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BEGINNINGS ARE MORE TIMELESS THAN ENDINGS

IN one of his later essays, Aldous Huxley spoke of the many-layered aspect of modern culture, pointing out that awareness of what is really "going on" is simply not possible for a great many people. Large segments of the population are in effect locked in periods brought forward from the past, and can hardly do other than regard the symptoms of change as irritating intrusions on the "way things ought to be." However, we know from the study of history that it *is* possible for a select few to have anticipating visions of future changes. And one has only to read Amiel, Heine, and Tolstoy to see how accurate may be the writer's forebodings of things to come. The problem is to be able to identify the truly prophetic utterances, and then to give them the currency that is needed for them to become actual historical forces in the production of good, and effective for the avoidance of destructive tendencies.

This *kind* of thinking was born during the Enlightenment—a time in the development of the mind of the West when the idea of man as the initiator and shaper of historical change obtained a firm grip on the human imagination. It was a conception which flowered in the work of the eighteenth-century *philosophes* and was practically embodied in the new constitutions and other revolutionary instruments of self-determining political action. While the "idea of progress," as the animating principle of the revolutionary epoch came to be called, is at considerable intellectual discount, these days, and while the retrospective sagacity of historians is able to find flaws in the assumptions and lacunae in the logic of the Enlightenment, what we must not forget, in our present disenchantment, is the fact of the *spiritual inspiration* of this vision. The idea of a charter of human rights involving, above all, the right of self-determination, has its origin in timeless truths concerning man's nature and potentiality. While the applications of the principles of the eighteenth-century revolution may have suffered from the limitations of all finite action, and although self-seeking rationalizations may have compromised the dream of freedom and even, in some instances, gone to such excesses that exceedingly dangerous totalitarian states have risen to power in the name of new or "truer" definitions of "freedom," there is at least this general net gain: no one now argues *against* freedom as the prime social and human objective, while the curtailments and oppressive techniques of collectivist control are explained as necessary means to secure the conditions of freedom for some utopian future—the time when the obstacles and enemies of the good life will all have been put down.

It is obvious, therefore, that the issue before men of good will and action, today, is not one of defining the objective, but of *the means to reach it.* It is a problem of method, not of deciding upon the ideal goal.

What then is the difference between the dialogue about ends, which took place in the eighteenth century, when that question was eventually settled, you could say, once and for all, and the dialogue about means, which is going on today?

The difference, basically, is the difference between politics as simply means to the power needed to establish the good society, and politics informed by psychological and even philosophical and religious insights into the nature of man. As a result of the current dialogue about means, it is already possible to suggest that politics so informed has very little resemblance to the politics of power, and that here, in this difference, the true revolutionary issue of the age becomes clear.

Let us interrupt the direct line of our discussion to take note of certain major facts of our time. First, as we have said, there is only one significant argument going on today—the argument about *means.* The enormous body of contemporary criticism—social, psychological, sociological—is almost entirely devoted to microscopic examination of means. The central contention is that the means we have chosen to realize our human objectives are not taking us where we want to go. This is the burden of Robert M. Hutchins' criticism of higher education. It does not educate. This is the content of the intensive attacks on the assumptions, procedures, and endlessly proliferating requirements of the productive system of modern technology: this system, we are told, has massively dehumanizing effects. Most obvious of all, of course, is the criticism of the means of war, now turned into an "unthinkable" technique of destruction, the mere availability of which is already a gross, brutalizing influence on the minds and feelings of those whose freedom it is supposed to guarantee and protect.

For these reasons, then, the really searching thought of the present will continue to be concerned with critical analysis of existing means and, what is far more important, with proposals of alternate means, which will almost certainly involve revolutionary changes in both attitudes and forms of action.

This brings us to the volume we have for review—*Seeds of Liberation,* edited by Paul Goodman, and published by George Braziller at $7.50—some 550 pages of articles reprinted from the anarcho-pacifist monthly, *Liberation.* Goodman is himself an excellent representative of the diverse themes which appear in this book. He is a pacifist, his own kind of "anarchist," a social activist at the local community level, a novelist and poet, a psychologist, a writer on community planning, an outstanding critic of modern education, and a teacher.

The chief editors of *Liberation,* during the years since its founding in 1956, have been David Dellinger, A. J. Muste, and Bayard Rustin. Dellinger was one of the Union Theological Seminary students who, back in the forties, rejected the privilege of exemption from the draft by reason of ministerial status, going to prison as a non-registrant. He has been active throughout his life as a socialist and militant pacifist and has recently taken prominent part in civil rights movement demonstrations. A. J. Muste is an uncompromising Christian and radical pacifist, now in his seventies, who has earned the respect of all branches of informed social and political opinion in this country through his consistently principled decisions and his acute commentary on political affairs from the pacifist viewpoint. He was a founder of the American Civil Liberties Union, a Director of Brookwood Labor College (1921-33), and was active in many of the great labor struggles of the 1920's and 1930's. He is chairman of the Committee for Nonviolent Action (CNVA) and National Secretary of the Fellowship of Reconciliation. Bayard Rustin spent three years in prison during World War II as a conscientious objector. He has long been identified with both the Fellowship of Reconciliation and the War Resisters League, and in recent years came to national notice as personal assistant to Martin Luther King, Jr., from the time of the Montgomery bus boycott (1955-56) . He was the organizer of the 1963 March on Washington for Jobs and Freedom.

