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"This Is the Place"

By HOLGER J. KOCH.

When Brigham Young spoke the memorable words, as he and the vanguard of his Mormon followers looked down upon Salt Lake Valley from Emigration Pass, his words referred less to the valley which stretched out before them—a sight certainly not very encouraging—than to something which he and these thousands had brought with them on the weary march over plains and rock-strewn passes from Winterquarters on the Missouri to the Wasatch: a dream in their hearts of the holy city of Zion where life was good and the pilgrim safe from suffering and persecution.

The city that sprang up in the wilderness, the homes and fields, "Mormon Trees" in the desert, a way of life that had a human quality and a richness never equalled by a comparable group, were certainly not things the Mormons "found" in Toole Valley the way the '49ers—who rushed in and out of the valley with no more than an unbelieving stare—found gold under their pick-points at Dutch Flat and Iowa Gulch. It wasn't there when they came; they believed it into being. The Forty-niners are now a legend, the gold dust scattered, the "diggings" burned out; they left no trace because they brought nothing but their desire for that glint in the sand; but Mormon Valley is a place of industry, of homes, of human associations and values, of aspiration and achievement bounded only by its own inherent and obvious human limitations.

It has always been so: the race in its quest for the Promised Land, the Fountain of Youth, the "Never-never Land" of its dreams sought out the unexplored places where this Shang-ri-la conceivably might be waiting. But the Soria-Moria Castle and the Never-never Land were ever in the people's own hearts, and only so and only to that extent did the dreams ever come true. The Spaniards sought the Seven Cities of Cibola with their fabulous riches, but, bringing nothing but greed, they turned back empty-handed as they came. The Pilgrims sought the perfect theocratic state in the new world and in spite of their almost ludicrous perverseness did find a goodly number of self-evident truths which became the foundation of a

unique venture in social righteousness. Certainly not one of these truths was a native growth on that "stern and rock-bound coast"; each one was a tender sapling which had languished in the sunless shadows of European political and ecclesiastical tyranny and were only now given a chance to grow strong and sturdy in the comparative freedom of the untamed continent.

Many who came after sought nothing more than the golden glint in sand and sod and added nothing to the richness of the nation's life; but many individuals and groups "Preferring dangers of a world not known

To imprisonment of spirit and of mind"

brought what they sought and became living stones in that edifice which is still struggling to rear itself above the debris and refuse of grasping, sordid cupidity.

The stampede for gold still thunders through our valley. In witless vandalism it tramples underfoot riches that were "found" here by the seekers of the race. There is nothing we can do to stop it except to reaffirm again and more strongly: "This IS the place!" This is the place where grows freedom and brotherhood and righteousness. This IS our Never-never Land and our Shang-ri-la and our Soria-Moria Castle! There are no valleys anywhere more enchanted than the Shenandoah, the Mississippi and the San Joaquin. If it is to happen to us, it must happen here.

"THIS IS THE PLACE!"

Say not that the time is not right or that the place in which we live is unfavorable. When has time and place ever been favorable? Not in Salt Lake Valley, certainly; nor on the bleak forsaken coast of Massachusetts; nor in self-righteous, priest-ridden Jerusalem; or in 19th century torpid, "whist-and-toddy" steeped Denmark! — Not one of the torch-bearers of the race ever insisted that "conditions" be made "favorable" before he or she would advance another step. To a man the dreamers would plunge into Death Valleys and exclaim, "This is the place!" —and, surprisingly, it was!

Wandering through the American countryside one marvels constantly at the fact that it is so well favored.

The mountains, the deserts, the woodlands, the lakes and streams have a grandeur and a charm so varied that the land is hardly without any type of natural beauty found elsewhere in the world, and the luxurious fruitfulness apparent through the length and breadth of the central valley has helped to feed the hungry around the globe.

There is history beyond every hill and around every bend of the river; not of national significance alone, but for the world; for physically and spiritually we are involved in mankind. By nature and by fate the land is like a vast stage set for a drama of magnificent proportions. The backdrop, the properties, the lighting are set, waiting for the play to unfold. The curtain rose to the fanfare of trumpets and the roll of drums, and the world silenced before the resounding opening lines: "WHEN IN THE COURSE OF HUMAN EVENTS IT BECOMES NECESSARY"—and watched enraptured while Act 1 of Freedom Road moved across the stage.

But the curtain never rose on the second act. The actors are puttering about the stage, seemingly oblivious of both setting and audience. Since Act 1 there has been nothing but intermezzi, fill-in music and warning bells. The script seems to have been lost and the individual actors are practising little parts for one person. There is thunder on the stage, but it is that of scene shifters' block-and-tackle — not of Fate.

