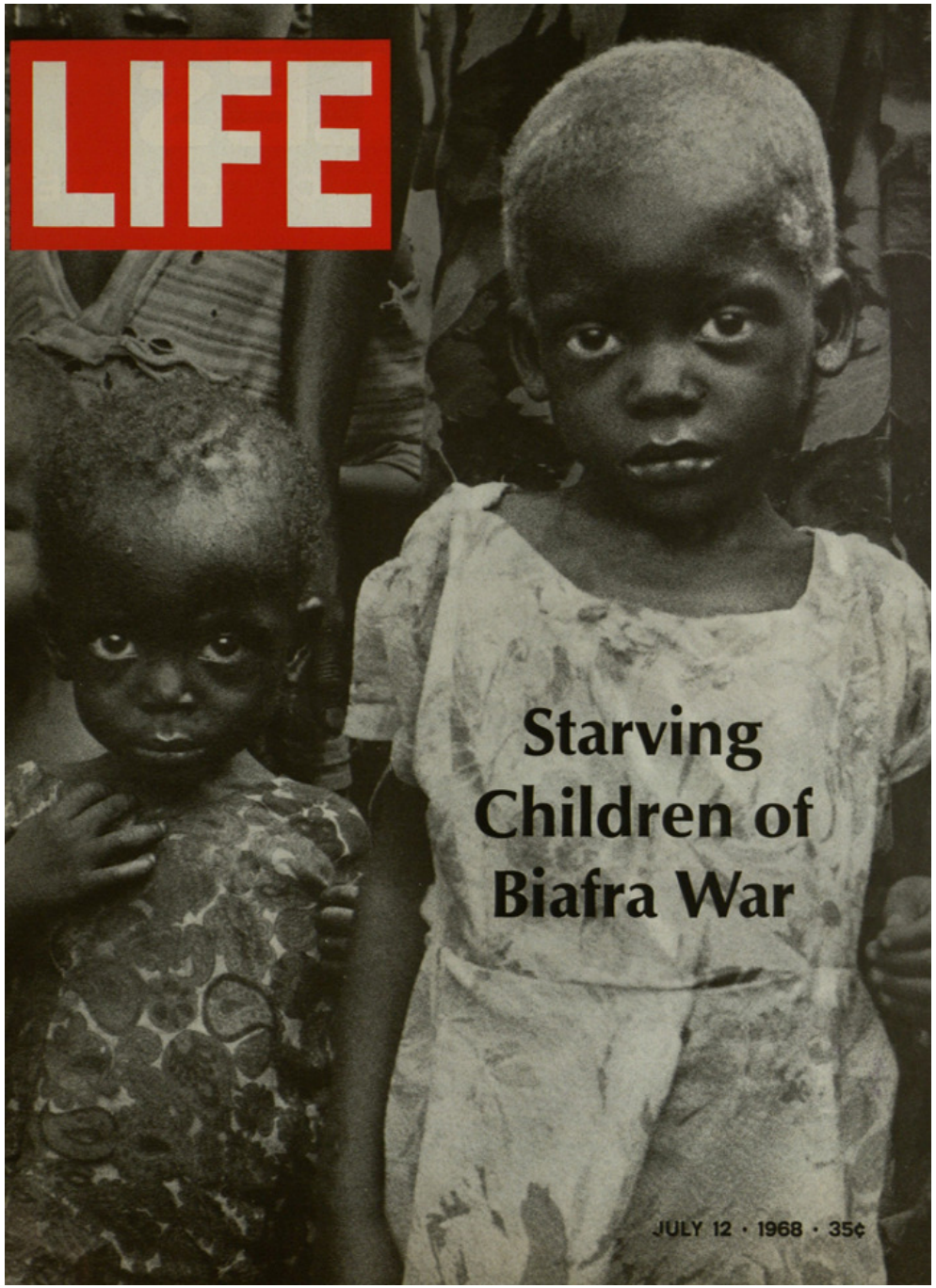

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LIFE

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EDITORS' NOTE

Ex-Paparazzo in Biafra

This week's lead story on the civil war in Biafra is largely the work of an Italian named Romano Cagnoni who began his career as a roving beach photographer near his native town of Pietrasanta. He went to London in 1957, briefly tried his hand at taking wedding pictures and at 22, to earn money for a better camera, became what he calls a "scoop" photographer. In Italy, they call them *paparazzi*.

One of Cagnoni's early successes was a picture of Elizabeth Taylor, who, with her husband Eddie Fisher, was then hiding from photographers in the Dorchester Hotel. He painted his hands black "so they would not be easily seen through a window against the night outside," lowered himself by a rope to Miss Taylor's terrace and took pictures of her dining with Fisher and the detectives she had hired to protect her. Later he crawled through a sewer to photograph Sir Laurence Olivier and Orson Welles in a closed rehearsal, and he once disguised himself as a Mexican musician and photographed Princess Margaret dancing at the Savoy.


ROMANO CAGNONI

"I didn't like all that hiding in bushes with long lenses," he says. "I found this sort of thing very artificial. It made me money to buy equipment, but it did not satisfy my curiosity about the world. At the same time I was taking other pictures that I knew would not sell. Pictures of people in human situations."

