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In Luce Tua

Comment on the Significant News by the Editors

Kretzmann and Valparaiso University

The editor of The Cresset, Otto Paul Kretzmann, moonlights as president of Valparaiso University, the home and headquarters of this Review of public affairs, letters, and the arts.

Actually Valparaiso University has been the focus of his attention for twenty-five years and what a twenty-five years they have been.

1940-1965! Certainly these years have not been the sleepy years of the twentieth century. On the contrary, the events of these years have attacked the roots of the past, have disturbed our traditions gone to bed, and have forced us to take new looks at old issues and to give thought to new questions. Like a stone skipping with solid rebounds across a body of water, the citizens of these years have been bounced and hurled from the Great Depression to World War II, from Korea to Vietnam, from the shadows of world wars to the lightning flashes and cascading clouds of nuclear explosions, from the optimistic strains according to which we sang our way into this century to the haunting melodies that now intone our doubts about our dreams and ideals as we move to the year 2000.

The haunting melodies are being written by population explosions, technology, industrialization, urbanization, the emergence of new values and new ideas, the quest for rights and freedoms in a different generation, and by new theological (ideological) and sociological perspectives.

Coming off of some successful and significant years as a seminary professor and as the driving force of a national youth organization, Otto Paul Kretzmann had become acutely and perhaps wearily aware of what the years had done to our young people between the two world wars when he took over as president of Valparaiso University. Certainly no Rip Van Winkle he rode forth on the hopes and dreams of a great inaugural address and had another go at the younger generation, in another arena, the university campus. And he stayed on the job in spite of his own failures, the mistakes of his colleagues, and the circumstances that were beyond his control. That in itself tells a story that lesser men cannot tell.

During all this time he has lived in and talked to The Aspirin Age, The Age of Affluence, The Age of Student Protest, The Tragic Eras of World-Wide War, and whatever else an enterprising sloganizer (or historian for that matter) is able to contrive to marshall the data of history in the grand manner. One thing is certain, however, to those of us who live, work, and have our being at Valparaiso University: the years 1940-1965 at Valparaiso University have become The Age of Otto Paul Kretzmann. The university, by and large, is the long shadow of O.P., his strengths and his weaknesses. But never mind all that — in either strength or weakness, he always demonstrated the ultimate concern.

It is not to be doubted that these years have been short as we measure time and eternity. As human beings measure time the years have been long (and probably dragged on occasion) with the frustrations and the defeats yet have been full enough with success and victory to make life at least tolerable. O.P. tried to do the work of time while listening to the music of eternity — with the realization that the dreams and the intractable realities do not mesh very well. That is, O.P. (like all the rest of us) is The Pilgrim who knows that “All the trumpets (sound) for him on the other side.” He himself wrote in the September (1965) Cresset: “September harvest? . . . Probably not — at least not all of it. . . . there is something missing. . . . perhaps to be found again in October. . . . when all this silver grayness has become golden. . . .”

The College Generation — 1966

There has been and still is much talk about the current college and university population. As we make the turn into 1966 there seems to be little prospect of abatement. The favorite topic of endless generations, “whether or not our youngsters are going to the dogs,” continues to be timely.

For our times the term “Berkeley Revolution” has become the generalized metaphor, the word to use, when we, the adults especially, talk as freely as we do about
respect of the basic sanctions that make life worthwhile, and orderly. For them the campus revolution amounts to a fundamental disregard of the basic superordination-subordination hierarchy that keeps every decent society alive, but of course.

Without question, we repeat, many of these charges are warranted, can be documented at this early stage of the campus revolution, and will no doubt be corroborated when most of the evidence is in.

But the current campus revolution is going to be more than a drop in the bucket. It will not be soaked up with a mere memo or two. In our opinion college administrators and college professors might as well look to their laurels and gird themselves for the battle.

**In Behalf Of Our Youngsters**

Despite these assertions the editors of *The Cresset* insist that there is another side to the story. We would like to submit the perspectives, or the prejudices (if you will), from which we would like to speak in behalf of these young people. We do this with some strain because sometimes they do test our patience and our willingness to understand. And we do not like to be criticized either even when the criticisms are made on the basis of much evidence.

Yet who are we adults anyway to speak evil of our young colleagues in the games of life? The generation from which the editors have come, and to which we belong, hit high schools, and universities (and seminaries) in the third, fourth, and fifth decades of this magnificently complex and exciting century. All of us helped to liven up these decades with rot-gut, bath-tub gin, the Charleston and other forms of no-contact sex (as suggestive as the twist any day of the week and the motors set rank amateurs.

If these "kids" are going to the dogs," "us fellows" set the trend a long time ago.

We so-called adults could be more honest about these matters of the past and about our current behavior, especially if we are serious in our attempts to understand these youngsters — that we may teach them and learn to live with them. It is not being too cynical to say that we will be forced on occasion to lead them into the way
that we did not go. Or even, perhaps, we might let them be. Our youngsters have some talents and credentials for the games of life. They will do better than we think.

As far as our home fronts go, we have probably said too much already. But our images of authority did not have too much substance anyway.

The Professor-Student Tandem

Many college professors (in company with several editors of The Cresset) can understand, in some measure are sympathetic to, and want some of the things that students are asking for and are concerned about. They often have strong feelings about the issues that student protests have placed on the agenda for our consideration.

In respect of Vietnam: some of us have run the gamut of the twentieth century and do not like the major military scales that are being practiced and practiced over and over again. Over and over again our leaders have justified military actions as moves to create a peaceful world and to make the world safe for democracy. Now the world is back on the merry-go-round and the calliope is playing the same old tunes on the same old whistles. Technological aspects have not changed the human predicament. We seem now to be failing in making the world safe with bigger and better weapons. We are also bothered by some of the theological expediencies we have heard lately. Some religionists seem to be implying really that we are able to use God to explain our role in Vietnam. Some of the youngsters are beginning to wonder about the old slogan some of our readers must know: Old men talk us into going into a war that must be fought with the blood and deaths of young men. The point is: the concern of young people about the value of war is understandable.

In respect of the hidden premises: we also have our theological problems along with our students. The "without God" theology is not a strange phenomenon to us and the struggles rage to this day in our hearts and minds. We are not about to yell heresy and treason as quickly as some of our friends (and enemies) who seem to be more confident about their roles and positions in the cosmopolis and who seem to be rather positive about what they know — and seldom very positive about what they do not know. Lately we are beginning to resent very deeply those insecure people who insist that they can dogmatically wrap God up in clear, neat, and articulate terms and are able to tell you exactly what makes the world tick and what life is all about as if they had just had a summit meeting with God instead of (as it really is) with their own anxieties and guilt feelings. What some of these people need is psychiatry, and work of God are understandable.

In respect of the university: along with the students, many college professors are concerned about the nature of the university. For one thing, and this bears repetition, the professor and the student are beginning to wonder about the purpose, the goal, of a university. Is it not to teach and learn? Students and professors are afraid that teaching is no longer the primary concern at many schools. Teaching often takes a back seat to research, administration, and the endless attending of endless committee meetings. It is claimed by many students and teachers that it often is hard to find a teacher serious enough and enthusiastic enough to forego the rounds of administrative assignments just to devote a major share of his days to teaching. Sometimes university administrators (presidents, deans, heads of departments, chairmen, et al) paste figurative gold stars on their figurative charts for people who have done yeoman service on committees and who have pursued the nonteaching kudos. Very often empire-building, not teaching, gets to be the name of the game. Students have told us on occasion that they know and have had teachers in courses who have not prepared classroom lectures for a long, long time and others who obviously, they say, have not rewritten their old notes. Students are paying higher tuition rates and are beginning to ask what they are getting for their money. This could eventually become embarrassing to all of us who teach, or meet classes, as the saying goes. The point is: some people do not want the university to become the last refuge of country gentlemen.

The student-professor tandem will no doubt be harnessed to the campus revolution that seems to be fermenting all over the nation.

The Open Forum

In a democratic society where so much is made of human rights and freedom, our citizens are obligated to go out of their way in giving effect to the First Amendment: the freedoms of religion, speech, and press; the right of assembly and the privilege of addressing grievances to the seats of government.

A good share of this can be accomplished by creating and maintaining open and free forums in our society for almost uninhibited discussion and debate.

In the United States, the university must be, and easily can be, such a forum. Inhabited by people dedicated to the pursuit of knowledge and understanding, the university is in a position both by inclination and resources to explore all issues and all sides of an issue, even to the point of considering items that seem trivial and insignificant. Currently the range of issues in vogue on college campuses goes about like this: in social matters — premarital sex, the use of contraceptives, the equality of the sexes, how far to go on a date, the authority role of parents, creating youngsters in the image of their parents, whites dating and marrying Negro students, students living in apartments rather than in school dormitories, when will all this paternalism end, censorship of movies and reading materials, drinking habits, and
living with non-cooperative roommates; in educational matters — size of classes, teaching as compared to research, the life and involvements of a teacher, the paternalism of university administrations, pressures on universities by parents that make the university paternalistic, behaviorism, professors' salaries, the value of teachers spending time outside of the classroom with students, being an activist compared to being a student, the value of getting good grades, politics or political science, preaching or theology, the nature of testing programs, and cheating; in theological matters — is there a God? what kind of a God is He? what about revelation? the Holy Scriptures? inspiration? why some religions over other religions? what difference does a faith in God make to a world that is getting out of hand? does the Christian God want us in Vietnam? is God a pacifist or a militarist, a Republican or a Democrat? is it the job of the university to teach or preach? how does one justify and/or explain a chapel as the center and focus of a university education? does the significant role of a chapel program make the university any the less an intellectual enterprise?

