

AN UNORTHODOX LECTURE

[This article by Dr. Paul Wienpahl, professor of philosophy at the University of California in Santa Barbara first appeared in MANAS for June 13, 1956. It is now reprinted because of the exceptional interest shown by readers in Dr. Wienpahl's ideas at that time, and since.—Editors.]

THE following remarks, which I have with misgivings I called "philosophical" reflections, will appear disconnected. They will not flow from one another as sentences in rational discourse should. This is because the connections between the reflections are not of the sort which are called logical. Were I a poet, that which I have written would not need justification. For the poet is expected to be interested by other connections than the logical, and even to ignore altogether connections and relations between things. He is concerned with particular things.

As one whose interest is supposedly philosophical, therefore, I should offer some justification for presenting you with what will seem to be an irrational discourse. Well . . . though there are few if any logical or rational connections between my remarks, there are connections between them. The reflections are chronological, for I set them before you in the temporal order in which they occurred to me. And they are connected by the thread of the life of a man.

Then, too, I have grown tired of thinking and the rational. This is not to say that thinking and the rational can be found to be unimportant. It is rather to say that something else slips in. I feel the need for control, and, hence, for the rational and reasonable, as strongly as ever. But from investigation I have gone to reflection,—from the river to the pool, from the clear and clean to the turgid and opaque. The way is not easy and perhaps I should not have selected it for myself.

Finally, I am doing what I am doing here because I do not believe that philosophy and science are the same thing, or that philosophy is a science, or that there is only one way of knowing. To proceed as I am is to register my protest about the presently accepted notion of philosophy.

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There is ambiguity in the word "voyage." So a man may be interested in the voyage of another without being interested in the physical details of that voyage. And one can voyage without leaving home. Terms like "physical" and "spiritual," therefore, have a use. And one can speak of the spiritual without being mystical or other-worldly.

About writing and living. Writing can be and living is a creative act. Seeing them this way helps to see that neither can be forced. They come into being, and grow out of themselves. But this does not mean that they must be formless. It means only, I think, that the form which they have must develop within them. It can not be impressed from without. Nor, on the other hand, does it seem to me now that creative writing and living can be without *some* sort of conscious direction. For, if they were, they would lack form.

If this were not true (that creativity contains some conscious direction), why should sustained creative acts be so difficult? Of course, they do seem, just to "come." And it may be this element of the spontaneous about them which leads us to that there is no direction about them. No work involved. But it is a different kind of work from physical work which is present. Creative action is the sort of action which Spinoza called "actions as opposed to passions," actions in which the source of the action is within rather than without.

Words and ideas are tools. My life, and it may be, the life of any intellectual is troubled because of living only with the tools—and without

using them. I am like the miser who forgets what money is for, and has only the money.

There seem to be two ways in which a person becomes an individual. He grows; and he looks back through himself. The one way is obvious and the other is not, and so it is easy to describe the one and difficult to describe the other. I think that the second process of growth is what has been called the development of self-awareness. In so far as psychoanalysis can be considered non-pathologically, this second process of growth is psychoanalysis. Or perhaps we should say that the tools which the analysts have produced can be of use in this second process.

Philosophers see and show us things about themselves and others which we do not ordinarily notice. They do not provide us with theories and their utterances are not theories; their utterances are far more like a poem or a painting than they are like a theory. So the philosopher's utterances are not to be taken literally as one takes a theory or a statement of fact. This is one reason why philosophers are difficult to understand, particularly nowadays when people tend to take everything literally.

Perhaps philosophers should talk only and not write. For the philosopher has nothing to say. He has only something to see and to show, because he is concerned with particulars as particulars and not as members of aggregates as is the scientist. The prevailing reliance on *scientia* or knowledge makes us interested in aggregates instead of ourselves.

Nor is this to disparage knowledge. It is just that there is something more, many things more than knowledge. And there are other ways than the rational for coming into contact with these things. Philosophy is one of these ways.

I find it hard to relax and admit that there is something else than knowledge. For it gives my friends the chance to say that I am becoming mystic. And what I don't like about this is that it seems to say that I disparage knowledge. I don't.

I simply now see that knowledge is not everything. And this seems so obvious a thing to see that one wonders why it should be remarked.

Kierkegaard wrote that the secret of modern philosophy which stems from the *cogito-ergo-sum* lies in the identification of thought with being, whereas Christianity identifies being with faith. John Dewey wrote that *the* philosophic fallacy lies in hypostatizing concepts.

