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THE SELF AND KNOWLEDGE

IN the Review article in MANAS for Jan. 30, concerned with the recently published *Germinal Papers of A. H. Maslow*, the writer proposed: "The epistemologist is, after all, a psychologist." This expands somewhat the meaning of "epistemologist," bringing the following comment from a reader:

> Such a statement might suggest that a psychologist is an epistemologist. Furthermore, I doubt that being an epistemologist in the professional field of philosophy would be sufficient credentials for being accepted by any organized body of professional psychologists into their profession. Finally, I doubt very much that the metaphysics held by most serious thinkers of the past and present who qualify as epistemologists would be acceptable to most professional psychologists of today.

Two points of view are involved here. One of them accepts the authority of present-day departments of knowledge and the common assumptions of their accredited representatives. The other point of view feels free to question and challenge the pluralism or separatism of these divisions of knowledge, to which our reader refers. Since Maslow was from the first a questioner and a challenger, and in consequence an innovator and reformer in psychology, the broader point of view is necessary in a consideration of his work. Moreover, it was his critical examination of the assumptions of the dominant schools of psychology of his time that drove him into the field of epistemology, substantially if not formally.

Epistemology attempts to reach a conclusion concerning the nature and validity of knowledge. For purposes of definition it is distinguished from metaphysics, which considers the nature of reality, and from psychology, which studies cognitive process. Such distinctions are no doubt useful and necessary, yet we have only to repeat them to realize the basic interdependence of these fields. Obviously, an idea about what is "real" is bound to affect conclusions about knowing it, and also the definition of knowledge. And ideas about what we know and how we know it are likely to be major determinants of both the direction and the emphasis in psychology. This seems absolutely inescapable.

Consider the epistemological views of Comenius and Hume, two influential men of the past, and the effect of what they believed on both education and psychology. In *The Pentagon of Power,* Lewis Mumford says:

> Comenius invented the monitorial system of teaching, as a means of reducing costs. "I maintain," he said, "that it is not only possible for one teacher to teach several hundred scholars at once, but that it is also essential." On no account, Comenius warned, was the teacher to give individual instruction. In the light of contemporary educational theory, we must now recognize Comenius, in fact, as the precursor if not the inventor of mechanically programmed education: nothing separates him from those who now have at command the necessary electronic and mechanical apparatus for carrying his method out. . . "As soon as we have succeeded in finding the proper method," Comenius elsewhere explains, "it will be no harder to teach schoolboys in any number desired than with the help of the printing press to cover a thousand sheets daily with the neatest writing." Close upon this follows another revealing sentence: *"It will be as pleasant to see education carried out on my plan as to look to an automatic machine, and the process will be as free from failure as these mechanical contrivances when skillfully made."* . . . For Comenius, as for his fellow-encyclopedist J. H. Alsted and later for John Locke, the mind of man was a blank sheet of paper. The task of education was to leave on this sheet the desired uniform imprint: again, the image of the printing press. Like the inventor and the physical scientist, the new educator sought to achieve perfect mechanical order—but eliminated the spontaneities of life and all the intangible and unprogrammable functions that go with life.

No one briefly touched by the passing wing of Piaget can fail to recognize the roots of present-day educational failure in the epistemological assumptions of Comenius. Obviously, he conceived "knowledge" to be what the leading men of his time counted as knowledge, and teaching it was a matter of printing it on the receptive surfaces of children's minds. Knowledge was informational and additive. The fact that Comenius accepted the epistemological assumptions of his time—about what knowledge is and how it is acquired—by no means freed him of the responsibility of *thinking* about such matters, especially since he was the maker of an educational system. One might say, then, that all men are epistemologists, in the same sense as that all men are metaphysicians with well or poorly formed theories of "reality," and that the formal identification of these aspects of thought as separate departments in academic philosophy in no way diminishes the reality of their interrelated presence in the life of every human being. While it may be customary to limit the application of such high-sounding terms to persons who know what they mean, it is nonetheless obvious that assumptions about the nature of man and about knowledge have a directly shaping effect on the content of psychology. Therefore, the epistemologist is a psychologist in the same sense that an architect is a builder.

