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THE REQUIREMENTS OF HEALTH

THOSE who live outside the law must be absolutely honest. Whoever said this—we remember only that he belongs to the present age—put his finger on what may prove the only ordering principle that can be a guide through the present disorders. We live in a time when the inadequacies of all "systems" as final authority are becoming manifest. It is not that they are useless; they are as important and valuable as any of the tools employed by human beings; but when systems are made into arbiters of destiny, definers of morality, and courts of last resort, their virtues turn into frauds, and then the distrust men feel for their authority leads either to conscious recognition of the prior claims of what Lawrence Kohlberg has termed postconventional morality, or to nihilism. After this dual process of the transformation of human attitudes has begun, the existing system can never be the same. Either it submits to being reshaped as a tool to serve human purposes or it crumples under attacks which come from every direction.

To be "honest" in the postconventional sense means to have the chief reference points for meaning within oneself. The individual relies on "autonomous principles which have validity and application apart from authority of the group of persons who hold them and apart from the individual's identification with those persons or groups." A man who is honest in this sense is a spreader of security, once he is understood. A man known to be accountable to himself does not have to be "watched." He is totally trustworthy. In any community, only a small number of people who have this quality can leaven the life of everyone with good. The fact is that all systems, of whatever sort, are imperfect copies, attempts at codification of the behavior of such men. But the systems are inflexible and mortal, while self-accountability is not. It does not decay because it is self-renewing. Being so, the side-effects of the lives of such men are a disturbing challenge to the validity of nearly every system.

Habitually, consideration is given to such propositions only in ideal terms. But men who, from the spur of disillusionment, are trying to be honest with themselves often accomplish only an uneven practice. They go a little way toward intellectual and moral autonomy and then stop or turn back. A great historical change involving countless individual transitions of this sort is bound to be marked by both impulsive daring and faint-hearted gestures. People stumble and fall, get hurt, seek cover. They nurse their wounds and try again. Strength is needed to stand alone, to have one's own postconventional morality, which is purely an individual development. Yet while it is individual, there is a comradeship in it.

In every region of thought men are now breaking with the systems that confine their minds and their lives. Various prophets have described this hour, often only in the darkest colors. Shakespeare, for one, in *Troilus and Cressida*, made Ulysses say:

> O, when degree is shak'd,
> Which is the ladder to all high designs,
> The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
> Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
> Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
> The primogenitive and due of birth,
> Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
> But by degree, stand in authentic place?
> Take but degree away, untune that string,
> And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
> In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters
> Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
> And make a sop of all this solid globe:
> Strength should be lord of imbecility,
> And the rude son should strike his father dead:
> Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong,—
> Between whose endless jar justice resides,—

Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then everything includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up himself.

More briefly, Yeats:

Things fall apart; the center cannot hold
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world . . .
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.

Yet the burden of our contention is that the truly best are filled with conviction, now and then declaring themselves, and showing, with the resources available to them, that centers *do* hold when they are maintained by individuals who wholly accept the responsibility of being human. "Degree" is restored by such men, but by another principle and on an invisible basis. In recent issues of MANAS there has been an effort to present the thinking of such men. After all, it is the thinking that counts. The men may not be perfect examples of postconventional morality—who is?—but they surely mark a movement in the direction of free, independent judgment and personal responsibility. This week we have another illustration, taken from James S. Gordon's article, "Who Is Mad? Who Is Sane?", in the *Atlantic* for January. Dr. Gordon is a young American psychiatrist who went to London to study the work of Ronald D. Laing, a Glasgow-born psychiatrist and a heroic breaker of systems. (Laing's first book, *The Divided Self*, Quadrangle, 1960, was reviewed in MANAS for Sept. 1, 1965.) Dr. Gordon had reason to make this pilgrimage:

> During my own psychiatric training, I was deeply dissatisfied with the theoretical models psychiatrists applied to their patients and appalled by the supposedly therapeutic techniques that these models dictated or permitted. I was also disturbed by the hospital psychiatrist's institutionalized position as the guardian and enforcer of received social values. In *The Divided Self*, I found a perspective which helped me to understand and experience my patients directly, without the distorting prism of diagnostic classification. In Laing's later works, I began to perceive the outlines of a new, broader conception of sanity and madness and of the role of the psychiatrist. In these books he had begun to examine the familial and societal conditions which produced mental patients. He had come to see individual madness as the distorted reflection of a pervasive social and political madness, of which psychiatry was itself a part. He felt that only through a re-evaluation of our socially and institutionally defined ideas about sanity and madness could he arrive at any conception of true sanity, any true therapy for madness. Only in a new setting, where all previous definitions and roles could be called into question could this re-evaluation proceed. At Kingsley Hall, for five years, he and his co-workers, together with a number of people who had been "mental patients," were embarked on this venture. I hoped that what they had learned there could guide me in my own undertaking.

