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Hershey's Myopia

If the quality of American secondary and university education is not to suffer seriously in years to come, Congress or the President will have to act quickly to countermand General Hershey's directive eliminating deferments for most graduate students. The effect of this directive is to create a brain drain which the nation can not stand.

The kindest interpretation that one can put on General Hershey's directive is that neither he nor his advisers have any clear understanding of the nature of the world of the late 1960s. If they had, they would recognize that in our society the graduate school is as much a basic resource as are land, water, minerals, and people. It is from the graduate school that we get the highly-trained specialists who convert the raw materials of nature into resources which undergird our economy and our whole way of life. It is from the graduate school that we get the teachers who equip a new generation to keep things going. It is the graduate student who frees the expert researcher from the chores of mere information peddling so that he can push back the frontiers of knowledge.

The argument that deferring or exempting graduate students creates a privileged class is not a compelling one. The proper concern of a democratic state in a time of national emergency is not that everyone should serve in the same capacity but that everyone should serve in that capacity in which he can best serve the national interest. It is a short-sighted policy, based on a false egalitarianism, which would subject a future Wiener or a future Einstein to the hazards of service in the infantry. All men may, indeed do, have the same human value. But mere realism forces us to recognize that not all men have the same social value. There are elites of one sort or another, no matter how we try to maintain the fiction of a classless society. National policy should take cognizance of the reality of these elites, of the contribution which each is capable of making to our national life, and of the necessity of giving each of them the fullest possible opportunity to make its contribution.

The nation will survive the war in Viet Nam, as it has survived all of the previous wars of our history. And when the war is over, we shall need teachers, professors, and specialists of all sorts — not merely doctors and dentists. We can not afford to dry up the stream of these highly-gifted, highly-trained people, particularly not at a time when they are already in critically short supply. If this be elitism, General Hershey, make the most of it. But please remember that this nation will have to live longer in the future than in the present.

Toward Ending a Hopeless War

We can sympathize with President Johnson's unwillingness to be the first American President to have lost a war. But Mr. Johnson is old enough and wise enough to know that life was not designed to minister to the vanities of men. It may even be that, supreme realist that he is, he knows that we have lost the war in Viet Nam. For we have. Even if we should still win in the technical sense, we have lost, for to create a desolation and call it peace is not, by any reasonable definition of the word, victory.

We have lost. It is no discredit to the nation, to its leaders, or to the gallant men who have fought and died in Viet Nam that we must settle for something less than victory in the traditional sense of the word. We could have won had we chosen to use nuclear weaponry. But to have done so would have made the name of America a hissing and an abomination among all of the nations of the world. And it might have triggered World War III.

But if we have lost — as we have — so have North Viet Nam and the Viet Cong. Neither we nor they stand to gain anything from the prolongation of this
war and the time has clearly come for both sides to take the necessary steps to end it.

Obviously, neither side can act unilaterally without, in effect, surrendering. There are, however, ways for both sides to salvage what is still salvageable in a bad situation. They could, for instance, agree to submit their differences to the World Court in The Hague. Or they could appeal for arbitration by the United Nations. Or they could invite the two chairs of the Geneva Conference — Great Britain and the U.S.S.R. — to try to work out some sort of acceptable basis for a detente.

Of these three possibilities, we prefer the third. The British and the Russians seem to have established a basis of mutual confidence which might enable them to work out something which both sides could accept. And if they were persuaded to take on the job there would be nothing to prevent our agreeing to a ceasefire while they work out the conditions for a formal armistice.

As the larger power, we have the obligation to take the initiative in proposing a course of action which might lead to a cessation of hostilities. From our point of view, President Johnson did so in his San Antonio speech, but this point of view seems not to be shared by the other side. This is why we suggest the need of some third party or parties from whom both sides can hope for a reasonable, dispassionate set of terms for ending the war. It seems, at the moment, the only real and workable hope that we have.

Tornado Alert

One does not have to be a professional social climatologist to predict that this year's summer will be even longer and hotter than last summer. The clouds are already on the horizon and, if rumor may be credited, the first storms may break as early as this month.

