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ISSUES OF COMMUNICATION

NOW and then MANAS receives letters in criticism of the "generality" of its editorial expressions. Along these lines, one reader says: "I well know that were clarity and precision the sole aim or sole criterion in judging the effectiveness of communication, much that needs to be said could not be said, but I firmly believe that a greater degree of 'specificity' is both desirable and even necessary in order to achieve advancement and communication in the realm of ideas." Another reader objects strenuously to the expression, "aspect of reality," condemning it as a "dichotomy," going on to quote from the same MANAS article ("History and the Individual," MANAS, July 25, 1962) the statement: "History is the rational side of self-knowledge," on which there is this comment:

> That sentence alone needs a whole treatise to justify it. Why and how can history be rational? . . . History has no single direction, source or conclusion. It works in a continuum. How then do you test its rationality?

There is a great deal more from this critic, which we should quote if we planned any sort of serious defense. But there is little point in pursuing such an argument. History, it seems to us, is subject to rational investigation because it takes place in time and is made in some measure of cause and effect, which are the stuff of rational knowledge. There are forms of realization and intuitions about the self which are not subject to analysis—which are, so to say, supra-rational, because they do not depend upon time for our perception of them. They are therefore non-historical.

Of course, you can pull any proposal of this sort apart with verbal attacks. In such circumstances, argument is fruitless. We freely admit that there is *always* a better way of saying something than the way we happen to have said it. But if you want to say certain things, or speak at a certain level, you are vulnerable to such criticism. You know this when you start out, so it doesn't matter much. As for the first-quoted correspondent, we can only agree with what she says. Greater specificity is always desirable, if it can be attained without barring possible meanings that ought not to be excluded.

It might be a good idea, here, to call attention to the fact that very nearly all serious or philosophic communication relies heavily on the assumption that there are common intuitive meanings acknowledged by all human beings. Great poetry, scripture, and any sort of evocative writing make their communication by this means. There may be courteous bows to precise definition and logical construction, but for the most part the sense of meaning is induced by an appeal to the imagination, causing the reader to construct in his own mind some kind of parallel to what the writer intended. All philosophic communication is this kind of act of faith. It is most effective when the writer is himself engaged in search or a process of discovery. Who would be able or want to have a communication from someone who "knows everything"?

There is an incommensurable element in every philosophic perception, every philosophic statement, which becomes a serious statement because it commits the being of a man. Judgments of such statements are always intuitive, never "logical," mainly because philosophic concepts are concerned with whole meanings while logic of necessity deals with finite parts of meaning. But philosophic conceptions which have deep meaning are always *compatible* with logical ideas.

The failure to make this kind of analysis, or an analysis which has a similar clarifying purpose,

usually leads to confusion. And you may have confusion, anyhow, although in this case it should be the kind of confusion you can tolerate.

For example: Recently, at a gathering of persons of dissimilar backgrounds who had come together to discuss the problems of war and peace, it gradually became evident that the talk was mostly "circular." A lot of logical statements were made, but the conversation reached no observable goal. There are of course many ways to break down a situation of this sort. The following is one:

The problem of how to make peace sooner or later resolves itself into a simple question: What will *they* do?— "they" being the Russians, the Chinese, or any hypothetical enemy.

A moralist may interrupt to say, "What about ourselves?" and you can listen to the moralist, grant him his point, but then you have to go on. If people would listen to the moralists there would be no wars. But people don't listen to the moralists, so we have to find some way of dealing with the question that has a better hope of engaging attention.

So you say, "What will the *Russians* do?" And the answer comes, "We don't know, but probably their worst; and even if there is some other possibility, you must not count on anything but the worst, because if you are wrong, you endanger all your countrymen. No one has a right to do that." By this logic, foreign policy is made in the Pentagon, where men are professionally trained to count on the worst. It is the business of the soldier to prepare for the worst.

Then we look around. We see what counting on the worst has done to our psychological life, our moral ideas, and even to our atmosphere, with its growing quotas of short-life fall-out and Strontium 90. We don't like what we see, so we come back to the question, "What will the Russians do?"

The moralist might raise his voice again, here, but let's put him off for a while.

Maybe you begin to work on the question more seriously. You look at history. You get a lot of discouraging facts from Russian history and current events. But one of the values of the study of history is that it leads to a measure of impersonality in respect to ideas about nations. After a while you may get off the subject, to the point of using analogies from the behavior of other nations in tight situations. And eventually the question changes a bit, often becoming simply a question of what great military powers do in tight situations.

The discussion, alas, is still circular. There is little help from history. The historical record is a closed system. But so is the status quo. The historical record says—or seems to say—that we ought to keep on what we are doing (counting on the worst), while the status quo (made up of what we are doing) says that if we go on this way we may commit joint nuclear suicide along with the Russians and kill a lot of other people, too.