David Hume qualifies as an epistemologist by reason of his settled view on the question of self-knowledge. He wrote:

> There are some philosophers who imagine we are every moment intimately conscious of what we call our Self, that we feel its existence and its continuity in existence; and are certain beyond the evidence of a demonstration, both of its perfect identity and simplicity. . . . It must be some one impression that gives rise to every real idea. But self or person is not any one impression, but that to which our several impressions and ideas are supposed to have a reference. If any impression gives rise to the idea of self, that impression must continue invariably the same, through the whole course of our lives; since self is supposed to exist after that manner. But there is no impression constant and invariable. Pain and pleasure, grief and joy, passions and sensations succeed each other, and never all exist at the same time. It cannot, therefore be from any idea of these impressions or from any other, that the idea of the self is derived—For my part, when I enter most intimately into what I call *myself*, I always stumble on some particular perception or other: of heat or cold, or light or shade, love or hatred, pain or pleasure. I never catch myself without perception, and can never observe anything but the perception. When my perceptions are removed for any time, as by sound sleep, so long am I insensible of *myself*, and may truly be said not to exist. And were all my perceptions removed by death, and I could neither think, nor feel, nor see, nor love, nor hate after the dissolution of my body, I should be entirely annihilated, nor do I conceive what is further needed to make me a nonentity. If anyone, upon serious and unprejudiced reflection, thinks he has a different notion of himself, I must confess I can reason no longer with him . . .But I venture to affirm of the rest of mankind that they are nothing but a bundle of perceptions which succeed each other with an inconceivable rapidity, and which are in a perpetual flux and movement.

Hume's urbane and confident style, along with his consistency with the tendencies of eighteenth-century scientific thinking, made him decisively persuasive. Hume quite effectively ruled out introspection as a source of knowledge, and especially of what we call self-knowledge, establishing the basis for psychological assumption and research which remained in force until about the middle of the twentieth century.

Somewhere between 1940 and 1950, it began to dawn on a number of thoughtful theorists in psychology that the objective, mechanist approach was urgently in need of revision. Henry A. Murray wrote a watershed article for the April 1940 *Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology*, virtually ridiculing conventional academic psychology, contrasting its artificial practice with the depth analysis of the Freudians and the analytical insights of Carl Jung. Maslow wrote his key paper on the hierarchy of needs in 1943 and his study of self-actualizing people appeared in 1950. By these means the conception of selfhood was restored to serious intellectual consideration, and especially by Maslow's many

discussions of self-actualization, which has its climax in the Peak Experience.

Through the work of such men, and from a variety of other causes, a vast alteration in outlook is taking place in the general area of epistemology. The writings of Michael Polanyi have already begun a basic change in the scientific theory of knowledge—presenting views that should before long replace the current orthodoxy—and the ideas of independently educated people are today considerably in advance of the formulas of academic departments, which still reflect the assumptions of the past. The entire climate of opinion is rapidly changing, with the result that the "credentials" of professionals working in these areas are beginning to mean less and less, while the work of daring and creative minds is winning more and more public acceptance. The pioneers we have referred to have written books for the general reader, putting into comprehensible language ideas which appeal to the deep human longings of the times. One result is that today new conceptions of man, of knowledge, and of psychology are gaining vital currency, becoming actual change agents of culture and civilization.

In illustration of this change, we have a letter from a reader who offers extended comment on a problem set in the MANAS lead article for Feb. 27. The MANAS writer quoted the *Britannica* article on Metaphysics, which ended by saying that the objective in the future is to discover "as complete an answer as possible to these two questions: What is the world of things we know? How do we know it?" Our lead article then said:

> What seems evident is that knowledge of the things in the world and even a comprehension of the grounds of our knowing leaves out the most essential element in human life—*who or what is it that does the knowing?*

Our reader writes:

> To me it seems that our philosophical and metaphysical dilemma is primarily a semantic one, which, if properly considered and accepted, would at least tell us what does *not* do the "knowing." The semantic difficulty arises from giving the concept "I"—or "man" or "person"—two senses that are used simultaneously and confusedly without pointing out or recognizing the very real distinction.
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> There is one part of "man" that he shares at least with all warm-blooded creatures. Even the most materialistic of the behaviorists treat the physical, biological organism as having built-in drives to insure its own preservation and the perpetuation of the species, but they disregard the occupant, the center of awareness that constitutes the consciousness of both outward phenomena and inward processes—the "I," in short, that is satisfied or dissatisfied with events that affect the organism in question. It is that inward "I" that recognizes and evaluates a hierarchy of satisfactions, none of which are related to the two built-in drives that motivate the physical organism; the "I" has a set of relative values, but not compulsions. If we could but distinguish between "I want" and "my bodily wants," we would be in a better position to make the distinction between personal desires and bodily demands, which we do not now do, and for which reason we find ourselves in today's confusion and lack of orientation.
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> This does not imply a reversion to asceticism, flagellation, or any of the other methods once resorted to to put the physical body "in its place" by physical means, but rather the simple dissociation of the inward spirit by means of mental recognition of the distinction between physiological sensations and their demands, on the one hand, and the values associated with our urge to grow, to enlarge, to include all other spiritual selves, and which alone can properly be called "Man", in such a case the physiological processes would lose the authority we have thus far conceded to them and help toward the simplification of those problems related to monolithic Government, to rabid Nationalism, and to the pollution and abuse of our environment.

