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In Luce Tua

Comment on Current Issues by the Editor

Being of the World But Not in It

Last summer we sat up with a biblically disoriented young friend through a long night's journey into day. He was, by his own definition, a "Fundamentalist head." He was relating his marijuana, mescaline, and LSD experiences to the more psychedelic portions of the New Testament. Three days before that night he had undertaken more experience on mescaline than he could handle alone. That night he was down from the drug but still up on his Bible and needed evangelical grounding. Any reader who has ever counseled the Christian faith to a lively gnostic possibly can imagine the night and morning we shared.

After gently putting-down his put-ons, we got into his insights into the New Testament. They were nearly as banal and wrongheaded as Billy Graham's insights into drugs. (Any evangelist who urges the Christian faith upon the young as a "trip" or a "high" either misunderstands the faith, the drug experience, or both. They are by no means comparable, and they are more often than not antithetical. Minimally, such language is ludicrously folksy or gilds what should not be made glamorous.)

The predictable pattern emerged in our young friend's preoccupation with the New Testament stories of Jesus walking on water, disappearing from the press of crowds and from the meal at Emmaus, glistening on the mountaintop, and ascending at last over the heads of his disciples. The picture he had projected onto the New Testament out of his own deep need was a Jesus who had found a more phantom way of living than the rest of us poor wretches.

The clearest reportable example of his spirituality was his enthusiastic appreciation of the last temptation of Jesus in the wilderness. While he had not fasted forty days for it, he grasped that vision of Jesus like one of his own. On his reckoning, Jesus also saw that all the kingdoms of this world were a feeble temptation and hardly worth a tumble. He would only have to rule them as the world is ruled, and we all know what that means. Far better are all the kingdoms of the inner world which need not be ruled but enjoyed. In sum, his Jesus was that narcissistic flower of a Jewish mother and a recessive father, that drop-out and dreamer of the Galilean hills who considered the lilies of the field and cuddled lambs.

 Needless to say, our young friend was much attracted to his Savior of the secret, exhilarating inwardsness. That night there were opportunities to disabuse our young friend of his discarnate, escapist Jesus. And there were teachable moments for speaking a more lively and earthy Word than he had yet heard. There was less time available for the corollary teaching of ways to find the meanings in his own troubled life and to realize them in the world in ways more faithfulfilling. Teachers do not have as much time to rear other people's children as is sometimes supposed, and some of us have no talent or vocation for it.

Maybe that night was one of our more dreary counseling fizzes and nearly a forced case of preach-and-run. But the counseling of the Christian faith is happily done in that faith, and we entrusted both of us, in a way my young friend could appreciate, to the Head of the church. We also take some human comfort in the fact we were up against his drugs, peers, pathological religion, pastor, parents, and much of the American way of life oozing up through them all. Even when he set aside his drugs, we knew we were not up against flesh and blood but principalities and powers.

Drug Abuse Among the Young

We recall our work as a counselor for our themes as we switch to our work as a journalist to comment on the current drug abuse among the young. It is no secret that drug abuse is increasing to lower ages and greater numbers of the young. Drug abuse has moved from the colleges to some high schools and, in a few cases, to elementary schools. To us, it is a development to view with concern; we may be too Panglossian in our hope that there can be concern in this matter without panic.

It is clear that panicky remedies steadily worsen the situation as some panicky remedies have worsened it already. For examples: Calling only for the extension of the law into this matter muffles concern for work that needs to be done where no law can help and often hinders. Simply cracking down on the supply of one drug has a way of driving abusers to other, often far less benign, drugs. Suspecting all young people of drug abuse, including our own sons and daughters, has a way of becoming a self-fulfilling prophecy and of losing allies. And there are some people in public life who are so distrusted among the young that what they are doing and saying against drug abuse is having the opposite effect.

There are a number of ways to view the drug abuse among the young now publicly documented daily in newspapers, magazines, and television. One could jump in feet first and arms flailing and say that the life in
American society has become weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable and some of the young are turning to drugs for excitement and adventure. Or that life in American society has become strained, brutal, fearful, and without hope and that some of the young are turning to drugs for release and peace. All this is true enough, but these views are too simple.

These views would urge us to believe that we have a radical cultural discontinuity at hand. Such is not the case. There are far more continuities than discontinuities between the drug abuse of the young and the drug abuse of the rest of us in the larger society. They are more like us than different from us.

We are not referring particularly to continuities from that part of the pharmacological revolution which has wrought such wonders as antibiotics, birth control pills, fertility pills, tranquilizers, “truth serums,” and medicines and vaccines to cure or comfort the diseased. That revolution is only just breaking over us all, and we all are only on the brink of more drug wonders and horrors, particularly those which affect mental and genetic processes. Nor are we referring to the great chemical alterations of our environment and our warfare, for those acts of “Better Living Through Chemistry” bring their own mortal judgments indeed without our comment. Rather, we refer to the more routine drugging of mainline Americans.

The Medcaster is the Message

Almost anyone braced before a television set for an evening could be convinced of the drug orientation of American society. (We do not mean the programs which are anodynes of another order.) In a night of commercials one is frequently urged to take this or that drug which works faster and faster for this or that pain. The soft drug commercials are followed hard by the cigarette, beer, diet cola, and cosmetic commercials, each in its own way pushing its drug to alter us painlessly and grant us effortless pleasures.

The commercials which television seems to exist only focus the impression one could have received from other sources: Americans seem to be drug oriented people, whether they be drugs in us or on us or around us. It often puzzles foreign visitors to our country why almost any consumer good we can name is to be found in our drug stores. If their visit is longer than a week they know why.

It is a bit hypocritical of us, then, to be scandalized when our sons and daughters abuse the contents of our own medicine chests. The case of the kid who starts out on cold-tablet antihistamine highs and cough-syrup codeine highs is one thing. But the case of the kid who starts out on our tranquilizers, barbiturates, and amphetamine diet pills is quite another. The latter case is an example of the abuse of pills we may take more temperately, but also an abuse of pills we often take rather than alter the conditions of our lives.

For the drug message in all America seems to us to be this: Whatever drug you need to endure your life as it is, take it, and take it as quickly as you can. Seldom is the unspoken alternative behind it heard, perhaps like this: Change the conditions of your life as it is so that you do not need that drug, and join with your neighbors to change the conditions of all our lives so that none of us need that drug. Alternatives unheard and untried, Americans march to the beat of the loudest drummer. And the drug drummer, now as in the days of the medicaster medicine show, hawks the easy way over the short haul.

The American businessman may be on Bromo-Seltzer by day and Sominex by night, while his harried wife is on Cope and Excedrin PM and his dutifully competitive son at college lunches from No-Doz to Compoz. There is always stronger stuff available from the family physician or the cocktail lounge and liquor store. It is probably too simple to say Americans are pro-pill because they are anti-pain. There appears to be too much masochism in our drug habits-taking pills only to bear the conditions of our lives when they might actually be changed—to believe that to be the case.

If the American way of life with drugs is more continuous than discontinuous with the drug abuse of the young, we may all have the same problem to a greater or lesser degree. Some of the kids are only furthering our values in their drug abuse. They are, of course, stupid to do so. To pursue the American Dream of, say, the new frontier and the fountain of youth in drugs is, after all, to be somewhat more stupid than those who pursue the American Dream on drugs.

In fairness to the young, however, they are more likely than we are to see the irony in another television story on their drug abuse with commercials for an Oldsmobile as a “Youngmobile” and “Escape Machine” or a Buick as “Something to Believe In.”

There are, of course, cultural discontinuities in the drug abuse of the young. Turning from television commercials to the programs for our next cue, we find one of the chief discontinuities speaking silently on the March 22, 1970, David Susskind Show. His panelists were all middle class parents of children who had turned to drugs. Many of their children were “garbage heads,” having used varieties of uppers and downers, hallucinogens, barbiturates, amphetamines, tranquilizers, and hard narcotics like cocaine and heroin. Of interest to us was the unspoken assumption of the program that now that the children of the middle class were turning to drugs, there was a problem with drugs in the land. For years and years drug abuse has impoverished
When an answer to drug abuse is the issue, however, may professional alienation on kids. Those who decide for drugs against the real world may have their reasons.

Drug abuse beyond drunkenness among middle class young is a fairly important discontinuity. Affluent America had almost come to expect the urban poor, black, Puerto Rican, and Mexican young to take drugs. (They were expected to take the more deadly euphoric drugs rather than the softer psychedelic drugs, for it was “understandable” that nobody poor would want to increase his awareness of his surroundings. And a cynic could see good reasons for keeping people with hopeless futures and little to lose trafficking in hard drugs.)

Mystic Crystal Revelation?

But what is happening when nice, pink, middle class kids get into drugs too? There they are: well fed and futured, well entertained and traveled, and middling well educated and churched. Very often they are loved too. Why also drugs?

There are the simpler, obvious reasons why. Drugs are pleasurable and they fit as well into middle class self-indulgence as they fit into ghetto despair. They are available and there is money to buy them. There is leisure to use them and they are sometimes something faddish and conformist. They are winsomely shared by many young users themselves, and there is a marvelous psychedelic art and music to celebrate them for those who have the eyes to hear and the ears to see. Even the best stopgap for drug abuse among the young will take time to develop, and that is sufficient peer pressure against drug abuse. And since the larger society seems content to let the young be the laboratory of the evidence is gathered for the proper use of some drugs: one really need not hallucinate to increase he awareness of his surroundings.

There is, however, a deeper factor to be faced with many of the young who abuse drugs. The word “alienation” is lately invoked to explain too much in our society, and one is wise to restrict its use to where it really fits. There will be no want of rightful places to put it. When an answer to drug abuse is the issue, however, it may even be more illuminating to look at what some of the young are committed to as it is to look at what they are alienated from so understandably.

(The larger society would also be wise to restrict the influences of the few posturing aliens who inflict their professional alienation on kids. Those who frequently decide for drugs against the real world may have that moral right. We happen to believe their drugged world is far more doomed than the real world they believe doomed any day. They have no right whatever, however, to inflict their drugs on children and should be restrained as the criminal molesters they are when they share with them. Obviously, the lower the age of the person, the less personality structure and ego integration exists to handle and value the drug experience, let alone resist the offer of the drug itself. If anyone needs a terror to contemplate, imagine a nine-year-old given LSD or high grade heroin. And as we would be willing to carry a “Ban the Bomb” placard into the midst of the romantic indiendaries, so would we be willing to carry a “Hey, Hey, How Many Kids Did You Kill Today?” placard into the midst of the cultish druggies.)

There are, of course, many of the young mature enough to handle and rightly value the milder, non-addictive drugs and who restrain themselves from cultishness and pushing them onto ever younger users. They avoid turning in only upon themselves and their peers and the indulgences of egocentrism and ethnocentrism. These are often those middle class young forging their identities by engaging the expressiveness of the aristocracy of the past and the poor of the present. For them, their identities seem to be less and less formed by measuring up to or even conflicting with the older generation of the middle class. They may perform well enough in its terms, but it is a put-on “performance.” The earnest psychological work is going on by engaging the life style of the cultural elites above them and the economically and politically dispossessed below them.

Superficially, this may mean beads, beards, boots, barefeet, long hair, head bands, bottle-bottom glasses, blue denim bells, and buckskins— or none of them whatever or their like which pass away. More deeply, it means that the way to the self is sought through expressiveness not available to them in their own social situation. The route to the self is not so much sought through competition, delayed gratification, approved labels, and earned cultural releases. Rather, the self is sought through stimulation, sensation, contemplation, and depth experience of both risk and rebirth. Drugs do not fit very well into the former. They would seem to fit well into the latter.

But seeming is not always necessarily so. Some drugs are the enemy of the self sought in expressiveness. Some only accentuate that natural manic-depressive oscillation which afflicts every adolescence. Many ought not be taken in those very moments of frustration or depression when they are most desired, and, of course, never when alone. Only a few help break open a constricted mental set, and even then one probably ought not identify too closely with his psychotomimetic moments in searching for his whole self. As for the religious use of some drugs: one really need not hallucinate to be in this world but not of it, and God is hardly alive and well in a sugar cube.