* * * * *

American community life today is, on the whole, as good, perhaps, as it has ever been. Quite naturally the mellow light bathing the days long remembered softens many of the rough contours of the past; also, while at the moment we are most acutely conscious of the things that stir us to harsh criticisms, the kinder, warmer memories last longer. Nonetheless, it is time we study the script for that second act so that the actors may find their places on the stage and in the wings and the play may go on.

It is fairly obvious by this time that statesmen on the inter-national scene are ignorant of what the script contains so we must look elsewhere. It is my guess that the scene will be designated "In A Hamlet" (this may also be in a large city). It is obvious that the permanence of any historical advance must be measured by its ability to penetrate into the life of the people, so let us look to our own communities where our people live their lives from day to day.

The first and most insistent impression we get is that of the communities' overwhelming preoccupation with the endless details of occupational and social functions, a sort of never ending defensive counter-thrust against the ego's two archenemies: "want" and "slight"—real or imagined. It prevents the several members of the community from experiencing a dominant sense of unity, inner cohesion, of belonging together, of playing the game on the same side. The very sense of having needs or interests divorced from those of the other members of the community cancels out human fellowship as a source of unlimited strength available where a common trust and common objectives release all the powers of the individual for communal, unselfish action. (The moral power potential of the American community is comparable to that of the atom before the fission: it is there, but unavailable.)

The other aspect is less obvious because comparatively rare and apparently not assimilable by the community

spirit as now constituted: an individual awakening to the realization that the path of separate self-sufficiency not only leads nowhere but in addition becomes a source of constant friction and mutual suspicion eventually culminating in civil and international strife; the realization that it is futile to attack the mass of social problems confronting us without dealing with the pernicious anti-social attitudes which create the problems. Instead of a multitude of problems of every sort, we have then in fact only one: the shifting of the attention of the individual from personal and selfish ends to common and social objectives. The old saw about "unchanging" human nature we can now throw away,—it has been with us too long. Human nature is constantly changing—and for the better.

The task before us is then essentially to bring the light and warmth of social attitudes to bear on the life of the community as a whole in order to make it productive of the moral fruits of a common aim,—much as the summer sun brings out the unsuspected wealth of life from a soil that in winter seemed sterile and lifeless. The Folk-School of Denmark did just that. (Its function was not to disseminate knowledge, but to irradiate faith in the inherent worth and potential regenerative forces in the life of man and his society.) The abundance of the harvest is a matter of record and a source of astonishment. With the shifting of attention toward the individual advantages connected with greater knowledge and "co-operation" the soil reverted to somewhat near its previous state of sterility. Eternal sacrifice is the price of life.

The establishment of centers (schools) which take the individual out of his normal environment and places him in a temporary—and to a certain extent artificial—fellowship is perhaps not the answer for us. Even though the experience may greatly strengthen his devotion to his society and completely alter the course of his own life, he would still upon return to his normal environment face a community which has in no way been touched by the same experience and so would largely be without qualifications for understanding and appreciating his changed point of view. The normal reaction would be scepticism and suspicion greatly reducing his opportunities for service to the community.

If on the other hand the regenerating factors of the "school" or "movement" are brought into the community their influence may be brought to bear on both the individual and his environment at once. I believe it is important that such "awakening" or change of attitude as the individual may experience be established with the community body of which he is and remains a part rather than with a temporary social unit such as a "student body."

The American "folk-school" would then be a wayfaring school, sojourning in the community for such length of time and at such intervals as may seem practical and desirable. The physical requirements as well as duration and such other quantitative aspects of the activity should be kept secondary and subordinate to the qualitative aspect: the spiritual intensity of the school's impact upon the community. The effectiveness of the entire venture hinging on the capacity of the school's "regenerative agent" to "get under the skin" of the community, whether this is immediately apparent or not.

(The scope and subject matter of the school will be dealt with in a following article.)

Autumn Symphony

By MABEL HOYT.

"Then if ever come perfect days"—written of June, we know, but equally perfect days come in our midwest Autumns. Lacking the brilliant coloring of the maples our roadsides are alight with sumac—woodbine covers doorways and frames windows—bittersweet and wahoo hang their berries on beautiful bushes and trees.

Skies of Italy, in poem and story can't be lovelier than our deep blue, "corn flowered skies," Benet calls them. And our streets are lined with pure gold; the old cottonwood comes to her glory with leaves so shining they seem to have been lacquered; the boxelders are a softer yellow, and leaves have kept some of the summer's green as if not wishing to give it all away. Some streets are arched overhead with golden spans, and under the blue of the skies, it is an enchanted walk.

