

It's Not a Generation Gap

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(draft fragment, date unknown, minor editing and links added)

In the sixties it became fashionable to euphemistically refer to one of man's problem as the "generation gap." This euphemism, like all euphemisms, seems to exist more to protect man from the cold facts of reality than to communicate what really it. For nothing could be further from the truth than to infer that the problem between dissent and establishment is just a generation gap. This problem is a far more pervasive one. It is the problem of the separation in thinking between those at any level, of any age, whose being has closed down and those at other levels who are open and growing, no matter where their position be on man's existential staircase.

The person who is closed desperately believes that he has truly found the way for man to be and in his honest desperation he defends it until its death. He who is open genuinely sees change as the law of life. The closed lives in a completely assured and timeless world of never a question and nary a doubt. The open reaches, albeit sometimes recklessly, for a new sun to rise tomorrow. As the open man, in his unending quest for new and different meaning moves from one level of existence to each that is to follow, more of the world and its foibles is open to his view. At each new level he has increased degrees of behavioral freedom, and from the increased freedom which is his he looks upon

the closed both above and below not hesitating to tell it how it is. Nowhere is this more apparent than where music is the medium through which dissenters communicate the message on their minds.

Youth today is at many levels, and many are open and some are even closed. From those who are open, and particularly those who are open at higher levels, we can learn through their reactions to the music of their time how deeply they deplore the continuance today of where man no longer needs to be. And from their lament offered in song we see the hopes and aspirations of man as he is now striving to be, no matter his position in the stages of human life.

In their response to the music which they hear, the growing strongly identify with any level of behavior which is open and striving to become. But there is deep bitterness and utter disdain toward those who are closed and wanting to remain. Yet they can feel genuine empathy with those who have lost or are losing their way. This is a tragedy of our time. It is the tragedy of youth saying: "I'll see you in September" and one of our establishment's weeping with patriotic fervor over SSgt. Barry Sadler's "The Green Berets" (by Robin Moore and Barry Sadler, 1966, RCA, Inc.) which heralds a way of life so many see today as a thin and weakening cover over a volcanic core within. This tragedy is shown in youth's feeling toward Barry Sadler's "The Green Berets"

*Fighting soldiers from the sky
Fearless men who Jump and die
Men who mean just what they say
The brave men of the Green Beret*

*Silver wings upon their chest (chorus)
These are men, America's best
One hundred men will test today
But only three win the Green Beret
Trained to live off nature's land
Trained in combat hand to hand*

*Men who fight by night and day
Courage take from the Green Beret*

(chorus)

*Back at home a young wife waits
Her Green Beret has met his fate
He has died for those oppressed
Leaving her this last request*

*Put silver wings on my son's chest
Make him one of America's best
He'll be a man they'll test one day
Have him win the Green Beret*

[<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LH4-tOqLH94>].

This absolutistic view of man and life is clean and unencumbered. It is the righteous ordering of life into clear-cut distinctions of black and white where friend and foe, good and bad, are clearly defined. This fourth level of life where man passively accepts authority and sacrifices self for the higher good, as determined by authority, is one of the themes for being which many humans, young and old alike, so stridently question today. They ask not in unpatriotic effrontery or sacreligious snarl: Is this the best of life? Is the best man can design a way of life where man becomes willingly and cheerfully the one who will for honor "jump and die?" Is the best of life to unquestioningly accept the fate of death in the belief that a just reward will ensue?

To those closed within this way of thinking, dying for the cause was right in the past, is right today, and will be right tomorrow. But it is not the mind of higher level youth. With their eyes open for higher cognitive roaming they see not

only the Green Beret but many others needlessly given to this, as they see it, senseless sacrifice of men. To them to *not* question life, and particularly authority, is to demean human dignity. To say that 'he who is born later' must give up his mind because man who was born earlier has done all the necessary thinking is, to youth, to accept the 'Alpha, Beta' world of Orwell's *1984*. It is to salaam obeisantly before the D-Q God, comforted only with the flimsy hope that he who bows in this life will be rewarded in the world that is next to come.

