power? Who here takes the "surplus value" of a civilization and turns it sharply against the "toiling masses" who have made it "surplus"?

The truth will slowly emerge; but it will be manifest in the end. Then it will be seen that capitalism does not put its emphasis upon the making of *money*, but that, above all and informing all, it is characterized by the *making* of money. It is the *creative* touch which transforms all. Capitalism is mankind's most creative invention: it creates goods, in surplus; it creates and distributes purchasing power to absorb the goods so plentifully produced; it creates an atmosphere in which men can enjoy not only their products but, most of all, can enjoy their betters, without disdaining their inferiors. Capitalism is the creative way of life.

Communism, in sober truth, is the cursedly *acquisitive*

way of life. Its leaders profess to disdain the acquisition of property only to insist upon complete monopoly of the only property which finally counts for weal or woe: power. Try to get this shared, try yourself to enjoy a little of this precious commodity—and off goes your head. Communism capitalizes power for human woe, capitalism creates power and distributes it for human weal. Civilization can be distilled into this phrase: *Everyman his own capitalist.*

V. "Freedom from Want"

In plain moral terms, this spells, again through the healing therapy of understanding, such compensation as is realistically available for the fear of poverty. "Freedom from want" we call it in our generation. Now let it be said, in all candor, that there is no such pure freedom. But this, like all else, is relative. There are approaches to freedom from want. It is not for me, who have been poor, to despise prosperity, such, that is, as can come to a professor. As I would not be a hypocrite, so I would not conventionally praise what I actually despise. If this book were successful, or another—hope springs perennially even in a writer's breast!—I would support myself in a style to which I am not yet accustomed. Such prosperity as I have tasted is most easy to endure. I admit that I like it. Moreover, I recommend it; for I am pretty certain that you too like it, or would like it.

Yet I would be uncandid, on the other side, if I did not admit, and communicate, the fact that already I know there is a limit which I do not need to surpass in order to be happy. The upper limit of prosperity to me would be "poverty" to a millionaire. The first obstacle to overcome in dealing with poverty, then, is frankly to get enough to live upon. And there is still reward in America for the ambitious, for the hardworking, for those who bear burdens and share tasks responsibly and cheerfully. Our sympathy goes to those who have been, beyond their power, unfortunate, and there are many such. But our pride rides with those who have made themselves fortunate through the efficacy of effort. Our first suggestion, then, is to stop impoverishing oneself. Romantic self-pity has its cure in a

second look, to see how things really are. As Ben King's rollicksome lines go:

Nothing to do but work,
Nothing to eat but food
Nothing to wear but clothes
To keep one from going nude.

• • • • •

Nothing to strike but a gait;
Everything moves that goes.
Nothing at all but common sense
Can ever withstand these woes.

That notion implemented, our second thought is to stop creating poverty for yourself through shortsightedness and envy of successful ones. See clearly the relativity of success. If you do not see that, you will always be poor, because you are poverty-stricken of spirit. Understand your position financially as you accept it as to strength and deference.

We say of our capitalistic society that we have here made more progress in a century and a half than the world had made for six thousand years. With only six per cent of the world's area and one-sixteenth of the world's population, we nevertheless produce nearly one-half of the world's goods, own 48 per cent of the world's electric power, 50 per cent of the world's radios, 55 per cent of the world's telephones, 60 per cent of its life-insurance policies, 87 per cent of its bathtubs.

And all that we say with accuracy enough for rough-and-ready comparison. But what is true—and is more important for our present purpose—is that we have a social mechanism under capitalism which is highly dependable for continuous production. We have a method, that is, of peaceably settling our disputes. It is true that our mechanism is sometimes noisy when changing gears (e.g., when the contract is up for renewal or emendation—like our politics at election time). But it runs smoothly enough on the road to enable us to undertake long journeys with ease.

Our industrial machine has not fallen into the ruts of dogma, but is ever ready to try new things and to adopt them after testing them. Our American capitalism is a

profoundly and an indigenously growing thing. This is the distinctive and the reassuring thing about it. It is an "ism" only in that it is an ambiguous label ready for daily expansion. As we say, ours is a "mixed" economy, meaning that it is free to experiment and is ready to adopt any new thing which seems to work better than the old. The "natural piety" Americans feel economically—and it is great—is for the dynamic process, not for products or for a given mode of production. David Lilienthal is a proper person, after his TVA experience and his knowledge of the atomic problem, to put all this in focus for us.

Diversity and flexibility, rather than a stereotyped hard-and-fast system, is an essential part of such a noble concept of society as is ours. We get our economic services in the way that at the time seems to work best, that will in a particular situation best advance our underlying purposes. We do not start with all the answers, the economic answers or political answers. We make the answers up as we go along. Thus, American industry is owned and operated, by and large, by competitive private enterprise; yet . . . the Senate of the United States voted unanimously to establish public ownership and management in one of our largest industries, and make it a government monopoly—I refer of course to the atomic materials industry. That appeared to be the thing to do at the time, for reasons related to the facts of atomic energy, not for ideological reasons taken out of some book of economic dogma. The most rock-ribbed Midwestern town I know has for many years owned and operated its own electric power and light plant. Is this then a "socialist" town? Hardly! There is a privately owned university; a public junior college. No one considers that these things are inconsistent, except to the dogmatist who thinks we have a fixed "system." In the same town there is a farmers' feed cooperative that is not quite private or quite public, operating side by side with a big privately owned feed company. There are state-owned liquor-stores. We would never consider adopting government ownership or control of newspapers partly because of their educational character; but our school system, the cornerstone of American education, is almost entirely publicly owned and managed. This is all part of the familiar picture of American diversity, of American flexibility.

One does not have to be a Joe Louis in strength or a Clark Gable in charm in order to be himself, whatever himself may be. If one stops trying "to keep up with the Joneses," he is already ahead of most people, including the Joneses. To see and to accept the relativity of poverty is the first hurdle in surmounting it. That lies within your hands.

And as for what remains, it is our highly productive, if "selfish," capitalism which has, by law, placed a secure floor under poverty of the kind that blights. No longer is "social security" a partisan matter in America, nor is it likely to be so again. In times of prosperity the ceiling is left open as an incentive to personal prowess. In times of genuine adversity there are the fruits of previous prosperity to fall back upon: there are already planned governmental works to offer employment, and there is throughout the land the spirit of our people to reassure us that we can *equalize ourselves downward*, if it comes to that, as we seek constantly to equalize ourselves upward while the trade winds are favorable.

To summarize, then: Our first insurance against poverty is understanding; our second is self-help through effort; our third is patriotism, pride, and confidence in our people. We have one another to rely upon. And we have shown ourselves to be the kind of people who help those who cannot help themselves, but first the kind of people who will help themselves as opportunity offers or as opportunity can be created.

Put more concretely, the comparison of communism with our capitalism runs at the present rate of production something like this: The average Russian worker gets a pound of butter (when he does get it!) for some five and one-half hours of work; it takes a half hour of work in the United States. A cotton dress takes forty-two and one-half hours of work in the Soviet Union, two hours in the United States. A pair of men's shoes, sixty-six hours in the Soviet Union; four hours in the United States. A quart of milk, one hour in the Soviet Union; eight minutes in the United States. A six-tube radio, two hundred and seventy-five hours in the Soviet Union, eighteen and one-half hours in the United States.

CHAPTER 9

Being A Satisfied Citizen .

A citizen is what you are, willy-nilly; a satisfied citizen is something you can become, but only through reason and choice. Not that any citizen can fruitfully insist upon utopian satisfaction, lollypops and all: not on earth, not yet. And, come to think of it, even Eden had its little dissatisfactions, chief among which, as reported, was a craving to become "like the gods—knowing good and evil." That is clearly the spice of life, that kind of knowledge. Eve was "had," in the legend of old time; and all her wisdom turned into wistfulness, as she and Adam

. . . Hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

Yet it is not written down, I believe, that Eve, or Adam for that querulous matter, ever repented of knowledge, though of course, like us, they complained at its high cost. Certain fumings are inevitable from the little "heats" and "colds" of daily life.

Comparatively, however, there is little enough solid ground, heaven knows, for dissatisfaction with the capitalistic aspect of our American citizenship. Our Fathers and we have hewn a productive system quantitatively superior, a

distributive system qualitatively superior, and a consumption system compatible with bread produced in abundance and eaten in peace.

Capitalism can be a lovely term, and to those who know its alternative, and hate totalitarianism, it is become among economic isms the pearl of great price. Our enemies are not well advised, it would appear, to attack us where we are strongest, where we are indeed so strong that it is our economic prosperity which they themselves most ardently emulate. Though a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, there is little occasion for flinching at the name capitalism which the flower of civilization wears. Semantic ambition should be made of sterner stuff. It is something new in the world, and something ever renewing, this encroachment upon an age-old economy of scarcity in the bright name of abundance.

I. Romance in Citizenship

With our political system, as with the economic, there can be found some surface cause for complaint. On a deeper view, however, even here can be found much of satisfaction to the thoughtful citizen. Meantime, there appears inevitable a certain amount of frustration connected with any form that may be taken by man's collective life. This comes primarily from the romantic streak which leads Everyman to suppose, falsely, that the larger the human mass, the finer the human quality. Sir Winston Churchill, tempering his mind to us as shorn lambs, remarks on our American devotion to bigness in idea. "Their national psychology," says he of us Americans, "is such that the bigger the Idea the more wholeheartedly and obstinately do they throw themselves into making it a success." Thus the wise statesman on our attitude toward ideas. His implied criticism carries over unfortunately in swollen fashion to our attitude toward organizations: the larger the aggregation, the more ideal the results we seem to expect. "One World," that's an electric symbol to many more Americans than Wendell Willkie. And "World Government," that was all but irresistible to Americans before the reaction set in. "It is an admirable characteristic," says Churchill again, "provided the idea is good." It has taken us longer, and we are

suffering the more from frustration, to discover his same cautious wisdom in connection with organizations. Any world government presently possible would, as Elmer Davis says, mean a different world—"either far better than the world we live in, or far worse."

The American is so gregarious that he senses in the crowd a security, which he does not find, there or anywhere. "What was it," so runs the story, "that the last man on earth said? What the last man on earth said, looking around him, was this: Where *is* everybody?" The only solitude that the average American finds tolerable is to be alone *with company*. Like cattle grazing in unison, or welding themselves through fear into the terror of a stampede, men in America seem to prefer to die all together from a bomb than to live in the misery of loneliness. Thus does romanticism invest communalism with a fictitious lure.

Realism suggests, on the other hand, that the larger you make any human unity the less you should expect from it of quality. In common sense we recognize this when we contrast the majority will with minority wisdom, and even more with individual insight. Majorities tend to mob-mindedness, and unanimity achieves the inferiority which majority opinion suggests. Men never seem to become all of a mind until all of them lose their minds. The mob becomes a meeting, as Carl Van Doren so well puts it, only when it is subdued to order through the discipline of parliamentary restraint. And a meeting finds wisdom only through individual reasonableness. Reduce the number, and you do not necessarily beget wisdom; but you do improve the chance of rationality.

This is to say that majority action without leadership becomes mob rule, and pure democracy would be the complete absence of leadership. Representative democracy is leadership at work "in," or at worst *on* the mass. That is what a representative is, a leader operating in lieu of, but of course in the name of, the led. "In the name of" may, however, not always be "in the interest of." That is the slip 'twixt the cup of democratic promise and the lip of fulfillment. That is the seed-bed of our main dissatisfaction with democratic citizenship. The will of the people is right, we say; but the will of the people does not always prevail. There is no way of making leakless the pipeline

which leads to the people. "The People, Yes," affirms Walt Whitman, reaffirms Carl Sandburg; but "the people" is an abstraction which never achieves concreteness save in a form that is disillusioning.

There was a Frenchman once who had great influence on French opinion leading to the Revolution and who had some indirect influence upon the American democracy. He defined democratic aspiration as a "form of association which will defend and protect with the whole common force the person and goods of each associate, and in which each, while uniting himself with all, may still obey himself alone, and remain as free as before." That is the "problem," says Jean-Jacques Rousseau. But if that *be* the problem, then you and I know already that there is no solution for it. There is indeed no such human association, and this Rousseau admits in practice, however he may continue to spin high theory. He admits it when he prescribes the easy way with dissenters, concluding that in a pinch it is perfectly proper "to force men to be free." The leakage, to which we have referred in the pipeline of representation, may waste all the liberty it was meant to safeguard and to conduct.

Here, as elsewhere, we bring only the little but ripe fruits of fuller understanding. To see why this is so, why men are perpetually disappointed with citizenship, even with democratic citizenship, is at least the beginning of whatever cure there may be for political frustration. Let us look first at the kind of association which citizenship is, in contrast with other kinds. It will be helpful to summarize in terms of the political perspective.

II. *"Ships" of the Civic Line*

Love is the thickest of all human bonds; liquidation is the thinnest. Love is so thick that it tends to coagulate and enmity is so thin that it tends to dissipate itself. "Love and strife," said an old Greek philosopher, these make the world go round, love pulling things together and strife pushing them apart. If we may count these forces as the antipodal banks of the great river of human association, then on our mighty metaphysical Mississippi sail other

“ships”: “Friendship,” “Fellowship,” “Comradeship,” and “Citizenship.”

Friendship, as we have seen, is the form of amity most akin to love, that highest form of social cohesion. Love, if we conceive it romantically rather than metaphysically, is a state where minds have but a single thought, hearts beat as one. Now, life of such idyllic quality is hardly more than an aspiration, even for two; much less for more than two. Friendship, however, exists as affection somewhat thinned out. Its characteristics we have seen, and certain examples we have celebrated from classic to contemporary times.

Comradeship exists for the many only by means of coercion, as in Russia. Fellowship is diluted when universalized. These “ships” are all for the like-minded, and none of them is roomy enough to house the vast difference in passengers who sail the stormy sea of life.

That, then, is the way the land seems to lie—yea, and the sea! The only “ship” left for the many is “citizenship.” It is a roomy boat, but has no intimacy whatsoever. Everybody’s on it, to be sure; everybody of a given time and place. Citizenship is indeed the diluted form of amity which provides freely for association of the unlikeminded. To try to make the roomy boat of citizenship intimate is but to ruin its roominess without effecting any coziness. If we are to have a form of association that includes everybody, then we must not exclude anybody. We cannot have it both ways. The tragedy of the social life is that men are seeking through it what it does not afford. They seek in or through organization what only individuality affords, and it in solitude alone. To exact more from a medium than is possible is to get less than is available. To demand (through loyalty oaths or other tours de force) that all citizens be like us, is to authorize them to demand, in turn, that we be like them. We cannot eat our cake and have it too.

