

HOW LONG . . . HOW LONG . . . ?

A READER whose hard common sense cannot be avoided writes to accuse the editors of a defect of which they have long been sensible, and more than ever in recent years. The charge is so basic that there is hardly any point in making excuses. Here is the complaint:

I'm sorry, but I get mad at MANAS. It's so good, so very good, even goody goody. So wise and right and sensible, so mild and fair. The editors never get mad, never raise their voice. It would be good for MANAS and for its readers if the editors blasted their readers thus: "You all out there, you read us week after week, and you say, 'Right, how true, what wisdom, etc.' Those who have children read the column on Children and say, 'Yes, that's right, that's very true.' " They denounce the culture and wait for the next issue, not applying what is said to themselves, failing to see that it fits *them*—that *they* are a part of this culture which the intellectually alert and socially sophisticated criticize so freely and indeed so well.

My wife, who is a full-time clinical psychologist and the mother of two teen-age children, asserts that people do not profit by reading the truth, even assuming that it is the profoundest, most valid commentary on the human situation, a veritable revelation, holy writ. People cannot, she believes, appropriate truth by apprehending it with the mind. Indeed too much intellectual apprehension is itself a major barrier to the utilization of truth in life situations—to its incarnation, so to speak.

In a way, my wife is reproving MANAS for its virtues, but she feels it wants fire, passion, even noble rage, and that as a result it suffers from a certain monotony, very high calibre, but nonetheless, still a monotony. She cannot imagine MANAS ever letting go, getting shrill, bitter, or taking umbrage. Mellifluence palls, she says. Truth must be sharp, must cut, must sting, must bite deep and plunge the reader into crisis: you must change your life, or the profoundest analysis is sterile. . . .

My wife has just read the above and comments: "That isn't what *I* said, but what you in your MANAS argot say." Well, what does MANAS say?

Back in 1947, when the editors of MANAS were planning the first issue (Jan. 7, 1948), we chose Socrates and Thomas Paine as our models—Socrates for his endless questioning and high Platonic vision, Paine for his magnificent fusion of logical clarity with revolutionary ardor. These two are still our ideals, and we are still the merest of beginners in emulating their genius.

You sit before your typewriter, look out of the window, past the trees, the hilltops, you stop seeing the cars, the people; and you wonder, *what* will move men to act in the way that they must learn to act, before it is too late?

In this Olympian mood, you can look down on the world as though it were an anthill. You see the people (ants) scurrying around, doing their little chores, fighting their little wars, arguing their little debates, and never looking up, never hearing anything except the inconsequential things they say to one another. What are you going to do: Kick the anthill? That's one way of getting attention. You could kick the anthill a little bit, not hurting anybody, but upsetting people some, and then, in approved nonviolent fashion, let them bite you, hoping that, when you explain, someone will listen.

There you are, playing God (a Gandhian, nonviolent-type God, who is trying to make Truth work as it is supposed to work), and maybe feeling pretty silly at your own presumption. How do you cope with the sense of *hubris* you feel in such situations? You know that a man ought not to be moved by *theory* in such action: the impulse has got to come from the heart; it has to be real; the motive has to match Martin Luther's when he said, Here I stand, *I can do no other*. It won't do to pretend that you feel this way. If you want to enter history like a god, and help to change it by godlike means, you have to *be* a god. Otherwise

the people will see your phony modesty, and not the truth you read somewhere in a book. They will be annoyed, not existentially affected by what you do.

Or you may say to yourself, "What is 'too late'?" Is all this talk about "too late" a form of the egocentric predicament? Too late for *us*? Why are we so important?

Men, women, and children have been dying from natural and other causes for possibly millions of years. What does our "too late" mean in relation to them? Nothing? Something? Well, you could say that in some larger sense a destruction of billions of people by thermo-nuclear war would be an unprecedented blot on the record of the planet itself. If you say this, and accept it, then you have a reason for proclaiming crisis. But what can you do that is constructive with a crisis? Threaten people with it? Threats are not an educational influence. They work in coercion, but not in education. So you can forget the crisis. At least, you can't really *use* it.

What is left to work with? Well, there is pain. The most ancient reformer we know of, and possibly the most successful, got his audience by speaking, at the outset, of the cause and cure of pain. One wonders if people felt pain more acutely in Buddha's time and for this reason responded to what he said. People have pain today, but to admit it is held to be a mark of personal failure, so people hide their pain as if it were some kind of guilt. If you are a business man, for example, and suffer disquieting inner qualms which make you wonder about yourself, you don't go into therapy but take a course in "creativity" or "sensitivity." Who, me *sick*? Ridiculous!

Today, pain is socialized and its symptoms are suppressed by ideological fiat. The pain is all around, but our pain-feeling sense has been drugged by the propaganda of the Happiness Boys. Really to get the sensation of pain, we have to feel it by some kind of bone-conduction—the way a man whose ears don't work has learned to

hear. How would a Buddha speak to this condition? Even he might have to wait until the condition becomes more acute.