Then there comes a day of rain—a downpour that makes the rich earth give out an earthy smell that no other season sends forth—the smell of wet leaves on the still green grass.

The robins, contemplating flight, gather under bushes, twittering, chirping, calling to one another—ready to take off when the day comes. Catbirds getting a last lunch of elderberries from the still golden bushes.

There is a stillness—a hush that isn't felt in the heat of the summer, nor in the bursting of buds in early spring, the stillness that comes before sleep, as it does in a home before children quiet for the night—so the sleep of Winter will come soon and the soft white blanket will cover all for warmth.

There was a "Voice" from the burning bush—so God speaks to each of us from the beauty of His creation, if we have eyes to see.

I longed to have them stay just so

I walked a lovely path

Along my homeward way

Through fallen leaves of red and gold

That made my heart so gay.

I longed to have them stay just so

For, all the Autumn days.

They danced and floated down to me

Like bright clad fairy folk—

And seemed to say "all days are fair"

And life a lovely joke.

Today it rained, and now the leaves

Are sodden in the path;

But, oh the beauty that they brought

Will always, always last.

Oh may the days so Beauty-filled

Stay with us when it's dark,

And with deep thanks for such as they

Hold Beauty in our hearts.

American Idealism In Europe's Reality

By C. SVERRE NORBORG.

An American does not have to stay long in present day Europe, before he becomes conscious of the painful anxiety which thoughtful Europeans have about the future course of American foreign policy. This deepseated anxiety is the expression of an even deeper longing in the hearts of the European masses for a world of peace, political stability and international security. There is nothing sentimental or Utopian about this cry for peace and order. It is born of a profound necessity and it is nourished by the tough-minded, hard realism of nations that have survived and spiritually conquered the most brutal inhumanity that the world's history has ever witnessed.

The initial difficulty which we Americans face in any discussion with our European friends is the fact, that they tend to look upon us—American soldiers, statesmen or plain citizens—as visitors. And since their political maturity has equipped the Europeans with a long memory, they well remember that we Americans, in 1917-1919, proved ourselves to be exactly visitors. That historic fact places us at a disadvantage, whenever we proceed to discuss the future security of the world.

Our European friends express their kindest hopes for a sustained American participation in world affairs, but this hopefulness seems to be coupled with an inner fear, which will only come to rest when American deeds and American international action during the next few years shall have shown, with unequivocal clarity, that the United States of America have grown into an international-minded maturity, which, with glad dignity, shoulders the incessant burden of establishing and guaranteeing peace and order throughout the world. All Europeans are watching for signs which will reassure them that the American nation will prove itself to be clearheaded in its international thinking, as it has proved itself to be mighty in a military sense.

Any keen observer of the American scene will know that the United States which most Europeans think they know, has disappeared. The hard school of depression, unemployment and insecurity did change the American pursuit of happiness from an infantile reaching for the stars into a politically mature demand for security, employment, housing and education for all citizens. From the hallucinations of a Utopia the American citizens have turned their conscious attention to the constructive and concrete ideal of a just, fair and equal chance for fundamental happiness for all people. The reality of Gettysburg has conquered the make-believe of Hollywood. And the broad masses of the American people have just begun to fight for these human values and ideals. They will never give up their gains nor the hard road to more common gains. Such is their new idealism.

One of the moral effects of this revolutionary change in American socio-political consciousness is that the Ame-

ricans have freed themselves from the excessive individualism, which characterised their thinking before the first world war. American youth does no longer believe that any odd newspaper boy will one day end up a Rockefeller or a Vanderbilt. They do believe, however, and they glory in that belief that the United States of America still remains the exceptional land for creative self-assertion and for an individual's rise to social and political influence. They will, therefore, return from the long war years abroad grateful in the knowledge that America is not hide-bound by man-made traditions or deadening snobbishness. Neither do they wish to see their country regimented by any one party domination of their government. In brief, Americans are and will remain individualists, who, at the same time, are keenly aware of the fact, that in a highly industrialised modern society men and women can only be free together.