In other words, the editors of *Liberation* act out their thinking and radical proposals, testing in their lives as well as they can the alternate means which are examined in the magazine. As Goodman puts it in his Preface:

> Its news is not what is official, what is sensational, what will sell, what people are talking about, or what suits a party program, but what the editors know is relevant because they themselves cannot keep out of it, and what they need to find out and report in order to win allies. . . . *Liberation* . . . . is the annals of people who, like the editors, put their bodies on the line for justice as they see it and try to

live in community in a society that has given up on community. *Liberation* is the house-organ, so to speak, where these people can get firsthand accounts of the Times Square demonstration where the police rode into the crowd, the sailing of a small boat into the nuclear test zone, a walk to Moscow to hand out leaflets, the fortitude of the children of Birmingham, conditions in a Georgia jail, the founding of a small industry among destitute sharecroppers, and education in a Summerhill school. Recently, the magazine is being read—especially in colleges—by people who have become interested in these people and their activities.

Needless to say, these active people do not number in the millions or hundreds of thousands, nor does the readership of *Liberation.* Does this tiny fringe have much significance for the general future of the country and the world? I hope so—for usually these people make sense; and alas! in crucial moments they sometimes make all the sense there is.

Goodman ends with this perceptive comment:

To be in the right, to be moral, means to be adequate to the situation, to come across; good intentions are not enough, but the situation is too tough and therefore they [the *Liberation* people] are not in the right. Yet they are not guilty because they are not alienated, they do not make provisos or bargains. They do what they can.

Liberation began publication with the avowed determination to evolve new means to social justice, freedom, and peace. Its critical starting-point was the recognition that familiar revolutionary means involving seizure of political power had failed on several counts. In *Liberation's* opening statement of policy and direction, there was this analysis of Marxist revolutionary theory:

Marx was to a much greater degree than he himself realized a spokesman for nineteenth-century thought-patterns, now hopelessly out of date. His historical determination, built up by analogy from now out-moded science, is an example. So also is the tendency to sacrifice the present for the future, so that human beings of today are regarded as pawns for bringing about something better in a tomorrow that never comes.

The most serious weaknesses of Marxism, however, are its omissions and its reactionary "realism" in respect to the instruments of revolution. Marx, for all his brilliant analysis of economic power, failed to analyze with equal profundity the questions of military and political power. Hence he underestimated the seriousness of the growth of the State and its emergence as an instrument of war and oppression. In trying to liberate mankind from economic slavery, he failed to see the looming horror of political slavery.

Closely related to this failure is Marx's inability to realize that social betterment cannot be brought about by the same old methods of force and chicanery characterizing the regimes which had to be overthrown precisely because they embodied such evils. . . . What this means is that a truly radical movement today—if it does not want to fall into the trap which the Russian Communist movement has fallen into—must take these ethical problems much more seriously than many nineteenth-century thinkers did, and must commit itself to an essentially democratic and nonviolent strategy.

In short, *Liberation* set for itself the enormous task of transforming the entire body of theory of revolutionary action, in order to make it conform to basic ethical principles. The editors had full awareness of the scope of this undertaking:

The politics of the future requires a creative synthesis of the individual ethical insights of the great religious leaders and the collective concern of the great revolutionists.

It follows that we do not conceive the problem of revolution or the building of a better society as one of accumulating power, whether by legislative or other methods, to "capture the State," and then, presumably, to transform society and human beings as well. The national, sovereign, militarized and bureaucratic State and a bureaucratic collectivist economy are themselves evils to be avoided or abolished. Seizure of the war-making and repressive machinery of the State cannot be a step toward transforming society into a free and humanly satisfying pattern. It is the transformation of society by human decision and action that we seek. . . .

There was also awareness of the *depth* of such proposals, and of the immediate obstacles in social institutions involving very nearly the entire population:

The very presuppositions on which human relationships are based must be revolutionized. This

> makes it peculiarly difficult to live responsibly as individuals today and to carry on collective efforts for basic changes. In addition, the creation of a movement for dissent and social change in the United States is impeded by a sustained, war-based prosperity, with millions of unionists making a living at war jobs. This makes the task virtually as difficult in the United States as in Russia or other Communist-bloc countries.