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Neither Demons nor Divinities

It is, finally, the personal and social significance of drug abuse among the young which is of the greatest importance, and it is what society does at this juncture which is of the same importance. Alcohol does not explain skid row. LSD does not explain Charles Manson. Marijuana, contrary to the recent befoggery, does not...

Seeing

The late James Agee published in 1941 a book that has become a modern classic, Let Us Now Praise Famous Men. It deals with three tenant families in rural Alabama—poor people, living such bare lives that Agee is able to describe every single object that they come in daily contact with. At one point he even lists the items in the bottom of a dresser drawer: The two parts of a broken button... A small black hook... fine gray dust... a small bright needle, pointed north...

This passage struck me, oddly enough, as I was struggling to organize my thoughts in defense of academic life. There seems no logical connection whatever, since the unpainted boards of an Alabama shack are a far cry from the green lawns and white colonnades at my university. But Agee's page suddenly occurred to me as I swept my eyes across the hopeless clutter of my desk. Visualize (seeded with paper clips and edging out from other papers, books, envelopes, and bills) the following:
1. a federal income tax form (groan).
2. a button from the Moratorium march in Washington.
3. a map of Virginia.
4. a new book called The Open Classroom.
5. some old copies of The Cresset.

Consider each of these for a minute:
The tax form looks worse than ever this year, but at least the new format leaves more room to list deductible contributions. There is the nonprofit Barbwire Theatre, for example, which I saw last November after attending a conference of English professors. The Barbwire players are San Quentin parolees who perform an original drama about the conflicts and horrors of prison life, after which they take questions from the audience. The experience points up what most of us still fail to realize: that prisons generally are failures. Once out, you keep coming back—recidivism is the fancy word. But their play is also a positive and constructive demonstration that this need not be the case—that drama and the other arts are tremendously valuable (and virtually untapped) resources for rehabilitation.
The Moratorium button has been lying here since November. When I went to the Washington March I went out of both conviction and curiosity, and in company with a student and his wife. Because I talk with students every day I keep realizing (in contrast to most Americans, often including parents) that they are as bluntly realistic as they are idealistic. Draft-age, they were challenging Mr. Nixon's generation: Go yourselves and die for a corrupt regime in Asia. Write some checks for the poor; the aerospace gluttons and clever tax-dodgers will survive. They may not talk in convenient euphemisms, these hirsute characters, but they know what the issues are and how cynically priorities are established.
The Virginia map represents a sudden opportunity this semester to take part in a faculty exchange program with a predominantly black college 100 miles away. There are various ways of making this two-hour trip, including some especially scenic byways. The real benefit, of course, is the direct encounter, in class and after, with the rising generation of black leaders, not as black alone but as individuals with diverse experiences and opinions.
The Open Classroom lands on my desk because there is a magazine at my university called the Virginia Quarterly Review. Publishers send it hundreds of books a year, only a few of which can be formally reviewed. The rest are available to faculty members, provided they turn in a one-paragraph review. I become increasingly inspired by the young teachers...
May Be People

who are bringing life and joy and reality into some of our grade schools and high schools, and this new book is by such a man.

To sum up: It is mainly my attachment to a university that gives me the time and the opportunity to keep in touch with various important current issues: prison conditions, the relevance of the arts, student values, black education, and public schools. The ordinary businessman or salesman or clergyman or factory worker usually is not so lucky. Publishers do not come to bank tellers with their books for review, and a shoestore clerk cannot take Saturday off to march for peace.

That, I suppose, is why I believe in such magazines as The Cresset (to finish of my cluttered desk). Professors in universities are creatures who read widely, travel frequently, pick each others' brains, and tune in on the world-shaping younger generation. But in addition they talk to each other about these matters in magazines like the Virginia Quarterly Review and the Cresset.

The pity is that these magazines seldom get to public libraries and newsstands. Nor does the average citizen subscribe, even if he knows about them—which he does not, since they cannot afford to advertise. So the man in the street does not know how the professor lives or how he reaches his opinions. Yet he is willing—with a blend of mysticism and suspicion—to expose his child to professor-type people for four years.

Having grown up in non-academic middle class America, I would hazard that professors understand more about the man in the street than vice versa. Thus, for parents and the general public to remove mysticism and suspicion, a few subscriptions and visits to the nearest college library are much to be recommended.
Now Is The Time: Youth, Politics, And Reality

By CHARLES WHITMAN

To Begin With: This is a report—and a statement. Some words here call certain cerebral images into the cool precision of linear expression. Others arrive only slightly condensed from heated expression in the service of movements through American streets. I am too close to current actions for comfortable detachment and too far along (in protest as well as birthdays) for uncritical alliance. And yet close enough to write with a frequent “we.”

Politics and youth have conducted some remarkable affairs in recent years, embracing in ways that often offend, sometimes perplex, occasionally inspire, but always attract attention. More is certainly involved than the (debatable) impact of protest upon policy, or (so-called) “new” politics, or (false) hopes of disaffected youth for McCarthy, or even (inconclusive) set-piece battles and guerrilla engagements. Whole areas of life and society have become highly politicized. Simultaneously, the meanings and methods of “politics” are altered: extensions of locus and personnel ring changes in praxite.

The pluralistic present requires that any analysis proceed from brief encounters with multiple factors, sectors, and issues. For a start, study this super-facial sketch of the future we face.

Assorted priests of progress, like obedient numerologists, have preached us another decade. We have before us a welter of glowing forecasts for the “soaring seventies.” To dispute them (as well as to make them) is probably to engage in what D. H. Lawrence called “pollyanalytics,” if not to claim clairvoyance. But the speculations are there, and we must “reckon” with them.

The partisans of prosperity have told us of (their) programs for space, superplanes, circuitry, cloning, and lasing; for everything from encyclopedias on pinheads to sex in the exosphere. They see everything for the decade but decadence. We might even get the impression from the plethora of predictions that the sixties not only are over, but never really happened, and we enter the seventies with a clean slate.

Nothing could be further from the truth. Our slate is filthy—with facts of dirt. Khrushchev’s promise (“We will bury you”) may become the truth in the seventies simply because we began in the sixties to bury ourselves in our environment. Literally.

For one idea of the mess, note the price tag of $10 bil. (only $4 bil. from Washington; the rest from local bond issues) for the five-year cleanup proposed in Nixon’s nihil obstat State of the Union. Many call that far too cheap; some call for $50 bil. a year. Note also that although power plants are now under attack, their share of air pollution is only about 13%, compared with 60% by vehicles. Total annual U.S. user-operated vehicle production will rise from the 1966 output of 10 mil. to 29.5 mil. in 2000, when 244 mil. will be in use—triple the present figure.1

Are electric (or steam, or natural or lead-free gas) autos feasible, you ask? Well, either they’re feasible . . . or we ban the present ones . . . or we choke to death . . . . In May, 1970, we know nothing more surely than this: what’s groovy in General Motors makes for a bad trip in the country!

The land, too, is polluted. With people (204 mil. now) and by people, who have billboarded it, bombarded it, and blacktopped it—with one mile of highway for every square mile in the country and a paved area equal in size to Louisiana. Population estimates for 2000 range from 322 to 438 million. For that year, the medium projection of annual housing construction needs is 4.2 mil. units, compared to 1.5 for 1966. The question is: Can we continue to grow like this without coming apart? The answer, from youth who would like to see the year 2000 but wonder if they ever will, is: No.

In The Future, Tense

The population/pollution twin is of a different order than problems of poverty, racism, militarism (brutalization and budget), miseducation, and un/underemployment. After all, there’s no point in achieving social equality only to end levelled in desegregated graves by 1980. On the other hand, solving the first two merely keeps the country around a while longer so it may (continue to?) work at the other issues.

And we’ve not even mentioned mental welfare, leisure, needs for relaxation. Or minor thorns like disarmament and postal delay, unwanted pregnancies and cities dying of bankruptcy and skylimitis. And those little, almost

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homely human dramas, those ethical dilemmas—the push-and-shove on platforms and the daily injury added to insult. “Commuter rush” has become “commuter crush,” culminating in recent New York subway chaos caused by super-charged passengers. And what of the ignored cries for help from people in trouble in public places?

It’s crucial to “see life whole.” It’s both difficult and important to study the ways these problems touch and overlap. They are too often viewed apart, handled one at a time, as if someone had designated “the problem of the week” for our exclusive attention. All of them intersect, all affect our common quality (and cost!) of life. If ever a domino theory was threatening, this is it: “The first law of ecology is: everything is connected to everything else.” It could just be downhill-dominoes all the way from here. So says Professor Barry Commoner, who as a “Scientist Fears the End of Man in Thirty Years.”

Much of current forecasting is promissory rhetoric. Except for the moon landings, America failed to achieve most domestic goals set for the sixties. Either we talk less inflated rhetoric, or we do more; but we must become realistic about what we can do with what we have. And we have less and less every day. By 2000 our present self-sufficiency in the thirty metals we most demand will be reduced to one—molybdenum. As in the past, only a lucky few are benefitting from the fruits of technology. If that remains true also in the seventies, and is promises for improvement remain unfulfilled, then further justification is provided for the pervasive cynicism permeating ghettoes, campuses, and indeed whole cities.

“We radically suspect that we are participating in the fall of the U.S. from virtue and grace within, and in the world. . . . This is our country, we are here, and we detest to see it failing. . . . The outcome is in doubt.” That was two years ago. Now, Abbie Hoffman says young people don’t have to destroy society because it’s wrecking itself. Is he right? He is, if pollution programs work like desegregation did: a probe here (James Meredith) and a pilot there (Aurphone Lucy) until 16 years after Brown vs. Board of Education there is integration almost nowhere.

We know now—and, as usual, too late—that a civil rights movement with peaceful integration as a possible goal had a life span, and its time ran out before we could/would achieve its nonviolent dreams. (Dr. King, who had the dream, died two years ago last month.) “Nothing can stop an idea whose time has arrived.” And nothing can revive an idea whose time is “past.”

The world now is that there is hope for incurable optimists. They can be cured. The best medicine is to make the worst possible prognosis for the future of America—because that just happens also to be a very plausible one. It is this prognosis youth protest presupposes. And plausibility itself is the subject of the widest gap between youth and establishment today.

What is truth? Probably the most popular slogan of the late sixties was “Tell it like it is!” It arose out of a need and a desire for truth—and an abundance of lies. Even Walter Cronkite got into the act, ending every newscast, “And that’s the way it is, today. . . .”

In Time the Truth

The credibility gap exists not so much because we are lied to more these days (we’ve always been lied to) as because youth during the sixties gradually became aware of the truth and became sensitized to it. Especially those of us (which is most of us) in urban settings, in the midst of stark-naked-truth-realities of life in the big city, its nitty-gritties of poverty and powerlessness. We’ve learned about kill ratios, IDA, CBW, CIA, selective-service bingo, and university-military complicity. We know the meaninglessness in this society of human work.

The gap has grown to the extent that we don’t even check out suspicious statements anymore. We now feel certain folk are simply not to be trusted. It’s not that they’re over thirty (though they usually are) or that they’re middle-class (though they usually are). It’s who and what they work for.

The world of reality stares across the gulf at the world of appearances. Joseph McGinniss has told us about The Selling of The President. Ask: “Will the real Nixon please stand up?” Silence. Nixon does not exist as reality; he wasn’t put up for President, he was put-on. The only Nixon we (don’t really) know is the creation of ad men, camera men, campaign managers, ghost writers, make-up artists, and party censors of platform rhetoric; produced by television as an invention of Tushist artists, the new Imagists. All of them practitioners par excellence in the art of not just distorting the truth a little bit or covering up some of it but cutting-up, out of whole cloth, legions of lies dressed in the ceremonial costumes of truth and sent as a phalanx against the electorate. The President, in short, is an illusion. The only reality involved is the reality of the power of the office. Nixon is nobody who fills the office to overflowing emptiness.