These are cryptic statements of the revolt against idealism, a revolt which is a search for reality outside thought. As I see it, the point is not to identify reality with anything except itself. (Tautologies are, after all, true.) If you wish to persist by asking what reality is; that is, what *is really*, the answer is that it is what you experience it to be. Reality is as you see, hear, feel, taste and smell it, and as you live it. And it is a multifarious thing.

To see this is to be a man without a position. To get out of the mind and into the world, to get beyond language and to the things is to cease to be an idealist or a pragmatist, or an existentialist, or a Christian. I am a man without a position. I do not have the philosophic position that there are no positions or theories or standpoints. (There obviously are.) I am not a sceptic or an agnostic or an atheist. I am simply a man without a position, and this *should* open the door to detachment.

I hate to think that I need a catalyst like a friend. Yet I am afraid that if I go on by myself, I won't get anywhere. But there's the nub. Who wants to get anywhere? Why not let myself become what I shall? Trying to become something is trying to be a copy. I guess that we are afraid to become ourselves, and that is why we are seldom original.

This helps me to see that I would rather become a mediocre Paul Wienpahl than a successful type, say a successful college professor. But I am afraid of individuality and, hence, of originality, which is the thing I also prize most.

No wonder it doesn't come. I am doing everything I can to prevent it. It is like peace for the world today. And it is the striving for it which would cause me not to recognize it if it did, by a miracle, come. For then it, I, would be like no other thing. And I couldn't recognize it because of this and because of the striving.

In this direction seem to lie disorder and revelation, chaos and mysticism, immorality and insanity. Things despised. But I sense that here also lies freedom.

And by this means one can see through the trouble of our times. Ours is not an age of discovery. It is an age of the exploitation of discoveries. A technical age. It is an age in which science is the god. An age of planning and order. An age of psychoanalysis. We are bound therefore, to destruction, as everything living, when bound, will die. Nor can the religionist take hope. For he also is bound because he thinks that he knows where *we* should go.

I do not want a version of life.

I am bothered by the languages of renunciation.

Morality is conventional, not natural. It is, therefore, binding. A man is responsible only when he goes beyond good and evil, when he is outside the law. Responsibility is positive when you are free. It is negative when you are bound. That is, when you are moral.

There is another kind of discipline than that which we ordinarily have in mind when we speak of discipline. It is the "discipline" which a plant or an animal has which "makes" or "allows" it to take the form which it has. It may be what Aristotle called the essence of a thing. (And see here how Sartre is wrong.) All ordinary discipline, which is order imposed from without, tends only to destroy a thing. The resolution of the paradox, if you can call it that, that life is impossible without discipline, lies in seeing that there is a third kind of living which lies between the two of life with and life without discipline (in the ordinary sense).

That third kind of life is one which is free of ordinary discipline. It is one in which the "discipline" comes, so to speak, from within.

When one says that he is a man without a position, does this mean that he is without direction? Perhaps. But this is misleading. For it means too that I have a direction and that direction is my own. It will come from within rather than being imposed from without. It means that I will guide it, I will give my life its form. And consciously too. Which seems to be hoisting one by one's bootstraps, but is not. It is just difficult.

Being without a position also means that I cannot judge others. I have said that I have come to see what people mean by saying that there is evil in the world. In fact, I can see this thing. To be unable to judge, however, seems tantamount to believing that there is no evil. I seem, therefore, to be saying contradictory things. But the contradiction is apparent only, for I think that what people have called evil is simply the recalcitrant, the unmanageable. And it is the latter that I now see better than I did before. An aspect of it is what Freud called the unconscious. Another is death. It is change.

I have been thinking that I want to get away from knowing to living, from trying to understand and classify things to the things themselves. This has bothered me because "wanting" to know is a part of us. Now I see that the split is not between knowing and living, but between two kinds of knowing. The one kind is science and brings with it control over things. The other kind might be called philosophical knowledge. It does not give us control over anything. It simply brings us into contact with things, a kind of relaxed contact which may lead to resignation but not to control. The interest in *science* can be carried too far. It can lead to authoritarianism and totalitarianism, or the condition in which control and domination become everything. The opposite of the condition of freedom. The interest in *knowing* cannot be carried too far.

In so-called rational knowledge the thing is lost sight of, and by being related to a host of other things, disappears. The mystic is he who sees things for what they are, or as they are (in so far as one can speak of things as they are). He sees them in their particularity. As the child does.

A man is not responsible for what he does until he *sees* that he is free. In a sense he then becomes totally responsible for he cannot rely on anything. I used to believe that no one is really responsible for his acts. I liked the belief because it implied that praise and blame cannot be justified except as educative measures. The saint blames no man. And the hero cannot understand the praise which we heap upon him. But here is the rub. If there is no such thing as responsibility, then there is no such thing as freedom. Praise and blame, then, make another kind of sense. And that is the trouble with being a saint.