Getting to see Laing, Gordon found, was something like finding his way to Kafka's castle. He finally made it, however, realizing that a careless press, too many curious people, and professional attacks on Laing had made the members of this strange community extremely wary of visitors. Many of the neighbors, for one thing, regarded the old building where they lived as a center of "subversive" activities. Some fundamental conceptions came out in this first interview:

> I asked Laing about his attitude toward peoples' delusions toward the ideas they have about themselves and the world, with which virtually everyone else disagrees, and which are often the most obvious and provocative aspect of schizophrenia. For example, someone's belief that he is Christ, or that the television is sending him messages, or that there is a worldwide plot against him.
>
> Laing replied, "I often differ with people, but do not feel that it is incumbent on me to impose a particular viewpoint on anyone." He spoke about the personal and cultural origins of the "delusions" of several people he knew. Then, after asking if I had read the fifteenth-century *Malleus Maleficarum*, he began to tell what first appeared to be an unrelated story about the Inquisition. "It seems that the Inquisition dealt with a number of problems that are today regarded as the province of psychiatry. They found that the causes of these problems lay in the fact that black magic had been practiced on the sufferer.

> If a man complained of impotence with his wife, the Inquisition would find the man's former mistress and torture her until she admitted she had practiced black magic. If, however, someone came along and proposed a naturalistic or psychological explanation for the man's impotence, he was regarded as a heretic. Now, however, someone who claims that black magic is being practiced on him is regarded as deluded. His belief is a symptom for which psychiatrists seek a naturalistic explanation, and often prescribe a pharmacological cure.
>
> I listened to his narrative in rapt silence, wondering if he was putting me on. Certainly he was pointing out that ideas which once made up a dominant "therapeutic" ideology, the Inquisition's demonology, would now be regarded as psychotic delusions. But did he also mean that psychiatric thought was, itself, a delusional system, no difference in essence from the Inquisition's demonology? Perhaps he did. I'm still not sure. At any rate, he went on to say that "delusions are as culturally relative as life-style and family structure," and that there was no absolute way of determining their validity. Some were culturally sanctioned and validated, others not. He had in his story, provided a larger framework for the consideration of the whole problem of delusions, psychiatrists' as well as patients'. The anecdote was a kind of mental judo, turning my question back on itself.

Gordon wanted to see Laing again, and Laing invited him to sit in on an interview with a young schizophrenic and his family. Dr. Laing was courteous and considerate, able to make the patient feel that he had "found someone who could understand his predicament, and this understanding helped him to build a bridge of communication to his parents." Afterward he asked Laing why he hadn't wanted Gordon to tape the interview:

> "I don't want to make a public statement," he said, "to speak to all people at all times. The message I have to convey is from one person to another. I would rather speak to *you*, so that when you write something it will be about *your* experience of me and of London." I wondered whether what he had said were merely a rationalization for not permitting a tape recorder. But it *felt* as if he were helping to transform our meeting from an "interview" into a personal encounter. He didn't seem to have much to hide.

When Gordon asked him about his politics, he said that he was "not an activist in the ordinary sense of the word." He went on:

> "Living in England," he observed, "made radicalism less pressing than in America." Besides, he felt that he was "temperamentally not very well suited for it." His own energies are devoted to what he calls "microrevolutions," profound changes in individuals, families, hospitals, and other small institutions. These changes may, in turn, bring about others, not through dramatic confrontation but by personal contact. Kingsley Hall, it is clear, is one such revolution.

What happens at Kingsley Hall? Dr. Gordon does a pretty good job at reporting some of the things that happen, or used to happen, since Laing's community is having to find another home. But no secondhand description can duplicate the wonder and the drama of a place where there is little distinction made between doctors and patients, where there is no status at all, but only human beings working together on a common project.

Haunting the reader—it would haunt *any* reader—is the question of what *are* the canons of sanity, if the ones used conventionally are misleading and sickness-producing, as Laing says. No doubt Laing would also say that we can't be *sure* about this, which from one point of view leaves this terrible question hanging in mid-air. And yet, to point to the manifest kindness, the *compassion* for suffering human beings at Kingsley Hall is perhaps the best answer that can be given. At any rate, it is an answer no one eager for definitions can make a system out of. Dr. Gordon's conclusion is of some help here:

> A new way of looking at madness has given birth to a new kind of therapy. Patients' and therapists' strategies of liberation have begun to coincide. New places for them to "work things out," to "discover the wholeness of being human between them," are being created. The insights won from understanding madness are being used to transform the social worlds of the "mad" patient and the "sane" doctor. Kingsley Hall, the Network, and the new communities in America are among the first of these transformations. These new developments in

psychiatric theory and practice, sometimes referred to as Anti-Psychiatry, parallel and catalyze developments in the larger society.