The present is characterized by a vast, inchoate, multiply expressed longing to fill out the conception of this inner, human "I," as distinguished from the purely physiological conception of man to which we have been restricted by the sensationalist psychology of the eighteenth century, and by the physiological and behaviorist psychology of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Lagging behind the new spirit, academic psychology has lost the initiative—it never had very much, being too

imitative of the physical and biological sciences to achieve autonomy as a discipline—to neo-Freudians such as Erich Fromm and Erik Erikson, independent therapists such as Karen Horney and Bruno Bettelheim, and Humanist psychologists of the stature of Carl Rogers, Rollo May, and A. H. Maslow. In all these thinkers, one finds implicit epistemological considerations more or less consistent with the ideas our correspondent suggests.

So, already there is a loosely allied body of doctrine concerning the human self, and the beginning of the dynamics of uniquely human behavior, as contrasted with Pavlovian reductions and the denigrations of orthodox Freudian theorists. In looking for the epistemological themes of this distinctively human psychology, we might begin with a reasoned rejection of David Hume's denial of the subjective reality of the "Self." Hume, as we saw, maintained that all we know comes from "impressions," and that no impression which came to him gave rise to the idea of the self. But why, one may ask, should it? The self is the *receiver* of impressions. Impressions must have some sort of objectivity in order to be perceived, but the self, as our correspondent indicates, is the *subject* of impressions, and to have an "objective" impression of a subject is hardly possible. It was the *self* of Hume that wrote the passage about the parade of fleeting impressions, which he took as evidence against the objectivity of the self. *Of course!* The self is a subject; what appears as an object *cannot* be the self.

This, then, is our starting-point: The reality of the subject. But something more than bare subjectivity is involved in egoity. The subject makes its identity manifest through the mind, and the mind, as Piaget has shown, has structures which, though non-physical, are indeed tangible and may be studied, recognized, and improved by effort. There are intellectual structures through which the self manifests, and also moral structures. The moral presence of the self has but little attention in the modern idiom, yet its reality is crucial for writers like Horney, Fromm, and Maslow. Speaking of recovery from psychological ills, Fromm has said:

> No amount of depth of psychological insight can take the place of the act, the commitment, the jump. It can lead to it, prepare for it, make it possible—and this is the legitimate function of psychoanalytic work. But it must not try to be a substitute for the responsible act of commitment, an act without which no real change occurs in a human being.

It sometimes seems that, in our time, therapeutic concepts have taken the place of growth concepts, since it is difficult to find such ideas in educational materials; certainly they do not occur in conventional psychological studies, although one finds them in novels, now and then. Eugene Gendlin, another therapist, speaks of the "reflective attending" which precedes a fundamental change in attitude, remarking how, after the individual has taken this step, *"many* details of what he was wrestling with will appear different, new facets will now seem relevant, different things will occur to him." The need for the development of moral stamina is clear in what Karen Horney says in *Neurosis and Human Growth:*

> . . . man, by his very nature and by his own accord, strives toward self-realization, . . . and his set of values evolves from such striving. Apparently he cannot, for example, develop his full human potentialities unless he is truthful to himself unless he is active and productive; unless he relates himself to others in the spirit of mutuality. Apparently he cannot grow if he indulges in a "dark idolatry of self" (Shelley) and consistently attributes all his own shortcomings to the deficiencies of others. He can grow, in the true sense, only if he assumes responsibility for himself. . . .
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> In this sense, to work at ourselves becomes not only the prime moral obligation, but at the same time, in a very real sense, the prime moral *privilege.* To the extent that we take our growth seriously, it will be because of our own desire to do so.

The moral note is strongly struck by Rollo May in *Love and Will.* Recalling the integrity of

Socrates, and his struggle for self-mastery, May says:

> To be guided by your own daimon requires a fundamental humility. Your own convictions will always have some blindness and self-distortion; the ultimate illusion is the conceit that you are free from illusion. . . . The moral problem is the relentless endeavor to find one's convictions and at the same time to admit that there will always be in them an element of self-aggrandizement and distortion. Socrates' principle of humility is essential.

In his development of the hierarchy of needs, Maslow distinguished between what he called Deficiency-needs, which are mainly of the body, and Being-needs, which grow out of wanting to express full humanness—the need for giving, one could say, and becoming expressive in a high and ennobling way. In one sense, the Being-needs rest in a matrix of satisfied Deficiency-needs, but in another sense the two are polarities of man's being. Maslow found that truly self-actualizing people are quite rare, leading him to write:

> It seems probable that we must construct a profoundly different psychology of motivation for self-actualizing people, i.e., expression—or growth-motivation—rather than deficiency motivation. Indeed, it may turn out to be more fruitful to consider the concept of "motivation" to apply *only* to non-self-actualizers. Our subjects no longer "strive" in the ordinary sense, but rather "develop." They attempt to grow to perfection and to develop more and more fully their own style. The motivation of ordinary men is a striving for the basic need gratification which they lack. But self-actualizing people in fact lack none of these gratifications. And yet they have impulses. They work, they try, and they are ambitious, even though in an unusual sense. For them motivation is just character-growth, character-expression, maturation and development—in a word, self-actualization.

