

MAN THROUGH A TURNED LENS

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It has been said that artists distort reality to present reality. Most of us must distort reality to preserve it. For things are not what they are, but how they appear to a man. He views his world in his own way, and each perception is a special perception. If, in this paper, you believe my lens has taken a wrong turn, please attempt to adjust your focus, not my vision. In this special way permit me to behave as though things are how I see them.

My thesis is that society will not eradicate institutional back wards, will not guarantee human rights, and will not eliminate hunger by tearing down back wards or "guaranteeing" human rights or feeding hungry people. Mankind must change if we are to reduce inhumanity, if humanity is to survive.

You and I have experienced too much. We observe and record the devastation and consequences of mankind's mad excesses and, in bewilderment, we grope to comprehend this sickness infecting normal people. In despair, we must conclude that, while humanity is imperiled, life continues to flourish heedlessly. In anger, we realize that as man perseveres, his soul dies. In frustration, we observe that, during our evolution, we have camouflaged the body but accomplished little on behalf of the spirit. We have smoothed the skin but not the conscience, brought dignity to the carriage but scant any to the carrier.

In humility, and with knowledge that I am no better qualified as accuser than those to whom I speak, I seek redress for certain acts committed by and against mankind.

I am a collector of injustices. Is there a profession as vilified, held more in contempt? I appear as a modern day Pharisee, and enjoy my role less than those upon whom I intrude. I cringe with embarrassment, presuming to tell you what you must become. Yet I abandon caution, not to save my brothers, but to preserve myself. And, to preserve myself, I ask you to please hear this review of a small segment of human history.

Have you been to Dachau? Can you add all of the Dachaus to all of the Siberias? Is there a man willing to catalogue our own Southern history, life in demented mental hospitals, Vietnam, and the world of man-made sub-humans some call state institutions? In his own manner, each man thinks about evil. And, in his curious mind, there are times and situations where he is comforted by its presence. But, is there a man who will tolerate a flood that is endless and fathomless and senseless?

In his own manner, each man dreams about clean, happy, laughing people. And, watching a lively girl stroll the avenue on a clear morning, a day that is perfect for mankind, is there a soul who can think about beaten and made-ugly

humanity? Yet I am driven to remind you that the moon does have its dark side; the human spirit does entice the inhuman act; man does not always please. Without credentials for these responsibilities, I seek to preserve the precarious thread between each of us and the humanness that we are fast losing. Without credentials, I make demands—yet prefer to follow. I am forced to enjoin my betters, for you have rejected the wisdom of your betters. While the time is long past when mankind ceased his climb upward, there is yet a chance to revive that destined goal and divert ourselves from this faithless journey to nowhere. And, today at least, I believe our one chance lies not in extolling the glories and virtues of that dreamed of ascendancy, but in describing, dissecting, and comprehending our debasements and agonies. We may save ourselves, not with promises of a new good life to goad us, but with plain accounts of the real-unreal world we have fashioned for ourselves and, now, must either change or eternally wallow in its slime.

What must we change? Where shall we do battle? Who are the people responsible for Dachau and Song My, for Hitler and Stalin, for some now nameless forgotten German officer and for our own, for the Cancer Ward and the State School, for bloated starving Biafran children, and too many of our children, for wars and killings and hunger and slavery and avarice and dehumanization and inhumanity? Who are the people responsible? You are the only person and I am the only person responsible and accountable. If you do not change all is lost and, if I do not change, nothing will change. If I blame an evil world, a stupid system, blind leaders, or man's obvious imperfections, I may be right. But if it means I do not have to change, I contribute to the evil.

You and I are all that is needed to change the world. Our necessary confrontation is not social. It is personal. The battle is not against society but with oneself. It is not political, but psychological, not within the group, but in the mind, not to safeguard one's civilization, but oneself, not legal, but moral. The final confrontation will not be among groups of men such as those seated at the United Nations, but within the depths and images and mazes that comprise and consume the substance of each man. The race to eternity will be between a civilization moving towards its infamy and each man weighing his belief in its glory or his worship of its obscenity. In whatever way the race concludes—win or lose, the survival of humankind or the triumph of savagery—individual man will determine the outcome.

My thesis is, and must be, expressed with repeated use of such terms as "I" and "my." This cannot be an objective discourse concerning ambiguous Man. It must be the subjective revelation of someone who is forced to flee the safety and comfort of dispassionate exchange. Both this report and whatever you and I do in reaction to it must be personal—in the profound sense—not social.

