SCHOOLS FOR A NEW WORLD

By A. D. WINSPEAR

THAT the postwar world will be marked by a tremendous increase in adult education is a prediction which I think can be made with the utmost confidence. Nor is it hard to see why this should be so. The rapid changes which are going on in our world have slipped beyond the intellectual categories not only of the older generation, but even of recent graduates from our colleges and universities. Those of us who were in college twenty years ago hardly heard of fascism. If we did, it was as a kind of colorful eccentricity developing in a southern European state which provoked tolerant, cynical amusement or a covert admiration, because "the beggars had been cleaned out of Naples" and "the trains ran on time."

Twenty years have enlightened us. The march of fascism toward world conquest came within an ace of success. Hardly a village or community in the wide world was not affected by the onrushing of that monstrous system until its very success provoked its opposite, and the coalition of the United Nations arose to check its progress and to turn the victory of fascism into defeat. But even today only the minority of our people understand fascism. They do not see it in its economic dynamic or its profound political savagery, or fully comprehend its ruthless war against the great tradition of culture.

There is as a consequence a great popular hunger for understanding, for clarity. Adult education finds almost automatically a center and a focus as we try to clarify the issues for which we fight. If the "old graduate" finds that the march of events calls for new intellectual categories, for fresh understanding, it is nonetheless true that the recent graduate finds the march of events baffling, calls for reexamination of all his values, a reorientation of all his thinking. Consider, for example, the significance of Teheran. The perspective here held out is one of a stabilized and secure political world in which small nation and large can exist side by side in peace and security. It calls in the economic sphere for the recreation of an expanding economy through world planning in which capitalistic and socialistic nations join. It envisages the peaceful, orderly, democratic solution of our political and economic problems in a world of security, prosperity and peace. And by the progressive solution of our economic problems, it moves forward to banishing the scourge of war from the world for many generations.

These agreements call for readjustments in politics both foreign and domestic. What would seem paradoxical and impossible ten years ago now becomes sober historical fact. The capitalist nations which strove to isolate, surround, and destroy the first socialist republic, now find in that republic their best friend, the strongest champion of their economic and national interests against the great dragon that nearly destroyed them.

In domestic politics, too, the readjustments are great. The old warfare between capital and labor now becomes a matter of secondary importance. The common interest which binds us together is greater than the forces which would divide and tear us apart. Has the recent graduate, even the most intelligent, made the necessary readjustments in his thinking? Have the universities and colleges oriented their programs around the new perspectives? The answer, I am afraid, is No. And yet this must be done if the bright hopes of the Atlantic Charter, of Moscow, Cairo, and Teheran are to be realized.

But not only on such general grounds as this can we safely predict a great increase in liberal education. We have already the evidence that the people are hungry for direction, for clarity, for understanding, for knowledge, for science. The success of institutions like the Abraham Lincoln School is a matter of profound portent. In the first year of our existence, over 5,000 students enrolled in our courses and various activities. These men and women were motivated not by any desire for economic gain, for degrees or credits and the assurance of a lucrative post when they leave the halls of alma mater, but by sheer love of learning, the passion to understand. The faith of the teacher, classically expressed by Aristotle, that all men by nature yearn to know and to create afresh in the tradition of freedom, in such institutions revives and is restored.

The historical moment creates the passion of clarity, and this passion must be satisfied. There is evidence, too, that the traditional universities are beginning to realize the significance of their role. Everywhere we find the searching of hearts and a confession of failure. Everywhere we notice programs of reform and a promise to amend. No one can fail to regard these things as anything but hopeful portents.

And yet I believe if the colleges and universities and other institutions of popular enlightenment are to play the role which they should, there must be a much more thorough-going reexamination than the men of the schools have so far (at least to my notice) been willing to give. It struck me, therefore, that it might be of interest to jot down certain impressions which I get from conversations with my students in our school of why they find the educational experience here so stimulating and so satisfying.

FIRST then (this point will sound so simple that many readers may smile) students tell me that they demand that their teaching should be true. I ask them, Have you not felt the sense of truth in the college or the university you attend? In answer to my question, one intelligent student burst into a long harangue. He told me what had been taught to him about the Soviet Union, its "appalling weakness, inefficiency and hopelessness"; what had been taught to him about the labor movement; what had been revealed to him about the actual balance of forces in the contemporary world. "The war," he said, "has proved my whole educational experience false." To prove his point, he produced a file of his favorite weekly news magazine. Painstakingly, week by week, he had clipped their account of the Russian campaign. I must admit that it did not make pretty reading.