Europeans may smile at this late American discovery and insist that Europe has known the need for social equality and planning for at least two generations. Many informed Americans would be ready to admit that the Scandinavian countries were, more than any others, on the way to a lasting solution of the problems of social justice for all citizens, and were reaching the state of improvement, by means of a democratic consensus within their nations. At the same time, the American observer cannot be expected to forget that "modern" Europe also contained a Nazi-Germany, a Fascist Italy, a Falangist Spain and a France which collapsed in 1940. Europe's record in the last generation is not too impressive, neither is it too idealistic. The Americans have learned one thing, however: they are not quite as simple-minded as they were in the Wilsonian era. They are no longer crusaders, since they have recognised that the greatest service they can render the sick world is to create and sustain a healthy and open-minded United States of America, which may spread the spirit and deeds of a genuine neighborliness throughout the nations of the world, including Europe. They have realised that all nations are faced with the same fundamental social task, they are in an even higher degree beginning to think of—One World. The very great number of Europeans who recently have confessed to me, that they would like to emigrate to America after the war, if only they were given the chance, would seem to prove that the United States, after all, has well kept its reputation of being a free, happy and fair land. A cynic would naturally explain this European desire to emigrate as the escape mechanism of war-tired people. A romanticist would perhaps look upon this longing for America as an involuntary verification of Ralph Waldo Emerson's dictum: "America is God's last chance to remake the World." As is so often the case, the truth may lie in the middle. The United States is the exceptional state among the Big Powers, inasmuch as it has kept high the freedoms of the individual, has refused to let the state regiment private initiative and personal conviction, has worked itself ahead, slowly but surely, towards a social consciousness which demands that the human factor takes the prime place, has given her laborers living conditions and wages far beyond those offered the citizens of any other big power, and has done all this without any revolution and bloodshed, and all this in a nation which originally was created by the millions of immigrants from all other countries. This is the

American Reality, experimental and unfinished, but definitely on its way. Its broad masses are future-minded and are going to become even more politically minded in the positive and social sense of that word.

In a very brief article it is not possible to give more than a sketch of new spiritual and social consciousness of the American people. If any cynic be surprised at the new America depicted above, let him console himself with the fact that his fault is one of ignorance rather than that of negativism. There is an Unknown America which one does not see by reading the American newspapers. And let it not be overlooked that President Roosevelt was re-elected in 1944, when the newspapers stood 600 against him and only 200 for him. The very fact that the overwhelming number of American newspapers today advocate American adherence to a clear and lasting internationalism should indicate how the winds are blowing throughout the nation: the American people are well aware of the colossal task before them in regard to full and stable post-war employment, but it recognises that only if there be some moral and legal world security can their own nation thrive and prosper. They think with nostalgia on what fabulous social values might have been created with the staggering \$208,000,000,000 which America's war effort so far has cost her citizens. No, the Americans do not want any more wars. They are builders. But they will see to it that never again shall any nation be permitted to have or to create a military machine which may threaten or destroy the world's peace. It is sage to predict that the United States for years to come will remain the greatest military power on earth. This will be so, because the American people will stand no nonsense, no sentimentalism, no empty idealistic speech-making.

The reader will see that we here have worked the argument to the identical conclusion which we, in the beginning, stated about the European masses. Since we have attempted to show how different, in many aspects, the American background is to European state of affairs, there has been no attempt to argue ourselves into the viscous circle of sentimental illusion. Neither must it be overlooked that the future collaboration between the nations will proceed over a thorny road, where together we will have to give and to take—in trade, political differences, national pride, expansive production, development of backward countries and the resources of the world. Good humor and decency, frankness and agreement and above all, a new spirit of fairness and self-limitation will be called upon, if this world of ours is to be spared final desolation. The stakes are too high to permit the continuance of any big international poker playing behind closed doors. And the masses of the world must be taught to demand that their chosen leaders deal with them and with the other nations in moral honesty. Millions of American citizens of the most diverse ancestry hope and pray that the smaller nations here will help the big powers to lead the world into a new era of true and honest internationalism, without which no peace or world security system will ever work.

The concluding sentences of this brief analysis will, then, summarise the argument in this manner. It is a double fallacy hidden in the very title: "American Idealism in Europe's Reality." First, because it is not explicitly stated that there are tremendous idealistic and social-

mind forces at work today in Europe itself. For the present they are hidden under the frost of occupation slave labor, torture, starvation, material destruction, ill-health, destroyed home-life, disrupted church life and education, and lack of free political expression. Parts of Europe have been militarily freed, but the new leaders of Europe are still not here. Spiritually speaking, Spring has not come to Europe—yet. On the other hand, America is not a land of Utopian dreamers about to export a surplus of idealism. Neither are the majority of Americans cynical materialists, exploiting big business-men or hard-headed imperialists. American idealism is still there, but it has become more concrete and introspective. Above all, American idealism has begun to learn—patience. To a certain extent one may really say that today the dangers of an excessive impatience are a European rather than an American possibility. Hundreds of millions of sufferers do not come out of torture, spiritual imprisonment, starvation and infamous mistreatment without the dangers of considerable disturbance and potential chaos. The first test of American patience and goodwill is to understand, help and heal the deeper wounds of this human, great world, as it reaches out its hands for—Spring.