On the average campus, these issues and questions tend to be debated and discussed under the sponsorship of many different kinds of clubs and organizations such as the Human Relations Society, the Young Republicans, the Young Democrats, International Relations Clubs, SCOPE, SNCC, Circle K, and Social Relations clubs among many others. The headlines of a college paper (The well-edited and dynamic Torch, printed by the students of Valparaiso University) show how these issues trail themselves out into the actual involvements: Greek Responsibility, Freshman Orientation Program, President Asks Students To Re-evaluate Social Mores, Feel Nature in Chinese Art, Use Anglican Liturgy in Chapel, The Delusion of U.S. Policy, Freshmen Have More Go, VU'ers Donate $357 To Fast For Freedom, Renowned Yale Theology Prof To Speak In Chapel, Senate Revises Election Procedure, US Soldiers Need Morale Boost, and Prisoners Present Play. On the Valparaiso University campus, the professors tend to get into the act as the following Torch items indicate: "Alienation and Modern Man, a discussion of John Updike's Rabbit Run, will be held Saturday night, 8:00, in the Union Rooms A-B. Panelists are Prof. Normand Wieder and Miss Elsbeth Loepert." "If Valpo's fraternities cannot approach solutions to their problems from within, decisions will be imposed from without," Dean Hannewald warned a meeting of all fraternity men last Monday night. "On Wed., Dec. 8, 8:15, at the Union, there will be a SCOPE discussion on Another Country. The discussion leaders are Prof. Philip Raisor, Prof. Thomas Droge, and Don Jones." Whereupon another prof will get into the act, and into print, by saying that this book is "lousy" and that book is "filthy." Or someone will be getting letters from concerned constituents. And the book store never knows what to buy and what not to buy.

This is about the way the ball bounces on the average college campus. For sheer drama, nothing, absolutely nothing, matches it — not even the Green Bay Packers, the Chicago Black Hawks, and (we mention this with some hesitation) not even the Chicago White Sox. There is really no sense in reading and writing novels when this kind of activity beats the drums of life all about and around you. The sheer pleasures and frustrations of teaching are the greatest gifts that can be bestowed on any man or woman.

But to return to the original point: a democratic society must guarantee the prerogatives of such an open forum, the university, where competent persons must endure the nincompoops in open debate without any person being threatened with loss of job, name, prestige, and status. Where else will the young man and woman learn so much so fast about the brokerage of interests and value systems that constitute our contemporary democratic society?

The health of American society demands this kind of open and free debate. In this the universities must be protected.

We Quote

"The longer I live, the more I come to respect other men's opinions. For I have noticed, Sir, that when the joiner wishes to make a perfect joint, he has to plane a little from both boards. Let each of us be willing to give up some of his own cherished opinions for the good of the whole. For, gentlemen, what we need in these debates is light, not heat." (Benjamin Franklin)

"If there is any principle of the Constitution that more imperatively calls for attachment than any other, it is the principle of free thought — not free thought for those that agree with us, but freedom for the thought we hate." (Oliver Wendell Holmes, Supreme Court Justice)

"Every revolution contains a utopian element that inspires its makers and is indispensable to its success. The leaders of the English, American, and French revolutions in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries looked upon democracy, not as a beginning, but as an end — the culmination of man's age-long struggles for freedom." (William Ebenstein)

"People who do the same things will easily think the same thought, and the pace of standardization of work, play, and, above all, prefabricated opinion (press and radio) has been constantly accelerating in the last hundred years. Because the pressure of industrial society is for greater uniformity, the mere example of non-conformity, 'the mere refusal to bend the knee to custom,' is in itself a service to the cause of liberty." (William Ebenstein)
An exchange student from a university in the United States ought to feel right at home attending a university in Japan, for almost all of the problems facing American universities and their students are being experienced by those in Japan. My source of information for this statement comes from the Kwansei Gakuin Times, a student newspaper published by the English Speaking Society of Kwansei Gakuin University, a private university founded 75 years ago by American missionaries.

The KG students, backed by a national student federation, the Zengakuren Assembly, are protesting the U.S. involvement in Viet Nam. In the last issue of the K.G. Times, the political societies on campus were making plans for protest marches. One of their problems, also echoed by U.S. students, is that they find the great majority of the student body apathetic to the protest movement.

KGU has the same problem of expanding enrollment and insufficient facilities experienced by colleges in the U.S. A total of 4,614 students were admitted to KGU, of whom only 698 were women, and this represented an acceptance of only 20% of the applicants. Housing kept the admissions down. Dormitories are few and qualifications for housing are strict, so it may be that many who were turned down didn't meet the housing requirement which says that "the student must be healthy in body and mind, and to be a new man whom it takes at least three hours to go to school from his home and has necessary money." Drinking and playing mahjong are forbidden in KGU dormitories.

To meet the demands for new facilities and higher salaries, the KGU administration raised tuition. In a protest, however, students boycotted classes on November 22, but were not successful in getting tuition reduced. The student slogan for the boycott was "Don't destroy the equal opportunity of education and our economic." A little inscrutable that. Also sounding familiar is the announcement that the school has formed a Kwansei Gakuin Supporters' Association, composed of "many notable persons in financial circles in the Kansai district," whose goal is 750 million yen.

Like their counterparts in the U.S., the KGU students are not cheering sufficiently at athletic contests to satisfy the athletic clubs. There is a club named the KGU Cheering Section composed of 100 members, who "wear school uniforms and white gloves" and whose "most important duty is to make the greatest effort in encouraging the players and to attract the attention of thousands of onlookers by their polished and beautiful forms." A member of the KGU baseball team thought the Cheering Section helped and then went on to say, "If we have more rooting by the general student group, more fight will spring in our breasts. And I hope the members of the Cheering Society should be more fearless but not haughty. In addition to more aggressiveness, they need more humor."

Crowded on the present campus, the KGU has just purchased 400,000 isubo of land about 20 minutes away. Eventually this area will be developed as a campus, but right now a good part of it is being developed into a golf course. The purpose of the golf course is "to cultivate mutual friendship among profs, alumni, and students and to enrich KGU finances."

The Japanese have long played golf, but bowling, which was introduced by U.S. troops, has just hit the campus. According to the Times, the reason for the popularity of bowling is "the challenge and the exhilaration that come from throwing down ten pins at the same time with one ball."

Another problem at KGU is the amount of cheating on examinations. After asking students why they cheated, the reporter concluded, "... their mind is occupied by the way of thinking which is good for them to win a victory by fair means or foul, even if it is falsehood and deception." Another reporter on the same subject has a low opinion of the U.S. for he writes, "American people have no sense of cheating. The U.S.A. is, in fact, not a Christian country and many people are non-Christians. American children are taught in a church that a man of much wrong-doing is surely punished by God. Though they become non-Christians later, they believe this doctrine right."

But things may be picking up at KGU, for the new president of the student body sounds like a comer. His victory in the election was not too significant, however, since it turns out he was the only candidate. The new president, Mr. Kinoshita said he "wished to explain his personal motives for declining his candidature. He wanted to test his ability and discover his possibilities. He would like to observe his own character as an element of a big organization as he participates in its activities. Being elected he must behave with responsibility."

With Mr. Takeshi Kinoshita leading them, the students of KGU should go far in the coming year. Perhaps Mr. Kinoshita could also explain how I ever got on their mailing list.
The Mask Maker

By Kido Okamoto
Translated By Kiyoshi Hasegawa

The famous eighteenth-century Japanese playwright Chikamatsu said, "Art is something which lies in the slender margin between the real and the unreal." The art of the kabuki occupies this marginal territory, removed at some distance chronologically, geographically, and psychologically from the art of the realistic Western play. The kabuki theater fuses many elements: a stylized movement of actors, reflecting historically the influence of a highly developed puppet theater, a traditional declamatory delivery of dialogue, gorgeous spectacle of several kinds, story, music, and dancing. It has sometimes been compared to grand opera, but such a comparison can only suggest an artistic synthesis of ingredients, not the spirit or impression. As in opera, however, the story is only one component, and the reader of a kabuki play can best enjoy it by imaginatively recreating the sights and sounds of the Japanese theater, accepting the conventions of the exotic world of the kabuki, where everyday rationality and probability are suspended.

Through recent centuries this theater has developed its own literature, standard masterpieces being performed annually in the great kabuki theaters. New plays continue to be added to the repertoire. Shuzenji Monogatari, or "The Mask Maker," by Kido Okamoto is one of these modern additions. It was first performed in 1911, with the well-known actor Ichikawa Sadanji in the leading role. Because of the great success of the production, playwright Okamoto and actor Sadanji often worked together subsequently on the successful presentation of new kabuki plays.

CHARACTERS

Yashao ...........................................mask maker
Katsura)
Kaede ...........................................Yashao's daughters
Haruhiko ........................................Kaede's husband
Benza Kingo Yoriie ..........................shogun* in exile
Shimoda Goro Kageyasu .....................Yoriie's attendant
Kanakubo Hyoenojo Yukichika ............warrior
A Priest of Shuzenji Temple
Yukichika's men

Time: The first year of the Genkyu Period or the 13th Century

SHOGUN: a tycoon (in olden times), the title of the hereditary commander-in-chief in Japan
SCENE I

Yashao's cottage by the Katsura River in Shuzenji Village, Kano District, Izu Province.

A house thatched with straw. A few dancing masks are hung on the worn wall. There is an entrance in front with a dark blue noren (a short curtain of about one foot in length hung over an entrance without a door, usually cut into three parts). A hearth in the floor is seen upstage with a kettle of unglazed pottery on it. The entrance into the yard is a gate of bamboo. There is a big willow tree beyond the gate. Far away, mountains are seen, one peak after another.

Attached to the right side of the house is a work room with bamboo blinds on three sides. The elder sister Katsura, aged twenty, and her younger sister Kaede, eighteen, are sitting opposite each other on a straw mat laid under the hedge blooming with autumn flowers. They are beating paper with wooden mallets.

KATSURA: (Pausing in her work) Oh! my shoulders and arms seem to be all numb. We have been beating for more than an hour, haven't we? Isn't that enough for now?

KAEDE: But we have had holidays and didn't start to work till yesterday, so why not work harder to make up for the time lost?

KATSURA: If you wish, I won't stop you. Father and Haruhiko will praise you. But I'm tired now, so tired! (Lays aside the wooden mallet)

KAEDE: What's the matter with you lately? We've always worked together to live our poor life, and now you say you're sick and tired of it. Why have you changed so much?

KATSURA: Have I changed? (She laughs at her sister scornfully) Not a bit. I've never liked this job. If our father were in Kamakura, we would never live like this. But as he carves out masks only for art's sake, and does not look for fame, he lives in a cottage here in Izu. We are also forced to live with him and we cannot help being this way. But I don't want to spend all my life out here in the country. Take this Shuzenji paper we are making, for example. It is made by a humble woman, and yet when it comes out on the market and is sold, a noble person may touch it because it is beautiful. You know this is also the case with a girl. Even though a girl is of humble birth, a prince may call her before him if only she's very beautiful. What's the use if I learn to beat paper well? Who can blame me because I'm tired of it.