That is why we can't stop asking the question, "What will the Russians do?" You dispose of it, but it keeps coming up again.

So you ask another simple question: "Are the Russians *human?"* And the answer comes, *"Of course* they are human, but they are the captives of their materialistic philosophy. They have different values. They don't care about the individual. They believe only in the all-powerful Soviet State; and they have said that the whole world must some day be Communist—that this destiny for us all is written in the stars, or something like that."

Well, that means, you say, that the Russians are human beings who are in the grip of the mandate of a theory of history—a theory which has the status of an absolute political dogma. How can you talk to such people? Whatever you say to them will only be noise unless you submit to their dogma and make it your premise, and how can you do *that?*

What does their dogma say? It says that they have a good society with good rules that produce good men, and that we have a bad society with bad rules that produce bad men.

How do you persuade a man to change his mind? You don't threaten him, you don't lecture him, you don't accuse him of evil crimes. You show your own security in other ideas and you keep on exhibiting evidence of the validity of those ideas. You don't especially try to *prove* anything; that only makes people suspicious; you get busy creating the good society filled with good men of the sort you say flourish naturally under the rules of your society. You rely on the fact that the man is human; that like other humans he is eventually persuaded by facts. You concentrate on production of the persuasive facts.

But *this* man, *this* nation, is deluded, someone will say. The Russians don't *see* the facts. In such a situation, two things are needed. First, you have to be sure that the facts are there to see; second, you have to acknowledge that seeing them takes time.

All this depends, of course, on agreeing that the Russians are human. The thing that holds us to this agreement is the fact that we can't afford to think anything else about them. The choices have become too few. A few years ago, an impatient patriot could yell out that it doesn't matter whether the Russians are human or not, they'd better behave, *or else*, and people would listen to him. We have some impatient patriots like that, today, and a few people are listening to them, but the rest of the population knows that this is crazy talk which, if taken seriously, would soon lead to the sudden death of a hundred million human beings.

Now, we *need* to believe that the Russians are human, that they have the same potentialities as all other men.

We need to believe this because we are beginning to realize at the solar plexus level that *we've got to stop counting on the worst.* Counting on the worst is going to destroy us all.

This is about where we are today, as a nation, in our best thinking. We know that the Russians are human, like ourselves; we know that it will take time to change their minds about us; and we know that if they are to change their minds, we will have to give them better reasons than we have been giving them up to now for changing.

Why should we do this? Because there's nothing else to do. And why shouldn't we? A doctor doesn't ask why he should bother with an irascible patient. A teacher doesn't slam the door on a stubborn, erratic child. Doctors and teachers keep working with difficult people and often the difficult people change. Not always, but sometimes. It's a chance they take.

Well, are we supposed to turn around and start counting on the *best.* That might be a good idea, but we're probably not up to it. And yet, what else are we going to count on, in the long run?

Various answers might be returned to this question. For example, an obvious reply would be: "We have to be *realistic.* Even if we try to stop planning for the worst, the most we can hope for is a mixed reaction from the Russians or from anyone at all, especially when you are dealing with entire nations."

But this is not the point. We know, or think we know, just about all that can be known about the bad reactions that can be expected, including the various ways which can be depended upon to produce bad reactions in others. Yet we know nothing or practically nothing about the good reactions or about the behavior that helps to produce good reactions in others. For centuries we have studied how to defeat or destroy other countries, and lately we have been perfecting psychological techniques for deceiving and weakening our enemies. But that there may be an element of science, or at least skill, in the making of peace is a consideration that has had almost no

attention at all, from the nation, or the official representatives of the nation.

Part of this neglect may be attributed to the fact that the gambits of war are executed by institutions, which operate at the dehumanized levels characteristic of mass human behavior. Dehumanized behavior is predictable behavior, and policy-makers and war-makers feel more at home in anticipating what they feel able to predict.

The expectation of the good needs to go behind institutional responses to the human beings who are capable of the kind of behavior we want to evoke. This is an unexplored region in modern statecraft. We make all sorts of excuses for ignoring it. Yet it is the only region where lasting peace can be made.

It is not too much of an oversimplification to say that, if you want to make war you deal with nations, but to make peace you deal with individuals.

So, when you are seeking for an answer to the question, "What will people do?"—or, "What will the Russians do?"—you look to the lessons of institutional behavior if you are planning on war, but you need to look at individual behavior if you are planning on peace.

But how are you going to look at the behavior of two hundred million people? You can't. All you can do is stipulate that the Russians are human and look at individual human beings to see how they behave. For this purpose, looking at yourself is often a good exercise for the understanding of others.