“Youth has no sense of history!” True—and false: true for personal history, false for social history. The personal experiences of people such as parents, who have lived longer but have not been young in our time, are of no help to us now. In that sense, “For this generation history is what happened ten seconds ago.” Times haven’t just changed, they’ve changed rapidly. In McLuhan’s abrupt phrase, “The past went that-a-way.”

Yet we do have a sense of social history. We’re better equipped than our parents to use the past for present purposes because we’re better educated than they are. We reject any notion that it is necessary to (have) “live(d) in the past” in order either to see its “presence” or to apply it to present social needs. Indeed, our very youth is a fortunate preventive against that “adult” (drug-)habit of advancing the fact of having “lived
through the Depression" as the be-all and end-all of "a sense of history!"

We even suspect that those who claim we lack a sense of history are merely opposed to the values expressed by what we do with the sense of history we have. We suspect they would also say American Revolutionists had no sense of history, nor did their contemporaneous French counterparts, nor did the Bolsheviks, nor do any who strive for change—whether rapid or sudden. And we suspect that they would also say, though with considerable embarrassment in consideration of the source, that Thomas Jefferson showed no sense of history when he wrote to James Madison on January 30, 1787: "A little rebellion, now and then, is a good thing . . . " Or Abraham Lincoln: "This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it." (First Inaugural Address, 1861)

We suspect, then, that under the mask of "a sense of history" our critics conceal, among other things, a faulty reverence for founding fathers which leads inevitably to an unfounded patriotism. As some wonder if Jesus meant to found any church(es) around his work, so we wonder whether the founding fathers' intentions extended to founding immutable institutions, infallible for all future generations. We think they didn't.

Those who say "My country, right or wrong, but my country" seem to say it with perceptible anxiety these days, as if they sense more is wrong than right (truly!), as if they are being called upon not so much to glory in the right as to defend the wrong. We gather from the urgency behind current calls to instant patriotism that they are plaintive pleas indeed, born of an absolute necessity to hide from everyone the appalling errors of our Vietnam involvement and our larger errors and failures of incompetence and irresponsibility. "The whole earth is our hospital." (T. S. Eliot, Four Quartets)

Adults try to kid not only us but themselves (to kid means to treat as a child) (and allow authority figures to foist upon us their views of our sel-lives (our minds or our bodies) than we tolerate stately (or courtly) lip-serviced lies of foreign policies or domestic conspiracies. Open to inner as well as outer realities, even if not fully freed from (or by) fantasies of our own, we want to "tell it like it is" as it happens within us.

Youth incarnates carpe diem. Sex and drugs accentuate the immediacy of Now/Is through instant sensual and perceptual gratification. This is no mere hedonism, and could not be. Pleasure is joined by insight into particular realities (and possibilities) of selves and others. Reality-seekers shun narcotics such as heroin—which shrink, deaden, and deny reality, in favor of psychedelics—the mind-expanding hallucinogens which enlarge, enliven, and heighten reality (as does marijuana, not a narcotic). Realities of sensation and realities of understanding are anchored in present experience, not in dictums and decisions made in earlier times.

Theology, then, is out of a job. Opinions regarding either the death or the life of God meet no need, because the need to find God is met as adequately through human encounter as it is (as it ever was?) by groping and grasping after the Deity. It's not what man worships but how he worships that counts.

We don't need the churches (though they need us, and though we don't mind using them) because we have each other. This sense of horizontal, communal participation in and with fellow-worshippers is of transcendent importance compared to climbing vertical ladders—to anything.

We speak of style and identity. Style expresses identity. Style, no matter how merely personal it may seem, acquires political over- and undertones in social settings. Consider long hair.

Like money, hair talks. "I just wanted to come and watch a ball game, but once your appearance tips off where you're at, every move you make is political." (James Kunen, The Strawberry Statement) Or the gentle suburban woman who wrote me about my own locks: "Somehow I couldn't help feeling it must be a jarring influence—like wearing a sign saying 'I disagree with
parents who complain, "you." (Lady, you've hit it right... on the head!) Or the surly stranger who, dining with his wife, attacked two of us verbally and physically in a respectable Chicago restaurant last fall. Though smartly suited, we were "identified" with SDS/Weathermen who had torn up State Street two days before: our hair was the "Tip-off."

When hair talks, it tells more than identity. It exerts a peculiar power. Not only does it declare one's power over himself, it also announces the autonomy of a culture and its security from outside control. Long hair writes a cultural Declaration of Independence. It tells something about "the way it is" in both individuals and the nation, and it is a profoundly political "telling." Nor is cultural rhetoric limited to hair. Radical speech long ago grew rhetorical fatigue jackets, issue-conscious clothing. A politically-dressed corps, we are "public corpor-a-tions," public bodies as much as are the FCC and the FAA. Our bodies themselves are demonstrations. Life itself is a constant campaign, a complete political program.

All this illustrates a culture going (gone) political; and politics, cultural. In the politiculture, political activities (as normally conceived) are found where one would least, and last, expect to find them. (Norman O. Brown: "For the reality of politics, we must go to the poets, not the politicians.") Or: politics appear at times to be everything but politics. Or again: we recognize now, more consciously than ever before, the political aspects and dimensions of previously, normally, non-political areas. Events, styles, and actions all too often assumed in the past to have little or no political content or purpose have become modes of expression, action, and control.

This exposes the hippie vs. activist fallacy, which maintained hippies were apolitical. The least "political" hippie can be the most political projection. Those who judge the extent of youthful political activity by activism are attending only to the tip of an iceberg.

Enacting Parables and Performing Reality

Among exemplary emissaries from politiculture to as-yet-unpoliticized youth are folk-rock musicians. Appearing unpolitical, they subtly extend the influences of a culture to span the gaps between radical and moderate youth. When both are turned on by the same music (more than songs of protest) both begin to march together to the beat of that different drummer. I have seen this bridge being built by Sgt. Pepper around bonfires on pot-lit Pentagon Lawns, and in Chicago's Lincoln Park. Certainly it continued at Woodstock and Tracy. Parents who complain, "That music's ruining my kid!" have also seen the bridge.

Politics occur "in, with, and under" culture. Censorship is far more crucial an issue than the electoral college or the vote-at-18. For the politically important events now occur not in polling places (and certainly not in halls of Congress) but in heads, in presses, and in streets: "Vote with your feet!" "Vote with your body!" "Vote in the street!"

Similar "telling" events occur through an information service as big as anything the CIA could put together (or take apart). From graffiti to underground papers, from hundreds of organization newsletters to self-run agencies producing films, posters, sidewalk art, Black Panther comic books for children—all graphically projecting youthful personal and social realities, all part of a decentralized intelligence network so vast that there seems sometimes to be a supersaturation, a surplus of manifestoes, a superfluity of syllogisms. Yet the word gets around...

To demonstrate means to show: showing extends telling. Demonstrations "show it like it is." Demonstrations are visible extensions of verbal candor. Dr. King liked to say that they dramatized the issues. That drama is heightened by guerrilla-theatre performance of reality. As showing extends telling, so performing further extends and "realizes" them both. Diggers enact parables, revelations in the revolution; dollar bills thrown from the NYSE balcony proclaim the "death of money." Blood-drenched Baltimore draft board files also performed reality. So did the Catonsville 9, the Milwaukee 14, and the Chicago 15. And so did students who lobbed marshmallows at Strom Thurmond, author of the "Anti-Riot" rider being tested by the Chicago Conspiracy 8 (7). Trials are also used to expose the realities of absurdity and injustice, as in the Chicago Conspiracy Railroad Job or the Minneapolis miscarriage I saw in 1968, in which the Church sued one young man for starting a dialog too late in the Mass.

The campus, called by some a "staging area," is also a scene-set for week-long passion plays by student political dramatists. As universities provide labs for science students, so every college teaching the humanities to sensitive students is offering a lab course in humanity, with work in the field (field equals campus in Latin).

The peace movement too has gone political, despite the other-worldliness often fostered by pacifism. Distinctions between virtue and necessity, peace of mind and peace of nations, have become clearer. The view that peace is something soft, warm, and squishy has been joined if not rejected by the view that peace requires political movement. Peace is less of a plea, more of a demand. Despite the recent Village Voice assertion (November 20, 1969) that "the war is within us," that love "does not insist," love in the body-politic does indeed insist—it insists, demands, judges, and goes down hard. (Eisenhower himself wrote Waging Peace.) Prayer did not start the war and prayer will not end it. We cannot speak "peace, where there is no peace." Our fear of appearing less than 100% peaceful is gone. We
recognize a paradigm in Bonhoeffer's attempt to assassinate Hitler.

"Under what conditions, if any, do you believe in the use of force?" conscientious objectors are asked. Most hedge their answer by granting "police" force and civilian self-defense. But others have extended that allowance, appearing to have "left" the peace movement. Force has become the Continental Divide of protest. Some who give up on peace (and domestic tranquility), but reject force, go to Canada. Others go for broke, embracing force with the sordid ardor of Machiavelli: "... they who are weakest come off worst. We ought, then, to use force when we get a chance." (The Prince)

In most leftist debate, both attitudes are waiting in the wings if not actually on stage. Both are nearly equivalent responses to psychosocial realities. Both represent reactions to threatening forecasts for the future. And between flight and submersion lie all other possible options for movement.

Go North, Young Man!

Some instruct young dissenters in America to "love it or leave it." And many have left, often because they loved it but gave up hope that it could/would change. Between 40,000 and 60,000 Americans have gone to Canada in the last four years, as many as have died in Vietnam. What has been said of New York applies to the United States: "It's all right to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there."

America is its cities. To leave them is effectively to leave the country. The boundary between Chicago and Elmhurst and the border between Detroit and Windsor are the same. Those who flee to suburbs have left the United States as completely as those who have gone to Canada, though it is often these same suburban emigrés who demand: "love it or leave it." Having left it themselves in a manner which does not seem "unpatriotic," they can "afford" their condescension.

Several tries at "community" have recently been made, some rural and some urban. A slick magazine recently showed University of Wisconsin students outside their new farm home, cultivating their gardens (though it can be argued that black children need rural relief more than white students). Manson's ranch refuge in the Southern California desert came to its tragic end when the residents were charged with the Tate/LaBianca murders. In their own persons the suspects reflect a combination of both strands of "going for broke" and "going away" (even if only to the L.A. outskirts).

Few new attempts at semirural utopia are likely on the basis of, say, Skinner's Walden Two; such communities historically have enjoyed the careers of meteors. Still, urban efforts abound, usually in the form of communes. Most are youthful, though the Reba community on Chicago's North Shore is an exception. Draft registers frequently live in communes, and young people holding down jobs often set up collectives. Perhaps students are especially attracted to such quarters because of dormitory-conditioning, though one incentive may wane as coed (same-floor) dorms, already on campus in several states, increase in number.

High school students too may soon demand to live together, away from parents. Some already seek out college communes. Highly politicized (and that means also alienated) youth who stay in America may in large numbers even begin to consider it their duty—and a natural, bio-logical extension of the politiculture—to develop communities expressly for the conception and education of children; to reproduce themselves as part of a program to create a more humane world. Common to all such settings is the concern for liberation of women and redefinition of "the family."

But all isn't milk and honey in communal life. One Chicago effort recently dissolved, though not with rancor; much was learned, but its members are hesitant to try again. And Woodstock Nation not only failed to reappear in Tracy, but would have developed cracks within a week if it had continued—as I tried to persuade three young New Yorkers in a Quebec cafe last fall, who lauded the "peace and love" of Woodstock, who had been among the as-yet-unpolititized rocking with the freaks and radicals at Bethel.

Even communes are jeopardized by the deterioration of the larger society. "The Great Society" (remember?) is in truth "The Lousy Society," and the prospects for keeping alive any humane spark in the midst of the American Nightmare are not all that bright.

