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THE IMAGE OF THE HERO

WE are in the midst of a leaderless revolution—a situation which is bewildering to the revolutionists as it is to everyone else. It is not only that the revolution has no leader, but that no one can imagine what an acceptable leader would be like.

What is a leader? He is a man in the heroic mold. He is someone to follow, a man whose organization you want to join. He is the man who sees over the heads of the multitude, who understands what needs to be done to make men free. He has a kind of supernatural stature from the devotion of those who trust and support him. He is Spartacus and he is George Washington. He is Stenka Razin and he is Nicolai Lenin. He is Toussaint L'Ouverture and Fidel Castro. He is also an unbelievable anachronism, today.

We have a considerable debt to Kirk Douglas for helping us to see this point. A couple of years ago Mr. Douglas went all-out to produce what he hoped would be a film of living significance to the human spirit. He made Howard Fast's story of Spartacus into a motion picture. He let it be known that the film was a labor of love. He cast it with Hollywood's best, and himself, justifiably, in the title role. He gave fat parts to Charles Lawton, Lawrence Olivier, and Tony Curtis. Nothing, however, could have saved that picture, which turned out to be a cliché from start to finish (except for scenes between Douglas and Woodrow Wilson Strode, and the titles by Saul Bass). Spartacus set out to lead good men and true in a war of the right organization against the wrong organization. We are not prepared to say that never in human history has the right organization won a battle for mankind against the wrong organization. We do not say that Spartacus was not a brave, good, and self-sacrificing man who dreamed worthily and fought mightily for his vision of a free society. We say that his story can now arouse only nostalgic emotions. His struggle makes a fine pageant, but only a pageant. It lacks the dramatic elements that speak to our condition.

But now Mr. Douglas has produced another picture with an entirely new image of the hero—*Lonely Are the Brave,* which is based on Edward Abbey's paperback yarn, *The Brave Cowboy.* This book (and the film) is the story of a man who has no organization, wants none, and would get rid of it if he had one. As a reviewer in *Freedom,* the London anarchist weekly, says:

> In the tradition of the West he remains true to his own standards, is patient with the vengeful until made to fight, unafraid of the bully and restrained in his vengeance when his own turn comes, but above all he values his freedom, values it even above love. This is the great virtue of the Western hero, he is not afraid to be alone.

According to Douglas, *Lonely Are the Brave* is a continuation of *Spartacus.* Maybe so. Spartacus wasn't afraid to be alone, either, but he couldn't do what he set out to do without a big organization. The Brave Cowboy could and did. Both of them get killed, but with this difference: Spartacus is killed by the bad guys, but the Brave Cowboy is struck down by a "senseless, unreasonable . . . accident that is not just or unjust, simply death brought about by entanglement in the blind, brutal machine of modern life."

Who are the leaders today? We don't have any—none, that is, who are cast in the familiar heroic mold. There are the old men and the boys. There is Bertrand Russell in Britain and the somewhat less old A. J. Muste in the United States. There are the young men who go limp when the police start to arrest them. What kind of "heroes" are these?

In Washington, D.C., last May, four people were jailed for breaching the peace of the nation's

capital. They stood silently outside the White House grounds wearing black arm-bands on which were printed in white letters the words, "Bomb Tests Kill People." They just stood there and wouldn't "keep moving" when the police told them to. The offenders were Florence Carpenter, aged sixty-nine; Pearl Ewald, aged sixty-eight; Wilmer Young, aged seventy-four, and Lawrence Scott, practically a boy of fifty-three. All but Scott, who was a previous offender, got suspended sentences, but they turned up the next morning with their arm-bands and their silence in front of the White House. The judge sentenced them again, but revoked the punishment saying he did not like to keep old people in jail. They went home and wrote the judge a letter explaining that they were going to do it again. The judge disqualified himself and a woman judge presided at their next arraignment. They would not promise to desist and so the judge gave them twenty days. The lady on the bench, according to a *Nation* writer, reproved the offenders "in a voice such as one would use for a frightened puppy," speaking to "four people whose unabashed gentleness was awesome."

Some heroes!

Maybe we don't need any heroes. We certainly don't need any people who respond with eagerness when someone yells, "Come on, gang, let's go!" Where are you going to go?