And now Maslow makes a statement of profound importance, giving a new—and at the same time familiarly heroic—conception of the meaning of being human:

> Could these self-actualizing people be more human, more revealing of the "original nature" of the species, closer to the "species type" in the taxonomical sense? Ought a biological species to be judged by its crippled, warped, only partially developed specimens, or by examples that have been overdomesticated, caged, and trained?

Such questions bespeak the outlook which Maslow developed more fully in his later papers, to be found in the posthumous volume, *Farther Reaches of Human Nature*. There is thus a Great Restoration of the conception of Man in his thinking. It goes back to the Bodhisattvic ideal of ancient Buddhism, and has a philosophic base in Taoist conceptions of harmony. Yet it is also rooted in the best of the Western psychological and philosophical thinking of recent years, laying the foundation for further enrichment of the idea of Self.

REVIEW
REACHES TOWARD SYNTHESIS

A USEFUL book on the Florentine Revival of Learning is Sem Dresden's *Humanism in the Renaissance* (World University Library, 1968). The term "Renaissance" first gained currency from Jacob Burckhardt's famous book, published in 1860, and the modern meaning of "Humanism" dates from a historical study by Georg Voigt which appeared in 1859. Mr. Dresden's book seems a balanced account of both the roots of the Renaissance in Medieval thought and the vital change in emphasis which flowered in the fifteenth century, justifying the idea of "rebirth." The themes introduced by Pico della Mirandola sound the keynote of the change. Humanism, Sem Dresden shows, was conceived by its founders as the means of religious progress or discovery through the exercise of philosophy. These first Humanists, primarily Marsilio Ficino and Pico, were convinced that a single current of truth underlies all religion and philosophy, and Pico in particular sought to demonstrate the fundamental accord to be found in Hermetic writings, the Kabala, Plato, Neoplatonism, and the Bible. Their effort, Dresden says, was "to achieve a synthesis of religions in a spirit of the purest and noblest idealism."

After providing various illustrations of this attempt, he continues:

> It will be clear by now why little or no distinction was made between, for instance, philosophy and theology. To our minds this seems strange and very hard to understand because of our tendency to specialisation, which first arose during the sixteenth century and which has been progressing ever since resulting in the present-day maxim that every branch of scholarship has its own aims, its own methods and its own objectives. And we have gone such a long way in that direction—as perhaps we should—that we have lost sight of the common ground which nevertheless exists between these branches of scholarship and their objectives. This tendency could already be discerned in certain medieval circles when philosophy and theology began to be more sharply divided. In this respect then, humanism was not continuing the work begun by some medieval scholars, nor was it, on the other hand, heralding the modern age. On the contrary, like Dante—whom they so greatly admired—the humanists adhered to an ancient view that philosophy, theology, poetry, and so on formed an unbreakable unity. Orpheus is perhaps the best example of this; he is pre-eminently the divine singer, being not only a poet but also a prophet inspired by the gods, revealing sacred truths, and is thus a philosopher. Another example is the philosopher Pythagoras whose person has long been surrounded by legend. He was considered to have founded a religious sect, which is by no means improbable. There is of course, no question here of mixing religion and philosophy, since in ancient Greece the two were simply indistinguishable. The same could be said for Zoroaster, but it is much harder to justify this idea where Moses and the Old Testament prophets were concerned. Nevertheless, fifteenth-century humanists continued to hold this view. For them every thinker of importance was essentially proclaiming religious truths, and conversely, no prophet or religious leader ever lived who was not a philosopher.

Quite manifestly, in this book there is an attempt to recapture the spirit of the Revival of Learning, and it serves excellently as an "introduction" to the work of men like Pico, Bruno, and Erasmus. But the reader needs to go to these writers themselves in order to recognize that the spirit of ardent longing and of synthesis they embodied is very much the same, in essence, as the spirit which is beginning to find expression today, in fresh attempts at synthesis, and in the rejection of excessive specialization, not only in scholarship but in life. Another Renaissance seems now in the making, and while the obstacles are great—greater, perhaps, than in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—the post-industrial and post-mechanist vision is strong and often militant. In fact, the struggle toward a fresh synthesis in our time has already broken away from both traditional learning and science, with the result that many of its expressions are without discipline and focus. For this reason, a careful look at the major figures of the Renaissance may have potential value. Fortunately, a number of scholars are making fresh materials available.