Canada, by contrast (and despite the Quebecoise), offers hope as a nation. Naturally its cities are partly American in appearance and problems, but as a nation Canada is less threatening now and more encouraging for the future. Though the draft cause most of the early emigrations, other reasons for leaving America will persist if not multiply. They are as real and as serious as those for South Vietnamese army defection, for Berlin Wall crossings, or for Pilgrim sailings in to the New World. In every case, those who left thought it better to accept another, more viable place than to pursue elusive dreams. Canada, though not utopian, is a more bearable reality than America. Those who counsel today, "Go north, young man," would agree that "Now is the Time" but contrary to Brigham Young, "This is not the place!"

In Berkeley in 1964, Free Speech Movement spokesman Mario Savio announced that when the machine stopped serving people, it should be smashed. In Chicago in 1969, SDS/Weathermen smashed some property—private parts of the machine of affluence—as if responding to the question of Proudhon's first work Qu'est-ce que la propriete? with the same answer he himself gave: "Property is theft!"
On Going for Broke

New meanings emerge when protest and crime are viewed together. Many have remarked on the criminal elements in protest; some have seen protest aspects in crime. The only real difference between them is the nature of accompanying statements of explanation. Otherwise, in effect, they are identical.

The country is already scared stiff from rising crime. What if criminals began to adopt and pronounce revolutionary rhetoric? (In the LaBianca case, “death to pigs” was scrawled in blood on a refrigerator.) What intersections may occur between “underground” and “underworld”? What of the potential for political gangs? What if young criminal culture went political?

In fact, while politicized youth break a window here and overturn a car there and are denounced as traitors due to their treasonable rhetoric, less-ideologically-inclined criminals are achieving the very destruction which the society blames politicized youth for seeking. Consequently, the (In)justice Department exalts the “conspiracy” charge while with no discernable conspiracy at all (except the conspiracy of events, of poverty amidst plenty) an avalanche of crime threatens actually and not only rhetorically to overturn the whole thing.

Violent protest expresses not merely social reality, however, but also personal reality: the experiences of alienation, and of frustration over previous protest failure. Social crisis becomes psychological crisis. Just as change resolves social crisis, its lack necessitates catharsis to overcome psychological crisis. As one friend said on a Selma street, the march to Montgomery was worth three trips to the analyst. The sense of relief and release of emigration is also found in violent protest; both are sought faute de mieux in face of oppressive reality. Though not necessarily in the best tradition of reality, there is still a feeling of having “made a stand.”

Personal immersion in the same fate expected for the society also resembles a figurative death wish. As I heard one guerrilla exclaim just before the police riot in August 1968 in Chicago, “This is the end!” Call it a miniature suicide, call it masochism as much as sadism, call it self-inflicted punishment for having failed to “realize” earlier protest, call it the cul de sac syndrome, call it “going for broke.” Violent protest is the ultimate extension of personal carpe diem into the polis. What started by “seizing the day” ends in the general policy of seizing everything. Earlier demands—“Peace Now,” “Freedom Now,” “Jobs Now,” “Get Out of Vietnam Now”—have added the threat: “Or Else!” What began as defiance of social reality is concluded by submersion in it.

Even carpe diem humor belies a fitful bonhomie, a sadness we associate with clowns. It’s not necessary to read Abbie Hoffman’s book if you know the title: Revolution for the Hell of It. We sense behind the puckish faces of those who would bring down the curtain on the American circus a desperate bathos. We see it written on our invitations to watch St. Vitus dance in the streets, a danse macabre more appropriate to apoplectic seizures than the apocalyptic visions.

More strictly political views apply alongside psychological critiques. One is the “vanguard of the revolution” view. This is the theory that when you march out front, set the pace, and show the way, everyone else will follow you. Actually, not everyone is needed; as one student reminded a recent New England SDS chapter meeting, only 3% of the people are required to make a revolution (an old belief). But powerful realities in America dictate that it take only, say, .01% to put down a revolution.

The rhetoric of Panthers (both Black and White) is as unrealistic as their social criticism is valid. (Note that Black Panthers too say “Seize the Time!”) Even Stokely Carmichael declared in February that the Black Movement is in a state of “ideological chaos.” Eldridge Cleaver’s claim, “You can kill a revolutionary but you can’t kill a revolution” exaggerates the disjunction between doer and deed. On the one hand, revolutions do not live by rhetoric alone. On the other, those who do not put their guns away may themselves be put away—as victims of their own promissory rhetoric. These are, and will remain, the horns of the dilemma for revolutionaries in the new industrial state.

A more realistic view holds that resistance dignifies dissent. Draft resistance enabled Senate war critics to dissent and yet avoid being classed with the far Left. Carmichael and Rap Brown facilitated (some)movement toward King’s philosophy by clarifying it as a more viable alternative. Those who resist propel others down the via media—if only from fear.

Critics of the “disarray of the Left” forget that there is strength in diversity, that every movement-segment can be justified provided it fits a corresponding sector in the audience. Yet none of the options open—really open—to the radical Left today is entirely pleasant, just as none of those open to America, if she would survive, is entirely pleasant.

“Vanguard” rhetoric is in trouble if it is acted out. On the other hand, if meant only to intimidate, in effect to “force” the via media, then it has its times and places. But it dare not outdo itself. It has to keep dissenters between itself and the Right. The name of this game is “bluff” and the same dangers and difficulties inherent in nuclear deterrence are present here. For those of us who contemplate any further movement within the mess, it’s our sense of reality, our sense of history, that needs some work. That requires not only the ability to identify the social realities but the ability to identify with them personally in terms of “the reality principle.”
The Catastrophe Orientation

Revolutions, riots, and atomic war are all catastrophes. For every event, size determines significance. The tendency to fear larger events more than smaller ones is "the catastrophe orientation." It is a natural tendency, but has unfortunate consequences. Its presence is reflected and supported by the structure of news presentation. Papers headline "large" items; newscasts place them first. Attention is called to flashpoints, to real or potential calamities. Since "no news is good news," if you don't hear about it, it didn't happen.

Nuclear war is the most celebrated catastrophe. The fear of it finds expression in such poignant phrases as "What will we do if we blow ourselves up?" But the answer to that is obvious. What if we don't blow ourselves up? What then? That's a question the catastrophe orientation helps to conceal.

Revolution is another catastrophe. Most think of it as blood-and-guts, big-bang (and truly, there are a lot of guns going around), but they correctly consider it impossible: the military has bigger guns (how about a junta?). But what if we don't have a revolution? What then?

The late Lord Russell believed the chances for nuclear war were 3 in 5.10 His figures, like the hands on the clock on the cover of The Bulletin of Atomic Scientists, speak of probability. Yet even if that "3" never becomes "5" and the clock continues to read fifty minutes into the eleventh hour—even if the odds do not change—we are provided with a corrective to an "all-or-nothing" attitude. For that is what the catastrophe orientation is: the notion that if we don't have total revolution, then we have revolution in no sense at all. (The corrective is similar to that supplied by meteorologists, with their conversion to forecasting probability of precipitation.) What, then, if we don't have a revolution? We will continue to have the "nine-tenths revolution" we have now.

And why is it still a "revolution"? Because the same processes leading to (total) revolution continue to operate, even though the final event never occurs. From what we are told, no one foresaw the French Revolution. In the absence of catastrophe or its imminence, most see the various "tenths" of the nine-tenths situation as small, isolated, and relatively unfrightening events.

Once more, it's crucial to see life whole. Small events, like social problems, are too seldom seen in relation to each other—by media or by citizens. Yet the connection between, for example, the Tate murders and Weathermen street actions, while not actually conspiratorial, is more than fortuitous. The symbolic "conspiracy of events," like that "first law of ecology," has greater implications than the conspiracies men plan! Because of the patterns and processes behind events, the "nine-tenths revolution" (about 10/12 on the Beaufort scale, as any Weatherman will understand), though spontaneous and unrehearsed, continues to proceed even if it does not succeed.

Failure to see the patterns and processes, however, produces the same myopia suffered by those who view riots only as catastrophes (to be prevented with temporary summer programs) and not as revelations of ongoing problems needing ongoing solutions. That failure facilitates an ability to adapt to all small events. In the case of pollution, that ability can be fatal. Mental adaptation obscures the fact that hitherto-successful physical adaptation cannot continue. That mental adaptation joins flight and submersion as an escape from reality. "That is the real tragedy," say Professors Commoner and Rene Dubos: that man can adapt. But youth refuses to adapt.

The word from youth to youth is: take time out to defend yourself against government by resting on the Constitution (and defend the Constitution from the government). Otherwise, go on with that cultural Declaration of Independence.

The Windup

As Lawrence Ferlinghetti says, "We've been warming up in the bullpen for a long time." The question posed by the future and expressed by political activities in the present is: How much longer will we put up with this country as it is? If the government and "the people" don't wake up and shape up, more youth than ever before may react to present growing pains and future fears by leaving their own middle road, by going to one of two extremes—going to Canada or going for broke.

It's always ungentlemanly to be a prophet of doom, but those light-at-the-end-of-the-tunnel-boys have done us more harm than good. One who foresees simply our prosperity is simply no prophet. And in all fairness, even Our Leader says, "It's literally now or never." Now is the time.

"And that's the way it is..." May Day, 1970.

Footnotes
7. Cf. e.g., Allen J. Moore, The Young Adult Generation, Abingdon Press, N.Y., 1969. A theologian, Moore views history as God's. He handles inadequately the situation of youth for whom history has appeal while God and the Church do not. The last thing such youth tolerate is being told that a "sense of history" means seeing it as 'God's.'
"The Suffering in Her Joy"

BY PAUL W. F. HARMS
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"I tell you most solemnly, you will be weeping and waiting while the world will rejoice; you will be sorrowful, but your sorrow will turn to joy. A woman in childbirth suffers, because her time has come; but when she has given birth to the child she forgets the suffering in her joy that a man has been born into the world. So it is with you: you are sad now, but I shall see you again, and your hearts will be full of joy, and that joy no one shall take from you. When that day comes, you will not ask me any questions. I tell you most solemnly, anything you ask for from the Father he will grant in my name."

John 16:20-23

A woman in child-birth suffers. Even with the use of a spinal block or hypnosis she suffers. Suffering is the natural, normal, usual accompaniment of child-birth. Even with the sure expectancy of suffering, the pain is not diminished. But at the very least, a woman enters child-birth with no false expectations. The suffering at the time of birth may be less or may be more than she expected, but there is suffering.

The time may come when in conformity to the "fun explosion" women will be encouraged to have "fun births." But that time is not yet. Suffering may not be a welcome guest, but it is not seen as an intruder. So accepted is the presence of suffering in child-birth that it is not often that a woman will cry out in labor, "Never again!"

If suffering were the all-inclusive framework of child-birth, I am sure that the population explosion would never have become an international issue. But the suffering of child-birth is set within a framework of joy, the joy of a man being born into the world. And so a woman gladly endures the pain of giving birth to a new man.

What of the bride of Christ, the Church, the mother of us all?

Does she accept suffering as normal, natural, usual as she travails in giving birth to children who are called the sons of God? Not if we read aright the Scriptures, her manual on obstetrics. The manual indicates that generally suffering comes as a shock to the bride of Christ. She can be compared to an adolescent girl who becomes pregnant without fully realizing what was to come nine months later.

A common line in the obstetrical manual says, "Do not be surprised if you suffer as though something unusual were happening!" The manual suggests that if the bridegroom was crucified to the death, the bride may experience crucifixion as well. Especially is suffering a bright prospect when the bride is intent on eating the proper foods, watching her weight, getting plenty of exercise so that the Name of the Bridegroom might be hallowed, that His kingdom might come, and that His will be done. Then, above all, the bride must be prepared for suffering. "For righteousness' sake" is the old obstetrical term.

Despite this and similar warnings the manual has never fully convinced the bride that the suffering she endures in giving birth to the children of God is a natural suffering. The bride can not quite get it out of her mind that it should be the other way around. "Joy should be normal, suffering the abnormal," she thinks. "I tell you most solemnly," the obstetrics manual replies, "the bride is wrong." Joy must be urged, encouraged, exhorted, cajoled, spoken of as a gift of the Spirit.