The distressing thing is that there seems to be a kind of ghastly inevitability about it all. One has the same feeling of helplessness that one gets during a tornado alert. The thing is there, its course appears to be preordained, and it is only a question of whether it will strike this particular spot or that. And so one is tempted merely to take cover and hope that it won't hit the particular spot where he happens to be.

This is a defeatist attitude, of course, and not only defeatist but irresponsible. For the great social storms which are sweeping across our land are not natural phenomena over which man has no control but the consequences of social evils which we have ourselves created and perpetuated and which we can correct if we have the wisdom and the determination to do so.

To be specific: this nation must now make a choice among three options. We can allow the bitterness between the white man and the black man to work itself out in our streets to its inevitable and tragic end. Or we can create a police state in which the black man, being in the minority, will be kept "in his place" by bayonets, weapons-carriers, paralyzing chemicals, and all of the other armament of suppression. Or we can build a society in which the color of a man's skin will be as immaterial as the color of his hair or the shape of his ears.

The first of these options, we suspect, is no longer a live one. Particularly in an election year, public officials will be vying with each other in maintaining "law and order" (which they always pronounce as one word, "law­norder," as though the two were inseparable). The third option is, we like to think, still open to us, but we must confess that this may be more of a wish than a reasonable hope. So we have been driven to the conclusion that the choice will probably go by default to the second option, the police state.

If it does, we shall have some measure of "lawnorder." But the star-spangled banner will no longer be waving o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave. It will be waving over the sullen, fear-ridden wreckage of a once-lovely land. This must not happen. It need not happen. But it is going to happen unless present trends are reversed. And if it happens, it will be not only the black minority which will have been "put in its place." We will all be under the gun — quite literally and, as we shall see, quite terrifyingly.

The Travel Tax

President Johnson is to be commended for his concern for the stability of the dollar. In a money economy the only way a man can ensure a reasonable degree of security and self-respect in his latter years is by accumulating savings in the form of insurance, savings accounts, pension funds, or investments. When government allows the value of money to depreciate it robs men of some of the rewards of their labors, their prudence, and their self-denial and adds to the already heavy burdens of old age.

It is possible, though, to agree with the President's objectives without endorsing all of the means by which he hopes to attain those objectives. We do, for instance, agree that a surtax on the income tax is preferable to large-scale deficit financing or to cutting back on those necessary expenditures on social services which are dictated by the urgent need of the nation's poor. But we do not believe that we shall gain more than we shall lose by punitively taxing travel abroad.

It seems strange, indeed, that the President's economic advisers could be so little aware of the economic interdependence of the whole world economy that they could have proposed a course of action which, by endangering the economic health of other countries, could so seriously threaten the health of our own. Tourism is a major source of income for many countries whose economy is interwoven with ours and it supplies a large percentage of the income which en-
ables them to maintain stable currencies and to trade with us. It is a risky business to endanger their economies, especially at a time when some of them are already shaky enough.

But important as economic considerations are, the chief reason why we oppose the proposed tax on foreign travel is that its effect would be to discourage what we most need in our small, interdependent, but still mutually-suspicious world: the face to face meeting of individuals with other individuals of other countries and cultures. We are forced by the technological advances of the past half-century to live so close to each other that we must welcome every opportunity to learn to understand each other. Books, movies, and other vicarious forms of travel are not enough. We need to see the other man on his own home ground in the environment which has so largely made him what he is.

**Hard-Core Obscenity**

Hung up as our generation is on sex, we define obscenity almost exclusively in terms of four-letter words or the too-explicit portrayal of sexual organs and activities. In so doing, we miss the essential meaning of the word and dull our sensitivities to its manifestations in areas other than the sexual.

This point was driven home to us twice in the space of a couple of weeks last February — and in the quiet atmosphere of our own family room. The first occasion was the showing of a news film from Viet Nam in which, before our very eyes, a Viet Cong was shot dead by a South Vietnamese policeman. This was no dramatization of some incident out of a possibly fictionalized past. This was the real thing: a man actually put a pistol to the head of an unarmed prisoner and killed him while the cameras were whirring.

