

CROSSING THE LINE

THE humanists and the technologists have one great talent in common: both are extremely good at analysis. After that, unfortunately, the parallel breaks down. For the technologist, when his analysis is complete, turns into a builder, while the humanist becomes a critic who mourns and exhorts. He doesn't know what else to do. Usually, if he attempts to cross the line into a region of rebuilding and construction, he begins to sound like an old-fashioned moralist, and this loses him his audience. There are a lot of reasons, some of them good, why modern man won't listen to moralists. One major complaint is that they never say anything "new." On the other hand, the technologists are always coming up with something new. When you visit the city where you were born, after, say, ten or twenty years of absence, you hardly recognize the place. Everything's new. And if you are an infrequent shopper, a trip through any large store becomes a distracting experience of commercial novelty. "Newness" is virtually the product that is being sold today, a rapid pace of change in material arrangements and trivial conveniences of life having become the superficial status quo. The fury of "production" that follows the analysis of the technologists beats on the periphery of our lives like an invading sea. You wouldn't ever call these pressures "negative," even though a kind of monotony pervades all this positive achievement. It is tiresome success in excess. Yet every once in a while one of the new gadgets turns out to be extraordinarily useful. It's like finding a technological four-leaf clover.

At the same time the analyses of the humanists are indispensable, even if they aren't able to lead us across the line to constructive action. Without the capacity of the humanists to show that the wonderful things done by technology can also be seen, from the stance of

classical humanism, as parading symptoms of moral decay, we would indeed be little more than performers in the nightmares of men like Herbert Marcuse and Jacques Ellul. We would feel just as depressed and hopeless, but have no understanding of what has gone wrong. The humanist diagnosticians of our time (Erich Kahler, Joseph Wood Krutch, and others] are able to list the rising costs in badness of all the "things" we make a career out of enjoying, even if they have no acceptable program for change. Meanwhile Ellul hints that prayer may be the answer, and Marcuse can think of nothing but angry revolution. The basic problem is our lack of knowledge of the way to build when the building materials are human.

There are of course a lot of prescriptions by ex-humanists who imagined they had made a great discovery when they decided that man must imitate the technologists to get anywhere under the conditions of the modern world. How does a technologist proceed? He analyzes his materials, finds out what their properties are—what forces they react to and how they behave under various conditions—and then he makes things out of them. He pushes and pulls, ignites and distills, vaporizes and electrifies them into being. The modern technologist is undeniably a genius at manipulation. He masters his materials and designs what he wants. So it is natural enough for impatient humanists to try to copy the technologists. After all, scientists have for centuries been examining human beings as objects, accumulating a lot of "data," just as they do about everything else in the universe, so these boy Faustus (as Gerald Sykes calls them) concluded that, with the method established and the need urgent, the time had come to make something *really great* out of all this malleable human material. So they pushed and they pulled, and

they developed a lot of expertise and technique in pushing and pulling, but all they really found out is that this method doesn't work. Not with human beings. It will of course move goods, start wars, and tickle people's reflexes, so that it *seems* to work, especially if you push and pull against some line of least resistance; but it never works to any real good. The communists experimented for years, trying to terrorize people into being good men, while Madison Avenue still maintains that the right way is to con them into it, and if you try to decide which is the lesser of these two evils, you have a hard time making up your mind.

Neither of these "ideologies" looks at human beings to find out what they are in themselves: they just try to figure out how to control people's behavior, and in this department a little knowledge can be a dangerous thing. Made into a theory of progress, pushing and pulling people eventually develops a kind of backlash that is hard to trace to its causes. For example there is this terrible impression, gained from somewhere, that assassination is a way of improving the common life. And there are other ominous symptoms which have created a whole, new, learned vocabulary for the social and psychological sciences.

The humanist analysts—we have some good ones—tell us what is wrong in basic terms. Why, then, don't they tell us what to do? The answer may be that they *can't*. The Word seems to be lost. Maybe it got lost because impatient humanists tried to translate it into the language of manipulation.

In his book, *Personal Knowledge*, Michael Polanyi has a section on the art of discovery in science. There is just no way, he shows, for a good discoverer or a good inventor to tell what he does when he discovers or invents. He can give you maxims, but these don't help unless you *feel*, as a result of personal effort and trial, what they mean. A swimming teacher can't teach you much until you get into the water, paddle around, and maybe half-drown a couple of times. Then you

may begin to understand what he says. The only important knowledge, Polanyi maintains, is this *personal* knowledge, and it can't be communicated by one man to another. Only formulas for imitation can be communicated, and an act of imitation is not an act of creation. It is not a distinctively human act, but something animals are capable of.