But we do need a revolution. Harvey Wheeler set the problem a few weeks ago in a *Nation* article, "The Politics of Eulogy." In his conclusion, he said:

> The chief evil of democracy has always been its alleged tendency to degenerate into mobocracy. But demagoguery and mob action are easy to detect: they involve emotionalism, impulsiveness and headlong political recklessness. There are reassuringly few such elements in American politics. We are, as Samuel Lubell soothingly assures us, a nation of moderates. But here is the strange thing about a mass, bureaucratized, democratized culture such as ours; each of its institutions (its mass media, its politics, its economics, its foreign policy, its cities) reveals policies which, considering their substance, look the same as what would have been produced by an uncontrollable demagogic mob. Yet our political setting is one of moderation and tranquility.
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> Millions of American citizens who are good to their families and who live lives of immaculate propriety, quietly and unemotionally assent to public actions which at any time in the past could not have acquired support short of the psychology of the lynch mob. With complete equanimity, we quietly agree to television programming, frantic industrial-style obsolescence, nuclear testing and armaments policies which betray all of the marks of mob excitement—except that the actual mob scene is no longer necessary to achieve the results of mob action. Our mass, bureaucratized institutions, together with our ritualistic democratic forms, have produced the politics of the moderate mob. And this is the main reason that the Left is reconsidering its traditional faith in the democratic ideology.
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> The trouble, however, is not with the *substance* of the democratic ideology, but rather with its restriction to meaningless electoral forms. For in one sense, any democratic government must try to manipulate its people, which means that it constitutes a potential threat to democracy. A government may be formed through meticulous adherence to democratic procedures and yet devote itself to extensive secret policing, restriction of civil rights, nuclear irresponsibility and callously inhuman foreign policies. Our failure is that we have not produced a democratic culture to match and control our electoral machinery.

If Mr. Wheeler is right in his diagnosis, and we think he is, the last thing we need is "heroes" of the conventional sort. Instead, we need people who will start in doing what every single human being can do—begin to practice some kind of responsible individuality of his own. This is the essence of democratic culture. It is the life which the rights and liberties of the political form of our society were invented to protect.

At Fort Detrick, near Frederick, Maryland, the U.S. Army Chemical Corps has a biological warfare research center. In 1959, Lawrence Scott, one of the four jailed recently in Washington, D.C., conceived the idea of holding a vigil outside of Fort Detrick. Preparing for germ warfare seemed to him and many others a ghastly

thing for human beings to be doing. When General Oakes, of Fort Detrick, said that he was "preserving" Lawrence Scott's freedom, Scott replied that he was preserving his own freedom by exercising it. It was about the most pertinent thing he could have said.

As usual, literature and the drama are way ahead of politics and statecraft. In modern fiction you have the utopiain-reverse and the anti-hero, and in drama you have the actionless play. These are works which are addressed to the people who still say, "What can one person do?" They are works which hold up to such people signs which say, "This is your life."

The anti-utopian novelists and the no-action dramatists will get their message across because they are telling the *truth*. It is part of the same truth that J. D. Salinger gave to Holden Caulfield, that the beat generation put of record, and that the vigilers and no-more-war people around the world are repeating in whatever words they can find.

To have legitimate heroes, you have to have believable good guys and bad guys. Who is the worst bad guy of modern times? Well, the one that has been dramatized the most in recent years was Adolf Eichmann. What kind of a bad guy was Eichmann? He was a virtuous bookkeeper, an obedient organization man. He certainly wasn't any fallen angel, heroic in evil. In executing him, the Israeli Government didn't do much more than accomplish a token condemnation of the system of which Eichmann was an ignominious symbol. Who were the heroes of the same struggle in which Eichmann figured? Some people may offer General Patton, but our choice is Claude Eatherly, the man who gave the go-ahead signal for the atom-bombing of Hiroshima, and a little later for the destruction of Nagasaki. What happened to Eatherly after the war is now fairly well known. He was a hero who wouldn't stay in character. His life since 1945 is the subject of a book, *Burning Conscience,* by Gunther Anders, with a preface by Bertrand Russell and a foreword by Robert Jungk, published by the Monthly Review. Eatherly explains his conduct—which has landed him in jail and in mental hospitals—as his way of shattering "the 'hero image' of me, by which society has sought to perpetuate its own complacency." In his review of the Anders book in the *New Republic* (June 11), Alan Levy concludes:

> Adolf Eichmann, whose achievements in mass murder dwarfed those of the *Enola Gay's* crew [the *Enola Gay* carried the atom-bomb], held to the end that he "was merely a little cog in the machinery that carried out the directives and orders of the German Reich." His lawyer contended that Eichmann bore no more responsibility than the man who doomed Hiroshima. But Claude Eatherly would not have it that way. In a twisted, mocking way, the Texan shouldered responsibility which nobody says is his.

Well, if those were the two sides in the war between the good guys and the bad guys the last time, what will the next line-up be? The people who have the misfortune of being born in the country which gets to be the wrong side in that war will send its youngsters into training as Eichmann's understudies—you don't really suppose that the defeat of the Nazis put a final end to genocide, do you?—while the country of the good guys will have the opportunity to train its high school students to follow in the footsteps of Claude Eatherly.

