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Fifth Row: GLORIA SMITH, Bay Area Air Pollution Control, San Francisco. MARCO JOHNSON, Boeing Airplane Co., Seattle, Wash. BOB WANDERER, free-lance writer, San Francisco. ORVIL WALKER, Lockheed Aircraft Corp., Sunnyvale, Cal. CHARLES BARTL, PhD, Portland State College, Oregon. WEBSTER AUGUSTINE, Boeing Airplane Co., Seattle. ROGER ESHLEMAN, Shimer College, Mount Carroll, Illinois. BETTY HOLLINGSWORTH, law office, San Francisco.

Not in Picture. Registrants: STEVE ALLEN, Encino, Cal. JOHN HOTCHKISS, MD, Kaiser Hospital, San Francisco. J. GORDON ROBERTS, (Pres.) Roberts Dairy Co., Omaha, Nebraska. MICHAEL TURETSKY, Los Angeles. Visiting Lecturers: CATHERINE MINTEER, Santa Monica, Cal. ELWOOD MURRAY, PhD, University of Denver. MICHAEL WALSH, ScD, Beverly Hills, Cal.

ON IGS SUMMER SEMINAR-WORKSHOPS

Many people cannot fully grasp the significance of language and communication problems until they receive the kind of training which . . . is now being given by the Institute. My point is that general semantics cannot be put to work by anyone who only knows the words. Optimally it requires for its understanding and more important for its use a reorientation of the person. Centuries of cultural accumulation stand as an obstacle to that reorientation. It does not come easily.

Walter Probert, JD, JSD, in 'Law, Logic and Communication' (Western Reserve Law Review, March 1958).

I can do no better than quote Walter Probert* when I try to write about the aims and purposes -- what we do and why -- at our seminar-workshops. How we do it -- comes out of our long years of developing methods and procedures compounded with the specialized knowledges of our faculty team, their spirit and attitudes and their ever increasing skills.

What do the 50 participants get out of experiencing the 16-day program -- it varies tremendously in terms of the life history, the 'obstacles' in each of them. And how do you actually measure or test non-elementaristically the degree of 'understanding,' let alone the 'reorientation of the person'? At a date? Over the years? We wish we had funds to research that problem.

Of course we observe and use feedback procedures during the course. Afterwards some participants write how they feel about the experience. The more highly personalized their comments, the more they indicate that 'something happened' but the less suitable their letters are for publication, but see Maslow.** We eschew testimonials as

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**On the need for 'new kinds of communication [about psycho-logical experiences]...written in rhapsodic, poetic, or free association style.' (Toward a Psychology of Being, 1962, pp. 204-205, and page 97 this BULLETIN.) Ethel Longstreet's account in following pages might be an example.

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such. Occasionally a spontaneous letter though personal is appropriate to pass on, and we do so with the writer's permission. Here are excerpts from one such letter:

'Since the seminar-workshop, my experiences have confirmed the feeling I had at the close: that it was beyond doubt the most effective learning experience I've ever had. I've told a few people that if my previous 17 years of formal education had been as effective as the 16 days of learning at the seminar, I'd have "the world by the tail." I've hastened to add that I do not mean that I'd know all that's worth knowing or that I'd have all the skills worth using. I speculate that none of the adventure or romance or mystery would be gone from living. On the contrary, so many new vistas would be opened that there'd be more of each [and] I'd be so much better equipped to deal with them. . . . [that is] an overall feeling about the experience.

'But overall feelings are hard to evaluate. So let me mention some specific improvements that I feel are definitely attributable to the seminar: First, as a result of Bontrager's creativity exercises, I've come to have some idea what it means to examine assumptions - especially about myself. That exercise, by the way, I rate as the most effective single job of teaching that I've ever seen. Second, I find it much easier to listen to others -- especially those whose general orientation to things is quite unlike mine. Previously, I must have missed much that was of value by failing to listen to certain people whom I "knew" were all wrong. Third, not only do I find their ideas listenable, but I find I like the people themselves more than formerly. Fourth, I find I feel much less defensive in the face of questions or resistance to my pronouncements. . . .

'I'm not saying that I'm now "pure and spotless." I'm saying only that I can detect in my own feelings and behavior just a few little changes for the better. But, when viewed in contrast with the vague, unexpressible feelings of doubt with which so many people apparently emerge from so many "learning" situations, this really is saying a lot for the Institute's methods.'

James P. Dendy, Management Education Coordinator, Boeing Airplane Company, Seattle.