So no wonder the humanists have trouble in telling us exactly what to do. When they attempt it, they only add to the already numerous company of ex-humanists who claim to be able to save mankind by dehumanizing them *en masse*. It is amazing how easy it is for these people to get grants. They know the language. So did Dostoevsky, but he used it in another way.

We have some choice quotations from two contemporary humanist analysts—both workers in literature. Men who understand literature have always known more than the technologists, and, from Plato on, they have warned against the folly of hoping to generate human values by some kind of manipulation. A man of literature is one who seeks to voice human meaning—to make himself a vehicle of *logos*, of *nous*. He practices the disciplines of mind, which are quite different from the disciplines of matter. A high order of insight may become characteristic of men at home in these disciplines. The American poet, Archibald MacLeish, says, in the July 13 *Saturday Review*:

. . . we, as Americans, we perhaps as members of our generation on this earth, have somehow lost control of the management of our human affairs, of the direction of our lives, of what our ancestors have called our destiny.

It is a sense we have had in one form or another for a long time now, but not as an explicit, a formulated fear until we found ourselves deep in the present century with its faceless slaughters, its mindless violence, its fabulous triumphs over space and time and matter ending in terrors space and time and matter never held. Before that there were only hints and intimations, but they were felt, they were recorded where all the hints and intimations are recorded—in poems, fictions, works of art. From the beginning of what we used to call the industrial

revolution—what we see today more clearly as a sort of technological coup d'état—men and women, particularly men and women of imaginative sensibility, have seen that something was happening to the human role in the shaping of civilization.

Mr. MacLeish now says something that Marcuse and Ellul have already said, but he says it more beautifully, and in a lot less space. "A curious automatism, human in origin but not human in action, seemed to be taking over." Just for the prose:

Cities were being built and rebuilt not with human purposes in mind but with technological means at hand. It was no longer the neighborhood which fixed the shape and limits of the town but the communications system, the power grid. . . . Wildness and silence disappeared from the countryside, sweetness fell from the air, not because anyone wished them to vanish or fall but because throughways had to floor the meadows with cement to carry the automobiles which advancing technology produced first by the thousands and then by the hundred thousands. Tropical beaches turned into high-priced slums where thousand-room hotels elbowed each other for glimpses of once-famous surf not because those who loved the beaches wanted them there but because enormous jets could bring a million tourists every year—and therefore did.

The result, seen in a glimpse here, a perception there, was a gradual change in our attitude toward ourselves as men, toward the part we play in the direction of our lives.

So there is the question of how all these innocences of eager production, these wholesome strivings of energetic people going after what they want, and of enterprising people buying things and selling things—how all this has added up, finally, to the escalating horror of the present.

Mr. MacLeish might have given some attention to this question, since we shall require an answer before we start doing something different, but he turns, instead, to the psychological consequences of what we have done:

Our original American belief in our human capability to manage our affairs ourselves, "govern ourselves," faltered with our failure to control the greatest and most immediate of human dangers. We

began to see science as a kind of absolute beyond our reach, beyond our understanding even known, if it was known at all, through proxies who, like priests in other centuries, could not tell us what they knew.

The novelists held a mirror up to related processes of disillusionment:

What was happening in those years, as the bitterly satirical fictions of the period never tired of pointing out, was that we were ceasing to think of ourselves as men, as self-governing men, as proudly self-governing makers of a new nation, and were becoming instead a society of consumers: recipients—grateful recipients—of the blessings of a technological civilization. We no longer talked in the old way of the American Proposition, either at home or abroad—particularly abroad. We talked instead of the American Way of Life. It never crossed our minds apparently—or if it did we turned our minds away—that a population of consumers, though it may constitute an affluent society, can never compose a nation in the great, the human, sense.

This is a good place to recall that Plato anticipated Mr. MacLeish's thesis effectively in the second book of the *Republic*—where Socrates tells what happens to people who concentrate on being "consumers." Plato, like Mr. MacLeish, was a poet who refused to compile tribal encyclopedias (write advertising copy), and he gave most of his life to wondering out loud what men can do for other men to help them become good. This is not, after all, a neglected subject, although it is a very confusing one to those who think it their patriotic duty to count the blessings of technology. Mr. MacLeish hints at the importance of such inquiries when he observes that from the time "of the renunciation by the university of an intention to produce a certain *kind* of man, shaped by certain models, certain texts—the university's concern with 'man' as such has grown less and less and its concern with what it calls 'subjects' has become greater and greater."