The chief barrier to the study of the individual human being is the intellectual tradition of Western civilization, which says that only statistical information about man has any validity. But if statistical information cannot tell us what we want to know, we shall have to pass the statistical barrier and study non-statistical, non-institutionalized man.

How shall we pursue this study? What are its materials? Just asking the question is disturbing. We know that the answer will have to be: The religions of the world, the intuitions of artists and writers, and the accumulating literature of modern depth psychology.

The common assumption is that such materials always present ancient and unsolved philosophical dilemmas and are not, therefore, worth a practical man's time. The common assumption is that non-institutionalized man is almost a contradiction in terms, a chimera of idealist dreams nowhere found in experience.

But this assumption is false, or partly false. The great men of history, the uplifters and inspirers of their fellows, have always been non-institutionalized men. Last week's lead article on Henry David Thoreau was about a non-institutionalized man, and was written by a non-institutionalized man, Henry Miller. Tolstoy was a non-institutionalized man. If you look, you can find men like that—rare individuals who react with the best that is in them, regardless of what is done to provoke other responses.

Such men have always been the leaders in evoking the best in other men. They are always the real peace-makers. We can study these men for knowledge of the human being at his best. We already know enough about man at his worst.

Here someone may object by saying that the Russians, while human and all that, are a special case because they are caught in the institutional stereotype of Communist doctrine. They are the captives of paranoid assumptions.

Well, if this judgment is correct, and it is doubtless partially correct, there is then the need for giving the Russians special treatment. They are still men. Individuals who suffer from paranoia are not executed in our society. They are treated by doctors who understand the ills of the mind. The one thing a psychotherapist will never do is assist the paranoid in turning his delusions into self-fulfilling prophecies. The one

thing the psychotherapist does try to do is help the patient to discover *for himself* an order of reality which is outside his delusion. When, finally, the delusion is exposed, the patient is said to be well.

Where do the psychotherapists get their faith that there is in human beings this capacity to overcome their delusions and get well? They get it from other human beings and from themselves. They get it from acknowledging in some way or other the potentialities for good in human beings. No therapist, very likely, would express this faith in the same terms. And practically all of them, we suspect, would avoid the theological vocabulary in speaking of the real being inside the patient who does the getting well. But the getting well is a functional reality and the faith of the patient in himself and of the therapist in both the patient and himself is also a functional reality.

This is not just "talk." It is more than the speculations of philosophers and moralists. People help one another to be wise and harmonious human beings. The processes of this kind of help are acknowledged intuitively and are now in some measure being defined scientifically. They are real. They may be and very likely are the only available means to peace in the modern world.

The working of these processes is predicated on faith in and knowledge of the nature of man.

Fifty years ago a statement of this sort would have had practically no acceptance. It probably has only limited acceptance today. What acceptance for it that now exists is the result of the endless labors of psychotherapists since the days of Sigmund Freud—by all those who have had a part in creating the contemporary vocabulary concerned with the dynamics of man's subjective life. There now exists a functioning body of assumptions concerning the nature of man with which the modern world has some familiarity. It would be quite impossible to separate the intuitive element in these assumptions from the scientific or "verified" element in them. In a man working on a job, there is a constant osmotic interchange between his science and his intuition. The balance between these two sources of control in what he does is achieved instinctively, it is his *art.*

Let us note at this point that the psychotherapist—who is here our type of the peace-maker—is by no means unaware of the possibility of failure. He is neither naïve nor a sentimentalist. More, probably, than any other member of our society, he recognizes the difficulties under which men become harmonious and well. He is also probably better able to discuss the problems of peace-making than anyone else, simply because he has been reflecting for years upon the sources and causes of hostility in human beings.

It is pretty silly to say that the problem is one of admitting the strength of the "evil" forces in the world. It is also silly to accuse the pacifists of supposing that they, a handful of people, are going to "make peace" for the nations now ranged against one another. All that the pacifists are doing is to try to impress their countrymen with the thumping, screaming, *obvious* reality that they have *got* to start in learning how to find the good and stir the good in other human beings. There is nothing else to do.

What is this "good"?

One of the great mistakes of religion has been to make definitions of subjective reality before people have had any recognizable experience of it. It seems to us that, first you seek the experience, and after you have had a little of it you begin to make tentative definitions. Until then, you keep the account of what you are looking for pretty vague.

On the other hand, many people want, and probably need, some kind of hypothesis concerning the reality they are seeking. In this case the philosophical religions are a prime source. You can get quite adequate theories of the potentialities of man from Upanishadic thought, from Buddhist philosophy, from

Neoplatonic metaphysics, from Gandhi, and from a number of the mystics. But these theories remain doctrinal hearsay until they have been in some sense *rendered* into first-hand perception by the human being who is looking for the good. And what he says, out of the fruit of this experience, will be hearsay to anyone else. Yet it will also bear the touch of his personal inspiration.