Now the important question is: Has *Liberation*, together with its contributors and readers, been able to focus on the true beginnings of the world of tomorrow? Are the issues, reports of trouble-spots, confrontations, theoretical analyses, action programs, moral exhortations, and social and ethical inquiries which fill its pages concerned with the actual birth-throes of authentic, viable, social change? The reader of the selections made by Paul Goodman from the articles appearing in *Liberation* during the nine years of its existence is likely to become convinced that this is exactly what the magazine is about. He is likely to agree that *Liberation* is certain about matters on which thoughtful and honest intelligence can have little doubt, and that it is open-minded and uncertain about questions for which answers have yet to be evolved. Take for example the following critical discussion by Theodore Roszak, in March, 1962, in an article titled "The Disease of Politics":

> We need only withdraw for a time from the melee of modern politics to become dizzyingly aware of the madness that governs our society. . . . Within the past year we have seen the American President and Soviet Premier, without any significant dissent from their societies, threaten the extermination of Western civilization over an issue as abstract as access rights to a half-city which functions for both men as no more than an article of prestige. We have seen both men applauded for their courage and firmness in doing this, and for their responsible leadership in delegating the fate of mankind to a handful of uncontrolled tank commanders in the streets of Berlin. Or again, we have seen the British Labour Party complimented throughout the West for disavowing its desire to disarm Britain unilaterally. In this way, so the saying goes, "Labour has proved its fitness to govern." This is interesting indeed. A party proves its "fitness to govern" by turning its society into an aircraft carrier for a distant nation that can not conceivably defend it, by loading its landscape down with missiles that invite annihilating attack, but which will never have the chance to leave their launching pads, in short, by exposing its society as fully as possible to total destruction. And in our own country scientists of great repute appear before approving audiences of intellectuals to predict that the day is not far off when our security will be insured by fifty thousand trucks speeding across our highways carrying portable ballistic missiles, each truck under the exclusive control of a second lieutenant. This is called "stabilized deterrence." Its oceanic counterpart, in the form of the Polaris submarine, is already well on toward completion. In this way a society which prides itself frantically on its democratic principles systematically delegates the power and authority to wage suicidal warfare to unknown, unelected soldiers and sailors.
>
> We live in a world in which a fraction of what Russia and America eagerly spend in a decade for armaments could solve to the satisfaction of the most outrageously greedy disputants every outstanding issue of economic injustice and social inequality in the world—if these issues were, any of them, subject to rational economic and social adjustment. . . .
>
> Though relatively few have recognized the fact, the thermonuclear bomb has revolutionized the social sciences. What the bomb has done is throw into sharp relief the irrationality of our political behavior. In the past the unlimited and demonic character of man's pursuit of power—whether it was the power of empire, of wealth, of retribution—was obscured by the limited destruction this pursuit could produce. The thrust stopped well short of total annihilation; it seemed to make some kind of sense.
>
> But against the backdrop of universal destruction, the old games begin to lose their respectability. The ruthless drive for profit—for profit beyond the call of any conceivable need or caprice—is not simply criminal, but criminally insane. And the demand for retribution, though it cost the blood of innocent and guilty alike, is no longer justice but a cruel fanaticism. Surely it is time that we asked what long-hidden pathological compulsion breeds such violent lust for power, for wealth . . . and perhaps even for justice. . . .
>
> Clearly, there will be no way out until the pathological becomes a category of our political understanding. Otherwise we will, like the psychotic, try helplessly to save ourselves in ways that only aggravate the illness. The policy of deterrence is such

> an attempt, a crippled, pathological attempt to work within the very political conventions that endanger our survival. That is why deterrence is bound to fail. There is no cure for madness within the context of madness. . . .

Well, what is to be done? Attempts at answering this question appear every month in the pages of *Liberation.* They range all the way from the searching political diagnoses and counter-proposals of A. J. Muste, to the kind of action that is described (in the quotation which follows) by Lanzo del Vasto, founder of a Gandhian commune located near Bollene, France:

> Thus, for example, Paul Dupont, who rejects military service, is working in our shop, having duly notified his colonel. The police arrive and ask for Paul Dupont.
>
> "Just a moment, gentlemen, we shall find him for you."
>
> A few minutes later, ten men appear, all chained to one another. The police regard them with astonishment.
>
> "But which one of you is really Paul Dupont?"
>
> "We are all Paul Dupont," they answer.
>
> The police turn to us. "Tell us which one is really Paul Dupont."
>
> "We can say nothing. Ask them."
>
> "Your papers?"
>
> Since none of the ten have any papers, they are all arrested. "And until you have admitted who you really are, you will all remain in prison."
>
> During the next several weeks, inquiries are pursued, the men's identities are established by the authorities, and only Paul Dupont is kept in jail. The nine who have been released then start the game over again, with a new objector. And this goes on up to the trial.
>
> It is a trial the like of which has not been seen since the days of Gandhi. The public prosecutor eulogizes the lofty motives of the accused and their courage in affirming what they believe to be true, even though their actions cannot be permitted under the laws in force, he hopes that the tribunal will find a way of reconciling the demands of the law with those of conscience, that some day humanity will have discovered its true vocation and that the courts will no longer have to concern themselves with matters of this kind. . . .