Offhand, we can think of three documents that have had a moving effect on people. Pope Urban's call to the first Crusade is about as stirring a partisan polemic as the Middle Ages produced. It had everything—a high "spiritual" purpose, a wicked enemy, the promise of glory and adventure, and the reward of Salvation. In the eighteenth century there was Tom Paine's *Common Sense*, read to George Washington's hungry, bloody-footed Continental Army at Valley Forge. Again, the elements of full persuasion were all present: A noble conception of human freedom, an unreasonable and tyrannical foe, a challenge to courage and endurance, and a home of one's own in a free land to crown the victory. Then, in the nineteenth century came that angry man's manual which ended:

The Communists disdain to conceal their views and aims. They openly declare that their ends can be attained only by the forcible overthrow of all existing social conditions. Let the ruling classes tremble at a Communistic revolution. The proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains. They have a world to win.

Working men of all countries, unite!

Again, there is the effective recital of wrongs, the call to arms, and the promise which dwells in glowing terms on what a successful struggle will accomplish:

When, in the course of development, class distinctions have disappeared, and all production has been concentrated in the hands of a vast association of the whole nation, the public power will lose its political character. Political power, properly so called, is merely the organized power of one class for oppressing another. If the proletariat during its contest with the bourgeoisie is compelled, by the force of circumstances, to organize itself as a class; if, by means of a revolution it makes itself the ruling class, and, as such, sweeps away by force the old conditions of production, then it will, along with these conditions, have swept away the conditions for the existence of class antagonisms, and of classes

generally, and will therefore have abolished its own supremacy as a class.

In place of the old bourgeois society, with its classes and class antagonisms, we shall have an association, in which the free development of each is the condition for the free development of all.

It sounded great; it moved men to revolution. The high dream was there, and the language could hardly be improved. The trouble was, it didn't work. Or if you insist that it did work, then it was to quite different ends.

What have these stimulating documents in common? They have (1) a clearly definable enemy, (2) a well-ascertained course of action, and (3) an objective goal which combines the goods of both matter and spirit. If you are going to insist on a similar visibility of issues, today, you will have to join the John Birch Society and wear the spectacles it provides to get a similar bright contrast between good and evil.

Be that as it may, a critic may argue, there must be some way to get our troubles out into the open, so that we can at least start making plans. Well, we can try. We have at hand the latest issue of the magazine, *Contemporary Issues* (June-July, 1963), a journal which for the past fifteen years has been published in England, and which has now moved to New York and appears in new format. The lead editorial of this issue, "Why We Publish," begins with a remarkably clear account of the state of the modern world. To quote it will serve our purposes in this discussion and also acquaint readers with the quality of this journal (50 cents an issue, \$3.00 a year, Contemporary Press, Box 2357 Church Street Station, New York 8, N.Y.). The editors write:

We live in a time of profound social conflicts produced in the very depths of modern society. The steady incursion of automated machinery into the factories and offices of industrially advanced countries is rendering millions of people unemployable and economically superfluous. These millions have virtually no place in modern society. The development of genocidal weapons and intercontinental delivery systems has confronted mankind with the possibility of complete extinction in

the event of another world conflict. The formation of privileged economic blocs, such as the European Common Market, can be expected to sharpen the competition between the leading nations of the world. The maneuvers by the United States and Britain against the European Common Market countries reflect a sense of desperation over the headlong expansion of Western Europe. While new economic colossi appear from the ruins of the Second World War and elbow their way into the international market place, the undeveloped countries of Asia, Africa and Latin America have reached a complete impasse. Mired in economic stagnation, they lack hope and meaningful perspective. Long-range technological and economic forces are at work that are certain to shatter the thin veneer of affluence and complacency that coats American and European social life.

These problems are matched by profound dislocations in urban life, by crises in education and culture, by growing juvenile and adult delinquency, indeed, by a loss of social purpose among the nations of the world and of self-identity among individuals. It would seem that the more our cities expand and the more our factories produce, the greater is the vacuum that develops in the human spirit. The demoniacal social forces that have brought modern man into sharp conflict with his technology and with the cultural norms of Western civilization have led to an abdication of all humanistic goals and rational standards. A challenging examination and critique of the very bases of modern society—its underlying economic relations, its patterns of urban and cultural life, its laws of development—have become urgent matters not only of social responsibility but of personal integrity.