We must treasure citizenship for what it is, a form of association which catches us up when all other forms fail, but which drops us into the abyss of tyranny the moment we insist that it deliver precious values which arise only from lesser but dearer forms of association. Clearly this form of association does not deliver to all what their hearts

desire. Dissatisfaction goes deeper than with the products of citizenship; it reaches to the very process of representation itself. The products of democracy are mediocre, to be sure; but because its process is defective. Compromise is the heart of the process, and compromise leaves all high-minded men unhappy. The man who would be satisfied with compromise, were there anything better, is clearly not the man a good citizen, in a democratic society, ought actually to be.

It would be a sad day for civilization if this accommodative process should cease to be. It was a fine day when the art first appeared on earth. "In the whole history of law and order," says Judge Curtis Bock, "the longest step forward was taken by primitive man when, as if by common consent, the tribe sat down in a circle and allowed only one man to speak at a time."

III. *Compromise the Political Form of Accommodation*

Compromise is made necessary by individual differences. These differences are deep in the very nature of man. We complain at these differences only when they frustrate us. Otherwise regarded, they are the glory of our own life and the high reward of observation; for they are indeed the fruit of what we call civilization. But let us look at them the way they all too often appear, as the veritable perdition of politics. The more intelligent men are, so runs our summary observation, the more they will differ; and the more honest they are, the more steadfast they seem to set on their differences. The first follows almost from the definition of education: it is discovery of individuality and the furtherance of it through development of the unique things we have discovered about each individual. The second follows from universal experience with earnest men.

Our double maxim is not an invention of our age, an innovation of "progressive" education; it is the oldest of American doctrines. It was enunciated by James Madison, in the *Federalist* (especially No. 10) and was insisted upon by both Madison, Father of our Constitution, and Thomas Jefferson, architect of its Bill of Rights. The constitutional convention had demonstrated, through weary weeks of debate, and through recurring days of deadlock, how deep

were the economic differences between the delegates, and how tenaciously each held to his own interests. These differences ran all the way from Alexander Hamilton's outspoken royalism, economic and political, to George Mason, who, leaning the other way, refused to sign the Constitution.

In defending the Constitution and recommending it for adoption, Madison had only to recall what all the Founding Fathers knew, what they had indeed so lately documented, that, economically speaking, "the most common and durable source of factions have been the various and unequal distribution of property. Those who hold and those who are without property have ever formed distinct interests in society. . . . The regulation of these various and interfering interests forms the principal task of . . . legislation, and involves the spirit of party and faction in the necessary and ordinary operations of the government."

What these Fathers also knew, and what needs always recalling, is that differences over property turn into differences of conscience and enlist religious fanaticism in their aid. Or, as Madison puts it, the depth of human differences reaches

a zeal for different opinions concerning religion . . . and many other points, *as well of speculation as of practice*, [so that] where no substantial occasion presents itself [for faction] the most frivolous and fanciful distinctions have been sufficient to kindle their unfriendly passions and excite their most violent conflicts. [Italics mine.]

If the extremes to which individualism will carry men needed any further documentation than what happened in the convention itself, it would get documentation with a vengeance in recalling that men radically and crucially differ even as to what distinctions are "frivolous," what "fanciful." Thomas Jefferson, for instance, thought that beliefs which the orthodox of his time regarded as conditions of eternal salvation were fanciful in conception and frivolous in application.

As touching the very *existence* of deity, Jefferson wrote: "It does me no injury for my neighbor to say there are twenty gods, or no god. It neither picks my pocket nor

breaks my leg." Therefore (to his young nephew, Peter Carr, his ward), this shocking advice: "Question with boldness the existence of God; because, if there be one, he must more approve of the homage of reason, than that of blindfold fear." As touching the *nature* of deity, trinitarianism was to him a semantic fraud. He called it, with disdain, "a Platonic mysticism . . . which no man can understand, nor therefore believe: three are one, and one is three; and yet . . . the one is not three, and the three are not one."

So much for the sacred Catholic doctrine of the Blessed Trinity; but as for Calvinism, the prevailing form of Protestantism of the time, Jefferson concludes with severe impartiality of stricture: "It would be more pardonable to believe in no God at all than to blaspheme Him by the atrocious attributes of Calvin. . . . He was indeed an atheist. . . . His religion was daemonism."

Jefferson's example surely represents the zenith of human pathos, the very nadir of any hope for fundamental agreement: that not even the "fanciful" can be so defined as to distinguish it once for all from what is everlastingly true no matter what. Yet it was out of this slough of despond that our Fathers found a way. The star which they followed—under the prompting of no one more than Jefferson—was a talisman not too bright but unwavering in its dimness. It guided the Fathers to this magnificent distinction: thought is one thing and action is another, and they are so disparate that each requires a rule of its own.

IV. *The Downward Look, toward Unity of Action*

The downward look is in quest of a method of getting limited agreements for what must be done. Now, not for *all* that must be done, by any means; for some action may be done by oneself, some with one's friends, some with that wider band who are distant and neutral, though by no means inimical. But still—and here's the rub!—some actions must be done that touch everybody, including one's enemies—and so should, in all conscience, be agreed to by all. Otherwise they will not go off well, and will, when done, not stick. How does one achieve agreement on such

actions as these? Such action, it will be seen, is the nub of what we have had to mean by citizenship: since on that "ship" everybody sails. Then everybody should know to what port she goes.

It is upon such crucial issues as war and peace, however, that feelings run high and thought runs slow. There is a way of getting agreement, not infallibly but usefully—the way of compromise. This is a fact that politicians take for granted, for they must; but good citizens often gag at it, as long as they can afford the luxury. Whether, however, we smile or scowl, it comes to the same end: that if men are going on the same ship, they must go to the same port. Luckily, they may sometimes have to agree only on priority of call, and so be able to make all ports in turn. Even this compensation is not allowed in making war or in establishing peace.

Compromise means giving up something in order not to have to give up something harder to part with. In matters of high importance, there is no consent without concession. What is left after the required concessions is always mediocre as compared with what was contemplated before the storm of necessity left the telltale marks of compromise.

This takes two main forms in democratic politics, both bearing the mien of frustration. The one frustration is in terms of candidates who are to enter the continuing discussion of direction, as our representatives, since we cannot all be there in person to enforce our various brands of perfection. The selection of candidates is always mediocre in the basic sense that, whereas deadlocks occur as touching major candidates, "dark-horse" candidates are often the only ones which a political party can agree upon. Or if not literally that, its equivalent; for some have to give up a candidate they did not want and accept a candidate somebody else wanted. The choice compromises the high concern of one group or the other.

There is often mediocrity in a larger, and harder, sense; for sometimes the candidate is a man nobody wanted. When this is the situation, it not infrequently happens that the result is a compromise in a deeper sense of the term: that only a man who is actually mediocre, who in short is a nobody, can be agreed upon. Warren Harding was a mediocrity in this sense of the term. This, then, is the first

sour fruit of compromise: agreement on personnel is frequently possible only at the price of what may appear to be lowering of personnel standards.

There can hardly be a better way of putting this than in a bit of homely anonymous verses,

I'd decided to vote against Bilkins, though I couldn't
exactly tell why;
I just didn't enthuse when he stated his views, and he
had a mean look in his eye.
The speeches I heard him deliver seemed vapid and
wobbly and weak.
"I'm off him!" I said with a shake of my head; and then
I heard Murkinson speak.
I said to myself as I strolled from the hall: "Bilkins
might not be so bad after all!"

Next morning I read in the papers a statement that
Bilkins had made,
Concerning finance and the possible chance of a speedy
revival of trade.
I read through a couple of columns of how he'd clean
up Wall Street,
And the way he'd proceed in this hour of need to set
the world back on its feet;
And I said to myself, as I sat there, said I: "Well,
Murkinson can't be as bad as that guy!"

Next morning came Murkinson's statement of the ways
and means he had planned
To set us all back on prosperity's track, if ever he got
a free hand.
He said in a year at the farthest, and he thought it
would not be so long,
He'd have us all back on a smooth easy track and life
would be one grand sweet song.
And I said to myself, with a catch in my throat: "I'll
ballot for Bilkins—that is, if I vote!"

The other frustration is in terms of the settlement of issues after an election. You have placed in office a candidate you did not want, perhaps a candidate whom nobody wanted very much. From the kind of men who actually

are elected, what could one expect save mediocre legislative outcomes? Of course the laws are riddled with compromise, and the execution of them is likely to be shot through and through with favoritism. From the compromised we get only compromises.

Such bold brave talk is often from irresponsible mouths. Such talk about the products of politics forgets that there was no way of getting an agreement at all upon a candidate save down the path of compromise. If you could start with perfection, you might, but not likely, derive only the perfect. But we men must start with what we have from where we are.

"How do I get to Washington from here" inquired the lost motorist of the yokel.

"You want to go to Washington, and to start from here," the latter ruminated half to himself.

"Wal, you go down this road a mile, turn left for two miles, then right for— No, that's not the way. Let's come back and start over.

"You want to go to Washington, starting from here?"

"That's it," replied the motorist.

"Wal, just like I said," began the yokel again. "You go down this road a mile and then, just like I didn't say, you turn not left but right and go four miles. Then you turn left and go . . . No, that's not right, neither."

"Let's begin again. You're going to start *here*?" the puzzled one inquired on a steeply rising inflection. "Mister," said he, shaking his head: "if I wuz you and wanted to get to Washington, I just wouldn't start *here*!"

Since we can never wipe the slate entirely clean, we have always to do the best we can with what we've got, including our starting point. It is the kind of men who are elected that in large part predetermines the result. But no other kind of men can be elected. The outcome, then, is what it is not because elected men are bad, as the faint citizen at once suspects; it is because men are good, as the stout-hearted legislator has reason to know. The trouble is that each side, in determining issues no less than in getting candidates, insists on being good in such a curious way—his own way! Without arguing the question further, this point must be clear: that in action there is no way of

getting agreement among different-minded men save this mediocre way which of course yields only mediocrity.

V. *The Upward Look, toward Variety and Freedom*

The greatest tragedy of humankind has been the fact that for so long it has been supposed that the only standpoint from which to judge the good life is that of action. If action were all, compromise would be all; for, let us repeat, there is no other way of getting common action. But action is not all. The chief glory of life is in thought and feeling, things highly individualized. There is no time, nor is this the place, to argue this matter; but the more you reflect upon it, the less it will appear in need of argument. Religion, for instance, so far as it is credal, is belief, not action; and this distinction is all-important in the Christian religion, where salvation is by faith.

Now, in the field of thought we do not have to compromise, because we do not have to think as one and do not have to act at all. If we did have to believe the same things we would be subject to the hard law of compromise. But, thank God, a man does not have "to split the difference" with his neighbor as to what either of them believes. There is no necessity for the unitarian and the trinitarian to compromise upon a merely *dual* deity!

The man who will compromise in matters of faith is not the man he ought to be. But the man who will not accommodate himself to others for the sake of common welfare is clearly not the citizen he ought to be. Such a specious specimen is a poor sport, if not indeed a fanatic. In thought the sky is the limit, and there need be no conflict; for thoughts do not have to intersect; they can occupy the same space, so to say, and still not jostle one another.

This is the distinction which our fathers made; and we have been reaping ever since the fine fruit of their great discovery that men who will compromise in action sufficiently to get a constitution and then be flexible enough to make it operative, do not have to compromise the rest of the way. Such men do not have to believe the same things or say the same things in order to live in peace with one another and to build a progressive society. This discovery is implemented through the First Amendment. Our

Bill of Rights, which this amendment initiates, separates church and state as testament to, and as down payment on, the larger and final disjunction between thought and action. Each domain is left under its own sovereign law.

Just as the capitalistic aspect of our democracy bequeathes us a plenitude of goods with freedom in which to enjoy them, so the political aspect has given us the glitter of pluralistic ideals under the skies of liberty.

The cultural pluralism which America has achieved is the fruit of this modest way of dealing with action. Where men cannot effect through compromise a common policy, they get out of sorts and will not allow to others any tolerance of ideals. Where, on the other hand, they achieve in their ideas independence from the urgency of action, this very achievement spills over its benevolent spirit and makes easier any action that must be based on accord.

Compromise does not have to stoop to conquer in the field of action where men have risen to the heights of intellectual freedom. The Inquisition sent Galileo to his knees because they had already in thought robbed him of all his freedom. Madness flows from meanness, but sanity flows from magnanimity. Just as capitalistic democracy, by furnishing the proper atmosphere in which to consume its goods, increases the production of goods, so political democracy spreads its generosity through the whole frame by the osmosis of accommodation.

Citizenship becomes more satisfactory through deeper understanding of what is involved, and the chief thing to be understood to this end is the necessity of compromise in action but for the sake of thought and feeling uncompromised. It would be a foolish citizen indeed who would not be reasonably satisfied with such a system.

CHAPTER 10

By-Passing The Joneses

In spite of our efforts to be concrete, perhaps more than a little of what we have written has seemed abstract. Let us, therefore, change pace in this chapter, and be as concrete as we can, even at the expense of our own pride. If we must make simplicity of somebody's life, why not of our own? Let us, without apology, then, but with a good deal of loss of face, make an example of our own experience with our "good neighbors," the Joneses. You can learn quite a deal about yourself from your neighbors.

I. *Good Neighborliness in Practice*

It is a fact that we have had more trouble with the Joneses than with all our other neighbors combined; and they are our nearest neighbors, too. Sometimes it just seems that proximity itself makes for animosity. Nor is it merely because of the ancient rivalry of two popular American names—Smith and Jones. Subconsciously, however, this very fact may help in part to explain our problem. It does sometimes seem, for a fact, that the Joneses have been trying to make up in indirect ways for being second to the Smiths in the telephone book: "doing their darndest," I mean, to be first in everything else. We were forced to try to keep up with the Joneses because they were making obvious efforts to get ahead of us, and this before we had

become aware of being in competition with them at all. People are downright funny that way.