KAEDE: You're always talking like this, but you know everyone has his lot in life. You are always waiting for a lucky chance as unreal as a dream and all you get from this waiting is frustration. I'm so worried what will become of you, dear.

KATSURA: You and I are so different. You are only eighteen years old but are already married to Haruhiko. I'm still single at twenty. This is because I don't want to live in a straw-roofed house like this all my life. I don't expect you to understand me, for you are married to a dedicated artisan and are satisfied with yourself. (Haruhiko, Kaede's husband, about twenty, comes out of the house)

HARUHIKO: Katsura, you just said only "a dedicated artisan." Among the many arts, mask-making is not such a humble one I believe. It goes without saying that it was Prince Shotoku who made a dancing mask for the first time in Japan. Then Lord Fujiwara Tankai and then Saint Kobo, and Kura-be-no-Kasuga. Don't you know mask-making is an art with a noble history? It has descended from such noble personages!

KATSURA: That doesn't mean the work itself is noble. Those people like Prince Shotoku and Lord Tankai were noblemen. They didn't make masks for a living, you know!

HARUHIKO: So you think the work is low when done for a living? Isn't that strange? If I should make a mask which would be a rare masterpiece, maybe tomorrow, and get world-wide fame as the best mask maker, would you still look down on me as a "dedicated artisan?"

KATSURA: Why not? A craftsman is a craftsman and nothing else, even if he is a number-one mask maker. You can not confuse him with lords and knights, can you?

HARUHIKO: Are lords and knights so noble? Are craftsmen so low?

KATSURA: Don't you dwell on it so! It's a matter of fact, isn't it? (Katsura looks aside and does not listen to Haruhiko. Haruhiko steps forward toward her, angry. Kaede, surprised, comes between them)
KAEBE: Oh, no dear! You know it's her temperament to stick to whatever she has started to say. It's simply no use to argue with her. Stop quarrelling, for heaven's sake!

HARUHIKO: Because I know it is her temperament, I've always put up with her. But this is too much! It's only because she's my elder sister-in-law that I've always treated her as my superior. And yet she takes advantage of my treatment. She even looks down on me, much to my disgust. I'll stop calling her my elder sister if she continues to insult me so.

KATSURA: Stop it, if you so wish. I won't mind, ha! What good is it to boast I have a brother-in-law who's a craftsman!

HARUHIKO: For goodness sake, stop mumbling!

(Haruhiko steps forward. Kaede stops him, frightened. At this moment their father calls from the work-room)

YASHAO: Stop it all of you! What on earth are you quarrelling about?

(At this, Haruhiko steps back. Kaede stands and rolls up the blind. This shows Yashao of Izu, aged over fifty, working on a scraped wooden mask with a chisel and hammer. He is dressed in eboshi, tsutse-sode and ko-bakama, a traditional Japanese costume. Chips of wood are scattered about him)

HARUHIKO: I'm sorry, sir. Please excuse us for quarrelling about trifles and disturbing you.

KAEBE: It's all my fault! I told her this and that, forgetting I was the younger. This is the only cause. Please don't scold Haruhiko or Katsura, Father.

YASHAO: Why should I, dear? A quarrel between sisters is no rare thing. It's nothing to get upset about. By the way, it's getting dark, and the evening wind is chilling me. Now, go into the house, both of you, and prepare the evening meal and light the lamps.

THE TWO SISTERS: Yes, Father.

(Katsura and Kaede stand up and walk into the rear part of the house)

YASHAO: Now, Haruhiko. Katsura is very proud, and so different from her sister. I know it isn't pleasant living with her in the same house day in and day out. But for my sake, try to overlook whatever she does. Her mother once worked for court nobles in Kyoto. In time she married me and we came to this province to live. But because of her birth she was always a proud woman. As long as she lived she felt she had wasted her life living with a dedicated craftsman. Both of my daughters are born of this same mother and yet they are entirely different. Katsura with her proud temperament resembles her mother. Kaede takes after me and has a craftsman's mind. Their mother loved Katsura more than she did Kaede, and I loved Kaede more than Katsura. We used to quarrel over our children. (Laughs)

HARUHIKO: I can see now why Katsura always looks down upon a craftsman as low class and why she declares she would never marry anyone except a famous nobleman or a warrior. That's her mother's blood in her. True enough! Blood is a strange thing, isn't it?

YASHAO: So, don't be angry with her, whatever she says. She can't help being proud. Yes, it's her mother's heritage.

(The evening bell tolls. Kaede comes out of the entrance in the center with a lantern in her hand)

HARUHIKO: Oh! I just remembered! I have to go to the town of Ohito to pick up a chisel and a knife I ordered.

KAEBE: It's dark now. Why don't you go tomorrow?

HARUHIKO: Oh, no, dear. Tools are most necessary for a craftsman. I'll get them as soon as possible.

YASHAO: Yes, a craftsman should feel that way. Go now, my son, before it gets too late.

HARUHIKO: I'll be back in an hour or so. I know the way very well and won't be troubled by the darkness.
Haruhiko goes out. Kaede sees him off at the gate. The priest at Shuzenji Temple enters with a light in his hand. After him comes Lord Minamoto Yoriie, aged 23, with Shimoda Goro Kageyasu, aged 17 or 18, following him with Yoriie's sword in his hand.

PRIEST: Be careful. The General comes in person secretly. Don't be rude or impolite.

(Kaede prostrates herself. Yoriie and his men enter through the gate. Yashao goes out to meet them)

YASHAO: My lord, as we weren't expecting you we have nothing of entertainment to offer. But anyway please do come in.

(Yoriie sits on the veranda)

YASHAO: And, how may I be of service to you, sir?

YORIIE: You can probably guess, without asking. I called on you some time ago because I wanted to leave my likeness behind me after my death. I told you to make a mask which looks like me. I even gave you my portrait, didn't I? But you haven't completed the work yet, after so many days. What's happened? After so many petitions for the completion, you still haven't made it?

GORO: It's only a mask. You surely don't need a hundred days, no matter how perfect you want it to be. He ordered this mask the first time early this spring, and now half a year has passed. You must have been neglecting your work. His Lordship is very angry with you and won't let you have any more time.

YORIIE: I am short-tempered by nature. The matter remains unsettled though I have waited and waited. So I have come in person to hurry you up as I didn't want to send anyone else. Why have you failed to make it? Tell me! Tell me, now!

YASHAO: I am sorry your Lordship is angry. I appreciate the honor of carving your likeness into a mask, since you are the General and the head of the Genjis. It is truly an honor to my art and to myself. Though half a year has already passed and I have been carving day after day and night after night with all my heart and ability, I could make nothing to my satisfaction. I have asked you for these postponements only in order to make the mask over and over again. Please excuse me and understand my position.

YORIIE: No! You are only saying the same thing each time I try to hurry you. You cannot please him this time by simply saying you want more time. Now decide when you will finish the mask and apologize to him.

YASHAO: I don't know sir. Do you think a craftsman can make a mask just by holding a chisel in his right hand and a hammer in his left? The work is very different from that of a carpenter, who builds a house or constructs a tower, sir. A mask-maker makes a mask out of lifeless wood, carving into it a quality of soul, good or evil, bad or innocent, perhaps of a man, a woman, an angel, a demoness or a fiend. Only when all the energy in my body enters into my arms by itself do I feel in my soul that I can make a mask. But the time cannot be decided. Perhaps half a month later, a month later or a year or two years! Even I don't know for certain.

PRIEST: You see, Yashao, his Lordship is very short-tempered, as he himself says. If you cannot give a definite answer, His Lordship will become more and more angry. This order is an honor to your craftsmanship, you know. You might as well decide the date and tell him.

YASHAO: But... I don't know whether I can.

PRIEST: Nothing is so difficult that you can't make it easier. Among so many mask-makers the fame of Yashao of Izu reaches as far as Kyoto and Kamakura.

YASHAO: That's why I can't make it so easily. The name, Yashao of Izu, is somewhat known. No matter how severely punished I may be, I will surely regret it if I complete a mask that is not entirely to my satisfaction.

YORIIE: Regret it? Why? You say you can't make it quickly no matter how severely I may punish you, ha?

YASHAO: I am sorry sir, but I can't help it.
YORIIE: I see! Prepare to die!

(Yoriie, who has grown very angry, is about to draw the sword which Goro is carrying. Katsura runs out of the house.)

KATSURA: Wait a moment, my Lord, I pray you.

YORIIE: Get out of my way!

KATSURA: Please calm yourself, my Lord. We'll give you the mask now. Won't we, Father?

(Yashao makes no answer)

GORO: What? You have made the mask already?

YORIIE: You wretch! Are you trying to deceive me by telling me such nonsense?

KATSURA: No, my Lord, it is not a lie. The mask has been made already. Father, you know we have no choice now.

KAede: Indeed, we have no choice. Why don't you give him the mask you finished yesterday?

PRIEST: That's just what you'll do, won't you! You're just an ordinary man, you know. You'll want your life as well as your fame. If you have a mask made, I think it better to beg his Lordship pardon by giving it to him at once.

YASHAO: It's none of your affair whether I need life or fame. Mind your own business!

PRIEST: But I cannot bear to see this and say nothing. Now, dear girl, get the mask to his Lordship and let him look at it anyway. Now! Now!

KAede: Yes, certainly!

(Kaede runs into the work-room and comes out with a box containing a wooden mask. Katsura takes it from her sister and places it respectfully before Yoriie. Yoriie looks at her face without a word and seems to relax a little)

KATSURA: Please look at it, my Lord. I was not deceiving you, sir.

(Yoriie takes up the mask and looks at it attentively. Then, he lets out a sudden cry of admiration)

YORIIE: It's a wonderful piece of work! You've made it beautifully!

GORO: It resembles Your Lordship exactly!

YORIIE: Hmmn. (He stares at it, without seeming to tire)

PRIEST: You see, I was right! You had this already made and yet were unwilling to show it — aren't you a stubborn man? (Laughs)

YASHAO: (Straightens himself) That mask is not made to my satisfaction. I had made up my mind to show it to no one. But as it is, I cannot help it now. What do you think of the mask, your Lordship?