About six years ago he went to work for *Report* agency run by Simon Guttmann. "He talked to me in an intelligent way. I thought I could learn a great deal from him. He had close relations with Cartier-Bresson and all the photographers I always admired." For *Report* he went to North Vietnam, where he shot a LIFE cover picture of Ho Chi Minh and his prime minister. "It was very difficult," said Romano. "Ho Chi Minh did not want the pictures taken. I kept saying they would help him. Finally he said to me, 'Optimists make good revolutionaries. You are such an optimist you would make a good revolutionary.' "

For the Biafra story, he went first to Lisbon where he sat 20 days before getting permission to get on one of the nightly flights to the rebel African territory. Finally he was flown in—with a whole planeload of journalists. When the other journalists flew out after a guided tour, Romano talked officials into letting him stay. "I found the Information Ministry completely disorganized," he says. "I had to organize my own links for information, to find out where the bombing was going on." He was forced to take cover more than once, and one time shrapnel from an exploding mortar shell struck his knee. Luckily it was not serious. "I repaired myself with my own first-aid kit which I carried with me. I did not want to depend on their hospitals."

Thinking of his *paparazzo* past, Cagnoni says, "I did not want to be a sensational photographer. Some pictures in Biafra I could not even make myself take. There was a man whose daughter was killed. He carried her to me and said, 'Here, take this picture.' I couldn't photograph her. It hurt too much."

George P. Hunt

GEORGE P. HUNT
Managing Editor

Inhibitions Thrown to the Gentle Winds

A new movement to unlock the potential of what people could be—but aren't

by JANE HOWARD

A network of visionaries at work across America is convincing people by the thousands that human nature has been sold short. Collectively known as the Human Potential Movement, they include businessmen, psychologists, ex-weightlifters, professors, dancers and theologians. Though they disagree in many jargons on many points, they fervently concur that there is much more to life than most of us live, and that the world need not be as hypocritical, absurd and polluted as it is. It could change radically, they claim, if we'd let them guide us into real encounters with our own and each other's deepest, most vulnerable feelings.

The movement's methods, shown on the following pages, vary extravagantly. Some call for groups of people to recite dreams, confess secrets, don masks, go naked or gaze with unswerving honesty into each other's eyes for a full 10 minutes. The groups involved, like the one at right, may celebrate their released feelings with an exuberant leap into the air.

Some of these techniques provoke outrage and controversy, but all, based on a climate of trust and an ethic of relentless candor, are meant to draw us closer together faster than bomber crews in wartime—maybe than any people ever—and edge us toward a social utopia, and a feeling of joy, or, as the more messianic visionaries would have it, JOY!!

I began to get the spirit one morning with 11 other people at the movement's vortex, the Esalen Institute on the Big Sur coastline.

Anywhere else, even elsewhere on the map of the gloriously liberated state of California, people might have thought the 12 of us were crazy. We were supposed to be indoors starting another in our five-day series of encounter group meetings. We should have been interpersonally relating, interacting, honing and venting our feelings toward each other, and trading doses of a new commodity called feedback—the gift at last to see ourselves as others see us. ("You seem a *little* less uptight and eastern than you did yesterday" is a sample of the kind of feedback I kept getting.)

But we'd thrown our schedules, along with our inhibitions, to the gentle winds. Wildflowers bloomed on the mountainsides, flute

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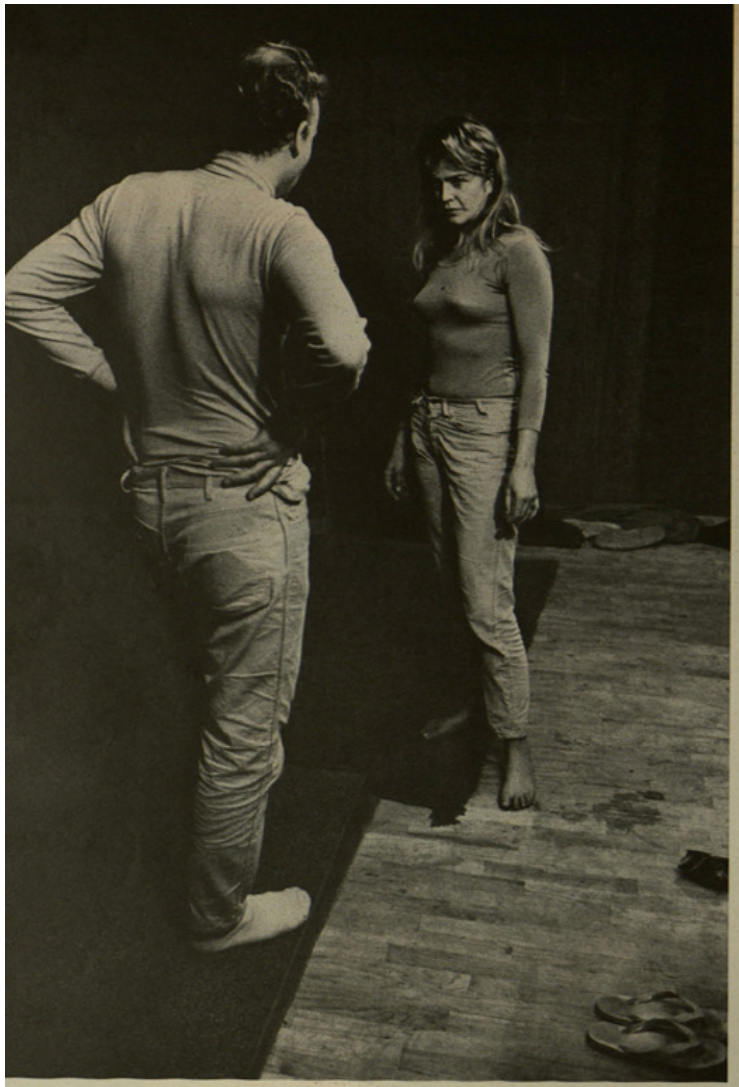
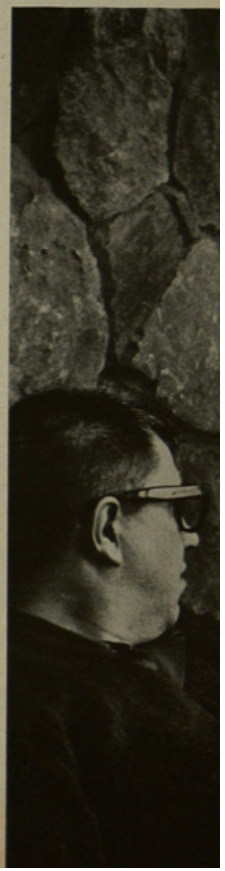
Members of a workshop at Esalen, on the Big Sur coastline of California, interrupt their routine to leap with spontaneous joy