When it comes to this kind of "truth" or communication, we work with corresponding intuitions of meaning, not "definitions" or "logic" in its formal meaning. Culture, in the highest sense, is a body of tradition concerning this region of inquiry. If the tradition is dogmatic, it tends to shut out the individual inspiration that is needed for firsthand experience. If the tradition is agnostic or somewhat hostile to all ideas of subjective reality, the civilization it produces suffers from a malnutrition of the inner life.

What we have been suggesting in this article, we suppose, is that the quest for peace is really the quest for truth. This is a far-reaching claim and it may not be accepted by many readers. In the past the West has had quite a lot of peaceful years (we thought of them as peaceful) when we didn't have very much truth.

But this may be exactly the point, the source of the crisis which is engulfing our civilization. We may have matured our capacities and our actual powers to a stage where we can no longer survive as a civilization without finding more of the truth than we have had in the past. We can no longer stand the pressure, it may be, of counting on the worst in other human beings. Beginning to find out about the best in them, even though it is difficult, may be the only way of taking the initial, revolutionary step of *counting* on it, in order to survive. But survival is not a good enough reason for taking this step. While fear of extinction may lead us to the brink of decision, it will never turn us into the kind of men who can make peace.

REVIEW
TRAVELING PHILOSOPHER

YEARS before the last presidential election the initials J. K. evoked respect throughout the world and only occasionally some combative argument. Your reviewer, for one, has admired Joseph Wood Krutch ever since reading his early work, *The Modern Temper*, and has yet to find any of Krutch's writing that was not both delightful and illuminating. *The Twelve Seasons* and *The Best of Two Worlds*, written in the East, and *The Desert Year* and *The Voice of the Desert*, written in the West, are far more than explorations of nature by a man who terms himself "an amateur naturalist." Philosophical insight always relates the world of plants and small creatures to the world of human problems, so that there is no discontinuity between these books and such essays as the author's *Measure of Man.*

With the publishing of *The Forgotten Peninsula* (Wm. Sloane, 1961), we are made aware of the fact that Mr. Krutch has been journeying for years to Baja California. Here is vivid description of a fascinating land, and here, also, is Krutch writing as philosopher and psychologist. The last chapter of *The Forgotten Peninsula*, titled "Baja and Progress," raises issues like those discussed by William O. Douglas in his *Wilderness* travelogues, and perhaps some deeper questions. In one case, viewing the construction of an 8000-foot airstrip near Cape Lucas, designed ultimately for jets, Mr. Krutch ponders the "civilizing" of primitive areas. "Perhaps I should rejoice," he says, "to think that more citizens of the United States will have an opportunity to visit the magnificent scene. But of this last I am less sure." He continues:

> One after another the most accessible mountains and beaches are turning into Coney Islands of horror to which the hordes come, not to make contact with natural beauty, but to invade it with radios and all the other paraphernalia necessary to transform mountain or beach into a noisy slum so little different from the slums of the city as to make one wonder why they bother to come. At the same time, one after another of the superlatively beautiful but remoter regions of the earth are being taken possession of by the rich and the footloose for whom eager entrepreneurs build luxury hotels and casinos in which the patrons who have come thousands of miles may engage in much the same amusements they might engage in at home—which activity they sometimes call, goodness only knows why, "getting away from it all."
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> I, too, am an intruder in Baja. Perhaps I should either welcome all the tourists who can be induced to come or myself refrain from accepting the most modern mechanical contrivances in order to fly along its coast, camp on its beaches, or drive a truck over its mountains and deserts. But I am glad to have had the opportunity to enjoy what, in another generation or two, it may be almost impossible for anyone to find anywhere. And I flatter myself that at least I valued Baja for what it is, not for what I might find exploitable there.

There is apparently a strong if unconscious missionary zeal in the entrepreneurs who now point their capital in the direction of this long forgotten peninsula:

> When today we undertake to bring the supposed blessing of our civilization to the lesser tribes we are more likely to call ourselves technicians than missionaries. We do not call them "savage" or even "pagan"; we call them only "underdeveloped." We bring them sanitation and machinery and are less concerned with their souls than with what we call their standard of living. But our zeal is great and our faith in what we bring is no less uncritical than the faith which persuaded the padres to pursue a course which ended in the extermination of the whole population of Baja California. We believe that if baptism will not save them, machinery will, and when we have taught one of our converts to drive a truck we are as sure that we have conferred a boon as ever the Jesuits were when they had persuaded a native of Baja to recite the Creed. We are also equally unlikely to ask either whether our new religion is really sound or whether, supposing that it is, it can be understood and successfully practiced by those who are snatched from one long familiar way of life and plunged into another.

