Inhibitions Thrown

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 particulars, 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, do mud dys, go naked or go bare with unsparing 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 hibernation delays in wartime—maybe faster than any people ever—and edge us toward a social utopia, and a feeling of joy, or, as the more mesmeric 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.

Amidst the laughter, we joined hands in the roof of the gloriously liberated state of California, people might have thought the 12 of us were crazy. We were supposed to be indoors sitting on our own or in groups of encounter group meetings. We should have been interpersonally relating, interacting, beginning and venting our feelings toward each other, and trading stories of a new commodity called feedback—the gift at last to see ourselves as others see us. ("You seem a little less upright and awkward than you did yesterday" is a sample of the kind of feedback I kept getting.)

And we'd throw our schedules, at the gentle winds. Wildflowers bloomed on the mountains, flute

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 16
to the Gentle Winds

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, who conducts workshops utilizing an approach called Gestalt therapy. He invites 30 to 35 people to sit in his circular living room and to come in 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 little Goldberg cartoon figure and then a bottle of Bacardi.
Candid encounters
to dissolve suspicions
Getting in touch with the physical self

Israel lamented 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 liveness and
It is sunset at Esalen; resident fellows, fresh from the baths, do their daily program of Hatha Yoga exercises. Facing, they face the Pacific and, beyond, the Oriental Esalen programs incorporate many principles of Hinduism, Tantrism, 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 Usain—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 Rin- them (all far right, above). He favors the shedding not only of roles and pretenses but of clothes, which he regards as "the modic mask—often a way to keep ourselves and others at a distance emotionally." Nobody is forced to undress but all eventually do. In the soothing water of a heated pool and the friendly physical closeness (far right) drop the doubts of even the obese; the undress-awed and the inhibited. binding plays recordings of Wagner, and Bach, read from Kahil Gibran's The Prophet and leads people into therapeutic fantasies about their problems. They also eat snacks, nap in individual poolside sleeping bags, handle favorite objects they've brought to smell, taste and touch (one brought a rose, a chocolate bar and some velvet), and have 20-minute sessions of "cuddling" (right). "I do all I can," Bindon says, "to increase the love level of the group. Warmth and love need not mean sex.

A 24-hour marathon with group nudity
music waited 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 Joyce, the only real dancer among us. 'Stay with the feeling! Make whatever noises you want to make—jive with your own heartbeat! Flow!' How we did, as tried to. We swung, swooped, flailed and spurred, shouting our rhythmic nonsense words. Mine sounded like a balloon caption from some puerile comic strip: 'Boongo! Boongo!'

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 looks 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 $36 for a weekend seminar and $785 for a five-day workshop. The ever-changing student body, diverse as the members of the Canterbury Tales, includes ranchers, movie stars, associate professors, stockbrokers, priests, housewives, assistant buyers—all functioning, normal, certainly 'well' people.

But, in the view of Esalen's president and co-founder 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 inhabited the same 110 acres, Esalen is not, as some have thought, pronounced 'East Salem.' It should rhyme with wrestling, one of the little spontaneous, that sometimes erupt there. Elsewhere in the world and at other times—in your life you picture, 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 at them. What you don't do is talk about how many miles you got to the gallon or where your children go to camp. There are really just two rules: don't be phony and don't be the monocentric of the hour, be upright.

The Human Potential Movement has many offspring less boldly ecstatic 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.
consider supplementing the notion of original sin with a new ideological value. 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." It is being used for training, for sensitivity training workshops and corporation, 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 institutional 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. T-groups, according to the National Training Laboratories, are a group of people who are brought together for a period of time to explore and understand their own and each other's behavior. They are given exercises and activities designed to help them understand their own and each other's behavior. They are given exercises and activities designed to help them understand their own and each other's behavior. They are given exercises and activities designed to help them understand their own and each other's behavior. They are given exercises and activities designed to help them understand their own and each other's behavior. They are given exercises and activities designed to help them understand their own and each other's behavior. They are given exercises and activities designed to help them understand their own and each other's behavior. They are given exercises and activities designed to help them understand their own and each other's behavior. They are given exercises and activities designed to help them understand their own and each other's behavior. They are given exercises and activities designed to help them understand their own and each other's behavior. They are given exercises and activities designed to help them understand their own and each other's behavior. They are given exercises and activities designed to help them understand their own and each other's behavior. They are given exercises and activities designed to help them understand their own and each other's behavior. They are given exercises and activities designed to help them understand their own and each other's behavior. They are given exercises and activities designed to help them understand their own and each other's behavior. They are given exercises and activities designed to help them understand their own and each other's behavior. They are given exercises and activities designed to help them understand their own and each other's behavior.