The second occasion was on a Smothers Brothers show. Mel Torme, a singer for whom we have always had a considerable liking, sang a song about Bonnie and Clyde which, in effect, accorded them the status of folk-heroes. We are old enough to remember the real escapades of the real Bonnie and Clyde and it seemed almost impossible that anyone — particularly so gentle a soul as Mel Torme — could even remember their names without retching.

We would rather have had our children watching even the most explicitly-portrayed sexual activity than have had them see and hear these (to us) hard-core obscenities. They have been fairly well insulated, at home and at school, against the temptation to think of sex as an acceptable way of thingifying another person and we have reason to assume that they would be revolted by sexual obscenity. But neither at home nor at school have they been taught revulsion against murder glorified, or, worse still, shown simply as another item in the day’s news. Perhaps we have been inexcusably naive, but it had simply never occurred to us to prepare them for such sights and sounds.

Obviously we shall have to remedy this defect in their training, if it is not already too late. And we suspect that the tack that we shall have to take is a broadening of their understanding of obscenity. We shall have to help them understand that obscenity, in its full meaning, is a matter of treating human beings as things — things to be exploited for purely sexual satisfaction, things to be used for one’s own advancement, things to be ignored or shunted aside when they interfere with one’s personal plans or pleasures, things to be killed. We shall have to persuade them that people are not things but (if you will pardon the cliche) sons and daughters of God. We start from the recognition that we shall get little support from our culture. But we shall try nevertheless in the lively hope that the Spirit which they received in Baptism will be working with us.

**The Naked Ape**

There is, for the theologian, something rather amusing in the kind of reductionism that can encapsulate the infinite variety of man in the one neat, pat generalization: the naked ape. It reminds one of Chesterton’s *cri de coeur* that he was tired of having the known explained to him in terms of the unknown.

An afternoon at the zoo is sufficient to persuade any fair-minded man that there are some interesting and possibly significant similarities between *homo sapiens* and the higher primates. Hardly anyone nowadays, except for a few die-hard fundamentalists, doubts that these similarities reflect some remote common ancestry. But it is very hard for anyone who has been much among people to accept the differences between man and the primates as merely quantitative. There is, as any good scientist knows, a point at which quantitative differences become qualitative, where variations in degree become distinctions in kind.

Once this point has been reached, it becomes not only unhelpful but positively misleading to try to explain the more complex phenomenon in terms of the simpler phenomenon. This is particularly true whenever man attempts to explain himself in terms of non-human life, for it is probably impossible for him to avoid anthropomorphizing any form of life that he is seriously interested in understanding. We do it with dogs and cats and horses and apes on one level and we do it with God on another level. And so, quite naturally, we see both God and the ape as deviants from the only norm that we have, ourselves.

There is a strange, poignant passage in Genesis that has something to say on this matter. God, so the story goes, caused all of the animals to pass before Adam and to all of them Adam gave names; which is to say, he recognized and verbalized the distinction between them and himself. And among them all “there
was not found a helper for Adam.” Not until Eve appeared upon the scene was he fully aware of his own identity. In her, as in no other part of the creation, he was finally able to recognize bone of his own bone and flesh of his own flesh.

This is still, we suspect, the only way open to man for discovering his own nature and identity. Alexander Pope said it years ago, but it is still true today: “The proper study of mankind is man.” Once man attempts to scan either God or the apes, he is forced to resort to analogical thinking. And all analogies, however useful they may be for limited purposes, can stand only so much weight before they collapse. So yes, within a limited analogical range, man is a naked ape. But no, the study of apes does not help us greatly in understanding what we would most like to know about man.

**Man Wanted: Shepherd**

The pastorate of our congregation is vacant and a committee of our brethren has been given the assignment of recommending candidates for the call. Having served on three call committees, we do not envy them their task. It is not easy to identify even two or three men who are both willing and able to serve the many needs of a large and diverse congregation.