In no song of the youth culture is this more clearly expressed than in Bob Dylan's "With God on Our Side" (Bob Dylan, 1964, M. Witmark & Son) where the gap between closed absolutistic thinking and higher level youth meet in the combat of derision. Through "With God on Our Side" Dylan thrusts with devastating effect into the very heart of the righteous world:

*Oh, my name it is nothin'
My age it means less,
The country I come from
Is called the Midwest.
Its taught and brought up there,
The laws to abide,
And that land that I live in
Has God on its side.*

*Oh, the history books tell it,
 They tell it so well.
 The cavalries charged,
 And the Indians fell.
 The cavalries charged,
 And the Indians died.
 Oh the country was young,
 With God on its side.*

*Oh, the first world war boy,
 It came and it went.
 The reason for fighting
 I never did get.
 But I learned to accept it,
 Accept it with pride,
 For you don't count the dead
 When God's on your side.*

*When the second world war
 Came to the end,
 We forgave the Germans
 And they were friends.
 Though they murdered six-million
 In the oven they fried,
 The Germans now too have
 God on their side.*

*I learned to hate Russians
 All through my life.
 If another war starts
 It's them we must fight.
 To hate them and fear them,
 To run and to hide,
 And accept it all bravely
 With God on my side.
 But now we got weapons
 Of the chemical dust.
 If fire them we're forced to
 Then fire them we must.
 One push of the button
 And a shot the world wide
 And you never ask questions
 When God's on your side.*

*In many a dark hour
I've been thinkin' all this,
That Jesus Christ was betrayed by a kiss.
But I can't think for you
You'll have to decide,
Whether Judas Iscariot
Had God on his side.*

*So now as I'm leavin'
I'm weary as Hell,
The confusion I'm feelin'
Ain't no time to tell.
The words fill my head
And fall on the floor,
If God's on our side
He'll stop the next war.*

[<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BmDVyBceEv4>]

Note how Dylan brings into focus the questioning of a D-Q established order. Note particularly the simple logical problem he sees the open minded questioners confronted with. How deceptively he leads the absolutistic mind on in the first stanza with his midwestern "taught and brought up there, the laws to abide." Then stanza after stanza his rapier thrusts change to the slash of a machete. With God of the D-Q world on our side, the Indians died, his lands were raped. Then obeisant man slaughtered when he didn't really understand why World War I was fought; he only killed_and died or, more ironic yet, took pride in the slaughter when all of it was over, over there. And with each machete slash he opens wider the question is heard: Can any man really go on warring if God is truly on his side?

There is nothing in many of those youth who question authority that is contrary to honor, faith and decency. But these doubters do ask how can we live in that righteous house when it is filled with such logic-tight compartments. This is not a snotty question of some "effete snob." It is a seriously considered query of a mind that is freer. An existing absolutistic order built on inhumane inconsistency must be questioned, says youth, whether it be in America or elsewhere lest this logical conflict remain unresolved.

So youth turns from the sanctimonious Green Beret and the bitter indictment of Dylanto the considered questioning of Paul Simon expressed in "Patterns" (1966, Paul Simon, Charing Cross Music):

*The night set softly
With the hush of falling leaves
Casting shivering shadows
On the houses through the trees
And the light from a street lamp
Paints a pattern on my wall.
Like the pieces of a puzzle
Or a child's uneven scrawl.*

Up a narrow flight of stairs

*In a narrow little room
As I lie upon my bed
In the early evening gloom.
Impaled on my wall
My eyes can dimly see
The pattern of my life
And the puzzle that is me.*

*From the moment of my birth
To the instant of my death
There are patterns I must follow
Just as I must breathe each breath
Like a rat in a maze
The path before me lies
And the pattern never alters
Until the rat dies.*

*And the pattern still remains
On the wall where darkness fell
And it's fitting that it should
For in darkness I must dwell.
Like the color of my skin
Or the day that I grow old
My life is made of patterns
That can scarcely be controlled.*

[http://www.last.fm/music/Paul+Simon/_/Patterns]

In "Patterns" we can feel youth saying - why? Why must one follow the righteous patterned way of life? Must a man accept that "in darkness I must dwell?" Must he travel "like a rat in a maze," only within someones bounded walls with no freedom to explore beyond? Must he, because of the color of his skin, submit unquestioningly to the ordered existence which he neither established nor has any right of control? Must man suffer this ignoble existence? Free are these youth to ask such questions for they are not entwined in the enclosure of the righteous mind. But do not misunderstand. This freer youth, this youth farther out toward the stars, does not disdain a lower level

way of life, not if it is open. It is closure that he hates. This is quite evident in the empathy so many express toward Ellas (Bo Diddley) McDaniel's "I'm a Man." (1955, Bo Diddley)

Here McDaniel expresses the lustful awakening into C-P man of those who have been enslaved - an awakening which both whites and black establishments have reacted to with hostility and fear. But not dissenting youth who, since they too are leaving behind the restrictions of some older even numbered consolidating behavioral system, are at least second cousins to the man who says:

*Now when I was a little boy,
About the age of five,
I had somethin' in my pocket,
Keep a lot of folks alive.*

*Now I'm a man,
And I made twenty-one,
You know baby,
You and I can have a lot of fun.*

*I'm a man,
I said m-a-n...man.
Im a hoochy-coochy man.*

*All you pretty women,
Stand in line,
I can make love to you baby,
In an hour's time.*