At Kingsley Hall the barrier between the "sane" doctor and the "mad" patient was removed. In his writings, Laing starting with an attempt to describe madness, ultimately questions the sanity of the society which erected this barrier: "A little girl of seventeen told me she was terrified because the Atom Bomb was inside her. That is a delusion. The statesmen of the world who boast and threaten that they have Doomsday weapons are far more dangerous and far more estranged from 'reality' than any of the people to whom the label 'psychotic' is affixed."

Laing holds up to his readers a vision of a world in which all of us are "bemused and crazed creatures, strangers to our true selves, to one another, and to the spiritual and material world." He insists that the way out of this pervasive madness is through profound personal and social transformation.

The metanoic voyage that took place at Kingsley Hall must become possible for all who need and wish to embark upon it. Perhaps "mental hospitals," reversing history, can become ships of sanity.

No man who needs the support of systems could do what Laing seems to have accomplished in a very few years. His first micro-revolution was in himself, and through it he found the resources to create a center of help for others. The same sort of self-questioning made Dr. Gordon go to London to find out for himself what Laing really stands for.

Most of the things worth thinking about and talking about, which are going on in the world, had origins of this sort. These are the things which need to be increased. They all depend upon micro-revolutions. If you read the life story of Danilo Dolci (*Fire Under the Ashes*, by James McNeish, Beacon, 1966), you find a similar unfolding from within of a human being who found the prevailing system, its laws and customs, intolerable and anti-human. Such men are often called "mad." Their madness, however, is like the madness of William Blake. When Laing said goodbye to Gordon he said, "You can tell your friends in America that I'm not in a mental hospital." Disturbed systems-people had fostered rumors that Laing needed treatment as much as any of his patients. As Gordon says: "Laing, who has sought to point out the madness in much of our 'normal' life, including accepted psychiatric practice, is suspected by tentative admirers, and accused by his psychiatric colleagues, of being himself mad."

The "Network," referred to above, consists of eighty to a hundred people, mostly in England, but also on the Continent and in America, who have come to share Laing's views and work toward healing free of "institutional psychiatric thought and practice." A newsletter helps to unite them in their work and interests.

What about Dr. Gordon's speculation that "mental hospitals," if they could be changed into being part of Laing's therapeutic Network, could become "ships of sanity" in behalf of the balance of the rest of the world?

If the world is as sick as Laing suggests, there may be something to the idea. But it should be added that a world that would *let* its mental hospitals be reformed in this way would already be a world well on the way to sanity.

There is, however, another way of looking at this idea. Infection spreads from small pockets of infectious material, at the start. It spreads because everywhere there is vulnerability to infection. Can health be spread around in the same way—starting from small pockets of health and invulnerability? In that sense, a mental hospital, or a community developed along Laingian lines, could be a means of spreading around germs of health, just as Laing, and now Gordon, seem to be doing. All that it takes, at the start, is some people strong enough to live without precedent—outside the law—and ready to be absolutely honest.

REVIEW
PORTRAIT OF A MAN

THERE is an order of human perception—or realization—which begins in subjective regions, and remains there, being developed by further thought, and will doubtless never be anything other than inner recognition or understanding. It is conceivable that the time will come when such knowledge is held to be the only significant knowledge human beings possess, the rest being only tautological accumulations of the sort Laplace spoke of in his famous remark about the predictions possible to a perfect mind.

About the only place where awareness of these perceptions is found is in the novel or sometimes the essay. When well expressed, their truth seems indisputable—as, for example, in some of the observations of Hannah Arendt in pursuit of the meaning of history. They cannot be "proved," of course, which may be a curious, backdoor indication of their importance. Any idea which can be successfully *imposed* on another man's mind cannot be an idea of much value, since it does not require any effort or growth on his part.