"Looking within" is a mysterious phrase if you think that the process to which it refers will bring knowledge. For it brings only acquaintance with an individual thing.

We do not easily accept solitude. It is almost as though we do not like to be cut off and thus free. The cry of the babe at birth is symbolic. There is some sense in the notion that men do not really want liberty. They talk of it. But when it is presented they cast down the platter. For freedom brings solitude which, in prospect, is frightening. And liberty takes strength, strength which must come from yourself. And few of us are willing to give freely of ourselves in any way. When I speak of the inner life as contrasted with the outer, I sometimes mean simply the private life as contrasted with the public. A man is living his inner life when he is living privately.

We can come to see what the inner, the spiritual and the mysterious mean. They refer to what is your own and characteristically your own; that which is your own and which no one else could possibly share in the sense of "have the same as." These are the unique things, and that is why they are mysterious. They are your

memories, your reveries, your dreams, the private happenings in your life, the picture *you* paint, the song *you* sing. What else is there which can be surely your own except the things which you create and which are you? This is why the poor man's house can be happier than the rich man's. The rich man's house is "better" because it is standard. It does not have the defects of individual workmanship. But the poor man's house is happier because it is his own in a way in which the rich man's cannot be. No one else's hands came in to perfect the poor man's house, no machines, and make it thus like all other houses.

The trouble with philosophic systems is that they are like crutches. They keep us from walking alone.

We used to walk on all fours and there are many of us who still cannot stand alone. For the crutches by means of which we "walk" in this world can be material things as well as they can be our children or our parents or the so-called spiritual things, such as philosophic doctrines and ethical codes. But when individuality is achieved, when a man can live by himself and out of himself, then neither property nor concept nor doctrine is important.—This is why people are slaves to their property, why they cannot bear to part with it or even see it damaged. It is their crutch, their substitute for living; and taking it away from them is like taking life itself from them. And so it is with their religion and their gods.

We live with the symbols rather than the stuff and so believe in heroes rather than in ourselves.

My friend said that creativity consists mostly in letting the world come to us. Usually we are projecting our cares, pleasures and needs onto it. Our problem now is that of accepting creativity consciously.

Self-knowledge is the kind of knowledge which is completely useless. We acquire all other forms of knowledge for their use; unless, like the miser, we have come to confuse the means with the end. But why should something useless be

desirable? Because life itself is useless (the mistake of the dictator is to use people). And because, like a human being or a painting, it has what is called intrinsic value. Which is, I think, to say that it has no value at all. And this is to say that it is natural and real. Values are utilities, that is to say, things which are used and not accepted for themselves. In this respect they are unreal, for it is not they which count, but that to which they lead.

Nowadays we know the value of everything and are nothing.

When you know yourself, you've got nothing. This is true because what happens in knowing yourself is that you *become* something, not that you get something. And when you become something you do not need anything, It is then that you attain to the detachment from things which allows you to accept them instead of demanding them.—It is when things have no use that you enjoy them.

The old insight, expressed in the doctrine of freedom of the will, is that men are responsible for what happens to them. The new insight, expressed in the doctrine that moral responsibility is meaningless, is that things happen to people. Neither insight should be lost and neither should be stressed. For the first makes for harshness and individuality, and the second for tolerance and loss of individuality.

There is the problem of whom to blame when things are going all right and we nonetheless find ourselves in difficulties. It can easily be put as a psychiatric problem, but I think that it is often not that, though psychiatric techniques might aid in its solution. It is a problem which we are increasingly ignoring under the lure of the notion that everything can be explained. We explain our difficulties by tracing them to their origins without thereby solving them. The solution to the problem is the acceptance of the inexplicable but nonetheless knowable. The "problem" is that of living.

The way into the realm of grace is through purgatory. That is, we only get next to ourselves by admitting to things which we want most to deny.

It is not really that there is an inner being. It is rather that there seems to be one because the individuals we are have been laid over with levels of personality which have been smeared on us by social custom and usage. Usually the lower levels speak only in our dreams and in slips of the tongue. In the great philosopher or artist they speak out directly. Even in the great scientists the discoveries are probably made by the lower levels of the man's being.

I am like the man who has lost interest in his business and wonders what he has been doing. This may be where philosophy begins. If it is philosophy it is harder than I thought. For philosophy would then begin where everything seems unimportant.

The abiding truth in religion is the realization that there is something external to our minds which is more powerful than we are. The mistake lies in believing that it is external to us as well as to our minds.