At issue, then, is the systematic neglect of man. The reasons for this neglect are not all bad. A great deal of the attention ostensibly given to man in the past has been fraudulent and partisan, leading to theological tyrannies and religious wars.

But the matter is also extremely difficult—filled with perplexing paradox and ambiguity and requiring, if certain philosophers are to be believed, much personal discipline, and even, possibly, in the end, a rigorous asceticism. Meanwhile, particular knowledge of the external world has plenty of glamor, some intellectual challenge, and no specific moral obligations save for vague humanitarian intentions that can always be deferred. These are the attractions of the scientific and technological program, as contrasted with the pursuit of self-knowledge, the latter being by comparison inexact, exasperating, having already a bad name from religious pretensions, and typically unrewarding when you consider what happened to Socrates and other incautious pursuers of the truth.

The humanist diagnosis, however, proceeds. It is beginning to show, for example, that while philosophical knowledge may seem pretty wispy in itself, it has important side-effects that we can hardly do without. Here, by philosophical knowledge, we mean those riches of mind which become evident to us in great works of literature—in the classics of high religion, the Greek myths and dramas, the Dialogues of Plato, the plays of Shakespeare, and the works of other great poets and writers who forever return us to the fundamental questions of human life. For it is from literature of this sort that we learn that there can hardly be a human life without the active and sustained use of the imagination. Not in "fact," but in imagining, lies the way to salvation. For imagination is both the vision and the practical muscle of man's becoming. Benjamin DeMott, who teaches English at Amherst College, brings this lesson home in an article in the *Summer American Scholar*. His title is "America the Unimagining," and in one place he says:

Commentators by the hundred score the country off for garishness, gross materialism, unspirituality; few focus on the poverty of its conception of growth. Yet that is the fairer target. The nation prates of self-realization, and rests in near obliviousness that my humanness depends upon my capacity and my desire

to make real to myself the inward life, the subjective reality, of the lives that are lived beyond me. The nation feeds itself on rhetoric about "individual rates of progress"—and yet possesses little knowledge, if any, of the steps by which the human being becomes itself, the acts of the imagination on which the achievement of personhood depends.

Think of the cosmic-sized ashcan that would be needed to contain all the rubbish written on education by people without the imagination required to think *anything* important. There are those, for example, who seriously believe that good education is a matter of putting the right people in control of the school boards, and this means that with power you can force the truth into the foreground. Yet an educated man is a man who knows, through and through, that there is no necessary connection between truth and power. Actually, men who seek power in the name of truth should never be permitted even the slightest access to the young—but how are you going to stop them? Not, assuredly, with power. So we resign ourselves to live by power and let self-knowledge go begging. Truth has to take to the streets, and who will look for it there? Well, more, perhaps, of the young than we suppose; they distrust the fancy labels on our institutions of learning.

Mr. DeMott has more to say on the consequences of a failure of the imagination:

And, to repeat, this ignorance or obliviousness is no mystery. Human growth stems from the exercise of our power to grasp another being's difference from within: how can that argument maintain itself among a people convinced of the fundamental sameness of men? As Tocqueville long ago pointed out, the myth of sameness is a keystone in the deep structure of American belief. (Tocqueville's specific point was that the American protest on behalf of "the individual" was rooted in the assumption that all individuals, once free "to be themselves," would desire the same things and feel in the same ways.) And it is a fact that the moral imperative of the imaginative act is rarely proclaimed in American public or cultural life. A black singer invited to a White House conference bursts out in condemnation of the guests for the unreality of their proposals, when the latter are seen in the light of her experience. The

First Lady's eyes moisten. Shaken but proud, she responds that she "cannot understand" the outburst, she has not had the same experience. And in the morning the country's leading newspaper, the *New York Times* salutes the First Lady for her "candor," agrees that the feelings and sense of life of the black community are beyond our imagining, and consigns us to a blank, abstract, useless, uncomprehending pity.

But there is finely tempered comprehension in Mr. DeMott's analysis; after reminding himself and his readers that humanists, too, have been "madly eager" to turn art itself into a "body of objective knowledge" to be mastered for "career examinations," he ends:

The point of substance, in fine, lies beyond accusations or "cultural critiques." It is a matter simply of a general, culture-wide dimming of the lights of inward life, a matter of failed encounters, missed meetings, hands that do not reach out, minds that hear the lock turn in their prison doors. . . . we do the generous thing over and over and invariably do it ungenerously, we see and feel and imagine ourselves to be highly responsible, competent, the solid people of the earth, the independents, the resilient, the unwhiners. And for that idea or vision of ourselves we pay terribly—gouge out our innerness—become less than men.