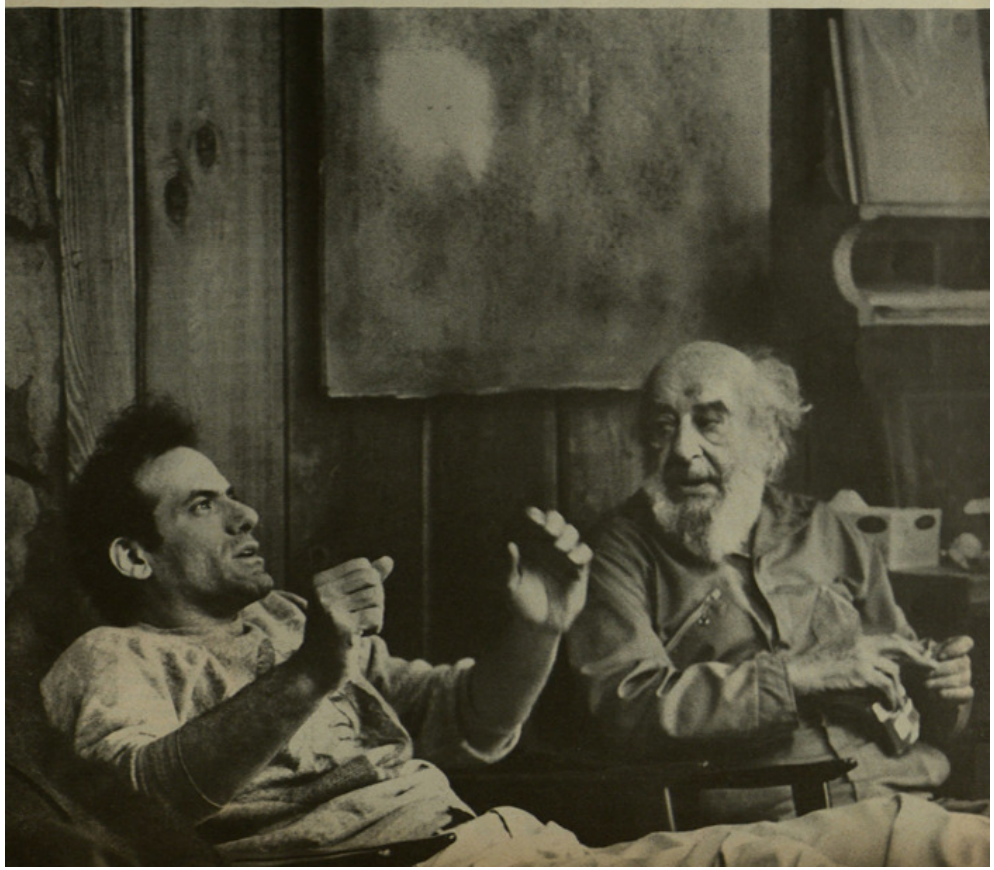




In permanent residence at Esalen are several prominent psychologists who work on new techniques to unlock the human potential. One of these is Dr. Frederick Perls (right), who conducts workshops utilizing an approach called Gestalt therapy. He invites 20 to 30 people to sit in his circular living room and to come up one by one to occupy the "hot seat" and relate details of recent dreams. Here an Esalen staff member tells of a dream in which he was first a Rube Goldberg cartoon figure and then a bottle of Fresca.

Esalen's five-day encounter workshops focus the attention of group members exclusively on their "Here-and-Now" feelings about each other. The methods are often nonverbal. Using only gestures, looks and stances, the couple at far left are working through a misunderstanding that arose the day before: he thought she was really interested, she just thought he was nice, both were offended. But their tension soon gave way (at left) to a sudden communal euphoria with percussion accompaniment: beanbag ashtrays shaken like castanets, empty bottles beaten on the floor like drumsticks.

Candid encounters to dissolve suspicions



Getting in touch with the physical self

Esalen laments that most of us, most of the time, are clenched, numb and out of touch with our physical selves below the neck. One remedy is an afternoon of exercises in "Sensory Awakening," designed to bring on something approximating the litheness and grace a cat must feel. This giant tangle of sublimely relaxed bodies has just performed such exercises. Each has made nonsense noises, wordlessly caressed strangers and literally been, in turn, both a "slapper" and a "slappee." It works: they look—and feel—rather feline.