The future world of international goodwill will have to build upon something infinitely deeper than external military victories. Neither will nice sounding paragraphs of an international treaty suffice. Not even the feeding and rehabilitation programs, nor the reopening of international trade, nor the creation of an international police force, will alone heal the wounds of a feverish and wounded world. Undoubtedly, all these things are necessary, historical pre-requisites for order and reconstruction throughout our one, common world, and we shall have to learn to work together on peace and the common pursuit of happiness as the beastly enemy taught us to unite for war and victory.

Let us not fool ourselves. Idealism is not enough. Neither is economics. Nor are politics and ideologies. A world based upon the insistence on justice can only spring forth where the nations begin to believe in the sanctity of the moral law. Here is the great chance for the churches and homes of Europe, America and Russia. There is a long and hard hill ahead of us all, and an international Utopia is nowhere within sight. The things of the spirit were never easy.

(Christopher S. Norborg returned to the United States after a year's experience where he was Chief of the Scandinavian Section of UNRRA, 1944-1945. During the war Dr. Norborg had a research position with the U. S. Office of Strategic Service. He is a keen political observer, the author of many books, and recently his articles on Soviet Russia appeared in many of the country's leading newspapers.—Ed.)

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Thanksgiving Thought

Would it not be more appropriate to be thankful for the things we have in **common with all men**, rather than for **advantages**? There might be a mistake somewhere.

Receptivity

It's here, the blessed season
When Nature for some reason
Sees fit to propagate.
It seems the busy little bees
Cannot take care of plants and trees
And so the wind takes up the call
To spread new life to one and all
And I am one "receptive mate"

GESUNDHEIT!

When pollen chokes the very air
I lose all poise and cease to care
How uncontrolled is every sneeze
How noisy as I wheeze and wheeze
How nasal every sound I pipe
How uncouth as I wipe and wipe

GESUNDHEIT!

My watery eyes I just ignore
My busy nose is red and sore
My mouth is dry from passing air
My hair is mussed and I don't care
My taste is gone all food is bad
I cannot smoke it makes me mad

GESUNDHEIT!

I'M SORE AT NATURE
THOROUGHLY VEXED
IT'S ALL HER FAULT
SHE'S OVER-SEXED.

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Midwest Sanctuary

By TH. RASMUSSEN.

After having flown over almost endless deserts of blazing-white alkali and salt beds, and over brown-scorched tablelands, the eye sees a green tint on the landscape in the distance. Then suddenly we are over it. All the eye sees now is what appears to be one great lawn. This is Iowa; we land in the heart of America.

Names do not have much meaning here. What counts is the feeling one has of contact with the soil, the atmosphere, and the home-like attitude of the people.

Whether coming from the rugged hills of the Sioux, or winding among the picturesque bluffs of the Missouri, or traveling on the flat-lands of the Cedar and the Des Moines valleys, one is impressed by the lushness and greenness of it all. The atmosphere seems one with the soil, and vice versa.

Upon entering a typical Iowa homestead a welcome

contact is established immediately upon stepping over the threshold of the back-porch doorway.

After pleasant preliminary conversation a person is told where to find his room. You go up a winding stairway and enter a spacious room, the walls of which are covered with a light-blue wallpaper of a flowered design. After a refreshing wash-up you stretch out on the bed, the front and back of which is of iron, wrought in a croll work design. Then after a satisfying rest you go down the stairway to the dining-room and start in eating one of those well-known, home-grown, and home-cooked meals.

After satisfying one's hunger a person goes out on the spacious lawn in front of the house and sits in a deck chair and just looks and talks.

In this particular spot of Iowa one is looking right over a great corn-field at a large gently sloping hill. The outstanding object near the top of the hill which attracts the attention is a large white church with a tall steeple. There are many trees and houses scattered here and there. In the left foreground one comes in contact with the busy activity of men working. In the right foreground one sees a road winding off towards the town, and in the distance more green rolling hills. The earthy smells and the cool breeze complete the feeling of having arrived at a welcome destination.

What does a person talk about when he is at ease and among friends, he has not seen for a long time?

Well, naturally, with that beautiful white church attracting your attention, you want to know about the community and what is going on, etc. After hearing about the noble aspirations of the pioneers of this community, and the workings of a great folk-school and seminary, much of the glamor is gone after you learn that the school is no more and that there is a question mark before the minds of many of the people regarding the future of the church. After discussing the situation here and in other communities the conversation finally drifts towards the burning question of the moment. The Yearning of the American People for Something towards which they are striving but aren't sure of the goal.