The difficulties of achieving a new synthesis in our time are plainly evident. The complexities of what is wrong with our society make criticism an engrossing and demanding task, and how shall we identify, in all this carnage of stubborn failure and mismanagement, the grounds of positive affirmation? If we put aside our talent for lucid criticism, how shall we avoid sounding pompous and empty, or shallowly optimistic? Theodore Roszak's new play, *Pontifex* (Anchor, $3.95)—a play to be read—is an illustration of such problems. It is at once a cry of desperation and a murmur of inexpressible longing. This is not a work to be analyzed or taken apart, but something to be read for clues to the writer's intentions. What is a man to do in these times, when he is continually haunted by dreams of a quiet, serene, and fruitful life? How shall he give such feelings voice, without pretending that we are "Indians" or medieval hermits? In *Pontifex,* Roszak assembles in a modern city—which means a pretty horrible place—a collection of sterile stereotypes: bureaucratic politicians, Dr. Strangeloves, Marxist-Leninists, artists, and others. He adds a sleep-walking but hopeful young man who paints, and throws in a malignant alcoholic, a raffish caricature merging Pan and Paul Bunyan. Pontifex is an inadequate Paraclete figure who watches the accidental Revolution. Each of these groups presses its slogans to *reductio ad absurdum,* making the dialogue sound dated, no doubt intentionally, and the action seems uniformly self-destructive. Yet there are some wonderfully turned phrases, and scenes that could be enjoyed for their humor, except for the underlying pain, which never goes away. How should the reader respond to all this?

One thinks of Roger Bacon's Brazen Head, which spoke at the final hour to the careless apprentice, while the Master slept: "Time will be. . . . Time is. . . . Time was!" and broke into a thousand fragments. Interrogated today, the Head would surely say, "Not yet, not yet. . . . " The formative principles of change or rebirth are still in random array, not ready to precipitate into action; even the vision is still at the raw pigment stage, the canvas unstretched. But when a man is bursting with longing, it may be necessary for him to try.

Earth Below—Heaven Above: A Portrait of India (Scribners, 1972, $6.95) by Carolyn North Strauss is an account of the incarnation of a young American woman into another world—the village life of the people of India. The intensities of heat, human pain, poverty, need, age-old beliefs and superstition are felt throughout its pages. Mrs. Strauss was thrust into this life without the protection of distance or imported amenity. She served as a nurse and a midwife, feeling personally the routine cruelty of custom in a land where want is the common lot, coming to understand, little by little, the protective shell worn by the competent, who hide the vulnerable face of their compassion lest they attempt more than they are able to do, and end in futility.

This book is not about yogis or sannyasis. It opens with the visit of the writer to the home of a sick young man—a boy, really—who has been stricken with meningitis, and who cannot be taken to the hospital because he is a servant. His family had watched him waste away—too lowly to ask for help, without hope that it might be given. She does what she can, stirring up a minor storm, but even though the boy is finally brought to a neighboring clinic, he cannot be saved. His death leaves a pregnant girl-wife, unwanted and unwelcome to his family. Again Mrs. Strauss struggles against the weight of tradition, bringing the child to birth without disaster. During this ordeal dozens of habitual prejudices surface, while selfishness and dislike darken the already pitiful circumstances of the young mother's life. Yet there is also shame; people try to make amends, and baby gets a grip on life.

While reading these vivid descriptions of village existence, one thinks of the crowding humanity of all Asia and of the endlessly repeated cycle of birth and death, as though here Nature must operate at wholesale; the press of numbers

has submerged the possibilities of individual distinction or choice. We couldn't help but remember, while reading Mrs. Strauss, Robert Payne's *Forever China,* which has the same effect of dipping the reader directly into the ocean of life, until he feels its ceaseless flow all around him, an absorbing torrent for which awe becomes the most natural response.

The last part of *Earth Below* is an account of a concert by Indian musicians in a temple belonging to Shiva. The music and the dancing enveloped the author's senses, rhythm and melody combining to generate an unearthly space and time. Hours passed, and then:

> From the first long-drawn notes of the *raga* I was aware of a bluish mist that seemed to drift about me and fill the entire space of the courtyard. It seemed to glisten at first, like ice, but then it settled smokily in the air, like the haze that settles above a village at dusk when the dung fires are burning. The cloud drifted, but then appeared to take up shapes and forms like the changing images in a dream. It was a midnight constellation, gathering together into a seapearl moon. It flew a winged creature, blue and darting. It rose, rocky and craggy, into a granite mountain, and finally it appeared to be changing into a human shape—a man—a god—a god capriciously dancing.

Then the flutist:

> He struck a note that rang ice-blue, like the blue in a crevasse of snow high on a Himalayan peak. I responded by wrapping my shawl more securely about me and shivering slightly. The note grew warmer as he continued, until it was surrounded by currents of vapor, and it dissolved in a puff of steam. Cooling tones from above appeared and fell downwards, raining into the deep pool of the original three tones. The flutist climbed immediately into the whole range of tones of the *raga,* dipping downwards into the deep, still waters and spinning slowly upwards, dripping and steaming in the cold night air. He spun out airily to the top and billowed down, a heavy dark cloud. He allowed the *raga* to explore all its dimensions, from the most minute spaces to the wanton reaches of the grand cycle of the melody.