Not all such actions produce this "model" result, and there are many reports of protest demonstrations and acts of civil disobedience which, on the surface, seem to make no dent at all in the faceless wall of conventional legality and law-enforcement. Yet the inviolable rights of individual conscience and integrity are nonetheless defended. "It is not necessary to succeed in order to persevere," is a guiding principle of this movement, which seeks the restoration of fundamental morality to politics. The editorial position of *Liberation* is that nothing less is good enough.

Today, *Liberation* is devoting much space to the problems of "organization" and of group attitudes, vis à vis the rapidly changing scene of the civil rights movement and in relation to the various levels of action and protest against war and the present military policies. Such problems are natural and inevitable. A movement which seeks to affect the operations of national power structures, yet moves according to principles which reject the dynamic of power itself, must endlessly question its own conceptions of "leadership" and at the same time measure the appropriateness of its communications to those in power, in terms of what is asked of power, and what it may concede to existing power formations. The politics of coercive power and the politics of nonviolence are separate universes of discourse which meet only on the razor edge of immediate, particular moral decisions, one after another, and the development of an intelligible common vocabulary is probably the most difficult undertaking ever attempted by any revolutionary movement in history. Yet this task is assumed by *Liberation.*

An area more or less neglected in *Liberation's* dialogue about means is concerned with the application of the ideas of existential and humanistic psychology to the question of social objectives, and to the subjective processes

through which ideals are envisioned and in some measure realized by individuals in the midst of political turmoil. This neglect is understandable. While the psycho-moral relations of the individual to the struggle for peace and justice are dealt with at length by Gandhi in his discussions of the *Satyagrahi,* the Western movement finds it almost impossible to assimilate this thinking in the austerely ascetic terms of Eastern religion. A corresponding secular, yet not irreligious, psychology remains to be evolved by the West, and this will doubtless help to fill some of the methodological gaps in contemporary radical thought. At present, it is difficult to see a one-to-one relationship between the social problems of waging peace and the individual solutions of humanistic psychology. There are profound ethical correspondences, but few explicit analogues in relation to the techniques of accomplishing social change. Among the new psychologists, Erich Fromm is perhaps the only one who has addressed himself directly to this problem of means (see *The Sane Society*), although suggestive parallels between specific moral attitudes found in the peace movement and the spirit of humanistic psychologists frequently appear. However, the article on Gandhi by Erik Erikson in the September issue of the *American Journal of Psychiatry* may mark the beginning of a new synthesis of psychology and non-violent politics.

REVIEW
AN ACCIDENTAL ENCOUNTER

EDITORS, MANAS: Thanks are indirectly due you for the enjoyment of an intensely evocative novel. I wanted to refer to a book you quoted from a few months ago—*The Magic Years*, by Selma H. Fraiberg—but did not remember the author's name, and that issue of MANAS (July 7) was not available. I checked with the local librarian, who provided two "Magic Year" books: the one you quoted and one you should know about—*The Magic Year*, by Joachim Maass (L. B. Fischer, 1944). Erika M. Meyer's translation of Mr. Maass seems just right. His book has a quality, I feel, which in some ways approaches the unforgettable stories of *My Little Boy*, by Carl Ewald, and in other ways is reminiscent of *The Boy and his Blizzard*, by the Hungarian-born Gregory Marton. The publisher's description of *The Magic Year* sets the scene:

> In a little wooden house on a New England hilltop, surrounded by swirling snows, sits a German refugee; the snow and the loneliness are overpowering. He descends into the well of his memories and sets out once more on the path that led him into this loneliness. Once again he lives the beautiful time of his life—the "Magic Year" of his childhood in the great city of Hamburg. Even then, he realizes, the destructive powers of evil were lying in wait behind the idyllic days—the same powers which later were to condemn him to isolation and drive him from his home. . . .
>
> As the writer himself, caught up out of the loneliness into the living world of his memories, looks back and, with a poet's eye, recaptures the very lineaments of his immediate family his teachers, servants, his fellow pupils, and the unerring outlines of the town and its surroundings, we seem to see with his eyes, and his childish and often strange emotions, depicted with surprising sensitiveness, seem to become our own. . . .