During my travels through Germany, I had often wondered,
 "Was *he* guilty? Was *she* involved?"

Having never encountered one who was guilty or involved,
 I realized that I had been asking
 the wrong questions.

Can a man be guilty just because he is not involved?

Where were those 50 million uninvolved Germans?
 Where are the 150 million (175 million?) unbigoted Americans?
 Were the good Germans innocent?
 Is liberal America racist?

They were guilty.

We are racists,

not because we abuse and destroy, but because
 our voices are silent.

The silent Americans are guilty!

The racist tells the coon joke and the kike joke and

The racist listens without rancor.

The racist does not rent to blacks and

The racist does not protest.

Every German who lived unharmed was guilty.

Every American—white and black—who is comfortable in his society
 is racist.

All who have experienced or know of Purgatory, asylums, and
 totalization—
 and are untroubled—

Dehumanize their brothers.

To observe sorrow untouched is to cause it to continue.

I ask you to change humanity by changing yourself, to solve the riddle "T" before you attempt to solve the human puzzle, to commit yourself before you commit mankind. I ask you to think of yourself, not society, and how you must evolve, not what civilization must endure. And for he who concludes that I ask the chicken to change the egg when I say that the individual must change himself, first, and then society, does he still doubt that man one day will change his genes?

It is clear that, ultimately, each man must account for his personal behavior and the behavior of those he influences. And, it is clear that each point has its counterpoint. For each deed there is another deed or a misdeed. And, all these fulfill a grand design for man to alter and improve. As man comprehends his mission and destiny, the design for each of us will reveal as much as he wishes. Man is able to judge and determine his future, and the condition in which he will achieve it. Man is capable of understanding *how* the human world is the

complex parts, the sum, and the substance of infinite points and counterpoints.

As each point has its counterpoint, each paradox can unfold understanding. To study human behavior is to study apparent paradoxes—as it is to seek truth. If, to know all is to accept all, to know people is to bring one closer to understanding and accepting them—and their weaknesses as well as that which makes them unique and marvelous. In the profound sense, there is no paradox to:

the thief who is honest,
 the harlot who is virtuous,
 the noble man who is ignoble,
 the wait for Godot that is the wait for God.

And, knowing that to be comfortable in a mad universe one must
 operate in a state of discomfort.

In the profound sense, it may not be paradoxical that, as we grope toward an understanding of dehumanization, we may be led to accept the puzzle of humanity. In the process, we may learn that, while living is a paradox, life is a simple and self-revealing truth.

Since time immemorial, man has heard—and done little—about starving and tortured children. However, even the cleverest among us is unable to conceal or justify mankind's historical denial of fundamental human rights to some among his brothers. There is a difference between truth and fantasy, and he who doesn't appreciate this difference can be dangerous. Such a person finds his truth as it conveniences him and as it fits his behavior. To that man, truth is operational belief, a kind of functionalism; if I do it or believe it, by my definition of the infinite it is the correct thing to do or to believe. Even such a person is unable to conceal or justify our sorrowful heritage.

Despite my belief that we, in America, no more—or less—than other nations sanction human indignities, what I have to report draws its reference from the historical antecedents and the contemporary character of life in America. For, we must admit that the zeitgeist of our obese society is menacing.

Fat, indolent, oppressive
 America, America
 God shed thee of your waste
 Plunder and spoil
 You destroy
 And that which you destroy
 Destroys
 And much that you conserve
 Destroys

Busy, ingenious, submissive
America, America
Your crown has thorns
With paradoxes that have paradoxes
Our days are better
As they grow worse
We become more affluent
As we sink
Lower

Our obese and hungry together average where we should be
Not where we were or what we are
All of our wars have been righteous and we fight mental illness
As we continue to kill and be killed
In foreign lands and at home
We are confused and inept with the Blacks
The Reds, The Yellow (not Yellows?)
No not Yellow, never Yellows
Always the Yellow Menace, the Yellow Horde

And, in our crises with the Blacks
And the Yellow Horde
We lose what we know of ourselves
And what man can make of himself
While bright young Ph.D's and other D's engage themselves
And prove to us
That ants are elephants
That the world is a marvel
That society brings me happiness

That I cannot change the world
That I am not responsible

Our pioneering forefathers carved out a great and mighty civilization from an indomitable wilderness that required billions of years to form and but a mere hundred or so to conquer. And, the price of that wondrous achievement was destroyed Indian civilizations, exploited and brutalized Oriental field workers, victimized Italian railroad laborers, hollow-eyed children working in Manhattan sweat shops and, probably, the longest and most continuous and most systematic dehumanization program known to mankind—American slavery. Through some quirk, we are as careful to record for posterity our sicknesses as well as our spiritual victories. There has never been a scarcity of injustice collectors and, in view of our behavior, through the years they should have been kept quite busy.