Some seminar-workshop participants later write articles about their use of general semantics. Not only what but how they write may afford significant feedback about the on-going effects of experiencing our program and methods. For instance, teachers write about their own teaching of general semantics (in courses so titled, or in the context of some 'regular' subject matter). See, for example, in the BULLETIN: Walter Weese on 'The Teaching of Literature,' pages 13-17, Nos. 22 & 23, 1958. Donald Walrafen's letter on using the creativity exercises in this issue. Stewart Holmes, 'Extensional Methods of

Teaching General Semantics,' pages 59-63, Nos. 20 & 21, 1957. The following is excerpted from the last page of his article: '. . . I feel strongly that most people cannot extensionalize themselves by reading books or listening to lectures. . . . with practice most of my students achieve a few moments of "silence on the objective level." They begin to hear and see things around them that they never heard or saw before and to see accustomed things and situations with a startling new clarity. Then they begin to tap the fountain of creativity and delight in "first order" experiences.' (Stewart W. Holmes, PhD, is Textbook Editor, D. C. Heath (1946-) and instructor, Boston University (1950-). BULLETIN Nos. 20 & 21, 1957.)

During the 1961 Seminar-Workshop, Karl Hinkle, one of the participants, made a movie record for us, brief sequences of faculty and students interacting in the various work meetings of the group. When it came to making a written record, for a change from doing it myself I asked two of the participants who are writers by profession to report this seminar-workshop for the BULLETIN as they 'saw-felt' it eight months later (spring 1962).

BOB WANDERER'S REPORT

The 1961 Seminar-Workshop stood out in several ways -- it was the first ever held on the West Coast, it had the largest enrollment (58), it was one of the few ever to break even financially (including scholarship contributions), and in the opinion of the staff it was probably the most productive seminar-workshop in the Institute's history.

The scene was the attractive campus of the University of California at Santa Barbara, and participants were housed in a new dormitory only a block from a pleasant beach along the rolling Pacific. The seminar ran for 16 days in mid-August.

Basic purpose of the seminar-workshop, I suppose, is to provide a setting, intensive lecturing and various experiences calculated to make possible a real change in our way of thinking-feeling-acting -- to 'force' us to reevaluate our basic thinking-feeling-acting and perhaps to change it more in line with our 'real' non-verbal capabilities. To do this, the seminar-workshop creates a private little world for itself which takes up 'all' the time of the participants for nearly 16 days -- a world in which you 'live the seminar' full-time, and don't even have time to read a newspaper or otherwise have much to do with the 'outside' world.

The schedule was, to say the least, full. Morning lectures, most of them by Dr. Russell Meyers, from 9 to about 12:15. An hour-and-a-half 'D-Group' (discussion group) session every afternoon. An hour-and-a-half awareness training session conducted by Charlotte Read every other afternoon. A 'free' paint-

ing to do sometime during the day, to be turned in at the evening lecture. Perhaps time for a quick swim late in the afternoon. A 15-minute listening training session after dinner. Evening lecture, usually by Dr. O. R. Bontrager, from 7:30 to after 10. Semantically pertinent movies after that. Then the 'Super-D-Groups' (bull sessions) in the rooms until the wee hours of the morning.

The effect of all this, for most of the participants, was to become deeply involved in examining 'all' our 'feelings' critically and changing them to something that made more 'sense.' What happened, in a brief and highly over-generalized form, was that Bontrager told us that much of what we believe is absurd, Meyers gave us a scientific structure on which to develop a revised belief system, Read made us aware of other non-verbal elements, and the D-Groups gave us a chance to let off some steam, to understand other people more deeply, and to work out verbally some of the anguish of the change.

And change we did. My guess would be at least half of the people changed deeply, another quarter changed a little, and the remainder were relatively unaffected by the course. But it's pretty hard to 'say' just what these changes were. One specific change in

me is that I'm able to cry again, for the first time since childhood -- and that alone is a pretty exciting thing.

The effect of the seminar, of course was highly personal, and varied greatly from individual to individual. One man who teaches general semantics, and another who has written on it, both felt that they had never 'really' known what general semantics was about before. Another man was moved to stop talking entirely for a few days at the seminar. Another was moved to do something he had wanted to do since childhood -- to buy a set of drums. As one participant put it, we all put our guts on the table and took a look at them, and then put them back in a different and more 'sane' way than before.