Many versions of the encounter group are "task-oriented"—designed to give participants insights that help untaunt problems within their company. Some of these involve the use of groups like the black mask worn at left, by executives in a New York workshop. These men were masked in preparation for a "role-playing" session in which they Negra subordinate wore white masks, switching roles as 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).
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.”

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 soak-ers, only sometimes segregated as to gender. The idea of nude coed educational 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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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 Ebsen hug" with which people known as "right touchers" or, worse, "sexual pedants" were wont to greet the world at large. Besides, I was much too eastern and upright. Instead, I'd put him on the checkered, a colored, and very pleasant, and then move on.

Only that wasn't the way it worked out. Like tangos, encountering takes two. When Steve and I met, he wrinkled and made forcibly showed me back to the corner I'd come from. He seemed as surprised as I was and a little 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 I'm funny?"

As a matter of fact, I didn't think so at all. In fact, I couldn't recall ever having felt so jittery, hopelessly rejected. Besides, at a girl named Pamela observed, my chin was droopy and squinty, so why didn't I just go ahead and cry? Well, I did, in unladylike sobs that must have looked like sideways giggles, 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.

Ebsen also is interested in the Here-and-There. There's a good deal of talk about "trips" via airplane, or drugs, but with fantasy, in a technique known as the "guided dream." 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 Fa- trick Peels, the founder of a psychological approach called Gestalt therapy. Peels, a bearded chain-smoker of 74 who wears berets and parachute jumpers, provides...
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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 divorcée 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 wait-
ing to go home at the San Jose bus station, she ran up to hug
and kiss everybody else waiting there and had to be carried away
by an institution. Such incidents, known in the trade as “psychotic
breaks,” happen only a tiny per-
centage of the time. The rationaliza-
tion is that if you crack up at
6:00, or at some other encourage-
ment of the movement, you prob-
ably 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 tam-
pering with people’s unconscious
minds, and gives point to the
movement’s leaders as well as am-
munition to its enemies.

These enemies, if they were to
congregate in one room some-
where, would have little in com-
mon but their misgivings, which
vary spectacularly in nature and
validity, and could be phrased
more or less as follows:
1. The movement may be medi-
cally irresponsible. When I de-
scribed my “guided daydream” to
Dr. Milton Kline, a New York psy-
chiatrist who specializes in hyp-
notherapy, he said it sounded to
him exactly like hypnosis which is
“a very intense behavioral experi-
ence which at times may have
some contraindications” and men-
tioned the advisability of “break-
ning down ego defenses unless the
patient has been reasonably well
evaluated.”

2. The movement is anti-intellec-
tual. When a schoolteacher in an
Atlanta T-group protested, “I think
this is a lot of weird crap,” he
was automatically reproached:
“Don’t say think, say feel.”
This priority of gut over brain
strikes some critics as decadent
and dehumanizing. Dr. Lewis An-
field, another New York psychiatrist,
warns that “if we escape from cog-
nitive 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 him-
self 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 accompl-
ished by having them go even
deeper inside themselves is to show
them what bones they are.”

3. The movement is a foibed
of Communism or, anyway, an-
archists. More to the point, the
movement is strongest in Califor-
nia, which is among other things
a hotbed of suspicion. Murphy says
Esalen has been attacked by John
Bircher’s “bugged” and much in-
vestigated. But such attempts have
never resulted in any real charges.

4. The movement is led by dope-
heads. This is entirely wrong; the
movement’s whole point is to turn
on without drugs.

“Do we expect
sunsets to last,
or symphonies?”

5. The feelings the movement in-
duces frequently don’t last and
can’t be transplanted into the soil
of real life. But Dr. Larson replies,
“Do we expect sunsets to last, or
a symphony? Isn’t it too much of
a burden on the experience to ask
it to go on indefinitely?”

6. The movement can breed nar-
sicism. Well, it does nothing to
discourage some 22-year-olds from
thinking that their life histories
contain the most fascinating sub-
ject matter in all Western civil-
ization. Dr. Chris Argyris, who is
a Yale professor and a T-group au-
thority, feels, however, that this
is true only of some elements with
in the movement when the “trust-
learning process encourages the expe-
rience of feelings (any old feel-
ings) as an end in itself.”