When the bride concludes that suffering is all comprehensive, she acts as though she were suffering from an unwanted pregnancy induced by rape. Sometimes she acts as though she wants an abortion because she regards the embryo as the product of an insane criminal. Sometimes she acts as though she would like to space the birth of her children because she claims to be exhausted and not able to match the drive and energy of her husband. She comes to regard her husband as a demanding tyrant. She would like nothing better than rest, rest and quiet. Sometimes she would challenge the very compassion of her husband who maintains that there is joy over one child that repents. In her moments of adultery and prostitution she would maintain that the recovery of lost sheep and lost coins is more important that the recovery of lost children.

As a result there are times when the bride avoids intimate relations with her husband on the slightest pretext. She is suffering from a cold. She thinks abstinence might be a blessing. She wonders what the neighbors will think if she has another child. She argues she has all the children she can support now. She wants time for herself, individual expression, and all that.

Such comments and ones similar to them are the product of a limited vision that will not look beyond labor to the joy of the child that shall be.
Knowing well the psychology of the bride, the obstetrical manual includes page upon page of the suffering endured by her husband, who despised the suffering because of the joy that was to come—and all for the sake of the bride. The loneliness of the upper room. The bloody sweat of Gethsemane. The injustice before Caiaphas. The flicker of hope before Pilate. The mockery before Herod. The suffering of the crucifixion. The abandonment of the cross. The separation from the Father. The seclusion of the grave. And finally the triumph of the Resurrection. All done so that His bride might appear before him in splendor. A most unusual courtship!

Whether His bride has been passionate or frigid, whether she has been prodigal or faithful, whether she has borne children, or in defiance of who she is has taken the pill, the Bridegroom’s love has never cooled.

It is not a case of the Bridegroom asking something of His bride He has not experienced Himself. He has experienced pain and has come out on the other side. The Bridegroom is trying to create a vision for His bride, a vision that He sees and lives, a vision that does justice to all the pain, that hides none of the suffering, that does justice to all the obstetrical complications and says quite openly, “I tell you most solemnly, you will be weeping and wailing, but—you will forget the suffering in the joy that you have given birth to a man.”

The Bridegroom is old-fashioned. He dreams of a large family.

Political Affairs

Looking Back at 1968

—By ALBERT R. TROST

“Outside of the election period, when verbal articulateness and leisure for political activism count most heavily, it was the college share of the younger generation—or at least its politicized vanguard—that was most prominent as a political force. At the polls, however, the game shifts to ‘one man, one vote,’ and this vanguard is numerically swamped even within its own generation.” So concludes a major study of the 1968 election by four investigators at the Survey Research Center of the University of Michigan. The study was first reported at the 1969 convention of the American Political Science Association, but was lost in the din of internal turmoil within the Association. The study has appeared again in a recent issue of the American Political Science Review.*

Political scientists have learned to look to the Survey Research Center for authoritative treatment of trends within the electorate in national elections. They have produced very fine studies of the 1952, 1956, 1960, 1964, and now the 1968 elections. Their sampling techniques, questionnaire construction, and quantitative analysis of data are widely respected in the discipline. It is because of this reputation that there seems to be some value in examining their study to shed some light on what were for many of us the confusing and disillusioning events of 1968.

Although the study goes a very long way to removing the confusion of the events, it leaves a good share of the despair intact. The quotation above is the major case in point. Out of all the enthusiasm generated in the primaries by Eugene McCarthy, out of the protest at Chicago, a remnant of only 3% of the electorate remained in November that still could be described as opposed to the war in Vietnam, sympathetic to protest, and in favor of pushing the extension of civil rights. That is, only 3% stood for positions on the issues like McCarthy’s. What then happened to that sizable chunk of voters that indicated their support for McCarthy in the primaries. The study reports that about 18% of Democrats still preferred McCarthy in the autumn of 1968 after the Democratic National Convention.

Two-thirds of these supporters preferred another candidate by November, and one-half of these deserters indicated their support of George Wallace! The evidence in the study indicates that McCarthy had been useful to these Wallace supporters as a vehicle of protest against the Johnson administration, but that they actually preferred the positions on the war and “law and order” of Wallace. In fact, the study reports that “on some issues of social welfare and civil rights, pre-convention McCarthy supporters are actually more conservative than backers of either Humphrey or Kennedy.”

A second major finding of the study concerns the 13.5% of the electorate who voted for Wallace in November. That the Wallace voters were concentrated in the South, were almost thoroughly white, and were highly motivated by the issues of civil rights (against) and “law and Order” (for) has already been reported many times by many sources. The dark cloud in this vote is in the non-South where Wallace ran close to 7% of the popular vote total. Wallace’s stand on the issues might lead one to expect his strength to be among older voters of a conservative stripe in the North, perhaps the kind that voted for Goldwater in 1964. The surprise is that while this group did contribute to the Wallace strength, possibly as much as 40% of his vote, the old Goldwater vote went in larger numbers to Nixon, outside of the South. The Wallace vote in the North was heavily drawn from Democrats (68%). However, the shocker is the generational composition of the Wallace vote. Outside of the South, 13% of those under 30 voted for him. Only 3% of those over 70 voted for Wallace. It is this kind of

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On Second Thought

The theme of contemporary theology is that the image by which we identify "God" must be changed, or the church will die. Centuries of mainstream Christianity have identified Him as "eminently real, transcendent Creator, at whose fiat the world came into being, and whose imposed will it obeys." But the men who have seen the world's evil and have heard the Galilean give Himself in love tell us that the picture must be changed or God will cease to be named in the world.

I wish this were true. We could hope for a Christian future. I fear that it is not true. Man must justify himself, or die. We will justify ourselves.

We are living in an immensely idealistic age when the concept of a world without war is possible. Equality, brotherhood and peace without poverty or hate or fear are bannered as real options. The coming generation has rejected the concept of self-justification, and has called us to abandon all action which needs justification. We listen with dream-filled eyes as though we believe that they can accomplish it.

The idealism will die. The generation proposing it will find itself forced into repression, cruelty and hate in order to live. At that point the God who is Creator-Lawgiver-Judge will be resurrected to stand at their side, imposing His divine order to their benefit. They will justify themselves in their God. Broad is the way that leads to destruction, and many will go in.

In that day the Christian will once again be called to differ with his culture. He will once again be called to say "Jesus Christ" against a stifling air of fear and hate. Love will once again become the enemy.

We failed the last time through that course. We failed so badly that those who sing today, "All you need is love," must leave the church to sing it. We failed so badly that love is the enemy in much of the church today, because the church lives in a repressed past. But maybe — just maybe — enough Christian people will hear love being sung today, and recognize in it a parallel to the incarnate God. Maybe when the repression and the cruelty begin again these people can be the leaven which God has called us to be. Strait is the gate that leads to our salvation, and there will be a few who find it.

It is obvious that President Johnson was the object of the discontent, probably because of his handling of domestic crime and violence and the war in Vietnam. Besides ordering a stop, the mass did nothing else in the direction of change. The men who stood for change, even if given the chance to stand in the November election, would have been rejected.

When the annual convention of the American Political Science Association met in September of 1969, it was dominated by a struggle between what the media called "young radical faculty and graduate students" and "the establishment." One of the issues in this mislabeled disagreement was the policy implications of so-called objective, empirical research of the kind we have just reviewed. The reporting of such a study might suggest to a potential participant in the political system of the United States that if activity is directed toward the electorate and change-oriented, it is not worth the effort. He may then decide either to do nothing or to make significant compromises to win within the system even if the victory is small in its policy results. That is, the reporting of the research encourages the same stability which it purports to describe neutrally.

The minority at the APSA convention made the interesting suggestion that either the research not be publicized if the researchers do not agree with its policy implications, or else a strategy for change should accompany research.

* The study reported here is to be found in Converse, Miller, Rusk, and Wolfe, "Continuity and Change in American Politics," American Political Science Review, LXIII (December, 1969), pp. 1083-1105.

Speculation as to the appearance of Shakespeare's stage and theatre has long titillated the imagination of scholars. Diverse as opinion has been, the scholarly consensus has been fairly constant—the Elizabethan playhouse is of medieval origin and most probably evolves out of the presentation forms used in the street and the innyard.

Actually, there is no complete picture of Shakespeare's theatre. One scholarly source reveals how theories grow from inventive gamemanship: "A recent deduction, based on contemporaneous material, Elizabethan building methods, and standard Elizabethan timber lengths, suggests that Shakespeare's Globe was octagonal in shape without and within." Clever as it is, deduction is no substitute for evidence. Arguable evidence has been either extraneous, questionable, obscure, fragmentary, or semi-literate. Modern representations of the Globe and other Elizabethan theatres by such authorities as John Cranford Adams (The Globe Playhouse) or C. W. Hodges (The Globe Restored) are at best a patchwork of accepted or partly accepted evidence as seen through the evolved innyard theory.

In Theatre of the World, Frances Yates not only offers a relatively new viewpoint, she offers new evidence on the appearance of Shakespeare's stage. Admitting that Tudor "classical" design is a rare blend of medieval and classical solutions, the author argues for Shakespeare working in an essentially classical theatre. To her the innyard is as remote to the Globe as the rude medieval religious play is to the universal artistry of Shakespeare.

Magus Dee's Vitruvianism

In developing her thesis, Frances Yates traces English interest in classical architectural design to knowledge of the writings of the Roman Vitruvius. Known to the continental renaissance since 1486, Vitruvius' De Architectura, written between 16 and 13 B.C., is the recognized key to the classical architectural revival. Miss Yates credits mathematician and pseudoscientist John Dee with introducing Vitruvius to England. Dee's Preface to a 1570 translation of Euclid demonstrates how Vitruvian architectural concepts are first among the mathematical sciences.

Perhaps not surprisingly, the Tudor Protestant and humanist establishment viewed mathematics as either Popish or pagan-magical. Moving along the margin of respectability, Magus John Dee "addressed his Preface to the middle-to-artisan class, the new race of eager mathematicians and technologists whom he did so much to encourage by his work and example."

To the eccentric world of Tudor architectural sprawl, the subtlety of classical Vitruvianism, with its mystical associations, must have had an electrifying effect, or so argues Miss Yates. And since Vitruvius devotes much discussion to the mythic proportions, arrangements and mechanics involved in the Roman theatre, a whole new subject is opened to the eager artisans of the theatre as well.

The theme is developed that Dee's "popular Vitruvianism" influences James Burbage, who is not only a man of the theatre, but a craftsman of the joiner-building class. Burbage's Theatre, the first known playhouse since the Roman occupation, is built just seven years after Dee directed his Preface to popular consumption. After the success of the Theatre, Burbage builds the Globe, or the prime Shakespearean playhouse, along the same lines as the Theatre.

The man who continues Vitruvianism into the Jacobean age is Robert Fludd, a disciple of Dee's Hermetic philosophy. It is through Fludd that the author makes her most startling revelation about Shakespeare's theatre.

One chapter discusses Fludd's pseudo-scientific memory system, which is based on a mnemonic of antiquity. An important aspect of the system is to associate memorization with parts of a building, especially a building with magic association. Such a structure is a classical theatre. Fludd illustrates the system through the engravings of actual buildings. For Fludd notes that actual buildings are important to the success of the system. One engravings is of particular interest. It is a careful, unaristocratic, perspective drawing of a stage with the inscription Theatrum Orbi, or Theatre of the World, or if you will, Globe Theatre, emblazoned above the central doorway. As the author notes:

Fludd wanted a theatre in which to practice his astral mnemonics, and for that purpose he needed a round theatre and one with strong astral and cosmic associations. It is possible that of all the London theatres the Globe was the one which had most perfected the idea of a theatre as a 'theatre of the world.'