A few quotations will give the flavor of the book—the first from a prelude to this autobiographical novel:

> Who can remain credible to himself in such loneliness? . . . this little house in which I sit, surrounded by the incessantly swirling snow, seems to be like a diver's bell—it sinks, and I can neither hinder nor further its sinking. There remains in me a desire to hold fast to nearer things . . . but already older, truer things intrude upon my fantasy. I stand with my grandfather before our family burial ground; the old man with the handsome Vandyke beard and the hopeless eyes looks at a small square name plate, grasps his stiff black hat, lets it sink down over his face and says: "Good-by Mama!" and together we walk homeward in the sun on the hot graveyard paths: in white clouds the dust rises under the shuffling steps of the old man and remains suspended behind us in the hot air. Or I stand in the open window of the third floor of our house and fling out my arms in an overwhelming joy in the world, because outside a huge, gaily painted butterfly is reeling past, and at the last moment my mother pulls me back by the hips to save me from the plunge into the abyss, this plunge that I never experienced and yet have never quite forgotten; we sit on the stairway, she holds me on her lap, presses my face close to hers and we both weep and sob with sheer fright, happiness, and love.
>
> Does not all this endure within me? . . .

That all indeed does "endure within" is shown with superb craftsmanship as the author recalls the scenes and events of this year of childhood. The first chapter, "Storms, Shipwrecks, and Moral Advancement," begins:

> I was eight years old, and outdoors it was autumn. Storms howled around the house, and sometimes the rains, splashing and rattling in great heavy drops, whipped against the window-panes. But in our house it was cozy and warm. . . . To me the primeval din of the storm was gruesome and wonderful and sinister all at the same time; I sat so warm within our solid, large house, and before my eyes there arose a picture that my mother showed me each time that she walked with me along the harbor past the Home for the Seafaring Aged; there it hung on the wall of the house, under it a thick-lipped collection cup and, above this, on the lower edge of the wooden frame, the sentence: "Give to the seafaring poor for God's sake!" Each time the expression "for God's sake" disturbed and astonished me, for I had not yet mastered the difficult art of understanding words in their simple meaning and had not yet comprehended that one should do one's good deeds really for God's sake, and so this expression seemed to me to contain a banal harrying

and to be quite out of keeping with the misery represented above it. . . .

The tone of Jakob Andermann's home life was set by his "beautiful, gentle, enchanting" mother, and sustained by the warm kindness of his older brother, Thomas. A shy, extraordinarily percipient child, Jakob was sensitive to nuances in the conversations of his elders—in his own words, "an interpreter of dreams," the might-have-beens of others. In the following passage, where the boy has just discovered that his brother walked in his sleep and has been bound to silence, Jakob thinks to himself:

> But even if I hadn't promised—I should in any case have told no one about it. What I had seen there, seemed to me in equal measure Thomas' and my secret and, besides that, a confidence that chance had offered me, and I should have taken care not to disappoint it. For the child's soul, because it is indeed a stranger to knowledge but not to wisdom, strives untaught toward a certain consonance with fate; thus it acts out of an instinct, which unfortunately is so frequently and so thoroughly lost by the more mature soul, when once the vagaries of the senses and the shadow-chase of life draw it into their vortex, that one wonders again and again how such callous-hearted men and women came to be from such innately wise children.

The Magic Year is not a treatise in philosophy, but it carries an insistent existentialist theme: Jakob Andermann, the youth, is not attracted by the thought of status achieved by great deeds or works. His goal is to *be*, rather than to do. And his conception of Beauty encompasses goodness and truth, and an abhorrence of evil. His own confrontation with "Evil" came as the result of a false accusation (cheating) by "the malicious Miss Mook," who had made his arithmetic class an unrelieved torment. About to experience his first corporal punishment, Jakob sees for the first time "the face of the German *petit bourgeois* of the worst type, with its stupid smugness, its abysmal, brutal vulgarity"—

> With thickening breath, at which I gulped in vain, it shot through my brain that this was unthinkable and utterly impossible, that it could in no case really happen—and had reckoned without my host; for I still had but a very shadowy conception of the Evil under whose onslaught my life was to receive its first rent, and I had as yet no inkling of its pandering nature, for Evil is a matchmaker—one of the reasons, incidentally, that it appears to the naive observer that "misfortunes rarely come singly." And the moment that Evil stretches out its claw, everything related to it is aroused in the souls of men, all the latent evil: vengefulness, rage over the quality of all that is better, thirst for the pain of the weaker, joy in brutality, destruction, and slander, the lie that becomes emboldened, stupidity that grows insolent, the whole wormlike species of instincts that otherwise shun the light and cringe in cowardly docility; the serpent's nest in man's soul—encouraged, it rises hissing, espies its opportunity, and satisfies its filthy desires. Today, when I stand nearer the end of my life than its beginnings . . . .I know this very well. . . .

As for religion—the final paragraph indicates how a man may feel reverence without creedal acceptance, without either affirming or denying those religious tenets which sometimes focus one's strivings for a higher life, but also serve in avoidance of responsibility:

> God, I know, one cannot address you. But whom shall I address in this night? Let me believe for a moment that you are—as the most pious believed that you were, and that you might hear what I want with my whole being. I want Evil to be driven out of the world. For the sake of the good and the beautiful that is in the world, I will try to be a good man. I will increase the good. I will greatly and passionately admire, protect and keep pure the tender and the sensitive, the most inexplicable and the strongest, the delicate fiery breath of life in all creatures, I will suffer with their pain and will rejoice at their joy. God, God! Oh, that you *were*—as man once believed that you were! That you bow your head in fatherly love, hear the dreams of our hearts and fulfill them—and some morning we would awake, open our eyes and gaze into a kingdom of love.