Actually, the choice of hero-type careers for good guys is somewhat wider than this would suggest. In *Liberation* for last January, David Dellinger wrote in an editorial column of Eatherly, and then branched out:

> The American press has been revealingly silent about Eatherly. We hear more about the triumphs of Werner von Braun, who is now doing for the Pentagon, on a more devastating scale, what he formerly did for Hitler, than of the tortured apostasy of Eatherly. The same week that Eichmann was condemned to die James Wechsler, of the New York *Post,* picked up a story from a Canadian magazine that told of Eatherly's escape some months earlier from the Waco insane asylum. His whereabouts are unknown and Wechsler speculates that somewhere in some obscure bar Eatherly may be trying to tell his story to some skeptical drunken companion. My

> acquaintance with two other victims of war led me to speculate along different lines. I refer to two war heroes who served in World War II under the office of Strategic Services, parachuting behind enemy lines and carrying out strategic murders and acts of demolition and sabotage. After the war they were psychologically unable to abandon the life of adventure, danger, and high pay to which they had become accustomed. For sixteen years they have been employed by various branches of the government, occasionally by American corporations with foreign holdings, to continue their work of strategic murder and sabotage. One of them told me that he kills with everything from piano wire and his bare hands to conventional weapons. They are part of the "paramilitary" operations which President Kennedy said must play an increasingly important role in the New Frontier, since, as he put it, "It is the soft societies that perish." Both men have been used in the campaign to overthrow the Cuban revolution.

Returning to Eichmann and Eatherly, Dellinger continues:

> The dramas of these two men revolve around their responses to the social ethics of their day when each was asked to participate in the incineration of millions of his fellows. (The toll in Nagasaki and Hiroshima was but a fraction of the total burned alive by American and British saturation bombing of the cities of Europe and Japan.) The challenge to each of us today is that *our* "leaders" are asking *us* to participate, actively or by discreet silence, in preparations to incinerate far greater numbers of our fellows. Eichmann stands condemned for being anti-Semitic. Will we who condemn him accept the role prepared for us of being anti-human? Or will we, while there is perhaps still time, understand what Eatherly understood too late—that no "patriotic duty," timidity, or opportunism can justify us in cooperating, either actively or by the moderation of our opposition, in this madness.

The trouble with thinking of action in terms of getting behind a leader is the trouble of the man who counts up the leader's followers as part of the process in making his decision. Without thinking much about it, he decides whether or not an idea is a good one by measuring the support that exists for it at the time. This is like saying that the "true" ideas are the ones you can win with—that will carry you to political victory.

But to practice the democratic culture Harvey Wheeler was talking about, it is necessary to strip every idea of the political pressures, either for or against, which surround it, and to weigh its values for yourself. Only a little of this practice will weaken the habit most people have of identifying instinctively with mass opinions because they are "safe" and unlikely to be criticized.

The fact of the matter is that the millions of "nice people" who go along, as Mr. Wheeler says, with "the politics of the moderate mob," if they could be transported to a culture with wholly peaceful mores, would soon come to regard talk of nuclear bombing as maniacal immorality. They would express absolute horror at opinions they now permit themselves to hold. Leadership will not help these people. They are the victims of leadership. They have simply the need to become individuals in the human and democratic meaning of the term.

Letter from **AFRICA**

ABIDJAN.—"The French export their culture, while we export our muddle." My English friend, long resident in West Africa, said this quite without bitterness, but in so doing he put his finger on a characteristic of French Africa, if not, indeed, a characteristic difference between the French and English themselves.

I was told this morning, by a diplomat who has served his (Western) country here for nearly two years, that in the upper levels of the Cote d'Ivoire government service the French outnumber the Ivoiriens by about two to one. There are said to be 1,262 Frenchmen in posts of that slice of the public service from secondary school teachers up to Ministers holding major portfolios such as Finance. (The Minister of Finance is in fact from Martinique—not the less French, for all that.) While all these men are not specifically seconded by some Paris office, they form, as a group, a sort of colonial service, and it is said that each would be likely, if dispossessed in Abidjan, to turn up in some similar post under French influence elsewhere. But this is a contracting world. The past is theirs. The future belongs to the Africans.

The future, yes. The puzzling thing is the present. To whom does this country belong, *now.?* There is an air of quiet, almost of waiting. Black drivers of cars are cautious, polite, careful: there is none of the roaring abandon of the Arab world or of the wild and sometimes joyous clumsiness of Freetown. One almost asks, "What are these people afraid of?"

Yesterday I had an interview with one of the senior Ministers of the Government of Ivory Coast. He is a man with a definite presence: big, very black, neatly and conservatively dressed, dignified, extremely handsome, highly intelligent, well-educated, a good listener and a shrewd and clear answerer of questions. I came away with solid confidence in his purpose, his ability and his integrity. Only one thing worried me: he kept referring to me as "Excellency." Now if there is one thing I am not, in my ancient and rumpled dacron-and-cotton, it is "Excellency," and he knew it. What goes on, here?