YORIIE: Your work deserves your fame, Yashao of Izu. You have done it so marvellously. I am quite satisfied.

YASHAO: I am afraid, sir, you are mistaken to praise it as marvellous. The mask is the worst I've ever made. Just look at it carefully, sir. You'll find it is a death mask.

GORO: What do you mean? It's a death mask?

YASHAO: They say most masks I have made are entirely life-like, and I must admit I agree. But strangely enough, the mask I've made for you is quite different. I could not manage to bring life into it by any means. It is the face of a dead man, without a soul. This cannot be the mask of a living person.

GORO: Say what you will, but it looks like the mask of a living man. We can see nothing wrong with it.

YASHAO: Yes, sir. I've looked at it again and again, and it is not the face of a living person. And
more than that, the mask bears a look of lasting regret in its eyes. It appears to curse someone like a
ghost might do.

PRIEST: Oh, no. You shouldn't say anything so ominous. If his Lordship likes the mask, it is all
very well. Thank him now.

YORIIE: I am pleased with this mask. I'll take it with me.

YASHAO: If you wish so much to take it —

YORIIE: Yes, I do. Well?

(Yoriie strokes his chin. Katsura understands him and puts the mask into the box. She places it be-
fore Yoriie with a bit of coquetry in her eyes. Yoriie watches her face attentively)

YORIIE: And I have another thing to ask of you. I want this girl to serve in my home. Will you not
allow her to come with me?

YASHAO: It is very kind of you to ask, sir, but this is for her to decide. I cannot answer for her.

(Katsura comes forward without hesitation)

KATSURA: Father, I want to go and serve him.

YORIIE: You're such a nice-looking girl! So you want to be my servant, eh?

KATSURA: Yes, your Lordship.

YORIIE: Then follow me with the mask right away.

KATSURA: Certainly, your Lordship.

(Yoriie stands up. Goro stands up. Katsura also stands and follows after them. Kaede pulls her by
the sleeve and whispers apprehensively.)

KADE: Katsura, are you really going...?

KATSURA: You said a little while ago that my hopes were unreal dreams. But now those dreams
have come true!

(Katsura looks back proudly and steps down to the garden)

PRIEST: Well, well. I am so relieved at this. Yashao, I'll see you tomorrow.

(On the way, Yoriie stumbles over something. Katsura runs to him and takes his hand)

YORIIE: Oh, I didn't realize it had become dark already!

(Priest steps forward and hands a lantern to Katsura. Katsura hands him the box with the mask.
She walks out of the gate with a lantern in one hand and Yoriie's hand in the other. Yashao is deep in
thought)

KADE: Father, shall we not bid them farewell?

(Yashao, startled, walks to the gate with her and sees them off)

GORO: You shall hear from his Lordship about the payment later.

(Yoriie and the others go out of the gate one after another. Yashao stands up and remains silent a
moment. Suddenly he steps onto the veranda and takes a hammer from the workroom, and takes all
the masks off the wall and is about to break them into pieces. Kaede, surprised, clings to his arm)

KADE: What are you doing, Father? Are you mad?

YASHAO: There was nothing I could do! I was forced to let him take the mask. Never should I let
anyone take a mask so badly made. A mask like that given to the General could be kept forever with
the craftsman's name on it! I will be laughed at even after a hundred, or a thousand years, and it will
bring shame on me and my descendants. The name of Yashao of Izu has been ruined because of this.
I shall stop carving right now, and never hold a chisel in my hand again.

KADE: Father! Any craftsman can do a bad job as well as a good one! It depends upon the cir-
cumstances. If he makes a masterpiece only once in his life, he may gain fame as a master craftsman!
YASHAO: Hmmn...

KAEDE: If you regret having created such a bad work of art, why don’t you work harder and regain your fame by making a masterpiece, something to amaze and delight the entire nation?

(Kaede clings to him, sobbing. Yashao makes no answer, but only shuts his eyes, deep in thought. A flute is heard far away in the darkness)

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SCENE II

One end of Kokei Bridge over the river Katsura. There are willow trees along the river, stretching their branches in wild profusion. Also growing along the river are pampas grass and reed. Across the river is the gate of the Shuzenji Temple. It is night of the same day.

(Shimoda Goro comes holding Yoriie’s sword; the priest follows with the box containing the mask)

GORO: His Lordship wanted us to go ahead of him as he wanted to walk along the banks of the river with fair Katsura. But we are now very near his home at Shuzenji Temple. Let’s wait here on the bridge for him.

PRIEST: No, I don’t think that’s a good idea. He has found a beautiful companion in Katsura and wants to walk alone with her. Wouldn’t it be annoying to him if we hung around and got in the way?

GORO: It would, indeed. (Yet he seems uneasy and stands still)

PRIEST: My special duty is to attend my Lord when he takes a bath. So I must go now and get things ready.

GORO: But the bath water comes from a natural hot spring, doesn’t it? You won’t have to hurry so. Let’s wait a while.

PRIEST: It’s not like you to be so inconsiderate! We don’t want any priest or warrior to come between a young man and woman talking intimately. (Laughs) Come on, let’s go!

(The priest pulls him by the sleeve. Goro, against his will, is drawn across the bridge. The moon comes out. Katsura, with a lantern, comes hand-in-hand with Yoriie)

YORIIE: Look, the moon is coming out! When we walk along the river at night, the murmuring of the water and the chirping of the insects among pampas grass and reed bring a consolation to my mind. It’s so beautiful, autumn in the country.

KATSURA: I don’t feel it as keenly as you do, for I have lived here for a long time. Autumn in a countryside like Izu is lonely, quite different from nights with the stars or the moon above the Kamakura mountains.

(Yoriie sits on a stone by the river side. Katsura stands with a lantern in her hand, leaning against the railing of the bridge. The moon is bright and the chirping of insects is heard)

YORIIE: Kamakura is the capital of the whole nation. The houses and palaces of lords and knights compete with one another for grandeur. But this is only an external beauty. In reality, it is a city of terrible crime and a nest for devils. It is not a place for human beings to live in. I don’t feel like going back to Kamakura, even in my dreams! (Looking up at the moon)

KATSURA: You would be the shogun, the very chief of the nation, if you were reigning at Kamakura now. You would not be expected to allow a woman born in the country to serve even as your maid servant. But I am lucky enough to be allowed to serve you, because you were unlucky. In March of this year you saw me for the first time up the river Katsura, when I was returning from the shrine in the cavern.

YORIIE: Yes, I remember. When I asked your name, you said it was the same as the river’s, Katsuura, didn’t you?

KATSURA: That’s not all, my Lord. I told you that there are two Katsuras, or laurels, standing over the cave. From the roots of the two trees a spring flows down into the precincts of Shuzenji, and the river is called Katsura. I said at the time that for many years people have called the trees a husband and a wife. Remember what you said then?
YORIIE: Now I remember what I said, though only in fun. Even the trees can become husband and wife, even so a man and a woman are destined to be mates.

KATSURA: You may have said it only for fun, but I was made so happy by what you said that I went to pray at the cave once a day for a hundred days and told no one about it. I prayed my wish might come true, and now the pair of trees has granted me this favor. The stream of my life, running toward no one knows where, has come to join yours. I was very fortunate to be taken away with you this evening.

YORIIE: Are you so glad to be near me — I, who am such an unfortunate warrior? I think you know this already: I once had a beloved called Wakasa, a daughter of Yoshikazu Hiki. The poor girl died when her father was defeated in war. You are hence my second love. You may also use the name Wakasa, if you wish.

KATSURA: Oh, may I call myself Wakasa, my Lord. Thank you, thank you!

YORIIE: Where hot springs bubble from the earth, love springs up too. Though I lost my love, I have a new one now, and the wound in my heart has been healed. I want to lead a quiet life with you out here, forgetting my lusts and desires of the past. But you know, even the moon is sometimes obscured by clouds. I might not attain my wish. So, if I happen to die, keep the mask your father has just made as a memento. My uncle was killed, although he was innocent, and later buried in Shuzen-ji. I may follow his fate sooner or later.

(The moon is hidden by the clouds, leaving the night pitch dark. Two men in armor enter upstage looking around. They sit on the grass. The insects suddenly stop chirping.)

KATSURA: Why did the insects around here stop their noises so suddenly?

YORIIE: Someone might have come. Take care!

(YUKICHKA, with composer, looks back at Katsura quietly)

KATSURA: Who is the lady here?

YORIIE: She is my maid-servant.

YUKICHKA: You are now residing in the country. How can you keep such a humble girl of doubtful origin near you?

(YUKICHKA, with composer, looks back at Katsura quietly)

KATSURA: Oh, it’s your Lordship!

YORIIE: Who are you?

(KTSURA holds the lantern out. Yoriiie looks at the stranger)

YUKICHKA: It is Kanakubo Yukichika.

YORIIE: Oh, yes. Hyoe! What are you doing here so far from Kamakura?

YUKICHKA: I come as a messenger from Lord Hojo.

YORIIE: What? You, a messenger from Hojo? I would guess you are here to take my life.

YUKICHKA: Oh! No, my Lord! What nonsense! I came to greet you, sir. Nothing more than that.

YORIIE: Don’t lie to me, Hyoe. You come her in the night in full armor. For what reason other than to kill me and at Hojo’s personal order!

YUKICHKA: Though the world is now under Kamakura rule at last, the refugees of the Taira clan are still around. I heard that robbers were on the prowl on the mountain roads west of Hakone. That’s why I came here so heavily clad. I only wanted to be prepared against the robbers. Would I dare to take your Lordship by surprise?

YORIIE: Whatever you say, I have no business with a messenger from Hojo. I won’t listen to his message. Begone!

(YUKICHKA, with composer, looks back at Katsura quietly)

YUKICHKA: Who is the lady here?

YORIIE: She is my maid-servant.

YUKICHKA: You are now residing in the country. How can you keep such a humble girl of doubtful origin near you?

(KATSURA, who cannot stand this, steps forward)
KATSURA: Are you a fortune-teller or mind-reader? If so, you made a mistake when you called me a woman of doubtful origin! You’ve just seen me for the first time, haven’t you? I was born in Kyoto of a woman who had once served at the court there. Moreover, I am now serving the General and am called Lady Wakasa. It does not become a Kamakura knight to call me names. You know how to behave, don’t you?