I asked the students about the history they had been taught. Had they understood how history moves? Did they come out of college with clear theories of social dynamics? They told me that history was for them an unintelligible jumble of facts and dates, a bewildering succession of wars, treaties, decrees, and uneasy periods of peace. I asked them about philosophy. Did philosophy give them a clear sense of the values by which they might live? Were these values really universal values? Could they be applied as easily to the Negro sharecropper or the Indian peasants as to the comfortable citizen of an upper class American sub-

From "CTC," organ of the Confederation of Cuban Workers

1. Hitler set out to choose a uniform. First he tried that of Frederick of Prussia. "I don't understand," he said, "why they called him 'great'—his uniform was very tight, and his hat will hardly go on my head."

2. Hitler then tried on Napoleon's clothes. He looked at himself in the mirror and said: "How badly they tailored uniforms a hundred years ago! It certainly isn't cut to my measure. I am decidedly not Napoleon. I'm far superior."

3. Finally he tried on the uniform of the commander-in-chief of his armies. But it covered him very badly and split at the seams. At that point Hitler made up his mind to look around for a uniform that would suit him. . . .

4. But he needn't trouble himself. . . . The world has a very simple uniform ready for him, appropriate and cut exactly to his measure.

urb? I asked them about literature. Did literature shed warmth and illumination on the whole conduct of life? Did it guide them in their choices and make them courageous in moments of darkness and despair? They shook their heads. Literature had been distilled to scholarship, or to the pale dilettantism of art for art's sake. Any system of education that satisfies us, they said, must base itself on truth.

And then again, they said, it must not base itself on fear. Our traditional education—I know this will strike many readers as a monstrous judgment, but I record it anyway—our traditional education has been based on fear, fear of the working class, fear of progress, fear of historical movements, fear of Marxism, fear of the Soviet Union. But in the kingdom of truth, there is no place for fear. Perfect truth, like perfect love, casteth out fear. If education is to be purely defensive rationalization of a vested interest, it is no longer going to evoke the enthusiasm of ardent youth.

There is no reason why any section of American society should fear the destruction of Nazism and the rise of popular and democratic movements all over the world. Economically and politically this will mean the solution of very pressing problems, but culturally—and it is with this that education must have its chief concern—it will mean such an outburst of creative popular energy as the world has never seen before.

I CONFIDENTLY look forward to a new Renaissance, an infinitely greater creative period than the Renaissance of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. That great movement of the past was relatively circumscribed in space and in the numbers of people participating. Nonetheless, mankind has always looked back to it with gratitude to this day. The roll of painters and poets, of architects and scientists evokes a thrill of remembered enthusiasm as we travel through the cities of Italy or even study the monuments of the Renaissance embalmed as they are in the museums of the world.

But the new Renaissance to which we look forward will be an infinitely greater thing. It will be world-wide in its scope. It will draw into its sweep hundreds of millions of people. The remotest villages of India, of China, of Africa will be affected. The creative energy of these millions will be released. When the fetters of fear are removed, mankind will for the first time in its long history be able to let its creative activities have full play. Whatever adjustments are necessary as between class and class, group and group in America can be achieved by peaceful democratic discussion and an honorable give-and-take.

It is very much to be hoped that the American school system, its colleges and universities and every other institution of popular enlightenment will share in this great movement, that they will feel the invigoration of fresh breezes and will in turn do their share in evoking the creative energy of American men and women.

It is for this reason I believe that adult education in the postwar world has a great role to play, and of this great movement, an institution like the Abraham Lincoln School is the swallow, the harbinger, and the morning star.

Professor Winspear, on leave from the University of Wisconsin, is acting as Director of the Abraham Lincoln School in Chicago. The preceding piece appeared previously in the "American Oxonian."

SHORE LEAVE IN BARI

By JACK LASKER

Somewhere in Italy.

BARI, the merchant marine's "little Pearl Harbor" which cost the Allies eighteen ships last year, still bears its scars. When we pulled into this Italian port last summer on a Liberty ship the first thing we saw was the charred, warped superstructures of a dozen ships. Several had disappeared.

We gazed at this thing that might have happened to us, that had happened, in fact, to about 1,800 merchant seamen and dock personnel. We knew that Shorty, one of our oilers, had waited out the raid in a Bari cafe, and that he didn't like the idea of returning to Bari, in August or any other month. We sought him out. He was leaning over the rail, peering at the wrecks.

"See your ship?" I said.

"I think that's her," he said mournfully. "That one over there. The one with the bow in the air, the three-incher pointing toward the sky. I'm pretty sure because that's where we were, lined up like clay pigeons with other Liberty's facing the breakwater. Some good men went down with her."

He stared into the water that had seen so much.