As Edmund Taylor reflected during his sojourn in India (*Richer by Asia*, 1947): "The same men who discovered the law of karma could not be expected to discover how the atom can be split, or *vice versa.* The backwardness of any

people is merely the field of activity in which it has not specialized. The strength of one cultural group is always the weakness of another. No single man, community, or culture can realize all the human capabilities or formulate all the possible human values." And so, in relation to Baja California, Krutch asks:

> Can we safely take it for granted that aberrations which will ultimately seem as incomprehensible cannot possibly flourish in the enlightened twentieth century? Is it possible that "economic development," imposed from above on every clime and race, will sometime seem as uncritically proposed as Christianity, and that, under some circumstances, giving primitive man a motor scooter is only a form of baptism no more effective than the other kind in assuring him salvation.
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> Even if we are surer than we have any right to be that our own way of life is so admirable that the whole world should adopt it, are we sure that all the "backward peoples" are any better prepared to imitate us than the Indians of Baja California were prepared to become Spanish Christians? The Indians could live in their own way; they could only die when another was imposed upon them.

We should add that *The Forgotten Peninsula* is filled with appreciation of the spectacular, almost eerie beauty of the land, and is illustrated with many photographs. Oddly enough, this quality might from one point of view be judged a "fault," since so alluring an introduction to Baja California will almost certainly increase the influx of "tourists." For example, the author says that many of the beaches in the vicinity of La Paz Bay are "more beautiful than Biarritz or the Lido," and continues:

> The other charms are of a sort less universally appreciated. To enjoy them one does not need to be especially rugged (I am not) nor endowed with the daredevil's temperament. Probably to appreciate some of them one does need to be undistressed by the minor discomforts of back-country travel and either very sketchy or, more often, non-existent "accommodations." What is absolutely essential (besides a willingness to camp out in empty country) is some interest in and some sympathy for at least one of the following: the life of simple, smiling, apparently happy people living in tiny picturesque villages so cut off from the world that many of them have no postal service, no telephone and no telegraph; the long and picturesque history of a region inhabited almost a century before the Pilgrims had begun to think about voyaging to what was to be their New England; the natural grandeur of desert scenery and desert mountains as well as the strange, often strangely beautiful, plant and animal life of one of the few areas on the American continent still much as nature worked out her balance without human intervention.
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> Even lacking all of these interests, one may still, with a minimum of difficulty, visit La Paz or La Palmilla and one may choose to do so simply because they are less hackneyed resorts to which remoteness and the primitive areas surrounding them contribute a certain charm. But unless one finds it worthwhile to make sometimes rather inconvenient journeys to see a forest of boojum trees (which are to be seen nowhere else); to visit a fossil bed cluttered with the remains of giant cephalopods, extinct these eighty or ninety million years; to explore uninhabited islands where great blue herons nest, or to visit a village oasis where one suddenly leaves the desert for a myrtle-shaded square surrounded by date palms, then it is hardly worthwhile to wander far from what are just now beginning to become tourist centers.
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> The present book is addressed primarily to those who have some of the interests and sympathies mentioned above as part of the quipment required for rewarding travel in unfrequented country.

Such persuasive writing is bound to influence the undecided traveler in the direction of Baja California—and the more visitors, the less provocatively "remote" will this primeval land become. But then, it will make a considerable difference what sort of "tourists" arrive. Those who respond to Mr. Krutch are apt to be people who are careful not to despoil.

COMMENTARY
WHAT IS SOVEREIGN?

THE Russians have various difficulties. So do we. But a special difficulty the Russians have, by reason of official fiat, is that they are unable to admit to certain common failings. It is uniformly denied, for example, that there is any anti-Semitism in Soviet Russia. The Russian visitor to Vermont (see Frontiers) insisted that the reports of this kind of prejudice in her homeland are false. Yet such reports keep on reaching American readers. A new and currently reviewed book on religion in the U.S.S.R. points out that the special vigor applied by the Soviet Government to stamp out *Jewish* religion is a clear instance of the prejudice which lingers from Czarist days. It is of course a government policy to oppose all forms of religion, but the energy directed against Judaism is out of all proportion to the small number of Jews in Soviet Russia.

An intelligent American will not hesitate to admit that the treatment of minorities in the United States leaves much to be desired. He is ashamed of the laggard response of the southern states to the mandate of the Supreme Court to integrate the schools. He knows and regrets the discrimination practiced against Negroes and other minorities in housing and in jobs. He defends human rights by principle, and is under no obligation to assert that because the United States embodies the correct theory of history, these rights need no further attention.