There is a character in a recent novel who evokes reflections like this. The book is *A Place in the Country* by Sarah Gainham (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, and Avon). The time is December, 1946, in a small Austrian town where prisoners of war from the Russian camps and prisons were assembled for interrogation and repatriation. The story is told by a young English officer who was chosen as an interrogator because of his command of four European languages. The man whom he befriends—a released prisoner—is "Georg Kerenyi, Doctor of Philosophy and former editor of a large Vienna newspaper." There is this description of him:

> That he was suspected—rightly of having been involved in the plot against Hitler's life was the cause of his being transferred in August 1944 from the comparative ease of Zagreb, or Agram as he called the town in Croatia, to a combat infantry regiment on a front about to break where he could be expected to disappear forever. This starving derelict was a force in Austrian politics before 1938 and the friend, or enemy, of almost every figure known in Vienna and many known to the whole world.

Early in the book Kerenyi explains to his interrogators why he will not help them to identify the past of a prisoner whom they suspected to be a Nazi of the most vicious sort, who should be tried as a war criminal. He told them:

> One of the things I put off—I hope for good—in Russia, was the habit of involving myself in the unhuman generalizations of politics. This man, Benda; I can no longer concern myself with him although I know you expect it of me in some sense. I mean, in the sense of agreeing with your condemnation of him and I do agree with you but the judgment is your affair. The victors arrogate justice to themselves. It may still be justice. But I, you see, can have nothing to do with it."

They kept questioning him, and he explained that he had had contacts with the Gestapo, which were the means of saving his life. "So I owe my life in a way to a man not very far removed in evil from Benda himself. Who am I, then, to judge him?"

Continuing to be puzzled by Kerenyi's decisions, one of the interrogators asked him:

> "If you knew the war was lost and if—as you have told me—you made up your mind that the conspiracy against Hitler was useless even before the assassination was attempted, then why did you continue with it to the bitter end?"
>
> "I could not play the coward and get out while better men were prepared to give up their lives," he replied to my question. "There is a logic of conspiracy which includes the logic of involvement—in both directions, the friends and the enemies—that is, the police. It is a logic I am determined no longer to belong to. And, in any case . . . I know that it is all of no use. Opposition, political activity . . . of no use."
>
> There was a silence; Tom said nothing out of modesty, I because I could guess that Kerenyi had more to say. We waited while he collected his thoughts into the foreign language for us.

"Once power is out of hand, or the situation produced by power is out of hand, there is nothing anyone can do. The problem everywhere is to control power. I acted instead of thinking. But we were impotent." He stopped again and we again waited. Then he burst out with great energy, looking from Tom to me with that derisive look.

"You too were impotent. You could not control your Churchill—or even know what was happening. Only while situations are not of vital urgency and importance do controls work. As soon as a crisis is upon a community, the circumstances take on a being of their own, and the need to act reduces the freedom to decide between several courses of action to an iron law—reaction to the actions of others. This is true of natural catastrophes, like floods or earthquakes. But it is equally true of political catastrophes, above all, of war. The paradox is that this loss of freedom is what gives men the sensation of liberation in war—they no longer need choose but must do what they must do. Men flee from choice into obedience to the laws of action. The only exceptions are those who remain attached to the most primitive loyalties; loyalty to a person or a family."

This passage recalls the sagacity of Ortega in *The Revolt of the Masses*, and the insight of Gerald Sykes in basing the most important chapter of *The Hidden Remnant* on a key quotation from Ortega—in which it is said that the only men with clear heads are those who have been *smashed*, and who have risen from the ruins of their lives to a new birth. Kerenyi answers well to this description. There are some men like him in the prison scenes described by Solzhenitsyn in *The First Circle.*

Later, during another interrogation session, the young narrator, who has come to respect Kerenyi enormously, suggests that he ought to write a book about his experiences. Kerenyi reacts with feeling:

"That would be even more an impertinence. How could I write about Stalingrad, when I was an *onlooker* there? . . . My sufferings! Yes, that would really be a fitting comment on my own survival, to write about it and complete the picture of a survivor without even the proper shame of having survived."

"I don't see any shame in surviving," I protested. "It seems to me wonderful that anything has survived at all, and I've seen only the edge of the catastrophe from the outside. I was never even in a combat unit. And don't you feel any—well—not pride, but satisfaction, at having opposed these really terrible people? I'm not trying to talk propaganda about the Nazis, but they really were well worth opposing, to put it mildly. And you did, almost from the start, oppose them."

"You are sentimentalizing the situation," he said harshly. "I did nothing. I began to oppose them by cooperating with the Gestapo man watching me. I continued by carrying messages for a marginal, a tangential plot which I knew could never succeed, and which none of our enemies would have treated with, had it succeeded. The real plotters suspected me, rightly, as an intellectual—a word that was an insult to them, as it well may be—and I felt scorn for them as political innocents who didn't even know how important it was to include the signals staff in their plans. In the meantime, while I was playing at opposition, and before while I was simply marking time, enjoying life under the shelter of my Gestapo agent—who had the decency to get himself shot by the Tito 'bandits,' by the way, and didn't survive to get hanged by his enemies, or reprieved by them, like myself—in the meantime . . ." He stopped abruptly in the middle of his tirade.