*I'm a man,
I spell m-a-n...man.*

*I goin' back down,
To Kansas soon to
Bring back the second cousin,
Little John the conqueroo.*

*I'm a man,
I spell m-a-n...man.*

*The line I shoot,
Will never miss,
The way I make love to 'em,
They can't resist.*

*I'm a man,
I spell m-a-n...man.*

[http://www.last.fm/music/Bo+Diddley/_/I%27m+a+Man]

Quietly dissenting youth is not sickened by the lusty, impulsive reach for a higher level of being of the omnipotent frame of mind which has just become aware of its existence as a man. It is not concerned by them as it is by the 'abhorring superiority' of the righteous D-Q mind. Yet these 'abhorring superiors' are about to reach for the Fascist hammer in order to break the spirit just beginning to be in our blacks, the reds, and the browns.

Obviously this is not a generation gap, nor is it a cultural lag. It is the difference between the closed mind and the open mind, no matter the age of the person, no matter his level of existence.

Dissenters can understand the lusty way of C-P man. They comprehend his "I'll take what I can from you and use you if I can" not because they have the C-P urge to have power over *you* rather than you over them, to control and manipulate *you* rather than have you control and manipulate them. It is because they too are trying to become what an established order has not yet allowed them to be.

Youth recognizes that to bow to the D-Q mentality is to have his life determined by powers beyond his control as a person. He sees he has no control over his life or his destiny. It is only when man begins his transition from moralistic to

materialistic living, from D-Q to E-R, that man can exercise any control over his destiny. But even this "permitted choice" is not acceptable to dissenting youth today. In fact, of all the establishments toward which dissent is directed, this quite typically American establishment reflected in "An Open Letter to My Teenage Son" by Victor Lundberg (1967, Asa Music Co.) is most suspected. For it could well be the theme song of Spiro [Agnew]'s constituency with its

cold and callous hypocrisy which youth cannot abide. In fact as dissenters see it, if this letter were more vitriolic it might well be read at any political gathering directed, vote getting wise, to those who have closed down in an early level four to five transition.

In his letter Lundberg gives vent to his establishment feeling toward the questioners of the day:

[excerpt] "...If you believe in your heart that the principles of this country, our heritage is worthy of this display of pride, that all men shall remain free, that free men at all times will not inflict their personal limitations of achievement on others, to be willing to fight for this right, you have my blessing...

...If you doubt that our free enterprise system in the United States is worth protecting, if you doubt the principles upon which this country was founded, that we remain free to choose our religion, our individual endeavors, our method of government, if you doubt that each individual in this great country should reap rewards commensurate only with his efforts, then it is doubtful you belong here. If you doubt people to govern us should be selected by their desire to allow us to strive for any goal we feel capable of attaining, then it is doubtful you should participate in their selection...

...If you are not grateful to a country that gave your father the opportunity to work for his family to give you the things you've had, and you do not feel pride enough to fight for your right to continue in this manner, then I assume the blame for your failure to recognize the true value of your birthrights. And if you decide to burn your draft card, then burn your birth certificate at the same time, from that moment on, I have no son."

[http://www.6lyrics.com/music/victor_lundberg/lyrics/an_open_letter_to_my_teenage_son.aspx]

This early transitional D-Q over E-R closed absolutistic-materialism with its strong desire to succeed, to prove self a man through work and industry (achievement motivation) provides, according to dissenters, freedom to man only within a very limited framework. *Dissent, yes* - but only the *kind* and the *degree* of dissent of which *I approve* - is what so many today see as hypocrisy. Youth points to this rhetorical assertion, related within a background rendition of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," as a prime example of values expressed which are not truly operative in the *behavior of these professors of freedom*.

What this man values, what his establishment believes, is that any man should be free to pursue external reward and material success; but man is not to pursue any other form for being. Dissenters feel the coldness in his tone, the force in his words. This is not freedom, they say, this strong absolutistic belief that what has been good for *my* self is good for *your* self; and if you don't believe it then you had better go, for you are both UnGodly and UnAmerican.

These young who will point to this "song" as a valuable way of life for what it has done in the times when it was congruent with the existence of man, today see greater need for cooperative endeavor than they do for more hungry self-

achievement. They do not disparage that which it has done. They simply call to our attention that the time for this closed way of life is gone. They say it to this man and to all closed in this transi-

tional state through the lyrics of Paul Simon where he says in "I Am a Rock" there is a lot of me which will never come to be. (1965, Paul Simon, Electric Music Co.)