Outside my hotel, on the vast, open bank of the lagoon, there is a collection of rough tables and rickety benches beside which, over a fire on the ground, steams a sizeable pot. For a good part of the day there is a considerable crowd of local people about, and a lot of spoons and tin bowls are in use. There is no protection from the broiling equatorial sun; after lunch people go off and lie down, handkerchief or forearm over face, for a nap.

Yesterday, to get out of this same sun between appointments, I went into a decent but not at all exceptional looking sort of open-air bar. There was some question about a non-alcoholic drink, but presently I was in conversation with the pleasant young French girl in charge, while a skinny black boy swept the floor. Did she like it here?—yes, climate much better than Paris—some meaningless few minutes of this sort. Then—did she have many black customers? "Well, not very many, really. The level is just a bit high for them, you see." So saying, she cheerfully charged me 55 cents for my small bottle of Schweppe's tonic water, and I staggered off to my next appointment.

This contrast is intentionally sharp, but it is not overdrawn. There are two levels of life here, purposefully, carefully organized and controlled. The export of French culture is the export of French things, habits, language, manners. It replaces local cultural currency, and aims to do so without leaving a trace of the old ways. Precisely as the French colonial officers brushed aside the chiefs and tribal organization, replacing them with an operating French system, so have French habits been set up as a norm and a goal. I can't think, on the evidence of Abidjan, that there is very much genuinely African left. It will be interesting to see to what degree this observation holds up with experience, and to what degree these two levels of life approach each other as independence grows toward maturity.

ROVING CORRESPONDENT

REVIEW
PHILOSOPHICAL RESPECT FOR RELIGION

THERE is a difference, we think, between the "tolerance" currently accorded to visible institutional religion by many psychologists, and the genuine respect for spontaneous religious vision accorded by others. To say that it takes all kinds of faiths to fit the personal predilections of all kinds of men is one thing; to say that the greatest religious traditions mirror fundamental truths about human aspiration is quite another. The sort of treatment accorded great religious teachers by philosopher Karl Jaspers in *The Great Philosophers* (English translation, Harcourt, Brace & World, 1962) is an excellent example of the latter attitude.

The first section of this book is titled "The Paradigmatic Individuals." It is Prof. Jaspers' intention to show that such men as Socrates, Buddha and Jesus were *inspirers*—not founders of religious sects—and that what they possessed in common may touch the heart of every man. (A distinction is here suggested between religio-philosophy as embodied by heroic thinkers, and religions as partisan fragmentations of the idea of spiritual realization.) Prof. Jaspers gives his reasons for considering these "paradigmatic individuals" from a philosophical point of view:

> Religion in the sense of Church ritual and dogma is not essential to their being. They are a historical reality that makes demands on philosophy and organized religion alike and rejects any claim to exclusive ownership by either philosophy or religion. Philosophy may merely claim the right to derive inspiration from the experience of these great men and from their personal reality.
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> Originality and a life at their own risk, without any preexisting community to support their actions—these are common to all. All became models for mankind without setting themselves up as examples (the "I am the way, the truth, and the life" of the Gospel of St. John was surely not spoken by Jesus). But they became models; though the immensity of their being could never be adequately stated in law and idea, they set their stamp on humanity. And it was only then that men transformed their images to the point of deification.
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> For philosophy they are men. As men they must have their particular traits of character, their limitations; because they are historical, they cannot have universal validity for all. . . . no one can be taken exclusively and alone. Where one of them is absolutized as the one and only truth, it means that believers have divested his image of all natural humanity.

Even in such a naturalistically oriented work as Dr. Robert Lowie's *Primitive Religion* (Universal Library, 1952) we see evidences of a view of Religion in its purest sense as transcending the localizing beliefs of any single religious culture. Prof. Lowie writes:

> Working our way backwards from a particular branch of Christianity, we are still able to recognize some kinship between our faith and that of other monotheistic creeds. When we come to Buddhism, with its theoretical atheism, many of us will be inclined to deny that any doctrine dispensing with the notion of a personal deity can fairly be brought under the same heading with familiar religions. Yet William James, our greatest psychologist, has espoused the view that Buddhism, like Emersonian transcendentalism, makes to the individual votary an appeal and evokes a response "in fact indistinguishable from, and in many respects identical with, the best Christian appeal and response."

While Prof. Lowie, like Jaspers, is not in any sense a conventionally religious man, he believes that a partisan materialism leads the human mind into just as many cul-de-sacs as does partisan religion. He concludes *Primitive Religion:*

> An unbiased view of human history also leads to a revision of the received rationalist program of future progress. We cannot lay down as a uniformly desirable goal that purely intellectual enlightenment which so powerfully stirred the spirits of many worthy thinkers of the last century. As Cornelius has well said, not the acquisition of intellectual insight but the unfolding of human individuality into an harmonious work of art constitutes the supreme and universal human task. Let those whose Divine lies in the pursuit of demonstrable truth pursue their way

unhindered by external obstacles, but let them not foist on others an attitude peculiar to themselves.