A. Take automobiles, for instance. Some time ago we got a new Buick, not having given a thought to the fact that their Buick was really outmoded—last year's model, theirs was. Hardly had we got settled in our new Buick when they began to flash by our house more times a day than seemed really necessary in a Chrysler. Even the children noticed what they were doing. We could hardly be expected to take that lying down, not Smiths from Joneses. It was not that we wanted to get ahead of them, but you can understand that we didn't propose to eat their dust.

So we bought a Lincoln. But, no; the Joneses aren't the kind who will let well enough alone. We were only trying to lead our own lives, though they presently made it necessary for us to lead our lives in a Cadillac. We owed it to ourselves not to come off second best.

B. But it didn't stop at cars, not with the jealous Joneses. It reached to houses. We had an old but comfortable house which, in its livability, completely put in the shade the house of our neighbor's. Theirs was old, too, but not so large and very poorly laid out. So many people commented to us, and no doubt to the Joneses, upon the beauty of our house that, before we knew what was happening, the Joneses had mortgaged (I'm sure they had to) their farm in order to build themselves a brand-new house.

We watched it go up with mixed feelings. It was clear from the beginning that they were building it not so much for themselves as against us. And this did not set well with the Smiths. Our children began to remark on this and that about our home, which before that we had always loved. To make a long story short, we were finally forced to put up a new home ourselves. The fact that it completely outshone the one the Joneses had built never did quite reconcile me to the loss of what but for them we would have died in as happily as we had lived in it. I have found it hard to forgive the Joneses.

C. Take education, for instance. Another form which their jealousy took was in regard to the education of our children. Their daughter, about the same age as our son,

was a gangling gal, whom neither we nor our son had ever quite thought of as a proper playmate. The children went to the same primary school and then to the same high school. Normally our son would have gone to our own nearby state university; for we were not wealthy people, not after paying for the house the Joneses forced us to build. But, quite characteristically, they up and sent their daughter to Mt. Holyoke. We barely knew about the school; but they would never let us hear the last of it. From the day she was accepted—surprise that she was—they came over and extolled the virtues of Holyoke, always to the detriment of the state university. They made so much of this—to what end was completely clear from the beginning—that our son got an inferiority complex about the state university. All of us, in fact, came about the same time to the conclusion that he ought to go to Amherst. It was late; but of course they were glad to accept him; and to Amherst he went.

Our son is nobody's fool; and knowing the letters that the Joneses would be showing us from their daughter boosting her college to the skies, he proceeded from the first, and without any coaching whatsoever—nice of him, wasn't it?—to send us letters not only about the prestige of Amherst but about the expense of the place, and the sons of wealthy families that one could meet and associate with. His masterful letters quite gave us the upper hand again. The two children later met at a week-end party in the East; and, being away from home and lonely, they, to our surprise, became friends. This gave their daughter something really to be proud of, and she mentioned it to them in more letters than one. It was nothing for us to brag about, but we could hardly envy them the joy it gave them.

D. Take genealogy. This competition with the Joneses, which from the outside may sound perfectly silly and yet from the inside was deadly serious business, did not end with tangible things like automobiles, houses, etc. It even reached beyond education, into genealogy. Yes, *genealogy*. That is, as of course you know, the effort to steal prestige from ancestors who earned it. We discovered almost by accident, though it may have been a planned accident on their part, that the Joneses had engaged an agency to look

up their ancestry, in the hope no doubt of making themselves better than they were. Mrs. Jones let this drop in a conversation in our home, in connection with D.A.R. We gathered that she was not yet able to get admitted, but that she was close to it (closer, the implication was, than we would ever get).

This intimation was dropped in such a nasty manner that we could not let it pass, and keep our self-respect. We did not know exactly how to go about evening the account. It's tricky business when you get to coasting on your biological past. But we knew full well that we had a better ancestry than the Joneses could have had, however they might bloat theirs up fictitiously; and we did not propose to let them get by with any funny work on their genes.

Luckily, just at the time, I chanced to read in a magazine an ad, which said: "Look into your famous family tree; you may be royalty for all you know. We'll prove it for you." Not that we, as good Americans, cared a hoot about royalty. The offer, nevertheless, came at an opportune time to enable us to keep the scales balanced with the Joneses. So we wrote in, and so it was that we subscribed to the very best genealogical service, I believe, that there is in America. They were good enough to look up for us the service the Joneses were patronizing—and to tell us what we guessed all the while: that the "research" which the Joneses were getting was *bogus*.

Good though ours was, it turned out more expensive than we intended. It was only five dollars to begin with; but then it was twenty-five dollars, and then it was a hundred dollars; and these additions came always just at a time when something important seemed right around the biological corner for us. Indeed, there were exciting moments when it seemed as though the "royalty" suggestion might be monkey-business only for pretenders to prestige, like the Joneses. Well, as I say, the research grew pretty expensive; but once in we felt we had to see it through; and, besides, it got extremely interesting as layer after layer was folded back in our biological patrimony. The research served its purpose in furnishing us innuendos with which to sink the shallow pretenses of the Joneses to an ancestry.

Just about the time our neighbors saw that we could

outshine them genealogically, as we had outdone them every other way, we ourselves had a peculiar experience which—thank heaven!—the Joneses never got into. It was amusing in itself; for of course one is never abashed by what progenitors did before one came on the scene—else were we all damned—but it is not something to let your enemies, or your neighbors, like the Joneses, get hold of. Well, it was like this.

Our fine research agency wrote us a letter marked “highly confidential,” which we wondered about as we opened the letter. It disclosed that a distant relative, a collateral cousin, was found to have been “the first occupant of a distinguished chair of applied electricity [such was their own phrasing of it] at a great state institution.” It sounded as though we had broken into the higher level of learning, a veritable academic gold mine. But what we presently discovered was that this was a gentle way of breaking to us the news that this cousin had gone to the electric chair for murder! Well, history has its little jokes. We, for instance, would never have heard the last of that accident from the Joneses, silly though the whole thing was, logically speaking. Shortly thereafter we discontinued the genealogical service.

II. *The Nadir of Neighborliness*

I have been writing as though these things happened yesterday. That is because they come so vividly back to me as I think them over. As a matter of fact, most of what I've been telling you happened long ago. Longer ago still, well before any of the things I have mentioned, and perhaps the root of most of the things which have happened since, we had a set-to with the Joneses which I want to tell you about now, for it illustrates all the better because so simply what kind of people our neighbors really were. It was back in the “horse and buggy” period; for the Joneses and we have been “good neighbors,” as the saying goes, now for nigh onto fifty years.

On a “horse-trading Monday,” which our community then observed, Jones, to mince no words, got the best of me in a horse trade. I admit it, though it was to my honor, as you will see. It wasn't that he knows more about horses

than I do; the whole community is aware of my unsurpassed horse-knowledge. (I remark it as a matter of fact, not as a boast.) It was, rather, that I always try to be a good neighbor to those who live in our community and do not go around with my heart poisoned with suspicion. I was trusting my neighbor Jones, rather than scheming for my own interest, when he took advantage of me in the aforesaid trade, and got the best of the bargain. The injury was not great, but the insult was: for he proceeded to boast about something that was a better cause for shame, until the whole community was aware of my having been disadvantaged in a field where the whole community also knew me to be superior. They wondered at anybody getting the better of me in a horse trade. But I was stopped from explaining it to them, lest I should seem to be boasting of my virtue.

Such things cannot be repaired through the direct approach. A man who will do what Jones did to me is not a man to whom you can go and talk it over. So accepting the situation for what it was, I wore a smile when my neighbors kidded me about the horse trade, lay in wait, and bided my time. A man owes it to his community not to let such conduct as Jones's go permanently unrequited. I came presently into possession of a fine saddle horse, a young high-spirited fellow, who was superb in his four gaits, when he was good at all, that is when he was in the mood to be ridden. He was, as you will see, not always in the mood. And upon this moodiness hangs my tale. He was one of the few saddle-horses I have ever known who would balk at being ridden as effectively as low-spirited scoundrels balk at pulling a load. When he was out of the mood, he was the balkingest horse I have ever seen. (There was a simple way of getting him back into the mood; that was a secret I kept to myself.)

My neighbor is at heart a gambler, and if he were able to support his fancy temperament, he would be at the race tracks all the time. Knowing his weakness for fancy horses, I cultivated his wounds of envy and salted them daily with an exhibition up and down the road where Jones could not fail to see my horse's graceful change of gaits. It wasn't long before I knew his wounds were smarting. I espied him out of the corner of my eye as I rode past, peeping out

from behind his barn at my horse (he thought) unobserved. My fancy horse seemed to conspire with me to make the shows better day after day. That horse could single-foot like nobody's business—well, foxtrot, too—and all the rest.

Well, as it fell out, Jones finally could stand his envy no longer. He sauntered over to my house one day and idly brought up the subject, as a trader will, seeming not to be interested but just mildly curious. I fell into his gait and attended to setting the baited trap. This happened a number of days until I could see that he was consumed with desire to own the saddle horse. Of course the trap was not sprung until the community trading day came around. On horse-trading Monday—I well remember it was September—he bantered me for a trade.

He had a fine work horse which I needed every day (even as Jones needed him, worse than I). He asked me how much "boot" I would give him as between the young saddle horse and the good work horse. Of course, I laughed it off, as a trader will. Finally he made a serious proposition to trade even. Now his horse was actually worth two of mine any day, but I allowed, as a trader will, that he was trying to rob me; that unless he was prepared to talk sense, I would trade with somebody else who was in his right mind. A good deal of this bantering (pleasant enough on the surface but barbed beneath, because of the background I've let you in on) went on until he finally offered me twenty-five dollars to boot. This was the supreme good—for dollars were scarce those days—but not, as the philosopher might say, the "complete good." The completion was what happened to rectify the old account between Jones and me.

He got on the saddle horse, the money having passed to my hands, to show off to the assembled neighbors the gaits he had witnessed up and down the road in front of his house. But I had seen to it that the horse was not that day "in the mood" for gallivanting! The cussed animal balked and would not move a peg. When Jones put the quirt to him, he pitched violently; and when Jones, alas, added the spur, the horse threw him sky high. Jones was not injured, save for a broken arm, a wrenched back, and a face skinned all over. But the insult was deep, the humilia-

tion complete; for *Mr. Jones*, the sharp horse trader, had been cut down to size in the presence of the whole community, which knew what he had once done to me. *Mr. Jones* it was indeed, who had to hire somebody to *lead* his fine saddle horse home, leaving his good horse to me, and twenty-five dollars which I jingled lackadaisically in my pockets as I modestly walked up and down before the admiring neighbors!

I think that, without doubt, it was the proudest day of my life—though not, I now admit, the most productive. (I have kept to this good day the secret that a pinch of salt in his mouth would make the horse balk for hours, whereas a lump of sugar would sweeten him up for half a day!)

But that was long ago, as I have said; indeed long before what was long ago. The intervening years have taught my neighbor what I knew all along. (It takes two to make peace, but only one to make a row.) The lesson is that while the game of keeping up with each other is a certain amount of fun while it lasts, it is not fully productive. Jones and I both, but especially Jones, lived for years beyond our means, just trying on his part to put me in my place. (I happen to know, for instance, that he had to borrow the money for the genealogical business.) Of course he never succeeded in getting me down; for, as I am sure all the other neighbors would testify, I got the best of him at every pass, save only the one where my trusting disposition gave him the first horse trade we made, but never another one. Such victories, however, are always temporary; and, to tell the truth, they are less fun than they seem to be at the time.

The chief reason is not merely that "life is not so ample" one can "finish enmity," but that even while it lasts jealousy is two-edged. To have any security in keeping up, you must always be well out in front. Only those who stay ahead keep up with envy. Like Alice in Wonderland, you have to run twice as fast to stay where you are. And that makes a nervous business of daily living.

What we learned—that is, what Jones learned, since I knew it all along, as I have said—was that it is better to by-pass one another by going different roads than to try to get ahead of each other on the same road. Most roads of life, certainly the one Jones and I shared historically

(though now there is a four-lane highway between our places), are too narrow to drive abreast. So that if you get in competition for preeminence, you have to be either ahead or behind. Since I would not accept the hind spot and Jones could not keep the lead spot, we spent a good deal of time enjoying enmity when each could have been enjoying his own excellence much more. Different talents may conspire toward common ends rather than cancel each other out. It is not that a certain tincture of enmity is not good fun for all concerned. I'm not for a dull life sunk in do-goodism. It is, rather, that the perspective of jealousy is foreshortened and the fun which it affords can come too high.

III. *Even a Dog Fight May Sustain a Moral*

All that I have been suggesting is illustrated by a dog fight, a veritable canine brawl, which our dogs put on to the detriment, for a time, of community morale. It was July Fourth, when nobody was doing anything save sit around and hope for something to happen. Sharing in the tension of the day, Jones's dog crossed the road to jump my dog. There were plenty of witnesses to this encroachment by his dog. What I would never admit to Jones, but what I privately enjoyed almost as much as the fight, was that my dog very cutely provoked Jones's dog to cross the road by making a gesture which I could see in any dog-language was a clear dare to come on over and have it out, man to man "like a patriot." As the boys used to sing, tauntingly:

Any dog that'll take a dare
Will smell a skunk and lick its hair.

Well, as I say, Jones's dog was the aggressor; and, unlike what happens all too often among men, the aggressor in this case got what was coming to him. He really did—and how! The fight was long and bitter, even bloody. (It cost me a little fortune to have my dog Bounce fixed up afterward; but never was money more proudly spent.) The whole community was witnessing the fracas toward the end, taking sides, as men will, and even laying bets, mostly

on my dog. I don't know why it is, but a dog fight seems to rile men more deeply than a human fight. I stuck up for my dog, of course; for after all he was on his side of the road. Jones stuck up for his dog, off-sided though his dog was. And the whole community was at sword-points for days. Jones and I had to be forcibly separated to prevent our having it out right then and there. For many nights thereafter I used to sit at my window with my shotgun at my side; for I would not have put a sneak attack upon my dog beyond the poor sportsmanship of my neighbor.

As I think of it across the years, the whole business seems trivial enough, but it was then of the highest moment—a matter almost of life and death. I think it was reflection on the triviality of the dog fight which later started us—I mean started Jones, since he was the one morally backward—on the road to discovering that there was a better way of getting along than for us to contest every inch of the way, as he forced us to do. It's not that I have anything against competition: it's a chief part of "our American Way of Life." It is, rather, that there are ways and ways to compete. Emulation can be indulged without the onus of envy. Men can by-pass each other by taking different roads, so to say, and each going his own way for different reasons.