(Yukichika, being ridiculed, frowns)

YUKICHIGA: What? Lady Wakasa? And who allowed you that name?

YORIIE: I did!

YUKICHIGA: Without even consulting with Lord Hojo!

YORIIE: Who’s Hojo? You are always saying “Hojo.” Is the Hojo family so noble? Both Tokimasa and Yoshitoki are my followers, aren’t they?

YUKICHIGA: But the Reverend Masako Hojo is your mother, isn’t she?

YORIIE: Hold your tongue! I don’t want to listen to you. Go, go away at once.

YUKICHIGA: I can tell you nothing since you are so angry with me. I am going as you told me to. I will give you the message tomorrow when I see you again.

YORIIE: No, thanks! I don’t want to see any more of you. Wakasa, come with me!

(Yoriie stands up and takes Katsura by the hand. They cross the bridge together and go away. Yukichika looks after them. The armed men come out of the undergrowth)

SOLDIER A: You did not signal us, sir, while we were in hiding.

SOLDIER B: We wasted all that time with no chance to kill him.

YUKICHIGA: We came tonight secretly to get near enough to him to kill his Lordship by the command of Lord Hojo. But his Lordship saw through our excuse and did not give us a chance. What a clever man he is! All we can do now to accomplish our aim is to attack him at his palace in Shuzenji. Using many soldiers, we will break in on him! His Lordship is a good fighter in a sudden attack. Then, too, he has some very brave warriors with him. Be careful, and do not underestimate them because of their small number or we’ll surely lose. The temple grounds are small and it’s a dark night. Don’t get lost or bring harm to your fellow men.

SOLDIERS: Yes, sir.

YUKICHIGA: One of you run down stream and give the men waiting there at the far end of the village my order to attack his Lordship at once.

SOLDIER A: Certainly, sir.

(One exits to the left of the stage. The other follows Yoriie as he goes off to the right. Haruhiko appears from behind a tree, looking around)

HARUHIKO: I wondered when I saw armed soldiers on my way from Oohito. They were gathering here and there by five or ten and stopping passersby to question them. They must be preparing to kill my Lord at the command of Hojo. Oh! my God!

(Here and there the sudden flapping of wings of startled birds. Shimoda Goro appears, crossing the bridge)

GORO: There seems to be something quite unusual afoot tonight. Those strange noises and rustlings, quite foreign to our lonely village. I think I’ll look around the river and make sure nothing’s wrong.

HARUHIKO: Oh, it’s you, sir!

GORO: Haruhiko!

(Haruhiko comes up to him and whispers something into his ear)

GORO: What? Kanakubo is here ... ? My Lord ... ? Are you sure of it? Hmmn!
(Goro is about to retreat in haste, when a soldier appears on the bridge with a drawn sword and attacks him without a word. Goro draws his and kills the soldier on the spot. Several others run out from both sides and surround Goro)

GORO: Haruhiko, I’ll take care of them. You must hurry to his Lordship and warn him!

HARUHIKO: Yes, sir.

(Haruhiko goes off across the bridge, leaving Goro to fight the enemy alone)

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SCENE III

Yashao’s lodging as described in Scene 1. Yashao stands at the gate and appears to be watching for something. Suddenly an alarm bell at the Shuzenji Temple is heard.

(Kaede runs in from right)

KAEDÉ: Father! A night attack!

YASHAO: Oh! Dear! You saw it?

KAEDÉ: I don’t know who are attacking Lord Yoriie. But there were at least a couple of hundred soldiers. They made a night attack on the palace at Shuzenji.

YASHAO: I was surprised at the sudden noise of men and horses. A night attack at Shuzenji! Are they refugees of the Taira clan? . . . or the forces from Kamakura? Isn’t it terrible!

KAEDÉ: What shall we do, Father? Unfortunately, Haruhiko is away.

YASHAO: There’s no use you and I making a fuss about it. We’ll just have to wait and see the outcome. In case of danger we can flee together. You know it’s none of our business whether the Minamoto clan or the Hojos win the battle.

KAEDÉ: But what will become of Katsura during such an attack? If she fails to escape and is hurt . . .

YASHAO: It’s a matter of luck. When it comes, it comes. She may be ready for her fate.

(The temple bells are heard along with the battle cries of the attacking party. Kaede stands up and sits down, then stands up and sits down again. She looks worried, going over to the gate several times. Haruhiko runs on stage from the left)

KAEDÉ: Oh! You have come back, dear! We’ve been waiting for you.

HARUHIKO: The attacking party is from Lord Hojo in Kamakura. While I was hiding behind a tree I happened to hear them talking about their plans to attack in the night. I ran at once to the temple to tell my Lord about it, but there the gates were already surrounded by the soldiers. I couldn’t get in. I had to come back . . . much against my wishes.

KAEDÉ: Did you hear anything about Katsura? Is she safe?

HARUHIKO: There’s no knowing about the safety of his Lordship, much less Katsura’s! His attendants, in spite of their small number, are now fighting against the enemy.

YASHAO: It’s already clear who will win, a small party fighting against such heavy odds! The attendants are not devils nor Gods, you know! It is his Lordship’s fate not to escape. His uncle . . . and now his Lordship . . . whatever may be the cause . . . the earth at Shuzenji Temple absorbs the blood of the Genji clan.

(The temple bell tolls fiercely. Haruhiko and his wife look out again)

KAEDÉ: What an awful thumping noise the soldiers make! And that terrible clanging of their swords!

HARUHIKO: They are coming nearer.

(Katsura, injured, runs out in a man’s robe. She is wearing Yorrie’s mask on her face, with her hair hanging over the mask and is holding a halberd in her hand. She falls at the gate)

HARUHIKO: Look! Someone’s fallen at the gate!
(The young couple run toward her and help her to her feet. They take her into the garden. Katsura falls again)

HARUHIKO: You are not injured seriously. Pray keep up your spirits, sir!

KATSURA: (With heavy breath) Ah, Kaede... Haruhiko... Where's father?

YASHAO: What? Who?

(Yashao, wondering, comes up to her. Katsura raises her head as the mask falls to the ground. All are startled)

HARUHIKO: Why, it's you! It's not a soldier!

YASHAO: Oh, God! Katsura!

KAede: Katsura!

HARUHIKO: What's happened to you, Katsura?

KATSURA: My Lord was taking a bath, when the Kamakura forces attacked suddenly. We were small in number, but fought desperately. I am just a woman, but at once I decided to die in his place wearing this mask, as my first and last service to him. Luckily the moon was not shining too brightly. I took this halberd and stepped out into the garden. I called to them, “Sakingo Yorie is here.” and ran from the temple. The swarming enemies thought I was the real general in darkness and ran, after me.

YASHAO: So you took his place by deceiving the enemy with this mask and fought your way down here.

(Yashao takes up the blood stained mask and gazes at it.)

HARUHIKO: Even we were deceived by the mask and took you for a warrior. It's only natural the enemy was deceived.

KAede: But, my dear! How terrible you look! Oh, do not die, Katsura.

(She clings to Katsura, and weeps)

KATSURA: Dear, I have no regrets, if I die. It's no good if I cling to life for a hundred or even a thousand years if it has to be in a miserable hut! My wish for a noble life has been realized now that I have been able to serve the General and be called Lady Wakasa, even though only a little while. I am satisfied with myself, should I die now.

(Her voice fades away while speaking: the young couple make her comfortable. Yashao sits silently looking at the mask. The priest of Shuzenji, who is already familiar to the audience, runs on stage, with his robe over his head)

PRIEST: Heavens! Heavens! Shelter me, for heaven's sake! Hide me please!

(He runs into the garden, looks at Katsura and gives a sudden cry)

PRIEST: Here's another injured person! Katsura, you too?

KATSURA: And what's happened to my Lord?

PRIEST: I'm sorry to say he has met his end.

KATSURA: What? (Rises and stares at the priest)

PRIEST: Not only his Lordship, but almost all his retainers were killed in the battle. I ran for my life, that I might not be killed along with the rest.

HARUHIKO: So the mask didn't work...

KATSURA: And after all my efforts, he is dead...

(Katsura, disappointed, falls again. Kaede clings to her and cries out)

KAede: Katsura, dear! Keep up your spirits. Father, she's dying.

(Yashao, who has been watching the mask attentively, turns to her finally)
YASHAO: I believe she must be satisfied to meet her death like this. I am satisfied, too.

KAEDÉ: What do you mean?

YASHAO: It was not because of my poor skill that the mask had the seal of death on it no matter how often I made it. Nor was it because I was a bad craftsman. I know now for the first time that his Lordship, the General, was destined to meet this fate after all. No one but God knows the fate of a man, but his fate was first revealed in my work. This is a mystery of nature, what they call "divinity in art." I am the very best of craftsmen. I am satisfied to say. (Laughs contentedly)

KATSURA: (Also laughs) I am also the very best of courtladies. I have nothing to regret at my death. I'll follow my Lord to heaven as soon as I can.

YASHAO: Dear daughter, I want to sketch your face to carve out a mask of a girl's face on the verge of death. Bear the pain and hold on a bit longer. Haruhiko, get me a brush and paper.

HARUHIKO: Yes, sir.

(Haruhiko runs into the work room and brings a brush and paper. Yashao takes up the brush)

YASHAO: Turn your face to me, my daughter.

KATSURA: Yes, Father.

(Katsura crawls to him with the help of Haruhiko & Kaede. Yashao begins to sketch her face. The priest mumbles a prayer)

— Curtain —

Note On The Mask Maker
The editors of The Cresset are pleased to feature The Mask Maker by Kido Okamoto. The translation is the work of Kiyoshi Hasegawa who teaches at Ochanomizu Women's University (Japan's Vassar). We wish to thank the translator and the family of the author (now deceased) for the privilege of publishing this remarkable Japanese play. We are also indebted to Dean Allen Tuttle of Valparaiso University for the explanatory introduction to the play.

Correction:
In the December (1965) issue of The Cresset, the editors omitted the caption to the large wood cut on page 21. The credit is as follows: Three Kings, 1917, Karl Schmidt — Rattluff. Woodcut on linden wood, printed in block. 9 9/16 x 15 3/8". The Museum of Modern Art, New York.