It is sunset at Esalen; resident fellows, fresh from the baths, do their daily program of Hatha Yoga exercises. Fittingly, they face the Pacific and, beyond, the Orient: Esalen programs incorporate many principles of Hinduism, Taoism, Buddhism and other Eastern philosophies. Much emphasis is placed on quiet contemplation and on cultivating a spirit of what Aldous Huxley called "wise passiveness" which, with luck, can be transported from the spectacular Big Sur country to the more prosaic places people come from.

More controversial than Esalen—or any other part of the Human Potential Movement—are 24-hour marathon encounters run at a desert resort outside Palm Springs by a psychologist named Paul Bindrim (at far right, above). He favors the shedding not only of roles and pretenses but of clothes, which he regards as "the modern mask—often a way to keep ourselves and others at a distance emotionally." Nobody is forced to disrobe but all eventually do: the soothing water of a heated pool and the friendly physical closeness (far right) dispel the doubts of even the obese, the underendowed and the inhibited. Bindrim plays recordings of Wagner and Bach, reads from Kahlil Gibran's The Prophet and leads people into therapeutic fantasies about their problems. They also eat snacks, nap in individual poolside sleeping bags, fondle favorite objects they've brought to smell, taste and touch (one brought a rose, a chocolate bar and some velvet) and have 10-minute sessions of "eyeballing" (right). "I do all I can," Bindrim says, "to increase the love level of the group. Warmth and love need not mean sex."

A 24-hour marathon with group nudity

TEXT CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

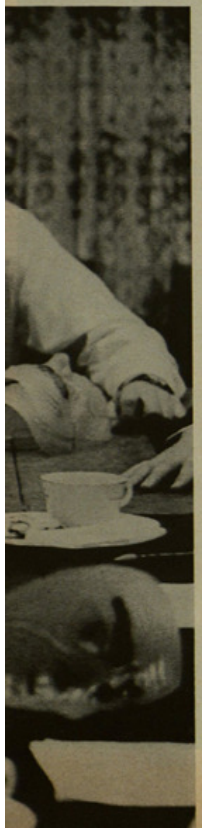
music wafted from afar, and a whale was spouting in the ocean below. To go indoors on so dazzling a morning would have been obscene. Instead, before we knew it, we were making up individual, impromptu dances. "Let what wants to happen, happen!" cried Josie, the only real dancer among us. "Stay with the feeling! Make whatever noises you want to make, in time with your heartbeat! Flow!" Flow we did, or tried to. We swung, swooped, flailed and soared, shouting our rhythmic nonsense words. Mine sounded like a balloon caption from some paleolithic comic strip: "Froonga! FROONG-GA!"

We must have looked like the last scene of *Marat/Sade*, but the people who saw us just smiled and went about their business, which like ours—and that of the 10,000 people who had preceded us to this marvelous Brigadoon of a place—was to be spontaneous. Crash courses in Spontaneity and Awareness, billed under dozens of headings and taught by experts both resident and itinerant, are Esalen's stock in trade. The courses usually cost $65 for a weekend seminar and $175 for a five-day workshop. The ever-changing student body, diverse as the raconteurs of the *Canterbury Tales*, includes ranchers, movie stars, associate professors, stockbrokers, priests, housewives, assistant buyers—all functioning, normal, certifiably "well" people.

But, in the view of Esalen's president and cofounder Michael Murphy, that isn't enough. "Normal" and "well" don't rule out anxiety, depression and alienation: "The idea is not emotional survival but emotional growth and improvement—not to adjust but to transcend. We don't try to make sick people well but well people better." Murphy, who graduated from Stanford University and spent 18 months studying meditation at an ashram in India long before such things became chic, thinks big. His goal, and Esalen's, and the movement's, is "the fulfillment of an ancient dream—reaching a terra incognita of consciousness." In 1962, when he inherited the 110-acre tract on which Esalen stands, he turned it into what his brochures now call "a center to explore those trends in the behavioral sciences, religion and philosophy which emphasize the potentialities and values of human existence." Fifteen similar centers have emerged around the continent in hopeful imitation of Esalen, which also runs many programs from a San Francisco office.

Named for an Indian tribe that long ago interrelated on the same 110 acres, Esalen is not, as some have thought, pronounced "East Salem." It should rhyme with wrestlin', one of the little spontaneities that sometimes erupt there. Elsewhere in the world and at other times in your life you prune, control and often conceal your feelings, but at Esalen you cultivate and flaunt them. You're not only permitted but urged to touch, hug and shout at people—or, if it should suit you, to stare them down. What you don't do is talk about how many miles you get to the gallon or where your children go to camp. There are really just two rules: don't be phony and don't, to use the vernacular of the hour, be uptight.