So much has been said in criticism of the clergy in recent years that it may be time for a layman to say something about the almost intolerable difficulties under which pastors and priests have to work these days. It is easy enough to say that the clergyman should follow St. Paul’s example and be all things to all men, but no one who is at all acquainted with the wide range of ages, interests, education, theological views, liturgical preferences, social attitudes, and socio-economic backgrounds that actually exists within any large congregation could seriously suppose that any one man can be, in the fullest sense of the term, a pastor to all of his people. The most that can be expected of him is that he will minister faithfully and effectively to the widest possible spectrum of his congregation and that he will have some special gift for ministering to those whom our Lord called “the little ones” — those who, for one reason or another, are not able to fend for themselves.

Our special concern has come to be more and more for our older brothers and sisters. It has never been easy to grow old in our youth-worshipping culture. It has become doubly difficult in these days when so many of the certainties of the past have been called into question. Who will gently lead these aged saints through the cross-currents of theological and social debate to the solid ground of a faith which is capable of facing with some measure of serenity the prospect of death? Surely we ought not to leave our fathers and mothers, in the evening of their lives, with the nagging fear that they have built their lives and hopes on shifting sand. They need to know, and they are entitled to know, that the essence of the Gospel does not change, however strange its contemporary formulation may sound to a generation which first heard it in different words.

We hope, therefore, that we will be given a pastor who can speak simply and persuasively to these older people — and not only for their sake but for the sake of all of us. For under all of the surface complexity of our congregation, there is the same basic need: to hear that in Jesus Christ God has shown His good will toward men and re-established peace between God and man. The aged are perhaps more aware of this need than are those of us who are younger. But the man who can speak to their need will be all that a pastor can be, or should be, to all of us.

**The Starting Line-Up**

Opinionated we may be on a wide range of subjects, but for absolute objectivity on this year’s presidential race one need look no farther than these pages. We are so completely negative toward all of the active candidates, on both parties, that we do not have to resist any temptation to prefer one above the other. Here, then, is our first capsule summary of the candidates and their chances:

President Johnson. Certain of renomination and, at the moment, of re-election. A man who loves power too much to be trusted with it but a man who is perhaps capable of being shattered into greatness. Not likely to survive another four-year term.

Senator Eugene McCarthy. A donnish type with all of the faults and virtues thereof unto appertaining.

Former Vice-President Nixon. The man nobody knows. Is there a real Richard Nixon? And yet perhaps the most qualified of all of the announced Republican candidates.

Governor Ronald Reagan. Much more competent and intelligent than his detractors have painted him, much less capable than his admirers would have us believe. Once a visceral liberal, now a visceral conservative, but essentially a pragmatist.

Senator Charles Percy. A young man in too much of a hurry. Needs to do his homework before he undertakes to lead. Four years from now he might warrant being taken seriously.

Senator Robert F. Kennedy. A man who has known much tragedy in his life and has learned from it. Like Henry Clay, probably doomed to being often a bridesmaid but never the bride.

Former Governor George Wallace. From ghosties and beasties and things that go bump in the night, good Lord, deliver us!

Governor Nelson Rockefeller. Well-qualified to be President but probably unable to unite his party behind him. His nomination might well ensure President Johnson’s re-election.

Lar (America First) Daly. Apart from Governor Wallace, the least qualified of the announced candidates.
With the year 2000 in reasonable reach, any prophet who can break into print has done so with an article or a book on what the world will be like at the beginning of the new century. Progress is the word. The progress they are discussing is material and few have concerned themselves with how we are going to live with this progress in the year 2000. Unless some effort is made toward overcoming the irritations which have accompanied progress to date, these irritations will be magnified greatly in the next century.

Great changes are expected in the field of transportation. The emphasis is on speed, though why I can't imagine. Already the fun has been taken out of travel. All that exists today is a departure and an arrival and gone is the excitement in between. Before long the superjets will take a passenger from any one location to anywhere else in the world in forty-five minutes. About all this increased speed will mean to most of us is that when our baggage is lost it will be lost at a greater distance. Even now I have a vision of some Ukrainian peasant at the Dnepropetrovsk airport studying the baggage tags on my suitcase and then giving it up as a lost cause.

Thousands of engineers and scientists are at work making this plane possible. And how many persons do you suppose are at work finding ways to improve airport parking, to shorten the walk from the car to the plane, or to decrease the time the plane is forced to wait for take-off? Most of us would settle for decreasing these present irritants and would forgo the additional speed, but we are not given the choice.