But this milder kind of emulation takes ingenuity, intelligence, and even character, whereas the direct kind arising from envy can be indulged even by fools, mostly indeed by fools. It but reminds us of the Socratic wisdom that virtue is knowledge.

IV. *Coexistence Is Also Neighborliness*

Charles F. Kettering, the clever inventor and later productive capitalist and humanitarian, has given us a neat example of the pluralistic way which makes coexistence possible without the sting of competition as practiced by meaner souls. In *Collier's* magazine (Dec. 3, 1949) he has written under the title, "Get off Route 25, Young Man." But his story is worth a moment's appreciative briefing.

Mr. Kettering, who drives from his office in Detroit each week end to his home at Dayton, asked a friend to make the trip with him one week end, remarking that it would

take only four hours and a half. The friend replied that it was a much longer trip than that, that he had driven it often, and that the several hundred miles could not be done in anything like that time. Mr. Kettering assured him, but he would count no words for reassurance. It came to quite a point between them. So to put it to the test, the friend went with him, to be delivered at Dayton, just as Kettering had said, in some four hours and a half.

The friend countered defensively, "Hell, no wonder you can do it. You didn't stay on Route 25!" His tone of voice seemed to say that no man in his right mind would leave the highway marked on the map in red, not even if it saved him hours and a vast amount of nervous energy. Map-wise but life-foolish, he would buck the traffic, and all for what?

Kettering proceeds to generalize the lesson, in recommending a fresh approach to problems. Don't get caught in mere conformity; live life intelligently, retail-like, so to say. "Get off Route 25, Young Man!" The world is full of chances for those who will strike out for themselves, who will forsake the beaten tracks of use and wont, and take to paths tailored to one's own taste, rather than rutted by narrow emulation. Kettering's final word is this: "There are no limits to the undone things."

V. *Emulation Adds to the Gaiety of Neighborliness*

This lesson was so obvious to me right along that I sometimes think it might have dawned on my neighbor Jones out of the weight of its own logic; but that I'll never know, for God intervened. Things happen fast when Providence takes a hand. Jones himself suddenly fell ill, with the diagnosis of cancer, and the prognosis of perhaps a month to live. That family's plight was pathetic, and perhaps the most pathetic part of it was that they turned to us in their hour of need.

We saw another side of the Joneses that had not been visible over the years. I say *we* advisedly; for in the midst of preparation for death, the promise of life glinted forth in news strange to us but full of healing for the Joneses: our son and their daughter had fallen in love and were preparing to announce their engagement, with marriage projected the day of their joint graduation at Amherst and

Holyoke. It was a day that Jones would not live to see, but a day which in prospect he hourly celebrated. The news was, of course, as much a shock to us as it was a morale builder for the Joneses in their plight.

Over the numbered days I had many long talks with Jones, for he remained conscious to the end. I found him not a bad sort, really. What particularly I discovered in him was that he had most wanted all his life did not compete with what I wanted out of life.

Jones was an artist at heart. He even showed me shyly some verses he had written. Think of Jones being a poet! Of course they weren't much, but it was a lot for a man of Jones's ability; and I was quite moved at seeing how much his poor efforts to create beauty meant to him. He had been driven to the competitive spirit toward me, it appeared, by the inner frustration of wanting one thing but having to do another.

He was not a total failure as a farmer; but he was a misfit even in his success. Even his greatest success at what he really wanted to do—the fancy horse business was an esthete's, not a gambler's reaction—would at the most have by-passed anything which I wanted to do. We did not have to keep up with each other; we were so different that each could much better have competed with himself.

"By-pass" was the word, indeed, that came to me again and again in thinking over my relations with Jones. My feeling grew mellow as we laid Jones away, I being at his request head pallbearer. There was nothing sentimental between us even at the end, please to know. But there was an awakening in him toward the end that I can hardly describe save as a touch of magnanimity. There was a sort of cosmic pity for life and its fierce predicaments. There was clearly on his part an admiration for my strength; and there grew between us a sort of fellow-feeling which, had we it to do over, would leave us in emulation of, but not in competition against, each other.

No great harm was done by either to either. But greater good might have been achieved if Jones could have seen at the beginning what he glimpsed at the end: that I was an honorable man trying to get along with him and that my family was a step up right along, as the marriage of his daughter to our son was for them a sort of final advance-

ment. Looking back upon it all in the mellowed aftermath of death, I could think of no way in which I was to blame save that I let him force me to be neighbors in his inferior way. If I had practiced toward him more resolutely from the beginning the Iron Rule, instead of playing at the Golden Rule, I might have brought him to his senses without the act of God.

This is the lesson, we might say, which all Smiths could teach to all the Joneses, to their great advantage: that emulation need not be competition, save in virtue. To by-pass is not to pass, or be passed; it is to co-exist in the plenitude of the values which go to make rich our common world. I am proud to say that through it all my conduct exemplified what Robert Moses expressed for his own forgiving nature when he publicly made up with Harold Ickes, in the New Deal Days. "I have never been much anyway," said Moses, "at harboring bad feeling for a long time, first, because it is not my natural disposition; second, because I am too busy. . . and, finally, because it is a well-established fact that venom and bitterness are bad for the chemistry of the soul."

And as for the rest, you can see for yourself that Jones never succeeded in making me hate myself.

I have bibbled at many a fountain,
Sweetened my palate from many a bee,
Feasted my eyes on many a mountain,
Forgotten my cares on many a sea.

Yet no savor of sea-air or mountain
Nor any excellence of land or sea,
Can match the flavor of the fountain
Which bubbles forth from the depths of me.

CHAPTER 11

Is Somebody at Home When You Call upon Yourself?

One morning, as a leisurely visitor in Mexico City, I read the advertisement of an auction to be held that day in an old hacienda at the outskirts of the city. Aware of my chronic proclivity not to be outbid whatever the cost, I went out in advance to determine what I would *not* compete for. I found only one article on which, in conscience, I could risk overbidding. It was an old shaggy-looking parrot, but in a very attractive cage. I started the bidding at a modest eight pesos.

From a strident Mexican voice, in sight of the auctioneer no doubt, but around a corner from where I stood, there came at once a bid of one hundred pesos. This piqued me and stirred my competitive spirit to the boiling point. So I raised it at once to two hundred pesos; he made it three hundred; I, four hundred—and on and up at a rapid pace, until I bought the bird, which I could not see during the bidding, for eight hundred pesos. As I cooled off, going up to pay for and to claim my prize, I said to the auctioneer:

“I suppose I made an ass of myself, buying this old bird. I can’t even take him into the United States, can I?”

“I’m afraid not,” said he sympathetically. “Parrot fever, you know,” he added.

"Anyhow," rejoined I, seeking some small margin to save my face, "can the old bird talk?"

With amazement written all over his face, he spoke; and this is what he said, to my astonishment: "You seem to have made a bigger ass of yourself than you think; *it was he who was bidding against you!*"

Well, that's my story—and I propose to stick by it. All the more, because it is an illustration which reminds me again and again of a highly important moral: men, even more than birds, are often guilty of "bidding against themselves." It is a fatal proclivity, and a chief source of our human woes and failures.

I. *A Threefold Self in a Sixfold Situation*

More than the parrot, we men can become the victims of our own competition, because we are more complicated. "Cutting off the nose," we call it, "to spite the face." We men and women are never less than dual beings, and seldom less than multiple ones. Each of us is a "me," and "I," and, if we mature properly, a "myself." It is clearly better to find a competitive self than not to find anybody at home, when we call upon ourselves.

But before spelling out this threefold nature of each of us, let us orient ourselves in a sixfold situation, which is chronic to our human plight. Every time you go driving with a friend—or for that matter indulge in a stay-at-home session with somebody—there are (1) you yourself, the real you; (2) your idea of yourself, which may be unique; (3) your friend's idea of you, which may be vastly different, especially if the friend is also your lover. Then there are, on the parallel side, (4) your friend's real self; (5) his idea of himself, which may be as remote from his real self as yours is from you; and (6) your idea of your friend.

Now, coming back home, in this baffling environment, you are a "me," as I have said; and I am a "me." People, that is, can do things *to* us. We are often on the receiving end, willy-nilly. Chickens come home to us to roost, though we thought we had shooed them quite away. Envy boomerangs upon us, as I saw clearly with my neighbor Jones. Death comes at last, as it came to Jones, to take us off for good. The world and people can and do get at us

right along. That's the "me" side of each of us.

We are at the same time, and all the while, "subjects." Each of us is an "I." We initiate actions. While we are on the receiving end from others, we are also and all the time on the giving end. "We send," we boastfully say, "as good as we get." At any rate we do send. That is the "I" side of each of us, which seems to rise above space and time. We not only observe others but we become observers of the other side of ourselves: we analyze our own feelings, we estimate how much we can stand. At the moment of death, says Pascal, man knows that he dies. He thus becomes the spectator of his fate no less than of his career. We are all "I's."

But this "I" side and this "me" side are aspects of the same person: that's "myself," the combination of subject and object into a going concern. We are all become going concerns of a sort very early, as crawling infants; but at first we are not conscious of ourselves. Baby is for a time "baby" to himself as he is to parents; that is, he is an object only. Slowly he becomes a subject, and tries to make everybody else his object, doing this and that to that and this, and hurling himself against all comers who are not too big to be pushed out of the way of his sovereign babyhood. But there awaits a happier and more meaningful day in which he comes to be somebody to himself: the "I" and the "me" meet, though not yet wholly to merge. There is then the time "When a Man Comes to Himself," as Woodrow Wilson phrased it in a beautiful and famous essay. There is a different and still more colorful phrasing of this creative denouement.

II. *Self-Consciousness, a New and Lovely Complication*

This final phrasing is given to us by an American philosopher, George Herbert Mead, a man who wrote little but who had much influence, and who now after his death has more and more influence. He is the philosopher's philosopher. When a man calls upon himself, says Mead, and finds somebody at home, he has become a living *soul*. No longer a mere object, suffering the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune; no longer the completely free subject, playing God to his world; but now subject-and-object

combined thus, carrying in his own consciousness a new and lively creative force. As a man becomes an "other" to himself, he makes it possible for him to assume all roles and to extend his personality toward infinity. Says a clairvoyant American poet, Jamie Sexton Holme:

I took a train today, to see
If I could get away from Me.

Though swift and far the engine sped,
My Self went hurrying on ahead.

I went into a room to hide.
My Self already was inside.

I hastened through a secret door. . . .
My Self had entered there before.

However fast and far I flee,
I cannot get away from Me!

To summarize now this dear trinity of the self, here on the ground floor lives "me," watchful and receptive. Capacious in demand and spacious in amplitude, the "me" of my merry menage is earthy, dearer to "us" than all reality, nearer to us than hands and feet. Then there is the "I" of us, stationed on the parapet of personality, towering, contemplative, commanding—full of autonomy and bright with integrity. In between the tower and the ground floor lives that other intensive fellow, "myself." He is informed of the "me" and is instinct with the "I" of us.

How different we three are in mood and tense: "I" is the eternal future, "me" the past, and "myself" the vibrant present, fleeing the past, rushing to meet the oncoming future. Through this wise diversification in us of tense we span all time and are on easy speaking terms with eternity. And as for mood, we never know what boredom is: "me" is objective, "I" is subjective, and "myself" is reflexive. We three reinforce one another in joy and compensate for any fleeting shadow of grief that darkens our threefold domicile. We three, when we are at one, make music, in perpetual unison, singing the Song of the Self:

Alone I hail the contented hour,
With but myself and me;
For nought is sad, nought is dour,
When we're the company.

All silent thoughts get spoken,
When three as one agree;
And inner light remains unbroken,
Once myself and I meet me.

For enjoyment this dear complication is all but self-sufficient. But the self exists for service as well as for the luxury of rich reverie. Let me now illustrate how rich this pluralism can become, and then turn the theory of diversity to account in converting the house of egoism into a home for the Self.

III. *A Concrete Illustration of the Happy Complication*

While Clarence Darrow, the great criminal lawyer, was still alive and the darling of minority groups in America, somebody failed him as a debating foil for a benefit performance; and I as a young man was asked to go into the arena with the old lion to be eaten alive for some good cause. The subject of the debate, already chosen by him, was the classic "chestnut": whether the human will is free, whether there is an "I" over and above the "me's." Skirting that sixty-four-dollar question, I proposed something less metaphysical, a simpler and more practical subject: "Can the individual control his conduct?" Darrow at first demurred but at length good-naturedly accepted, saying that, so far as he could see, my statement boiled down to the same thing as his. I doubted that it did, and prepared to show that it did not.

The day came for the debate, the theater was crowded (the roped-off street, too!) with people wishing to see their hero in action. What the issue was and with whom, little mattered to the crowd, so long as their idol was on exhibition. I had worked out a line of argument which was a little off the beaten path to Darrow, and left him turning somewhat uneasily in his chair as I pursued the following line of thought.

"One man can control another man's conduct," I began

—"at least up to some point. I know this," I said, "from watching with admiration the career of one Clarence Darrow. He selects a jury," I went on, "with great care and with reference to the direction of control which he means to apply. He has told me, for instance, that he objects on principle to a Presbyterian on a jury, because (said he) all Calvinists have a harsh theology and want to imitate their divine taskmaster. ('Oh,' sighed he, 'that men would only get gods to worship at least as good as men are!') He would take a Methodist, he said, because Methodists have warm feelings and let the heart rule the head. Or he would take a Roman Catholic most gladly, since the Catholic does the human thing, then confesses to the priest, and leaves the rest to the Church and God.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I said, addressing the crowd, "I do not vouch for the accuracy or the justice of Darrow's invidious characterization of these several sectaries. I am only making the point that, according to his own admissions, he is singularly successful in picking jurors who can be controlled, and then in directing their minds to the verdict of acquittal. He has modestly admitted to me what the record bears out, that he has never yet lost a client to the gallows through having a jury get out of control.

"Now the curious thing is," I went on, "that we can do to ourselves the same sort of thing Darrow does to others, and by the same technique. We control others by talking to them. But we can talk to ourselves. We not only have ears to hear what we say out loud to others, but we have the capacity of talking to ourselves under our breaths. (Didn't I just then hear Mr. Darrow mutter something under his breath, at the drift of my argument?) Thinking itself has been defined as 'subvocal articulation,' 'the conversation,' Plato long ago called it, 'of the soul with herself.'

