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ABSTRACT

THIS CLASSIC REPORT ON THE RELATIONSHIP OF LITERATURE AND AMERICAN EDUCATION IS AN EXPOSITION OF THE IMPORTANCE OF LITERATURE TO THE COMMON MAN IN A DEMOCRATIC SOCIETY. NO ARTIFICIAL DISTINCTION, THE AUTHORS STRESS, IS MADE BETWEEN LITERATURE IN THE VERNACULAR AND LITERATURE IN FOREIGN LANGUAGES. A DEFENSE OF LETTERS LEADS TO A DISCUSSION OF LITERATURE AS THE SERVANT OF THE INDIVIDUAL AND OF SOCIETY. OTHER TOPICS INCLUDE HOW LITERATURE INCREASES EXPERIENCE IN HUMAN UNDERSTANDING IN THE QUALITY OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCES, AND IN UNDERSTANDING THE PAST. REFERENCES TO HEMINGWAY, SAM JOHNSON, DONNE, JEFFERSON, ARNOLD, SHAKESPEARE, MONTAIGNE, MILTON, AND CONANT ARE OFTEN ACCOMPANIED BY SELECTED COMMENTARY. THE REPORT ATTEMPTS TO LIBERATE AMERICAN EDUCATION FROM THE CONFINES OF PRAGMATISM BY ILLUMINATING INTRINSIC AND ETERNAL VALUES OF LITERARY STUDY. (RL)

LITERATURE IN AMERICAN EDUCATION

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Appointed by the Executive Council of the
Modern Language Association of America

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LITERATURE
IN AMERICAN EDUCATION

Prepared for

THE MODERN LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION
OF AMERICA

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COMMISSION ON TRENDS IN EDUCATION
of The Modern Language Association of America
New York, 1943

FOREWORD

In his address of welcome at the 1940 meeting of the Modern Language Association of America held under the auspices of Harvard University President James Bryant Conant, among other significant things, said:

> "... It seems to me unlikely that a future citizen of a free country can be developed by education, in these days of an overpowering urban type of civilization, without the devout study of great literature. Such study is probably essential because for many people a sense of values must be felt, not proved by argumentation. For these people, it seems to me, not philosophy but poetry—using the word in its widest sense—, poetry alone can first open the doors of discrimination. As a rule emotional reactions—the sharpening or the blunting of our sense of values—are determined at an early age. For these reasons you who teach in our schools and colleges and train others to teach as well—in short, the members of this Association—have a big responsibility for the future of this republic. For this reason, in particular, I count it a privilege to have addressed you on this occasion ..."

With a profound sense of the responsibility of which President Conant spoke, the Commission on Trends in Education of the Modern Language Association herewith presents its second report. "Language Study in American Education," its first report, published in the last weeks of 1940, dealt primarily with the place of language study in democratic American education. The present report deals with the study of literature in democratic American education, although in truth the differentiation is somewhat theoretical, since access to the literature will always be one of the chief reasons for mastering a language. At all events, an effort has been made in this report not to repeat or overlap the considerations set forth in our earlier statement.

Readers of the following discussion are asked to bear in mind, in reading the report, the purposes which animated those concerned with its preparation. First of all, it is not a "defense" of literary studies, but an exposition of the importance of literature to the common man in a democratic society. To "defend" the claims of great literature to a place in the education of young Americans seems to those chiefly concerned with the writing of the report to be an act of supererogation, like "defending" Michelangelo, or Beethoven, or Christianity, or democracy. Our purpose is rather to inform; to counteract certain current misconceptions—for the barbarian mentality is not unknown even in our democratic midst. Contemptuous references to "mere" knowledge, "mere" information, even "mere" literacy, are characteristic of recent educational discussion. There are striking analogies, not only in thinking but in actual phraseology, between the educational philosophy expounded by totalitarian apologists and the statements of some of the American educationists who are outspoken opponents of the study of foreign languages and of literature, native or foreign, as was pointed out in *Secondary Education* for December, 1941. This point is admirably developed by Professor V. A. McCrossen, of Bucknell University, in an article entitled "How Totalitarian is Our Education?" published in the *Association of American Colleges Bulletin* for October, 1942. The three trends which, according to Professor McCrossen, have "done much to produce the totalitarian mind" and "are certainly not unfamiliar to American ears" are: (1) "repudiation of traditional, broadening subjects such as literature and languages, philosophy, history, pure mathematics, and pure science, and the substitution for them of practical, contemporary knowledge and skills"; (2) "the denial of the value of intellectual education"; and (3) "the rise of the 'social sciences.'" Mr. McCrossen gives ample documentation to support his parallels, not the least interesting of which is this quotation from Hitler's *Mein Kampf*: "The fault with German education in the last century was that it produced men who liked books." First of all, then, our report is an exposition, not a "defense."

Secondly, we would ask readers to bear in mind that in writing this report we have not made any artificial distinctions between literature in the vernacular and literature in foreign languages. Our first report discussed the values of language study, both native and foreign, as a single aspect of the educational process, as in essence we believe they are. It is unthinkable that in a "contracting world" any reasonably intelligent person would question the logical position of foreign language experience as a natural outgrowth of experience in the mother tongue. Even extremely young children can correct adult misapprehensions about that. Watch them in their play with children of other speech; answer their questions about "how a Frenchman says 'how do you do,'" and you will see how naturally and easily they cross the barriers that to intellectually rheumatic older minds seem formidable. So in this report, as in that on language study, we have not recognized these barriers as being too significant. We have discussed language as language, literature as literature. We believe that essentially these fields are one. We say this particularly with an eye to the reactions of foreign language specialists, among whom we are represented, so that they may not feel that the Commission has overlooked the special claims of their field. Indeed, it is our belief that these claims are not being neglected and that ample means of expressing them will not be lacking.

Thirdly, we wish to make it clear why this report makes little or no reference to the war. In the first place, it was conceived and planned long before we plunged into the struggle. More important, it was conceived and planned as a confession of faith, a statement of educational principles that would have permanent value, an attempt to formulate a sound educational philosophy that should withstand the recurring tides of the fortuitous. In short, we hoped that we might be able to forge a kind of compact by which men and women of our educational faith might be willing to live and if need be die. From that point of view the report does indeed have something—or much—to do with the war. But if, for the moment, to use Emerson's phrase, "Things are in the saddle, and ride mankind," they will not be in the saddle forever. It is to that brighter day—"tomorrow, when the world is free"—that we look. In the meantime, we hope that our confession of faith may be a solace and a support to those who think and feel as we do, and that it may win the approval of our fellow-citizens, the public, especially the parents of the schoolchildren; and more especially still, that it may receive a fair hearing from those concerned with educational policy whose minds are not entirely closed on this and related subjects.