A *Mahabharata* of sight and sound!

COMMENTARY
"COTTAGE INDUSTRY"

ONE of the problems of community living is the need for a cash income to supplement the seldom self-sufficient produce of the land. In *Communities* (see Frontiers), a contributor (of the Communitarian Village at Oroville) tells about the "Frustrations of a Cottage Industry"—the story of a soyburger business which some of the Oroville people bought and began to expand. (Soyburgers are a frozen food product made with soybeans, brown rice, rolled oats, carrots, tamari, hacho miso, and herbs, mostly organically grown.) The account is blow-by-blow and well worth reading, with reflective asides throughout the story. The last paragraphs seem worth repeating:

> We need to consider the ramifications of what we are doing and the way in which we do it. We have a product that we feel is reasonably priced and a wholesome, complete protein alternative for anyone to enjoy. We want to present a product with organic ingredients, packaged as ecologically as possible and sold in outlets that do not typify the corporate industrial complex. That makes it difficult at times. . . .
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> There is a definite gap between the "we'll support ourselves by cottage industries" and the inherent difficulties with low-capital based operations stifled by financial problems. For those readers who feel that self-support ventures are an easy solution to our economic difficulties, be sure to consider seriously the need for continued support financially through the developing period. The ramifications of cooperative economics from small-business viewpoints are minimized or limited in scope if the various frustrations multiply to the point of being dysfunctional to the individuals involved. It is really necessary to approach these various learning experiences as such and try to view them as part of the growth process. However, when conflicts are compounded with the communal circumstances of day-to-day life and are combined with lack of capital, lack of expertise and little experience, it is difficult to focus on the need for patience and a future vision.
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> It isn't all this bad. On a day-to-day basis the indefiniteness of our life situation is a struggle. Remembering what working in industry was like and reflecting on the struggle of most working people can be helpful in keeping the spirit of the alternative alive. Tests like these are part of the process through which we learn and evaluate our positions. We're an experiment in a giant sea of humanity, looking for ways to be happy, caring, responsive people.

This article doesn't seem to be part of a "sales effort" for soyburgers, but anyhow the address given on what looks like a package label is 2362 Baldwin Ave., Oroville, Calif. 95965.

CHILDREN
. . . and Ourselves
OF BOOKS AND BOATS

ONE of the saving graces of certain forms of commercial enterprise results from the fact that if the arts have a part in the production involved, some kind of integrity often creeps into the work. It may die out—as for example the original inspiration of the Bauhaus movement in industrial design died out—but then the desirable qualities produced by the art ingredient die out, too. Of course, if the art is renewed, a little integrity may come back along with it, as a kind of forlorn hope, you could say.

Book production is big business, these days, and publishing, as essayists have pointed out, is losing its character as a result; but it is nonetheless hard to get rid of *all* the art element in books, since writing is one of the arts, and sometimes book design, too. So, try as they will, the conglomerate owners of publishing enterprises have a hard time destroying the quality of books. They meet with unaccustomed resistance. Good book people have a way of threatening to quit unless allowed *some* freedom of decision, and a lot of the time they quit anyway, since they don't like to work for firms that got rich on war industry or similarly conscienceless activities. In any event, people who love books keep on trying to keep the arts alive in them.

In *Print* for last November/December (a magazine of graphic design), Carol Stevens writes on the design of children's books. In one place she says: "In spite of a certain tendency on the part of the general reader to regard children's books as a business fraught with all sorts of idealistic and altruistic motives, intent on the education and cultivation of the child, it exists in fact to make money." In short, the impressive resources of our big-deal technology and the expertise of Ph.D. consultants have little or no effect on the publishing patterns determined by the profit motive. The rules are as rigid as the "box office" formulas of the motion picture industry. In a section on picture books, Carol Stevens says: "With precepts such as these to stifle creative minds, it's a wonder that any worthwhile picture books are published at all."

There is this pleasantly nostalgic paragraph at the beginning of Miss Stevens' article:

> As a child, I used to sit on my father's lap after supper in the evenings while he read from the *Just So Stories*. I remember clearly the picture of the "Cat Who Walked by Himself," a small black and white woodcut subdued and unobtrusive in relation to the density of the caption and the thickness of the volume. In it, the proud animal walks slowly away down a narrow clearing between two long rows of naked trees and still in my mind's eye that picture evokes all the feelings of aloneness and distance that the author intended. Compared to Doubleday's newly-issued edition of Kipling's stories, illustrated with lavish full-color paintings by Etienne Delessert, the book I remember seems very old-fashioned. Heavy and thick, if not actually intended for adult hands, it was certainly not designed to indulge children and the type would be considered today much too densely set for a young reader. But the picture, in spite of its relatively small size, has as much impact as any contemporary illustration.
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> It goes without saying that the best of the old-time illustrators—Tenniel, Cruikshank, Pyle, Wyeth—were as talented as the best of today. Some people might even argue that they were better, though there is probably more nostalgia than fact in that opinion.