The Human Potential Movement has many outposts less boldly eclectic than Esalen and many leaders more conventional than Murphy. It is in fact so perplexingly amorphous that some of its own enthusiasts are hard put to define its boundaries. A thing of many overlapping sects and synods, it springs from the teachings of, among numerous others, Abraham Maslow, Carl Rogers, Paul Tillich, Erich Fromm, Teilhard de Chardin and the Zen Buddhists. It owes much to Aldous Huxley's idea that man is a "multiple amphibian" obliged to live at once in many contradictory worlds—biological, spiritual, emotional, cerebral, social—but guilty (after several centuries' obsession with technology) of neglecting most of these worlds to the point of atrophy. Our trouble, the movement's disciples preach, is that we are too much "cognitive" and too little aware of the "affective domain"—we think too much and only warily trust our senses. We ought to quit weaving tangled webs of polite, diplomatic but corrosive dishonesty and rely more on our untapped reserves of decency and strength. We should consider supplanting the notion of original sin with a new idea: original virtue. We should seize the unprecedented chance to control our social and psychological environment—or it will control us instead.



Not only a mystique but a business

The movement is not only a mystique but a business, and a thriving one at that. Its most salable commodity is the "intensive group experience," known in some quarters as the "encounter" and in others as the "T-group" (T for training), or sensitivity-training workshop or training laboratory. T-groups often tend to deal with interpersonal and intergroup relationships rather than with the individual psyche, and have been adapted for use by corporations and other matter-of-fact organizations. The basic technique was first developed 21 years ago at the National Training Laboratories, a private organization. N.T.L. Institute for Applied Behavioral Science, in Washington, D.C., has its summer headquarters in Bethel, Maine and a network of hundreds of members around the country who profitably teach interrelating to all kinds of people sent off by their organizations: supermarket executives, admirals, stewardesses, teachers, dental students, policemen and even nuns.

One such concern—recently bought outright by Bell & Howell—is the Human Development Institute of Atlanta. H.D.I. offers not only the usual line of seminars and workshops but such ingenious, if somewhat Orwellian, products as an Interpersonal Relationship Kit and a 10-session series of tape-recorded instructions on getting along called Encountertapes.

It's too bad something as juicy as this phenomenon can't have a catchier title than the Human Potential Movement, but dialects vary widely from one outpost to another, and it's a wonder there's any single phrase acceptable to so mixed a lot of pitches and personalities. Awash in a glossary siphoned half from the hippies and half from the social scientists, the movement makes for sobering eavesdropping. "You and I have got to have a dyad," somebody might say, referring to what used to be called a talk or a tête-à-tête. "I've got to work through this gut feeling I have about you and find out where I'm at." Soon afterward someone else might announce, "Well, that's the end of the lecturette—I just wanted to give you an overview about input before we got into feedback." (Sometimes, though one surely isn't meant to, one longs for some good, old-fashioned, phony, uptight New York cocktail banter.)

Many in the movement say there's a bit of the therapist in all of us—that we are vastly more able to help and confide in each other than we might think. The chief source of this idea is the Western Behavioral Sciences Institute in La Jolla, Calif., whose aim, its director Richard Farson says, is "not to redesign society but to help find ways for society to design itself." W.B.S.I.'s most prestigious staff member is Dr. Carl Rogers, who spent the first half of his career developing the "client-centered" school of psychotherapy. Since then he has been busy championing basic encounter groups.

The movement's other chief patron is Dr. Abraham Maslow, who teaches at Brandeis University and presides this year over the American Psychological Association. Maslow, who to Esalen's delight has called it "potentially the most important educational institution in the world," thinks science should study values, should address itself to the nature of love, honor, delight and trust, and that we should learn to evoke "higher order behavior" so that more of us can become what he calls "self-

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Many versions of the encounter group are "task-oriented"—designed to give businessmen insights that help untangle problems within their companies. Some of these involve the use of props like the black masks worn (at left) by executives in a New York workshop. These men were masked in preparation for a "role-playing" session in which their Negro subordinates wore white masks, switching roles in an effort to dramatize and thereby lessen office misunderstandings. In a more classic version of the encounter technique in San Diego (above), a group of people who started out as strangers are led into a discussion of their deepest feelings by Dr. Carl Rogers (at far right).

CONTINUED

actualizing personalities" capable of having "peak experiences."

"We're skating on thin ice," Maslow says, "but at the same time we're coming up with ideas that should keep mankind busy for a century." He even talks of "taking religion back from the priests—or turning them into social scientists." Many of his colleagues think this has happened already. People often emerge from encounter groups virtually shouting, "I'm changed! I'm saved!" This feeling differs from religious conversion, Carl Rogers says, "in that the person brings it about in himself, instead of getting it from the outside. It has more durability. This is really something new in social history."

Esalen sometimes is like a religious retreat, sometimes a Southern revival meeting, sometimes a Dionysian revel. You might be invited to learn meditation, seated for up to 40 minutes in your interpretation of the full Lotus position, in quest of what is variously described as the White Light, the Black Void and the Blue Line. You might spend an evening pounding bongo drums.

You might see a divorced couple shriek their repressed grievances at each other until the cords on their necks stand out in taut relief. You might see a man throw another man out of a window. You might be asked to feel the faces of a roomful of strangers, or to "say hello and goodby with your hands" or to "make hostile animal noises" or to fast. You might see a lad emerge from a session radiant as a bride "because I finally worked through my hang-up about authority figures."

For $11 you can have an Esalen massage—"a special series of brush strokes," says its inventor, Bernie Gunther, a body awareness expert, "designed to cover the whole canvas of the body." One of the masseurs is an ex-junkie named Seymour, who has a magnificent biblical beard, comes from Opportunity, Wash., knows how to eat fire and bake bread, and who memorably told me during my massage that "your fingers should feel like hot fudge."

Esalen president Michael Murphy (right) discusses some new ideas with a colleague. The chart outlines various Human Potential approaches.