7. The movement breeds a kind of
“emotional elitism.” When I
took my shoes off once in Cal-
diornia I was asked, “What would
the people in your office think if
they could see you now?”; as if no-
where else on earth did people
ever go barefoot, admire trees, or
stop to pick up pebbles. A lady
devotee of the movement at a
party in New York announced,
“I’m the only person here who
can actually feel.”

8. The movement legitimates
and foibles promiscuity. This is
true mostly at Esalen, where
there seems to be a lot of bed-
ding down with new-ford friends
—or at least a lot of talking about
it. Encounter groups dis-
uss the nuances of people’s sex
lives with far more frankness and
in far more detail than is cus-
tomary elsewhere. Carl Rogers
thinks that the “whole concept of
grupps getting emotionally
quite close is very threatening to
many people and can raise the
prospect of sexual contact.” But
Esalen, its friends point out, didn’t
invent the sexual revolution, nor
did the movement in general. Pe-
haps the candid discussion of sexu-
ai and moral problems does some
good. Rogers thinks highly of

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PSA gives you a lift

"Los Angeles—San Francisco Fan Jets"
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"couples workshops" in which he says, "we've saved a lot of mar-
riages—some of them before they ever took place." 9

The movement constitutes a
massive invasion of privacy. It
does, in fact, sometimes seem a
jarring game not of "I've Got a Sec-
dry," 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 ob-
jectives of such groups, he says,
"are to help an individual learn
to be able to reject that which
he deeply believes is insincere to
his self-esteem and to his growth
—and this would include, if ne-
necessary, the rejection of the
Laboratory for Encounter group ex-
perience."

(11) The movement's concerns are
total and irrelevant to the des-
polate problems of the day. Many
people object that they'd rather
talk about Vietnam or assassina-
tions than whether George is really
jealous of Ethel. Some branches
of the movement, however, are
vigorously concerned with social
issues. Esalen is one of several
organizations that have become in-
volved in workshops in which po-
lice forces are confronted by res-
idents of their cities. Gethes. In a
recent New York seminar, I saw a
black-power advocate enlighten

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

and some a colorful city hous-
ing-project managers, some of
whom confessed they weren't
even sure who Malcolm X was.
They departed, it is hoped, some-
what better equipped to cope with
local incidents that may develop
this summer.

It is tempting to speculate what
might happen if these confronta-
tions occurred on a wider, higher
scale. What if more places explor-
ated marathons? Esalen has held
in San Francisco, catalogued as
"Intergroup Conflict as a
Transcendental Experience? What
if Carl Rogers were taken up on
his offer to allow members of his
staff to load a mass black-white en-
counter in Watts? What if the Paris
negotiations with North Vietnam
were suddenly to proceed under
terms of absolute candor? What if
Jones Carl Ray and Sharon Bishara
Sharon had been expected to the
rage amalgam of lostheartedness and
trust?

Maybe people like them are be-
ing reached now. W.B.S.F. has an
$60,000-a-year foundation grant
for the Laboratory for Encoun
ter group experience—everybody,
teachers, pupils and administra-
tors, involved in the
high schools, 50 elementary
schools and five colleges run by
the Inland Heart of Mary or-
der in Los Angeles, Esalen has a
$21,000 grant for a project ad-
ministered by Dr. George I. Brown
of the University of California at
Santa Barbara experimenting with
teaching techniques in all
levels of elementary and high
schools, Esalen also has had liai-
ison with, among others, the Peace
Corps, Stanford University and the
Episcopal Diocese of California.
This month it is holding an ex-

tended international seminar on
"The Value of Personal Experi-
ence" and in September it will
experiment with new treatments
for schizophrenia at the Agnew
State Hospital. Esalen also has
a resident fellowship program,
which this year drew a Jesuit
prelate, two landscape architects
and 18 others. This may someday
expand into a full-scale college.

Is it all just a tad
like Hadacol?

Is this whole movement just a
tad, destined to fade from memo-
ry like Hadacol, the Twin, wheat
gem, the Holy Rollers and the Ma-
han's? Will we all sit around in
the 1960's, reminiscing about the
dull old days of T-groups, body
awareness and interpersonal rela-
tionship 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 una-
derstood, but if we don't experi-
ment 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 frag-
mented and staccato and more
reflective. Some might help us live
less in the subjective sense than
in the present. Some might make
our thoughts more peaceful, our
relationships more direct, our
organizations of all kinds more
harmonious. Some might im-
prove the world, and the world
wants improving.

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