*A winter's day
In a deep and dark December.
I am alone,
Gazing from my window to the streets below
On a freshly fallen silent shroud of snow.
I am a rock. I am an island.*

*I've built walls
A fortress deep and mighty,
That none may penetrate.
I have no need of friendship, friendship causes pain.
It's laughter and it's loving I disdain.
I am a rock, I am an island.*

*Don't talk of love;
Well I've heard the word before.
It's sleeping in my memory;
And I won't disturb the slumber of feelings that would have died.
If I'd never loved, I never would have cried.
I am a rock, I am an island.*

*I have my books
and my poetry to protect me.
I am shielded in my armor,
Hiding in my room, safe within my womb.
I touch no one, and no one touches me.
I am a rock . I am an island.*

*And a rock can feel no pain,
And an island never cries.*

[http://www.last.fm/music/Paul+Simon/_/I+Am+a+Rock?autostart=1]

In this lamentation, it is the cold intellectually achieving *schematic* version of the early moralistic to materialistic, D-Q over E-R, transitional state that Simon is questioning. As he expresses it, to be protected in the armor of material success or cold intellectual attainment is to prevent the soft and the tender in man from being felt for it is "laughter and it's loving" which I disdain if "I am a rock," if "I am an island." And being this, I "don't talk of love," for being strong has brought more than it has lost. All it has lost is

the richness of "ever having cried." This damning condemnation of the rationalistic E-R style of life asks with deep and poignant feeling: Must I, to be a part of the rational establishment, live a life where my dictum is to touch no one so no one touches me? This we should recognize is Simon's idea for the sociocentric, interpersonalistic, F-S

over E-R, way of being to have a right to be in the innards of man's mind.

In his despairing search for expression of the F-S part of self, no man, not even energetic youth, finds his way with certainty and success. Oftimes as he searches he gets lost in the more peripheral aspects of a new way for being - a problem which

our dissenting youth recognizes as it empathizes with this plight of man through Dobie Gray's "The 'In' Crowd" (1965, written by Billy Page, American Music). This person who is lost in a byway to interpersonalistic is aptly described in:

*I'm in with the in crowd,
I go where the in crowd goes
I'm in with the in crowd
And I know what the in crowd knows
Anytime of the year, don't you hear?
Dressing fine, making time
We breeze up and down the street,
We get respect from the people we meet
They make way day or night,
They know the in crowd is out of sight
I'm in with the in crowd,
I know every latest dance
When you're in with the in crowd,
It's easy to find romance
At a spot where the beat's really hot
Oh, if it's square, we ain't there
We make every minute count,
Our share is always the biggest amount
Other guys imitate us,
But the original is still the greatest, in crowd!
We got our own way of walkin', we got our own way of talkin'
Any time of the year, don't you hear?
Spendin' cash, talkin' trash
Girl, I'll show you a real good time,
Come on with me and leave your troubles behind
I don't care where you've been,
You ain't been nowhere 'til you've been in
With the in crowd, with the in crowd,
Got our own way of walkin', we got our own way of talkin'
With the in crowd!*

[http://www.dailymotion.com/video/xqu01_dobie-gray-the-in-crowd_music]

The man who is in with the 'in' crowd is one who has submerged his personality to the group image. What the group values he values and what they abhor he abhors. The key line in "The 'In' Crowd" is "I go where the 'In' crowd goes." The personality and spontaneity of a person are entirely subjugated to the group.

Fromm describes the type of personality who finds it "easy to find romance" when he's 'in' as a marketing personality. The emphasis on love is not the primary factor in a relationship; the prestige, looks and other 'marketable' assets of another person are the factors determining a relationship. As Gray says,

“Any time of the year, don't you hear
Spendin' cash, talkin' trash,
Girl I'll show you a real good time
You ain't been nowhere 'til you been
in, with the 'in' crowd.”

The relationship is fast and loose. I'm spending cash, not because I want to but because it's the one thing to do, because it increases my marketing potential. We're not talking of things that really matter but trash, anything to keep a lively, uninvolved (and therefore not likely to be offensive to anyone else) conversation going. The proverbial “snow job” is only successful with people operating at this level. The comments from this “snow job” by Gray might be, “He's really

cool, in with the 'In' crowd... Got lots of money, always doing something, everyone looks up to him. Really good looking and he dresses well. And what a line (of talk). Got a blue Corvette (expensive sports car), etc., etc.