It would benefit each of us to review recorded descriptions of the auction block. Read about men, fighting and crying, begging not to be separated from wives and children; a girl, no more than fifteen, her dress torn away to show that she has no whiplash scars, to demonstrate she isn't a "mean nigger." Slaves branded on the thigh, head, or breasts, or back—chained together and marched from one state to another—and those too old or too tired or not caring to live anymore, left by the wayside to die. Generations of blacks, engulfed and mired in a culture so inhumane that—only now—can some appreciate the myth of their inferiority and natural subservience. And, although there will always be the rebel leader and heroic freedom fighter, America's humanscape will long bear the scars of a system that taught human beings to believe they were not human while they were taught to pray to, and believe in, a merciful God. From the beginning, our history is not unspoiled.

In New York, recently, the papers reported the arrest of a man and his wife for murdering the woman's daughter. The child was starved and beaten and, eventually, thrown into a river, anchored to forty-five pounds of rocks. However, it is not about child-beaters, insane killers, pathological rapists, and humanity gone berserk that I address myself before this group. Horrifying and painful as those situations are, for thousands and thousands of years civilization has upheld the illegality of such behavior and, thus, society has recognized and accepted its responsibility to exact an "eye for an eye" or to impose whatever punishment or retribution it finds necessary to protect itself. Rather, I ask you here to consider our legal or quasi-legal sanctioned policies and practices that lead to and encourage the denial of human rights to human beings. I ask you to consider the public's will not the criminal's code, society's ethics not its prohibitions.

I ask you to reflect upon the consequences of our unique American slave system, injustice in our schools, and the evil perpetrated within our mental hospitals and state schools for the mentally retarded. I ask you to view contemporary American life and your personal activities and convictions with the same diligence and remorselessness we, in America, judged Hitler's policies in the Warsaw ghetto, Stalin's at Lubyanka, and Mao's, Castro's and Mussolini's. As—to our misfortune—the American list is not unlike most other nations', this review will focus particularly on children and their treatment in institutions.

As I exhort you to change and as I remind myself that reform will not come unless I change, I am compelled again to seek a form, more personal than prose, to communicate beliefs concerning man and his interrelatedness.

For mankind must believe that:

Each man's life means everything,
 Or it means nothing.
 He is the only man,
 Or no man exists.

Each life and each death
 Is a profound event,
 Or no life—not a single life ever—
 Was of any consequence.
 Everything matters or nothing has mattered.

But to account for oneself as one accounts for his brother, to speak of personal anguish so as to deal better with the anguish of others, is a severe test. To do this and to be optimistic in the face of reality—in spite of reality—is *the* test of poets.

For, who can describe beauty in institutions
 Who can pay honest tributes to their bucolic scenes
 of lush fields and clear streams
 Who can so reduce the terror inside
 to permit its physical appreciation outside
 Who can view the scatological in relation to its
 tautological—not its villainy

Who will attempt to discuss the humanitarian ethos
 in terms of:
 asylums
 custody
 totalization

Who is so capable that he may bring dignity to such
 words as:
 inmate
 patient
 material

Who is so sensitive, and insensitive, as to drive from
 his mind:
 the back ward
 the day room
 the non-school school

Is there a poet—has there ever been one—so brave or
 wise that he dared:
 to squeeze out the truth until it appeared as a lie
 to be so objective as to be beyond reality
 to stare down evil and find goodness

Are there men—is there a human being—who can
 detach themselves from passion and prejudice

Who can write a true account of life in the institution
 who can write about:
 the good as well as the evil
 the beauty with the horror
 the profound asylum and the vivid confinement

Is there one person not of the establishment—
 and not of the reformists—whose axes are ground and whose
 battles are won:
 who can take distance and yet have compassion
 who is neither frightened of evil nor awed by goodness
 who can forgive everything and nothing

Is there a poet with words so true, with a mind so clear
 and soul so deep that:
 he comprehends the incomprehensibility of asylums
 his language permits new understandings
 we accept his words as deeds

If there is such a poet
 he would appear
 Some day, a man will be known
 Who will teach us of life, of beauty, and evil
 Who will help us unfold the meanings of things
 And will cause us to learn that there is a design

He will teach us that:
 in spite of the back wards
 in spite of the inmates
 in spite of the evil
 The design for each of us holds nothing but good

In Paris, on December 10, 1948, the United Nations General Assembly adopted a Universal Declaration of Human Rights. Its preamble spoke of dignity and equality and freedom, once revered concepts that—in recent years—have fallen upon evil days. I am compelled today, more than two decades after adoption of the Universal Declaration, to review some of the Articles—thereby assessing the state of humanity as I have experienced it and as I judge it to be.