These are no matters for caucuses and congresses to concern themselves with. Deep questions are always butchered by such gatherings. People ready to look for self-knowledge, to arouse the independent power of imagination, need to be by themselves: by themselves in the sense of not caring to prove anything to anybody or urge a program on others. Inward growth is a private matter, yet there will be no public good without it.

In this, a man has to say to himself, I don't need any experts. It may cost me dear, but I don't want any help. And then he will both give and get help. And then the novelty will come—heaped up, pressed down, and splitting at the sides. For the fresh discovery of old truths always has exciting new aspects, as original as a baby's first smile. The novelties of self-discovery will rush in and absorb all our attention once we stop trying to

influence "other people" because *they* must be persuaded to see the light. You'd think a man never grew into authentic goodness by himself, the way we argue interminably about how it's supposed to be done.

This is the line to which the humanist analysts lead us. It is where their diagnoses end. Blank pages follow, waiting to be filled in.

REVIEW

HABITS AND VALUES

BEFORE the curtain goes up on the opening scene of a new play, there is a rustling wonder of expectation in both audience and cast. Actors are waiting for their entrance cues, and the play-goers are filled with essentially imageless anticipation, although a wild fancy may play little tricks along the margins of possibility.

Then the play begins; the ineffables begin to be finitized in the opening action. Definitions are made; characters are identified; and the shape of a *drama* begins to emerge. For the audience, elements of the familiar now give comforting assurance that the play is going to be understood; yet the undying longing for the unexpected, the wonderful, and the heroic abolition of old confinements, continues in the feelings of the spectators as the plot unfolds.

There is a parallel between these subtle factors of openness to new experience and the cultural impact of a fundamental breakthrough in thought. If we view the modern world in terms of its most obvious preoccupations, the emergence of what is now called humanistic psychology—which began to claim wide attention, say about 1948—was like the opening of a new play. The generalized protagonist brought on the stage a conception of the human being which was both old and new: old, in the sense that it involved the feeling and idea of direct encounter with *self*; new in constituting an open break with the dominant conception of scientific methodology: the habitual insistence on a stultifying "objectivity" toward something which, in principle, can never be objectified—the perceiving awareness in human beings.

What can be said, reliably, about this sort of experience? One thing we are obliged to admit is that even the declaration of the subjectivity of the subject is a kind of objectivization in thought, so that there can never be a "final" way of saying such things. Every time you say it, you have to

break off, so to speak, in mid-air—because there will always be a better way to say it, perhaps in the next ten minutes. Yet there have been great landmark achievements in such declarations—identified as classics of literature, great philosophical poems, and works embodying generated images that cannot be hardened into dogmas because of the intrinsic life that survives in all such portraiture.

The genius of authentic literature is that it always makes the reader aware of the limitation of the written or spoken word and returns him to the subject through an exercise of the moral imagination. It amounts to nothing if it does not accomplish this. So it is that greatness of human expression becomes known only through the consensus of those who, by their own imaginative power, recognize that the artist is returning responsibility to the individual, using the archetypal forms of illusion in a new way in order to create, once again, the similitude of timeless perception.

This is the basic process, and all breakthroughs of thought participate in it, in varying degree.

So, with this for preface, we turn to a recent symposium, *Challenges of Humanistic Psychology*, edited by James F. T. Bugental (McGraw-Hill, 1967; cloth, \$6.95; paperback, \$4.95). This book is a skillfully organized progress report on the general penetration, in professional language, of the restorative and regenerative ideas of humanistic psychology. By means of thirty-four contributions by humanistic writers and psychologists, it illustrates how the fabric and fit of modern psychological thinking have been radically altered by what must be termed a Promethean conception of man. The strength of this idea varies with individual contributions, but its presence is the controlling reality in them all. Diverse backgrounds of thought are brought to this volume by its contributors, who include, for example, Hadley Cantril, Arthur Koestler, Thomas S. Szasz, Colin

Wilson, Charlotte Buhler, Henry Winthrop, Clark Moustakas, Robert Jay Lifton, Carl Rogers, Abraham Maslow, and Ludwig von Bertalanffy.

A conventional review of this material is a practical impossibility. An alternative is to take one contribution which illustrates the basic content of humanistic psychology and let it typify the volume. For this purpose we use the paper by Alvin A. Lasko—"Psychotherapy, Habits, and Values."

The title indicates that far-reaching issues are involved. A good habit is a successful delegation of functional decisions by the being whose primary concern is with values. No one lives without habits—the human body, you could say, is a complex constellation of habits—and when the limited, autonomous intelligence of this organization of biological efficiencies is used to free a man from material detail, the wondering cry of Hamlet applies:

What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!