Unlike the crude sketch of the Swan Theatre by de Witt, which the author suggests is of a bear-baiting arena with a portable stage, Fludd's engraving of the stage of the Globe shows the five doors of the Roman scaenae frons. Elizabethan modification places the two side doors above and on an open gallery, with a central and enclosed bay thrusting out over the central double-door. As Frances Yates notes, the Fludd arrangement of the Globe is far more conducive to our knowledge of Shakespearean action than the sketch of the Swan suggests.

Fludd's Globe Engraving

Since the time historians begin concerning themselves with such things, the originator of the English masque stage, Inigo Jones, is credited as the Vitruvius Britannicus. Miss Yates' findings established that Vitruvianism is flourishing prior to Jones. Her findings, in fact, more fully explain the "sudden" success of Jones' neoclassic scenery for court masques and his first English classical court building, the Banqueting House at Whitehall.

By the time of the emergence of Jones in the first years of the seventeenth century, Protestant revisionists have already begun transmuting pagan magical classicism into Christian magical classicism. The final triumph is the neoclassical church of Christopher Wren. Perhaps the first triumph is Burbage's Elizabethan theatre.

The question inevitably arises, why have scholars not recognized Fludd's engraving before. The author believes that there is a "nervous reluctance to believe anything so unlikely as that a visual representation of the stage wall of Shakespeare's theatre has actually been lying concealed for so many centuries."

Within the scope of her argument, Miss Yates successfully establishes a classically based theatre building for Shakespeare. Her Fludd engraving, which raises many questions, she attempts to answer. It is appealing. As she does throughout the book, Frances Yates ends with challenges to scholars to further verify her findings and to broaden their view of the Elizabethan playhouse.

The Theatre of the World is a refreshing addition to Shakespeare and Elizabethan studies. The book may well be a pivotal work in our view of Shakespeare's stage.

RICHARD PICK

The Cresset
Soseki and Toson: Bridges to the Modern Japanese Novel


One of the acknowledged great novels of the world is Lady Murasaki's The Tale of Genji, written about the year 1000. Since 1923 it has been accessible to readers of English through Arthur Waley's translation. No other pre-twentieth-century Japanese novel of comparable stature has appeared in translation, and a common judgment is that no fiction of distinction was being written in the intervening centuries before our own. Donald Keene tells us that "the Japanese novel in the early nineteenth century had dropped to its lowest level, tending to be either collections of jokes in doubtful taste, or else dreary moralizing tales in many volumes."

Today, by contrast, the Japanese novel is a very respectable art form, having acquired artistic standing and international recognition with the works of such writers as Tanizaki, Kawabata, Michima, and Oe. Soseki and Toson are early twentieth-century bridges to the modern Japanese novel, and Professor McClellan has given us a study of their accomplishments and a translation of a Soseki novel.

Loneliness and Mutability

Both writers grew up in the Meiji Era, that exciting and uncertain time when Japan was moving into the modern world and trying to keep its balance between the old and the new. In their writing both drew considerably on experiences in their own lives. (McClellan notes that "nowhere in the world has the autobiographical novel flourished as it has in Japan since Toson's time.") Both disavowed the old-fashioned florid language and shaped a modern style resembling everyday speech. Both were literary "realists," but not of the variety of muckrakers or social critics familiar to us in American realism. They were modern men, reflecting the uncertainties of their time. Picking up modern ideas, they turned to Western models, though not in slavish imitation, for their literary craftsmanship. McClellan says that "they were the first to write articulately about intelligent, sensitive men for whom the values of the past had been destroyed, and who could not identify themselves with the values of a success-minded society bent on material progress."

Such an overarching theme sounds like one spanning our own period of cultural conflicts and upheavals, and I think McClellan's study points up not only the importance of Soseki and Toson to Japanese literary development but also the significance of their works as an art that says something serious about life and says it is a way to insure continued communication with intelligent readers. The threads of loneliness, of the uneness of man in the world, and of a fickle mutability are woven into the novels of both writers.

McClellan's method of presentation is to provide a biographical-critical introduction for each writer, followed by chapter-summaries of individual novels, ten of Soseki's and five of Toson's. The introductions are brief, but perceptive, and the summaries are models of their kind. All too frequently in critical writing, plot digests degenerate to dullness, but here they are skillfully managed. Events and relationships are clear, suspense is maintained, and the reader is brought close to the original work through generous quotation of passages, some extending over several pages. Summaries are scarcely substitutes for the novels themselves, but unfortunately most of the novels represented—including all of Toson's—have not been translated. McClellan's aim is to present an overview, and in this he succeeds admirably. I cannot help wondering why in his selected list of translations of Soseki's novels he is so penurious as to list only two in English; there are others not noted—for instance, Professor Beongcheon Yu's translation of The Wayfarer—available to readers whose appetites have been whetted for more Soseki.

Of the two novelists, Soseki seems likely to have the greater appeal to English readers. He is more Westernized, and his work combines analytic insight with a dramatic style of storytelling. Two English translations of Soseki's Kokoro have been done, one in 1941 by Kondo and the other in 1957 by McClellan. (Both translators left Soseki's title untranslated. It has a cluster of meanings difficult to convey briefly. In his critical study, however, McClellan renders the word simply as "The Heart.") Now in a companion volume to his study, McClellan gives us Soseki's Grass on the Wayside.

Soseki was born in 1867. He had a university education specializing in English, and by the time of his graduation he had gained an impressive competence in the language. After a period of college and high-school teaching, he accepted in 1886 an offer from the Fifth National College in Kumamoto. (Curiously, he arrived there a couple of years after Lafcadio Hearn's departure, and in 1903, when Hearn was forced out of his lectureship in English literature at Tokyo Imperial University, Soseki moved into the post.) In Kumamoto he married and taught there for four years.

In 1900 the government offered him a two-year scholarship, tantamount to an order, to go to England for further study. He accepted with some reluctance, and leaving his wife and child behind, embarked on what turned out to be a bitter experience. He found the Japanese stipend to be far short of meeting his needs in London, and he suffered the sting of petty economies, real alienation, humiliations, and frustration. This dark period was to haunt his memory for the rest of his life. Returning to Japan, he taught for four years and then gave up academic life to devote full time to the writing of fiction.

A Weed Growing Forlornly

Grass on the Wayside is an autobiographical novel covering a brief span of time which commences shortly after the writer's return from England. The opening lines convey hints of the protagonist's loneliness, detachment, ambivalence, and inability to understand himself or give meaning to his existence—all of which are developed in the course of the novel.

Exactly how many years, Kenzo wondered, had he been away from Tokyo? He had left the city to live in the provinces and then had gone abroad. There was novelty in living in his native city once more, but there was some loneliness in it too.

The smell of the alien land that he had left not so long ago seemed still to linger about his body. He detested it, and told himself he had to get rid of it. That he was also rather proud of it, that it gave him a certain sense of accomplishment, he did not know.

Dutifully, and with the uneasiness of the recently returned exile, Kenzo would walk day after day from his house in Komagome to his place of work and back. Written in 1915, the year before the novelist's death, it may well be, as McClellan suggests, Soseki's attempt to express once and for all his sense of failure as a man and his bitterness at having betrayed even his own childhood; and he perhaps wanted to say that whatever his career as a novelist might have been, his personal life had been an irrelevance, like a weed growing forlornly on the side of a road." The protagonist feels betrayed, alone, incapable of giving or receiving love, and unable to escape the enslavement of the past.

It is a low-keyed work, honest and quietly moving. The translation, unmarred by awkwardness, moves with the authority and smoothness of an original piece of writing.

ALLEN E. TUTTLE
**When the Painter is the Model for the Novelist**


Even before the publication of the novel, Zola’s L’OEUVRE was anticipated as an expose of the Impressionist art world. It is still reputed to have ended the friendship between Zola and Cezanne. In his book, Niess does a scholarly study of the relationships between the personages of the novel and the contemporary artists Zola either observed or knew personally.

L’OEUVRE was intended as part of Zola’s monumental series of novels about a family microcosm acted upon by a society macrocosm. The ways in which heredity and society work together to mold the individual were not create a hero entirely in imitation of someone he knew. The hero of L’OEUVRE, Claude Lantier, is a painter whose talent turns to the personages of the novel and the contemporary artists. Niess does a scholarly study of the relationships between the personages of the novel and the contemporary artists Zola either observed or knew personally.

The Case for Cezanne

Niess then examines the qualifications of the two rival candidates for the prototype of Claude Lantier—Cezanne and Manet. Lantier is an intense, ambitious, visionary, enormously talented but with a destructive weakness. The weakness is due in part to an inherited nervousness and in part to the influence of a Romanticism which confused his clear, realistic vision. Eventually he pours all his energies into a painting of an allegorical nude placed in the middle of an Impressionist landscape. Obsessed by his work, he neglects his wife for the sake of his painted goddess. He renounces normal sex, that great sacrament in Zola’s rather fuzzy pantheism.

Niess advances a convincing theory: Claude Lantier, while partaking of the characteristics of real painters, is essentially a facet of Zola himself. Cezanne is the self-image of Zola in his pessimistic moments. Zola felt that Romanticism was the prison from which he himself must escape.

Zola misconceived Romanticism. He thought of Romanticism as an attempt to create a fairy tale world. He misunderstood the Romantic intention to make an analogue to the real world, an analogue which would dramatize and illuminate aspects of real life. Embodied as he was in the reaction against earlier Romantic cliches, Zola could hardly be expected to see Romanticism as the well-spring of the very nature Realism in which he was involved. Moreover, his aversion to Romanticism was an externalization of a persistent problem within himself as well.

Niess stresses Zola’s persistent pessimism. Like Claude Lantier, Zola felt that he had never achieved success. Niess draws attention to the tensions between Zola’s attempt to write slices-of-life and his tendency to create drama—sometimes melodrama, making use of overstatement, black and white opposition, and obvious contrivance in the plot. Niess neatly parallels Zola with Lantier. Lantier is a colorist with a preference for genre painting but he is obsessed at the same time with a grandiose idea of summing up his epoch.

Niess could have made more of the literary, social, anecdotal quality of Calude’s paintings to uphold his case that Lantier is neither Cezanne nor Manet, neither of whom were “literary” painters. The case for Cezanne as Lantier is based on the former’s personality—intense, rebellious, and solitary—and the fact that the friendship between Cezanne and Zola ceased upon the publication of L’OEUVRE. Niess points out that this kind of temperament was not unique to Cezanne, being in fact part of the Romantic stereotype of the artist.

The self-criticism of Claude Lantier was, more importantly, a chief characteristic of Zola himself. Cezanne, in fact, reacted to self-doubt by abandoning a work which was not going well and by trying another work, rather than re-working endlessly, as does Lantier. Niess’ attempt to show that there is no strong reason to connect the break-up of the two old friends with L’OEUVRE is not very convincing. However, although Cezanne may have been affronted by references to himself in Lantier, it does not follow that the character was primarily modeled on him. Niess points out that most of the descriptions of Claude’s paintings bear no relation to those of Cezanne.

The Case for Manet

The case for Manet is more convincing, and Niess’ treatment of that case is both more interesting and less successful. In the course of this treatment, the reader sees just how little Zola actually understood Impressionist painting and progressive nineteenth century painting as a whole. Niess does not make this important point explicit, which seems to me a flaw. Lantier’s Salon des Refusés is obviously modeled on the Olympia. Zola was a passionate defender of Manet, but he became disillusioned and felt that Manet had never succeeded in fulfilling his promise.

Zola thought of Manet as striving to perfect a kind of literary Realist art, and he did not see Manet’s work as successful in its own terms. Zola stressed what he called the “unfinished” quality of the work of Manet and the Impressionists, thinking that they had failed to discover the formula for a perfect picture.

Zola was confused because he did not understand the nineteenth century revolution in oil painting technique which made it vir-
My editor's deadline for this column is always the last day of the month. When he has done for one month whatever it is he does with the copy, the pearls so carefully strung thirty days previously appear in the typographical setting you have before you. Ordinarily that month's last day finds me more concerned with topics appropriate to the date of their printed appearance than with the time of the writing. But today is an exception. March 31, 1970, is the 238th birthday of Franz Joseph Haydn and the programming of our preferred Chicago FM station has reminded me of the topic long in mind and overdue for attention: The Comic Spirit in Music.