The Magic Year is a book to be savored.

COMMENTARY
"IN FAVOR OF THE PEOPLE"

WHAT does it mean to act "in favor of the people"? This phrase is used by Jacquetta Hawkes to describe the purpose of the ritual dance of the Pueblo Indians (see Frontiers). While ritual dances are not much to our taste (although clever anthropologists could probably identify less attractive gyrations in our society, devoted to less admirable ends), there ought to be something we could do deliberately, along these lines.

How about our great political conventions? Can these qualify as being "in favor of the people"? The leaders who participate in them say so, but are they right? To prove they are right, they tell us at great length about all the things they have done for us, and what more they propose to do. They offer their considerable talents, with which they propose to think and act for us. But is this a service to ourselves, or simply the promise to provide some of the things we prize?

In a book of particular value for its understanding of the American scene, *The Next America* (Harper, 1952), Lyman Bryson speaks to this point:

> If an official thinks for us, we have not thought for ourselves. Even when a government official is most truly our servant he is not a mere extension of ourselves, he is the custodian of our opportunities. The difficulty in our thinking about these things appears to lie in the mistake that many philosophers make and thus give a bad example to citizens. It is the mistake of thinking that a political process is justified by its public result. This is not true. A political process is justified by its private result, that is, by its result in the lives of the members of the state, and the most important thing in the lives of the citizens at any time, even at a time of public danger, is the development of their own best selves.

The contents of this issue seem to constitute an extensive documentation of this diagnosis. The main thrust of *Liberation's* argument (see lead article) is in behalf of a politics which seeks worthy private results, as distinguished from the politics of power we have now, which works to bankrupt the morality of individuals. Review reports the agony of a man victimized by the evil power which cares nothing for individuals, and the "Children" article begins with notice of the collectivist psychology which dominates public education.

What will it take to persuade ourselves that Miss Hawker is right?—"Let us first of all accept the importance of the individual human psyche." How can we learn to honor first "the private result," or at least reject on principle whatever stands in the way of "the development of our own best selves"?

This is not really a new idea. "Seek ye first the Kingdom . . ., and all things will be added unto you," comes very close to its meaning.

CHILDREN
. . . and Ourselves

PHILOSOPHIC FREE ENTERPRISE

IN the 100th anniversary issue (Sept. 20) of the *Nation,* Edgar Z. Friedenberg summarizes some of the effects of providing more "education" for rapidly multiplying numbers of students. Clearly, the idealism and progressive experimentalism of over-burdened teachers and administrators tends to be thwarted by numbers, so that routinization and mechanization are increasingly the conditions of getting a college degree. As Mr. Friedenberg says:

> We are back, then, to the point that the schools are an integral part of the system by which the dominant social and economic institutions of our society staff themselves and propagate their values. What is new to us is the *totality* of the process. Society no longer brooks any alternative to school attendance; the schools no longer permit their students much voice or choice about what kind of persons they shall be encouraged to become. . . .
>
> Self-education, in the older, educative sense, is really no longer permitted. Our society has become too anxious for credentials to allow it; the student may read and listen on his own time, or flee the attendance-taker and the draft board by going on the road; but such self-cultivation has become eccentric and socially dysfunctional even when not strictly illegal. Students who try to practice it risk bogging down in revolt and preciosity, and losing the self-esteem they started with. Education, today, means schooling. Some reader, perhaps, may find it pedantic even to suggest that it might mean anything else.

Such reflections should encourage appreciation of a recent Pendle Hill pamphlet—Joseph Havens' *The Journal of a College Student.* A former MIT graduate who later received his doctorate in Religions and Personality from the University of Chicago, Dr. Havens describes the thoughts of a hypothetical young man, Jeff Anderson, who is stubbornly sure that "self-education" can go on despite educational institutions. The *Journal* is composed by Jeff, and includes "letters" from him during the four years of college. The pervading theme is the meaning of individual existence, involving exploration in the fields of religion and values. The first entry begins with reflections on the following passage from Nietzsche—part of the assigned reading in a Humanities course:

> "Whither is God," he cried. "I shall tell you. *We have killed him*—you and I. All of us are his murderers. But how have we done this? How were we able to drink up the sea? Who gave us the sponge to wipe away the entire horizon? What did we do when we unchained this earth from its sun? Whither is it moving now? Whither are we moving now? Away from the suns? Are we not plunging continually? Backward, sideward, forward, in all directions? Is there any up or down left? Are we not straying as through an infinite nothing? Do we not feel the breath of empty space? Has it not become colder? Is not night and more night coming on all the while? . . . Do we not hear anything yet of the noise of the grave-diggers who are burying God? Do we not smell anything of God's decomposition? Gods, too, decompose. God is dead. God remains dead. And we have killed him. How shall we, the murderers of all murderers, comfort ourselves?"