No matter how scuriously derided some youth be for getting lost in the mass of the crowd, they still are able to see more than their condemning establishments have ever seen. They know they are bored with the superficiality and raunchiness of the half-baked F-S over E-R way for being and they feel it alienating them from their deeper interpersonal feelings. Again, it is Paul Simon who sings of this travail:

*It's a still life watercolor,
Of a now late afternoon,
As the sun shines through the curtain lace
And the shadows wash the room.
And we sit and drink our coffee
Casting our indifference,
Like shells upon the shore.
You can hear the ocean roar
In the dangling conversation
And the superficial sighs,
The borders of our lives.
And you read your Emily Dickenson
And I my Robert Frost
And we note our places with book markers
That measure what we've lost.
Like a poem poorly written
We are verses out of rhythm,
Couplets out of rhyme,
In syncopated time
And the dangling conversation
And the superficial sighs,
Are the borders of our lives.*

*Yes we speak of things that matter,
With words that must be said,
Can analysis be worthwhile?
Is the theater really dead?
And how the room is softly faded
And I only kiss your shadow,
I cannot feel your hand,*

*You're a stranger now unto me
Lost in the dangling conversation
And the superficial sighs,
In the borders of our lives.*

[<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=u1DWdexSO9M>]:

Here the feeling of alienation comes in waves so powerful that deeper inner feelings are swamped in words which don't really matter. Here is some evidence that 'decrepit youth' is more with what it is than their judges would ever believe them to be. This is unquestionably

demonstrated when they listen to the problem of she who cannot become as one in any world but seeks to live in two. The Shangri-Las sing of this problem in "Leader of the Pack." (1964, by George Morton, Jeff Barry, and Ellie Greenwich, Tender Tunes and Trio Music).

[Spoken:]

*Is she really going out with him?
Well, there she is. Let's ask her.
Betty, is that Jimmy's ring you're wearing?
Mm-hmm [yes].
Gee, it must be great riding with him.
Is he picking you up after school today?
Uh-uh [no].
By the way, where'd you meet him?*

[Sung:]

*I met him at the candy store
He turned around and smiled at me
You get the picture? (yes, we see)
That's when I fell for the leader of the pack. [Va-Room, Va-Room motorcycle sounds]*

*My folks were always putting him down (down, down)
They said he came from the wrong side of town
(whatcha mean when ya say that he came from the wrong side of town?)
They told me he was bad
But I knew he was sad
That's why I fell for the leader of the pack [Va-Room, Va-Room]*

*One day my dad said, "Find someone new"
I had to tell my Jimmy we're through
(whatcha mean when ya say that ya better go find somebody new?)
He stood there and asked me why
But all I could do was cry
I'm sorry I hurt you, the leader of the pack. [Va-Room, Va-Room]*

[Spoken:]

*He sort of smiled and kissed me goodbye
The tears were beginning to show
As he drove away on that rainy night*

*I begged him to go slow
But whether he heard, I'll never know (no, no, no) [Screeeeech]*

Look out! Look out! Look out! Look out! [Crash, tinkle]

*I felt so helpless, what could I do?
Remembering all the things we'd been through
In school they all stop and stare
I can't hide the tears, but I don't care
I'll never forget him, the leader of the pack. [Va-Room, Va-Room]*

*The leader of the pack - now he's gone
The leader of the pack - now he's gone
The leader of the pack - now he's gone
The leader of the pack - now he's gone*

[<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6FxSM88H-G4>]

This inability to resolve the values between the adult world and the teenage world lead Betty and Jimmy to the inevitable breakup and goodbye. And Betty will soon recover and continue with her dual orientation and attempts

to please and get along with everyone, but fail to grow as she might. A similar cop-out (sell out to society) is portrayed by Janis Ian in "Society's Child (Baby, I've Been Thinking)" (1967), by a 15-year-old female 'Bob Dylan.'

*Come to my door, baby,
Face is clean and shining black as night.
My mother went to answer you know
That you looked so fine.
Now I could understand your tears and your shame,
She called you "boy" instead of your name.
When she wouldn't let you inside,
When she turned and said,
"But honey, he's not our kind."
She says, I can't see you any more, baby,
Can't see you anymore.*

*Walk me down to school, baby,
Everybody's acting deaf and blind.
Until they turn and say, "Why don't you stick to your own kind?"
My teachers all laugh, their smirking stares,
Cutting deep down in our affairs.
Preachers of equality,
Think they believe it, then why won't they just let us be?
They say I can't see you anymore baby,
Can't see you anymore.*

One of these days I'm gonna stop my listening

*Gonna raise my head up high.
 One of these days I'm gonna raise up my glistening wings and fly.
 But that day will have to wait for a while.
 Baby I'm only society's child.
 When we're older things may change,
 But for now this is the way they must remain.
 I say I can't see you anymore baby,
 Can't see you anymore.
 No, I don't want to see you anymore, baby.*

[[http://www.last.fm/music/Janis+Ian/_/Society%27s+Child+\(Baby+I%27ve+Been+Thinking\)](http://www.last.fm/music/Janis+Ian/_/Society%27s+Child+(Baby+I%27ve+Been+Thinking))]