This report, like "Language Study in American Education," has been approved by the Commission and authorized by the Executive Council of the Modern Language Association of America for publication. It has had the advantage of criticism by members of both groups and by other friends, and many of the suggestions made have been adopted, at least in part. In outline it was first formulated by a committee of the Commission consisting of Howard F. Lowry, Oscar J. Campbell, Horatio Smith, and the Chairman, with the constant and patient help of the Secretary of the Association. Marjorie Hope Nicolson and George Van Santvoord were also members of the committee, but were prevented by other duties from giving time to the discussion, though Miss Nicolson subsequently was able to render much help in revising the text. The Commission is indebted to all who have given aid, whether in formulation or in criticism of the final result, and wishes it were possible to mention them all by name. To one person above all others, however, our deepest thanks are due—to Howard Lowry, who despite other and heavy tasks assumed the responsibility for the actual writing of the report and carried it through to completion. His long hours of devoted labor, his willingness to rewrite and revise and rewrite again, his patience under criticism, and his enthusiasm for "doing a good job," make us his debtors to a peculiar degree. Whatever the completed report has of brilliance or clarity of expression, and much of the sense of conviction we are sure it carries, are owing in large measure to our good fortune in getting an essayist of Howard Lowry's skill to undertake what must have seemed at times a thankless task. It is a pleasant duty to express here our appreciation of his signal service.

HENRY GRATTAN DOYLE
Chairman

LITERATURE IN AMERICAN EDUCATION

IN the autumn of 1940 Ernest Hemingway published his novel, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. The book had been eagerly awaited. We knew well in advance that the setting of the story was the civil war in Spain, that event so rich in meaning for the recent history of the world. We knew also that Mr. Hemingway was writing, perhaps more than ever before, out of passionate concern over the apathy of mankind towards a growing menace to all western civilization. Few, however, had any clue to the enigmatic title. Then came publication day. Reviewers and many readers alike were strangely moved as they read facing the first page of the book these words:

> No man is an *Iland,* intire of it selfe; every man is a peece of the *Continent*, a part of the *maine*; if a *Clod* bee washed away by the *Sea, Europe* is the lesse, as well as if a *Promontorie* were, as well as if a *Mannor* of thy *friends* or of *thine owne* were; any mans *death* diminishes *me*, because I am involved in *Mankinde*; And therefore never send to know for whom the *bell* tolls; It tolls for *thee.*

They were the words of John Donne, from a devotion of the year 1623. Called back to point the meaning and furnish a name for a modern tale, they gave to the novel a universal significance that it could otherwise scarcely have attained. All this was the more striking because one does not commonly think of the stalwart Ernest Hemingway as in need of help. Yet his great gifts were here enhanced by a voice from out the past. His story had acquired a new dimension.

Over night many readers of the novel began to take John Donne seriously. The world war already one year old, here was the profound comment on the interdependence of mankind. A demand quickly arose for Donne's work. Harassed booksellers and publishers were out of stock. John Donne was a success. As the movies began to cast *For Whom the Bell Tolls,* there was nation-wide speculation. Who should play Robert Jordan? Who Pilar? Who Maria? Surely in the confusion there must have been somebody, in Hollywood at least, who wondered who should play John Donne.

To educators this exhilarating incident must have given cause for thought. In Donne's remarkable 'assist' they were given an emblem of what they themselves had opportunity to do. Here literature itself was being helped by literature. To the war in Spain Mr. Hemingway had already given the imaginative heightening of his own talent, an impressive contribution. Yet there was room for something more, for a literary addition. The believer in humane letters might here well have reflected, 'If great literature can do so much to bring home life already worked into artistic form, what new significance must it be able to confer upon life as it is known from day to day by the ordinary man, the man without the artist's gift, but nevertheless moving like the artist through a world in need of interpretation. What literature did to aid Mr. Hemingway it can do in even greater measure for the average man, who needs clearer understanding, some sense other than his own for the mystery and terror, the beauty and ugliness, the triumphs and exasperations that are his lot. Just as Donne animated the already vital Ernest Hemingway, humane letters have continually given life to the generations who have attended to them. *For Whom the Bell Tolls* is not merely a novel. It is a tocsin to all teachers. The response of a wide and enthusiastic public to that single magic clause from an author dead three hundred years should deter those curriculum-makers who, with no sanction from the humane tradition, would deprive American students in our schools and colleges of their true inheritance.

The writers of this report are concerned for that inheritance. Ours is a plea for the validity of literary studies in American education. What we have to say could apply, with double force, to the study of the Greek and Latin classics. Teachers of literature and language, in English and in other tongues, we have long watched the response of young men and women to great books. We have a faith in our profession, and we have been asked by a committee of our colleagues to state what that faith is.

To doubt that literature should have a high place in the education of mankind is to apologize for the very nature of man himself. He has always turned towards drama, poetry, fiction, and many forms of prose as sources of instruction, inspiration, or delight. He will continue to do so in the years to come. Yet man's human tendencies are often blocked and thwarted. The truest modes of his spirit can be denied him in the name of special interests that loom large in his own particular day. In modern thought on education there exists a surprising misconception of the place of literary studies. If these inadequate ideas prevail, our American students will be severely impoverished. They will miss something important to themselves, something even more important to the democratic society of which they are a part.

The situation that threatens us just now is due to competition. The curricula of our schools and colleges have been made a kind of 'hobby-lobby.' Every impulse is now a 'subject,' and we bestow academic credit upon mental activities once regarded as merely pleasant forms of conversation. We have concocted an endless Christmas morning in which both teachers and pupils rush from one bright novelty to another beneath the shining educational tree. Some of this bustle is without any genuine educational value. On the other hand, much of our new complication is necessary and productive of good. The new specializations, the rapid growth of both the natural and the social sciences, and other developments of modern life have laid heavy demands upon us all. Gradually there has arisen the widely held tenet that literary studies, once a central part of education, may now be regarded as the luxurious appendages of man's training in a scientific, political world. Germany has said so—Germany from which so much of our culture came.