"Mr. Darrow," I proceeded, "will be in Detroit tomorrow at ten o'clock. How do I know? Well, he told me that he was going there to defend the Negro physician, Dr. Sweet, who, guarding his home and safeguarding his family, shot into a white mob storming his door. But Darrow will go to Detroit because six weeks ago he told himself,

in promising Dr. Sweet, that he would come to the defense. Darrow is a man of his word.

"This lawyer controls jurors, you see, by talking them to death. He has confessed to me in private that, among the tricks of his trade, he often prolongs jury trials so that the defendant may become intimately familiar to the jury. Nearly any man, says he, will hang a stranger; but mighty few men will hang an old friend, whether they like him much or not. Familiarity begets mercy. So runs Darrow's salty wisdom. But the upshot of all this is that Clarence Darrow controls his own conduct in the same way as he controls others: *he talks to himself.*"

Believing that a hint to the sufficient is wise, I sat down, while Mr. Darrow was still uneasily creaking his chair. The great lawyer, master showman that he was, unrolled himself slowly and opened his reply by saying, substantially, with complete candor, that the argument was new to him and that if he had a week or so to think things over, he might have a reply to it:

"But," said he, "I haven't a week to think. I gotta talk, and I gotta talk now. So," concluded he, as he settled to his easy vocal pace, to the purring of the crowd, "I'll make my same old speech, *against the freedom of the will!*"

IV. *Three Practical Applications*

Now metaphysics is great good fun to argue, as Darrow well knew. Nobody can ever be proved wrong, or right. But we here only skirt the fringe of the majestic sea of mystery in offering what we there affirmed (the debate itself may be found in Haldeman-Julius "Little Blue Book No. 843"): that the "I" of myself can be very influential with the "me's" of myself. Let me illustrate this now afresh and in three regards:

(1) The "I" of me doesn't have to take counsel of my fear, though my "me's" are shot through and through with trepidation.

(2) The "I" doesn't have to take counsel of ignorance, though my ignorance would fill an ocean, with bilge enough left over to flush the five seas.

(3) The "I" doesn't have to surrender to "me's,"

though I am chock full of egos clamoring each for the right to dominate myself.

"There is a time," says Emerson, "in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance, that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better or for worse as his portion." That is the place and time at which we have arrived. Notice, however, that I do not say that we must get rid of our fears, our ignorance, our egoism. There is no profit in putting the problem of the self in such idyllic fashion; for we cannot as human beings really disown our "me's." They are a part of us from birth to the day of our death. There they are, and the wise man will turn them to the account of a more robust self. He will make a home for them so that they can all live together in the house of one personality. As the hobo says, whom Carl Sandburg immortalizes, "I like to watch the workings of my own mind. . . . The longer I live my mind gets to be more of a mystery to me." In the sense of his grateful wonder, let us now spell out the career of these friendly enemies who abide with us.

1. *Fear.* Take counsel of your fears, and you will bid against yourself, like the parrot. The men who pass before the world as the bravest are men, I believe without exception, who have strong fears. It is one thing to acknowledge fear, and another thing to surrender to it. Fear is a natural reaction. "Instinctively," as we may say, we are all, for instance, afraid of falling. And jolly well we may be; right enough we'd better be. Fear is the appropriate and productive reaction to things that are *fearful*. The great difficulty is that, starting with the natural and the helpful, we can spread fear over objects that are not in themselves fearful, but are so only because we become victims of our patrimony—and bid against ourselves. Fear is what we rightfully have; terror is what we invent and project upon objects that should be a challenge to our prowess.

I know a grown woman who not only bolts her doors at night, but keeps them locked by day, even the door to her bedroom. Locked doors inside other doors that are locked. She has never been robbed, never assaulted, never even been molested in her whole life. When asked about it, her answers are evasive and furtive, making clear that her fear has objects of her own making. She has taken a nat-

ural enough reaction and turned it into a phobia for herself and an inconvenience to all who live around her. She takes counsel of her fears.

The other night I heard a child talking to himself as he entered a dark room. He was saying: "Nice dark, friendly dark—I like you, darkness." I do not doubt that he was shaking in his little boots, was whispering to keep up his courage; but he *was* keeping up his courage. He was learning not to take counsel of his fears.

"To keep up my courage in the ring," confesses the once heavyweight champion of the world, Jack Dempsey, "I would give myself a pep talk during the fight. For example, while I was fighting Firpo, I kept saying over and over, 'Nothing is going to stop me. He is not going to hurt me. . . . I am going to keep going, no matter what happens.' Making positive statements like that to myself, and thinking positive thoughts, helped me a lot. It even kept my mind so occupied that I didn't feel the blows." Jack Dempsey was taking counsel of his hopes.

But let us turn to a historic example. It is General Patton, George S. Patton, whom all the world knew and millions remember as a man of the most dashing gallantry upon fields of honor. He was the most intrepid American tank commander of the late war. General Patton was by no means a man without fear. That he made very clear to me in a memorable conversation in Sicily, during a lull in the Italian campaign.

"Why," said he with eyes ablaze, "I am a coward; I give you my word that I have never been in sight of battle or sound of gunshot that I have not, like the craven coward I am, felt sweat in the palms of both my hands!" What he had learned, however, was, he said, "never to take counsel of his fears." A man with a mind has something better to listen to than his own irrational side.

2. *Ignorance.* Take counsel with your ignorance, and you'll bid against yourself, like the parrot. Exploitation of ignorance for guidance leads, as Thomas Paine the American patriot once said, to "infidelity," "the professing to believe what [one] does not believe." "It is necessary to the happiness of man," Paine declared, "that he be mentally faithful to himself." It is not being so when one takes counsel of his ignorance. Not that any of us

lacks ignorance, but its empty voice is hardly worth listening to. It is, nevertheless, the old human story to count as proper reason for belief that nobody has as yet disproved so-and-so. That logic shows too much deference to ignorance. Its only proper deference is for one to maintain an open mind with reference to what he does not know.

William James, the philosopher, wrote, as his pen trailed off in death, "What has concluded that we might conclude in regard to it. . . . There is no conclusion. . . . Farewell."

I have heard the story, too, of Gertrude Stein, though I cannot vouch for it save to opine that it should have happened to her, whether it did or not. As she lay in a coma, dying, she roused herself to demand of her companion: "What is the Answer?"

After some hesitation, her companion: "There is no answer."

She sank back, apparently satisfied for a time. Then she roused herself again to demand, "What is the Question?"

Thereupon her companion replied, "Nobody knows."

Whereupon the quizzical mind sank back and apparently lied satisfied.

Nobody is required to be wholly satisfied with his ignorance; but it is important to know. It was this which reconciled Socrates to the astonishing report that came to him from the Oracle of Delphi, declaring that he, an admittedly ignorant man, was the wisest man in Athens. What he discovered was that whereas others were ignorant and didn't know it, he was one up on them all, because he knew that he didn't know. Acknowledged ignorance is better than bogus knowledge. Such would-be knowledge shuts off the operation of wonder, from which all true knowledge comes: all art, all science, all religion.

The only proper catharsis there is for ignorance is frankly to acknowledge it, and then to take counsel of what one knows. The saddest men are those who impose their ignorance upon themselves as knowledge. White lies exist for others, to relieve their feelings or to lighten their load; they do not exist to tell oneself. Only the wisest of men could safely white-lie to themselves, and the wisest of men would know better than to do it. As a Hindu maxim runs:

He who knows not and knows not that he knows not,
he is a fool, shun him.

He who knows not and knows that he knows not, he
is a student, teach him.

He who knows and knows not that he knows, he is
asleep, wake him.

He who knows and knows that he knows, he is wise,
follow him—[if you can find him!]

3. *Egoism*. He who takes counsel of his egoism is bidding against himself, like the parrot. Out of control, egoism becomes *egotism*. Out of hand, it foreshortens perspective, and narrows choice to a level that is mean. Selfishness trips the self up, and egotism pinches the ego in the effort to transform itself into character, which is but prowess energized by a vision of the more perfect. Passing by the crasser barnyard types of egotism, it is the more refined type which sensitive men need most to consider.

It is the kind obtruded by the parent who vents his anger upon the helpless child, of course "for the child's own good." It is the kind shown by Gandhi, who, tender-hearted to all animals but hard-hearted enough to eat vegetables, refused his languishing wife beef broth, though it seemed to the physician necessary to sustain her ebbing life. It is the kind shown by St. Paul, who reserved vengeance to God but who nevertheless ministered to the hunger and the thirst of his enemy that he "might heap coals of fire upon his head."

Egoism in the driver's seat is, in short, the kind exhibited in the medieval period when pride, without which life feigns wormhood, became instead of a chief blessing one of the deadly sins. Never did pride so flourish as when it was made a work of the devil; for then the saints, transvaluing values, grew proud of their own humility. If a man is going in for wormhood, he ought to keep on crawling; for the worm that turns ceases to be a worm before he becomes a man. To go in for humility is to take counsel of egoism. It was this which Woodrow Wilson had in mind when he observed that "the most priggish business in the world is the development of one's character."

The most lethal egoism is to erect one's own interpretation of "natural law" or the "will of God," or what have you, into the thing itself, without seeing through the odium

of such projected narrowness. It takes intellectual modesty to overcome such spiritual humility. Justice Holmes had what it takes when he refused to sit in judgment upon legislative interpretation of what is "constitutional" or in refusing to substitute his notion of what was right for the people's notion of what they wanted. "Personally," said he, "I bet that the crowd if it knew more wouldn't want what it does—but that is immaterial."

The Justice had a conspicuous ego, a vast amount of healthy pride; but, knowing that he was not God, he refused to take counsel of his egoism. He saw that what is required for wise counsel is "imagination . . . strong enough to accept the vision of ourselves as parts inseparable from the whole, and to extend our final interest beyond the boundary of our skins." And on the negative side, the great Justice elevated intellectual modesty into the wisest maxim of our time, a caution commendable to all who luxuriate in egotism or wallow in humility: "Certitude is not the test of certainty."

He who has understood that positive prescription and that negative safeguard and has assimilated the double wisdom for his own life has made the house of his several selves a home for radiant selfhood. When such a man comes to call, he will find good company at home.

CHAPTER 12

Worshiping on Wednesday

It is natural for men to worship; but whether the worship be worthy depends upon the object of it and the manner in which it is done. Men *have* worshiped the mob, in gregarious frenzy dancing grinningly around the martyr's stake; and men have performed rites obscene and nauseous in deference to the diabolical, raised to the pretense of something divine. Thomas Jefferson said, as we have seen, that John Calvin worshiped a demon, and it is easy to believe that a god who could inspire or approve Calvin's treatment of Servetus—not to mention his wholesale damnation of infants—was indeed a devil fresh out of hell. And whatever it was that Savonarola worshiped, the manner in which he led the holy mob of Florence to imitate him was a thing of fearful mien. His end befitted his means: he died on the gibbet. Worship can indeed become in men a "cruel thirst" for waters that have no power to satisfy.

I. The Day Proper for Deference

We must, therefore, start somewhat further back than where the credulous begin, in order to pay our proper deference to the divine. We recognize no call to make the

world worse under the pious guise of making it better. Let us get our proper bearings for worship by concentrating on Wednesday, our chosen day. Sunday is a natural for worship: it is a day set aside for that specific purpose. Other work is stopped on Sunday or eased; houses of God are opened; even the attire of men, and especially of women, is changed; and religious exercise is made easy and all but automatic. Worship, however, that is automatic is less than worship. Sunday has gone dry for many people as a day of worship.

Let us therefore, seek a day which would constitute a test, so to say, by requiring some act of choice, some voluntary obeisance, out of which alone comes worship which energizes the spirit. As Emily Dickinson says:

Some keep the Sabbath going to church;
I keep it staying at home,
With a bobolink for a chorister,
And an orchard for a dome. . . .

God preaches,—a noted clergyman,—
And the sermon is never long;
So instead of getting to heaven at last,
I'm going all along!

For such mood, Wednesday would seem as good a day as any, better than most. Sunday is inflated with respectability; Monday is deflated, full of false starts ("Blue" Monday, especially to men of God); Tuesday is recovering; Wednesday is recovered. It is mid-week. You are as far away from Sunday as you can get without getting closer to the next Sunday. Energies are gathered by Wednesday but are not yet expended, as they will be by week-end. In terms, too, of religiosity, which is the graveyard of worship, this day is, negatively, right too. Wednesday is, for a fact, not unlike Christopher Robin's famous mid-stair philosophy. It is disoriented with reference to all else, but is at home to itself: it is not anywhere, you remember; it is *somewhere else instead!*

Now what do we do when we worship on Wednesday? Well, what we do when we worship on any other day, though a little more to the point on that fine day? And

what is it that we do on *any* day, and notably on Wednesday, when we worship?

II. *Worship Is Deference to a Worthy End*

The first of the two things that we do, if we "worship in spirit and in truth," is this: We give wings to aspiration, so that it may go outward and upward. Worship is outgoing, outgiving. We properly worship whatever it is that makes us more fully ourselves, bigger, better. It may be truth, a proper object for the scrupulosity of men of science, and indeed for common men, in a scientific age. It may be beauty, a proper object for any man in any age. It may be goodness, than which nothing is more befitting as an object of worship. If we personify our great object, God may be conceived as any one of these noble ideals, or otherwise conceived as all of what is considered ideal. These three are the ideals by which the Western world has lived, under Christendom and before Christendom. If they be not divine, they are more dependable than anything else in leading us toward the divine. When we worship we extend our souls.

III. *Worship Is Also a Proper Means*

There is, too, a proper manner for worship. The how of worship is difficult to describe without undoing what is said through the manner of the saying. This sounds paradoxical; and, in a certain sense it is so, just as it is paradoxical that out of religion, which is our better part, so much of evil—fanaticism, intolerance, persecution—has come. We require something to protect us from the evil inherent in our better part. To worship God in a slavish manner is not properly to worship; for our God could hardly joy in the abasement of his own creatures. ("No God dare wrong a worm," remember, from Emerson!) It is the voice of the divine which everywhere cries out to men: "Look up, stand up, aspire!"