But when the habits displace or are allowed to define the values, you get a Grand Inquisitor, a jealous Zeus, or a vengeful Jehovah. This comparison is endlessly fertile, but should be drawn with a free imagination, and must be made again and again, or it, too, will become a plausible managerial scheme, a moralist's program, or a technologist's pseudo-recognition of the creative side of life.

There is a sense in which the discipline of habits is a subject in itself, having its own insights, rigors and progressions. Mechanics is a science, and the practice of that science is a craft. A great athletic coach is a man who understands the habits of the body in relation to its strenuous use. And there may be a share of reflected humanistic excellences in the way such a teacher goes about his work. A man can't live without the necessary techniques. Due attention to the mechanics of life, in terms of its foundation in habit, can be

regarded as a practical application of spiritual common sense. In this way, each side of the human situation is symbolically embodied in its opposite, the balance between the two sometimes seeming a carefree, intuitive resolution, but it also makes conscious choice a moment-to-moment necessity, no matter what a man is about. So the sovereignty of values can never be forgotten—their rule is, so to say, the guiding genius which makes all lesser operations harmonious. Without control by value, the expert habit-shapers, the mere mechanics, will insist upon taking charge. As Dr. Lasko says:

If the goals of therapy are construed in terms of helping people become more fully functioning, more self-determining and autonomous, the habit approach based on principles of reinforcement is a self-contradiction and incompatible with such goals. It seems to me that inherent in the habit-reinforcement position are certain assumptions which deny the very concept of a self-determining, autonomous person. In this approach the individual is seen as a set of habits that are established, maintained, and changed by social reinforcement which, by definition, originates outside himself. This implicitly systematizes and limits the conceptualization of therapy goals—and all forms of human interaction, for that matter—as other-directed or other-determined. It is most certainly a gross oversimplification, but it appears to me that a habit-reinforcement way of thinking is usually basic to the approach to change in an authoritarian society. Similarly, it is not surprising that in such a society a value approach—an existential approach centering around the concepts of autonomy, commitment, and choice—is neglected or rejected.

There is an extremely important perception at the beginning of this paper. Once the basic decision is made in behalf of a value-ruled life (as distinguished from the grooved efficiencies of habit), there is the question of how habits are to be regarded. They are, we could say, the technology of life. Once the sovereignty of habit is displaced, the principle of autonomy proclaimed, it can be a great mistake to regard habits moralistically. For they are, after all, the sum of the visible reality of the field of experience. They are life's external form, the record of the

past, the track left by once autonomous actions that are now delegated to fixed or instinctive function after they have been devised by independent intelligence. What have these patterns, in themselves, to do with morals? Dr. Lasko puts this well:

I would like to start by pointing out that the formulation "habits *versus* values," although commonly made, unnecessarily polarizes some issues and beclouds others. It is my contention that values and habits are reflections of conceptualizations that are on different levels of discourse. The concept of "habit" reflects an objective, positivistic conceptualization, whereas the concept of "value" is experiential and phenomenological. The approach to therapy in terms of habit and reinforcement takes behavior as the basic datum of concern, together with the conditions under which behavior is brought about, maintained, and changed. On the other hand, a value orientation has as its base and as its fundamental datum the experience of a living person.

Moralizing is oppressive, we might say, because it has only nostalgia for the experience of autonomous freedom, and not knowledge of what is involved. The moralist hopes to make high human qualities emerge in copyable forms of objective behavior. It is this push for imitation in moralistic appeals that outrages the human spirit, often turning into mere rebels men who would do far better if trusted to act for themselves. A kind of "safety" may result from imitative behavior, but no real good. Choices are not made; they are only deferred.

At the beginning of his paper, Dr. Lasko quotes from Freud: "The moment one inquires about the sense or value of life, one is sick." This statement can be variously read. A nosy self-consciousness may indeed upset the autonomic nervous system with tinkering interference. There is a let-well-enough-alone principle to be applied to all healthy processes. Yet it is uniquely human to make mistakes about what is "health." It is not healthy to ignore the obligations of decision in an open system where the principle of becoming is choice. And this becomes a question of where the openings are in the system of human growth.

Caesar and Torquemada have their opinions on this question; Socrates and all his descendants quite other views. To be well in Caesar's eye may be a mortal illness for the Promethean spirit. And only an autonomous man can tell the difference.