To have lived in Haydn's day would have been a joy if only because of his presence. Fortunate for us that that great spirit communicates itself to us even today in his ever-vital music. To listen is to know the joy of delight and laughter. What is heard is more than tones and rhythms; it is the confidence that man can laugh even though he must sometimes weep. Isn't it a sorry state of things that for most audiences Haydn is a serious composer? For them, seriousness is a measure of mood rather than of importance; profundity suggests an attitude of the face instead of a degree of reality. Today the tragic is instructive, the comic merely entertaining.

Music, too, has its belly-laughs. Mozart's A Musical Joke treats our ears to the results of two horn players forgetful of the key and the fanciful cadenza of a violinist who can't remember where he began. The notorious "Surprise" chord in the 94th Symphony is not Haydn's only prank. There are those unexpected silences that distort the proportions of the phrase and send the listener into a musical void bereft of orchestral accompaniment. Or, haven't you often remarked those final cadences of fourth movements when the woodwinds timidly betray their loss of place in the midst of bold tutti chords?

Satire finds expression in music also. Wagner's Beckmesser is made to sound foolish when he attempts to sing the Prize Song which, for all its beauty, fails to conform to the pedantic rules of the guild. Here, however, too much of the composer's bitterness suffices the humor. We listen to a Bartok or a Saint-Saens for a healthier sense of the comic. In the "Interrupted Serenade" of Bartok's Concerto for Orchestra a quotation from a Shostakovich symphony is greeted with rude trombone noises and general orchestral merriment. Elephants dancing to music originally given to sylphs and tortoises creeping along to the tune of an Offenbach can-can are but two of the musical delights in the Carnival of the Animals.

Then, of course, there are those tricks and puns that are apparent only to the connoisseur, the knowledgeable one. Only instruction will let the listener discover that the instrumental parts accompanying Orlando Gibbons' fantasy on London street cries engage in the exposition of a solemn and erudite polyphonic study on a churchly cantus firmus even while the voices impudently and irreverently hawk "Fresh

May 1970

Music

The Musical Laugh

By WILLIAM F. EIFRIG, JR.
... and "Ripe strawberries." It took a Bach to conclude the Goldberg Variations with musical doggerel. Twenty-nine variations have seemingly exhausted the possibilities of the sweet little aria heard at first: inventions, fugues, canons, overtures, and fantasies. At the thirtieth we are at once appalled and delighted to hear "Ich bin lang nicht bei dir gewest" and "Kraut und Ruben" nonchalantly playing over the same harmonic basis heard in the preceding compositional tours de force.

The comic spirit, though, is more than laughter. The farcical may be therapeutic, wit may bring delight, and satire may excite needful criticism, but the truly comic is that which keeps us human and supports the convivial society of mankind. The tragedian concentrates our attention on the lonely experiences of individuals and reminds us that each of us stands alone in the midst of threatening forces. The comedian smiles when contemplating his own and the foibles of his fellow men, for his experience has taught him that the society of individuals holds for its members delights that often come packaged as if they were distresses.

Is there such comedy in music? Most certainly in that by Mozart. There are others, but in the Mozartean world of sound the comic spirit finds singular expression even as, in literature, it finds expression in Shakespearean comedy. I never cease to wonder at the genius that encompasses in a single concerto, the whole of human experience. It must be that these works are the composer in his most confessional mood. Though the piano and orchestra contend with serious matters in the first movement and though the second find the solo part singing tones of passionate and lonely beauty, the final movement never fails to join all in a gay romp with just enough banality and cliche to make this music most readily accessible.

And then those final operas! Who can explain that magic by which Mozart exalts the genuine emotion while setting it in the most ridiculous situation? Listen to Ferrando's second act aria in Cosi. Was ever devotion expressed with such seriousness? Has ever youthful sentiment received juster estimation? Yet Don Alphonso and Despina have the last word. It is when he learns from them to smile at the comedy of life that his heart's ardor no longer traps him nor threatens to become irrelevant. The comic spirit frees the heart to be its most genuine. I think Mozart learned if from Haydn.

The Theatre

Ecstasy of Pop and Violence

By WALTER SORELL

It's the production that counts, man. While an ear-splitting rock'n'roll band opens Sam Shepard's new play and spinning, multi-faceted crystal globes send many-colored dancing light spots around the auditorium, you'd better keep your cool, man. Mighty things were happening onstage. Life in life-size from two real automobiles to dancing Hopi Indians, from an S.D.S. speech by a City College girl and three Black Panthers to senseless violence and simulated intercourse onstage. In fact, not a single cliche remained unturned.

Kopit's Indians was a poor play whose production was so overpowering that it made the poverty of the written statement all the more obvious. Loudness, blinding visual effects, happenings instead of dramatic scenes also overpower the new Sam Shepard play, Operation Sidewinder, as presented by the Repertory Theatre at Lincoln Center. Let me say at once that Sam Shepard has quite some imagination and theatrical intuition, but he has not yet learned to master his craft.

As most young playwrights of our time he cannot yet shape dramatically the many things he has to say—and Shepard is the most articulate of them. He and his conferees are inclined to write scenarios rather than scenes or acts. The looseness of his scenes and their disconnected images lead to stretches of emptiness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of their disconnected images lead to stretches of emptiness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness. Transitions are the one unmistakable sign of disconnectedness.

A computer in the shape of a snake escapes from a Southwestern Air Force lab into the desert where it winds itself around a blonde woman and is finally decapitated by Hopi Indians. Three Black Panthers use a hippie (the matinee idol of our generation) for their scheme to drug the Air Force water reservoir for an easy black takeover. The scheme does not work. The Hopis believe that they will find a better world when the head of the dismembered Serpent God finds its body and accept the computer snake as their god. The hippie and his blonde girl friend...
bring the missing part to them, and they are both hon­
ored during the Hopi ritual. When the Air Force tries

to retrieve the Sidewinder, cajoling first, then firing
their bullets, the computer reacts with an almost cata
clysmic explosion. The soldiers, symbols of brutal
force, are dead. Sidewinder, the Hopis and hippies
are transported into a new world, probably West of
Eden.

There is a scene in which the hippie is shown in

the act of taking heroin. He then feels so good that

he lets us see his virile power. After the carnal act,

he surprises us with a long speech which culminates

in the scream “I am!,” repeated eleven times. I un

derstand the need of our generation to let God know

that we are and that we do not want to be overlook

ed. But compare this desperate cry with the subdued

attempt of the tramps in Waiting for Godot, entreat­
ing the Messenger to tell Godot that he saw them—that
they are. What is a dramatic and poetic climax in the
Beckett play, is a hollow echo of man’s despair in Shep­

ard’s scenario.

(Much is made of the fact that Shepard is only 26
years of age. George Buchner wrote Danton’s Death
and Wozzeck at the age of 24. Shaw and Pirandello wrote
their best plays at a rather ripe age. Shepard may be
talented. But are we justified in giving him kudos

on credit for works he may never deliver?)

Robert Marasco is another young playwright, a
few years older than Shepard, but far ahead of him
in the mastering of his craft. Marasco’s initial Broad­
way attempt, Child’s Play, is far from being child’s
play. It treats the evil in man, evil for evil’s sake as well
as for man’s sake. The background is a Roman Cath­
olic boys’ prep-school. The Gothic-like set by Jo Miel­
zer and his ingenious lighting create the eerie mood
necessary for accepting flagellation, self-inflicted
wounds, physical and mental torture, and finally murder.

Two parallel plots melt into mounting terror start­
ing with a brief incident of one of the schoolboys taunt­
ing a teacher and provoking him to hit the boy. We
know immediately that at the end the tables will be
turned. But before the boys gang up to kill their Mr.
Chips, they torture and seriously injure boys chosen
as victims. The accompanying plot dramatizes the
deadly hatred between two faculty members, pitting
the studious disciplinarian against the jovial old teach­
er who never outgrew his boyhood mentality. His
relentless and vicious persecution of his colleague to
save “his” boys from a taskmaster is as frightening
as the lurking violence of the boys.

Evil done in the name of good is juxtaposed to the
boys’ brutality, to that menace one cannot name nor
pinpoint, but which grows in its own shadow, with
fear and malevolence quickly changing. Source and
reason for their sinister actions are never explained.
They can only be the full orchestration to the solo
parts, the fatal struggle between the two teachers whose
hatred reflects the senseless violence of the young.

Shepard’s play was poorly acted, Marasco’s brilli­
ant. Taken as sheer entertainment, Child’s Play
is a gripping Grand Guignol drama. Broadway has
not seen such harmonious acting, led by Fritz. Weaver
and Pat Hingle, in a long time. We ought to see in
a Child’s Play a parable of our time: the menace
in the dark, the fear that brings out the evil in us, the
patronizing empty gesture of love, the bitterness of
hatred, the refusal to understand out of sheer hatred
and fear which brings out the evil in us, and so forth.
Perhaps I wish to see more in it than there is. If so,
then I do this in order to give it the needed substance
to endure beyond the momentary relief and accla­
mation of being the first decent play produced on
Broadway this season, written with integrity and crafts­
manlike skill.

Parting of Ways

Through fences built across the property
Of years—mine, but borrowed from the man
My father was—I take this separateness,
This corpse, and seek a field where flowers,
Crisp and rigid, weave an answer
Into flowing grass. There, burying the dead,
The child I was and man he meant to be,
Ill carve two names, accept the sun

For all that distance is, the haze, the rain,
And wander on. For I learned things concerning
Mountains here, from men who sit in green
Well-tended plots, analyzing altitudes

And time, from animals on the low slopes,
From harnesses, from fear. But life
In shadows fails its own future fruit
And tools not made to plough gouge

Ragged furrows through a much-used land.
Beyond the meadow where the corpses lay
The path grows steep; the wind, honed
To a harshness that drives through the past,
Strips man to bone. Only one burden
Can I carry there, and that my own.
The shadow of my heritage as son
Flaps free, a valley bird, to guard his tomb.

ROBERT JOE STOUT

May 1970
The Artist and Architectural Dreams

by ERNST SCHWIDDER

The Artist has, for centuries, produced objects for a limited exposure to a select clientele. Perhaps it is now time to shift the emphasis from the object to the objective—from a private to a public art—and release art from the museum mausoleum and get it into the streets. One of the primary concerns of our day is environment, which for me has been a short jump from my paintings of mystic landscapes to the present awareness. It is time for dreams to come true. The dreams of the artist might well be the highest reality. The artist is a valuable resource for imaginative concepts and may soon be appreciated by the community at large. The artist, of course, must also be willing to work within the context of community.

One of the first steps in this direction is a greater cooperation between artist and architect. For more than half a century, leading architects have been concerned about the environment. At last, some of Tony Garnier’s visions manifested in his plan for The Industrial City (1902-04) are being considered as practical solutions to the hard problems of city planning. Le Corbusier’s imaginative designs for mass housing units have stimulated a new generation of concepts for high density population centers. Architecture has indeed taken a new direction in recent years. The building has been replaced by “controlled environment” as the focus, and style has been replaced by “conceptual space.” In short, the space surrounding a structure is now considered as important as the space contained.

This shift in focus is producing a renewed interest in “non-architecture.” It is here that the artist makes his invaluable contribution. In the non-building the interior provides the greatest opportunity for the expression of the occupants. Art as environment could well play a critical role in establishing opportunities for individuality and personal identity. Community centers surrounded by non-buildings will need to achieve this same sort of goal. Requirements of commerce such as signs and advertisements might better use the talents of competent and imaginative artists. Instead of a neon jungle the community center could become a fantasy of lights and color. Non-furniture for the non-house might take the form of sculpture to sit on. Door handles might really feel good, and a fork might give oral satisfaction as well as hold peas.