Youth through its music (The Beatles, Bob Dylan) goes on to say that (Betty's fate) it does not have to be. There's nothing you can do that

can't be done, for "The Times They Are A-Changin'" (1964, Bob Dylan) as Personalistic Man appears:

*Come gather 'round people
 Wherever you roam
 And admit that the waters
 Around you have grown
 And accept it that soon
 You'll be drenched to the bone
 If your time to you
 Is worth savin'
 Then you better start swimmin'
 Or you'll sink like a stone
 For the times they are a-changin'.
 Come writers and critics
 Who prophesize with your pen
 And keep your eyes wide
 The chance won't come again
 And don't speak too soon
 For the wheel's still in spin
 And there's no tellin' who
 That it's namin'
 For the loser now
 Will be later to win
 For the times they are a-changin'.
 Come senators, congressmen
 Please heed the call
 Don't stand in the doorway
 Don't block up the hall
 For he that gets hurt
 Will be he who has stalled
 There's a battle outside
 And it is ragin'*

*It'll soon shake your windows
And rattle your walls
For the times they are a-changin'.*

*Come mothers and fathers
Throughout the land
And don't criticize
What you can't understand
Your sons and your daughters
Are beyond your command
Your old road is
Rapidly agin'
Please get out of the new one
If you can't lend your hand
For the times they are a-changin'.*

*The line it is drawn
The curse it is cast
The slow one now
Will later be fast
As the present now
Will later be past
The order is
Rapidly fadin'
And the first one now
Will later be last
For the times they are a-changin'.*

[http://www.last.fm/music/Bob+Dylan/_/The+Times+They+Are+A-Changin%27]

Man, they say having solved the problems of basic survival, caring for himself in a hostile world and adjusting to the behavior of others, can begin to live without feeling insecure. He can defend himself against all aspects of the world in which he lives. Having conquered the problems of security he can now begin to live life for himself with a due consideration for the rights of others. More than when in any other level previously experienced, at the transition to the G-T level he is secure in this world, self-confident, cooperative and questioning.

Having solved the basic problems of existing on this planet, they say man is now beginning to be ready to live here. He is potentially unbounded by the ordering of society and his fellow man, ready to explore new things and new ways. The Beatles discuss this level of maturity and readiness to love in "All You Need Is Love" (1967, John Lennon/Paul McCartney, Capitol Records)

*Love, love, love, love, love, love, love, love, love.
There's nothing you can do that can't be done.
Nothing you can sing that can't be sung.
Nothing you can say but you can learn how to play the game*

It's easy.

*There's nothing you can make that can't be made.
No one you can save that can't be saved.
Nothing you can do but you can learn how to be you in time –
It's easy.*

*All you need is love, all you need is love,
All you need is love, love, love is all you need.
Love, love, love, love, love, love, love, love, love.
All you need is love, all you need is love,
All you need is love, love, love is all you need.
There's nothing you can know that isn't known.
Nothing you can see that isn't shown.
Nowhere you can be that isn't where you're meant to be.
It's easy.
All you need is love, all you need is love,
All you need is love, love, love is all you need.
All you need is love (all together now)
All you need is love (everybody)
All you need is love, love, love is all you need.
Yee-hai!
Oh yeah!*

*She loves you, yeah yeah yeah.
She loves you, yeah yeah yeah.*

[<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NzJ2NKp23WU>]

Then the problems of the personalistic man, the G-T state of being, looms as more than simply doing things that can't be done. Here man must constantly question and searches for new truth and

profounder meaning in life. He cannot stop asking why is this happening? Bob Dylan does this when he asks: "Why an' what's the reason for?" in "Who Killed Davey Moore?" (1964, Bob Dylan)

*Who killed Davey Moore,
Why an' what's the reason for?*

*"Not I," says the referee,
"Don't point your finger at me.
I could've stopped it in the eighth
An' maybe kept him from his fate,
But the crowd would've booed, I'm sure,
At not gettin' their money's worth.
It's too bad he had to go,
But there was a pressure on me too, you know.
It wasn't me that made him fall.
No, you can't blame me at all."*

*Who killed Davey Moore,
Why an' what's the reason for?*

*"Not us," says the angry crowd,
Whose screams filled the arena loud.
"It's too bad he died that night
But we just like to see a fight.
We didn't mean for him t' meet his death,
We just meant to see some sweat,
There ain't nothing wrong in that.
It wasn't us that made him fall.
No, you can't blame us at all."*

*Who killed Davey Moore,
Why an' what's the reason for?*

*"Not me," says his manager,
Puffing on a big cigar.
"It's hard to say, it's hard to tell,
I always thought that he was well.
It's too bad for his wife an' kids he's dead,
But if he was sick, he should've said.
It wasn't me that made him fall.
No, you can't blame me at all."*