COMMENTARY

THE LESSONS OF WAR

WE all know what war is. It is the wholesale form of killing, the authoritative, legal crime which measures its achievements without notice of the cost in death and suffering—except, perhaps, when this affects the amount of exploitable manpower available. In wartime the nation counts bodies—dead and living bodies—not men.

War is this, but it also becomes, in time, an expose of its own pretenses. First, the deceptions of authority wear thin, and then they turn transparent, so that the ugly truth shows through. In a war a man learns that he has been lied to from beginning to end. The little nobility that he had at the outset is withered by cynicism. The reductive experience of war gives him a bleak substitute for his shattered illusions—he sees the bottomless swamps of expediency that make policy in war. He learns this dark kind of truth about war and about the people who order him to fight.

What earthly good can a man do with a truth like that? He now knows the techniques for becoming less than a man, and teaching them to others, for these are the lasting lessons of war. Thucydides was probably the first to call attention to them. Speaking of the habits of the Greeks after years of war, he wrote: "The meaning of words had no longer the same relation to things, but was changed by men as they thought proper."

Or, as a tired British soldier said after World War I:

"They tell me we've pulled through at last all right because our propergander dished out better lies than what the German did. So I say to myself 'If tellin' lies is all that bloody good in war, what bloody good is tellin' truth in peace?'"

In the excitement of anticipating a war, men forget this law of exposure. As C. E. Montague put it in *Disenchantment* (Chatto & Windus, 1924): "One of the most sweetly flattering hopes that we had in the August of 1914 was that in

view of the greatness of the occasion causes were not going to have their effects."

In time, however, such "sweetly flattering hopes" change to disgust. And then came the revolts Paul Goodman describes (see *Frontiers*).

This is a season, then, for going to school to Henry Thoreau. Thoreau didn't learn the truth about war by being *reduced* to it; he knew it all along. He had no illusions that had to be shattered.

We have left at the MANAS office a few copies of the booklet, *Thoreau and the Prophetic Tradition*, made out of four lead articles by Richard Groff published in 1961. (Sewed booklet, printed in two colors; price, seventy-five cents.) It is a splendid introduction to a man who knew about war from the heights of a useful life, instead of from the depths of betrayal. There is a great difference in the point of view.

CHILDREN

... and Ourselves

THE EDUCATION OF THE ARTIST

II

ONE can ask at this point, what is an artist? Is he a painter, a sculptor, an architect, a fabric designer? Or is he a human being who is intensely aware of the faculties which he has in common with all men, and who, through this awareness, sharpens and develops them until by mastery of tools and materials he is able to infuse this awareness into expressive images and forms?

In our mechanized society the main function of the artist should be to re-establish and express that sense of wholeness which today's highly specialized existence denies human beings. The aim of art education should be not only to produce artists and designers capable of doing this job, but also citizens who expect them to do it. So your job becomes one of integration all the way down the line. Integration of basic human powers, integration of the intentions of the professional with the aspirations of the layman, integration of the materials and elements with which the artist works, integration of the many specialized fields of art, a separation which is shutting off creative people from each other, integration within schools and within departments in schools. And here not just a coordination of unrelated studies according to an orderly plan, but the actual interlocking of subjects. I realize curriculum structure in most schools will not permit this and you as new teachers will hardly be allowed to start making changes. Education, generally speaking, has hardly gotten started in this inevitable direction. Real progress has been made only in the pre-school and early elementary levels and in designer education. However, schools like the Institute of Design and the Art Department here at Brooklyn College are still exceptions. Beyond enlisting the cooperation of enlightened colleagues here and there your efforts to create wholeness in human beings through what

Kepes calls the Language of Vision will probably remain for some time unrelated to the efforts going on in the next room, unrelated and perhaps sometimes misunderstood. But the need for this kind of teaching is so great and so organic that it cannot be too long before the Reformation begins in earnest. Meanwhile there is the great satisfaction of pioneering in work that tries to meet the challenging needs of today's complex existence. It's not the easiest way, but it's the right way.

What conclusions have we come to at this point? First we hold that the essence of an artist is his capacity to feel and to think and eventually to build, a capacity which evolves out of those common human endowments which he shares with everyone. We conclude that this important identity must be maintained at the source of any creative activity and that if we must finally make a distinction between an artist and a layman, that we make this distinction in the area of achievement which lies at the end and not at the beginning, and which is reached not by gay and easy aptitudes but by a powerful will and inspired persistence toward mastery of the means without losing touch with the source. We then concede that everyone is an artist. Somewhere along the line of professional accomplishment we begin to recognize the practitioner. We can sometimes recognize his beginnings in school but he slips by us unnoticed just as often. Our best approach in the interest of layman and professional alike is at first to keep them both within an anonymous development where self-discovery on every level is possible.