Returning to Jaspers' analysis of "paradigmatic individuals":

> The core of their reality is an experience of the fundamental human situation and a discovery of the human task. They speak to us of these things. In so doing they arrive at extreme questions to which they give answers. All of them fulfilled ultimate human potentialities. This is their common ground but it does not make them one. Nor can they be combined into a synthesis of the truth. They are related because they lived and inquired and answered on the basis of human possibilities but they are also distinct individuals. They cannot be pieced together to form a single man who might travel all their ways at once.
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> But this they have in common: in them human experiences and aspirations are manifested in the extreme. What was essential in them will always be essential for philosophy.

The transcendental link between the individual of whatever culture, and whether or not he be among these paradigmatic individuals, regardless of time, place, or religious tradition, is the vision of the hero—as Joseph Campbell puts it, "the hero with a thousand faces." The archetype of the hero is the man fulfilled, the one who has reached "self-achieved submission." Dr. Campbell's version of a central theme in Jaspers' book unites the insights of mythology, religion, and psychology in a manner that indicates that the Great Vision is ultimately one for all mankind:

> The archetypes to be discovered and assimilated are precisely those that have inspired, throughout the annals of human culture, the basic images of ritual, mythology, and vision. The hero is the man or woman who has been able to battle past his personal and local historical limitations to the generally valid, normally human forms. Such a one's visions, ideas, and inspirations come pristine from the primary springs of human life and thought. Hence they are eloquent, not of the present, disintegrating society and psyche, but of the unquenched source through which society is reborn. The hero has died as a modern man; but as eternal man—perfected, unspecific, universal man—he has been reborn. His second solemn task and deed therefore is to return then to us, transfigured, and teach the lesson he has learned of life renewed.

COMMENTARY
DECLINE OF "SPECIES" THINKING

IN any account of the human being, it is obvious that you cannot say much of importance about man without taking into account the fact that he belongs to a great human family. Until very recently, practically all of the scientific studies of man have considered him as a "species," more or less as species of animals are considered in scientific literature.

But now a new spirit is becoming evident. It is being said, directly and by implication, that man is nothing if he is not an individual. The meaning of the human species is that it is a species of *individuals.* This seems to be the dawning realization of contemporary studies.

The new psychology is the fruit of men who are looking at *themselves* in a scientific spirit—impersonally, that is. The growth, the reality, the crisis of *becoming* in human life is an individual process and no investigator, however conscientious, can obtain the faintest hint of these primary aspects of human experience without finding them in himself. And it is fair to say that the scientist who finds these things in himself is also finding them—in a sense—for other men. He lives, that is, a kind of model life.

It is not only psychologists, of course, who are making this contribution. Joseph Campbell, for example, while he writes about myth and religion (see Review), is inescapably discussing the subjective life of every human being, in his *Hero with a Thousand Faces.* The modern dramatists and novelists, the painters and poets, the essayists and the best critics, are all devoting themselves to how people feel from the inside. They are investigating the strictly *human experience.*

We should like to suggest that this orientation in humanistic studies represents some kind of "new start" in human history. It is possible that borrowing from biology the term "mutation" is not too extravagant for a description of this change.

Until quite recently the behavioral sciences—including history—have dealt with man as a "thing." They have given us the view that human beings are not quite real unless they exist in large numbers. According to this view, you can say things about man that are worth saying only if you have a statistically significant sample. The new view is that one man has enough significance in him to reveal fundamental truth about all men. A single man is not a minute sample of "something else" called the human race. A single man in some sense is the human race. Or you could say that every man is an archetype of every other.

Just as "herd" and "species" thinking about human beings has had its consequences in the style and form of human society—consequences leading to totalitarianism in politics, to conformity in social life, to imitation in intellectual life, and to frustration in moral life—so this new thinking may be expected to have consequences, better consequences. At first, the people who deliberately adopt individual ways of living and being will be regarded as strange, eccentric, even foolish. Then, one day, the strength that is in them will begin to be noticed. And this will be followed by the development of a temper of culture that is created by individuals. It will not be like the culture that we have today, because it will have no imitation or conformity in it. It is difficult, in fact, to imagine what such a culture will be like. One thing is certain, however: it will be *free*—filled with the values that the mechanical utopias have all tried to represent but failed even to hint at because they were "species" theories at heart.