Other groups were meeting elsewhere on the campus during the time the seminar-workshop was being held, and on the final day we shared the place with the International Institute of Philosophers. The man in front of me in the cafeteria line had forgot his badge, so the cashier checking off badge numbers said, 'Are you a philosopher or a semanticist?' If she'd asked me that, I think I would have said, 'Both.' The seminar was a deeply moving experience.

ORCHESTRAL SMILE: Ethel Longstreet Reports Her Feelings

Here I am with a contract for a two week engagement with a new orchestra, and I still don't know what instrument I'm going to play. The musicians are starting to dribble in, a few with assurance, others self-consciously, and with some tentative tunings getting under way I'm starting to feel my inner hum of anticipation of the unexpected. But after all, where is the music, where is my instrument, and who are these people? They're a pick-up band if ever I saw one, so diverse in ages, in fashion, in manner, in actions. Yet whatever else seems vague, I feel that we know we are here and now.

There are many ways to go down a rabbit hole it seems, and one way is to come up smack in the middle of a strange orchestra. Even my occasional and varied roles of Conductor or Maestro, Prima Donna or Soloist at the very least are not to be mine here. How restful, how good to be a stranger and alone.

I do, I do accept a dynamic universe including you and me, especially me. That should take care of the old stuck-in-the groove questions of the 'What is Man?' variety, the kind that spread-eagles a corpse for dissection, that can only guess at the man-alive-and-struggling that I am interested in and want to know about. And we'll have time, sixteen days of time in which to feel and to listen, time to look and to ask; and time to talk about the feelings and the lis-

tenings and the lookings and the askings; and time to learn to 'know' the differences.

Our father cum preacher cum healer cum Bontrager thunders from the mountain. He is full of fire and brimstone, and he shoots straight to the soft spots with careful aim and deliberation. And only the eyes are soft and kind. The Maestro has no intention of handing out the scores; the old innovator means to improvise as he goes along, and with a vengeance. 'You can't translate GS into old euclidean, newtonian, aristotelian systems and their premises. Korzybski challenged the postulate of Identity, but the change of postulate is a change of attitudinal set; so tolerate your discomfort, it is yours. It's a do-it-yourself plan, and the biggest prejudice you have is to assume you have none. You can't duck your responsibilities ... don't complain with what you create.' How beautifully his words play to me; 'At the heart of general semantics is creation, creating our view of the world. It gives us hope of creating a world that makes us happier.'

Here then is the great statement of this passion of our making; an oratorio perhaps, with full orchestra and chorus, with as many movements as are needed, using every fine instrument of the past and present that is ready to retool and recombine and repattern, using new tonal systems going beyond previous systems into new structurings that are open and free

and ongoing and becoming in relativity and in determinacy.

From my soarings into the expanding universe with no hitching posts, I return to the long faced solemn man with the twinkly loving eyes. He helps me look with appreciation and understanding at my own unique reactions while he preaches, 'Don't let people's peculiarities throw you off the track, they may be saying something of importance. So you can't paint, you can't handle a brush, aren't good with your hands, you tell yourself. Stop talking to yourself, shut up and do it, become acquainted with a pencil, try to find out how a pencil works. Here are paints, brushes, paper and time. And you can.'

I walk quickly back to my room from these revelations. I draw the curtains and I am alone with no words. I try, and allow the waves of expanding colors to filter through my eyelids, and I rest. I handle paints and brush and pencil and water and I can and I do.

Awaking in a strange place, I am at school. I am at camp, I am at Santa Barbara for a Seminar-Workshop in General Semantics. I've read so much and talked so much and now I'm going to get the 'feel' of it. What I feel about it is more important than what I say about it. I feel the earliness of the morning, movements in the corridor, chirpings outside my window, a cloistered almost 'in a hospital' feeling. But I know the sea is just outside, and I want to be there now with the morning sun.

It's a young campus, with fresh plantings, sparse lawns and some straggling old-Eucalyptus trees bordering the main roads. I walk along the bluff overlooking the sea, and the glare of the sun is too strong for my early morning eyes. I walk on and acknowledge the greeting, the gentle feelers of who are you, do you like me, dare I trust you; the smiles and signals and the invitations. There are already signs of the empathic groupings, growing friendships, and the 'sides' that have been chosen. Here are some buildings so close to the sandy soil they seem a natural growth. With morning food and the warmth of coffees taken together, we seem to touch one another through our common humanity; our need to eat, to sleep, to rest, to love and to be loved; our dream to create, to experience, and to transcend ourselves. So I will be gentle with you, and I will be patient and understanding as I will be with myself.