If “All human beings are born free and equal in dignity and rights,” then why have I seen, in dormitories for the severely mentally retarded, solitary confinement cells that are continuously filled and with waiting lists for their use?

If “Everyone has the right to life, liberty and security of person,” then why have I seen a female resident at the state school for the mentally retarded who has been in a solitary cell for five years, never leaving—not for food or toileting or sleep?

If "No one shall be held in slavery or servitude," then why have I seen men who have been held in state school custody for twenty or thirty years, neither having been granted a review of their cases nor genuine consideration of the possibility that they may be capable of discharge and community placement?

If "No one shall be subjected to torture or to cruel, inhuman or degrading treatment or punishment," then why have I seen two young women in one solitary cell at the state school, lying nude in a corner, their feces smeared on the walls, ceiling, and floor—two bodies huddled in the darkness, without understanding the wrongs they have committed or those committed against them?

If "Everyone has the right to recognition everywhere as a person before the law," then why have I seen another young woman, in solitary confinement, day after day and year after year, nude and assaultive, incontinent and non-verbal—except for one day each month when her parents call for her, and when she is washed and dressed and, then, taken home or for a ride in the country—except for one day each month when her clothes remain on her, when she communicates, when she is a human being?

If "No one shall be subjected to arbitrary arrest, detention or exile," then why have I seen men and women—residents of state schools for half a century—never knowing why they were placed originally, no longer caring to experience the outside world, and with no possibility that anyone outside is either interested in them or knows that they exist as human beings?

If "Everyone is entitled in full equality to a fair and public hearing by an independent and impartial tribunal, in the determination of his rights and obligations and of any criminal charge against him," then why have I seen a boy at a state school in continuous seclusion twenty-four hours a day, described by the dormitory physician as a "monster"?

If "No one shall be subjected to arbitrary interference with his privacy, family, home or correspondence, nor to attacks upon his honour and reputation," then why have I seen incoming mail to state school residents, and their outgoing mail, read and censored by institutional supervisors?

If "Everyone has the right to freedom of movement and residence within the borders of each state. (If) Everyone has the right to leave any country, including his own, and to return to his country," then why have I seen human beings who have never—in ten or twenty or thirty or seventy years—left the one hundred or two hundred or a thousand acres of the state school—they who were delivered there at birth, only whose souls will leave?

If "Men and women of full age, without any limitation due to race, nationality or religion, have the right to marry and to found a family," then why have I seen the mentally retarded, the epileptic, and others denied such rights, by state statutes; why have I seen young women sterilized as a condition for their release from the state school?

If "Everyone has the right to own property alone as well as in association with others. (If) No one shall be arbitrarily deprived of his property," then why have I seen residents of the state school deprived of their personal possessions and their entitlements under public assistance?

If "Everyone has the right to freedom of thought, conscience and religion," then why have I seen some residents at the state school required to attend church services and other residents prohibited from such attendance?

If "Everyone has the right to freedom of opinion and expression," then why have I seen a child berated by his state school teacher because of the opinions he expressed and why did I hear her tell him how ungrateful, how wicked he was, in light of the bountiful state, that had given this unwanted child everything and expected only loyalty and gratitude in return?

If "Everyone, as a member of society, has the right to social security," then why have I seen more securing than security, more solitary than social, more indignity than dignity, more enchainment than freedom?

If "Everyone has the right to work, to free choice of employment, to just and favourable conditions of work and to protection against unemployment," then why have I seen residents of state schools in custody long beyond that time when they merited community placement, in custody because they were performing essential and unpaid work at the institution?

If "Everyone has the right to education," then why have I seen children at state schools for the mentally retarded permanently denied any semblance of education, treatment, or training?

If "Nothing in this Declaration may be interpreted as implying for any state, group or person any right to engage in any activity or to perform any act aimed at the destruction of any of the rights and freedoms set forth herein," then why have I seen human beings who have been given nothing, who have nothing and who, tomorrow, will have less?