Crying is a sort of status symbol

Massages last at least an hour and are given in the bathhouse, whose more conspicuous attraction is four giant tubs filled with water from hot sulphur springs. Each tub can hold up to 15 soakers, only sometimes segregated as to gender. The idea of nude coeducational bathing provokes a good many winks, nudges and leers—more in the uptight world outside than on the grounds. Some of the time, anyway, the attention of the bathers is fixed less on each other than on the mesmerizing open view of the Pacific. "The baths here are sort of holy," said an Esalen resident fellow, "but the kitchen is even holier." The first thing you get on arrival is a meal ticket, punched thrice daily. It reminds you vividly of schools and camps and childhood.

Feeling childlike is part of the whole Human Potential game. Max Birnbaum, who runs Boston University's Human Relations Laboratory in New York, says that in any effective group "people may regress toward adolescent behavior." At Esalen they do more: they go back to infancy. Not only do people publicly neck and nuzzle like teen-agers, but they sit on each other's laps like babies. And they cry a lot. Crying is a sort of status

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At his house near Boston, Dr. Abraham Maslow, a founder of the movement, outlines his ambitious hopes for mankind

CONTINUED

symbol—a necessary stopover on the path from emotional rigidity to joy. The idea seems to be, "I hurt, therefore I am." Richard Farson defends this: "We wade into the tears and through them," he says. "Tears usually accompany something pretty good. I like to be with a person when he's discovering something about himself —when he's yielding to his emotions and is spontaneous."

My first public tears fell during a session called a "microlab" early in my five-day encounter workshop. Thirty of us were gathered in a room to do the bidding of Dr. William Schutz, an Esalen resident, who wrote the recent book *Joy: Expanding Human Awareness* (Grove Press) and who is one of the most gifted, adventurous and controversial group leaders in the country. Schutz had us split into subgroups of five people each, then decide which two in each group knew each other least. In my group these two turned out to be Steve, a handsome if inscrutable young man with a Tom Sawyerish lock of blond hair hanging in his face, and me. Steve and I were instructed to stand in diagonally opposite corners of the room and advance slowly toward each other. When we met in the middle we were to do whatever we liked to express our feelings about each other, just so it was nonverbal.

Encounters, like tangos, take two

Well, I figured, Steve was certainly attractive, but I wasn't going to give him what I'd already heard described, derisively, as the "all-purpose cop-out Esalen hug" with which people known as "glib touchers" or, worse, "sensual peda-

ants" were wont to greet the world at large. (Besides, I was much too eastern and uptight.) Instead, I'd pat him on the cheek—friendly, a bit California, yet dignified—smile pleasantly, and then move on.

Only that wasn't the way it worked out. Like tangoing, encountering takes two. When Steve and I met, he suddenly and quite forcefully shoved me back to the corner I'd come from. He seemed as surprised as I was and a trifle ashamed. I pretended with mock cheer that it didn't matter. "Well," I said as I resumed my place in the group, "I guess I ought to be afraid of you." I attempted a smile. "What are you smiling for?" Steve asked. "Do you think it's funny?" As a matter of fact, I didn't think so at all. In fact, I couldn't recall ever having felt so utterly, ludicrously rejected. Besides, as a girl named Pamela observed, my chin was atremble and aquiver, so why didn't I just go ahead and cry? Well, I did, in unlovely sobs that must have looked like sideways figure eights. Crying made me feel better and the others like me better, because I was exposing and expressing my real feelings. I was being authentic and congruent and living in the Here-and-Now. It was a rare and heady feeling.

Esalen also is interested in the There-and-Then. There's a good deal of talk about "trips," not via airlines or drugs but with fantasy in a technique known as the "guided daydream." People are frequently found lying on mattresses or just sitting on chairs with closed eyes, going back into their childhoods, or into dream worlds. Many of these journeys are led by Esalen's resident eminence Dr. Frederick Perls, the founder of a psychological approach called Gestalt therapy. Perls, a bearded chain-smoker of 74 who wears berets and parachute jumpsuits, provides

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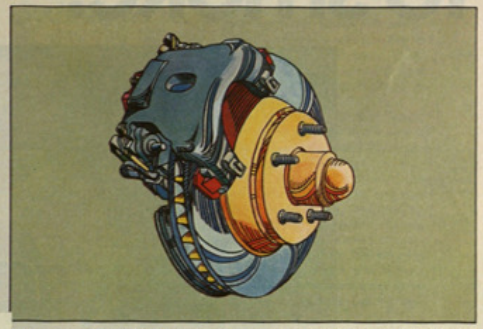
Ever tried to make a straight stop on a wet street? Then you know where Ford Motor Company got the idea for Floating Caliper Disc Brakes.



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Esalen with more than just a dollop of the atmosphere—or at least the accent—of old Vienna. He holds "dream workshops" in which group members act out every small aspect of their dreams or fantasies. If you dreamed your aunt was having a hot dog at the luncheonette, you *be* your aunt, *be* the hot dog, *be* the luncheonette. Eventually, in so doing, you will arrive at whatever impasse is troubling your emotional life, and if all goes well you will integrate the fragmented and seemingly unrelated aspects of your personality. These sessions can be extremely dramatic. In one I saw a young man who had at first seemed very pompous and inhibited decide, to the robust cheering of a group whom he had earlier bored, "I'M NOT CRIPPLED! I'M NOT DEAD!"