The question which immediately raises itself at this point is this: When does this division of interests and experience end and when do specialized studies begin? The complaint echoes through these fifth-floor corridors that we've learned much about everything and little about anything in particular. The fact is that specialized studies should not begin in earnest until an attitude of eagerness and an understanding of the principle of relatedness is established with regard

to design itself, with regard to the individual and his relation to the group, and the artist and his relation to society. To convey this principle of relatedness, a principle which in this atomic age must become a way of living if we are to survive, to convey this principle to high school children is your immediate job. You can do this not by verbalizing theory but by a wise workshop program. If you do not succeed then the college teacher must begin all over again as we have done here. And if the college teacher fails then this by now overwhelming task has to be taken up by schools such as the Institute of Design which has been in the backbreaking position of having to be all things to all men, embracing everything from designer kindergarten to specialized and professional studies, all within the limited period left to a time- and money-harassed student who rightly feels that education has to stop somewhere and the world's work tackled. I can tell you from experience that this is a killer of a burden, a burden which has much to do with the recent irreparable loss of Ladislov Moholy-Nagy. We at Brooklyn can help his successor, Serge Chermayeff, by sending him graduates who are ready for graduate work. And you can help the cause by sending us high school graduates who are ready at least for the preparatory stages of graduate work. Perhaps some day all but the most demanding of design subjects such as architecture will be completely covered by high school and college training. As Professor Chermayeff remarked last Friday, this will depend upon how soon and how many of you establish basic preparation at the high school level. Meanwhile do not bend any more than circumstances force you in the direction of applied design. You cannot depend on an industrial society such as ours to inculcate in the young designer after he leaves us a sense of design and good taste, a hatred of affectation and self-concern, the love of beauty that is shaped out of organic rightness and function, the need to assemble, to correlate and integrate. These are the ingredients of designer morality. A society

which accepts the principle that what sells is right and good and which winks at the fact that salesmanship is directed at not what is best but what is weakest in human nature—such a society, whatever we may think of it, surely should not have our creative people completely at its mercy. There are actually hopeful signs on the horizon that what Professor Gropius has called "the dangerous philosophy of business as an end in itself" is beginning in some quarters to question itself. There are a few places open here and there, paying jobs I mean, to people of talent who are at the same time uncompromisingly honest human beings. For the most part your students, as designers, will have to contribute to the collective rubbish heap, or as consumers partake of it. At least we can fortify them all in this inevitable compromise with mediocrity by giving them some knowledge of what is good and true. And if, in a basically free society such as ours, enough people make the demand, the supply will follow.

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FRONTIERS

"Their Only Possible Response"

PAUL GOODMAN is a surprisingly acceptable man in all but rigidly doctrinaire quarters. His work is good evidence that there could be far more dialogue among people of opposing viewpoints, if they would simply realize, as Goodman does, that uncondemning reason and good-humored common sense are effective instruments in reaching even those who have benighted opinions. There is a fundamental radicalism about everything that Goodman thinks and does, but he doesn't really *frighten* anybody. He seems never to have been subject to the juvenile delusion that you are not really "radical" unless you go about threatening people with utter ruin to all that they—mistakenly or not—hold dear.

Goodman may annoy some people, and occasionally humiliate others, but he is really a temperate man and his speeches are "rained—for the most part—with an essential good taste and a consideration for the sensibilities of ordinary folk. When he says particularly devastating things to an audience, he mildly apologizes by explaining why he feels driven to extremes. Paul Goodman is manifestly not out to hurt anybody; his policies as a citizen are eminently constructive; but these considerations do not prevent him from speaking the truth exactly as he sees it. He has a talent for clarity, which makes him persuasive. He is not, however, anybody's pet radical. He is invited and listened to for a searching intelligence that people of widely varying opinions have come to respect.

His article, "The Black Flag of Anarchism," in the *New York Times Magazine* for July 14, illustrates these qualities. Purists in the anarchist tradition may not admit Goodman to their fraternity, but then, they usually find things wrong with Thoreau, also. It may some day be agreed that anarchism is basically an attitude for dealing with imperfect situations rather than a counsel of

perfection that will never get applied except by perfect men.

The point of this article by Goodman is that the revolt of the young, all over the world, is anarchist in the best sense of the term, although many of the participants hardly realize it, and they often make sounds and motions having an opposite significance. His positive identification is as follows:

The protesting students are Anarchist because they are in a historical situation to which Anarchism is their only possible response. During all their lifetime the Great Powers have been in the deadlock of the Cold War, stockpiling nuclear weapons. Vast military-industrial complexes have developed, technology has been abused, science and the universities have been corrupted. Education has turned into processing, for longer years and at a faster pace. Centralized engineering is creating the world forecast in Orwell's "1984." Manipulated for national goals they cannot believe in, the young are alienated. On every continent there is excessive urbanization and the world is heading for ecological disaster.