"You underestimate yourself," I said feebly, startled by his passion, so different from his usual manner.

"Meanwhile other things were happening," he finished his sentence. "Yes, other things, things that—as Himmler himself is supposed to have said—will never be written. You know nothing of me. Nothing. Everything you asked me and I answered—just as I used to answer the Gestapo—truthfully; all that has nothing to do with what was really happening. I've told you nothing about me, in spite of the reams of paper you have covered with my answers. Not one of them deliberately untrue or misleading. But you still know nothing. One can talk forever and tell the truth and yet never reach what was real, what really mattered. That one can't talk of."

Miss Gainham somehow got this man on paper so that he comes alive for the reader. He is the kind who, when you meet one of them, you always want to listen to, to see more of. Gaunt, thin to emaciation, a veritable scarecrow of a man, Kerenyi was nonetheless an impressive human

being through some kind of mastery of himself, even in his desperate situation.

"Education" will not produce men like that. Strangely enough, it seems that only *ordeals* uncover such qualities in human beings—leaving, at the end, men who cannot dissemble, who cannot pretend, who can never find a reason good enough for adding to the suffering of any other person.

Will we ever, one wonders, have an education which understands the rich reality of such people, to say nothing of how they develop? Maslow's studies of self-actualization are probably the only approach in modern times to an understanding of this sort of human growth, although R. M. Bucke's *Cosmic Consciousness* was perhaps an earlier effort. A culture which has given so little attention to such matters has reason to question its own credentials as a civilized human community.

COMMENTARY
SOCIETY IN TRANSITION

WHILE the Vietnam war is no doubt the worst and most morally reprehensible of the messes the United States has got into, through its policy of drift, there are other serious problems. The automobile business is in trouble. The time has come for the Detroit manufacturers to undertake major reforms, and men below the top management level often admit it, but apparently the major companies don't *dare* abandon artificial luxury features and unnecessary gadgets and the excessive size and power which have been so thoroughly "sold" to the buyers of cars. Already the compact market has been lost to German and Japanese models, which are said to be better cars, and less expensive, than the domestic attempts at competition. People are now wondering how long one of the larger companies will be able to continue in business.

The newspaper business is in trouble. Production costs go up continually, paper is scarce, and television advertising seems to have a magic that newspapers cannot duplicate. So big dailies keep on merging or sharing production facilities to save money, simply to survive. Some cities now have only one newspaper left. San Diego is an example.

The magazine business is in trouble. The *Saturday Evening Post* is only the most recent of the mass magazine media to succumb, and there is talk of a merger between *Life* and *Look* so that at least one of them can survive.

Government is in trouble. There is no need to detail the trouble all branches of government are in. Government costs too much, its tasks are too complex, and there is not much respect for either the authority or the word of government, in matters of deep concern to the nation.

Education is in trouble. Schools, colleges, and universities are torn by problems which are out of scale with any known solution, and there is also loss of faith and a sense of direction.

The cities are in trouble. They are too big, too dirty, too ugly, and not fit places for human beings.

So, there are changes in store. An interesting report in the *New York Times* for last Dec. 17 gives an indication of one of them. The writer, Bill Kovach, says:

> It is now becoming clear that the commune phenomenon, which began most recently in the late nineteen-sixties with the hippie movement, is growing to such proportions that it may become a major social factor in the nineteen-seventies. Nearly 2,000 communes in 34 states have been turned up by a New York Times inquiry seeking to determine how many permanent communal living arrangements of significant size could be found in the country, why they existed and who lived in them.
>
> That number is believed to be conservative because it no doubt missed some smaller communes and does not include hundreds of small urban cooperatives and collectives. . . .
>
> The average size of a communal group ranges from 5 to 15 persons, usually in their late teens or early 20's, but increasing numbers of groups whose members are over 30 are being reported. All involve sharing space and finance and most go beyond this to share common work, goals or ideas. Others share themselves.
>
> Despite general fears or assumptions, few successful group living arrangements are built around narcotics, or promiscuous sexual relations, although both exist in some degree or other. But these attractions are too readily available outside the group to provide the basic cement.

There are urban as well as rural communal groups, and the latter include hardy "pioneers" who manage to survive severe New England winters.