Yet seldom has there been a time when the treatment of major social issues has been more vapid and superficial than it is today. In the United States, there are printed 59 million newspapers daily, 391 million periodicals with every issue, 903 million books and 452 million pamphlets a year. But newspapers, periodicals, books and pamphlets that attempt to confront social issues *directly* or deal with them in a fundamental way are rarities. Much that is published today is grotesquely dishonest and conscienceless. The pen of the modern writer is often guided by the etiquette of a mealy-mouthed accommodation to the status quo, by a well-mannered but spiritless and cowardly journalism. The more dehumanized the world has become, the more "civilized" it pretends to be. Hypocrisy has supplanted forthrightness of thought and expression,

form has replaced content, superficiality has replaced insight, and, above all, serious attempts to move to the center of every problem have been replaced by a thin, one-dimensional treatment of explosive social realities. The incomplete thought dangling in the air, the inconclusive hesitant presentation of facts and views—these are the coin-in-trade of most modern social critics. Consistency, clarity of purpose decisiveness in thought and action, vitality in style and polemic are regarded as "bad table manners" or evidence of "dogmatism" in the vapid universe of modern sociology.

Representing a group which calls itself Organization for a Rational Society, *Contemporary Issues* expresses the intention of carrying "the conviction of thought into the realm of action." Here, we use this editorial to draw a contrast between the condition of the world in the time of Urban II, the time of Tom Paine, the time of Karl Marx, and in the present. The point is that the individual must be possessed of *critical intelligence* to see the force of today's ills. He must be able to think impersonally and able to feel personally the general ills, and not only to feel them but to identify them with some measure of diagnostic accuracy. And then, having accomplished this, he must try to communicate what he feels and knows.

Take for example the attitude lying behind the policies in behalf of security and national defense in the United States. What is wrong with this general view?

First of all, it is based upon fear. This fear is not just a "natural" apprehension of danger, but an all-consuming paralysis of the social imagination which penetrates into all branches of all the bureaucracies, which paralyzes any individual thinking and produces blind reflexes of approbation of practically anything decided upon by governmental authority. The people and the leaders are all obsessed by the overwhelming destructiveness of the weapons of modern war. These weapons take the place of thought in policy. If you want to talk about policy, the makers of policy insist that you talk about the weapons and how and when to use them. This

reduces the dialogue to a debate on when and why suicide should be seriously contemplated. If you let yourself be drawn into this debate, you are lost. You then have surrogate membership in the Nuclear Club. The initiation fee is your moral intelligence, your intellectual integrity, and the sacrifice of the use of your mind for any purpose other than the scholastic debate about the bombs. It is a big club to which very nearly all the best people belong.

See how far we have come from the days when this Republic was formed—from, that is, the purposes which animated the men who founded the United States. There was a time when a man of social intelligence could look at the American revolution and declare that he saw an event which "opens up a new prospect in human affairs, and begins a new era in the history of mankind." Here, said Richard Price, would be "a place of refuge for oppress men in every region of the world; and by laying a foundation there of an empire which may be the seat of Liberty, science and virtue, and from whence there is reason to hope these sacred blessings will spread, till they become universal and the time arrives when kings and priests shall have no more power to oppress." (*Observations on the Importance of the American Revolution*, 1784.) It would be easy to show that almost nothing is left of these expectations, today; that, on the contrary, the United States is regarded with deep apprehension, for who knows when and where a nuclear war might break out, or who can hope to escape its destruction. This is an unwelcome symbolism to bear abroad to the rest of the world. And if there are a few countries which enjoy a nervous "security" behind the shield of the United States, it seems quite certain that the Common people everywhere nonetheless long for other arrangements.

We have no longer any emissaries of good will. What country would give us a Statue of Liberty today?

It is not simply that we ought, in conformity with some abstract pacifist program, to throw our

arms away, but that if we could begin to think without fear, we might soon make the arms race look like a ridiculous exercise of a lunatic epoch. Why should we fear a Communist Revolution, when the Communists have done nothing but repeat the mistakes of the Capitalists on a larger, State-organized scale? They have made the same stupid identification of the good life with material prosperity, and shortly, if they dare to stop building armaments, their people will be as sick of an indigestible affluence as the West.

It would take only a little impartial study of history to learn that the Socialist movement was an honest attempt to continue the revolution of the eighteenth century after it failed to fulfill the dream of Paine and others—that thorough-going societal reconstruction would result. The Communist revolution was not an invasion from Mars; it grew out of the thought and action of human beings who were part and parcel of the European tradition; it embodied both the humanitarian inspiration and the materialistic fallacies of nineteenth-century thought. It attempted to create by compulsion the just society that men ground down by economic exploitation longed for. The communists rose to power on waves of moral indignation, articulated by Marx, manipulated by Lenin, and consolidated into a monolithic state by Stalin. The Soviet State probably would not "fall apart" if the fearful pressures of the Cold War were removed, but it seems quite obvious that the Russian people would no longer tolerate any kind of "thought control," given a life without danger from the West. The one thing that travelers to the Soviet Union say when they return is that the people there are passionately insistent upon peace. It follows that the autocratic power of the Kremlin would hardly survive convincing peace moves by the United States. The Russian people would like nothing better than to feel free to stop participating in the arms race.