"You weren't on the ship at the time, were you?" I asked, anxious to hear the entire story. He snorted.

"Me? I was ashore. I was drinking that red wine of theirs when the bombs came down. My buddies were dying even then. How could I know how bad it was? I felt a bit ashamed of myself for a while. But there wasn't anything I could have done about it even if I was on the ship. It was all over so fast, twenty, thirty minutes."

"And then?" I asked.

"I came out of that cafe. The clouds were all lit up like they were on fire above the port. Couldn't go back to the ship then—too dangerous. A block from the cafe a house had been knocked down. We took a look. I saw a woman covered with rubble. She was bleeding, hardly breathing. Must have been a lot more killed there." He paused, shook his head.

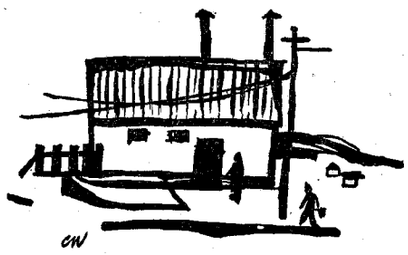
"I didn't find out till next day that our ship was gone. We went to the Naval Control building at the port next morning to ask what the story was. The lieutenant consulted his records. 'Sorry, boys, you're out of luck. You've lost your ship.' And we lost our cargo too—real good stuff. We had just arrived and hadn't unloaded any of it. That made it hurt more."

Next morning ashore Shorty and I went looking around the port. He wanted to see where he had been during the raid. We found the cafe, stepped inside, and Shorty smiled. There was the same proprietor, pouring out the same red wine and the mild "champagna." And there was the proprietor's son, ten-year-old Clemente. He remembered the chocolate Shorty gave him the last time so well that he had brought him the only chair in the place to sit down on.

"Recognize me?" Shorty asked the boss. "Bombs falling, December, I here. Understand?" gesticulating all the time. Signor Valenze gesticulated a bit too, Shorty said "*Si, si,*" and they shook on it.

"Drink this," said the boss, shoving over a glass of wine. "No pay me—okay! It was terrible night. Six hundred persons dead in Bari. Three hundred near here, others near the port. Dirty Germans!" Scowling, he drew his index finger across his throat. "That's what I like to do to them." He turned to a customer, and as we sipped our wine, Clemente came over. "How are you?" he asked. "Your ship, Was it lost?" Shorty nodded. He slipped the boy a stick of gum. Clemente was delighted. His jaws worked energetically.

"See that doorway?" Shorty said to me. "Well, there's a sort of corrugated metal door you roll down from overhead when you're closing up shop. We pulled it down when the raid started. Good thing we did. Don't know what it was, an explosion in the harbor, or a bomb falling near us, but the concussion bent the door to a semi-circle. Sure had us scared. We found debris piled up outside blocking the entrance when we pried the door open. I'll show you how we got out. Follow me."



Charles Nakata

He led me through a passageway out into an alley, and through it to the street. We looked for the bombed buildings. Almost an entire block had been destroyed.

It was the first time I had seen wrecked buildings. Some of the walls still stood. On one of them, slanting off at an angle, I noticed a picture, a grotesque reminder that people once lived here. Yet somehow the scene didn't seem as horrible as I had expected. The ruins had been cleaned up. There were no dead bodies lying around. I had been prepared for scenes like this by the newspapers, books and moving pictures. I just couldn't feel an anguish deep enough to cover the many people who had died here last year.

THE tourist in me suffered a quick death as I wandered about the town. I came to identify myself with a people who had suffered all the accumulated woes of fascism, war and occupation. The children evoked my sympathy. Many went barefoot. Some wore wooden clogs. Most wore shoddy ragged clothing. Sores and rashes of various kinds—occasionally bound up with cloth—testified to the lack of adequate diet, body hygiene and medical care. Hordes of kids tried to sell me almonds, and handfuls of fractional lira coins for a few lire—or preferably, a package of cigarettes. These bring a lot on the black market. Others asked if I had any chocolate, gum or spare cigarettes.

One day Shorty and I took ashore with us several boxes of candy-coated chocolates to give away. We walked up to a few street urchins and began distributing the chocolates. A mother holding her baby edged over to us. She opened the palm of her pint-sized infant's hand—a palm tiny, grey, bloodless—for the chocolates. I poured half the box into the mother's hand instead.

The kids' hands darted at me again. Soon there were six, then ten, then hundreds, it seemed. All surged in upon me, irresistibly urgent. I'd give to one, and beckon to him to go away so I could give to others. But soon he too would be back. It was difficult to remember to whom I had already given. With a passionate demand lighting up their lean