A California official, Albert Solnit, chief of advance planning for Marin County, which has dozens of communes, recently made this interesting comment before a meeting of the American Institute of Planners:

> Here is a new style of life that has dropped the idea of mother and father, dropped the single family living unit, dropped the idea of commuting to work, dropped the 40-hour week. And yet we're still going

> to conferences to learn how to mediate with the land-rapers and developers. We're still thinking in terms of 1954 subdivision patterns.

Characterizing the sudden mushrooming spread of communes as a "new social frontier" for the disaffected of the last third of the twentieth century, Mr. Solnit added:

> Instead of claiming new lands, as the pioneers of the eighteen-hundreds did, they are claiming new human relationships. Just as the pioneers left established settlements behind, so these communicants have left established ties of family by blood line, marriage, class, race, occupation or anything else that can be boxed in.

While some of the communes prove ephemeral, others already have shown stability and are growing. One near Nashville, Ind., has 500 acres that are farmed organically, with pest control by birds, ladybugs and praying mantises! Three Black Muslim communal farms in Alabama are surviving persecution by local whites, who have poisoned some of their cattle. New Mexico is said to be already "overcrowded" with rural communes.

This is a sort of far-reaching change which apparently can come about in less than ten years. There will no doubt be others.

CHILDREN
. . . and Ourselves
ON STARTING A SCHOOL

READERS who feel something more than curiosity about the "new schools," who wonder how they get started and what they are trying to accomplish, can make an enjoyable beginning at answering these questions by getting a copy of *Rasberry*, or *How To Start Your own School*, by Salli Rasberry and Robert Greenway, issued by the Freestone Publishing Co., 440 Bohemian Highway, Freestone (Sebastopol), California 95472, at $3.95. The book is a large volume, well illustrated, and attractively designed.

It carries a great deal of the mood of these brave new ventures in education. At the outset there is discussion of why the schools get started, who starts them, along with five examples of the beginnings of particular schools. The early pages are paralleled with some contrapuntal themes of life on the farm and in the school of the writers of the book. There is a lot of subjectivity in this volume. It is not in the least like a familiar "how to" volume.

Reflected in it are the general problems of distortion and lack of a clear sense of direction which cannot help but affect innovators in education, today. At one place in the book there is the following:

> . . . we got to wondering what it would look like if we collected all the free-school goals we could find and coalesced them into one grand set of Cosmic Super Goals. Here it is:
>
> WE WANT OUR SCHOOL TO . . .
>
> Build or increase skills, in order to be able to—
>
> Survive (in wildernesses, "dying environments'" or in "a revolutionary future")
> master the culture ("basics," "the three R's")
> protect oneself from the culture
> attack and change the culture
> put things together ("problem-solving," "reasoning," "creating," "learning how to learn")
> share, live in groups, be responsible for yourself, talk straight
>
> Be Therapeutic
>
> promote health, personal growth
> allow "integration of mental fragments into gestalts"
> clear the decks of bad debris
> help fulfill children's needs (i.e., holding them, etc.) entertaining, fun
>
> Be Anarchistic
>
> an adventure
> free to do whatever comes up
> discover stuff, explore
>
> Increase Perception
>
> of the senses
> of the child's sense of the world, of nature
> of other cultures
>
> Foster Spiritual Growth
>
> be a ground for rituals
> a place for engendering myths "unique to us
> allowing a sense of the holy to flow

Quite evident is an aversion to the clichés concerning the objectives of education, but equally apparent is the "reactionary" tone, in the sense of being a reaction against something bad. Many adults and especially young adults have strong feelings of this sort, and it is hard to remember that the believers in "the system" are, after all, its victims, too. Anyway, it seems wrong for children to develop secondhand contempt for any phase of the culture. They will have their own feelings of rejection, soon enough. Education may be difficult without turning it into a resistance movement from the toddler stage on, but it ought to be possible. *Anything* secondhand is bad in education.

There is a section on "Getting Started" and another on "Details" such as the advantages of incorporating, and how to go about it, on state laws in relation to free schools, on building codes, health, money, records, and related practical questions. An interesting quotation comes from an account of the Cambridge Free School in Cambridge, Mass.—which is a *free*, free school:

> The Cambridge Free School doesn't cost anything to go to. Some of our friends let us know that they think we're suicidal. Nothing upsets people

so much, we've discovered, as our slight disrespect for money. John and Renée Davis founded the Free School and named it. They keep it free because the tuition system, even at its most benign, categorizes people on the basis of their ability to pay. . . . You say, "Thanks for your moral views. How do you pay the rent?"