It is suspected, moreover, that humane letters are merely the remnant of an out-moded 'aristocratic' education, in which they were often diverted from their true meaning to become the badge of snobs, the toy of the rich and the idle, of men like the old fellow Professor Rand has recently recalled, who valued his knowledge of Greek because he could thereby 'read the oracles of God in the original tongue and despise the vulgar herd.' There is also a growing body of educators who prefer to slight great books and emphasize 'creative activity' and 'self-expression'—of which there are many forms—on the part of their pupils. Letters, in the opinion of some present-day educationists, should be wholly or chiefly contemporary letters, books linked easily with 'life' and our practical up-and-coming world. In our educational journals and in the official statements of committees and conventions evidence abounds that all this is so.

Therefore, the times invite a statement of the fundamental reasons why literary studies should form a staple part of our education. Our present report is addressed to those men and women who are in any way concerned with our schools and colleges. It does not deal with questions of pedagogy or with the ever-interesting dispute as to how literature should be taught. We are talking to practical educators, torn by many conflicting demands and subject to many varieties of pressure, who are nevertheless determined to base their decisions and their policies on some sense of ultimate value and who would therefore wish to have arrived at some genuine philosophy of what they are doing before they cut their students away from great books. Such educators will grant an honest hearing to anyone giving testimony on what he has seen these great books do when they were given their chance. For in writing this report we have kept young people in mind—young people who deserve an experience in humane letters, an experience not solely in contemporary authors, but in the literature of the past as well; a study, moreover, not merely of English and American literature, but of literature in the modern foreign languages too. We want them to have this both for their own sakes and for the sake of that democratic government in which, God willing, they and their children shall live. Much of this report is elementary; but what is elementary is also fundamental. If things are said here that have been said before, they are repeated now only because many voices all over our land are saying something else.

An Impressive Defense of Letters

Among the most profound justifications ever made for literary studies is the answer Matthew Arnold gave at Cambridge in 1882 to Huxley's contention that literature should yield to science its high place in general education, inasmuch as science offers that up-to-date and practical knowledge which should form the staple instruction of all men. Arnold's reply is a defense of the humanities at once so simple and so thorough-going that it can hardly be surpassed. Science, he argues, will never ultimately take the place of humane letters because the constitution of human nature will never allow this change. Four powers, he says, go to the building up of human life: the power of conduct, the power of intellect and knowledge, the power of beauty, and the power of social life and manners. Man has need for all four; he has, furthermore, a perpetual tendency to relate these powers one to another in divers ways. Science, except for the scientific man of genius, is primarily concerned with the sphere of intellect and knowledge alone, whereas literature is concerned with all four of these powers and with relating them one to another in the total life of man. Arnold sees the work of literature as a truly social work. In his defense of humane culture he invariably holds that real culture, not pseudo-culture, does away with classes and seeks to establish true equality among men. It does not try to teach down to the level of inferior classes; it does not try to win them for this or that sect of its own, with ready-made judgments and watchwords. It seeks the harmonious good of all men by administering to all the powers that make up men's lives. It 'calls out their being at more points' and thus makes them 'live more.'

Today we claim more for science than Arnold claims. But his argument is likely to stand as the basic statement of the case for humane letters. All the modern apologist for literary studies has to do is follow the ramifications of that argument—to show how, even in our scientific and socially conscious world, letters do call out men's lives at more points; how they truly motivate and correlate all his other studies and interests; how they place the many parts of his life in harmony and relationship and thus give him, in the exact sense of the word, integrity; how they train him for responsible citizenship in a democratic American society.

Literature—Servant of Both the Individual and Society

If literature makes men and women live more, it in turn makes society live more. Literature and the sciences, both the natural and the social sciences, are partners in a common task. They have a common aim, but they work in different ways and their results are not alike. The social and natural sciences, when they are alone made to assist the individual, are likely to create the notion that the individual himself doesn't really matter very much. Even when he accepts their help and profits by their discoveries, a man may too often conclude that he has significance only as a kind of guinea pig indicating something about a strange, impersonal force called 'society.' Subtle convictions arise in him that the end of life in this glorified clinic called earth is not the fulfillment of the lives of the individual human beings in the social order, but rather this same abstraction called 'society.' This is a persuasion immensely valuable to fascist states and to totalitarian theories generally, for it puts all true personality in peril.

On a high sense of the value of the individual human being democracy depends. Such a society demands 'the largest possible number of richly endowed and self-reliant men and women, sensitive to the individual lives of their fellow men and to their own personal potentialities. Whatever the errors of rugged individualism in the economic sphere, the concept of political democracy assumes the efficacy of rugged individualism on the plane of the spirit.' Sound social progress in America, quite apart from all practical improvements in our condition, will ultimately depend on man's estimate of man—on his estimate of himself. Our education needs, therefore, to create men and women who have received from the past and from the present, both from their own country and from foreign lands, a true enlargement of mind and emotion; who have had more than fleeting glimpses of that beauty and truth and goodness which is as much man's claim upon the world as is his claim for food and water, air and sun; who have known sympathy, compassion, and toleration. The fascist state counts heads; a democracy counts minds and hearts. Because literary studies have as their end the enrichment of personal values they are the partners, not the rivals, of all the sciences that advance human life. They contribute towards a free, just, and kind society composed of men and women who value themselves as spiritual beings and who, thus valuing themselves, willingly modify their rights and increase their duties out of an awakened, civilized sense that all other men are spiritual beings also. Such are the 'motivations' of great literature.

How Literature Enlarges Man's Life

How does literature enlarge the life of human beings? It does so by enlarging their experience: (1) their experience in human understanding; (2) their experience of other countries; (3) their experience in quality; (4) their experience of the past.

Such enlargement of experience is certainly not the exclusive prerogative of any one art, any more than reading is the sole medium through which the emotions and the visual and auditory impressions of literature can be conveyed. Just as we are fast learning the relationship of all the arts, so are we more and more aware of the powerful effects produced by the motion picture, the spoken drama, and the radio. But such effects are evanescent, whereas those of recorded literature may be renewed at will. Moreover, literature interprets the experience presented, with the formulated reflexion of memorable thoughts in memorable words. It is the stimulation and refinement of critical reflexion on problems that provide the something more than training which we call education.