It would be the easiest thing in the world for the United States to do something really generous,

to show that we no longer regard the contest with the Russians as some kind of religious war. A lot of them are probably tired of being "atheists," anyway, and would be willing to be, known as something else, if we would give them half a chance. The natural life of nineteenth-century atheism has run its course in the West, and would in Russia, too, if a relaxation in the Cold War would permit a natural development of freedom in Soviet intellectuality and philosophic inquiry. You can't make atheists by law any more than you can make Christians by Bible reading in the public schools. The Russians are human beings; their minds, given some freedom, would work as ours might work if we would use the freedom we have. Is there any other way to look at the situation?

Well, we've been trying to work up some "noble rage" along these lines, but haven't done very well. Whom shall we get mad at? Everyman?

A book by Joost A. M. Meerloo (Channel Press, 1961), *That Difficult Peace*, has a passage that sets the problem in other terms:

Every analysis of feelings of mass-hatred and discrimination points to the paramount necessity of deflecting fear and hostility into politically productive channels. Collectivities should, however, learn to detect and understand the fearful anticipations that are continually being aroused in them. One of the new aims should be to learn to tolerate inner tensions in the service of greater tolerance and a multiple approach to truth.

Every kind of hatred has an inner source. The search for the elusive enemy in us serves to release an intolerable tension in group and community. Hater and hated alike take part in that collective feeling. If you dislike yourself, you are much better off hating somebody else! That is why antipathy and vengeance are so much more in favor than tolerance and justice. All our movies and comic books are full of the ever-present enemy and scapegoat that gets punished.

Can we convince and convert prejudiced people? It will be difficult for the mass to realize their prejudice and to foster this realization, because it is so easy now to make them feel they themselves are scapegoats and are persecuted.

It is dangerous now to let the American South feel itself the victim of public opinion, because this only hardens the South's feelings. Moral pressure is needed which is stronger than the terror inside. An emotional conversion hardly ever occurs through insight; some deep inner crisis is needed. All the more important, therefore, that those who influence the masses through whatever means of communication (press, radio, television, books, film, and so on) understand this point. Assimilation of new moral habits is a slow process.

It is dangerous indeed to exploit the effects of latent fear and mass-hatred. Outbursts of mass emotions are nearly always senseless; inevitably the aroused hatred turns against people themselves in the end. This means that the group that breeds hatred will gradually commit suicide; its social structure will disintegrate. Hatred and persecution have always weakened persecutors and persecuted alike.

Those who imagine themselves lost hate each other. They live in mortal fear of death and destruction. Great men and great nations do not hate and despise because they realize that for creating a culture, there must be persistent social formation, however imperfect its workings may be.

This is the new common sense. It is one statement of certain laws of nature—of human nature. We have to get it across to newspaper publishers, magazine publishers, statesmen, diplomats, and all the other patriots who seem to have adopted the suicide theory of progress.

Meanwhile, we should welcome some "fire, passion, even noble rage" to relieve the monotony of otherwise earnest efforts in this campaign. We wholly agree, however, with both our subscriber's wife and Dr. Meerloo that the discovery of truth comes from inner crisis in life situations. And that, again, too much intellectuality can get in the way. But there must be some reason why one man's crisis turns him into a Torquemada or a Hitler, and another becomes a Tolstoy or a Gandhi. We cannot help but believe that one determining factor was what these people thought about when the crisis was not upon them.

REVIEW "THE BEDFORD INCIDENT"

MARK RASCOVICH'S novel of this title (Atheneum, 1963) focuses on a question that has received a good deal of attention during the past five years—namely, whether either mechanical or human confusion could result in "triggering" a full-scale nuclear war. The science-fiction fraternity has toyed with this theme for at least a generation, and lately the growing knowledge of the intricacies of "defensive" nuclear armament has led all varieties of storytellers to anticipate that civilization may go out with a bang instead of a whimper. Mr. Rascovich does not precipitate such a war for us, but he comes realistically close and manages enough authentic tragedy in the minor holocaust that does take place to leave an indelible impression. This is a finely written novel, informative in an area well-known to the author, with excellent character portrayals.