High speed is emphasized in the trains of tomorrow too. About the only thing I am positive of, should I ever get to ride on one of them, is that from wherever I am sitting on the train the dining car will be at the opposite end. Those train travelers suffering the greatest irritations however, are the commuters, but no one is working on better service for them. They will end up getting the cars replaced by the high speed trains and each of these will have at least one wheel with a flat spot in it.

Frequently, it strikes me that communications has already reached the year 2000, but we are in for more improvements. Television sets, I understand, will be flat screens that can be placed anywhere on the wall. While the technicians are working the bugs out of that type of set, who is working on program improvements?

Despite the wonders of world-wide television in 2000, I would be willing to bet that after the announcement of "a brief pause for station identification" the station will still sneak in five commercials.

The picture phone, or phono-vision, which is in operation now, will be in common use by the turn of the century. Given international direct dialing and the propensity for man to dial incorrectly several times a year, we are in for surprises. I can envision being awakened by the ringing phone in the middle of the night, stumbling through the house, and picking up the phono-vision set only to see an Oriental in a booth outside a pagoda addressing me under the false assumption that he is making dinner reservations in a downtown Bangkok restaurant.

Mail service should be completely automated by 2000. Judging by the results of postal service automation to date, when it is completed it should be possible to receive a letter from someone fifty miles away in only three days, with Special Delivery taking only a day longer. Parcel post packages will arrive in fine condition thanks to improved packaging materials, and especially, the new tapes. Of course, you will not be able to open the package without a special set of tools, but it will be in good condition.

I read that the aisles of super markets will be on the order of moving sidewalks in twenty-five years, which will speed up grocery shopping. However, I know now that when I reach the check-out counter, the lady ahead of me in line will spend fifteen minutes looking for her check book, attempting to write the check on the top of a cold cereal box, and then start a search through her purse for some identification.

This, however, is infinitely better than the threat of food pills. I do not take kindly to the thought that within a quarter of a century we will get our sustenance from pills, probably made of seaweed or some other substance from the ocean floor.

If you sense it is my opinion the world of 2000 will not necessarily be one of pure, unalloyed joy, you sense correctly. The modern world of 1968 is sufficiently filled with irritations brought on by progress, and so what I am suggesting is that instead of spending all that time, energy, and money in order to make things faster and better and more irritating, we spend some of it in reducing the present irritations.
In March, 1960, I was awarded a Fulbright grant to do economic research in Italy. Spurred by professional and personal reasons, I eagerly accepted the opportunity. While doing graduate work at the University of Notre Dame, I had become intensively interested in underdeveloped countries, and I viewed a grant to Italy as a golden opportunity to make an on-the-spot study of a rather unique economy, one characterized by regional socio-economic dualism. Italy is composed of two societies culturally and economically diverse, i.e., Northern Italy, which is highly industrialized and prosperous and the Mezzogiorno (Southern Italy), which is primarily agricultural and poverty stricken.

Professional curiosity urged me to witness the extent of economic rehabilitation which had taken place in Italy since the end of World War II. A bitterly fought campaign on Italian soil had left the country partly demolished, economically prostrate, and bankrupt—an estimated one-third of the nation’s wealth was lost by the war. Also considerable were Italy’s social costs, for the devastating, punitive blows of modern warfare had left her people in a confused state of shock and demoralization. And yet, as early as 1955, Italy’s postwar recovery (in no small way attributable to American aid) was being depicted as an “economic miracle,” in itself an implication that the Italian society had rallied to meet the postwar challenge of reconstruction. All this I had to see.

My personal reasons for going to Italy weighed almost as heavily. My father and mother had both left Southern Italy at the turn of the century, and not unlike many of their compaesani, they had come to America seeking economic security, political equality, and social justice. And although I was born and reared in the United States and had never set foot on Italian soil, Italy and her people were understandably close to me. Italian was generally spoken at home; therefore, I learned to speak Italian before English. Moreover, my parents often spoke of their native Sicilian villages (Burgio and Sambuca), and almost as frequently they held me spellbound as they related the joys and tribulations which they had undergone during their formative years.