Why have I seen a state school superintendent who did not call for a post-mortem, an inquiry, or even a staff conference to determine the possibility of negligence or other unusual circumstances surrounding the death of a severely retarded child who choked when at attendant fed her a whole hard-boiled egg?

Why have I seen a state school director of nursing leave suddenly for a three-day vacation, without assigning additional staff or someone to succeed him in his absence, during the midst of a hepatitis epidemic where, in one building alone, twenty-seven of seventy-one patients were diagnosed as having this dreaded disease.

Why have I seen a severely retarded ambulatory resident, stabbed in the testicles by an unknown assailant while he slept, who almost died because the night attendant bandaged him as best she could, with no one doing anything else for the wound until ten hours later?

Why have I seen children at the state school go to bed each night wearing dungarees instead of pajamas, on mattresses without sheets, without pillows, and not one child "owning" even a single article of clothing?

Why have I seen children nude and bruised, sitting, sleeping and eating with moist or dried feces covering them and their surroundings?

Why have I seen children lying on filthy beds, uncovered, flies crawling all over them?

Why have I seen children playing in and eating garbage?

Why have I been forced to view my brothers, and the world in which they live, as if I were standing in garbage, as if it were to consume *me*?

Form in your mind's eye this scene, this continuation, this last vulgar ounce of value squeezed from those least valued. Visualize this short true story.¹

Fine grains of snow fall gently on the roughly hewn gray stone fort. Inside, amid the harsh lives and broken thoughts, a procession silently and fleetingly mourns. Those who comprehend learn that one has passed and they mourn, not for him, for themselves and for each other.

They mourn for lives lived without hope, that end without meaning.

They mourn for a soul used in his lifetime as material, whose bones and meat continue to serve science.

They mourn for those deadly years and, now, this restless death, swirling in gleaming vats in Boston and Syracuse, waiting for bright lively boys in white to perform one final necessary obscenity.

They mourn for their wasted lives that shall end as this one ends, not cleanly, neither in sympathy for the living survivors nor with respect for the immortal spirit.

But, they mourn more for the creations of God and obstetricians than the final indignities imposed by chairmen of medical school cadaver committees.

For, the law requires that their bloated, mutilated and sewn flesh must be scooped together, someday, and returned to the earth they long for, the earth that will treat them more gently than the world that spawned them.

For is there a law, is there an authority that can do for one—in life—what all beings achieve in death?

Is there a mundane justice that, however infinitesimally, compares with the equality and brotherhood of the ground?

Dare we believe that there is a faithful conclusion, even for one whose life is as faithless as his mortal mission is senseless, as it is a violation of his right to be faithful?

Dare we hope that dead people bear no grudges, even as the living remorselessly pursue the unforgiven unblessed departed?

I have brought up the past and now the deceased. What of the living and how may we predict the future? For the living confound as we are drawn to them. Can there be a better world for the mentally retarded? Asking the question implies that, indeed, there can be a better world, that, in retrospect, this is a better world. Asking the question denies the inevitable answer.

Some among you may conclude that an insuperable chasm lies between this discourse and evidence. Some may claim that I bring the softest data to support

¹ Based on infrequent involvements with medical school cadaver committees, experiences the reader may wish to forego. I have observed that certain deceased state school residents are selected for medical study as they were selected for institutionalization, and are treated in death as they were treated in life. On the average, each selected corpse involuntarily contributes one year of his eternal life to society before he is permitted his rest; he, of all people, who owes so little to society, and from whom society has exacted so much, and from whom society has made his entire life—and now his death—a sacrifice.

these words. In truth, I need no data, for everything reported here is well known to those who know about such matters; and anyone who requires data is unlikely to put such evidence to useful purposes. We need no data to conclude that there never was, there isn't now, there will not be a better world for the mentally retarded.

There cannot be a better world for the mentally retarded, or a poorer world, or any world. Worlds and futures are for the living, not for labels and nomenclatures and retards or defectives. Worlds are for lives, not for things or prejudices or administrative configurations. The mentally retarded are no more people than is the photograph a person. To understand this permits one to appreciate the beauty of a Helen Keller and to realize that—while she was not mentally retarded—before she was not mentally retarded and before Anne Sullivan, she was mentally retarded.