Before turning to quotations from *The Bedford Incident*, a passage from Henry Miller's *The Colossus of Maroussi* will establish the mood which seems appropriate for reviewing Mr. Rascovich's book:

It is man's task to eradicate the homicidal instinct, which is infinite in its ramifications and manifestations. It is useless to call upon God, as it is futile to meet force with force. Every battle is a marriage conceived in blood and anguish, every war is a defeat to the human spirit. War is only a vast manifestation in dramatic style of the sham, hollow, mock conflicts which take place daily everywhere even in so-called times of peace. Every man contributes his bit to keep the carnage going, even those who seem to be staying aloof. We are all involved, all participating, willy-nilly. The earth is our creation and we must accept the fruits of our creation. As long as we refuse to think in terms of world good and world goods, of world order, world peace, we shall murder and betray one another. It can go on till the crack of doom, if we wish it to be thus. Nothing can bring about a new and better world but our own desire for it. Man kills through fear—and fear is hydra-headed. Once we start slaying there is no end to it. An eternity would not suffice to vanquish the demons who torture us. *Who put the*

demons there? That is for each one to ask himself. Let every man search his own heart. Neither God nor the Devil is responsible, and certainly not such puny monsters as Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, et alia. Certainly not such bugaboos as Catholicism, Capitalism, Communism. Who put the demons there in our heart to torture us? A good question. . . .

This is the realization which Mr. Rascovich conveys so effectively, and with practically no attention to the devices of reflective monologues or dialogues as the story unfolds. Gathered on the bridge of the ill-fated *Bedford*, an American destroyer on arctic duty, are men of exceptional talent and proven ability. There is the captain, Erik Finlander, presently due for an admiral's rating, there is a World War II German Commodore acting as a NATO adviser, and a competent executive officer. No man has any intention of exceeding the limits of cold war operations, and the destroyer's aim, in tracking a Soviet submarine (nicknamed "Moby Dick") off the coast of Greenland, is simply to force its commander to surface under the destroyer's guns—as a demonstration of the effective patrolling the American navy can do. But the tensions of war are there, none the less. The captain, the executive officer, and most of the crew embody many of the ingredients which make for Mr. Miller's "homicidal instincts." And when the climactic moment approaches, the captain, in argument with the dour German Commodore, shouts words which are mistaken by a gunner as instruction to fire a missile which destroys the Soviet submarine. The captain and crew are aghast at the horribly mutilated bodies which arise to the surface and wonder how the "incident" can be concealed:

Schrepke hesitated a moment with a faint nodding of his head. "What would happen if it became general knowledge that we sank a Soviet submarine on the high seas after deliberately tracking him for forty-eight hours?" he asked.

"All hell would break loose," the captain quietly replied.

"A nuclear hell, Erik?"

Finlander's long silence betrayed the fact that he feared such a possibility, but he said: "That would be sheer insanity, to precipitate nuclear war over an incident such as this."

"The incident itself proves how rampant insanity is."

A half-hour ago this reply would have triggered Finlander's temper, but now he took it with an unflinching calm which was, perhaps, far more frightening. He said simply: "Yes."

They were both diverted by the sounds of annunciator signals being transmitted from the bridge to the engine room and looked at the gyro-repeater and rudder indicator above the Control Center. Commander Allison was maneuvering the *Bedford* in a slow, tight circle. "I must go up on the bridge," the captain muttered without making the move. "I must see this thing through to the end and carry the responsibility all the way. I will, of course, log your protests against the action, Wolfgang. You attempted to stop it and you must be absolved.

Schrepke shook his head. "I am not looking for absolution, nor could I ever find it. What do you think the Russian government will do when they find out that a senior officer of the West German navy was aboard the ship which sank their submarine? Would they accept his protestations that he acceded to the orders of the captain? Some of my colleagues were hanged not so long ago with the same kind of excuse on their lips."

Commodore Schrepke knows that no attempt to hide what happened can be effective, that there is more to cover up than mangled bits of Soviet submariners' flesh which are dipped up out of the sea in buckets. So, finally, Schrepke blows up the destroyer to prevent a chain-reaction toward global destruction. The most telling passage of all gives the thoughts of the captain before he knows what Schrepke intends to do:

There must have been a hundred in view down there, peering and pointing at the stain of Moby Dick's killing, letting it saturate permanently into their consciences. "This is going to be an awfully rough one, Erik," the executive officer whispered. "Awfully rough. I admit I'm badly scared."

"So am I, Buck," the captain replied, then added a bitterly suppressed outburst: "The cold war! How can governments expect their military to guide their

actions by such a blatantly sordid euphemism? Is there really such a thing possible as a half-war? Can one half-fight with these deadly weapons? Did those Russian submarines half-threaten us? Are they now only half-dead down there? Should I only have half-feared them when the crews of so many American ships and planes are totally dead as a result of Russian actions? Does it not all naturally culminate in a totality of death and destruction? The answer lies in that bucket they passed up to this bridge a few minutes ago. I'd like to pass it on around among the world's cabinets and make every last politician take a good long look. Look and see what this cold war really is. The same as any war. Death." Finlander shook himself . . .

So, at the close of *The Bedford Incident* we find ourselves automatically turning to Dwight MacDonald's conclusion in *The Responsibility of Peoples*: "If no one is responsible, then everyone is responsible."