If it can be said that the student who grasps the effects these words have on his state of mind is ready to take a step towards "self-actualization," it is because he knows and admits the "emptiness and loneliness" which Nietzsche reveals. In any case, Jeff comes to feel that if "religion" is to mean anything to him, it must rest on a faith rooted in personal discovery. He says in a subsequent letter:

> Went to church downtown this morning—felt I needed it both to examine the uncreative way I handled my upset of four nights ago, and to see what could be salvaged. The General Confession felt right to me, and I repeated it with very deep feeling. And the Prayer of Forgiveness seemed to do battle on a more honest basis now. But the creed, and to some extent the sermon? Damn! It would be so much easier if I didn't have to question everything. But this damnable college insists on your analyzing everything. They say at the same time they're not trying to destroy anyone's faith, but only help him build it on a firmer foundation. Ha, ha. They have more talent with dissection than resurrection. I found I had to omit certain parts of the Creed when they

> came along, and the poor minister got the short end of a running inner argument I was carrying on with him all through the sermon. I left the church with some of the old anxiety.
>
> The ideas of Christianity seem to be slipping by the wayside—they don't fit with so much else I'm learning and thinking about. Take that damn introductory psychology course, for instance, with those blasted true-false exams. The idea that our attitudes and beliefs—including religion!—are conditioned into us is terribly persuasive. In feelings I'm a religious man; in my mind I'm an unbeliever—God help me!

Jeff passes, to some benefit, through the "shopping-around" phase of religious inquiry, visiting Friends Meetings, a Unitarian Fellowship, and a Fundamentalist group. As a Humanities student, he finds himself relating the Hellenistic period to our own—"old gods dying and new ones being born." His search leaves him wondering about the possibility of a new birth of genuine religion, and he remarks: "Even if Christianity doesn't metamorphose into an entirely different form of religion it's got to change a lot—it has to, if it wants to speak to the secularism which is so rampant around here; got to keep my eyes open for this 'new religion'—I wonder if some genius around here doesn't have it up his sleeve."

The account of his final attempt, at graduation time, to synthesize his sporadic reflections includes what Dr. Maslow would term a "peak-experience":

> Quite suddenly, as I was walking alone through a park near here, I felt as though I could see the whole order of the universe portrayed in the outlines of the branches partially covered with snow. The phrases "Nature is All," and "Nature is God in All" bore in upon me with great force. Each human being lives for the same basic purposes as the animals and plants, and these purposes lie partly hidden from our view, but partly revealed in these moments when we look upon the world with new eyes. "Revelation" is the right word, I guess. Then I felt as though the earth were a kind of living creature, that it was alive under my feet—and that every molecule of matter was a necessary part of the Totality. And then finally I knew I was a constituent of this Totality—totally integrated into it, and not separated and looking at it as I usually felt! The whole thing lasted only a moment, but I was really grasped by it for that moment. It was absolutely compelling in its certainty and demand-quality—it insisted on being accepted as reality. Do you see what I'm driving at? It's almost impossible to convey it in words, even to myself. The thing has faded now, and it comes back with only a portion of the convincingness it had then—but it's still there and it still refuses to be discounted or reduced to psychodynamics or whatever!

These few passages show deep connection between the field of religion and affirmative existentialism.

FRONTIERS

For Continuance of Mind

THERE tend to be noticeable differences between "laboratory" scientists who analyze and anatomize and field workers who study living forms in natural environments. Mechanism and classification seem to dominate the work of the former, while the latter often find themselves filled with sympathy and wonder, to which are added the fruits of disciplined search. John Burroughs and John Muir were scientists whose generous humanity was enlarged and richly grained by their naturalist's work.

A striking instance of such development is found in the writings of Jacquetta Hawkes, whose archeological studies are infused with a warm regard for whole human beings, and with intense concern over the social processes and scientific thinking which may either add to or subtract from the quality of human life. Her article, "Automation and Imagination," in the October *Harper's*, is notable not only for its conclusions, but also for the graphic power with which the conclusions are reached. Her discussion begins with colorful description of a Pueblo Indian dance in behalf of fertility and the continuance of life. The dance, she says, is an invocation "in favor of the people and all their works." It has the effect of uniting "men and women, the conscious with the unconscious, mind and body, the village with nature and history." In comparative terms, "It belongs to the pre-intellectual stage of the evolution of the mind when men tried to make larger meanings out of experience instead of breaking it down and mastering it—the scientists' divide and rule."