The reader of this report will be aware, we trust, without enlargement on our part, of the new vitality and range being given to literary study in our best schools and colleges. Few courses are now mere exercises in gushing, vague 'appreciation' of pretty passages in poetry and prose. There is, for example, a widespread effort to give students some critical principles and practical ways of reading that make for true understanding of a given piece of writing, so that it may yield its meaning and its aesthetic pleasure. An able group of educators have been showing us how literature must be studied in the light of the history of ideas and of intellectual movements. An equally gifted school has demonstrated how letters come to life when they are read as social history and as the product of a people. Another insists upon the abiding values to be discovered in the great masterpieces of the world's literature, and that it is in these central values that the principles of union must be found if there is to be a wider and more lasting peace among civilized men. There have been many quarrels and much mutual exclusiveness, but each school has made its contribution. The total effect is that literature is certainly not regarded as an embroidery upon life but as a revelation of life itself, as the best interpretation available of man and his ideas. The student no longer thinks of it as something about a lark, a nightingale, and a lover, interesting as all three of these may be. He sees it as any significant expression of the human situation. He sees it as the study that can correlate all his other studies; for the very life of literature is this power of correlation.

Even so, the illustrations in this report will generally be taken from what all men will readily accept as 'literature' or *belles lettres*. We assume this limitation lest we be accused of passing off history, economics, science, or philosophy as letters and begging our case by making all knowledge our province. Properly literature is concerned with the values that underlie all life; that is its glory and its despair. But we shall make our claim in this report in terms of what nobody will dispute as being 'literature' in the special sense of that word. For a claim can be established and the principles governing all literary education will be clear even on this limited ground. Those readers who are willing to regard 'letters' as the wider expression of all man's interests and activities will find what we say here doubly valid. May there be many such.

Increased Experience in Human Understanding

In the first place, literary studies remove a man from his limited social environment into a world of vicarious enjoyment and understanding. Even in the span of a lifetime he can know only a few people well, for the most part his neighbors or his associates in his work. They will be a good deal like him in interests and outlook, perhaps even in temperament, and their experience will resemble his own. They may add much to his life, but they will hardly deepen his understanding of the great mass of mankind. In short, if the average individual's experience of humanity is limited to those with whom he has personal contact, he will probably remain isolated and provincial even though he dwells in the heart of the largest city of the world.

But every student in our schools and colleges has it within his power to surmount these barriers of limited environment. The city boy can learn to understand 'Captains Courageous,' and the country boy Oliver Twist. On the pages of books everyone may meet men and women whose like he would never encounter in the flesh, never appreciate so deeply in the laboratory, in the graphs of political economy, or in the case histories of sociology. He will come to know them even more intimately than he knows the members of his own family—or even the shadow-people of the movies who make upon him their strong but fleeting effect. In books he will learn in detail the controlling needs and attitudes, the 'motivations' of people quite unlike himself. A knowledge of books—among them, books written by foreign authors in their native tongue—thus produces imaginative flexibility and true tolerance.

For such understanding of human nature the business world pays high rewards. We hear repeatedly that business wants men whose education has been broad and humane, men who can adapt themselves to a variety of problems and situations. Literary training cannot be written off as 'impractical.' But we often underestimate the more subtle values to men and to society as a whole that come from the willing acceptance and sympathetic understanding of unfamiliar patterns for living. Great books set forth unfamiliar points of view, with insight and just tolerance. Our best authors never assume an attitude of barren hostility towards their creations. Such intolerance would close all the windows that open upon the nature of characters. Shakespeare, to choose a supreme example, never conceives of any of his dramatic figures in a completely scornful spirit. Except for creations of his literary apprenticeship, even his evil characters are thoroughly comprehensible human beings. Falstaff, though certainly not a villain, is morally no better than he should be; yet his creator gives for our understanding, not the rascal's sins, but the inexhaustible energy and the unrestrained fun that drove him to outrageous deeds and scandalous speeches as he heard the chimes at midnight and, rolling home, vowed he would repent had he but wind enough to say his prayers. That is, we see Falstaff from Falstaff's point of view, not from our own. Shylock, the vindictive miser, is no monster of cruelty, but a representative of an unjustly persecuted race. Scorn and oppression drive him to a fury that enslaves all his better impulses to his vengeful passion. Shakespeare does not exonerate him. He never directly arouses sympathy for his actions. But he does insist that we understand Shylock, treat him with our full imaginative powers, and become complete human beings ourselves before we condemn him. Small wonder Shakespeare has furnished all of us with so much wise comment on the world that the old lady could complain, 'I don't like him at all; he's too full of quotations.'

This same human understanding is called forth in us by Chaucer as we journey with his many-natured pilgrims on the road to Canterbury; it was Browning's goal in *The Ring and the Book*, where he tells an old Italian murder story from ten points of view, to show that beyond our superficial glimpse of men and women lies much that the world's coarse thumb and finger fail to plumb. As we turn to foreign languages and read of people even more unlike ourselves, our range of understanding is still more increased. We smile at the mad visions of Don Quixote even while we learn from Sancho Panza that we can be tricked by common sense as well as by fantasy, and 'with as ludicrous a result.' In Goethe's *Faust* the loftiest strains of heavenly contemplation mingle with the loud revelry of the cellar; and Dante's *Divine Comedy* takes us the full journey of the human soul. Balzac's *Cousine Bette* carries the reader who has tried to fathom Becky Sharp still farther in understanding the 'comédie humaine' of other lands and of our own.

One of the most striking illustrations of this power of entering imaginatively into the lives of men different from oneself is a letter of Samuel Johnson. Dr. Dodd, the chaplain of George III, was, under the harsh laws of that time, sentenced to death for forgery. Johnson begged the mercy of the King. The petition failing, Dr. Dodd prepared himself to die; he wrote to thank Johnson for all that had been done. It is not easy to write farewell letters to condemned men, but Johnson tried his hand. His reply, if only for the turn given in the last paragraph of the letter, deserves to live in English literature:

Dear Sir,

That which is appointed to all men is now coming upon you. Outward circumstances, the eyes and the thoughts of men, are below the notice of an immortal being about to stand the trial for eternity, before the Supreme Judge of heaven and earth. Be comforted: your crime, morally or religiously considered, has no very deep dye of turpitude. It corrupted no man's principles; it attacked no man's life. It involved only a temporary and reparable injury. Of this, and of all other sins, you are earnestly to repent; and may God, who knoweth our frailty, and desireth not our death, accept your repentance, for the sake of his Son JESUS CHRIST our Lord.