Although no one has the solution to our major problems of population explosion, urban decay, and environmental destruction, certain concepts have emerged from concern for these problems. One concept is the preservation of the remaining landscape. In new urban centers this might mean incorporating the buildings into existing landscape; Paul Rudolph’s scheme for Stafford Harbor is an example. Or, it might mean emulating the landscape; Manfredi Nicoletti’s “artificial hills” for Monaco is an example. The living units carved out of the rock troglodytes in Turkey provide an excellent example of a unity between habitat and environment. Also, going underground, as did a thirteenth century Chinese village, might even be considered. A contemporary interpretation of underground living could be most attractive.

The present destruction of the natural environment in order to install a grid or roads, or the typically complete defoliation of an area to plant a lawn, can no longer be tolerated. The painting of neo-colonial houses pink or baby blue must be deferred in favor of greater visual responsibility and a closer relationship of man to his natural environment. One of a series of homes built recently in southern France after a design by Jacques Covelle might be a conceptual prototype for the future. Although not as organic in form, the design for my own home represents my attempt to put these concepts into practice.

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Trogolytes, Cappadocia, Turkey.


Underground Living Area, Evine Fay Jones, Architect.

Residence, Jacques Covelle, Architect.

May 1970
Church-related colleges and universities all over the country are in trouble, and it takes no special gift of prophecy to predict that many of them will not survive the decade of the Seventies.

To a very large extent, they have only themselves to blame. Nowhere in the Church is its failure of nerve more evident than in its colleges and universities. Institutions which, in their best days, prided themselves on being distinctive now rejoice that one can be on their campuses for weeks at a time without having reason to suspect that they are affiliated with a Christian denomination. The spirit of what one of my colleagues has aptly called "me-tooism" has caught up many a church-related institution and made it over into a pale copy of the secular school. And the tragedy is that its administration, faculty, and students so often mistake this apostasy for maturity.

For a church-related college or university of this kind there is no hope and we should rejoice to see it depart the scene, for it cumbereth the educational ground.

But there still remain many church-related institutions which deserve to survive.

On the lowest level, they deserve to survive because they offer a respectable alternative to the publicly-supported institution. Unless we are to assume that education is the natural monopoly of the state, we need institutions which will cater for elements of wholesome variety in our culture. There is a place for the college or university which has some over-arching theme around which all of its teaching and learning are organized—some useful ax to grind, if you will. In the great days of the University of Chicago, Hutchins and Adler could tell you what Chicago had to offer that no other university could offer. And so it has been at many another private college or university, some of them denominational.

But on a higher level the Church needs to "test all things, hold fast to that which is good." And this has been the historical role of the church-related college or university at its best.

Unfortunately, it has played this role with little support, either financially or in terms of understanding, from its constituency. Church people have too often looked upon their colleges and universities as primarily custodial institutions for women and degree mills for men and have doled out just enough support to keep them going at a low level of subsistence. Now even this support is drying up, and most seriously so in the case of those denominational institutions which are trying hardest to give their Church constituencies something more and better than is being asked of them.

To complicate matters, at this very time when the good church-related institution is having the greatest difficulty with its constituency it is also having the greatest difficulty with its own students. The day when the undergraduate got all misty-eyed during the singing of Alma Mater is over, at least for the time being. The student today sees Alma Mater as an agency of the Establishment, intent upon repressing him and keeping him from doing his own thing. So there is restlessness, discontent, and occasional turmoil on campus—all of them sufficient grounds for many constituents to conclude that the place has gone to the dogs. Caught in the midst of the Generation Gap—between students who want total freedom NOW and constituents who still think of the college or university as primarily a custodial institution—administrators and faculty members groan inwardly and begin to wonder whether it would not be best just to lock the place up.

But, of course, that is not the answer. God must not be left without witness in the intellectual and academic world, however great the problems may be of maintaining that witness. The answer is for church people to take a greater interest in their colleges and universities, to bring a greater measure of sympathetic understanding to their problems, and to share their affluence with these institutions which are trying to do a necessary job for them.

No doubt this sounds like the sort of thing one gets from a university's PR division. At its best, Lutheran theology has always maintained that men are capable of speaking the truth, even PR men, so we need not let that objection detain us. The fact of the matter, though, is that the present writer is a faculty member of some twenty-three years tenure and with a horror of Wolf! If anything, I have toned down my concern so as not to give the impression of over-reacting to the problems which beset us in the denominational school. My best judgment is that the next five years will decide whether my university, and other church-related universities like it, will survive. I think they should, that they deserve to, that both the state and the Church would be the poorer if they did not. I can only hope that enough people share this conviction and will act upon it.
A Government of Laws?

By DON A. AFFELDT

Americans commonly say that theirs is a government of laws, not of men. Well, some Americans commonly say that. Is what these Americans say true, or is it false? There are plenty of reasons to think it false. The Senate’s recent rejection of both Clement Haynsworth and G. Harold Carswell reveals some of these reasons. President Nixon’s determined effort to place a “strict constructionist” on the Supreme Court is testimony to the fact that interpreting the Constitution, the supreme law of the land, is no mechanical matter. Nixon wants the Court to give narrower interpretations of the Constitution, at least in some matters; and the Constitution gives him the right to nominate men for the Court who share his sympathies. In his power to nominate Justices, the President can help determine what the law of the land is. Less artificially stated, the President can help in the making of the supreme law by the Court.

The Senate can withhold its consent to Presidential nominees for the Court, as it has so clearly and courageously demonstrated these past months. In its power to squash a nomination, the Senate, too, has a hand in making the law, even Constitutional law.

Furthermore, statutory law is entirely in the hands of men who have been elected to formulate it. Is abortion a crime? Look in the statute book—preferably a recent edition; and if it is a crime where you live, elsewhere in your country it is not. Legislatures make and unmake law. A crime is whatever a legislature decides to call a crime. There are some limits to legislative power in lawmaking, most notably the restriction that legislatures are bound by the Constitution. This does not mean that legislatures cannot pass unconstitutional bills. Massachusetts may recently have done that, in its law limiting the required service of its citizens in the Armed Forces to domestic conflicts or foreign declared wars. More obvious, however, are the many state and federal laws struck down by the Supreme Court. Though some legal philosophers fancy that such laws were invalid right from the time of their enactment, the hard fact is that countless people have been tried, sentenced, and punished—sometimes with death—for violation of these “laws.” Even if laws are eventually declared invalid or repealed, generations of citizens may already have been affected by them, as the plight of the country’s black citizens amply testifies.

Then, of course, there is the Common Law, the gradually developing body of judicial decisions which spells the law in many matters. The laws which our common law embodies are straightforward decisions of men. Often judges profess to be controlled in their decisions by prior decisions, but what are these prior decisions except, in turn, still other decisions by men?

These matters are all obvious. Less obvious are some features of the judicial system in this country which also betray the fact that men, and not laws, govern us all. The officer on the beat, perhaps the lowest man on the law-enforcement totem pole, is charged with the responsibility of applying the law to the average man. But an immense amount of discretion is available to him in this mission. He sees you toss a candy wrapper on the street. Are you arrested for littering? Probably not. You drive 80-mph down the turnpike. Are you arrested? It depends on the officer’s judgment or whim. Will the police raid your wife’s penny-a-point bridge party? Will the police pick you up for loitering when you stand for a while on the streetcorner at night? Would they, if your skin were black?

Then there is the decision to prosecute. The past and future sagas of the Chicago Conspiracies reveal how very political this “legal” decision can be. And if you are prosecuted, what will you be charged with? There is often a wide variety of charges that could be brought against an apparent lawbreaker. Evidence has something to do with the determination of the specific indictment. But perhaps more important is the question of what you might reasonably be convicted of, and that brings in the judge again, or the jury. More men.

To say nothing about the role of your lawyer in this whole process. Get a good one and your fortunes improve considerably. Get a bad one, or be stuck with whomever the court will appoint for you if you are indigent, and your fortunes may take a dip. Meanwhile, the wheels of “justice” grind on, quite impartially and relentlessly. Or so some say. A government of laws? What does that mean? There are no immutable laws, at least not in our legal system. If the ordinary man isn’t reminded of this every April 15, when he pays more taxes than a hundred millionaires, then he is reminded of it weekly as he hears of desegregation delays, congressional maneuverings, and political farces in the courts. And if he does admit to himself that ours is a government of men, what ideological ground is there for his condemnation of the Revolution?

Ours is a government of myth, as well as men. Perhaps myth is essential to democracy, and perhaps the view that ours is a government of laws, not men, is such an essential myth. But there are people who no longer accept this myth. What other myth can we offer them? Can any of us live with just the realities?
Little Man, What Now?

I was one of those thoughtful citizens who welcomed the year 1970 by sleeping into it, somewhat fitfully, through to the small hours of January first. . .This approach had been carefully considered . . .I knew that my horn at midnight would sound an uncertain tone and my whistle would end in a wild shriek . . .Pulling the covers over my ears I decided to ignore the coming of 1970 and all its gloomy portents . . .Let my mind and soul (I could do nothing about my body) forget the change of two digits in the measuring of our years and the slow passing of the century . . .

But I had forgotten the coming of another birthday, the beginning of my own personal new year in May . . .There was no sensible, logical way of pulling the covers over my head . . .My dimming eyes, the passing of friends on the way sounded louder than all possible horns and whistles . . .I had to face the first day of the rest of my life . . .

And this is never easy . . .The situation is too many­sided and complex . . .There is gratitude for the past and regret over the same past—thankfulness for what you were able to do and sorrow over what you failed to do . . .There is joy over the length of the way already given and sadness over the few remaining miles . . .All birthdays are bitter-sweet but those in the sixties of life have an autumn flavor all their own . . .

And so—like it or not—I had to stop, look, and listen . . .The day was far spent and the gathering mists had the touch and taste of permanence; they could be removed only by a Power greater than my own . . .

As I looked back over the years I began to see both their greatness and their tragedy . . .There was a permanent note: "Change". . .In my lifetime just about everything visible and audible had changed, more than my fathers had ever known . . .I had seen the coming of the space age, the atomic age, the shrinking of our way­sider planet, the knowledge explosion (with its marks like the tower of Babel), the cult of irrationality, hedon­ism, the roar of activistic atheism, the centripetal forces within Christendom, Vatican II, the population explo­sion, minority thinking, the new Freedom (pronounced "license"), the need for occidentation among our youth, (the hic et nunc generation), the new grammar of dis­sent, the pathological concern with the dark underside of life, the whole rising, swelling, surging tide of a new and strange world which was apparently being made ready, negatively and positively, for the last great ex­ploration into God . . .In all these years, how often have I thought of the old Chinese proverb: "The trees of the forest want to be still but the wind will not stop" . . .

And Man himself? . . .In my time modern man, the child of the Renaissance and Marx, had become some­thing else . . .What this is we cannot tell clearly now . . .Dusk and dawn have the same blurring effect on human eyes . . .Postmodern man? . . .The man who reflects the mood and mystery of a day that is done . . .Who knows that he is a child of the afterglow, a faintly gleaming reflection of the principle of historic exhaustion . . .The funeral choirs are singing again, not for a God who is dead but for a man who is dying from causes that were always known but are now seen more sharply . . .

All this I remember as another birthday comes over the horizon . . .I know that I have not been a shaker and mover but only a spectator (another example of the wise and kind permissiveness of God) . . .There is a small pebble somewhere in His massive altars, still standing and strong—a pebble which I polished and brought all these decades . . .

And so—another birthday! I shall watch it come with quiet eyes because I know that they will begin to see the new coming of a twenty-first century man . . .I have seen his first appearing among some of my stu­dents who have taken off the glittering, dirty garments of the twentieth century and now see with new and clean eyes the centrality of the Holy Thing, the coming of Jesus Christ into history, yesterday, today and to­morrow, and our only direct touch with the Eternal . . .The modern man never learned how to receive Him; the postmodern man, please God, will do better . . .

We stand now at the mysterious intersection of all that is past and all that is future . . .If, by the mercy and miracle of God, we can make that a great mark of a small birthday, we can move into another year with the free gaiety of the living God . . .