You might say that the personal, the private, has its place and that this is not in the public. Why then a published article of this sort? The answer, I think, may be seen by turning the coin over. Not to be personal in public is *nowadays* part of the sublimation of the individual which as much as anything characterizes our times. We are pushing the individual so far into the background that one day he will cease to exist. Otherwise it is true that the personal should not be aired in public.

PAUL WIENPAHL

Santa Barbara

REVIEW

THE PARTISAN PATHOLOGY

OUR little boys have been spending their summer days at Friendship Day Camp—which is an enlightened attempt to bring together in a common environment as many "racial" or "ethnic" groups as possible. This camp is staffed by high school teachers and principals, working at half pay, who believe that the education here accomplished—by appreciation of diversity in color, language and background—is of basic value and importance. But the most interesting thing about the reactions of our little boys is that they obviously do not have to be *taught* to appreciate Chinese, Japanese, Mexican and Negro Americans. What Friendship Day Camp actually provides is simply an atmosphere which allows the natural cosmopolitan instincts of children to find full play.

As Jerome D. Frank has so convincingly demonstrated in his *Sanity and Survival*, all national enmity is pathological, and every tendency to pre-judge the character of any individual adversely, on grounds of national or ethnic origin, tends in the same direction. Dr. Frank's voice is not, fortunately, lost in the wilderness. A large number of writers with backgrounds in psychology and sociology are seeking ways to further this sort of "basic education." On the other hand, if you look to politicians and officials, perhaps one in a thousand understands such undertakings. It is nevertheless evident that such a growing perception has some chance of being the Great Discovery of the last part of the twentieth century. Artists and novelists—characteristically unconcerned with politics—are today doing a good job of exposing "the partisan pathology." Take for example some passages from a story in a collection of suspense tales by William McGivern. In "Missing in Berlin" McGivern describes an evolution of attitude in a former GI who lost his leg fighting the Germans, and now learns to exorcise his hate during a business trip in Berlin. What this one-legged man

discovers is, of course, simply Brotherhood, but a brotherhood subtle as well as simple. This is how the perception grows:

It didn't seem like very much to have learned, he thought: just to know that anyone, regardless of his name, background or geographical identity, had the capacity to act with honor integrity and courage. It was a pretty simple thing, but unless you got that idea from someone, a teacher, a parent or a friend, who gave it to you free, then you had to find out yourself and pay a price for learning it.

Also, he thought, what he had learned wasn't really such a simple thing. The people who hadn't learned it, the ones who believed in the flip generalizations, the handy labels, they were the dangerous ones, because they were always used as the instrument, the lever, in every movement that deprived nations and peoples of their freedom. You couldn't have a dictatorship unless you first had a large, uncritical mass of people ready to believe the lies about other people, eager and willing to assert their dependence on the one idea, the one authoritarian concept that would reduce their own thinking to zero. Well, he knew that now, and it was worth knowing.

It is a pleasure to string together quotations on this theme, and there are some very good ones available. In some instructive paragraphs in *How We Might Win the Hot War and Lose the Cold* (a paper circulated by Acts for Peace), Charles Osgood argues that wars are simply the final development of a "bogeyman" pathology:

It can be shown, in retrospect, that we have produced bogeymen in every past war—the Simon Legree of the Civil War, the murderous Santa Anna of the war with Mexico, the Kaiser of World War I, the cruel, buck-toothed Jap of World War II. Of course, there may be elements of truth in these images, Adolf Hitler being a case in point, but the question before us is the Russian bogey and its validity.

What are the dynamics of bogey-building? First, we have the focal belief that WE are good, pleasant, kind, honest, fair, noble, and so on; in the ordinary use of terms, as they apply to everyday interactions with friends and neighbors, this is a necessary and generally valid belief. We are opposed to THEY; ALLY is opposed to ENEMY. Since the Russian Communists have been clearly identified as

our enemy, psycho-logic dictates that RUSSIANS must be bad, unpleasant, cruel, dishonest, unfair, bestial, and so on—the opposites of properties we attribute to ourselves. But then we have groups of visiting Russians in our homes and on our farms—we find them friendly, interesting, and in many ways just like us; our own tourists return from Russia with reports of how friendly, helpful, cultured and sincere the Russians were—what jolly camaraderie there was with Russian friends in the restaurants and so on. This puts the attitude system under stress again—how can RUSSIANS be unpleasant, unfair, and bestial and yet at the same time be friendly, helpful, and just like us? The typical resolution—and one familiar to researchers on human thinking—is to break the concept RUSSIAN into two parts and assign the conflicting traits to the different parts. It is THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE who are really friendly, kind, and just like us, whereas it is THE RUSSIAN LEADERS who are the bad, dangerous, cruel, and unpleasant fellows. Fortunately, for the preservation of our crude mental maps of the complex world, we are less likely to have personal contact with these bogeymen. It may be noted in passing that such dynamics foster the hope, held out by many commentators, that the good RUSSIAN PEOPLE must soon overthrow the bad RUSSIAN LEADERS. This has been a dominant theme of "The Voice of America." No doubt the Russian man in the street wonders why the good AMERICAN PEOPLE just like him have not yet begun the revolution against their bad CAPITALIST LEADERS!