Miss Stevens writes a long critical introduction to her subject—what is new and good in today's children's books and their design. She finds a number of innovations or "trends" worth talking about, but her introduction—voicing the integrity of the artist—is the best part of her article. When, one wonders, will publishers begin to think of books not as "products" but as worthy fruits of mind and craft? Not, probably, until we have only a few new books each year. Or only when publishers decide to issue just books so fine that they literally demand to be put in print. It seems completely ridiculous that a parent who wants to buy a book for a child must, in effect, hire a reviewer to tell him which ones to consider, since scores and even hundreds of new ones come out every year. What a devious way of wasting the time of so many people, not to mention the trees!

There are plenty of alternatives, requiring only a little imagination. Ann Nolan Clark (who wrote *The Secret of the Andes*—which indeed *needed* to be printed!) tells in *Journey to the People* about how she taught the children of the Tewa Tusuque Pueblo to read. She involved them in a printing project in which they made their own books! This idea fits nicely with John Holt's suggestion of fostering a free community press. The people could really change almost everything that needs changing, if they would start taking back from industry and the storekeepers the vital currency of their lives. Meanwhile, there are those talented people working in industry who might be doing the sort of thing Ann Nolan Clark did. And think of all the handy "intermediate technologies" already in existence for making possible a wide variety of such community and educational activities.

Speaking of intermediate technology, one kind that is delighting to youngsters and a way of developing desirable qualities is the small sailing craft. A reader who grew up on boats—and plans to spend the far end of his life on one—has lent us two books about lonely cruises around the world. One is *The Fight of the Firecrest* by Alain Gerbault (Mariners Library, Rupert Hart-Davis Ltd., London, 1955), first published in 1926; the other, Charles A. Borden's *Sea Quest* (McCrae Smith Company, 1967), provides an embarrassment of riches concerning small-ship sailors and their craft. To tell about these books one ought to have more than a "literary" background concerning sailing, since some of the enjoyment of them will depend on knowing the nautical lingo. Yet *The Fight of the Firecrest* will interest any reader and perhaps lead young ones to a brand of adventure that, throughout history, has helped in the formation of mature human beings. Borden, incidentally, has a chapter on sea-going women, and his book provides many photographs, including one of Alain Gerbault, which the other book lacks.

On April 5, 1924, Gerbault set out from Cannes in "a flush-deck, gaff-rig English cutter, 39-ft. overall, with 8-ft. 6-in. beam and 6-ft. 3-in. draft." Built entirely of teak and oak, the *Firecrest* was narrow, deep, well balanced, with inside ballast and four tons of lead on her keel. She was unsinkable and uncapsizeable. Gerbault's destination was New York. After a week in the Mediterranean he put in at Gibraltar to repair a fitting. One hundred and one days later he was wildly greeted as "the first singlehander to sail from Europe across the North Atlantic to the United States." Of this voyage, Borden says that the *Firecrest* was so badly battered by storms that Gerbault "sewed and spliced his way" along the 4,600-mile route. Borden also remarks:

> There is no point in assuming that sailing was ever the whole thing with Gerbault because it never was, any more than Walden was the whole thing with Thoreau. For Gerbault, sailing was part of a need for islands, remote anchorages, solitude, simple people; part of a positive need to wander and a need for a streaming in through the senses of new vistas and experiences.

On paper Gerbault is no Thoreau, but he tells a strong adventure story. 'There are moments when the ordeal of being on that small cutter, far at sea, with food gone rotten, little water, and a desalination device he couldn't use because it consumed his cooking fuel, reminds you of the nightmare time Admiral Byrd had at the South Pole, when he knew he would freeze if he didn't light his ailing heater, yet also knew its fumes would asphyxiate him if he did!