CHILDREN
. . . and Ourselves

SOCRATIC EXPERIMENT—SEVENTH GRADE

A SHORT article in the *NEA* Journal for March describes an experiment in teaching philosophy to elementary school students. The author, Peter Crabtree, who teaches seventh-grade "ancient history" in a California junior high school, is evidently one of many young instructors who feel that twelve-year-olds deserve an introduction to the world of *thought,* and that this cannot be accomplished unless they are disabused of the notion that all of the questions that may be asked are answered in books. What Mr. Crabtree did was to write the central Socratic questions on the blackboard—"Philosophy: What is truth? What is justice? Why are we here? What is real?"—because he realized that the figure of Socrates, envisioned by the youngsters as a stationary figure impaled on the butterfly board of history, could not possibly become alive in such a context. The first result of this approach was doubtless to be expected: "Thirty pairs of eyes scanned those words; thirty noses seemed to wrinkle up and my pupils looked like rabbits sniffing at a food they'd never tasted. A ripple of curiosity, uneasiness, tension swept over the class."

Well, some of the members of the class began to offer tentative and, of course, very limited definitions of the words, but first they had to be assured that the term "philosophy" contained a meaning they could comprehend. The first question had to do with the first word on the board:

> "Mr. Crabtree, what's that word?" asked Clementine, her blue eyes bright with something like distrust.
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> "You mean *philosophy?"* I asked innocently. "Oh, philosophy is just asking questions that have been asked for thousands of years. The same questions that bothered the Greeks are the ones that we're still trying to answer today."

As a teacher, Mr. Crabtree found himself embarrassed, mainly because the majority of his students either did not grasp or made fun of the apparently endless discussions which followed the "basic question" innovation. But a minority in the class wanted intensely to continue and improve the discussion. The article continues:

> Many of my own students were becoming weary of the seemingly endless quest although a smaller group was clamoring to continue our discussion.
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> The question was: What to do with the small group of really thoughtful students who wanted desperately to delve into this problem, while the majority of the students were tired of the whole thing? In my efforts to answer this question, I had to probe deeply into my own philosophy of education. I am still not sure that my decision was the right one, but I feel it was the only choice under the circumstances.
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> Ordinarily, in the classroom situation, the brighter group is given extra work and encouraged to forge ahead on their own. It isn't difficult to assign to more able students extra research in encyclopedias or other sources, while teaching the rest of the class concepts they still need to grasp. But what to do when a group of six or eight wants to pursue a problem which requires your constant help (since there are no books containing the answers) and your main obligation, according to prevalent educational theory, is to the majority of the students under your care?
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> My decision was frighteningly simple. Let the majority go ahead on its own, while I give my full time to the minority. Accordingly, I divided the class into the "justice group" and the "Rome group."
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> The justice group would meet on one side of the room, review our debates, and write a report. Just as Plato had recorded what Socrates and his followers had said in dialogue form, so we would record what we ourselves had said. The Rome group would open their books, read the lengthy chapter on Rome, and write a report on that using the questions in the book. I would try to help each group, I told them, suspecting that I could never give individual help to the majority while helping the smaller group with a task which would seem almost impossible for a seventh grader.

Mr. Crabtree was fortunate in that he encountered no puzzled parents who wanted to know why the neighbor's child was reading all

about Rome while his own was still floundering around with the abstract questions raised by Socrates. But whether or no any parental objections developed, the psychological fact remains that there is no adequate way of measuring educational progress and that it is the individual relationship between teacher and pupil which the parent must respect if the most is to be gained from the school situation. In another year, perhaps, some of those who preferred "studying the book on Rome" would change their interests. Perhaps one or more of the original enthusiasts might be distracted from the arguments about the basic questions and not return to them for many years. But what the teacher was doing was real to him and real to the children who participated in this introduction to philosophy.

We have previously reported on the Midtown School in Los Angeles. Further material on the educational thinking practiced in this unusual school is provided in a brochure produced by the founders of the school, Kenneth and Alice Reiner. They suggest that the parents who help their children the most are parents who do not concern themselves in the usual sense with measurable "progress":

> Each of you, as parents, are primarily interested in knowing to what extent the school is affecting your child. To be sure, he has had physical growth, and obviously a degree of intellectual growth as well. (Fortunately, it's almost as difficult to halt a human being's intellectual growth as it is his physical growth between the ages of 2 and 17.) But instead of the reassurance you seek, we must in all fairness tell you that the measurement by any meaningful standard of the overall success a school is achieving with reference to a child's progress is to the best of our knowledge and belief, unascertainable. The overall growth of a child cannot be measured by the type of criteria obtainable in mathematics, an exact science. This is so because the concept of educating the child as a whole human being is so new that there just aren't any known evaluation procedures or stable enough standards to give us the provable answer we often seek and which we think would satisfy us.
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> Now this isn't to say it is impossible to measure the amount of knowledge a person has accumulated in a specific field of learning at a given time. To a limited degree this is possible although quite often the testing process itself produces such sensitivity to the subject matter that the child becomes unduly under- or over-stimulated, and there are numerous other disadvantages as well. In view of the many limitations and inaccuracies of such testing procedures and their potentially harmful effects, are they sufficiently important to warrant the extensive effort and risks involved? When knowledge is becoming obsolete at such an accelerated pace that most of it has to be unlearned in order to relearn the appropriate facts existing at the time of their application, what is the real purpose of such measurements?
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> Our society has become so highly organized that there is a growing tendency to believe that anything and everything can be classified, tabulated, analyzed by computers and related to a standard. But the facts regarding human beings are so complex and unique that, thus far at least, their most important phases—character and growth—cannot be analyzed by even the most capable of statisticians. Therefore, reports of this type seem to us to be of little value except perhaps to some career minded school administrators who wish to demonstrate their prowess; or to defend themselves from the public which has been led to believe in the invincibility of such standards as a result of aggressive sales efforts by manufacturers and designers of school equipment, facilities and other organizational media.