*Who killed Davey Moore,
Why an' what's the reason for?*

*"Not me," says the gambling man,
With his ticket stub still in his hand.
"It wasn't me that knocked him down,
My hands never touched him none.
I didn't commit no ugly sin,
Anyway, I put money on him to win.
It wasn't me that made him fall.
No, you can't blame me at all."*

*Who killed Davey Moore,
Why an' what's the reason for?*

*"Not me," says the boxing writer,
Pounding print on his old typewriter,
Sayin', "Boxing ain't to blame,
There's just as much danger in a football game."
Sayin', "Fist fighting is here to stay,
It's just the old American way."*

*It wasn't me that made him fall.
No, you can't blame me at all."*

*Who killed Davey Moore,
Why an' what's the reason for?*

*"Not me," says the man whose fists
Laid him low in a cloud of mist,
Who came here from Cuba's door
Where boxing ain't allowed no more.*

*"I hit him, yes, it's true,
But that's what I am paid to do.
Don't say 'murder,' don't say 'kill.'
It was destiny, it was God's will."*

*Who killed Davey Moore,
Why an' what's the reason for?*

[http://www.last.fm/music/Bob+Dylan/_/Who+Killed+Davey+Moore%3F]

In this song, perhaps more than any other, Dylan, reflecting the G-T way of thinking, appears as a man, questioning and wanting to know a reason for something when it disturbs him. The attitude is one of questioning rather than preaching; he sees something that appears to be wrong and wants an explanation. It is in direct contrast to the father of the teenaged son who preached a sermon, with moral justification in order that he have his way. But as the G-T man searches for ultimate knowledge he finds, much to his dismay, that perhaps the ultimate knowledge is to realize there is no ultimate knowledge, perhaps just an understanding or recognition that something exists is all that is possible.

This realization seers in a sense a step backward, to the innocence of childhood, but this is what our theory says shall be. In "My Back Pages" (1964, Bob Dylan, M. Witmark & Son), Dylan explores this theme of a new found innocence and as he does so expresses youth's understanding of the H-U intuitionistic experientialistic way of life to come. He states "but I was so much older than, I'm younger than that now," meaning I have realized one cannot draw black and white lines about things, one cannot know what is to be known, as the older generation does.

*Crimson flames tied through my ears
Rollin high and mighty traps
Pounced with fire on flaming roads
Using ideas as my maps
Well meet on edges, soon, said i
Proud 'neath heated brow.
Ah, but I was so much older then,
I'm younger than that now.*

*Half-wracked prejudice leaped forth
Rip down all hate, I screamed
Lies that life is black and white
Spoke from my skull.*

*I dreamed romantic facts of musketeers
 Foundationed deep, somehow.
 Ah, but I was so much older then,
 I'm younger than that now.*

*Girls' faces formed the forward path
 From phony jealousy
 To memorizing politics
 Of ancient history
 Flung down by corpse evangelists
 Unthought of, though, somehow.
 Ah, but I was so much older then,
 I'm younger than that now.*

*A self-ordained professors tongue
 Too serious to fool
 Spouted out that liberty
 Is just equality in school
 Equality, I spoke the word
 As if a wedding vow.
 Ah, but I was so much older then,
 I'm younger than that now.*

*In a soldiers stance, I aimed my hand
 At the mongrel dogs who teach
 Fearing not that I'd become my enemy
 In the instant that I preach
 My existence led by confusion boats
 Mutiny from stern to bow.
 Ah, but I was so much older then,
 I'm younger than that now.*

*Yes, my guard stood hard when abstract threats
 Too noble to neglect
 Deceived me into thinking
 I had something to protect
 Good and bad, I define these terms
 Quite clear, no doubt, somehow.
 Ah, but I was so much older then,
 I'm younger than that now.*

[http://www.last.fm/music/Bob+Dylan/_/My+Back+Pages]

Now, today no one really knows the way, for the path before us lies unexplored. But some who have fought life's battles and now know they must adjust to a world of never knowing, to all the vast ranges of experience we have gone through, the vaster far off ranges still to be experienced, are

prescribing it for us. This we see as Donovan speaks of the "Retired writer in the Sun" (1967) who has lived life and now will reflect on its meanings and Tim Buckley who sings "Goodbye and Hello" (1967, Electra) with his eyes wide with awe at the old and new in the world.