After a while dusk starts falling and the fireflies are seen here and there. It is time to go in and eat again. A little later we go over to greet the grandmother of the family. The outstanding thing about her is her streaming snow-white hair and "Denmark" is written all over her face. Although she is 86 her greatest regret is that she didn't learn the English language, but she is overcoming the difficulty by the use of the dictionary.

We go back to the homestead and friendly neighbors call. This time the conversation is about the Danish heritage as this community of Danes and their descendants. We discuss the apparent lack of interest the Danes have about the subject and of what is to become of it. We hope that somehow much of it can be used as a gift to the American people to help them find a solution of their great yearning.

After a good night's rest I leave my friends of the homestead and go north. All the time I am in the state and until I reach its borders, the greenness, the lushness, and the smells of the earth and atmosphere are with me until the soothing contours of the landscape are on the far horizon.

Concerning Gandhi

By ESTHER HARLAN.

I

In the increasing volume of occidental comment and statement concerning Gandhi, there is an essential element of his life, of its deepest significance, which has apparently been completely overlooked.

It is inevitable, perhaps, that we interpret what we read and hear in terms of our own experiential environment. Equally inevitable, doubtless, is the vagueness, inaptness, inaccuracy, consequent upon superficial mental methods; the haphazard use in reference to Gandhi of, for instance, such conflicting expressions as "non-resistance", "passive resistance", "non-violent coercion", and the assumed "inconsistency" of isolated, opaque "facts"—his travelling by rail or motor car though deprecating the prevalence of machinery, and other such details reiterated almost as frequently among his avowed friends as by his most bitter opponents.

But there is a certainty, a simple clarity, born of actual contact; an alchemy of direct experience.

Early in the spring of 1919, upon an impulse of mere casual curiosity, I climbed to the top of a ramshackle building on Esplanade Road in Bombay to talk with members of the then scarcely coherent Satyagraha movement. In a large bare room I found a few young Hindu men—twos and threes here and there in earnest conversation. There was eagerness, even tenseness, but they were very quiet; there was nothing flamboyant, spectacular; on the contrary there was a very genuine and engaging diffidence that yet held nothing of timidity or calculated reserve. The next day I went to Malabar Hill to see Gandhi who was stopping there for a few days with friends of his Oxford years to a degree in sympathy with his work.

Thereafter I was in frequent contact with (for lack of a better term) the Gandhi movement; men and women closely in touch with the stark tragedy of the months that followed; the almost incredible heroism and loyalty to principle, ideal; the spiritual fervor of the "new dawn". And a realization of Gandhi's life and purpose became gradually, almost imperceptibly inwoven so to speak with my understanding. Not through long verbatim-noted discussions with him or his associates, nor because of any overwhelming revelation of specific incident. But rather as an unconscious, inevitable orientation of thought, an

"Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee: air, earth, and skies;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind."—Wordsworth.

inalienable conviction, a visioning so vivid that one may never thereafter completely UNsee its significance.

It may perhaps be well to say at the outset that my journey to India was a matter of business—legal, financial. I had possibly rather more than a common share of middle-aged predispositions; Gandhi was not nearly so well known then as now; the current estimate of him (even among the most “liberal”) was at best as merely a “fanatic”, “sentimentalist”. My understanding had to make its way against my own ingrained prejudices as well as almost uniform outer pressure. I have long hesitated to attempt any expression of it because of a very definite realization of inadequacy in the light of the magnitude of the meaning of the thing itself.

It is not a matter of minutiae of analysis, nor of voluminous recountal of incident. The circumstantial story of Gandhi's life is now too widely known to require any fuller repetition. But I want if I can to emphasize a less widely realized element in the trend of that life, though words at best are clumsy tools in any effort toward portrayal of what is essentially life itself. For Gandhi's relation to India, to humanity, is not primarily that of teacher or preacher, or even guide or leader. He is simply a soul, a life; a soul of trenchant sincerity, transparent truthfulness, living its life—**LIVING LIFE**—in our midst. A creative, transmuting, compelling life; a profound spiritual adventure; a growth, a living experiment, characterized at every step by the essentials of all life, all growth: continual change, flux, testing, discarding, outreaching, transmuting. Gandhi did not start out with and has not now any hard-and-fast “rule of life” “goal”, theology or even hard-and-fast plan. He did not go to South Africa as a reformer or crusader. For some twenty years he tried there the way of “chivalry” toward the English government simply because during all that time he had no convincing vision of any better or more vital point of contact; all that time he was essentially feeling his way so to speak, toward a less materialistic basis of human intercourse; to induce generosity, justice, through chivalry is more intrinsically **HUMAN** than to continue in the primitive out-worn way of invariable failure that is “blow for blow.” Obviously, had Gandhi even then had as his goal merely a concrete end or achievement, he would have brought (as groups here in America and elsewhere have repeatedly brought) utmost pressure to bear at the time of his opponent's most critical extremity. This is logical and entirely legitimate as a test of material strength on the basis of a definite, material goal in view. But when the English government met with momentarily overwhelming reverses Gandhi at once suspended his pressure, held in abeyance the claims of his own people, sincerely believing that such chivalry could not fail to beget a like response in those who represented England. It did not. It is true that he was “decorated” for his “services” (and that same chivalry impelled him to accept the “medal” in the spirit in which he believed it to be tendered—as one would accept a bauble from a child who had only baubles to give—putting aside for the moment his own quite different standards (of valuation). It is true also that the government of England accorded to Gandhi technically, legally the twenty-year-long claims he had made for elemental human rights for Hindus equally with other “citizens of the Em-