FRONTIERS

Things Going On

NOW being considered by the newly-formed West Coast branch CNVA (Committee for Non-Violent Action) is a peace walk from San Diego to Vallejo (Mare Island), to begin on Hiroshima Day (Aug. 6) and to reach Vallejo about thirty days later. It is expected that a Polaris submarine will be launched at Mare Island some time in September or October, and there may be an attempt to coordinate a major act of civil disobedience with that event. Members of the San Diego Peace Information Center are planning a vigil which could become the starting-point of the walk. Other vigils at key points along the way might be undertaken—at places such as the Rand Corporation in the Los Angeles area, and at Livermore, further north. Persons interested in supporting or participating in this project have been invited to communicate with the West Coast headquarters of CNVA at 2120 Market St., Room 204, San Francisco 14, Calif.

A NEW PLATEAU IN PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDIES

The name chosen for the professional magazine which has been founded to give regular expression to and build up an independent record of the work and reflections of the "self" psychologists—the group most easily identified by naming Dr. A. H. Maslow, of Brandeis University, Clark Moustakas, Carl Rogers, and several others who share a similar orientation in the study of man—is the *Journal of Humanistic Psychology*, the second issue of which is dated Fall, 1961. The magazine comes out twice a year (subscription, $5.00) and is published at 2637 Marshall Drive, Palo Alto, California. The editor is Anthony J. Sutich.

The general scope of the journal is described in an editorial note as including "theoretical and applied research, original contributors, papers, articles and studies in values, autonomy, being, self, love, creativity, identity, growth, psychological health, organism, self-actualization, basic-need gratification and related concepts." These abstractions, while intellectually communicative, fail to convey the impact of a viewpoint in psychology which marks a radical change of orientation in serious scientific studies of man. Rather than attempt to suggest this change with a lackluster summary of our own, we shall quote from one of the papers in the second issue, "History and the Creative Individual," by Clyde E. Curran, of the Claremont Graduate School. Mr. Curran begins with an account of the idea of "culture" as found in the writings of Alfred Kroeber and L. L. Whyte. He finds the definition of culture provided by these men perceptive and extremely useful—he is not concerned with "criticism," exactly, but with examining the characteristic scholarship—and continues with this comment:

> Perhaps the theories of social historians and cultural anthropologists bear the same relation to our age as Darwin's theories did to his. Regardless of how important these theories are, when they become widely dispersed among the population something is lacking. An individual caught within the grip of social disintegration—a person struggling to maintain a hold on that diminishing area of life he may call stable—will find little personal help in principles and conclusions that analyze the over-all social crisis which gives rise to his sense of anxiety. Even if the analysis is correct, the suggested cures are so remote from the individual's control they offer little or no help. The promise that some day an over-all plan will be devised and executed that will tighten the growing abyss between the individual and the social is virtually no promise at all. The hope that the lot of the individual will improve when the impersonal historical forces that shape his destiny are better understood and controlled, is not convincing. The knowledge that the present time is a period when the security required for a healthy life is put in jeopardy by social change appears to be having somewhat the effect upon the present generation as a sick person's realization that he is dying of cancer. The discovery and popularization of the fact that man is a cultural being—that he owes a debt to history for being born into a culture where the tools, ideas and beliefs he makes use of, have undergone a long stage of development—only adds to contemporary Western

man's conviction that he cannot even call his "soul" his own.

By shifting our focus from the abstract concept of the generalized individual to an individual experiencing moral turmoil, it might be said that the perspective of the theoretical anthropologist is being replaced by that of the experimental psychologist. If study is done from either of these viewpoints, then it seems correct to describe this shift as a move from one science to another. . . . Such a change might be called a move from the "conceptual" to the "existential."

This is a fair sample of the mood of several of the inquiries in the second issue of the *Journal of Humanistic Psychology.* The general reader will not feel oppressed by an excess of technical jargon, and he will sometimes experience the delight of encountering qualities of original thinking and daring which are notably present when a new scientific discipline is being born.