In a lecture presented at the University of Florida in January, 1961, Carl Rogers transfers the same factors from the area of sociology to that of philosophy, showing why we are susceptible to bogeymen in the first place:

Because the usual adult has relinquished the locus of evaluation to others, and has lost touch with his own valuing process, he feels profoundly insecure and easily threatened in his values. If some of these conceptions were destroyed, what would take their place? This threatening possibility makes him hold his value conceptions more rigidly, or more confusedly, or both. I believe that this picture of the individual, with values mostly introjected and held as fixed concepts which are rarely examined or tested, is the picture of most of us. By taking over the conceptions of others as our own, we lose contact with the potential wisdom of our own functioning, and we lose confidence in ourselves. Since these value constructs are often sharply at variance with

what is going on in our own experiencing, we have in a very basic way divorced ourselves from ourselves, and this accounts for much of modern strain and insecurity. This fundamental discrepancy between the individual's concepts and what he is actually experiencing, between the intellectual structure of his values and the valuing process that is going on unrecognized within him—this is a part of the fundamental estrangement of modern man from himself. And this, as everyone knows who has undertaken any counselling, is one of the major problems for the therapist—this is one of the commonest problems that people bring.

A principal value of the foregoing analysis by Dr. Rogers is its demonstration, in scientific terms, of one of the *mechanisms* of ethics. Honesty is a name for consistency between thought and act, between intellectual and emotional processes of evaluation. Investigation of this sort gets at the root of the major psychological problems of our time.

COMMENTARY AFTER FIVE YEARS

PAUL WIENPAHL, who heads the philosophy department at the University of California in Santa Barbara, in 1956 gave an all-university lecture which some of his hearers found inspiring, others upsetting. A MANAS editor had the good fortune to obtain Dr. Wienpahl's permission to abridge the manuscript of his talk and it appeared in MANAS for June 13 of that year. Now, in the perspective of the five years since, the observations of this paper seem extraordinarily prophetic of ideas and attitudes which, by increasing expression in a number of quarters, declare a fundamental philosophical awakening in our time. No man can "duplicate" another man's seminal thinking, but each is able to plumb the same depths in himself, returning with essentially the same report on the realities apprehended. In evidence of a new psycho-philosophical consensus, we this week reprint Dr. Wienpahl's "Unorthodox Lecture" without change.

A paragraph in Erich Fromm's recent *Daedalus* paper on unilateral disarmament clearly belongs to the discussion in this week's Review. In the following passage, Dr. Fromm shows that when we suspect the sanity, or the character, of *anyone* without adequate reason, we are, at that time, ourselves somewhat insane:

The question of the leaders' and the people's sanity leads to another consideration which affects us as much as it does the Russians. In the current discussion on armament control, many arguments are based on the question of what is *possible*, rather than on what is *probable*. The difference between these two modes of thinking is precisely the difference between *paranoid* and *sane* thinking. The paranoiac's unshakable conviction in the validity of his delusion rests upon the fact that it is logically possible, and so, unassailable. It is logically possible that his wife, children, and colleagues hate him and are conspiring to kill him. The patient cannot be convinced that his delusion is *impossible*; he can only be told that it is exceedingly *unlikely*. While the latter position requires an examination and evaluation

of the facts and also a certain amount of faith in life, the paranoid position can satisfy itself with the possibility alone. I submit that our political thinking suffers from such paranoid trends. We should be concerned, not with the possibilities, but rather with the probabilities. This is the only sane and realistic way of conducting the affairs of national as well as of individual life.

CHILDREN ... and Ourselves

BADEN-POWELL

ONE of the high peaks in the San Gabriel range overlooking Los Angeles was long ago named for the Father of Scouting—Sir Robert Baden-Powell. It is a peak to climb, until recently rather difficult to reach and comfortably lonely. To the hitherto untutored present writer, the association of the "Boy Scouts" with this quiet height seemed a bit beyond the call of duty: one is never able to be comfortably lonely in the mountains when dozens of Scouts are about. There are so many of them, and they descend on all sorts of places by the truckload during the summer and on weekends during the school year. Mountain lovers and Forest Service men understandably cringe at these onslaughts—the former because the wide open places suddenly sound like Westlake Park on a crowded Sunday afternoon, the latter because of the little hatchets which come with the little people, and because separated Scouts, or even groups, have frequently been known to get "lost." (The only quietly appreciative bunch of Scouts we have personally encountered in the mountains in many long years was an all-Negro group—these children needed no Supreme Court decision to help them "integrate" with natural wilds.)