COMMENTARY THE LOGIC OF DAMNATION

A POINT in this week's lead article cries out for further emphasis. It has to do with the preoccupation of both potential war-makers and would-be peacemakers with nuclear weapons. Never were men of either war or peace so enslaved in their thinking by the tools of professional destruction. And never have tools-tools of any sort-been so incapable of being turned to any rational purpose.

The planners of the strategy of modern war gather and compose liturgies before the shrine of nuclear weapons in much the same way that insects fly wildly into a night-light. The destructive power of these weapons exerts a totally commanding fascination. The experts can't help themselves. They know that if they keep on, nuclear power will eventually destroy them. But they contemplate such a finality with less horror than the idea of turning off the light. Rejection of this absolute deity of weapons is unthinkable. They would be left without a viable faith. Certain medieval doctors of the Church took a similar view of Satan. Without Him, no religion would be possible. In both cases, Righteousness is inconceivable without an overwhelmingly evil Antagonist.

People who want to work for peace have a serious question to raise with themselves. To what extent do they contribute "fringe benefits" to the psychosis of nuclear war-planning when they allow themselves to be drawn into the various debates involving nuclear "arms control"? Isn't this a little like trying to get the insects to agree to stay *three feet* away from the glowing lamp of their common incineration? Or maybe two feet six inches? What have the qualifications of deadliness to do with the making of peace? What have the vast libraries of theology concerned with damnation contributed to man's Salvation? Whose project did all this "rational analysis" serve?

It is time to remind ourselves of the thought and speech of the great peace-makers. They did not dwell upon horrors, although they knew about them. Wise men know as much about evil as they know

about good. But the great peacemakers were immune to the fascinations of evil. They filled their minds and their lives with understanding of the mechanisms that serve the good. They refused to nourish the soil of morbid imaginings. Or, in modern parlance, they would not indulge the weakness of the captives of dark, self-fulfilling prophecies.

Peace is not made by manipulating the plans for using, or the plans for *not* using, nuclear weapons. Peace is made by men who are resolved to understand themselves and other men.

There is an absolute simplicity of principle in all real peace-making. The hope of peace rests upon certain basic assumptions. One of the assumptions is that the capacity to live at peace is potential in all human beings. There can be no peace if this assumption is not made.

A second assumption is that the obstacles to peace in both others and ourselves are rationally knowable. The obstacles can be found out, defined, and overcome. There can be no peace without this assumption.

A third assumption is that peace requires honesty, sacrifice, and risk. This is probably the most difficult assumption to maintain, since it involves some reconstruction of the psychological and moral nature of human beings. Yet it also is indispensable.

It would be easy to make up some more assumptions, but they would be no more than corollaries of the foregoing three, which are really sufficient.

The temptations to participate in the web-spinning of nuclear theology are great. It sometimes seems as though you can find no one to talk to unless you "go along," at least a little. How, you might argue, are you going to get these people to get "beyond deterrence" unless you let them "state their case"? And then, of course, you have to listen to their case. Pretty soon, you're hooked. A lot of good Calvinist Protestants joined the Predestination Club in just that way.

CHILDREN ... and Ourselves

FRANCONIA COLLEGE

AMONG student publications, *Justice*, published weekly at Brandeis University, shows itself to be outstanding. A feature story in the May 14 issue, outlining the program projected for the experimental two-year college at Franconia, New Hampshire, is an excellent example of informative reporting and shared enthusiasm. We here reproduce the *Justice* account for the many readers who have indicated an interest in new departures in teaching and learning at the college level:

A new type of two-year college will open next fall in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. The school is Franconia College, named after its location, and it is built upon radically experimental ideas in education.

Franconia will be a co-educational institution of 150 students and 15 faculty members, drawing upon worthwhile features of such schools as Antioch, Goddard, Swarthmore and Reed. Instrumental in the planning of the college, which has been going on for nearly five years, are Robert Greenway and Robert Silver, two graduate students presently serving as teaching assistants in Psychology 30b (A Psychology for Education). Greenway will be Dean of the college, while Silver has accepted a position on the faculty in the area of Social Relations. Peter Elkin '63, a sociology major, will assume a "fellowship position" bringing him in close contact with faculty and students, and affording higher-educational training as well.

According to Mr. Greenway, "We had a clean slate to start a new college and wanted to make the best of this opportunity." Franconia will be greatly influenced by the theories and ideals of associate professor Richard M. Jones, author of *Self-Knowledge and the Educative Process* and *Ego Synthesis in Dreams* (among other works), who now gives Psychology 30b. The goal is "therapeutic knowledge," and to this end valuable techniques, ideas and practices will be selected from such schools as Swarthmore, Goddard, Antioch and Reed.

Greenway stressed, however, that Franconia will not be a carbon copy of any of the institutions. He

cited the failure of Goddard to adequately define the different roles of "teacher," "friend" and "student" as something to be avoided. And he pointed to the new philosophy of Franconia that "it is crucial to be involved in pre-conscious processes" if one is involved in education, adding that Dr. Jones' research is instrumental in showing where psychology and education over-lap as well as where they diverge.