HELP FOR DANILO DOLCI

In New York an organization called Friends of Danilo Dolci, Inc., 116 E. 19th St., New York 3, has been formed to support the human reclamation work of the Italian Gandhi in Sicily. Following is a brief account of what Dolci has been doing and how he came to begin these labors:

A decade ago Danilo Dolci, a Northern Italian architect, passed through Western Sicily. Repelled by the squalor and abject poverty he saw everywhere around him, Dolci felt that to turn away would be to reject the elemental human right to life. He resolved instantly to stay in the town he was in to devote his life energies to alleviating this suffering, in concrete, meaningful ways.

Drawn first to the plight of wasted, illiterate, often homeless children, Dolci, with the few friends he could muster, built a shelter school, offering some few of the new generation the possibility of a better future.

But Dolci had few lira of his own to aid other Sicilians whom he saw, in all their despair, as potentially productive and creative people. So he begged from friends near and far for his efforts, knowing that eventual success would depend on government agencies accepting their responsibility.

In a direct attack on chronic unemployment, and intent on shaking the authorities from their apathy, Dolci invented a unique form of the right to strike. He enlisted the local townspeople to rebuild by hand a road vital for bringing produce to market. Long neglected by the authorities, the road was nearly impassable. The entire group was arrested, its leaders jailed. But the subsequent trial stimulated international protest. Such men as Camus, Myrdal, Abbe Pierre, Levi, Moravia and Sartre sprang to Dolci's defense. The court, deferring to public opinion, praised Dolci for his moral position . . . and then sentenced him to jail for trespassing on public property.

From his cell Danilo wrote a stirring exposé of the pitiable condition of the Sicilians. The result, *Report From Palermo,* brought him the coveted Viareggio Prize in 1957. He confounded friends and enemies alike when he accepted the Lenin Peace Prize in 1958 . . . but his decision was in keeping with his belief that social action must transcend politics. That money made it possible for Dolci to build five centers for full employment whose self-help program now stretches to 34 rural communities. After his imprisonment, Dolci also continued to bring the problems of chronic unemployment to the attention of government agencies. When a small child died of starvation and a dam building project, scheduled to provide work and much needed irrigation, was delayed by the government, Dolci led a community hunger strike. While others weakened, Dolci continued to fast—suffering a stroke in the process—until, after ten days, the promised funds for the dam were released.

As Danilo persisted in his struggle for the Sicilians, individuals in Italy, France, Great Britain, Switzerland, Norway, Holland, Germany, and now the U.S.A., learned of his efforts and formed groups to assist him. These "Friends of Danilo Dolci" are dedicated to raise the standard of living in Western Sicily specifically, and in principle, elsewhere.

The task that confronts Dolci: establishing a program to eradicate hunger; stimulate agricultural improvement; bring in preventive medicine; drive against illiteracy and unemployment; arouse the government to responsible action.

The tools: the practical skills of Italian and foreign nurses, teachers, social workers, agricultural

> technicians, regional planners and economists . . . and funds to recruit for and implement the program.
>
> Danilo Dolci has already established the foundations of a strong, realistic program but an enormous effort remains . . .

It is a great pity that the culture of modern civilization is so immature, so uninventive and so passive that it has not yet developed means of general participation in such projects beyond that of giving money. The cash nexus is a basic ill of our civilization, so that we are obliged to submit to its demands in order to give expression to the feelings which are in our hearts. Dolci, however, is making a beginning for other ways of helping:

> With his yet small but determined group, Dolci is using a unique approach in raising the standards of this depressed island. He needs more personnel, and with faith in their coming, he plans to establish a training ground for local as well as international efforts along the same lines. His aims go beyond Sicily—to educating people to helping others to help themselves—through the Sicilian example! Dolci firmly believes that all people have a responsibility to help those less fortunate so that the gaps between are shortened—not widened. His connection parallels that of growing numbers of Americans today, the insistent need to help the people in the depressed areas of the world.

Meanwhile:

> You can begin at once to help the work of this unusual humanitarian grow. The immense task is within the reach of almost everyone: $12 assures a child's basic education for 3 months; $25 his school lunches; $50 seed and fertilizers for an experimental agricultural project, able to lift a family permanently from the brink of starvation; $120 part-sponsorship of a trained staff member—the core of the program. Read Dolci's books, *Report from Salerno* and *Outlaws* (Orion), encourage your library to obtain copies and, join Dolci's vital work with your own contribution.

SWAP INSTITUTION

A curious and apparently promising form of cooperative economic institution has come into existence—The Bank of Interchange, which is a kind of clearing house for a system of barter. There are pamphlets offered free which explain how the system works. Write to the Bank of Interchange, P.O. Box 2003, Alexandria, Virginia. Food, clothing, and other merchandise, and services may be exchanged by this system. Wide support would undoubtedly give opportunity to test the merits of this interesting enterprise, which already has one international connection.