On one trip guided by Schutz, a divorcee recreated in fantasy her entire life, beginning with her own emergence from her mother's womb. She wept for a puppy whose death in her childhood she had never mourned, and went on —her voice gradually changing from newborn infant's squall to a little girl's treble to its present alto pitch—to the birth of her own children. In another session a man complained of an inordinate fear of death. He was 26, the same age at which his father died. He was thereupon made to "die" in fantasy, be "buried" and "reborn" while his group, by the spooky light of one candle, kept humming "OM."

I had a fantasy trip too. Bill Schutz led it. He told me to take off my glasses, lie down on a mattress and shut my eyes as the group drew near around me. I was to picture myself being very, very tiny and entering my body any way I chose. I went in by the mouth, clambering over giant white teeth which despite their gold inlays resembled the rocks down where the Esalen land meets the Pacific. I slid down my slippery and rather claustrophobic throat and into the torso. It was a long and vivid journey that lasted an hour or so, with stops at a sunny beach on Cape Cod, in a room lined with paisleyish red and yellow watered silk like the end papers of old books, a zoo whose cage bars were in fact my ribs, a secret sliding rock panel behind my lungs that led down to the intestines. I had a ride on a roller coaster that led out of my body, and went back in, the second time via the eyes, which inside were like little rooms with railings on all the walls. I went back to the beach again, where there was a nice group of strangers whose names, it was quite clear, were Robin, George, Sally and a baby named Kitty. They offered me some of their picnic lunch and invited me to join them for a walk, which I did with pleasure.

Suddenly I was back in eighth grade

That walk led to a room with sticky red walls. As I described this room Schutz gently said, "There's a calendar on that wall there—can you tell me what the date on it is?" Sure I could: the date was April 1948, which was when I was in eighth grade and probably liked myself less than at any other time in my life. There followed a vignette about playing a loathsome game called German dodgeball in the girls' gymnasium of Skokie Junior High School, the entire floor plan of which I was suddenly able to recall in precise, Nabokovian detail. I wished aloud that I'd got an excuse from the school nurse from this gym period, because I had to wear an ugly leather-and-wire mask as a glasses guard and I was self-conscious enough as it was. Then, for some reason, came a side trip down to my feet (which I had always, especially in eighth grade, considered much too big but which now seemed just right), and another detour to hands and fingers. From this territory, I reported with delight, it was possible to return not by a laborious climb but in a handy elevator that zoomed me nonstop back up to the shoulder.

The upshot of all this, Schutz later explained, was that I was in effect reborn, exorcised of my unflattering self-image as an awkward 13-year-old. I'd thought this was a ghost I had laid long ago, but apparently not, because exposing it in this public fantasy caused me to understand as nothing ever had before the meaning of words like *satori* and *nirvana*. For the first time since I got to Esalen people told me I didn't look uptight at all.

Now and then somebody leaves the premises feeling a little *too* euphoric. They tell at Esalen of the girl who was so ecstatically turned

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on by her encounter group experience that, while she was waiting to go home at the San Jose bus station, she ran up to hug and kiss everybody else waiting there and had to be carted away to an institution. Such incidents, known in the trade as "psychotic breaks," happen only a tiny percentage of the time. The rationalization is that if you crack up at Esalen, or at some other encampment of the movement, you probably would have done the same thing somewhere else—perhaps somewhere less "supportive." Still, that such things occur at all raises questions about the ethics of tampering with people's unconscious minds, and gives pause to the movement's leaders as well as ammunition to its enemies.

These enemies, if they were to congregate in one room somewhere, would have little in common but their misgivings, which vary spectacularly in nature and validity, and could be phrased more or less as follows:

(1) *The movement may be medically irresponsible.* When I described my "guided daydream" to Dr. Milton Kline, a New York psychiatrist who specializes in hypnotherapy, he said it sounded to him exactly like hypnosis which is "a very intense behavioral experience which at times may have some contraindications" and questioned the advisability of "breaking down ego defenses unless the patient has been reasonably well-evaluated."

(2) *The movement is anti-intellectual.* When a schoolteacher in an Atlanta T-group protested, "I think this is a lot of weird crap!", he was automatically reprimanded. "Don't say think, say *feel*."

This priority of gut over brain strikes some critics as decadent and dehumanizing. Dr. Silvano Arieti, another New York psychiatrist, warns that "if we escape from cognitive processes we return to a prehuman state. Only the most primitive of emotions do not need a cognitive counterpart. It is only with full understanding that we can get to the emotional core of things." Abraham Maslow himself cautions that some elements of the movement do "hover on the edge of anti-intellectualism." George Steiner, a writer and Cambridge University professor who gave an Esalen weekend seminar this winter, later asked, "What's the point of self-discovery if there's nothing, or very little, there to discover? All that's accomplished by having them go even deeper inside themselves is to show them what bores they are."

(3) *The movement is a hotbed of Communists or, anyway, anarchists.* More to the point, the movement is strongest in California, which is among other thing a hotbed of suspicion. Murphy sa Esalen has been attacked by Joh Birchers, "bugged" and much i vestigated. But such attentio have never resulted in any re charges.

(4) *The movement is led by dop fiends.* This is entirely wrong; th movement's whole point is to tu on without drugs.

'Do we expect sunsets to last, or symphonies?