Under these conditions, the young reject authority, for it is not only immoral but functionally incompetent, which is unforgivable. They think they can do better themselves. They want to abolish national frontiers. They do not believe in Great Power. Since they are willing to let the Systems fall apart, they are not moved by appeals to law and order. They believe in local power, community development, rural reconstruction, decentralist organization, so they can have a say. They prefer a simpler standard of living. Though their protests generate violence, they themselves tend to nonviolence and are internationally pacifist. But they do not trust the due process of administrators and are quick to resort to direct action and civil disobedience. All this adds up to the community Anarchism of Kropotkin, the resistance Anarchism of Malatesta, the agitational Anarchism of Bakunin, the Guild Socialism of William Morris, the personalist politics of Thoreau.

There is a sense in which the great anarchist thinkers of history have given a political title to the deepest of human longings, and then, through the violence once associated with the anarchist movement—often unjustly, but sometimes with cause—gave it a bad name. But what people who have never read men like Kropotkin, Proudhon,

and Malatesta do not realize is the warm, self-sacrificing humanity of these men, and the fundamental longing in their ideals. When they erred, it was from agonized impatience—but an impatience spurred by human pain, never a vulgar self-interest. And violence, with them, never became the systematic, calculating program of slaughter and destruction the war colleges of conventional states have made out of it. There is bitter irony in the fact that the obedient masses accept as legitimate this far uglier sort of violence, only because it is sanctioned by state authority, while acts embodying "anarchism of the deed," such as brought Alexander Berkman twenty-two years in prison, are regarded with horror and fear. But we make no defense of the lesser of two evils here. No one's violence needs justification, although it is often useful to learn why it occurs.

Today's younger generation of radicals is sometimes accused of ignorance of past social history and radical movements. Paul Goodman repeats the charge, suggesting that this is a peculiar weakness of American youth, who now practice an unconscious anarchism—from a questioning mood rather than by doctrine or revolutionary credo. As Goodman says:

The American young are unusually ignorant of their political history. The generation gap, their alienation from tradition, is so profound that they cannot remember the correct name for what they in fact do.

This ignorance has unfortunate consequences for their movement and lands them in wild contradictions. In the United States, the New Left has agreed to regard itself as Marxist and speaks of "seizing power" and "building socialism," although it is strongly opposed to centralized power and it has no economic theory whatever for a society and technology like ours. It is painful to hear students who bitterly protest being treated like IBM cards, nevertheless defending Chairman Mao's little red book, and Carl Davidson, editor of *New Left Notes*, has gone so far as to speak of "bourgeois civil liberties."

In the Communist bloc, unlike the Latin countries, the tradition is also wiped out. For instance, in Czechoslovakia, Poland and Yugoslavia,

students who want civil liberties and more economic freedom are called bourgeois, although in fact they are disgusted by the materialism of their own regimes and they aspire to workers' management, rural reconstruction, the withering away of the state, the very Anarchism that Marx promised as pie in the sky.

Worst of all, not recognizing what they are, the students do not find one another as an international movement though they have a common style, tactics and culture. Yet there are vital goals which, in my opinion, can be achieved only by the immense potential power of youth acting internationally. Certainly, as a first order of business, they ought to be acting in concert to ban the nuclear bombs of France, China, Russia and the United States; otherwise, they will not live out their lives.

Goodman pursues this analysis in specific terms in relation to the recent protest at Columbia University, but we are not concerned with that here. His general statements have lasting value, and show his talent for getting rid of labels or going behind them. He has this to say about the meaning of "participatory democracy"—

It is a cry for a say in the decisions that shape our lives, as against top-down direction, social engineering, corporate and political centralization, absentee owners, brainwashing by mass media. . . . Participatory democracy is grounded in the following social-psychological hypotheses: People who actually perform a function usually best know how it should be done. By and large, their free decision will be efficient, inventive, graceful, and forceful. Being active and self-confident, they will cooperate with other groups with a minimum of envy, anxiety, irrational violence or the need to dominate.

And, as Jefferson pointed out, only such an organization of society is self-improving; we learn by doing, and the only way to educate cooperative citizens is to give power to people as they are.

Common-sense ideas about freedom and responsibility are now quite "radical," as anyone can see.