In requital of those well-intended offices which you are pleased so emphatically to acknowledge, let me beg that you make in your devotions one petition for my eternal welfare. I am, dear Sir,

'Your affectionate servant,

SAM JOHNSON.'

The social sciences have no monopoly on sympathy and compassion. Strictly speaking, they have, as sciences, nothing to do with sympathy and compassion, except insofar as they borrow them from the field of the humanities. The feelings, ideals, and values of science come, not from science, but from the scientist, as a human being with extra-scientific concerns. This is the point of view of 'humanists' such as Professor Norman Foerster; but it is also that of many scientists themselves. In 1941, Albert Einstein, in his message to the London conference on Science and World Order, said, 'Whatever this tool [scientific method] in the hand of man will produce depends entirely on the nature of the aims alive in mankind. Once these aims exist, the scientific method furnishes means to realize them. But it cannot furnish the aims themselves. The scientific method itself would not have led to anything, it would not even have been born at all without a passionate striving for clear understanding. Perfection of means and confusion of aims seem, in my opinion, to characterize our age.'

All over the world are men and women who are good citizens because their hearts were quickened, their affections increased, their social conscience awakened by literary studies. They have memories—of the great, the good, the wise in all the ages. They have read the famous treatises on society and politics, many of them 'literature' in the highest sense. But they have also, in imaginative literature that has nothing directly to do with social betterment, moved far outside their own temperaments and felt the genuine brotherhood of man. More powerful in its effect than reports on slums and poverty is the recollection, for example, of that scene in *King Lear* in which the proud old King, beaten by the pitiless storm, stands before the hovel where he must take refuge and there sees for the first time in his life the bond between him and the 'poor naked wretches' of the world. Who can forget the blend of social passion and imagination in John Steinbeck's indictment of man's inhumanity to man, or La Bruyère's eloquent passage on France, written in the year 1689, just one century before the storming of the Bastille:

> One sees scattered over the countryside certain sullen animals, both male and female, black, earth-stained, and scorched by the sun, fastened to the ground that they dig and stir with an invincible stubbornness; they have something that sounds like a voice, and when they raise themselves to their feet they reveal a human face, and in effect they are men; they make their lair at night in holes where they live on black bread, water, and roots; they spare other men the trouble of sowing, tilling, and reaping in order to live, and thus they deserve not to lack the bread they have sown.

It is at least some kind of understanding, of the sort promoted by humane studies, that the citizen in any democracy must learn to show towards his fellows. More than ever before, we seek the hidden meanings of men. If the new sciences, psychology for example, have aided this search by explorations into personality, literature has mirrored this adventure too. It has not assigned names and definitions, but it has furnished such insights into human nature that the psychologist's textbook has come to include, of necessity, all the humane letters of the world. 'Instances and patterns, not logical reasonings,' said Cardinal Newman, 'are the living conclusions which alone have a hold over the affections, or can form the character.' One learns social compassion and social toleration by feeling compassion and toleration both in life and in the wide society of books. We have all known this, but we seem to be doing our best to forget it.

Our commentators on American life sense the problem. Miss Dorothy Thompson holds that an inspired novel can give us a more penetrating view of life in 'Middletown' than that given in even so accurate and readable a study as the 'Lynds,' 'because human beings are simply not measurable in any really important way by the yardsticks used by the Lynds.' Miss Thompson's criticism of our education is 'that we have too many textbooks, too many second and third hand ideas and too much information about too many things wholly outside the frame of any standards or points of reference. . . . [Certain intellectuals] know more about how people live in terms of calories, units of living space and forms of enterprise than their forebears did, [but] they know a lot less about people as just people.' And Mr. Walter Lippmann, with considerable opportunity to know, has said that American educators have 'progressively removed from the curriculum of studies the Western culture which produced the modern democratic state.'

Whatever we legislate to the contrary, humane letters will continue to give us ground for believing Alexander Pope's contention that 'the proper study of mankind is man.' Pope might with equal truth have said 'the most practical study.' For experience in literature helps us, not merely to find our way among the intricacies of social and business life, but also to enter so completely into the thoughts and feelings of others that our perception and understanding contribute powerfully to the unity of civilization. This experience, at its best, will make us the companions of a constantly expanding group of men and women whom in actual life we might never know, but who in books reveal to us the finer strains of character and thought and emotion until they tune us to their quality. For literature, like life, in time consumes its own freaks and desperadoes, setting finally in clearer light than ever

> One great society alone on earth:
> The noble Living and the noble Dead.

This is the society to which literature directs us as it enlarges our human understanding. What educator dare, with the world what it is, cut our children off from this society and this direction?

Increased Experience of Other Countries

Literature does more than merely enlarge our human perspective. It gives us quite freely new territory in which to move. Books lead everywhere, particularly if we learn to read them in foreign languages, with some growing first-hand realization of what the Republic of Letters actually is. Very often world-travellers return empty-handed and empty-headed; they seem to have been nowhere. Meanwhile every town and village has its quiet company of men and women who, scarcely passing beyond the bounds of their own state, have made themselves through books true citizens of the world. When by good fortune they do travel farther afield, they carry to foreign lands some advance knowledge of what they will see. 'He that would bring home the wealth of the Indies,' Emerson reminds us, 'must carry out the wealth of the Indies.' It is one thing to wander through the English Lakes, the great cities of the Continent, or the best parts of America when all we see has only the flat, filing-cabinet meaning brought to it by guide books and descriptive tours; whereas it is quite another thing to see places we have already made our own through books. Such places have a voice of their own and speak to those who are prepared to listen.