The Government of the United States does not embody a theory of history, although some foolish men styling themselves patriots often sound as though they thought it did. The Government of the United States embodies the proposition that no one is smart enough to insist upon the correct theory of history, and it stipulates that every man is free to believe as he chooses on this obscure and difficult subject, so long as he does not take practical steps to tyrannize over his fellows and to deny them a similar freedom.

This system does not work perfectly. Its principles are often seriously neglected and the defense of human rights —even the rights which are supposed to be secured by law —is often left to small groups of people who wear out their lives trying to preserve and further conditions of justice and freedom.

It remains a fact, however, whatever the shortcomings of practice, that the Government of the United States is an instrument responsible to certain principles—these, and not the Government, are sovereign. The individual who thinks in terms of these principles, and who gives them voice, is in fact and by constitutional provision a higher authority than any government rule or official.

The practice of the Government and of powerful groups in the United States, such as organized business interests, is subject to the continuous scrutiny and criticism of distinguished citizens. The books of William O. Douglas are a good illustration of this fact. A current example of the "sovereignty" of the individual is the outspoken criticism of the FBI and J. Edgar Hoover, recently, by W. H. Ferry, a vice president of the Fund for the Republic. Press comment on Mr. Ferry's remarks would make a good-sized book. While many people objected strenuously to Mr. Ferry's opinions, practically none of his critics proposed that he be "punished" or personally "silenced" in some way, although a number of outraged citizens seemed to think that the Fund ought to lose its tax exemption certificate, which would of course put it out of business.

The point is that enough people in the United States still resist the delusion that their government and its officials are in any way infallible and they are able to get a hot argument going in the public prints by openly attacking the stereotypes which the majority seem to be accepting without question.

This is precisely what cannot happen in Russia. If we had a few more W. H. Ferrys in this country, we would have a better chance of convincing the Russians that the sovereignty of principles, individuals, and principled individuals makes a better society than the sovereignty of the State and of an infallible theory of history.

CHILDREN
. . . and Ourselves
RADICALS ON THE CAMPUS

A BALLANTTNE paperback, *Student*, reports on the new life and activity on American campuses, bringing many undergraduates and instructors into a kind of fiery collaboration. David Horowitz, the author, is a teaching assistant at the University of California at Berkeley. While he is chiefly concerned with explaining the temper of thought behind the dramatic protests in 1960 against the House Un-American Activities Committee in San Francisco, he also speaks for a segment of opinion in every student body and faculty. The opening chapter tells why a growing number of young people are sensitive to pacifism, describes the technique of "sit-ins" for breaking down color barriers and the opposition to capital punishment. Mr. Horowitz identifies himself with the students:

> We watched our national leaders abdicate their responsibility to their own ideals of freedom, equality and self-determination of people; we saw the business world to be a world of self-interest, prestige-seeking and the quest for power; we had to bear witness as the leaders of our own academic community retreated before the witch-hunters and made frantic efforts to cover our ties with the world of men. They issued directives to us. Certain issues became "off-campus" issues, not to be officially considered by student governments. As if there were an "on-campus" and "off-campus," as if what transpired in the classroom had no relevance to the world happenings outside!
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> We watched as the university was turned into an amoral institution, even as the political and social institutions had become amoral before. We felt the significance of our lives, their connection to a community of lives and a cluster of values, and their responsibility toward that community and those values, melting around us. And then one fine May before the courthouse in San Francisco, we came in such numbers as to put a stop to the process and to turn it the other way.
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> We came out to demonstrate against the House Committee on Un-American Activities, not merely as a defense of our right to freedom of thought, but as an affirmation of our duty to think, to think socially and independently, to take part as students in the community and to take responsibility as students for its direction.
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> The right to think is the basis of the academic community; it is its duty as well. But the right to think is pertinent only when the academic community is involved in thought about shaping the lives of men. When study becomes the study of techniques, when methods alone are at stake without regard for goals or ends, then thinking is never dangerous and the right to think is irrelevant, an off-campus issue. On the other hand, when study is study to create a better life for men, to alter the establishment if need be, to achieve that better life, then study is dangerous (at least to the powers that be) and the right to think is essential.
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> That morning when we went out to demonstrate against the House Committee, we had other things on our mind as well: capital punishment, integration, peace, and all the issues in which our lives were involved and which we had begun, as students, to think about again.