When, as a youngster, I drew from our large rural mailbox letters sent from Italy by relatives unknown to me, how I inquisitively studied those letters before surrendering them to their rightful owners! Even the postage stamps which portrayed the likenesses of the mustachioed Victor Emmanuel III or the arrogant Benito Mussolini and the then symbolic fascia mildly mesmerized me.

Socially, as a child, I led two lives—Italian style at home and of the Anglo-Saxon tradition away from home. My parents and their circle of compatriots had brought a part of Italy to America, and they tenaciously clung to as much of their native culture as the “melt- ing pot” society would allow. The feast day of Saint Joseph, the annual tombola (lottery), pasta and pizza, the tarantella, and the kegs of homemade vino are typical of such transplanted mores and traditions.

Thus motivated, in late September of 1960, with my wife and three sons Dave, Chuck, and Joe (ages 10, 11, and 14 at the time), we sailed for Italy on the Constitution; we disembarked at Naples on October 6, 1960. During the major part of our stay in Italy, we lived in an apartment building located in an attractive, modern district on the south side of Rome. At Casal Demerode 41, six of the seven apartments were occupied by Italian families who spoke no English and, to our knowledge, we were the only American family in the immediate neighborhood. By design, our boys were enrolled at Italian public schools in the district; hence, they found it necessary to batte the language as well as the textbooks. Our deliberate choice of sending the boys to Italian schools also compelled them to choose Italian playmates, and on occasion—not according to plan—the boys found it necessary to do battle with them too. Unlike a number of American families in Italy, we had no domestic help; so my wife did her own daily shopping, and the traditional haggling, in the piazza, the neighborhood square.

Cast into this setting and as a result of some travel through the country, almost needless to say, individually and in common we brought back with us many fond memories of things and places, but above all of people. In retrospect, even a few painful experiences have lost their harsh outlines. However, I would like to think that our total Italian experience was not all taking, that we left a little of ourselves and that which is American in Italy—baseball among other things.
Conversion of the Soccer Players

Upon taking residence in Rome, an early neighborhood reconnaissance by our boys revealed that baseball was unknown to the Italian youngsters in the area. In several ways, our boys were as determined to adhere to their institutions as my parents had been two generations before when they ventured to America. Joe, Chuck, and Dave had brought more than enough baseball gear with them, and a large vacant lot but two blocks from our newly adopted home beckoned them. However, the other neighborhood boys had long used the lot as a soccer field, soccer being Italy's national sport. Naturally, the Italian youngsters resented the intruders who came to pay a game as foreign as the participants themselves. And this antagonism prevailed even though our sons had arrived on the scene first.

After one or two lacerations, it became quite clear than an "international crisis" had developed on the south side of the Eternal City and apparently only through the instrument of diplomacy would the problem be resolved. A dilemma presented itself: our boys did not wish to take on the appearance of "ugly Americans"; yet they did not want to appear cowards. They emerged from parental consultation convinced that a policy of "peaceful coexistence" could well be an answer to their social riddle. Implementing their freshly adopted policy, Joe, Chuck, and Dave persuaded the Italian boys to divide the field, but, like North Viet Nam and South Viet Nam, the truce afforded by geographical division proved to be a temporary, unworkable measure. Foul balls and misdirected soccer balls mixed with a few well-aimed remarks soon brought the participants of two games into a singular contest with victory still as the principal goal but through somewhat more violent means of competition.

Another family "summit meeting" was called in order to reappraise a situation which was now assuming ominous dimensions. Obviously, the scrapping had to come to an end. (We knew that Senator J. W. Fulbright did not have anything like this in mind when he fathered the bill of cultural and educational exchange.) Our first inclination, as parents, was to turn to a temptingly easy solution: baseball would have to go, and as a result the boys would have to play more soccer than they had in the past. But in the final analysis — and with serious misgivings — we agreed to a heretofore untried tactic which our boys had so persuasively presented. They (like Chiang KaiShek, who found himself increasingly outnumbered and steadily losing ground) would give up on the mainland and retreat to an island. Their Taiwan would be a remote corner of the field, sufficiently out of range of the principal playground area. Moreover, our boys would bat toward the adjacent street — a real risk considering the calculated recklessness of Italian drivers — but nevertheless effectively reducing the possibility of line drives falling into the soccer area.