pire”. But the speedily subsequent “autonomy” given South Africa enabled England **PER SE** to side-step actual repudiation of sovereign guarantees under pretext that she could not coerce a “Free State”, and the rights that it had taken half of Gandhi's life to win for his compatriots were promptly nullified. Not so obtrusively, however, as to warrant Gandhi (no longer on the spot to know all the facts at first hand) in conviction that such betrayal was deliberately intentional on the part of those who had but a short time before pledged those “rights” inalienably. Both local and world conditions had rapidly altered, official personnel had somewhat changed; no one knows better the frailty of long-enslaved human nature than does Gandhi whose own motives again and again his own friends, fellow Hindus, had misunderstood, viciously turning against him. Possibly, he told himself, his own people in South Africa had offered undue provocation, and in the tacit lapse of practically all its covenants the government had not, perhaps, sole responsibility for faithlessness.

Still in this charitable hope, when England again seemed in an extremity (1914) Gandhi's sense of chivalry again forbade him so much as urging upon hesitant recruits his own ineradicable conviction against taking life. But his refusal to oppose the formation of an Indian army was in no degree in the nature of a bargain, on the basis that India would fight in Europe if England would give India home rule. It was England herself, long after Gandhi had defined his personal position at the time, who formulated “home rule terms”. Gandhi had said whole-heartedly to those who asked his guidance: “Let us forgive until seventy times seven. My conscience forbids my taking any life. If yours does not, if your conscience is clear in joining the army, then by all means do so in the spirit of chivalry as one would go to the assistance of a friend in distress.” There was no shadow of inconsistency or compromise or “petty politics” in Gandhi's attitude or action; nor was there any of these in his so-called reversal of such attitude and action later, in saying to starving peasants: “Eat your taxes” (tithes of grain) give nothing to the collector to feed fighting troops in Europe.” Nor yet later in his complete refusal to co-operate with the government in any respect when, knowing at first hand the facts of the Amritsar massacre, those facts as well as his own spiritual necessity drove him to face the viceroy, the empire, the world, with the accusation: “You know, as I know, that you have not ruled faithfully nor kept faith.”

To use a homely parable, a sprout requiring continual light and air is no “inconsistency” on the part of the root that would crumble and die if exposed but a short time to that same sun and wind. However unlike its root in appearance, requirement and action, the sprout is none the less the natural continuance and witness of that root—of growth, of life. We are so used to the rigidity of dogmas and creeds and all other machinery that we seem no longer to have any capacity by which to sense and evaluate **LIVE** truth. We beset and suffocate its evidence with our sluggish unbelief, or superficial discussion, hound and kill them as speedily as possible, that we may again return to our “consistent” mental grooves and mechanisms.

It must be continually remembered that Gandhi was at no time a professional, intentional, scarcely a willing leader. He went to South Africa originally as a business

man under a legal contract. And so repugnant to him were the conditions he found there including—at that stage of his development—even the personnel of the large portion of the community comprising his own countrymen, that far from desiring to remain there as their defender and spokesman, he could scarcely bring himself to keep his contract for that one pledged year. It was despite temperamental predilection and all personal inclination and without (at that time) any well formulated program regarding that particular situation, that Gandhi found himself drawn step by step into the current of spiritual experience now identified with his name.

"Who could callously satisfy his own appetite while at his knee stands a child emaciated with hunger, crying pitifully for a portion"* Gandhi had so felt the pitiful hunger of India's millions, the hunger of the world's multiples of millions is so real to his consciousness, that it is now with him as if these were visibly, physically pressing about him. It is no calculated, bargaining asceticism that measures his daily nourishment, but an abiding compassion born of a vividness of spiritual experience, an inevitable identification with humanity as a whole—"the least of these." We have all known moments of emotion so intense that bodily needs automatically stood in abeyance; and yet longer experience, perhaps, in which emotional satisfaction and equilibrium were such that tissue did not waste and hunger was not felt. Into that phrase (incidentally, born in England) "the emotion of the ideal" Gandhi has poured the experience of a generation, the illumination of a life.