When the Berkeley students went to San Francisco to protest the presence of HUAC and were subjected to harassment and finally physical abuse by the police department, they knew what they were doing—at least, they were ready for an apprenticeship in "direct nonviolent action." When an unofficial picket line encircled City Hall on May 12 (1960), they distributed instructions in nonviolent discipline which read:

> The purpose of the picket line is to protest the invasion by the HUAC of privacy of individual belief and its free expression, and to gain support from the public for the abolition of this Committee. We strive to achieve respect for the dignity of man. Thus, we must act in accordance with this ideal if we want others to respect it. All persons who participate in this line are expected to show good-will and to be polite, calm, and reasonable to everyone, including police, hecklers, the public and other picketers. Do not show anger and do not use abusive language; do not respond to hoots, jeers, or derogatory language. Do not debate with the public. Questions about the group and its activities, especially from the press should be directed to monitors, who are wearing white arm-bands initialed with a black "M." Monitors are in charge of maintaining the order of the picket line, and you are expected to carefully follow their directions. If you cannot abide by the decisions of the monitors or if you cannot remain

> non-violent in character and in deed, please withdraw quietly from the line. All who wish to demonstrate against the HUAC are welcome to join the line. Remember, your conduct must reflect the ideals for which we are demonstrating.

Mr. Horowitz explains why student opinion has seldom been heard in the past, and why, having now found its voice, much more "radical" expression can be expected. Encroachment on freedom of expression is always a characteristic of the authoritarian society, but for about half a century college students in America have seemed to be either isolated or insulated from ethical issues. When the loyalty oath was first imposed on University of California instructors, the realization began to dawn that the fight for freedom begins at home. Mr. Horowitz concludes his closing chapter, "New Politics," with these words:

> The question arises as to why, if the students are thinking in these terms, their protests have been confined to such limited issues? Why has there been so little evidence of this thinking in their pronouncements and resolutions in the past? The answer to these questions takes us back to the central content of this book, which is slander and the fight to be free from such slander. Behind every protest over the right to speak is a protest for particular speech. Only those who have something to say in the first place will risk defending the right to say it. Only those who are really concerned with society can be really concerned for freedom.
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> The fight that the students are putting up is just the preliminary struggle. They are young and they are growing up in a world which for them is also young. For this new world, they have new ideas and new methods for putting them into practice. They have, in short, a new politics. The fight now is the fight for the freedom to work it out.

FRONTIERS

Of Eggs and Things

YOUR Aug. 8 issue of MANAS had an article, "Toynbee and Television," which among other things looked at a breakthrough to the Russians by a crew of ABC TV cameramen sent over there to make a program. Mine isn't a television story, but it does concern a Russian and some Americans.

Sometime in June I decided I would offer to go to the Moscow Peace Conference if no other women would go. I wrote the Soviet Embassy in Washington, D.C., and told them I thought it important that Americans go to the conference and if the American delegation of W.S.P. [Women's Strike for Peace] didn't or couldn't accept, I was available. I asked in exchange that a Russian woman come to Vermont to visit. A woman in Montpelier, Vermont, then wrote and asked the same thing—for an exchange. We waited a while and then wrote again. There was no answer to any of our letters. Finally another woman was chosen to go to Moscow from Vermont and before she left, at a tea in Washington, D. C., she extended an invitation to the cultural attaché of the Soviet Embassy to visit Vermont. On Aug. 3 both the Montpelier woman and I received letters in the same mail saying that a Russian woman from the Soviet Embassy would visit us in four days' time. She could stay forty-eight hours and would we send her information about all the roads we would be traveling on with her, as she had to give that information to the State Department? In the hassle to get together a list of these routes and to complete the arrangements, the Montpelier woman left out one of the connecting highways on her tour. (Our Russian visitor, Mme. Khitmatch, later told us that while she was in California, visiting Stanford University, a professor took her for a drive on Highway 101—one of the "permitted" roads. While they were going along, she saw a sign that said Highway 80. Perturbed, she said to her driver, "I'm supposed to be on 101 and this is 80." "Relax," he said. "This is the *old* 101!" He told her to close her eyes as she went on the connecting road, to avoid seeing any top secrets in one of the maple trees!)

Mme. Khitmatch arrived at 2:00 A.M. on a Thursday morning. One of the women nearest the station in Putney, Vermont, picked her up and took her home. The next morning I got a neighbor with a busted muffler pipe on her jeep to take me down to meet Mme. Khitmatch. When we arrived everyone was eating breakfast and talking. A number of women were to come over later. They did, and although we had planned a tour of the local college, music school, and hospital, we never got to any of these places. We just talked and talked.

Mme. Khitmatch told about her disappointment when Titov came to the Russian Embassy in Washington, D.C. Waving her arms and measuring in the air she said, "But he was so small!" Then she told us how Titov and Gagarin were chosen. She said that many Soviet astronauts had equal qualifications, but Gagarin smiled constantly and it was decided that he should be the one. No matter what, he was always in good spirits. Titov was chosen second because he liked to sing to himself and recite poetry and prose. If Soviet scientific calculations were wrong and he did not come down in a day, but had to stay up there two weeks, he would survive because he could amuse himself!