The schedule calls for Chamber Ensembles to meet every afternoon after lunch to 'play'; and we carry ourselves to the rehearsal rooms. Herself surprised, I find I'm at a Mad Hatter's Tea Party. But nobody's told the Mad Hatter his name; and somebody has forgotten the cups and the tea, but not the tape recorder. The machine goes round and round

recording itself whirring, catching the breathing, the clearing of throats, the tensions of silence.

Shall I tell the Mad Hatter who he is? Shall I get the tea and cups? Or shall I just let them figure it out for themselves? But this is a Mad Tea Party and there are no rules; or rather there are rules, but the rules are that there are no rules. The magic word which stirs the Dormouse-Hatter-Leader is 'structured,' and it's 'Off with her head', from the Hatter who has discovered his name.

I'm game for anything, 'structured' or 'unstructured', but feel that I ought to strike a blow for democratic procedures, and protest the dictum. From the treatment meted to some few brave souls who have ventured opinions of the 'structured' variety, I'm prepared to 'take it straight' from the bullyboy who has been made to be still for a long long time out there from wherever he comes from.

I decide that here and now all I owe anybody is the right to do anything they feel like doing; to talk or not to talk, to play or not to play, and I feel cozy. But it's not as simple as that; because what goes on in me does not necessarily go on in 'he' or 'she', and they are soon telling us so.

A patriarchal figure in a patriarchal voice expounds some Elemental Truth. What a bore, and if only one could say so. Someone can and does, and that does it. Off comes the clothes of pretense, the cloaks of thinly veiled humor and petty dislike, the weights of politesse and 'after you my dear Gaston.' We do not defer to the greying hairs, the added years, the fuller experience. We rend the veils of sham kowtow and scratch the veneers so carefully applied through practice of defense. We open up the dikes and let the unharnessed forces spill over and through the dam. The niagaras wash over us and we are bruised and frightened; and thrashing in the maelstrom with all us mice is the Hatter.

Shaken and damply shivering, we drag ourselves to our grass mats and dear Alice; dear Alice-Charlotte, who after all this time in Wonderland is still full of wonder, and gentleness. She offers us her salves of 'listening', her unguents of not-words, the balms of first order experience to help make ourselves whole again. I know what 'chopping' feels like, and the lostness of dismembered parts; and how it is to come together again. And I will remember that when I hurt, I hurt all over.

I am lying on my grass plateau, listening. The wind off the sea plays an oboe solo without accompaniment; smelling, I am with my grass mat in the Orient, and the flute joins us.

I hold my brother's head, and lift and turn and tilt it gently. This is a precious gift; it moves me deeply this entrusting without words. The tides of

love well up in giving, and I am my brother's keeper. The continuum of the Organ is the Hymn of the Healer; 'Mostly we're past-ing and future-ing, try to be present-ing, here and now.'

Now come on the lesser themes, the Fugues that have been developing. The sonorities of the major statements have so engaged my attention, I'd nearly lost the solos, the bravura passages calling for my notice; the drama of the snare drums and the horn calls, the whispers of the cellos in the corridors, and the laughters ending up in fireworks. There dance the Sarabandes, the tootlings and cacophonies of instruments on holiday, the cries of lost souls seeking Mozartian hitching posts in Bartokian indeterminacy.

The trumpets blare, and riding a white horse, our dashing Ringmaster, the brilliant Impresario comes prancing in. This Meyers has us flying to keep up with the Tempo Furioso he sets us. The scope of the master work he sketches for us is not only a Passion of our Making, an Oratorio or a Sym-

phony, a Dance or a Chamber Piece, he postulates an expanding gamut of forms and systems, tonal and atonal; from primordial grunt through Modal chant, from Classic bow to Romantic grace, from Impresionist dream to Isomorphic light. With discrete use of whichever instrument or technique he needs, he alternately draws with bow or drum the warp and woof, the latitude and longitude, the Tropics of Cancer and of Capricorn of our Epistemology.

And it's topsy turvy and helter skelter, Ragtime Charlie with Bongo obligato; it's clap your hands and Skip to my Lou, and 'You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din, Din, Din.' Nothing is all of a piece; Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm and Jean Paul Sartre, Two to Tango and the Rule of Parsimony. And I escape to the night and the beach, to the moon and the sea, to the wind and the sand.

The musicians are taking their chairs now, and the air is warm with friendship and shared experience. The passion of my making is with me. I hold it gently.

Books Received

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