(5) *The feelings the movement i duces frequently don't last an can't be transplanted in the so of real life.* But Dr. Farson replie "Do we expect sunsets to last, a symphony? Isn't it too much a burden on the experience ask it to go on indefinitely?"

(6) *The movement can breed na cissism.* Well, it does nothing discourage some 22-year-olds fro thinking that their life histori contain the most fascinating sul ject matter in all Western civil zation. Dr. Chris Argyris, who a Yale professor and a T-group au thority, feels, however, that th is true only of some elements wit in the movement when "the lear ing process encourages the exp riencing of feelings [any old fee ings] as an end in itself."

(7) *The movement breeds a kin of "emotional elitism."* When took my shoes off once in Ca ifornia I was asked, "What woul the people in your office think they could see you *now*?", as if n where else on earth did peop ever go barefoot, admire trees stop to pick up pebbles. A lac devotee of the movement at party in New York announce "I'm the *only* person here wh can actually *feel*."

(8) *The movement legitimizes an fosters promiscuity.* This charge leveled mostly at Esalen, whe there seems to be a lot of be ding down with new-found frien —or at least a lot of talkin about it. Encounter groups di cuss the nuances of people's se lives with far more frankness an in far more detail than is cu tomary elsewhere. Carl Roge thinks that the "whole conce of groups getting emotional quite close *is* very threatening many people and *can* raise th prospect of sexual contact." But E alen, its friends point out, didn invent the sexual revolution, n did the movement in general. Pe haps the candid discussion of sex al and marital problems does som good. Rogers thinks highly

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"couples workshops" in which, he says, "we've saved a lot of marriages—some of them before they ever took place."

(9) *The movement constitutes a massive invasion of privacy.* It does, in fact, sometimes seem a jumbo game not of "I've Got a Secret" but "I Had a Secret, and Here's What It Was." To quote Steiner again: "Making it a social goal and a moral obligation for people to advertise themselves—embarrassing them into telling publicly about privacies of the body and the psyche—is a form of tyranny."

(10) *The groups could be used for brainwashing.* Murphy admits "groups are generally benign but sometimes get mean." Dr. Argyris, however, doesn't worry. The objectives of such groups, he says, "are to help an individual learn to be able to reject that which he deeply believes is inimical to his self-esteem and to his growth —and this would include, if necessary, the rejection of the laboratory [or encounter group] experience."

(11) *The movement's concerns are trivial and irrelevant to the desperate problems of the day.* Many people object that they'd rather talk about Vietnam or assassinations than whether George is really jealous of Edith. Some branches of the movement, however, are vigorously concerned with social issues. Esalen is one of several organizations that have become involved in workshops in which police forces are confronted by residents of their cities' ghettos. In a recent New York seminar, I saw a black-power advocate enlighten (and scare) a roomful of city housing-project managers, some of whom confessed they weren't even sure who Malcolm X was. They departed, it is hoped, somewhat better equipped to cope with racial incidents that may develop this summer.

It is tempting to speculate what might happen if these confrontations occurred on a wider, higher scale. What if more places emulated marathons Esalen has held in San Francisco, catalogued as "Interracial Confrontation as a Transcendental Experience"? What if Carl Rogers were taken up on his offer to allow members of his staff to lead a mass black-white encounter in Watts? What if the Paris negotiations with North Vietnam were suddenly to proceed under terms of absolute candor? What if James Earl Ray and Sirhan Bishara Sirhan had been exposed to this rare amalgam of forthrightness and trust?

Maybe people like them are being reached now. W.B.S.I. has an $80,000-a-year foundation grant to apply the basic encounter technique in a whole school system—everybody, teachers, pupils and administrators, involved in the eight high schools, 50 elementary schools and one college run by the Immaculate Heart of Mary order in Los Angeles. Esalen has a $21,000 grant for a project administered by Dr. George I. Brown of the University of California at Santa Barbara experimenting with sensitivity-training techniques in all levels of elementary and high schools. Esalen also has had liaison with, among others, the Peace Corps, Stanford University and the Episcopal Diocese of California. This month it is holding an extended international seminar on "The Value of Psychotic Experience" and in September it will experiment with new treatments for schizophrenics at the Agnew State Hospital. Esalen also has a resident fellowship program, which this year drew a Jesuit priest, two landscape architects and 18 others. This may someday expand into a full-scale college.

Is it all just a fad like Hadacol?

Is this whole movement just a fad, destined to fade from memory like Hadacol, the Twist, wheat germ, the Holy Rollers and the Maharishi? Will we all sit around in the 1990s reminiscing about the silly old days of T-groups, body awareness and Interpersonal Relationship Kits? Will all that remains be a few yellowing Christmas cards from friends we met in encounter groups?

The prognosis is more hopeful. Michael Murphy himself concedes that of the 150 approaches Esalen has so far identified as means of expanding the human potential, some will indeed pass away unlamented. But "if we don't experiment with them," he says, "how will we know which are the good ones?" Some of them, in fact, are good. Some might vastly expand our capacities to learn, to love, to feel deeply and to create. Some might make our lives less fragmented and staccato and more reflective. Some might help us live less in the subjunctive tense than in the present. Some might make our thoughts more peaceful, our families and friendships more direct, our organizations of all kinds more harmonious. Some might improve the world, and the world wants improving.

A class of first graders in Santa Barbara, part of Esalen's project to introduce "affective domain" methods to schools, pretend they are bean sprouts.