We are trapped. Now that man has created the "mentally retarded" (and the "mentally ill") he must label and categorize him, not only as he seeks to help him—irony of ironies—even as he struggles to wipe away the effects of his evil taxonomy, even as he strives to erase forever the taxonomy itself. As I entreat you to destroy the concept "mental retardation," I find myself using the term as you use it, adding to the layers of inhumanity heaped upon those souls so foully designated. As I tell you there is no future for the mentally retarded—there will not be any until they are returned to their brothers as men and women—as I tell you these things, I meander about human beings as "mentally retarded." We are trapped by civilization's penchant for creating insane problems. And, our brothers and we will not be rescued by psychologists or sociologists or special educators—and, although they will better describe and teach us about the benchmarks of civilization, not even by poets or historians. We have a modest chance to permit the now-retarded, the now-disturbed, the now-abused to enter our world—albeit an imperfect world—and, I believe, that chance depends upon a decision society must make, but only insofar as each man must make his personal decision.

Men can no longer hide their faith and their souls in the United Nations or with any other group. What we have done to each other no nation and no group can rectify. What I have done to you, only I can repay and correct. Before each man seeks to change the world, he must change. Before these words become more than just words, I must become more than I am now. As I lament on the plight of mankind, I must account for my own plight:

For, who can tell a man, "We will make up to you for the lost
years?"

Who can return to a man the sweet pleasures of a summer
day,

His wife and carefree children at his side—
To a man destroyed before his marriage,
With children never to be conceived?

Who can describe the fragrant sensation of a pine covered
hill in May,
Backdropping a neat farmhouse overlooking
fields and streams,
And living things—
To one who had hardly lived and had barely been given time
to stop,
And gather in these wonders?
Is there a man who can claim, "I have seen these times restored,
I have been given back the years that were taken,
The flesh that was ravaged,
The being that once ceased to be?"
Who will unfold the years that are gone,
The times that are past,
The moments that are wasted,
This instant that will never again be?
When a man thinks about these questions, he cries.
He doesn't cry for mankind, nor for you.
He cries for himself and the wasted times in a
Desolate and plundered
Cosmos.

Man is a wise fool and a sentimental sadist. Is this his natural manner? The fundamental question is whether man is able—and, if as I believe he is able, is he willing—to change. Both fearfully and hopefully, I conclude that, if he doesn't change, nothing will matter. And, if he doesn't, all of our past could not have mattered. If he doesn't, he will have become an example of the Rabbis' ancient saying that God gives wisdom only to those who have wisdom.

Further, I believe that what each man does—and how his every act causes and effects—is more than a reflection of his selfhood. It is a re-creation of it. But, what has he fashioned?

Man differentiates himself from other beings.
He has speech.
He can protect himself from the elements.
He can leave the old and adapt to a new environment.

Man's speech, his clothing, and the ingenious ways he travels and
migrates,
Allows him to be freer than:
The Eagle
The Jungle Beast and
Even
The Wind.

Man is capable of controlling the forces of nature more than they
are capable of controlling him.

But man has not demonstrated his capability to control himself.
And that which permits him to fly, to build, to shape his destiny,
Causes him to impede and destroy other men.
That which gives some men their freedom gives enslavement to others.
That which makes man uniquely free,
Makes him uniquely harrassed.

Our gifts are our demons.
Never having spoken, the lion rules with a roar.
Hardly moving, the snail endures.
In his pond, the fish is free.

But man, prideful and eloquent man!
He disdains the mute and struggles against a relationship with them.
He binds the crippled and increases their spasticity.
He restrains the weak and incompetent and guarantees their infirmity.
He envelops the old and feeble and insures their loneliness.
He segregates the ill and recreates their mental and spiritual
disabilities.

Man enforces his retribution on those who do not speak by incar-
cerating them.
On those who do not think by enchaining them.
On those who do not conform by denuding them.
On those who will not be broken by breaking them.

The animals have fewer gifts than man but
fewer imperatives
fewer options but
fewer requirements
fewer accomplishments but
fewer needs.

Animals are less civilized than man, but have more civilization.
Animals have less freedom.
But the animal world has more freedom.

Mankind has enslaved his brothers and himself.

Some may wonder why I wrote this paper. There is a compelling Israeli dialogue, where a visitor asks, "Why did you come here?" The Israeli replies, "I came to Israel to forget." "To forget what?" "I forgot."

I wrote this paper to remind those who have forgotten and to help instruct those who claim not to know. For there are other compelling words, born and nurtured and, forever more, carved in the soil of Dachau:

"Remember us. Do not forget."

Our Jerusalem will be the back ward. And, we must not forget its existence—and all of mankind's ideological back wards—until civilization makes it unnecessary for us to remember.

Most of all, I wrote this paper to remind myself. I must not forget.