The collector of odd bits of information will delight in this book. Item: the Irish flax rope Gerbault used is stronger for the same diameter than iron wire. Then there are the facts of life when using the sextant on a small boat, "when the deck is heaving underfoot and the boat is reeling and pitching." You need bare feet to cling to something, because you use both hands for the instrument. Pitching around, with waves towering over you, how can you locate the horizon? So you wait till you reach the top of a wave, and try to sight it before the next wave drowns you in spray. Then you go below to take the time off the chronometer. Gerbault "found that if one could locate oneself within ten miles of one's actual position, it was good approximation on a small boat." Incidentally, after landing in New York he took part in the Davis Cup tournament and won the Cup. Gerbault had been tennis champion of France for two years, while living on the *Firecrest.*

FRONTIERS

Nations and Communities

To keep the record straight, a U.S.-born correspondent of the *Toronto Globe & Mail* (March 3) lists the various countries which immediately offered help to San Francisco after the devastating earthquake of 1906. (She wrote in response to the claim by a Canadian broadcaster that while the United States has given much aid to disaster areas overseas, American troubles have been regarded with only indifference by other countries.) First to offer succor to the people of San Francisco, whose city lay in ruins, was the Canadian Parliament, which rushed through "an emergency relief bill of $100,000," and the Canadian Bank of Commerce added a gift of $25,000. In England, the people of London raised $17,500 for San Francisco, and the Dowager Empress of China sent a large sum, with an extra $5,000 for the residents of Chinatown. Curiously, the then President of the United States, Teddy Roosevelt, refused all offers of help, embarrassing the Women's Club of California, which made public apology for this brusque rejection of international generosity. . . .Then, to show that such impulses are not all past history, the writer of this letter recalled that during the economic crisis in Seattle in 1972, when the hungry unemployed were denied government aid, Seattle's sister city, Kobe, Japan, sent food, supplies, and a message of friendship. And just last year, she adds, "Japanese firms gave American Universities a staggering $16 million, and not a yen of that money can be written off as a tax deduction."

Since we quoted the Canadian broadcast here, it seemed desirable to notice this rejoinder; yet both reports call for recognition that non-institutional giving, wholly divorced from "policy" considerations, is much better evidence of the human qualities we admire. When the behavior of individuals is seen as far more important than the acts of "nations," we shall be moving toward another kind of world.

A review by Steven Antler (in the *Nation* for March 23) suggests that *Models of Doom*, a work written in technical criticism of the Club of Rome's *Limits to Growth,* is well worth reading. The point of the criticism, the reviewer says, is that *Limits to Growth* seems to assume that the trends it explores and the fate it predicts are somehow an expression of "natural law," and not the result of institutional forms of human decision. The authors of the critique are a research team based at the University of Sussex, whose views are presented in fourteen essays. (*Models of Doom* is published by Universe Books.) The reviewer concludes:

> The upshot of *Models of Doom* is that we cannot purge our liberal guilt by lowering our standard of living, sorting bottles for recycling and learning to do without the frills of modern consumer society. Rather, we must examine and redirect the *priorities* of growth, applying technology to real needs, rather than to those needs imagined by government or corporate capitalism.

Mr. Antler's point is basic, yet people who learn "to do without the frills of modern consumer society" are surely in a better position to revise their ideas about priorities. Crowded out of our "Children" article for March 27 was the observation by David Kriebel that many of the young people now active in the environmental movement "got their start in small recycling programs." Such projects, he said, serve well as initial motivation "because they represent a combination of fairly straight-forward work requiring time and muscles, plus involvement in a complex political and economic issue more typical of larger environmental problems."

Christian Ryvlin, of the Lime Saddle Collective, Route 1, Box 191, Oroville, Calif. 95965, has been corresponding with more than a hundred inmates of prisons, hoping to generate among the younger members of the nation's prison population an awareness of alternative ways of living. One approach is by improving the quality of prison libraries and buying subscriptions to relevant magazines for inmates. As an editor of

Communities, he is also collecting poems, essays, graphics, and articles by convicts for publication in *Communities* and other magazines. (Subscription to *Communities* should be sent c/o Twin Oaks, Box 426, Louisa, Virginia 23093—six issues a year for $6.) Something of the mood of the prisoners is conveyed by the following, printed in *Communities* (March-April 1974), from a man in Oregon State Penitentiary:

> It seems like every time I look up at these bars, I come up with another question. What does the so-called "hip" community offer as *its* alternatives? To answer this question I'd thought only in terms of $10-roach clips and rock concerts, a bell-bottomed existence for pacified paranoiacs. But after spreading out "feelers" to remote addresses in remote towns . . . and to convicts' younger sisters, I got a heartening reply. David of Twin Oaks sent us copies of *Communities* magazine along with his letters. It was hard to believe that a viable alternative really existed, let alone a continually growing network of creative communes, with the values of sharing and trust we thought went out with laughing gas.
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> Far too long we'd thought that the only communal movement left was in the form of pestilent crash pads with nightly rip-offs and rampant hepatitus. *We're in limbo.* Turned off to the "straight" world, we can never play their games in earnest again. Caught in flight between the death trips of the system, and the death trips of the street life and its hypes, we fly alone.
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> Understand our loneliness. It's a need for communication and a need for community. . . . We need alternatives, but first and foremost we need recognition of our existence. . . .

While the maturity of this expression seems considerably above the generational limbo it describes, this sort of in-it-but-not-in-it perspective is the special merit of a good writer.