Franconia will be on a trimester program, with the school year divided into three terms (instead of the two at Brandeis). There will be work programs, in which students will participate in the community for 5-10 hours a week, as well as a liberal arts "core" curriculum. This curriculum will include such areas as History, English, the fine arts, mathematics, biology, and social relations; it is designed for "depth rather than breadth," and will be given in two lectures and three working groups per week. The first of these groups will be content-oriented, centering around the attitude of a man from another area toward the subject, and the third, student-oriented, characterized by a relative lack of structure in which the definition of the situation will be undertaken by the students themselves. These latter groups are somewhat similar to the "laboratory" sessions in Psychology 30b.

Noting that "the Board of Trustees has given us virtually a free hand" in the running of Franconia, Greenway stated that there would be almost total student autonomy at the college. Virtually all restrictions, he said, would be set and enforced by a "town meeting," as at Antioch—though the practice of students at that college to hire and fire faculty members would not be followed. Greenway stressed that students would receive an equal voice in the running of the community. Though grades and SAT's will be considered in choosing students, the qualities given primary importance are intensity, honesty and "seekingness." A well-run, carefully-structured interview of about two hours would, Greenway declared "give us a pretty strong intuitive feeling" of the qualifications of a particular applicant.

Applications from the local schools are being considered with about 170 received from all over the country. The tuition and room and board will cost about \$2500 per year, roughly the same as Brandeis. Enrollment will be kept at 150 for the first year and expanded to 250 after that. The President of the College, selected last September, is John Fallon, Provost of Nasson College in Maine.

The location of Franconia has been called "frighteningly beautiful." The college itself is a former resort hotel, affording dormitory space at

prices otherwise unobtainable nowadays. It is on a ridge overlooking the town, which is set in a valley, and is not far from the White Mountains. As the town of Franconia is a summer and winter resort, the college will include a golf course, ski range, tennis courts and a riding stable.

An editorial in the same issue of *Justice* shows the editors' familiarity with many centers of constructive radicalism in education:

In times when more and more educational institutions are falling in step with the pressures of mass opinion and Cold War requirements, the establishment of Franconia College is a welcome sign. Even more heartening is the radical approach which the founders of the college have toward education. As can be seen from the article on the front page, theirs is not the way of tradition; experimental attitudes are the rule, not the exception, and concern is above all with the faculty and students as *people*.

Though we would not deny the importance of maintaining an intelligent and academically capable student body, much more important, it seems to us, are the qualities Franconia looks for in its students: intensity, honesty and "seekingness." One of the sadder facts about Brandeis is that these attributes have become relatively rarer among its student body: the myth of the "Old Brandeis" may well have been exaggerated, but it rests on a hard core of truth. How much of this change is caused by a change in the University or in the image of the University is difficult to say; but it is unquestionable that procedures such as a two-hour interview and an emphasis on intellectual creativity, as distinct from mere academic achievement, would alleviate and perhaps even arrest the prevailing trend. (This is not to deny that there are many students genuinely concerned with their immediate and more general environment, merely to point out that the *proportion* of creative types at Brandeis has decreased as the University has grown older and larger.)

Franconia's goal of "therapeutic knowledge" is, of course, a difficult one to realize, and no one knows this better than its founders. Any venture into the area of pre-conscious processes (poetry, imagery, dreams, emotions and feeling in general) must necessarily be risky, as it involves material which has been repressed by the conscious mind as too difficult or unpleasant to face up to. But—to make use of a cliche—life itself involves risks, and the possible benefits here are very great: within the framework of

Franconia College, students will have a chance to "open up" and experience personal growth to a far greater extent than at the Established American university.

The use of a "town meeting" set-up to work out and define the nature and goals of the community is a valuable idea. To those who question its feasibility at a college, we would point to its successful application at Summerhill, the English school founded by A. S. Neill. Indeed, we believe that democratization is a *sine qua non* of a free and liberal university: the existence of an administrative hierarchy with powers *over and above the faculty and students*, as Paul Goodman pointed out in his recent *Community of Scholars*, is a regrettable characteristic of the vast majority of American colleges . . . including, despite some welcome counter-tendencies, our own.

We hope that Franconia succeeds in the face of numerous pressures and obstacles. (We shall keep our readers posted of developments as they occur in future issues of the *Justice*.) We further hope that other schools see fit to borrow from the ideas which have gone into this new college, and that Franconia will serve as a guiding light for other, more established universities in the United States.

It seems evident that MANAS should maintain touch with this unpretentious Brandeis weekly and with Franconia College. Those who are familiar with the "self" psychologists, such as Clark Moustakas, Carl Rogers, and A. H. Maslow, may expect to see an effort at Franconia to work out the implications of this "new view" of the nature of man.