Yes, we have been prejudiced against the Scouts, and still are, so far as the least desirable characteristics of the outfit go: A child needs quiet to appreciate the mountains. He needs companionship, but when he needs it, it should be in small doses rather than job lots. And he doesn't need a uniform or standardized equipment. But the Scouts have a fine lineage nonetheless, as we recently discovered by way of a *Manchester Guardian* review of a book on the life of Robert Baden-Powell.

This is how "Scouting" started:

It all began on Brownsea Island in 1907, and thereafter the formula scarcely altered: a remote wooded countryside, some bell tents, and a group of

boys in flannel shorts and rudimentary uniforms inspired by a national hero with a vision. He roused the boys at 6 a.m. with a kodo horn he had captured in Matabeleland and at the end of each strenuous day of tracking and scouting yarned to them round the camp fire. What boy could resist it? The success of the movement was immediate and remarkable, and today there are some nine million Boy Scouts of all races and creeds.

The book from which the *Guardian* reviewer condenses some of the most interesting aspects of Scout background is a recently published "official history"—*B.P.'s Scouts*, by Henry Collis, Rex Hazlewood, and Fred Huril. Much attention is apparently given, and rightly so, to the colorful history of Baden-Powell himself. B.P. was a British military hero of 1900, the redoubtable warrior who raised the siege of Mafeking. And so military appeal—or at least the appeal of the once proudly waving banners of British imperialism—colored the Scout movement from the outset. Yet B.P. himself was far from being a militarist by temperament. We find this paragraph from the *Guardian* review of particular interest, and in reading it come to be much more kindly disposed towards the naming of our virile, independent-looking mountain peak:

There are hints in this book that he [Baden-Powell] fell foul of the brass hats of his time, and that the "damnable notoriety" (as he called it) acquired through his defence of Mafeking was of little benefit to his military career. The old charge of "militarism" cannot be sustained, for he was too much of an individualist ever to be able to accept the rigidity that this implies. He deprecated conventional military exercises for boys, and once, when watching a display of physical drill by the Boys' Brigade, remarked "I would rather see every boy doing as he jolly well pleased." He certainly believed in discipline, but it was self-discipline, and he stamped out excesses in the way of military uniforms, bandoliers, revolvers and so on among the early Scoutmasters. Later on, Scouting was banned both in Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany, for the emphasis on individual responsibility was unacceptable to totalitarian youth movements.

From all of this we hazard a guess that Baden-Powell would today be far more enthused

about the "Outward Bound" movement of strenuous service than by the Scouts. For "Outward Bound" youths have a strong non-military orientation, while at the same time their work encompasses dangerous adventure of a sort few Scouts of today will ever encounter. Above all, even the reading of this brief *Guardian* summary makes it impossible to see Baden-Powell presiding over or even attending a colossal Scout Jamboree—about as far as you can get from encouragement of individual initiative, and from "scouting."

All the same, there are thousands of young men who find a twitch or so of inspiration in the Scouts. Not all excursions are *en masse*, and the often beleaguered Scoutmasters number among them men who love the out-of-doors in a better than stylized fashion. Their influence is undoubtedly felt in a constant pressing for smaller Scout groups, for more imaginative excursions, for a lessening of regimentation, for a determined policy of non-segregation wherever Scouting exists.

The *Guardian* reviewer closes with some incidental observations, among them a note on the fact that only a minority of "Cubs" actually graduate to full Scout status, while few presently remain in the organization after reaching the age of fifteen. Why? Well, perhaps the younger generation instinctively shuns organizational involvement—sensing that they are apt to become "organization men" soon enough as it is. The youths of our time, alarming as many of their attitudes and much of their behavior may be, are at least psychically aware of a need for *lebensraum*. Uniforms are simply not as popular as they were in the 1920's, and neither is Scouting. Davey Crockett gear still makes a big sell when the TV pressure is right, but not even TV pressure can put over armed services garb.

It is pretty hard to sell being "loyal, brave and trustworthy," these days, especially if these virtues come labeled and if the labels are to be pinned onto youth by Father Figures who define them.

Father seldom looks as if he knows what he is doing, and almost never looks as if he knows how to be happy. Stylized moralities have lost whatever appeal they had, along with the uniforms, and doing a good deed for the day, as if it were just like doing push-ups—brother, how square can you get?