January 1966
The artist is a prestidigitator (I like this long old word) who takes advantage of his errors and of his faulty strokes to perform tricks with them. He never has more grace than when he makes a virtue of his own clumsiness. This excess of ink flowing capriciously in thin black rivulets, this insect’s promenade across a brand new sketch, this line deflected by a sudden jar, this drop of water diluting a contour—all these are the sudden invasion of the unexpected in a world where it has a right to its proper place, and where everything seems to be busy welcoming it. Henri Focillon

Nature does not run along the little thread on which reason would like to see it run. Hans Arp

Involved in the creation of every work of art are elements of chance and elements of reason. It is necessary to stress that the elements of chance—the intuitive, the spontaneous, the random, and the accidental—legitimately help to fashion a work of art. I say this because I suspect that often in a church commissioned work the intuitive elements are stifled too severely in favor of conscious reasoning and calculation.

The use of intuition and accident has been a focal point for the work of many of the artists of our century. At the outbreak of World War I a group of young poets and artists, the Dadaists, gathered regularly in the Cafe Voltaire in Zurich, Switzerland to protest the barbaric war conducted by so-called “civilization.” To them the war was nothing more than the prideful, bloody, senseless business of national real estate grabbing, elaborately rationalized. In fact, the realities of life itself seemed to them to be an equally senseless jumble of sensations and happenings. And man’s traditional explanations—rational, definitive statements and systems of thought—were also illusions and rationalizations serving merely to support arbitrary hierarchies of values and ways of acting. Logic became a lie.

To find expression for and better understanding of this irrational world the artist turned to the resources of spontaneity rising from his subconscious. “Only the subconscious does not lie, it alone is worth bringing to light.” As another rejection of traditional values abstraction in art was accepted.

Hans Arp (1887-) was a member of the Dada group. For him, however, the seemingly accidental was not a part of an ultimate chaos but rather, part of a larger order. In his art Arp implies this larger order by using compact, elementary forms suggesting “primary units of growth,” as in NAVELS, and organizes them intuitively, as if by chance, without mathematical calculation. The inner organic energy that seems about to flow out in PISTIL and the surprising interplay of the thrusting positive and negative shapes in SIAMESE LEAF synthesizes anew the sense of “becoming” or spontaneity with the sense of completeness or order. By not literally depicting a particular object in nature, the artist allows ambiguities of subject and scale to evoke the basic rhythms of nature itself.

To create intuitively is to create as nature does. Arp once wrote: “Art is a fruit growing out of a plant like the child out of the mother.” Again, underscoring the importance of chance Arp also wrote:

Chance opened up perceptions to me, immediate spiritual insights. Intuition led me to revere the law of chance as the highest and deepest of laws, and the law that rises from the fundament.”

January 1966
The Theatre

Theatre is a Matter of Magic

By WALTER SORELL

This past November a theatre conference took place at the Carnegie International Center in New York, a conference during which the more progressive forces in the theatre and some of the most brilliant minds coming from everywhere in the country spread gloom evenly through the long hours of the day. It was clearly established that there is a gap between Broadway and everyone else who is vitally interested in the theatre. That there is a young and even younger generation which, through their speaker Paul Gray, head of the drama department at Bennington College, demanded plays that would be like "collages of silent blows." Mr. Gray felt that we have no capacity for terror and amazement, that we suffer from speechlessness and paralytic motionlessness. (I don't quite know why, but he made me think of Antoine Artaud.) We were told that all the Foundation money and, with it, the power are now in the hands of the New Establishment, the new theatres outside New York, but including the subsidized Lincoln Center. The resident theatres were praised and so were their audiences which are responsive to good theatre in contrast to the Broadwayites. Although hardly any experimental work is done in these resident theatres, at least there is hope that one day it might be done. At least Brecht who always fails on Broadway is box office there. Off-Broadway has become too Broadwayish nowadays, but there is an off-off-Broadway theatre, really experimental in churches, lofts and coffee houses. One of the panelists underlined that one is so bored, so tired in the current theatre, and instead of talking and talking about it so much, he said, everyone should go and see Martha Graham.

I thought that this was not a bad idea at all. Her theatre is without words, but most of it is the experienced realization of the tragic and comic aspects of life presented in an inescapable way and through convincing theatrical means. While she and her dancers were seen for three weeks at the 54th Street Theatre, everything else on Broadway paled and faded as if caused by an electric power failure of mind and heart; it seemed to be mere make-believe of make-believe, a gesture and pose which can be recognized as such while Graham's gestures and poses are incisive statements of an artistic conscience. She has become the archetypal dancer-choreographer of America and presented a cross-section of her almost forty-year long accomplishments. Her entire approach is based on the notion that movement does not lie, that, on the contrary, it gives you away. Focused on her American background — her "Appalachian Spring" is a classic theatre piece — she has created a gallery of Biblical, historical and mythological portraits, from Judith and Saint Joan to Phaedra and Clytemnestra.

The best example with which to compare the Martha Graham theatre is Peter Shaffer's "The Royal Hunt of the Sun" — as it was shown at the ANTA Theatre since it contains dancing and pageantry almost throughout the first part of the play, while the only dramatic conflict is between the conquistador Pizarro and the sovereign of the Incas, Atahuallpa. Shaffer said that he wanted to create a play "involving not only words but also mimes, masks and magics..." Jean-Louis Barrault often created what he calls 'total theatre.' Unforgettable is his production of "Christophe Colombe" by Paul Claudel in which movement, music and drama were fused into a dramatic entity. But John Dexter's staging of "The Royal Hunt of the Sun" in which Shaffer tries to combine all elements of the theatre did not achieve the magic that is needed to make it come off.

Basically, the fault lies with the script which is full of imagery, but not poetic, which reaches for theatre effects that make no sense, which uses the crutch of a narrator and gets completely muddled when Spaniards and Incas meet and converse with the help of an interpreter who mimes and gestures while both Incas and Spaniards speak English, but both with different accents that neither sounded Spanish nor Indian. It sounded rather Greek to me and looked very ridiculous on stage. And so did the "choreography" with which the carnage of three thousand Indians was presented. And when the 'noble savage' who fell victim to his delusions and the greed of the Spaniards for gold moved like in a ritual dance, it looked even more ridiculous.

Stage movement is the director's and actor's business. Imagination and the poetic visualization of a dramatic theme is the writer's business. Martha Graham apparently can teach many of them many a lesson.
The Music Room

Mozart

By WALTER A. HANSEN

I have not heard or read about any special celebrations to be held this month in honor of the 210th anniversary of the birth of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. But this is neither here nor there. We can never be too grateful for a composer as great as this man was and still is. Anniversary or no anniversary, Mozart remains one of music's mighty prophets.

To me Mozart represents the acme of clarity and perspicacity. Although he spent less than 36 years in this world, the music he wrote is so consistently wonderful in every respect that I for one am invariably at a loss to describe it. In fact, I can do no more than record in my highly imperfect way some of the clear-cut convictions it calls forth and constantly renews in my mind.

Crystalline clarity can be deceptive. More than one person has told me that the music of Mozart is too simple in its warp and woof to be great in the true sense of the word. They either forget or have never realized that the characteristic simplicity and the straightforward quality of this giant's writing actually conceals vast skill.

What did Mozart have in mind when he composed his Jupiter Symphony or his Symphony in G Minor? Was he trying to give tonal expression to some of his emotional experiences when he wrote these masterworks? Was he attempting to tell stories in this music? Was it his purpose to create specific pictorial impressions when he wrote the Jupiter Symphony and the Symphony in G Minor? No. Of this I am sure. Mozart composed as the spirit of his transcendent genius impelled him to compose. He heard sheer tonal beauty in his mind. Then he put this beauty on paper with rapidity and skill that defy adequate description. Musicians who are really worth their salt know how exceedingly difficult it is to present Mozart's works in a manner that is completely in keeping with their intrinsic and abiding greatness. To my thinking, Mozart was one of the world's outstanding masters of the art that conceals art.

But this does not mean that Mozart never strove to evoke or transmit emotional experiences in his writing. His Requiem, one of the noblest masterpieces in the entire domain of music, abounds in evocative writing, and one finds numerous examples of a similar nature in his operas. Yet one should never attempt to classify this composer as a creator of what is known as program music. Furthermore, I am sure that he never had a didactic purpose in mind when he wrote. His music has much in common with the elemental simplicity one finds in the poems of Homer.

I have mentioned the Jupiter Symphony and the Symphony in G Minor because I recently restudied these works and discovered anew, as I have done on hundreds of other occasions, how much I still have to learn about them. Their extraordinary beauty is inexhaustible. The craftsmanship they exemplify is amazing. I could make the same statements about other symphonies from his pen, about his chamber music, about his concertos, about his operas, and about every work of his that I know. Those who have the effrontery to tell me that his music is easy to play or sing never fail to stir my bile. Although much of it may seem easy, no well-versed and conscientious musician will ever venture to approach it in a haphazard manner or with carelessness and nonchalance.

Mozart, like Schubert, was a great melodist. This was part of his remarkable ability as a composer. I have heard it said that melody meant just as much to Paul Hindemith, Arnold Schoenberg, Alban Berg, and other men as it ever mean to Mozart. Those who make this statement strive to rationalize their queer conclusion by calling Mozart's conception of melody something widely different. Indeed, it was different, and, thank goodness, it remains different. The bald fact of the matter is that Hindemith, Schoenberg, Berg, and many others never achieved genuine distinction as melodists. The longer I live, the more keenly I realize that melody clearly recognizable as such is one of the prime ingredients of all music that transcends the bounds of mediocrity, hack work, experimentalism, and artlessly expressed gobbledygook.

Many years ago a musician for whom I had much respect told me that one has no right to speak of Johann Sebastian Bach as a greater master of the art of contrapuntal writing than Mozart. At first I was dubious. But my disbelief has long since been a thing of the past. I no longer speak of the one composer as being greater than or inferior to the other; for I regard Bach and Mozart as equally great, even though I know that in some respects they are poles apart.

Can one enjoy Mozart or Bach without a thorough knowledge of the technical skill embodied in their music? The answer is an emphatic yes. The so-called intellectual ingenuities of Bachian and Mozartian deftness of expression are the means these composers used to construct their music. One can take pleasure in a beautiful edifice even if one has no understanding whatever of such things as girders or foundations. Therefore you can revel in the fugal writing contained in Mozart's Jupiter Symphony, in the overture to The Magic Flute, and in many other compositions from his pen without having even a smattering of the laws of harmony, counterpoint, or form.