If anyone who has not known the great amount of foreign travel Americans were giving themselves before the war should point out that we are here talking of the privileged few, let him remember that today a new kind of 'travel' is open to the owner of an ordinarily respectable radio. Our travel no longer consists in going out to see, but in receiving whole continents that daily move in on us and ask to be heard. We are told, for example, that in normal times at least thirty short-wave foreign language broadcasts are listened to every day by twenty million people. This fact confronts those educators who have long tried to discount the study of foreign languages on the ground that 'all good things in foreign languages are available in English translation.' This ground was never true, as the well-trained worker in any field of knowledge has always known. It is certainly less true now that millions of us travel abroad every day while literally staying at home. In the modern world the man or woman who knows only English moves as if partly blind and deaf, his experience provincial and isolated. That Montaigne saw the bearing of all this long ago is clear in Professor Zeitlin's translation:

> The human judgment is marvellously enlightened by going about in the world. We are all confined and pent up within ourselves, and our view is shortened to the length of our own noses. Someone asked Socrates of what country he was. He did not answer, 'Of Athens,' but 'Of the world.' He, whose imagination was fuller and wider, embraced the whole world as his city, and extended his acquaintance, his society, and affections to all mankind; not as we do, who look no further than our feet. When the vines of my village are nipped with the frost, my parish priest presently concludes that the wrath of God is gone out against all the human race and that the cannibals have already got the pip. . . . We are all of us insensibly in this error, an error of serious consequence and harm. But whosoever shall represent to his fancy, as in a picture, that great image of our mother Nature, in her full majesty; whoever in her countenance shall read so universal and constant a variety; whoever shall observe himself therein, and not only himself, but a whole kingdom, as a point made with an extremely delicate touch, that man alone estimates things according to their true proportion.

In very practical ways man has now been asked to increase his experience of the world at large. International trade and politics have been calling for those who have read widely in many languages. Lasting good will among nations must rest, not merely upon fair economic exchanges, but also upon a mutual understanding of different cultures. Our government, seeking to cement our alliances with other countries, grows hopeful of the day when more Americans than at present will know the literature of our good neighbors and thus have with them some real bonds of mind and heart. In the past Americans have been all too willing that they should know us and read our authors without our taking the trouble to read theirs. The result has been a political failure, keenly recognized by our neighbors, a failure for which trade balances only partly atone. The remedy for that failure is the increased study by Americans of foreign literatures—the increase of our experience of the world, which is but the wider aspect of our increased understanding of humanity.

Increased Experience in Quality

In the third place, humane letters extend our experience in quality. For developed understanding and sympathy and the growth of an international mind do not at all mean the suspension of standards and values. Widely viewing the different images of life in books, man suspects that all things are not of equal worth. He builds and refines his own system of values through the process of experiencing a multitude of choices vicariously—choices that his normal life, his so-called 'practical' life, would not afford him. In essays, drama, poetry, and prose fiction the student of letters becomes aware, both with his mind and with his emotions, of the laws that govern mankind. He learns that black is not white and evil not good, whatever some irresponsible voices may try to tell him. He sees the freedom of quiet minds and noble hearts, and some victory that in the world of the spirit prevails beyond tragedy. He knows the dead Hamlet is greater than the living Fortinbras; he senses the enduring power of 'lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and impossible loyalties.'

The values suggested by literature are not the frequently abstract values set up by philosophy and ethics. Literature offers the living example of events and of characters in action. The power of the King James Version of the Bible has been, not merely in its precepts, but in its moving quality as literature—in its drama, its narrative, its poetry, its incomparable style. So it is with all of the best in humane letters. Students who have felt the antitheses of Light and Darkness in *Paradise Lost*, the crises of Shakespearean tragedy, or the spirit-testing decisions of Browning's men and women know the meaning of the word 'choice.' They have had a new experience in quality. President Conant, of Harvard, has seen something of this function of the humanities in his report for the academic year 1939-40:

> To be sure, a university has a variety of important tasks, but certainly the guardianship of eternal values must head the list. . . . If we accept the thesis that in a free society individuals are primarily concerned with a choice of values, then perhaps it is evident why a general education must be based on a study of the arts, letters, and the various aspects of philosophy. It is not so much that the values chosen during the process of education determine to some extent the subsequent behavior of the individual. It is rather that in these fields of study, and in these fields only, the true nature of the exercise of a free choice

> of values by a civilized man can be understood. . . . To the extent that education ceases to be concerned with 'value judgments' in art, in literature, or in philosophy, it ceases to be of service to the free way of life—it ceases to uphold the dignity of the individual man.

Man's taste and preference for the best are formed even by literature commonly dismissed as the 'literature of escape' or the 'literature of delight.' All depends here on what one delights *in*, on what one escapes *to*. Delight and escaping must in themselves be counted benefits, especially in these times when men and women need relief from the tensions of life. The light romance, the detective story, the wild-west tale, the adventure at sea, the book of fantasy or humor are wrong only when they fail to function—when they are not 'escape' at all, but the repeated confirmation of all the dreary commonplaces, the dullness and cheapness that too often beset poor mortals. They are wrong when their trivial patterns are repeated *ad nauseam*, when continuing to read them is to ride on a sub-mental merry-go-round, its tinkling tune a monotone and its painted scenery a shambles all the way.

For the mere act of reading and humane letters, even the humane letters of 'escape', are not the same thing. We are, in fact, swamped with 'letters.' We encounter them in newspapers, on billboards, in neon lights, in soup even, till both eye and brain revolt. This depressing tyranny of print, with its triviality and galling repetitions, is one of the burdens of modern life. It makes, of necessity, a potential critic of every man who prefers to save his nerves. 'An American of the present day reading his Sunday newspaper in a state of lazy collapse,' said Irving Babbitt, 'is one of the most perfect symbols of the triumph of quantity over quality that the world has yet seen.' By native genius some men can penetrate this mass of print. For the majority, however, some training in literary values, not too hastily acquired, is the prerequisite of knowing when to read fast and when to read slow, or when not to read at all. If democracy lives by the freedom of the press, it will ultimately survive only through some power of popular discrimination in judging what that press produces. Here, as always, uncritical freedom is mere license.

Some of the discrimination taught by letters, it is fair to note, takes the form of satire, often with important social ends. It is one of literature's most powerful weapons, and its essence is the expression of some preference. By savage indignation or gentle ridicule it has won battles for humanity when preachers and legislators and reformers have failed. The crimes of an English school-system are exposed by *Nicholas Nickleby*. Swift defends the poor of Ireland with his merciless irony; Molière laughs to scorn the fripperies and pretension of his contemporaries in France; and Heine castigates the pedantries of early nineteenth-century Germany.

The experience in quality afforded by humane letters arises, moreover, from much besides their contents. It comes also with the effect of their style. For life has accent as well as substance. Single lines of poetry quietly working in the mind or stirring the heart like a trumpet, a great sentence unfolding itself as the perfect utterance on the matter at hand, educate men and make memorable the truths of history, of social thought, or, if it be a Huxley writing, of the natural sciences. Style has, furthermore, a way of exposing what is false; for when little things aspire to be said in a big way, their littleness is clearly revealed. Style can establish preferences in the blood and silently influence the choices of a lifetime.