"Goodbye and Hello" (1967, Tim Buckley)

*The antique people are down in the dungeons
 Run by machines and afraid of the tax
 Their heads in the grave and their hands on their eyes
 Hauling their hearts around circular tracks
 Pretending forever their masquerade towers
 Are not really riddled with widening cracks
 And I wave goodbye to iron
 And smile hello to the air
 O the new children dance ----- I am young
 All around the balloons ----- I will live
 Swaying by chance ----- I am strong
 To the breeze from the moon ----- I can give
 Painting the sky ----- You the strange
 With the colors of sun ----- Seed of day
 Freely they fly ----- Feel the change
 As all become one ----- Know the Way
 The velocity addicts explode on the highways
 Ignoring the journey and moving so fast
 Their nerves fall apart and they gasp but can't breathe
 They run from the cops of the skeleton past
 Petrified by tradition in a nightmare they stagger
 Into nowhere at all and they look up aghast
 And I wave goodbye to speed
 And smile hello to a rose
 O the new children play ----- I am young
 Under the juniper trees ----- I will live
 Sky blue or gray ----- I am strong
 They continue at ease ----- I can give
 Moving so slow ----- You the strange
 That serenely they can ----- Seed of day
 Gracefully grow ----- Feel the change
 And yes still understand ----- Know the Way
 The king and the queen in their castle of billboards
 Sleepwalk down the hallways dragging behind
 All their possessions and transient treasures
 As they go to worship the electronic shrine
 On which is playing the late late commercial
 In that hollowest house of the opulent blind
 And I wave goodbye to Mammon
 And smile hello to a stream
 O the new children buy ----- I am young
 All the world for a song ----- I will live
 Without a dime ----- I am strong*

*To which they belong ----- I can give
 Nobody owns ----- You the strange
 Anything anywhere ----- Seed of day
 Everyone's grown ----- Feel the change
 Up so big they can share ----- Know the Way
 The vaudeville generals cavort on the stage
 And shatter their audience with submachine guns
 And Freedom and Violence the acrobat clowns
 Do a balancing act on the graves of our sons
 While the tapdancing Emperor sings War is peace
 And Love the Magician disappears in the fun
 And I wave goodbye to murder
 And smile hello to the rain
 O the new children can't ----- I am young
 Tell a foe from a friend ----- I will live
 Quick to enchant ----- I am strong
 And so glad to extend ----- I can give
 Handfuls of dawn ----- You the strange
 To kaleidoscope men ----- Seed of day
 Come from beyond ----- Feel the change
 The Great Wall of Skin ----- Know the Way
 The bloodless husbands are jesters who listen
 Like sheep to the shrieks and commands of their wives
 And the men who aren't men leave the women alone
 See them all faking love on a bed made of knives
 Afraid to discover or trust in their bodies
 And in secret divorce they will never survive
 And I wave goodbye to ashes
 And smile hello to a girl
 O the new children kiss ----- I am young
 They are so proud to learn ----- I will live
 Womanwood bliss ----- I am strong
 And the manfire that burns ----- I can give
 Knowing no fear ----- You the strange
 They take off their clothes ----- Seed of day
 Honest and clear ----- Feel the change
 As a river that flows ----- Know the Way
 The antique people are fading out slowly
 Like newspapers flaming in mind suicide
 Godless and sexless directionless loons
 Their sham sandcastles dissolve in the tide
 They put on their deathmasks and compromise daily
 The new children will live for the elders have died
 And I wave goodbye to America
 And smile hello to the world*

[<http://www.last.fm/music/Tim+Buckley/Goodbye+and+Hello>]

“Writer in the Sun” (Donovan, 1967)

*The days of wine and roses are distant days for me
I dream of the last and the next affair and of little girls I'll never see*

*And here I sit the retired writer in the sun
The retired writer in the sun, and I'm Blue, the retired writer in the sun*

*Tonight I trod in starlight. I excuse myself with a grin
I ponder the moon in a silver spoon and the little one alive within.*

*And here I sit the retired writer in the sun
The retired writer in the sun, and I'm Blue, the retired writer in the sun*

*The magazine girl poses on my glossy paper aeroplane
Too many years I spent in the city playing with Mister Loss and Gain.*

*And here I sit the retired writer in the sun
The retired writer in the sun, and I'm Blue, the retired writer in the sun*

*I bathe in the sun of the morning, lemon circles swim in the tea
Fishing for time with a wishing line and throwing it back in the sea.*

*And here I sit the retired writer in the sun
The retired writer in the sun, and I'm Blue, the retired writer in the sun*

[http://www.last.fm/music/Donovan/_/Writer+in+the+Sun]

I cannot say, beyond the confines of my theory, where man will go from here. But of this you can rest assured. If man survives to meet the I-J state of being, the few who are the artists will be describing its mentality far beyond my capacity to do it from the theory I have drawn.

And among these artists is aborning the few, for it is always the few "dissenters" who will see ahead, who will be utilizing the medium of music to present their youthful plea for change from that which has been, and was good in its day, that which is the better in man.