Space travel equipment finds a ready market, though, for the kids, just as "going way out" means something to the younger beats. The complicated mechanisms of the political and economic world, the ever-more crowded living and recreation areas, the Miltown parents—and now even grandparents—all these provide natural psychological launching sites for the junior blue yonder.

As for us, we would still rather have our kids become skin-divers than Scouts—because under the water they can do at least a little scouting. But after reading a few things about old Baden-Powell we don't mind the mountain being named for him, any more—he wasn't any "Big Brother" type for children, and he cared nothing about Organization Success.

FRONTIERS

The Press in a Free Society

SOME people seem to think that it is wrong to call our society a Free Society because it is not easy, in our society, for people to do courageous and original things. But it remain true that the base and principle of our society is freedom. If not many people take that base for their foundation and use that principle for their undertakings, the result is society in which courage and originality are made extremely difficult by a general lack of sympathy for these qualities. But they are not made impossible and they will not becoming impossible until the base of our society is changed into something else.

The general set of the situation is well described in a letter to the British Anarchist weekly, *Freedom*, for July 1. Toward the end of a comment on Paul Goodman's *Growing Up Absurd*, the writer says:

In a recent discussion with our philosophy lecturer, who is a libertarian freethinker, he surprised me by announcing that he was now "tolerant," as he put it, of religious people, because he realized that they were not strong enough to live without their private insanity. This was his conclusion from over ten years of teaching at various universities. People cannot face reality—it hurts too much. Yet if these people cannot throw off their shackles the madness will be reflected in their children and in society as a whole—what do I mean, *will be?*—it is now.

The root cause is that people are not educated for life, they are educated to fit in a maladjusted society. In other words, our teachers make us insane to bear an insane world, those who resist are "pathological." I used to think only some people were mentally sick, now I begin to see nearly everyone is. How does one approach these mental deformities and cripples? How do you communicate to their world? One cries out *mugs, morons, idiots* and is at once a snob. As Alexis Ferm says, "It is so difficult to know where and how to place your energy so that it will be of some avail, will accomplish something of value." How does one free the brainwashed? Can it be done?

It is good to find anarchists raising such questions, since anarchists will never propose the

seizure of political power as a means of compelling the "mentally sick" to recover from their ills. (The matter of whether religion is a "private insanity" may be let go, as this is really a question of what is meant by religion.)

We think of two books which speak directly to these questions: Edmond Taylor's *Richer by Asia* and Erich Fromm's *The Sane Society*. *Richer by Asia* (1947) is a thoughtful study of the problem of what the author calls "cultural delusions"—the delusions common to nations in the grip of nationalist emotion. Getting outside the delusions and speaking from that stance is obviously one means of trying to communicate to those who are under their influence. Dr. Fromm, as a professional psychologist, practices the same art in a wider context of diagnosis.

Books, however, are a slow-acting therapy. There are not enough such books and other means are needed. This brings us to the press. We need a new press, a better press. We need a press which is courageous and original and not afraid to go broke. There are now three monthly newspapers in the United States which have made a start in this direction. These are Lyle Stuart's *Independent*, 225 Lafayette Street, New York 12, \$3.00 a year; Burton Wolfe's *Californian*, 1005 Market Street, San Francisco 3, \$5.00 a year; and M. S. Arnoni's *Minority of One*, P.O. Box 544, Passaic, New Jersey, \$5.00 a year.

A superficial comment would be that these papers are examples of vigorous, one-man journalism. The comment would be true enough, but the important quality these papers have in common is their unfiltered, non-institutionalized devotion to the truth as their editors see it, and they see remarkably well. The papers no doubt transmit some of the idiosyncrasies and special interests of their editors, but what of that? It is fairly obvious that these papers were all started because of the determination of their founders to have channels of unhampered communication to the public. The amazing thing is that they have been able to do it at all. We could briefly identify

these papers as to content and orientation, but it would be far better for readers to write for sample copies, and better yet, to subscribe, since it is quite impossible to appreciate their importance and value from dull summarizing phrases.

Do these papers have biases? We suppose they do. What paper does not? But "bias" is the negative aspect of convictions. It would be better to say that the editors of these papers express convictions which have been formed out of intellectual and moral considerations and which have absolutely no relation to the incentive of making money. If there are biases, they are biases of human interest, not acquisitive interest. These editors have the honor of proving that the United States is still entitled to call itself a free society. They may work themselves into an early grave supplying this evidence, but they are doing it.