The modern teaching of literature, one must also remember, is occupied with teaching discrimination and critical methods. We have learned that literary study is more than names and dates of authors and books about books. Independent judgment and taste is being developed more and more by teachers who train their students to detect the false from the true, the hollow and gaudy from the simple and profound.

One who knows the power of literature to create standards of value and to suggest subtle differences in quality will never believe, moreover, the repeated fallacy that translations of books in foreign languages are as good as originals. In the first place, what translations? They are not available in sufficient number. Even if they were, the best translations are unable to render the full effect of any good author. It is an old commonplace that a translation is like the wrong side of a piece of tapestry. The reading of foreign authors in translation is doomed to be second-rate reading. Educators who care about fine distinctions will encourage students to acquire at least one or two languages other than their own. The very possession of these languages gives the intellect a resource the psychologists will value—some place of repair, some point 'where man goes out to lose himself that he may find himself again.' It restores us to take refuge now and then in some language in which we do not have to do our worrying. Yet the main advantage of reading in originals is the gain in clarity and quality, enlarging to the mind and spirit alike. Some truth still lurks in the remark attributed to a great emperor, that a man has as many souls as he has languages.

As literature increases man's life in quality it becomes, as President Conant has suggested, a service to society. The best assurances for any commonwealth are the enlightened preferences of the greatest possible number of men. For democracy and liberty do not imply that paralyzing uniformity, that absence of individual choice which is the basis of the fascist state. Neither do they imply the raw anarchy of unlicensed passion and crude impulse. They consist rather in self-chosen limitations, in rights that pass into duties, in qualities aspiring to new distinction. Their very life is men who think with care, who judge with justice and mercy nicely blended, who know fools when they see them and appoint wise men when they arrive. They look towards free but tempered spirits who can detect the shadings that set off one hour of life from another and who count as virtual slavery the appalling mediocrity that tries to bind us all.

One of the leading American historians, Professor S. E. Morison, of Harvard, has recently reminded us that Thomas Jefferson never expected education to produce equality. Jefferson's object was to create a group of gifted young men, irrespective of their parents' wealth or social situation, who might be made fit to govern America. The education of these young men was to be a liberal one, with classics and history its core. 'Jefferson himself,' Professor Morison reminds us, 'was an excellent classical scholar. At the age of fifty-six, when Vice-President of the United States, he wrote "to read the Latin and Greek authors in their original, is a sublime luxury. . . . I thank on my knees, Him who directed my early education, for having put into my possession this rich source of delight; and I would not exchange it for anything which I could then have acquired, and have not since acquired." A young man who visited Jefferson at Monticello when the sage was eighty-two years old recorded that he rode horseback ten or twelve miles a day, spent several hours on the business of the University, and passed his leisure reading Greek.' And Professor Morison concludes, 'Jefferson is a good enough democrat for me!' What Jefferson sensed, of course, and what Professor Morison recognizes after him, is the eternal need of democracies for true experience in quality.

Increased Experience of the Past

Literature helps man, in the fourth place, by increasing his experience of the past. To furnish that perspective which is one of the chief rewards of a liberal education it must be not merely the literature of the twentieth century. Any assumption that the past has no meaning for the student is to say that this century will in turn be worthless in the next; this decade in the next; and this year next year. Humane letters, on the contrary, manifest what T. S. Eliot has happily called 'the presentness of the past.' They are not humane when they are but a partial report. They must include the best of what has been thought and said through the centuries. Any mastery of this older literature calls for a knowledge of the epochs in which it arose, for real expenditure of effort and study, and for trained teachers. It is no overnight task. The educator and the student looking for quick returns will invent excuses for avoiding such discipline and will pretend it is useless and outmoded.

One would think that teachers, at least, would recognize the loss of an effective educational device when the study of the literature of the past slips from the curriculum. On all sides we hear demands for 'correlation' of our various subjects. A student's work must be integrated if it is to mean anything to him. Educators rack their brains for tricks by which this integration may be accomplished and ignore the one subject that most naturally correlates the variety of man's knowledge and interests and interprets the continuity of human experience throughout the years. The province of literature is the whole life of the world, and its very essence is 'correlation.'

The value one places on an older literature depends, of course, upon the acceptance of some general principles about liberal education that it is not the province of this report to discuss at length. The knowledge of the past, the very act of memory itself, is one of the marks distinguishing men from the brutes. 'Man without learning, and the remembrance of things past falls into a beastly sottishness and his life is no better to be accounted of than to be buried alive.' Little good the decisions of free men if the men are actually not free but are slaves to the provincial bounds of their own day, unable to pass in their imagination through other ages than their own. Their problems have no point of reference; they decide the issues of public and private life from no long and time-enlightened view. The inevitable result is a thinning of the individual and a thinning of the whole working of a democracy.

It is the individual who loses most. For man must return at last upon himself. After society has done its best for him in the political and economic sphere, it leaves him finally in his own company. The highest function of a democracy being to insure the sacred rights of personality, the final act of such a government is to restore man to himself—to give him back the privacy that is rightly his. In practice this return is made anyhow, under freedom or under slavery. You educate man for the society in which he lives; but you educate him ultimately for this inevitable solitude, for those authoritative hours in which he discovers his own depth. Reflecting on the ways of life and death, conscious of mortal hopes and fears, a man then decides what he is. Here is the last test of his education. In such moments he is not the economic man, the political man, or even the man of science. The help of science will be limited, because its changing facts will continue to be discovered after he is dead. In a sense, he cannot wait for science. The affinities he must detect, the loyalties he must now declare, must arise from another source. They must come from out the whole life of man, the 'man of flesh and bone'; from out the estimate placed on him by those who have thought and felt most deeply and have best expressed their thought and feeling. If he cannot draw on the humane past and receive help from those who have lived before him, he will have the limited vision of one who must judge the quality of things without true perspective. And he will be confused and alone when he might have been part of a great confederation. A whole dimension will have been taken from him.

The paradox of literature is that, while it can increase man's enjoyment as a social animal, it has at the same time this power of enriching his privacy. In vital hours of life he wants 'up-to-date' information. But what is 'up-to-date' information? Some centuries have been more fruitful than others and have best expressed certain truths. In one's own age certain voices of the human spirit may be very dim or silent altogether. Therefore, to be truly up-to-date on things that really matter we may have to go back many years, to a time when the best report on them happened to be made. Who in the year 1611, for example, was more modern—the man who believed the then current scientific notions about the circulation of the blood, or he who had just read, in the quarto copy, the speech of Hamlet on 'What a piece of work is man' or the new King James Version of the old eighth Psalm on the same theme:

> When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers,
> the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained;
> What is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the
> son of man, that Thou visitest him?
> For Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels,
> and hast crowned him with glory and honour.