The next visual image is of modern factory workers standing along a production line, serving machines which mix, compress, encapsule, package, and label drugs which go out into the world in millions of units. "None of the men and women understands just what is being done." Word may reach them by devious channels, such as an advertisement or a doctor's prescription; yet—

> What they are told about them may be true or deliberately untrue, but it is no good trying to understand fully enough to judge, for soon all these things will be changed and others take their place. Their lives will continue like this unless their factory is automated, when many of them may be left with nothing at all to do except to fill time in the bewildering sub-intellectual flux.

What has happened? The laboratory scientist, by his enormous and specialized knowledge, has made general participation in his synthesizing and creative acts virtually impossible. He has, so to speak, left the rest of the "ordinary world" far behind. Of course, since he is himself often a narrow specialist, he, too, has been left behind by other specialists. It was a distinguished scientist who remarked, "Except for our specialties, we all belong to the masses."

There is, then, the first stage, represented by the Pueblo dancers, termed pre-rational or pre-intellectual by Jacquetta Hawkes; followed by the "wholly rational-intellectual," typified in the scientist-specialist, which creates by reaction what she calls the "sub-intellectual"—a condition in which "people live a largely parasitical mental existence, dependent on the intellectual achievement of their society but hardly partaking of it." Miss Hawkes adds:

> To complete the setting of the scene, . . . there perhaps ought to be included between the dancers and the chemist the figure of that extreme rarity and wonder, the original artist and scientist. For these men of genius also use the whole psyche, receiving flashes of intuition from the unconscious mind even while selecting, shaping, and developing them with intellectual power.

The problem, obviously, is how to go about the restoration of wholeness to human beings. Miss Hawkes has some thoughtful suggestions, but the most important contribution of her article is in her clarity in *setting* the problem and in the pertinence of her criticism concerning ways of thinking about human development.

First, she points to distinguished individuals who accomplish synthesis in themselves and their work—"the original artist and scientist." Second, she doubts that there can be a return to the "primitive" forms of wholeness:

> Probably our world will never see again the creation of deeply rooted, unconsciously formed cultures of this [Pueblo] kind. In our own societies almost everyone has become an onlooker, passively leaving both creation and performance to the few professionals. Only our poor rocking, shrieking teenagers do their best to express their whole selves, bereft as they are of any cultural mold. . . . As for the professional creators, caught up in this social situation, they tend either to accept over-intellectuality or to plunge back into deliberate anti-intellectualism and primitivism.

Are these consequences inevitable? Not for the individual. Miss Hawkes points out that "every infant is born with the same psychic potentialities as those of the hunter-artists." However—

> it is extraordinarily difficult to change the course even of a culturally created trend in societies as vast and complex as our own. Technological evolution sweeps on with an all but irresistible logic of its own toward a total efficiency of means. Technique seems to enslave men to create an environment to suit its own needs and not theirs. If the human body and brain are not up to the demands, reinforce his muscles, put electrodes in his skull.

Deliberate efforts to reawaken use of the imagination, Miss Hawkes seems to think, require understanding of the historical transitions in consciousness. This brings her to a comparison of theories on this question:

> For those who do not believe in supernatural revelations, then, there are four ways interpreting the known history of consciousness. Three—those of developing toward existing higher levels of consciousness, of immanence, and of drawing on the accumulated experience of time—have metaphysical implications. The fourth way, that of the positivists, has no such implications, but interprets consciousness as a freakish and chance product of the struggle for existence on this particular planet.
>
> Only the most fanatically rational of positivists could welcome the idea that we may be developing away from our intuitive and imaginative life, from those horizons where we are most human, most individual, and therefore able to create and to love. Yet even those who would see such a development as representing a tragic failure for humanity, can hardly refuse to see it as a conceivable fate before us. There is plenty of evidence to show that the process has already gone a very long way in urban societies.

The point of Miss Hawkes' criticism of the positivists is that they have no philosophic grounds for comprehending the symptoms of the split in the psyche of modern man, and no natural sympathy, therefore, for the plight of the individual, nor much interest in efforts to refashion the cultural environment into forms more hospitable to whole human beings. Meanwhile, men of positivist mentality are in charge. They are the "decision-makers" of our civilization.

In developing her criticism of the positivist outlook, she points out that a viable theory of unfolding human powers and conscious exercise of the imaginative faculty virtually requires a metaphysical doctrine of immanence—very much the criticism made by William McDougall, years ago, of the Emergent Evolutionists (*Modern Materialism and Emergent Evolution*, Methuen, 1929). In a word, this *Harper's* article puts into brief compass a central problem of modern life, frames it in a perceptive historical outline, and then shows how a resolution of our difficulty is largely or initially dependent upon a more philosophical approach to the question of mind. She concludes:

> Let us first of all accept the importance of the individual human psyche. The senses feed the unconscious; the unconscious feeds the imagination; the intellect will become a mere adjunct of technique unless it is inspired by the imagination. It may be reprehensible to look nostalgically at the past, but here we have the living past, built into us and forming an essential part of our humanity. If we cut ourselves off from it we shall become no more than clever automatons.