Not all the therapists are working with people lying on couches. Actually, the psychotherapists can't do very much about helping people get over their cultural delusions until new forms of journalism set going fresh, strong currents of honest opinion in the country, to provide the milieu for cultural sanity. Sanity is not being eternally "right," it is a way of coming to conclusions. All an editor can do is make a public exhibition of certain processes of sane deliberation and conclusion-drawing. For the reader who cares about his own sanity and the sanity of his countrymen, this exhibition can be one of the most exciting experiences in his life.

Take for example the closing paragraphs of an article by Lyle Stuart in the June *Independent*. The title of the article is "The Lies We Live By," and in it Mr. Stuart reviewed dozens of instances of misrepresentation to the American public of the facts of current history. You need to read the whole article to get the full impact of the common sense which comes at the end, but the latter is all we have room for:

The fact is that the United States and the Soviet Union are in a power struggle, not a moral conflict;

and that to gain popular support we camouflage our power interests in a moral sheath.

In Russia last year I also heard some "arrogant certainties" that were nonsense. "How long are your breadlines?" people asked constantly. Few believed that American tourists were anything but capitalists—"how else could they afford the trip?" The Russians too wrap themselves in absolute virtue while clothing us in absolute vice. They explain away such evils as the purge trials or forced labor with the shocking glibness that these were momentary aberrations by a leader who became a momentary megalomaniac—and that they are exaggerated anyway. But their picture of us is one of Negroes being lynched daily, of insecurity and permanent unemployment, of a few rich and an overwhelming mass of poor. The national ego in both countries seems to demand—and receive—a set of lies to buttress its policy.

The first casualty of war, someone once said is truth. And that is as true of cold, as of hot, war. The cold war, in fact, would not be possible if it were not for the lies that surround it.

It is significant that a nation like Yugoslavia, which has withdrawn from the cold war, has dramatically altered its estimate of both great powers. It can see some of the virtues in the Western world, particularly in the mixed economies of Scandinavia. In a series of ideological talks with the Norwegian Labor Party, the Yugoslavian theoreticians have conceded that "their" road to socialism is as valid as the Yugoslav road. It sees progressive features in the welfare state—even in the United States.

Before there can be any amelioration of the cold war, both we and the Russians must shed the lies we have lived by for a decade and a half. It isn't necessary to conclude that communism is the "good" system, while capitalism is a hopelessly "bad" one; or vice versa. We ought, however, to be able to judge each country and each event on its own merits. We ought to be as free and fair in condemning our own shortcomings and those of our allies, as we are in accusing the communist nations. We ought not to cover up for dictators like Franco, Rhee, Chiang, Trujillo, Somoza, etc., just because they are on "our side."

We need, above all, a new look at communism. It isn't enough to condemn its totalitarian features and to shout from the housetops that "we will never permit communism in the western hemisphere"—as President Kennedy did in his State of the Union message.

Communism has filled a vacuum that the western powers themselves have created. It is a *derivative* of hunger, disease and poverty. So long as we refuse to support those revolutions in underdeveloped countries against such social ills they will tend toward the Soviet orbit. If the communist world expands, it is only because we are attempting to impose our status quo on our so-called "free world."

And to the extent that we are status-quo oriented and militaristic, the communist world itself will have difficulty in moving toward political democracy. Russia, after all, is rapidly becoming a "have" nation, subject to grand pressures from within for democratic freedoms. But the democratic elements behind the iron curtain can not easily prevail so long as there is the danger of war or the necessity of taking sides in every new national revolution.

Barren anti-communism, based on arrogant certainties, only aids dogmatic communists like the Chinese and makes peace impossible. Statements like those of Mr. Wadsworth that we *can* trust the Russians in nuclear test talks and disarmament negotiations are an important step in the right direction and must be studied and understood. It is not because the Soviets are moral or immoral that they can be trusted, but because their national self-interest demands that they work for disarmament.

That is also our national self-interest. The first step in achieving our purposes, however, is to jettison the pattern of lies we have lived by for so many years.

Lyle Stuart wants no more than any of us to live in a Communist-dominated totalitarian society, but the prospect of living in a blindly militarist capitalist society is little better. No one can predict the result of an honest effort toward impartiality, such as he has attempted, but it is reasortable to think that it might create the conditions under which peace would begin to seem, not only overwhelmingly desirable, but entirely possible.

The *Californian* has made uniquely clarifying contributions to such major national issues as the Chessman case, the House Un-American Activities Committee hearings in San Francisco and the distortions in the film, *Operation Abolition*, and censorship by the commercial press. *Minority of One* maintains vigorous comment on a wide variety of public affairs and

has recently printed in installments W. H. Ferry's essay, "A Case for Unilateral Disarmament."