To sit at the table of divine bounty, worshipping the All-Giver, and yet at the same time to be kicking under the table, right and left, those who occupy different places at the divine board is certainly a manner improper to

worship. And yet it is all but standard practice in religion to conceive worship in such a manner as to exclude from grace others as honest and as earnest as oneself. We have everywhere in this book deprecated the notion that truth can be defined in such manner as to relegate to the status of "error" those who seek the ideal in their own way, as of course we seek it in *our* way. And this proscription against narrowness holds as touching all ideals. Of course it holds all the more magnificently for the glorious personification of all values, God. We have recently seen the instance of a well-known representative of a faith generally considered somewhat more authoritarian in character than most censured by his church for his fanatical insistence that only communicants of the "true faith" may achieve salvation.

Worship, which as we have said is natural, we do not seek to restrict to the *natural*, as certain humanists do; nor do we seek to restrict it to the doing of good works. But the safest test we have that worship will remain worthy is that it be good-neighborly. Leigh Hunt, a humanist English poet of the nineteenth century, has made mercy and kindness the be-all and the end-all of worship in the story of Abou Ben Adhem ("May his tribe increase!")

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)

Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,

And saw, within the moonlight in his room,

Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,

An angel writing in a book of gold:—

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,

And to the presence in the room he said,

"What writest thou?"—The vision rais'd its head,

And with a look made of all sweet accord,

Answer'd "The names of those who love the Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"

Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,

But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,

Write me as one who loves his fellow men."

The angel wrote, and vanish'd. The next night

It came again with a great wakening light,

And show'd the names whom love of God had blest,

And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

We may now summarize our thoughts on the manner

of Wednesday worship, in two forms: one outward and historical, the other inner and personal. Historically, the world's religions have probably been right enough in what they have found the grace to affirm together, wrong only in denying one another the right also to be different in many regards. We even presume to quote the Christian Scriptures in support of this theme, which is much wider than Christianity: "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."

We have not ourselves been able to accept the common thought that values deeply shared are for that reason more precious than values highly individualized, and indeed essentially unsharable. We hold to the latter view, the view that nobody need be wrong in the field of religion. It is well to agree; it is also well to disagree. There is human need for commonalty; but also great, deep need for variety. Such a double prescription will not only glorify peace among all the children of God; it will also proscribe "holy war" among all the sectaries of religion.

That, then, is the capsule for others. As for ourselves, we are prepared to let live as well as to live; and we intend to enjoy the luxury of variety as well as the necessity of sameness.

I picked up during World War II in Morocco an African legend which will illustrate the point. A celestial body fell and imbedded itself at the juncture of three tribal lands. The tribes fell to quarreling as to the ownership of the gift from heaven—pure gold it was. They were soon conniving against each other, and the gold turned to silver. Then they fell to fighting, and the silver turned to lead. When, finally after a decimating war, they dug it up, it had turned into vulgar stone.

Men can with impunity be allowed to have differences, and can with safety be encouraged to exploit them, only when they have discovered that truth is consistent with, and inclusive of, all the "errors" made in its name by all honest seekers—and the same for beauty and the same for goodness: only when men have, in short, discovered that God loves variety and, like the best of his creatures, is soon

wearied with repetitions, is bored by sameness. Virtue grows stale when it becomes monotonous.

In the African province—French Morocco, it was—of the foregoing legend, I wrote during the late war these lines:

Oh, fecund land where merge the four
Which ancients thought all stuff to span:
Earth, water, air, fire—yea more:
Mind now claimed by man.

Quintupled place of soul obscure,
Dark continent that's bright,
A lover of thy moods demure
Must say good-bye tonight.

If God forget, let Allah keep
Thy need before his eyes.
While natives sow what aliens reap,
Forget me not thy kindling skies

Where ageless life makes endless toil,
And all the deaths that men can die,
Have not enfreed thy toughened soil;
Nor echoed back one cosmic cry.

Enigma dark of all the earth
Whose fivefold roots to seed incline,
How doubt before thy troubled mirth
That all save God and man's divine?

If peace cool them, as me thy rain,
Here would I come to take my rest.
Pray, Allah, bring me once again
Where meet the East and West,
Where mingle worst and best.

We do not set ourselves up as experts in these high theological matters, or claim full competence in things of metaphysical import. We are content, for the most part, to treat both realms poetically. We only know what we like in metaphysics and in theology. But do not underestimate the strength or toughness of our resolution. We have no

more thought of letting anyone else speak for us than we have in speaking for them in these intimate matters.

Any kind of intervention whatsoever between our soul and God, is out, out irrevocably, out without limit. If we could go to heaven only with a party, we, with Jefferson, do not propose to go at all. Truth to tell, we think that the sidereal signs have been changed—that's *hell*, not heaven, where men go toddling along together, regimented as to what they believe and tutored as to what they do not believe.

The one thing we ourselves do not doubt, among the many things of which we are not certain, is this: that the closest men ever get to God is that very time when they get clearest about, and remain truest to, themselves. God wants men to realize and to fulfill their uttermost capacities; otherwise he is not the God of free men.

John Steinbeck writes:

Once a friend of mine named Ed said to me, "For a long, long time I didn't like myself." It was not said in self-pity but simply as an unfortunate fact. "It was a very difficult time," he said, "and very painful. I did not like myself for a number of reasons, some of them valid and some of them pure fancy. I would hate to have to go back to that.

"Then gradually," he said, "I discovered with surprise and pleasure that a number of people did like me. And I thought, if they can like me, why can't I like myself? Just thinking it did not do it, but slowly I learned to like myself and then it was all right."

This was not said in self-love in its bad connotation but in self-knowledge. He meant literally that he had learned to accept and to like the person "Ed" as he liked other people. It gave him a great advantage. Most people do not like themselves at all. They distrust themselves, put on masks and pomposities. They quarrel and boast and pretend and are jealous because they do not like themselves. But mostly they do not even know themselves well enough to form a true liking, and since we automatically fear and dislike strangers, we fear and dislike our stranger-selves.

Once Ed was able to like himself he was released from the secret prison of self-contempt.

I wish we could all be so. If we could learn to like

ourselves even a little, maybe our cruelties and angers might melt away. Maybe we would not have to hurt one another just to keep our ego-chins above water.

And most of all, if I may add to Steinbeck, we would not have to implicate our religion and stultify our deity in our little enmities. God is large. He is ideality. He is our next step ahead. Here, then, in Western ideality, we have found a God worthy of our worship, and here, on Wednesday, is a worship worthy of our God.

IV. Be Dogmatic if You Must, but Know How Much You Miss

If this all seems vague, then perhaps you'll just have to go back to your Sunday worship, where all is neat with dogma, where much is clear with fanaticism, and where not a little is malevolent with fear. But before you go, I beg you to see the largeness you leave, leave in order to return to your cell, neat but narrow. If free men took the trouble to recommend with half the fervor of the fanatic the glory which calls them unto amplitude, sectarianism would not have such a monopoly upon the hearts of men. Men act in ignorance when they turn their backs on freedom.

How poor the soul which would desert ideological variety and the sportsmanship of generous regard for those who differ, in order to achieve a narrow peace of mind or a dogmatic peace of soul. The fleshpots of the communal are just what the wise soul does not long for. Those foolish enough to bargain for that mess of pottage forget the precious words of Justice Brandeis, spoken to the heart of modern men: "The right to be let alone is the most comprehensive of rights and the right most valued by civilized men." This privacy, the inner fortress of the soul's felicity, when bargained over, ceases slowly to be regarded as a privilege and comes to be accepted as an infliction to be endured with patience. We must recover ourselves, individually, or all our triumphs of external cooperation will but beat the tom-tom of orthodoxy to the soul's complete debacle and to the utter degradation of civilization itself.

The most strident critics of "progressive education," like

Robert Maynard Hutchins, have been outdoing even the criticized in what is their joint and common error: the notion that the good life is found in *cooperative* action, when the good life is not found in action at all, but only in the privacy of thought and feeling. Action is our animal inheritance; thought and feeling approach the divine. In the "University of Utopia," Mr. Hutchins has as his next to worst "crime," the *crime* of refusing to communicate! Where the reformers themselves are in such dire need of reform, reformation has far to go.

V. *Natural Piety for Wednesday Worship*

Wise men must meantime find a proper altar on which to lay their gifts, and a day in which to renew through worship the fount of their inner being. The day is Wednesday, the altar is what the poets and philosophers have long revered as "natural piety." This phrase is not used as a substitute for, but as a corrective of, "supernatural piety." Since, as we have seen, there is no certain way of telling the "divine" from the "diabolical," we have had to distinguish between them in terms of their compatibility with, and their contribution to, the true, the beautiful, and the good. "Natural piety" is a phrase first used by the English poet William Wordsworth, when he said (it is in the preface to his great ode on immortality):

The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

Already, before the philosophers adopted it, the term implied perspective. In these lines Wordsworth begins by emphasizing biological perspective, the continuity of the human blood stream. But he ends, you see, with an invocation to a more intimate linkage of all our days, "each to each." It is the unity of nature and the organic relation of every part to the whole that constitutes the healing balm which many distressed souls have found in the moving, soothing lines of this quiet poet.

Men can sleep under the stars, who have found such linkage in nature. Wednesday night is particularly good for

outdoor sleeping. William Cullen Bryant, the early American Wordsworth, in the poem which every schoolboy once knew, has struck the right keynote:

Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teaching, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice

Bryant has struck the keynote, and Carl Sandburg has explained the music which issues. "The stars make me feel," says Sandburg, "that whatever is wrong with the world or with me sometime is going to be made right."

The Wednesday worshiper, more than most, lives in the wide perspective of all space and all time and all men. Such a worshiper has found strength to resist the undertow which lures men back to littleness: little selves and littler loyalties. In finding this strength, he has also found the corrective of narrow morality and the antidote to a religion of respectability. Respectability is the leukemia of spirituality; and narrow morality is the anemia of the ethical. "I ask myself sometimes," says George Santayana, "if morality is not a worse enemy of spirituality than immorality."

VI. *The Divine Is the Better-Yet-to-be*

What natural piety requires is perspective, which reaches outward toward infinity. The little duck of which Donald C. Babcock writes so feelingly as he watches him float on the waves of the Atlantic "reposes in the immediate as if it were infinity, which it is. That is religion. The duck has it. He has made himself a part of the boundless by easing himself into it just where it touches him." This is to master the strategy of approaching the infinite. What we require for maintenance of our lovely Wednesday mood is a continuity of all days and indeed continuity between the "natural" and the "supernatural" aspects of piety. Whatever "Beyond" men know is a Beyond which is *within*. A helpful thought at this juncture has been furnished by a modern British philosopher, and it may prove very useful indeed to us Americans who need a religious way of starting

our determination to be our best each day as we grow from more to more of holiness.

The philosopher is Samuel Alexander, and the book in which he brings the aid is beautifully entitled, *Space, Time and Deity*. This is philosophy informed of relativity and abreast of the movement of modern life. The part which concerns us is a notion of the *deity*, not only consistent with progress but in a certain sense constitutive of progress. His definition will not please those who are belligerently "naturalistic," wanting the here and the now to be the all-in-all. Nor will it please those who are empire builders in the name of this or that compulsative orthodoxy. But his insight may enlarge for open-minded men the boundaries of what can be agreed, and it can certainly expand the area of good sportsmanship as touching divergencies among men of God.

The divine as "static" is here given the name of God; but the divine as "dynamic" is called *deity*. "Deity" is a quality, and it is that quality which is always ahead, just ahead, of the procession, shedding light upon the road. Deity can do no wrong, because it can do nothing: it can only be what it is. It is the unrealized of all that is realizable; it is the potentiality of all that is actual. We can never corrupt the quality, for we can never overtake it. We can never involve it in our wrongs, because it is by definition our ever-lasting and ever-luring right.

Such a perview fills the earth with wonder and renders every manifestation of nature a worthy invitation to worship. It makes a single community of the whole order of life and does not dismiss any through the alienation of death.

A baby camel dying lay
 Along the road at close of day,
 A road near Casablanca.
 Alone he was, no camels near,
 Yet showed he not a sign of fear,
 No fear near Casablanca.
 His breath grew thick, his body cold,
 Young eyes closed patient as the old,
 Closed on Casablanca.
 Yet what they saw how can I know?
 Since I'm alive and he not so,
 Not so near Casablanca.

VII. *Three Examples of Wednesday Worship*

Having anchored the divine in the dynamic and having found a day hospitable for its worship, let us observe the form which natural piety actually takes in certain great men.

(1) Elihu Root is an honored name in American corporate and public life. United States Senator from New York, Secretary of War and Secretary of State at various times, he lived as one who was in the habit of worshiping on Wednesday. And the philosophy of natural piety he eloquently expressed in his last speech before the State Constitutional Convention of New York, 1914:

Mr. Chairman, there is a plain old house in the Oneida Hills, overlooking the Valley of the Mohawk, where truth and honor dwelt in my youth. When I go back, as I am about to go, to spend my declining years, I mean to go with the feeling that I have not failed to speak and to act here in accordance with the lessons learned there from the God of my fathers.

(2) Henry F. Ashurst was United States Senator of Arizona from its admission into the Union to 1940, when he was unexpectedly defeated. He was asked by his colleagues how it felt to be defeated after a third of a century in the Senate. The spirit of Wednesday permeates what he said, which I can here but brief:

Mr. President, I shall not waste any time on such miserable twaddle as to say that I ought to have been elected. A man only moderately versed in statesmanship, and with only a small degree of sportsmanship, is bound to admit that in a free republic, in a government such as ours, it is the undoubted right of the people to change their servants, and to remove one and displace him with another at anytime they choose, for a good reason, for a bad reason, or for no reason at all . . . and I should be lacking in frankness, I should be disingenuous if I failed to say that [the people of Arizona] probably had a fairly good reason for displacing me. . . .

When my present colleagues are here worrying about patronage, worrying about committee assignments, and about the scorching demands of the constituents I shall

possibly be enjoying the ecstasy of the starry stillness of an Arizona desert night, or viewing the scarlet glory of her blossoming cactus, and possibly I may be wandering through the petrified forest in Arizona, a forest which lived its green millenniums and put on immortality seven million years ago. Enjoyment and ecstasy arise in human life from the contemplation and appreciation of such things.

(3) The Honorable Winston Churchill (now Sir Winston) has put our major moral in his own inimitable manner. "The span of mortals is short," says he, "the end universal: and the tinge of melancholy which accompanies decline and retirement is in itself an anodyne. It is foolish to waste lamentations upon the closing phase of human life. Noble spirits yield themselves willingly to the successively falling shades which carry them to a better world or to oblivion."