I told her about my forthcoming trip to Europe and the films I would make. I mentioned that one of them would be a student demonstration film. That struck a chord of remembrance with Mme. Khitmatch. She told how one day, while on her way out of the Embassy, she saw a picket line of young men with signs. She walked by and saw a young man holding a sign which said, "I'd rather be dead than Red." This upset Mme. Khitmatch considerably. She went on by him, knowing that as a member of the diplomatic corps she should not stop. She walked a few more feet, but then, as a mother,

turned around. The feeling in her stomach told her she must say something. She went up to the boy and asked him how old he was. "Sixteen," he said. She said, "You don't know anything about being dead, you're too young. Who gave you this sign?" The boy mumbled something about another boy giving it to him. She then walked away and later said to us, "I wouldn't have cared if the sign had said, 'Let's fight the USSR,' instead of 'I'd rather be dead.' He was so young!"

She had many stories to relate about World War II. She told how her husband and father had been killed by the Germans, speaking of the intense fear of the Russians that Germany will be rearmed with nuclear weapons. She described how the area near Minsk looked after the war, how everything was gone, and how the people left all lived underground. She said that simple household objects had all been destroyed and told how a whole family might be found with one spoon between them (waving her teaspoon in the air as she spoke). All of these needed utensils had to be regained, and homes rebuilt. A great share of this work was done by women because so many of the men had been killed.

One woman asked her what about reports of anti-Semitism in Russia. She said they were not true. She said that she had been a practical nurse in one area from which the Germans retreated. The Germans had made a temporary ghetto in one of the towns and as the Germans left they took out many Jews and shot them. She went on to explain that over the years many Jews had married Russians, and vice versa. A Russian or Jew was the same thing to the Germans. As they dragged away the children from the ghetto area, the children would plead, "I'm not Jewish, I'm not Jewish!"

I cannot repeat some of the war tales she told and I don't think they need be repeated. In fact, most of us could not take any more, when an interruption caused the train of thought to shift.

Speaking of differences in customs Mme. Khitmatch had an amusing story to tell about Indonesia. She was called there for a meeting of women's groups. It was in a region away from the big cities. When she got there she found all the women waiting, nude from the waist up. She was supposed to make some sort of talk, but found all those nude bodies a bit disconcerting. My comment to her was that their clothing, or lack of it, might have been "a bit more practical in that heat."

During the day we spent talking and visiting, we did go a few miles away to show her a documentary film of Robert Flaherty's called *Moana*. Mrs. Flaherty asked if some sort of program might be arranged so that she could take her films to Russia and talk about them. It was not easy for the Russian woman to grasp the idea of a single human being and his importance. That, of course, is the meaning of Flaherty's films—that man alone is important and his natural obstacles are part of his life; that human beings are the most important thing in the world—above ideas and all else. Mrs. Flaherty explained that she was making *Moana* available to peace groups here and there, since it had been filmed in the South Pacific, near the present testing area, and portrayed the way of life we were destroying. (Maybe we should have shown Flaherty's *Nanook,* also, since the Russians are now busy testing in the arctic, affecting the deer and food supplies of the Lapps.)

After visiting a number of artists' studios in the two days, Mme. Khitmatch said that the Soviet artists could learn something from us and maybe there should be an exchange which would bring two artists from Russia to Vermont. At our home and studio, she made two remarks: she did not understand one print we had on the wall, and she liked my mosaics as they reminded her of the subways in Moscow. Thank heaven for the mosaic walls in the subways!

Since only a couple of people in our group could speak Russian, she had to speak English continuously for two days and it was quite an effort. It tired her.

Wrapping up this whole experience, it comes to a meeting and an attempt at understanding others somewhat different from ourselves. The differences were not great—mostly language and politics. Mme. Khitmatch wanted peace for her child, and his child, and all children. She asked, "What would I have had to live for if my child had been killed, also?" So it seems to be children and women that must somehow find a solution for survival. The rules will have to be put aside and *human beings* considered.

As one friend who put Mme. Khitmatch up for the night said, after we had had a good dinner and just the four of us were talking: "Honey I'm going to ask *that* question now, WHY DID YOUR COUNTRY DROP THAT BIG EGG LAST WEEK?'" We spent the rest of the evening hashing that out. However, we all left friendly with no one the worse for the discussion. When *that* question could be successfully asked we had proved that we were friends, not enemies. Then we all went to bed.

VIRGINIA NAEVE

Jamaica, Vermont