Please let the 210th anniversary of Mozart's birth impel you to make his wonderful works an important part of your tonal diet.
The great contribution of Werner Picht in his biography The Life and Thought of Albert Schweitzer (Harper and Row, 1964, $6.50) is to free Schweitzer from the enlightened liberal Christian who sees in him the great moral humanitarian, and from his critics on the right who think he has sacrificed, at least in his theology, everything that is most deeply Christian. Picht’s interpretation of Schweitzer may cause sceptical eyebrow lifting from those on the left and the right of the theological spectrum. But Picht’s work is not a naive attempt to make Schweitzer palatable to the entire theological bandwagon. He brings to his task a deep personal attachment to and a reverence for his friend, and a scholar’s concern for critical evaluation. This work recommends itself as a penetrating and sensitive analysis of a remarkably complex genius for whom the world continues to mourn.

Picht gives us the portrait of a man who represents the 18th century’s deep and passionate concern for truth without its frigid and defensive formulations; the search of his 19th century for a spiritual power within the natural world without reducing religion to pantheism; the desire of the early 20th century Christian to speak meaningfully to modern thought patterns without compromising Christian values; and a deep commitment to the Jesus Christ of history without confining His power and His presence to a particular period or event. Such a task cannot be done without indicating the extreme polarities of such a life, nor without contradicting many of the current and usual interpretations. Understanding does not come easy.

An age which tries to find what it wants to find in this diverse personality will find it easy to escape his prophetic power over it. To become overly familiar with him through the bestowal of honors and praise is to dispose of him to an appropriate niche. To damn easy.

We dare not pass superficially or lightly over this idea which forms the basis of Schweitzer’s synthesized humanitarian and Christian ethic. It is built on the interlocking and interrelated unity of all of life and upon an organicistic understanding of the universe. He sees within life a creative and healing process and desires to cultivate it with his every fiber. The cost is high, for it calls for the life of renunciation and resignation and for the role of a servant.

Here is where Picht misses the point. For he brings to bear upon Schweitzer a criticism based upon the motif of discontinuity which suggests the unique grasp of reality involved in the Christian revelation and its distinction from all other philosophies, and which suggests a sharp cleavage between reason and belief. If Picht is right that “reverence for life” is an impossible humanitarian ideal, then Schweitzer is merely a man of early 20th century liberalism. For Schweitzer to be a challenge for our age, Picht has to have Schweitzer transcending his own reasoned thought, which he does. He sees Schweitzer’s life as “a revelation at a moment when men were seized with horror at the tangible results of the failure of humaneness”... an impressive event which is not diminished, “but rather increased, by the fact that the compelling power of this appeal is independent of the ideological scaffolding Schweitzer provides for his ethic.” But if Picht is wrong and Schweitzer’s concern for the continuity between God, the world and human action is seen in his reverence for life, then Schweitzer poses a deep challenge for Christian and philosophical ethics and for the dialogue between Christ and culture.

For Picht, obedience within the framework of reverence for life is a consequence of a higher morality which is obedience to the Divine Will, something other than life. For Schweitzer, ethics is a response to the salvation already present within life. Schweitzer may be seen as a liberal for whom salvation does consist in the everyday practice of seeking “the more abundant life” and release from all those problems of man for which pain is the warning signal. Religiously this can be interpreted neither as a pragmatic disregard for the relation of man to God, nor as a pantheistic identification of God with the natural processes. In the depth of any healing or finally saving work of God to be identified with the Jesus Christ of history.

Schweitzer is a realist in his work and action, and is involved in the immediate concrete matters of human existence. He is also a mystic in that it is right in the midst of the concrete that God may be experienced. We have to distinguish him from the simple empiricist and call him a mystic. But we also have to distinguish him from those concerned for some other beyond and transcendent to the concrete by maintaining his realism. The God of Schweitzer is the immanent one who appears in and through and always with the common life, where life is preserved and healed and is growing directionally toward its final fulfillment.

Picht apparently does not take seriously the implications of Schweitzer’s organismic approach to life and the interacting contribution of all its parts. For Schweitzer the “one” closest at hand becomes important because he is an expression of this larger wholeness. A concern for the whole is precisely the motivation for a concern for each of the parts.

For Schweitzer no spiritual life is possible which does not find its substrate, or root, or ground within the natural. And likewise there is no Spirit of God which does not operate through the natural. Thus Schweitzer has a reverence for life in all of its forms. He insists upon the importance of forms and their essential importance for the activity of God. This may run the dangers of pantheism, but it at least calls us to the deeper insights present in the true and full humanity of Jesus, the empirical character of the body of Christ, and the concreteness of God’s work in, with, and under His creation.

So, for Schweitzer the religious life of man is not a matter of believing a doctrine but of doing the will of God. It is a doing which is not the product of an autonomous reason or will. It is a participating. It is not a doing that reflects redemption but a doing which participates in a redemptive process already going on.

It is good for Picht to have Schweitzer appeal to the neo-orthodox and the conservative (which he tries to do). Yet it may be precisely in the insights of his liberal views that the new conservatism needs to learn its lesson. The genius of Schweitzer was his prophetic contribution which stood critically against his own liberal tradition and the conservative influences of the pastors in his family. Perhaps there is no higher interpretation of Schweitzer possible, but certainly it will not be discovered as long as the liberal sieves superficially upon his ethical life and the more obvious views of the Kingdom of God, and the conservative ignores all this by seeking some sort of transcendent Schweitzer that bypasses all his liberal views. For either liberal or conservative to seek Schweitzer as an ally leaves the true genius of Schweitzer waiting for the insight of a more ecumenical figure. Picht comes close to being this in his study.

NORMAND WIDIGER

The Cresset
Christian Faith and Man's Reason — In Conflict?

By WILLIAM L. LEOSCHKE, Ph.D.
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Since the dawn of history men have pondered the question — Is there a basic conflict between a man's intellect and his faith in an almighty creator? For many men a direct conflict has appeared to exist. The attempts of churchmen to inhibit scientific studies is a tragic facet of church history. Unfortunately these unjustified attacks of Christians on the scientific community have not ceased. Even today some individuals wish to restrict the exploration, study and discussion of men's early history on this planet. On the other hand, through the years a number of "objective" scientists have made unwarranted and certainly unscientific attacks on men of faith. There is no basic contradiction between science and religion. They are complementary pathways to, and perspectives of the one and the same truth. Religion and science only differ in their approach to the truth about man and the universe.

Unfortunately the invalid viewpoint that a basic conflict exists between faith and reason persists today in this modern age. Numerous Christians still feel that the scientific study of man's environment and history is a process that is slowly but progressively undermining men's faith in a living God and master creator of the universe. Some sincere Christians are courageously asking the question — Do I have to commit intellectual suicide to remain a Christian? Other less courageous individuals take the self-deceptive viewpoint. They simply attempt to compartmentalize their lives by taking the perspective that they will not let their faith interfere with their intellectual pursuits during the week and will not let their intellect conflict with their faith on the seventh day. In essence these individuals suspect a possible conflict between reason and Christian faith and do not wish to be confronted with this potential problem.

It is a fundamental tragedy that some individuals feel that it is inconsistent for a man to have a firm faith in God and, at the same time, have a degree of confidence in his own intellectual capacities. According to Christian theology, man's intellect is a gift of God and his faith an expression of a relationship with the supreme being. On the basis of this perspective, there is no basic conflict between faith and reason.

An unreal conflict between Christian faith and reason may exist when one attempts to attain faith, an expression of a relationship with the Triune God, via the reason or intellect. An invalid contradiction exists inasmuch as man's reason is unable to prove or disprove the existence of God. Faith is not a relationship with God based on intellectual study and discussion. In the final analysis the expression of a relationship with God becomes a "Leap of Faith" which is not directly related to one's reason or intellectual capacities.

Where does the approach to a "faith" in God via the avenue of reason lead? The final conclusion reached by this intellectual approach to God is dependent upon the initial viewpoint of the individual traveling this pathway. An individual sensitive to his natural environment can readily come to the conclusion that the beauty of creation is sufficient proof of the existence of an almighty Creator. Our present knowledge of the chemistry of a single living cell indicates that it is a wonderful, fascinating structure. Obviously, it might be said, this chemical synthesis is not a chance accident but the direct result of a master plan of an almighty God. According to this perspective it is possible to conclude that man's reason leads to a "faith" in God. Another individual with a different perspective on life and creation may come to the exactly opposite conclusion relative to the support of a "faith" in a living God based on observations of man's environment. The existence of disease, natural calamities and man's senseless wars are sometimes considered as "evidence" of the complete absence of any supreme being in the universe. If such a powerful God existed, why would he allow these evils to exist?

It is readily seen that man's capacity to reason can support a "faith" in a supreme being or undermine one's "faith" in an almighty Creator. It can be seen that reason, man's intellect, cannot be considered as a valid pathway to a relationship with God. The Christian cannot base his faith in God on the beauty of nature, the wonder of the universe or on the logical conclusion that life is more than a mere accident. Like Luther, the Christian must finally say "Here I stand, I cannot do otherwise." — here I stand as a Christian with a faith in God, a relationship with God, that cannot be explained on the basis of reason alone, but which, none-the-less, is as real to me as my very existence.

Christian faith and man's reason are NOT in conflict. In actuality man's intellect and faith may complement each other in terms of deepening his understanding of the nature of life and the universe.
A Minority Report

Life-Death

By VICTOR F. HOFFMANN

Most readers of The Cresset did not know the girl I am going to write about, Mrs. Carl (Jean Barloga) Schmitzer. I didn’t know her too well either except as university professors know about students.

A Valparaiso University senior, just about to mount the steps for her diploma in January (with honors) and just about to stand on tiptoes to look over the wall at the foggy future, Jean Barloga Schmitzer died December 10, 1965. Just like that it was. She came February 10, 1944 and now she had gone. Just like that, just as she was about to step into the batter’s box and take her lusty swings in the game of life. She and her husband had just begun to steal their opponents’ signals — and always there were opponents. But it was no strikeout. It wasn’t that way at all.

A short life indeed, but, like one of her friends said, she had done her work in the vineyard of the Lord — she had tilled her garden briefly but well.