As DeQuincey remarked in his famous distinction between the 'literature of knowledge' and 'the literature of power,' 'A good steam-engine is properly superseded by a better. But one lovely pastoral valley is not superseded by another, nor a statue of Praxiteles by a statue of Michael Angelo.' And so, he points out, the greatest literature never grows old or out of date at all. The particular system of astronomy adopted merely for convenience in *Paradise Lost* is no great matter. What we hear as permanent 'news' in Milton's masterpiece are the poet's profound and lasting judgments on man and his nature—the hiss of the fallen angels that greets Satan returning to Hell for what he thinks will be his triumph after the sin of our first parents, or the lines in which the angel Michael tells Adam of man's new 'paradise within,' that shall be built of wisdom and virtue and love until the first Eden is transcended.

There is another reason for our knowing the literature of the past if we are to keep up-to-date. Whether it be convenient for us or not, much of the best thought of our own age will inevitably be expressed by men who do happen to know the older authors. They will naturally draw upon their own resources and make allusions to what they know. Their own up-to-date remarks will be given, therefore, in symbols and references that become meaningless hieroglyphics, to be deciphered with real labor and then only imperfectly, by those who are ignorant of our literary past. We have had a recent instance in the habits of our leading statesmen. President Roosevelt quotes Longfellow to Mr. Churchill, and Mr.

Churchill gives a new significance to Arthur Hugh Clough's, 'Say not the struggle nought availeth.' It is an endless chain. If one goes to the nineteenth century to learn what was up-to-date then, one must next discover what was up-to-date in the eighteenth—and so on backwards, with increasing difficulty, to the Greek and Latin authors and the ancient wisdom of the East. The penalty paid by a person ignorant of these symbols, which must be mastered through literary study, is the ultimate sense of being cut off from the best accounts of what is up-to-date even in his own time. All reading degenerates into the unhappy process of passing through the mind and emotions a long chain of empty buckets. It makes one a solitary who might well have been something else. Mr. Fadiman has reminded us of Professor Raymond Weaver's reply to the young girl who urged that he should hurry up and read a best seller because it had been out three months. 'My dear young lady, have you read Dante's Divine Comedy?' She confessed she had not; whereupon Professor Weaver said, 'Then you'd better hurry up—it's been out over six hundred years.' There are many ways of being strictly contemporary.

In the unbroken heritage of the literary past is true 'orientation' for any student, an orientation full of concrete significance—not the bloodless generalities that too often deteriorate, as W. B. Munro puts it, into a 'companionate miscegenation of history, politics, economics, pietisms, and sex hygiene.' It is education in humanity for the new human being as he steps forward in his time to learn both what he is and what he may become. He experiences a Renaissance of all the past, a grand awakening that puts him forever in the way of great things. Nor does this knowledge of the past unfit him for practical life in the present. Dr. Walter A. Jessup, the President of the Carnegie Foundation, some years ago looked at our national history in terms of education:

> Today we hear much of the importance of so changing our undergraduate course that the student may have, on the one hand, more familiarity with the conflicting issues in our social and economic life and, on the other, a better knowledge of science to enable him to live in a scientific world. This all seems very simple and convincing. Nevertheless, our own founders, the signers of the Declaration of Independence and the designers of the Constitution, were for the most part college graduates who during their immature years in college were fed a steady and exclusive diet of languages which for practical purposes were almost as dead then as now. Yet these graduates, according to a carefully documented study by Dr. Walsh, led a political revolution that rocked the world. They studied Latin, Greek, Hebrew, literature, history and philosophy, rather than material recommended by a Social Science Commission. They defended their right to graduate by disputa-

tion in Latin rather than by participating in open forums on social problems, as advocated so convincingly by our contemporaries. They revolted and risked their necks thereby. They set up a constitutional government that has outlasted any of its time. Not only were they able to reach an agreement as to the statement of a constitution, but they included provision for the orderly change of this document so that it has remained in force by amendments and interpretation for one hundred and fifty years.

Conclusion

Our statement of the case for humane letters has held that they are a vital part of that harmonious training which is the ideal in all education. For the mass of men they must not be neglected if we are to have free men in a free democracy. Literature is not the rival but the partner of those social and scientific efforts which have as the common goal the end that man should *live more*. Because literary studies both in English and in foreign languages increase the experience of man in human understanding, in a knowledge of other countries, in quality, and in a sense of the past, they are invaluable. They assist him in the practical world in which he must live, they fit him for responsible citizenship, and they give him, in the adventure of his spirit, an enabling act for his soul.

To think of education as we have thought of it here is to think of it highly. But many examples exhort us to do so. In recent months many aliens have been coming to our land. In their distress and suffering a difference can be observed among them. Some are frightened or bewildered by the bad news the modern world has given them. Some are sustained by native courage; and some have help of still another kind. They have in their extremity some great alliances from out the past. They are not now alone, because their minds are stored with memories of what they have read. Old voices of liberty come to them in consolation and in challenge, to say that some things are beyond tyranny because they are eternal in the spirit of man. 'In spite of difference of soil and climate, of language and manners, of laws and customs, in spite of things silently gone out of mind and things violently destroyed, the Poet binds together by passion and knowledge the vast empire of human society, as it is spread over the whole earth and over all time.' So Wordsworth wrote in 1800. And a compatriot of his had noticed two centuries before that 'every place was a country to a wise man and all parts a palace to a quiet mind.'

Human liberty depends not on charters and institutions alone. It depends on memory and the ancient heritage of men, on the voice of that humane confederation, scattered through many lands and through many ages, which it is the business of literature to make known. We have been progressively forgetting that heritage and trying to live as children without parents or teachers to guide them. In a recent statement of his faith in liberal education, Mr. Wendell Willkie, in an issue of *The American Scholar*, puts the challenge squarely before us: 'When you range back and forth through the centuries, when you weigh the utterance of some great thinker or absorb the meaning of some great composition, in painting or music or poetry; when you live these things within yourself and measure yourself against them—only then do you become an initiate in the world of the free.' This is the true freedom we covet for our children here.