VIII. *Wednesday Worship, an Anodyne to Grief*

Nowhere is the perspective which Wednesday worship induces more requisite than in meeting grief. It enabled Senator Ashurst, we see, to meet disappointment of ambition with a smile and then with downright relief. It enabled Elihu Root to face retirement with warmth, and Winston Churchill evanescence with equanimity. But grief over others is a more delicate matter and a tougher test for the philosophy of life which we have described as "natural piety." When a dear friend slips into the shadows before we have ceased to luxuriate in the light of his countenance; when a child's exuberant voice is stilled and his little fingers disentwined from around our neck with the fragrance of his tousled hair still in our nostrils; when a beloved wife or husband leaves but a chill to our thoughts and anguish as momentary token of lethal absence—then the testing time has come for the faith by which we live. How stands Wednesday as the day of such ordeals? Not perfect, but as well as any day.

Truth to tell, no such anguish as that of deep grief is curable but by time. There is no full anodyne save a draft from Lethe. No musician is so magical as to

. . . make the bells of Heaven to peal
Round pillows frosty with the feel
Of death's cold finger tips. . . .

Meantime, however, what can be done, can be done by reinstatement of perspective which assuages grief and knits up the raveled sleeve of anguish. The more thoughtful the bereaved, the less acceptable are the prescriptions of moralistic rhetoric or dogmatic religion. To endure through the sympathy of silence is the lot of all who truly grieve, until a day arrives when one is renewed by a voice from within that cries:

No more shall grief of mine the season wrong. . . .

It is the grief of a shallow person indeed and a grief not worthy as terminus of a great love, which can be assuaged by reassurances that do not assure. The greathearted do not require the advice of Elizabeth Barrett Browning:

Deep-hearted man, express
Grief for the Dead in silence like to death.

Formalities often miss and sometimes wrong the heart of life; and grief is a quick distillate of the deeply stricken heart. Thomas Huxley speaks for more than those as free-minded as he when he describes his abhorrence at funereal formalities as anodyne to grief.

As I stood behind the coffin of my little son, the officiating minister read, as part of his duty, the words, "If the dead rise not again, let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die." I cannot tell how inexpressibly they shocked me. . . . What! because I am face to face with irreparable loss, because I have given back to the source whence it came, the cause of a great happiness, still retaining through all my life the blessings which have sprung and will spring from that cause, I am to renounce my manhood, and, howling, grovel in bestiality? Why, the very apes know better, and if you shoot their young, the poor brutes grieve their grief out and do not immediately seek distraction in a gorge.

There is a tragic course of nature, majestic in its depth;

and we all know in our heart of hearts that there is no way of aborting that course save by acceptance of its bitter sequences. To accept it, of grief as of joy, is the part most worthy of man. Promises of absolution from the human lot ring false even when they are articulated with proper unction from professional lips. There is, however, a balm slow-affecting but full of healing; and that is the noble perspective of deepened thought:

The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality; . . .
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joy, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

The grief hardest to assuage is not for persons departed but for affections unrequited. Usually love is reciprocal, rising together in two, dying in each as it ceases in the other. Sometimes, however, one party loves, the other does not. Outside marriage this may arise from the death of a betrothed where the living party cannot regain autonomy of affection through any detachment from the dead. If time does not soften such sad fixation, then only the rewards of sustained grief remain, however poorly such rewards may suffice. This is a plight very hard indeed to assimilate fruitfully.

Less hopeless, more amenable, when a living person it is who does not requite proffered love. Such fixation usually turns to resentment and so develops its own antidote. Outside of literary romances, I have known one, but one, person who went insane because she loved a man who neither requited nor encouraged her random fixation. She had picked on him, as it were by accident, as the object of her affection, without so much as a by-your-leave, or any semblance of intermediate dalliance. Emily Dickinson may well have lived her whole adult life in some such plight. If so, she left a noble example of sublimation which puts the entire world in her debt. Those who can neither consummate nor alleviate their affections are objects of pure pity.

More frequent are the cases inside marriage in which the honeymoon "takes" on one party but not on the other. There are women, in particular, who submit to continuing misuse and even to abuse from husbands whom they keep on loving without prospect of any response in kind. What food such spirits feed upon to stay alive, emotionally speaking, is not found in standard recipes. There is a law of compensation operative in the world toward the balancing of all accounts. Where the law does not make its beneficence felt in love, we find recruits for the long gallery of human pathos. Problems that cannot be solved *by* you will hardly be solved *for* you.

CHAPTER 13

How To Die—But Once

Our last subject, appropriately enough, is that of dying. Let us share some thoughts on that. There are many ways of dying. One may die disgruntled, as recalcitrant criminals going reluctantly to the gallows. There is something ugly if not impious in thus taking leave of life by shaking fists at the sky, the same sky which has domiciled us since the day of our birth.

One may die fearful of the unknown. Lucretius, the Roman philosopher and poet of nature, was so impressed with the uneconomy of fear as touching death that he made the cure of such apprehension a major concern of his philosophy. He fought the good fight of courage against such impoverishment of life as comes from fear of death, death up-dated, as it were. His dialectics found neat logical form: "When we are, death is not; when death is, we are not!"

It was indeed in salutation of this noble Roman poet that I wrote these lines on seeing my first bombed-out city—Bizerta, it was, in Tunisia, 1943:

Man, the high of mind and proud of heart
Is soonest fallen in the wake of force.
Mountains hold their scarred forms;
Flowers survive, and birds sing at the ruins.
But man, the monarch, fallen, melts—

To seep his humble way to dust inanimate.
A tale no sooner told than tells itself afresh.
Nothingness alone fails to feel the cosmic urge
To tread untiringly the upward way.
No clod of earth insentient but minds itself as man
And yearns and strains to mount anew the spiral steep.
Speck binds itself to speck, but darkly knowing,
To feel the flush of touch,
Viable with cosmic zest, clairvoyant of sentiency.
Nothing fails of return in Nature's rounds,
Though all is touched the while with sad impermanence.
The rose surmounts the mould and, unceasingly,
Life finds a darksome track through death
To light the earth with life—and life again.

With the hemlock in his hand, Socrates was less cold than Lucretius though no less composed in facing man's probable mortality. He argued that since no harm can come to a good man, living or dead, the final event will either usher us into a better day or drop us quietly into nescience, as Churchill had it—the calm prospect of either which leaves no room for intermediate concern.

The Christian attitude toward death has been curiously ambivalent. On the one side, death is to be welcomed because, exit as it is from trouble, it is entrance at the same time into bliss. On the other hand, those who deprecate this life the most have often been the most reluctant to quit it and the most coy as to entering into putative bliss. Fear has been inextricably mixed with hope, leaving Christian philosophers perhaps less composure in the presence of death than the pagan philosophers whom they pitied.

This corruption of life through death and fear of harsh judgment has led men like John Stuart Mill to hurl defiance at any deity who would perpetrate in heaven what he deprecates on earth: might for right in the dispensation of justice. If there awaits after death such a tyrant to punish one for honest independence on earth, so runs the paraphrase, then to hell would one gladly go.

To accept in advance the shadow of death dissipates its substance at the end. "It isn't the certainty of death that men fear," said an army chaplain. "It is the uncertainty of death. The soldiers I saw die weren't frightened any longer, after they knew for sure they were going to die." The

sooner one accepts the inevitable, the freer he is from paralyzing fear.

I. *Natural Piety Applied to Death*

The Wednesday type of piety, which I have been proclaiming, nowhere glows brighter by its own light than in the presence of one's own death. Nor is there a better example of it than in connection with the death of Socrates, the pagan saint. Nowhere, that is, unless in the unflinching wonder of an American Indian chief, named Crowfoot, leader of the Blackfoot Confederacy. Said he:

A little while and I will be gone from among you, whither I cannot tell. From nowhere we come, into nowhere we go. What is life? It is a flash of a firefly in the night. It is the breath of a buffalo in the winter time. It is as the little shadow that runs across the grass and loses itself in the sunset.

But Socrates superadded duty to the Indian wonder. The key to Socratic piety is found in his faith that the best preparation for death is in the best possible discharge of the duties of life. And, with Socrates, foremost of the duties of life is the high privilege of understanding. To be a philosopher is to accept the inevitable without repining, like the Indian, but, like Socrates, after understanding what is inevitable.

Aristotle said that philosophy had enabled him to accept gladly what others accepted grudgingly. Upon being told in prison that Evenus, a contemporary Greek poet, was afraid or at least was reluctant to die, Socrates asks in surprise:

"Why, is not Evenus a philosopher?"

"I think that he is," said Simmias.

"Then," adds Socrates, "he, or any man who has the spirit of philosophy, will be willing to die."

Socrates proceeds to ready himself for the hemlock, without any anxious watching of the clock. Not only does he practice calmness in death; he preaches it in the imminence of its incidence. Men's deeds as they approach the end are, strangely enough, often more exemplary than their words. If Socrates was correct in what he did as his

last sundown approached, he was magnificent in what he said through the dwindling hours.

The friends of Socrates, it will be recalled, encouraged him to escape from prison as his hour approached. The jailer was willing, or could easily be made so with a bribe; accomplices were at hand; and, truth to tell, his very enemies would probably have been relieved at his escape. But not Socrates: only he, the victim, insisted upon going through with the rites of death.

And now, O my judges, I desire to prove to you that the real philosopher has reason to be of good cheer when he is about to die.

And with this Socrates disclosed that the deepest source of his immense morale was not a vision of what lay before him—for as touching his own fate he was gently agnostic—but what lay behind him and all around him. Already at his trial he had struck the keynote:

And now, Athenians, I am not going to argue for my own sake, as you may think, but for yours, that you may not sin against the gods by condemning me, who am his gift to you. For if you kill me, you will not easily find a successor to me, who, if I may use such a ridiculous figure of speech, am a sort of gadfly, given to the state by God; and the state is a great and noble steed who is tardy in his motions owing to his very size, and requires to be stirred into life. I am that gadfly which God has attached to the state, and all day long and in all places am always fastening upon you, arousing and persuading and reproaching you. You will not easily find another like me, and therefore I would advise you to spare me.

Now that the trial was over and the demise decreed for him was hourly approaching, he took full to himself the lesson which he had earlier offered them. As he had advised them to accept him, the gadfly, as their lot, so now he committed himself to accept as his own lot their judgment and the laws under which they had condemned him to death. "The fear of death," said he, "is indeed the pretence of wisdom . . . being a pretence of knowing the unknown."

Why, the very laws of Athens, under which he had lived, gladly and proudly lived all the days of his life, would cry shame if he so much as looked to the opening of the jail door to let him go.

“Answer, Socrates!” the Laws would cry aloud. “Tell us,—What complaint have you 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 after birth regulate the nurture and education of children, in which you also were trained? Were not the laws, which have charge of education, 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 then 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 thing vile to your father or your master, if you had one, because 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 it 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? Will you, O professor of virtue, pretend that you are justified in this? Has a philosopher like you failed to discover that our country is more to be valued . . . than mother or father or any ancestor, and more to be regarded in the eyes of gods and of men of understanding?”

It was because Socrates could find no adequate answers to these questions that he accepted in honor what could not be denied save with deepest dishonor.

If this be philosophy too conservative and medicine too bitter to be swallowed whole, then let us turn again to our own time and place, to find it sweetened with modern syrup. If one cannot live like a Stoic, may he not still die like a pragmatist, adventurously, experimentally? Robert Browning said:

I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
 And bade me creep past.
 No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
 The heroes of old,
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness and cold.

II. *Natural Piety in the American Fashion*

In mood lighter than that of Socrates, and all but irreverent to orthodox ears of the time, Benjamin Franklin replied to an inquiry from the President of Yale College, as touching God and immortality, that, being eighty-five years old, he'd decided just to wait and see.

Justice William O. Douglas, the mountain climber, after an accident with his horse, lay helpless on a high mountain-side in the West. With the future uncertain and somber, he said there came back to him certain words he had heard long before from his pious father: "If I die, it will be glory; if I live, it will be grace." Being himself of a different and somewhat more hard-bitten generation than his ministerial father, he indulged the same moral somewhat more roomily expressed, as touching companionship with death:

When man knows how to live dangerously, he is not afraid to die. When he is not afraid to die, he is, strangely, free to live. When he is free to live, he can become bold, courageous, reliant. There are many ways to learn to live dangerously.

Such courage as the American jurist recommends for living is far from poor preparation for dying. In the idiom of flaming youth, it may be expressed through the lines of Harry Kemp, which sing out the same message:

Tell them, O Sky-born, when I die
 With high romance to wife,
 That I went out as I had lived,
 Drunk with the joy of life.

Whatever the idiom of courage, it is wise, I think, to inquire as to what is the least that we can settle for with

the cosmos and still not count life a failure to be regretted. A man might be reasonable and still, I think, settle for this as his minimum demand: to see the decline of his powers, or their fulfillment, and death at the end, as a necessary part of the same process that gave him life, that filled him with energy, and that promoted him to the summit down whose western slope he now goes toward the setting sun. This, I think, one might be willing to settle for, keeping any lingering fears of the future as imaginative projections of psychic tensions and holding any higher hopes as but roseate hypotheses. Who would not rather have this one life raised to such a level than to demand assurance of another life, as compensation for the frustrations of this one? Such compensatory reassurances never quite succeed in giving assurance. So better not seriously to begin that game.

Fear of the future can corrupt the present. To such as live on anxiety, each today is but the tomorrow he was worrying about yesterday. Such fear is bad because it causes us to die many deaths. As Shakespeare has Julius Caesar to say:

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.

The Nemesis of life is to have it terminated by, rather than fulfilled in, death. But it is not quite a matter of all-or-none; not quite an event of either all-at-once or not-at-all; there are discernible steps upon this road which graces mortality. Emily Dickinson illustrates the sublimatory use of plural dying:

My life closed twice before its close;
It yet remains to see
If immortality unveil
A third event to me.

Justice Holmes wrote to Sir Frederick Pollock that the death of his aged contemporaries did not much affect him, but he was profoundly moved, he said, by the death of the young, men who died before they had had a chance to try out their powers. That's the rub: to see energies pass before they have been marshaled!