But the preacher started to talk: “When the lights go out and the tragedies strike... What are we going to say about all this? What are we going to say to the death of a young lady we loved very much?”

Yes — preacher — what are we going to say? Well, she had already done a job with her life and had made her contributions. Almost four years of an exciting educational life, friends, a husband respected and faithful. She had worked with people and had helped them. At the time of her death she was a youth director at the First Christian Church in LaPorte, Indiana, just a step and spit away from the Valparaiso University chapel where the preacher was conducting The Order of Christian Burial. Why not let it at that?

But you know how preachers are — they won’t let it stand at that. The meaning of life must be penetrated. The preacher was still talking: “If... If... If... If... What’s this all about? What’s the meaning of all this? If only we could have done something to prolong her life, we think, could have done something to save her. But what?” The congregation had already sung an answer to that: “Jesus Christ, my sure Defense... Jesus, my Redeemer, lives; I, too, unto life shall awaken... I shall awaken With my Savior to abide In His Glory, at His side.”

But the preacher raised the next question: “Why does God act like He does? If He’s in charge of this universe, WHY?”

Yeah — preacher — what’s going on here? I kept thinking about the “without God” theologians. Are they more honest than I am? Are they really looking the facts in the face? Sometimes, no matter what the preachers and the ecclesiastical leaders say, the “without God” people aren’t a bunch of idiots.

But the congregation had already talked to this predicament: “Into Thy Hands, O Lord, I commit my spirit; Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of Truth... Lord, have mercy upon us.”

What were all these people doing here? The Valparaiso University people, friends, students, professors, administrators, some people I’d never seen before. Drawn by the drama of life and death? Perhaps. Drawn by another opportunity (where the cards are turned face up again) to reflect upon the absurdities of life and death? Perhaps. Is life anymore than the pushing of a stone up a hill? Did people come to think about these things? Perhaps. But no, not really? Jean Barloga Schmitzer was a friend. Carl, her husband still alive, is a friend.

And friends gather at the moments of life and death. This, you see, was also the drama of friendship, people gathered to help one another over the rough spots.

But that preacher again: “If God is really for us, who can be against us? Let’s start with Jesus Christ — God didn’t let him go, didn’t release Him from His task no matter the suffering. God didn’t give up on Him.”

The preacher said again: “God would not let go... My God, my God why hast Thou forsaken Me?... But God had not let go...Nor will God let the Christian go.”

After the sermon, the Nunc Dimittis sounded over the congregation: “O how glorious is that kingdom wherein all the saints do rejoice with Christ. They are clothed with white robes, and follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth. Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace according to Thy Word... A Light to lighten the Gentiles...And the Glory of Thy People Israel.”

This congregation knew it, they believed it, you could see it in their faces — Jean Barloga Schmitzer had been gathered to the saints and was wearing the white robes.

But you couldn’t help but get caught in the fugues of life, the successions and the interruptions of life and death, the flights and chases of hope and despair.

The congregation sang it loudly and it stuck in our ears: “For all the saints who from their labors rest.”
How well does the average citizen know and understand his rights as an American and his duties and responsibilities to his government? These questions were the basis of an outstanding program presented on CBS. The producers of The National Citizenship Test, and the sponsors who made its presentation possible, merit unstinted praise for a fine public service. This was one of the best programs of the year. It should be repeated. Everyone who values his rights and respects his obligations to his government and to society will not only be enlightened but will also gain a better understanding of the importance the individual plays in the growth and development or, conversely, in the decay and demoralization of our national life and culture.

On Thanksgiving Day ABC presented an excellent documentary which might well have been conceived as a companion piece to The National Citizenship Test. The First Lady's Tour of Washington dramatized the sense of responsibility the individual must evince if our great national heritage is to be preserved for future generations. It is a sad truth — a truth that should fill us with shame — that through the years Americans have ravaged and blighted our rich and beautiful land. Carelessness, ignorance, greed, lack of vision, and a shameful disregard of beauty and the welfare of others have robbed us of some of the natural resources with which this continent was endowed by a bountiful Providence. Much of what has been lost can never be replaced. But we can salvage the remains and preserve and treasure what has been left to us by the despoilers.

Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson narrated the well-made script written by John Secondari in collaboration with his wife, Helen Jean Rogers, with dignity, warmth, obvious sincerity, and appealing charm. We saw both the best and the worst aspects of our nation's capital. The photography was always arresting.

The most spectacular program ever presented on TV had not been planned at all. I dare say that most of us were a bit frightened by the bulletin which announced that New York City and a large section of the northeast had been blacked out by a power failure of undetermined origin. A second bulletin was reassuring in that it told us that our military bases were intact and functioning normally. Then followed long hours during which we learned just how much we have come to depend on electrical power. Radio and TV made valiant efforts to keep us abreast of the news. With the exception of selfish individuals who saw the blackout as an opportunity to profit at the expense of their fellow citizens, most of those who were caught in the blackout seem to have behaved rather well. It can be done.

I saw a striking instance of restraint and control last summer. The press has said very little about the exemplary behavior of the large audience assembled in Candlestick Park during the unfortunate Marichal-Roseboro incident last August. Here we had a highly explosive situation. Even one ill-advised shout or raucous boo from a spectator could have triggered a hideous nightmare of violence. I know. I was there. But the spectators were remarkably composed. First there was only stunned silence. This was followed by a normal murmur of voices as spectators discussed what had happened.

I suppose that the knowledge that men and women can rise above passion and prejudice should have been comforting to me when I saw some recent films. Unfortunately, what was uppermost in my mind was the desolate thought that man is trying desperately to prove that Darwin was right. The Hill (M-G-M, Sidney Lumet), King Rat (Columbia, Bryan Forbes), and Return from the Ashes (Mirisch, J. Lee Thompson) are brutal and shocking reminders of one of the darkest eras in the history of man. This was yesterday, of course. But is today any better? War is horrible, and I for one am completely fed up with the manner in which the tragic events of World War II are being exploited on the screen. Many of these films are well made, and much of the acting is exceptionally good; but we have had too many rehashes of rehashes. And far too often history is ignored, watered down, and distorted.

The War Lord (Universal, Franklin Shaffner) is billed as an “11th century epic.” Fiddlesticks! This film is just cheap, blatantly sensational, and thoroughly nauseating. I doubt that I have ever been exposed to worse acting or more moronic dialog. Too bad to waste magnificent scenery and colorful costuming on such a flop!

The Nanny, directed by Seth Holt, stars Bette Davis in a typically understated British tale of drama and suspense. In spite of the fact that Bunny Lake Is Missing (Columbia) is set in fog-shrouded London, it is just as typically American and bears the unmistakable stamp of Otto Preminger, a director who does not believe in understatement. Believe me, he pulls out all the stops in this one!

Publicity blurbs advertised The Hallelujah Trail (Cinerama, United Artists, John Sturges) as a “rollicking farce which makes audiences roar with laughter.” It just isn't true. A large and no doubt representative audience sat through this dull nonsense without even one audible titter. Since I saw this just before Thanksgiving Day, I decided that I had had my turkey early.
Thou Hast Begun

In my room I have one of those modern clocks which tell time with moving numerals... The last digit on the right changes with alarming speed... Click-click-click - the seconds no longer tick, but roll... It is salutary to sit before it and to watch the seconds fall back into the clock and the sea of the past... Or better still, to set the clock on the desk and open the Book before it... Here you have time and eternity together now... The teller of time makes a noise, slight, regular, and as you suddenly know, temporary... Pull the plug from the socket in the wall and its measure of time ends - just as quickly as time itself will end...

The Book, however, is more quiet... It speaks only to those who are not dismayed by the ticking of the years... I have turned tonight to the magnificent farewell speech of Moses... There is something moving about the closing speeches of all great men... They have seen everything that time can show them, and their words, if they are wise, are full of the sweet finality of the vesper bell... The greatest of them all, of course, was delivered to a small audience in the Upper Room in Jerusalem 1900 years ago... I shall read that again tomorrow...

Meanwhile Moses has something to say as one year becomes another... Here he is at the end of a great and long life, but with his last and highest dream broken... He will not be permitted to go into the Promised Land... What does he say?... "O Lord God. Thou has begun to show Thy servant Thy greatness."... I like that "Thou hast begun..."... After all these years he realizes that he is still at the beginning... "Thou hast begun to show" - we never get beyond that in the ways of God, however far we go... This sense of beginning, of being forever on the threshold of deeper understanding and greater faith, of new doors opening to higher ways - this is the divine lesson of the changing years... Moses is not to go over Jordan, but he has the higher glory of beginning to see the greatness of the Lord... It is this revelation year after year which brings power and glory to the changes of time... As one good friend to another, God said to Moses, "Let it suffice thee; speak no more unto Me of this matter."... If we know that, as another year dawns, we are ready for it... In this sense of ever beginning again The Cresset wishes you a blessed New Year...

Collect for Peace

We are going nowhere tonight - except on that universal journey marked by the ticking of the clock... Beyond the frosted window the silence of the snow is in the land, and the time of quiet has come... It is a night made for doing nothing... Surely everyone who lives in these alien years must face at times the sharp want of something like these nights of brightness and snow - the need for permanence and peace and the turning of the mind to the record and remembrance of things lasting and eternal... It is only from a high and quiet place that one can put things in their proper order...

In such hours we turn like a prisoner released to the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth chapters of the Holy Gospel according to St. John... Everything we need is there - from the eternal answer to all the Kyrie Eleisons of the world "Let not your heart be troubled" to the eternal Hallelujah "I have overcome the world"... We need nothing beyond that... His candles fill the night, and in the smallest room the company of cherubim stand by... Something lost returns, and there is new strength for all the unbearable things that men must bear...

And so - as the clock points to the beginning of another year, we turn to the greatest prayer ever spoken by lips not inspired - the Collect for Peace at the close of the Order of Vespers - so often read, so seldom heard: "O God, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed, give unto Thy servants that peace which the world cannot give; that our hearts may be set to obey Thy commandments, and also that by Thee, we, being defended from the fear of our enemies, may pass our time in rest and quietness through the merits of Jesus Christ, our Savior. Amen."

Peace is there and nowhere else... Years ago Dorothy Kissling, who seems to know that, wrote for the second Friday in Lent:

Master, receive me in Thy way.
For I am spent who followed mine:
Seal me from every alien sway
Close to me every door but Thine.