FRONTIERS

"Shouts—then 'Sit Down'"

THIS was a headline in the *Reading Standard* (Reading, England) on June 4. The news story began:

Nuclear disarmament supporters were carried bodily from Reading Town Hall on Tuesday after they had staged a "sit-down" strike following the town council meeting. Three youths and a woman were removed from the public gallery by police officers, who carried them down the stairs and out onto the pavement.

The first sign of trouble came with the adoption of the minutes of the CD committee. A woman shouted down from the gallery, apparently asking a question about a CD defense exercise.

The Mayor tapped his desk and called for order. But the woman persisted: "Could I have an answer to my question, please?"

The woman was Susan Davies, of Reading, who had just returned from the Rome-Geneva Peace pilgrimage. Following is her story of what happened.

* * *

I enclose a condensed account of the case, which was heard Friday, June 14. . . . As you know, Reading's hierarchy includes leading businessmen, newspaper editors, estate agents and groups of solicitors who have made fortunes out of Aldermaston and the Bomb. Property and population have expanded enormously. These people are a tight little group and all stick together. Members of the CND were concerned for me and offers to help pay for a lawyer came pouring in. A young lawyer was chosen, but when his firm was notified, he was forbidden to touch the case. (This firm has a finger in every pie in Reading.) He was most upset and was willing to bear the consequences and still take on the case. I refused to let him, and conducted my own defense. His offer to risk his career touched me very much, and I think the Campaign has gained a new ally.

I'll leave you to make up your mind as to the verdict. Was it a moral breakthrough on the magistrate's part, or would it have been more embarrassing to find me guilty and give us more publicity? I went to court loaded up with all the material on the Rome and Geneva trip, complete with photographs, and I told the court that I had deliberately challenged the state on CD as women in other countries were doing. The clerk of the court tried to shut me up, saying all this was irrelevant. I told him it *was* relevant because it was the reason why I was there on a charge of obstruction. The case had been adjourned for a week, as the arresting officer had not been well.

After the verdict I walked *across* the courtroom to him and expressed the hope that he was now feeling better. The poor man looked completely startled, and my last view of the court was of people with their mouths open, in complete silence and astonishment. Apparently it is just not done to be natural and speak out of turn on these occasions.

THE OFFENSE

After writing letters and trying to arrange meetings with the Civil Defense Committee, a small group of young people went to a Reading Town Council meeting when CD was on the agenda. As the members of this group rose one by one to ask questions, they were pounced on by the police to be thrown out. I was present in the gallery, and on seeing what was about to happen I just sat down in the doorway and blocked it. There were several reasons for doing this.

(1) These youngsters had not created or contributed anything to the nuclear warfare state.

(2) My memories of air raids and the times I used to fling myself over my son's cot during the V-I and V-2 raids on London. (He is now nineteen and one of the young people being handled by the police.)

(3) My recent meeting with women from all over the world and our pledges to each other.

The police dragged us down the stairs and told us to go. I stayed behind and challenged the state (through the police officers) on the fraudulence of CD. I was arrested for obstruction.

OBSTRUCTION OF PAVEMENT

I pleaded not guilty.

The officer gave a reasonably accurate account with one or two discrepancies.

I went into the witness box on oath, and first explained that I had not been representing CND or the Committee of 100, as had been reported in the press.

EVIDENCE

When the officer first told me to move, I explained that owing to being dragged down the stairs of the Town Hall, my handbag had been left behind and someone was now finding it for me. Whilst I was waiting for it to be returned I held a conversation with the officer (during which the handbag was returned). At this time the officer and I were standing on the curb of the pavement in a large deserted area.

The court had to decide whether I was technically guilty of this offence. But, because of that conversation, the real decision lay in the heart of the officer, as to whether he was justified in arresting me.

The conversation was allowed as evidence. The officer told me to move away or he would arrest me. I asked him if he would really arrest a woman who was concerned about the dangers of nuclear war, and who had tried unsuccessfully to get her questions answered by democratic means. I went on to explain that women from all over the world had met in Rome recently to see the Pope and had then gone to Geneva to meet delegates of the disarmament conference and U Thant. We had discussed many problems and these women had all denounced the farce and futility of CD in their own countries; they had returned to their

homes determined to continue work towards peace.

The leaders of the world and their *advisers* are guilty. Over the years they have blackmailed all the people of the world. They have created a Frankenstein monster of fear and prejudice against each other in our hearts and minds. They manufacture dreadful weapons of nuclear and bacteriological destruction and *then talk glibly* about a Civil Defense which does not really exist. They seem to think they can juggle and gamble with the lives of the children of their countries. We, the mothers of these children, have indeed a right to ask questions when and how we like.

VERDICT

We find that the constable was correct in arresting you. Nevertheless, we grant you an absolute discharge.