Here's how. Teachers are not paid or paid very little. Next year they will still be paid very little again but at least a little more. We make money with bake sales and rummage sales. We sell fruit on the Common and flowers on the Square. We silk-screen posters and put out canisters for change in stores. We get some large donations. We're at the point now of starting an educational consulting service but one with some differences: if the client likes our ideas about classrooms and teacher training, we'll build the classroom with the teachers that are going to be using it, and we'll stay around until people feel comfortable with our innovations and our reasons for innovating.

We're making nursery school materials from waste materials. Our stools and high chairs are hand crafted and elegant. When we have more money, we will buy the equipment with which to make them more quickly. . . .

An interesting point about our struggle for independence is that it forces us to deal with the system, i.e., buying and selling, but in ways that are personal, direct, and reasonably satisfying. Presumably that's an aspect of the revolution.

The school itself is based on the Leicestershire model, an import from England, stressing a rich and expressive environment within which young children can learn what they want, when they want. We have a lot of grownups who are keen on things and a lot of keen things. There are 26 children in the school, ages 3-6, most of them in their second year. Together we work for survival. Nothing we do is obscured from adults or children. For now this covers what we mean by "growing up."

Our location is in the middle of black, white, student, working Cambridge. But we're really a system ready to root wherever there's a private or public school. If you would like to help us or if you would like us to help you, get in touch. You know, "A free school in a rich city is the revolution."

Because Salli Rasberry's experience has been mainly with small children, the section on high schools is largely quotations from descriptions of various schools. Some of these accounts have very good advice to offer, such as the following from Live Oak High School in Sonoma County, Calif.:

One important talent in a successful free school is the ability to limit. This problem seems ridiculous at first when people are so uptight about getting enough of themselves together to get it on. However, free schools are like communes: once it happens—look out—swarms of candidates will approach. Try to have an idea—in advance—how this will be handled. This is also important in dictating the educational aims of the school along the academically-directed, anything-to-keep-them-out-of-the-clutches-of-the-system continuum. You will find enough students "to have a school" regardless of which end of the continuum you are at, so plan with this in mind.

I was surprised this past year to find the cooperation received from the County schools systems. Most free schools seem to perpetuate a certain paranoia factor. In most cases, if the administrative segment of the local schools is contacted with an attitude of openness to their problems and limitations they can be helpful in suggesting solutions to a number of problems. At one level they are very much aware that you are dealing directly with two of their problems: Too many bodies, and "problem children."

There is an excellent section on good public high schools around the country, and general information on how to find out more about the free schools. Also a section on curricular material new schools have used with success. The writers enjoyed doing this book, which makes it pleasant to read.

FRONTIERS

A Scientist on Science

IT is sometimes said that only practicing scientists should write about the philosophy of science. This may be an unnecessary exclusion of the comment of some very intelligent men—men like W. Macneile Dixon and Ortega, for example—but it is certainly true that when a practicing scientist does turn his interest toward the meaning of science, and demonstrates his capacity to think well as an unspecialized human being, there seems an especial value in his reflections and conclusions.

One does well to go back regularly to books by such men. Often the reader finds that they have anticipated issues and questions which have since become main topics of discussion. Take for example the matter of the "objectivity" of scientific method. This makes a central theme for criticism in Theodore Roszak's *The Making of a Counter Culture,* and has also become the basis for a great deal of unreasoned antagonism toward science. Yet in a series of philosophical essays, published about twenty years ago, the Nobel prizewinning theoretical physicist, Erwin Schrödinger, wrote illuminatingly on this subject, showing how "objectivation," as he called it, became not merely a tendency in Western thought, but an essential of the modern idea of knowledge. With a rare dispassion, he also showed that it led to systematic neglect of the values and meaning in human life, and he urged that another sort of thinking be adopted to balance scientific inquiry. His book, published by Anchor in 1956, is titled *What Is Life? & Other Scientific Essays.*

Schrödinger's approach is naturally philosophical, and the clarity of what he says will please many readers. For one of the essays, which we plan to quote here, he prepared himself by extensive study of the earliest Greek philosophers, the Ionians, who were also the founders of science in the West. Citing various scholars, he begins by saying that to belong to Western civilization means to think like a Greek—an Ionian Greek. This involves two assumptions: one, that the world is capable of being understood, and second, that one who would understand the world must take the position of an external observer. Schrödinger examines these assumptions in considerable detail—his discussion seems a good illustration of how a scientist goes at such propositions—but here we shall pick only a quotation or two, to illustrate his thought and the sort of thing he now thinks it important to say. Having shown that scientific inquiry is more a search for causal chains than for "reasons," he observes:

> Sauntering along the ocean beach we may find a dead fish, a piece of driftwood, and a small stoppered green bottle washed ashore in close proximity. We may pass them without paying any heed; or we may be particularly interested in one or all of these objects; that they happened to lie there all together, will start us thinking only if we surmise a reason for the coincidence, as, e.g., that they may stem from the same shipwreck. A meditating, but not yet Westernized Chinese is inclined to search for a *meaning* (*tao*) in a fated encounter of indifferent objects without emotional connotations, not necessarily for a superstitious meaning; it may fascinate him to ponder such a small segment of the meaning of Nature at large, which for him is entirely pervaded by meaning; to contemplate it perhaps in a purely observant attitude, similar to that of a Western scholar who encountering a minor experiment observes and reflects upon it: e.g., water drops which run down a pane of glass, join, thereon move faster, decrease in size by losing small fragments, slow down, etc. He is looking for the law—the other for the meaning. He may be less concerned with a general law. He contemplates the individual case. Nature exists only once. Each of her actions must have its specific meaning which is to be deciphered from her free, one is tempted to say, artistic creation, just as in any of the thousands of finely drawn characters of Chinese ideographic writing.
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> This attitude is foreign to scientific thought which has built large and important disciplines upon the principle that chance is just chance. . . .

In another place he says:

> . . . the traditional distinction between primary and secondary qualities of matter today belongs on

> the rubbish heap. Bodily dimensions and motions, and, say, so-called impenetrability, are not any more primary than are color, taste, and sound. If anything deserves the name primary, it is the sense qualities. The geometric picture of matter in space and time is a mental construct, and even, probably very much in need of revision. If one were to make further use of those epithets, they would have to be exactly reversed.

Developing the idea of "objectivity" as the basis of scientific knowledge, Schrödinger shows that the idea of the subject is renounced at the very beginning, with the result that "there is no room for the interference of mind in controlling the events, and we are caught up short by the antinomy of determinism and free will which in this form is insoluble." But if mind is real, if it constitutes a real unit-being, and we know that it does from internal evidence, without needing anyone to tell us about it, then why do we never come across it in nature? Schrödinger cuts this Gordian knot with no difficulty:

> Actually, one can say in a few words why our perceiving and thinking self is nowhere to be found *within* the world-picture: because it itself *is* this world-picture. It is identical with the whole and, therefore, cannot be contained in it as a part.

This brings him to the problem of the plurality of minds or souls, since *unity* is so clearly an attribute of mind. He seeks help in the Upanishads, in the doctrine of a universal mind which shines through many orifices. And he calls on Charles Sherrington (*Man on his Nature*) for wondering on what will happen when the time comes for the heatdeath of the universe: "If mind is not an energy-system how will the running down of the universe affect it? Can it go unscathed? When that energy-system ceases to run what of the mind which runs with it?" These questions have a curious relation to those put to the Buddha by the monk Vacchagotta concerning the survival of the ego after the death of the body. Schrödinger does not answer them, but what he says is interesting:

> The mind or consciousness plays a confusing dual role. On the one hand it is the stage and the only one on which the entire course of the world is taking place, the vessel that contains everything and apart from which there is nothing. On the other hand, we gain the impression, perhaps mistakenly that within the bustle of the world it is linked to certain very particular organs. . . .

The point here is that, whatever the answer may be, it will not come from science; and, Schrödinger says, if we stop *expecting* science to supply us with information which is outside its realm—which for it is, so to say, "unthinkable," we shall have better science and make better use of it; and—

> we shall not *fear* that even the most exact knowledge about the physics and chemistry of these processes and the laws by which they operate—a knowledge the subject of which is and will always remain the spirit—can lay fetters upon the spirit itself, that is, can compel us to regard it as unfree, "mechanically determined," on the ground that it is linked with a physiological process that is mechanically determined and subject to laws of nature. Such an inference would be . . . a transference of the qualities of the object to the subject, such as Shankara rightly stigmatizes as absolutely false.

The priority and survival of the self seems a first principle with Schrödinger. Speaking of the inmost "I" of each one of us: What, he asks, is it?—then answers:

> If you analyze it closely you will, I think, find that it is just a little bit more than a collection of single data (experiences and memories), namely the canvas *upon which they are collected.* . . . And even if a skilled hypnotist succeeded in blotting out entirely all your earlier reminiscences, you would not find that he had killed *you*. In no case is there a loss of personal existence to deplore.
>
> Nor will there ever be.

This ends the first essay. The last concludes with a similar theme. Writing about "time," he says:

> It is a figment of my thinking. That as such it might put an end to my thinking, as some believe, is beyond my comprehension. Even the old myth makes Kronos devour only his own children, not his begetter.