Literally against all his own desires and preferences, Gandhi simply found himself unable to withstand the appeal of the appalling situation that confronted him in South Africa. And step by step, day by day, through all these succeeding years his actions have outlived, his life itself has been, a continued spiritual adventure. As indeed is all life: "God help me! I can do no otherwise!" is as characteristic of a sprouting seed, a blade of grass thrusting upward through weight of earth in the teeth of gravitation, as of a Luther facing his accusers. Gandhi's actions, words, are alive because they spring from continuous vital spiritual experiences. He does not, for instance, fast by achieved toward some specific goal. That somewhat crude rote, so to speak: so many days without food, so much analogy of a seed incubating in darkness is perhaps as near as one may come to any expression of the meaning, to him, of his times of fasting and retirement. (There is, however, a yet deeper significance in the spirit of these and all his actions, that I will try in some measure to indicate a little further on.) Similarly Gandhi's habitual frugality in all material matters is no mere regimen nor for the purpose of "example", and is essentially foreign to the term "self sacrifice" connoting rather a limitless horizon of consciousness, an abiding sympathy as it were at white heat, from which the distress of no farthest outcast is excluded. Just here it may be noted in passing, the average human being when physically emaciated is to some degree men-

tally enfeebled, incapacitated, as a consequence. Gandhi's vision, discernment, are equally keen, vigorous, with or without food. He has proved the liveableness of a level of existence regarding which most of us know nothing and care nothing. Though it was long ago that another adventurous soul discovered for us: "Involuntary poverty connotes coercion by circumstance, and thus the degradation of the spirit; voluntary poverty springs from a freedom of soul that transcends all circumstance."

And here it may be noted also that the numerous fiats as to relative and merely passing details quoted as coming from Gandhi, the endless dogmas and pronouncements couched in time-worn religious phrasing that are so often deformed in their repetition, will be found (such small portion of them as are not apocryphal—conscious or unconscious misrepresentations) to be various angles as it were of a many-faceted jewel, never "contradictory" nor "inconsistent" but giving another side of the same central light, another prismatic mirror of a different constituent of light on the same central truth. And this is by no means ascribing to this unpretentious, undersized, almost insignificant looking brown-skinned man any infallible divinity or superhuman powers. Definitely the contrary. "Man does not become 'divine' when he personifies truth; only then does he become truly human."

Of this many-sided thing almost as elusive of definition as life itself, there is another angle: Henri Bergson long ago illumined the fact that we speak of as "solid" any substance whose rhythm of vibration is invariable, the vibrations of whose particles are successively equal, "consistent", "tit for tat", "blow for blow" so to speak; and when Jesus advised those who desired "life more abundant" rather than stolidity, ("death"), to "love your enemies," "turn the other cheek", he was not suggesting an enervating timidity nor lapsing into merely sentimental generalities. He was phrasing for primitive minds a fundamental scientific fact perceived only intuitively by him perhaps, quite definitely and mechanically substantiated for us today. "Blow for blow" leads nowhere; it is simply a counterpart of the mechanism inherent in inert, "dead", matter. But if in return for a blow I restrain my muscles and exercise instead some finer faculty (my mind) to the extent of realizing the motive or cause back of the blow, and then endeavor to remove or transmute THIS, though I may not escape further blows (NOR WOULD I ON THE BASIS OF BLOW FOR BLOW) yet I have at least introduced a new rhythm into the situation and raised it to a higher level of human contact; it is no longer a "solid"—stolid, dead. When in a certain instance in the beginning of the Satyagraha movement, followers of Gandhi faced a truly tragic extremity and besought him to sanction resort to physical force, he answered: "What sanction, what authority, is there in all the universe for any human soul, but the light of God as it shines on that soul's own path? If blood must be shed, let it be our own blood only." To occidental thinking, instinctively reliant on obvious force, this seemed desertion, betrayal, of those who looked to him for guidance, but in reality it was a clarion call to their fuller, higher powers—"as Marconi might admonish one trying to shout from New York to San Francisco: 'You are only wasting your breath; here is wireless to do your bidding.'"

* It has seemed to me more valuable to use such quotations as are necessary, without specific reference to authorship. Anonymity makes for freedom from preconception. This article is an endeavor to make more clear the trend of an anonymous urge.