III. *The Moral Is to Live while You Have Life so that You'll Be Dead When You Die*

Whether death be in itself bad or good, actually once to die is enough. Sufficient unto that hour is both the good and the evil thereof. There was wisdom in the old piety, though it was overlaid with fear: that one should live each day as if it were his last. This was wisdom, I repeat, but inverted. To make life, every moment of it, worth while in itself, is to live while one's at it so as to be able to die at peace when death comes. There are worse things than death when death is due. Worse than death it is to be long dying upon one's feet. Our maxim, then, should read: *Always live so as to have to die but once.* The only way to this goal is to live life as it passes, letting each segment of it constitute its own reward. The saddest of human fates is to leave one's mission in such a state of disequilibrium as dooms his ghost to keep striving for reunion with what has been left behind.

An airplane crashed at Buffalo as I write these lines. The twenty-one passengers were interviewed as they left the wreckage alive. One of them said a volume in only these words: "I rushed to catch this plane. Now I've got to get back to the airport and catch another." Suppose he had quit life thus breathless, as he well might have. What would you expect of his hurried and harried shade? These habits of our total selves carry over in sequence. Recently a man dying of cancer remarked that cancer was a considerate disease; it gave due warning and furnished ample time to get ready to die. One must carry a spirit squared with Fate, readied always for the inevitable.

I recall an incident many years ago over Boston when, because of a heavy snowstorm, we were not able to land or even able to locate the field (this was before radio communication with the ground or "instrument landing"). The copilot informed the three of us men passengers of our plight and said that in fifteen minutes we'd come down as best we could, with fuel exhausted. It was time enough, with my friendly typewriter already on my lap, to celebrate the beauty of a white world and to give thanks for a long life already being lived on borrowed time. Before making a safe landing, as it turned out, I wrote this epitaph:

If in some midnight quietness,
 Some roseate burst of dawn,
 Or noonday foggy frightfulness,
 These wings should haply fawn to earth;
 And the friendly feverishness of life
 Surrender its quick charms
 To the final dreamlessness of death,
 Enfolding nescient arms,
 Say this and only this you say
 Of me on that not too unwelcomed day:
 "He loved his life but recked it not,
 And gladly died while the blood was hot."
 Then scatter these ashes from a safer plane
 While the motors drone this last refrain:
 "He loved life, loved it all;
 Loved this too, this last quick fall."

Let us look now to those who have quit life less gladly, and so less fully.

1. *Crime*. To quit life protestingly is not really to be rid of its feverish impulsions. As the criminal is said, by some deep undertow, to return to the scene of his crime, so the ghosts of men executed for crime prowl the earth which they have defiled, disturbing all and sundry by their efforts impiously to break and enter.

The Greenlease kidnapers and murderers, in refusing to appeal the verdict of death for their foul crime, accepted as part of the life which they had chosen, their death at the hands of the state. They found the grace, poor as it was, to acquiesce at last in their own death. They could do no more; they could have done much less. Perhaps through acceptance of their fate they managed to die but once. Full of folk wisdom is the medieval story of the witch who was buried with a spear through her heart to keep her sorry shade pinned down.

2. *War*. Criminals are not the only examples of those who die again and again because they die prematurely. War is the great inflictor of unfulfillment upon the souls of men. Only the patriot who wills to find through death his own larger life dies contentedly enough not to haunt the byways of battlefields, in eerie visitation. On moonlit nights, over the great war cemeteries of the world may be seen rising and receding the ghostly doubles of those cut off in youth by the tides of battle. They come back haunting

their own mutilated bodies to finish out in thirst for life, careers interrupted in the name of honor.

I have myself seen, during and following the Second World War, the wistful train of such spirits hovering lingeringly over the graves so simply marked in foreign military cemeteries. At Gela, in particular, it was, under a bleak November moon, that I observed most distressingly the shades of our troops who lost their lives in the Patton invasion mingle with the shades of the Italian and German enemies over the cemetery where lie side by side the slain bodies of both friend and foe. As I watched their nightly troopings, I composed a litany in their joint honor:

 Their crosses stretch in patterned rows,
 Like checkered corn at home;
No growing seed this Reaper sows,
 War thrives on lethal loam.

Our dead lie slain in every land,
 They hallow every sea;
They are our newest pilgrim band,
 On the drear road of destiny.

Rest their souls where they lie fallen,
 Nor stalk the night in vain;
They have honor for their effort;
 We have freedom for their pain.

These are our dear, dear dead, cut off prematurely in the midst of enterprise, trying to consummate the mission of life, interrupted by the lethal fortunes of war. It is they more than most who constitute the ethereal bands that make demonstration or register prognostications of dire events coming on, or serve in mournful celebration of shadowy doings already consummated. Of such as these writes Shakespeare, before and presaging the death of Julius Caesar:

And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead;
Fierce warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol . . .
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.

The only way to lessen the incidence of such pathos is for more and more soldiers to understand the cause for which they fight. Says Justice Holmes in "The Faith of the Soldier," reflecting his own experiences in the Civil War:

In the midst of doubt, in the collapse of creeds, there is one thing I do not doubt . . . and that is that the faith is true and adorable which leads a soldier to throw away his life in obedience to a blind accepted duty, in a cause which he little understands, in a plan of campaign of which he has no notion, under tactics of which he does not see the use.

Through such heroic faith, and probably through it alone, there comes fair surcease in death from earthly striving. The brave die but once. So long as men must fight and die, it is prudence, then, as well as wisdom as Newbolt says:

To set the cause above renown,
To love the game beyond the prize;
To honor, while you strike him down,
The foe that comes with fearless eyes.

3. *Accidents.* And, finally, to be mentioned, in this far from exhaustive catalogue of those who die prematurely, are the cumulating victims of human negligence in the march of technological progress. Each year in America there is a multitude of souls maimed and killed (nearly 10 million injured in 1953; 100,000 dead). In numbers these casualties of peace outrank the victims of war, and their perturbation probably outswells the distress of those killed in battle. Mounting into tens of thousands are the shadowy remains of motorcar accidents alone, riding now like gremlins on the runningboards of every speeding car, bending forward, like ornaments upon the hood, to complete by ghostly hitchhiking their last journeys interrupted through human haste.

The fate of these is sadder than that of the victims of war; for they have not even the satisfaction of honor which keeps quiet the dear dead who gave their lives away in a collectively willed and individually accepted carnage. The wistful fate of these cut off in motion! If their plight could

be brought home to the vision of speeding motorists, it would be a greater deterrent to recklessness than all the laws aimed at safety that are more honored in the breach than in the observance. Along every artery of speed these shadowy remnants of our mad melee signal to the unanswerable swish and swirl. Their pathetic posturings have slowed me down so often and so sadly that I no longer am willing to drive by night at all; and only half-inclined to speed by day. They have taken the fun out of higher- and higher-powered cars.

4. *Moral Impercipiency.* Greater in number than the average victims of war, negligence, and criminality combined, are those who die before they have achieved the union of means and ends in their own lives. Men must daily die who do so in a cause for which they will not gladly live, or who live in a cause for which they will not willingly die. This is the spiritual fate of which every unintegrated personality is its own author. It is the essence of moral tragedy: to live for what one cannot will to die for and to die for what one does not will to live for. *Only* the good die but once. He is duly good who has united into a seamless whole the end and the means of living.

IV. *Life Lived for Its Own Dear Sake*

A beautiful example of this culminating wisdom is the self-indited epitaph of Jan Struther, author of the immortal *Mrs. Miniver*, which so inspired American morale during the late war. Read at her funeral, the proper ending of a life well terminated in self-sufficiency, were these her own lines:

One day my life will end; and lest
 Some whim should prompt you to review it,
 Let her who knew the subject best
 Tell you the shortest way to do it:
 Then say, "Here lies one doubly blest."
 Say, "She was happy." Say, "She knew it."

That is the song of triumph of every life that has found the grace to make each day its own reason for being. Here the unity of a self-fulfilling purpose. "Doubly blest" indeed

Index of Names

- Adam, 124
Adams, Charles Francis, 107-08
Addams, Janc, 14, 34
Alken, Conrad, 71
Alexander, Samuel, 172
Aristophanes, 67
Aristotle, 32, 36, 180
Ashurst, Henry F., 173-74
- Babcock, Donald C., 171
Bacon, Francis, 43-44, 61
Bentham, Jeremy, 23
Bentley, Elizabeth, 95
Bock, Curtis, 129
Bowring, Sir John, 23
Brandels, Louis D., 169
Browning, Elizabeth Barrett, 175
Browning, Robert, 182-83
Bryant, William Cullen, 171, 190
Burke, Edmund, 13
Burroughs, John, 23
Byrnes, James F., 50, 51
- Calvin, John, 162
Chambers, Whittaker, 95
Churchill, Sir Winston, 50, 59, 63,
114, 125, 174, 179
Cicero, Marcus Tullius, 43, 44, 49, 51
Cotton, John, 97
Crowfoot, 180
- Damon, 49
Darrow, Clarence, 69, 154-56
David, 47, 49
Davis, Elmer, 126
Dempsey, Jack, 158
Dewey, John, 22
Dickinson, Emily, 15, 56, 163, 176,
184
Dickinson, Lowes, 26
Dionysius, 49
Dix, Dorothy, 65
Dobbs, Byron A., 40
Douglas, William O., 183
Drinkwater, John, 28
Dunbar, Paul Laurence, 58, 94-95
- Einstein, Albert, 29
Eisenhower, Dwight D., 89, 110, 119
Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 25, 43, 44-
46, 49, 62, 157, 164
Erasmus, Desiderius, 66
Eve, 124
Evenus, 180
- Firpo, Luis, 158
Franklin, Benjamin, 183
Freud, Sigmund, 68
- Galileo, 32-33, 136
Gamaliel, 32
Gandhi, Mohandas, 160
Gould, Jay, 107
Gray, Thomas, 81
Grayson, David, 43, 47-48
Guest, Edgar A., 20-30
- Hamilton, Alexander, 130
Harding, Warren G., 132
Hemingway, Ernest, 82
Hippocrates, 36
Hitler, Adolf, 62
Holme, Jamie Sexton, 72, 153
Holmes, Justice Oliver Wendell, 17,
19, 20, 21, 24, 34, 161, 184, 188
Hoover, Herbert, 35
House, Edward M., 51-52
Housman, A. E., 83
Howe, Louis, 50
Hume, David, 41
Hunt, Leigh, 165
Hu Shih, 108-09
Hutchins, Robert Maynard, 170
Huxley, Thomas Henry, 175
- Ibn Saud, Abdul Aziz, 63
Ickes, Harold, 50, 149
- James, William, 21, 41, 159
Jefferson, Thomas, 27, 38, 63-55, 93,
115, 118, 120, 130-31, 162
Johnson, Samuel, 48
Jonathan, 47, 49
- Ketterling, Charles F., 146-47
Kemp, Harry, 183
Kepler, Johannes, 32-33
Kink, Ben, 121
Kinsey, Alfred Charles, 13, 66
- Leo-tze, 61
Lillenthal, David, 106, 117, 122
Lincoln, Abraham, 24, 25, 27, 46,
93-94
Lucan, 49
Lucretius, 178
- Madison, James, 37, 116, 129, 180
Marx, Karl, 113, 114
Mason, George, 130
Mead, George Herbert, 152
Mauldin, Bill, 13
Mill, John Stuart, 179
Milton, John, 26
Moody, William Vaughn, 79
Moses, Robert, 149
Muller, Herbert J., 99
Mussolini, Benito, 62

- Newbolt, Sir Henry, 188
 Newton, Sir Isaac, 29
 O'Reilly, John, 57
 Ovid, 44
 Palne, Thomas, 158
 Pascal, Blaise, 162
 Patton, George S., 18, 158
 Paul, St., 14, 56, 160
 Plato, 43, 67, 68, 106, 155
 Pollock, Channing, 65
 Pollock, Sir Frederick, 184
 Prometheus, 28
 Pythias, 49
 Raleigh, Sir Walter, 58
 Reik, Theodore, 68
 Rittenhouse, Jessica, 71
 Robeson, Paul, 94
 Roosevelt, Franklin D., 50, 58-59
 Roosevelt, Theodore, 51
 Root, Elihu, 173, 174
 Rousseau, Jean-Jacques, 101, 127
 Royce, Josiah, 21
 Sandburg, Carl, 127, 157, 171
 Santayana, George, 28, 31, 32, 171, 190
 Savonarola, Girolamo, 162
 Servetus, Michael, 162
 Shakespeare, William, 184, 187
 Sherwood, Robert, 50
 Simmas, 180
 Smith, Lillian, 99, 100
 Socrates, 42-43, 150, 179, 180-82
 Southey, Robert, 55
 Spillane, Mickey, 60
 Spinoza, Baruch, 82-83
 Stalin, Joseph, 58, 114
 Stanley, James, 49
 Stein, Gertrude, 82, 159
 Steinbeck, John, 108-09
 Struther, Jan, 189
 Swedenborg, Emanuel, 48
 Sweet, Dr. Ossian, 155, 156
 Taft, William Howard, 51
 Tawney, R. H., 98
 Thoreau, Henry David, 11, 12
 Tocqueville, Alexis de, 90-93, 99
 Truman, Harry S., 50, 51
 Thucydides, 21
 Thurber, James, 16
 Van Doren, Carl, 126
 Voltaire, François Marie Arouet de, 38
 Warren, Robert Penn, 54
 White, Andrew D., 33
 White, Theodore H., 113, 114
 Whitman, Walt, 127
 Williams, Roger, 97
 Willkie, Wendell, 125
 Wilson, Woodrow, 51-52, 152, 160
 Wister, Owen, 98
 Wordsworth, William, 81, 170
 Wright, David McCord, 117
 Wright, Frank Lloyd, 100
 Zhukov, Georgi Konstantinovich, 110, 110

A SIGNET KEY BOOK

NOT SINCE DALE CARNEGIE

told millions of men and women how to win friends and influence people has there been such a sensible approach to facing life squarely.

Now you can profit from the down-to-earth advice of a brains trust that not even the most powerful potentate or president could ever hope to employ! This one vital and unique volume brings together the priceless wisdom of such brilliant and courageous minds as Socrates, Freud, Spinoza, Santayana, and Winston Churchill to help solve your daily problems.

T. V. Smith, a former member of the
House of Representatives, is
Professor of Citizenship and
Socialization at the Maxwell
School of Syracuse University.



Library

IAS, Shimla



00014738

PUBLISHED BY

The New American Library
OF WORLD LITERATURE, INC.