In view of the final outcome, I wish that I could say that this final approach had been a planned strategic retreat, for the events that followed were indeed gratifying. And it was not wholly our concocted "foreign policy" that eventually dissolved the crisis but baseball itself, which does have a bewitching appeal to young and old alike. Soon the soccer teams experienced a few deserters who tried their hand at baseball, then the incidence of defections sharply increased, and finally the day of total apostasy arrived. The Italian lads had abandoned their national sport in favor of baseball, and with complete defection came the whole darn field! But above all, our boys had gained a host of new friends, and the many games of baseball intermingled with a few soccer contests in itself constituted and served as a basis for cultural exchange truly at work. In addition, we had now reached a point where the demand for baseball equipment far exceeded the supply.

A little time lapsed and most of the Italian youngsters became quite adept at playing baseball; the rapid progress of a few lads was amazing. I remember especially Franco, a bright, aggressive boy of thirteen who, at the outset, had been one of the most bitter opponents of the game. Franco was a natural leader, and once he joined the fold, several other new recruits came with him.

Franco possessed a number of the attributes which are viewed as essential in a promising young athlete: he was physically strong and well built, he possessed quick magnetic hands, and besides being a speedy runner, he was well coordinated in movement. Third base particularly appealed to Franco — almost by instinct — and it was indeed a pleasure to behold the cat-like agility which he displayed in making his plays. His strength and keen eye along with the perfect swift arc of his well-timed swing made him as much of a threat offensively as he was in defensive play. Above all he loved baseball, and he gave the game his all in spirit and determination. Here at home, in the two seasons I managed Little League teams (one a pennant winner), I never encountered Franco's equal.

Of secondary interest, the Italian ballplayers, with the assistance of our boys, soon translated the necessary baseball terminology into their native tongue. Furthermore, before too long, the games began to draw a few curious spectators from the neighborhood.

Although, on the whole, peace prevailed on the playground, the need for an umpire arose, and at Joe's request, I readily and gladly acceded. But as I anticipated, my presence on the diamond brought a reaction of silent reproach on the part of our adult neighbors, especially the males. Even in cosmopolitan Rome, the role of the Italian male continues to follow the traditional cultural pattern of absolute paternalism.

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By democratically participating in a youthful activity, I had tarnished the allegedly impeccable image of the typical Italian father. I lost no friends, but nevertheless, my behavior was looked upon with a disapproving eye.

But a subsequent event introduced still another cultural shock. How well I remember the day and the event. The boys had played a good, hard game that afternoon, the score was 3-2, and the losing side was at bat in the bottom of the ninth.

With two out, Dave drilled a single to left. The tension mounted as Franco, with poise and confidence, stepped to the plate gracefully swinging his bat as he awaited the pitch. Respecting Franco’s hitting power, the infield and outfield shifted to the right and deep; their defensive measure, taken on their own initiative, was a satisfying sight to their teacher-umpire. Franco cut viciously at the first pitch, which though hard thrown was not really a good one. Dave had taken more than an adequate lead on first, and with the crack of the bat, he was well on his way to second. He was busily rounding second as the right fielder cleanly fielded the ball on the first bounce. And as Chuck, playing second base, pivoted to make the relay, Dave was streaking home to meet a well positioned catcher. The base-runner’s slide, though well-timed and properly executed, was matched in competence by the catcher guarding home plate. I hesitated on the call, only because it was close. Dead silence hung over the ballfield as the Italian lads fixed their curious eyes upon me. In a society characterized by the extended family (where blood always rises to the top whatever the density of the solvent), they anxiously awaited my call. Just the closeness of the play made the decision difficult enough, without the additional complication of cultural factors. Instinct prompted me to call it as I saw it, and as I emphatically gestured accordingly, I called, “You’re out!”

Dave’s playmates were awed and momentarily petrified with what ensued, an open challenge of paternalistic authority. Dave had bounced up from his sprawled position and charged on me like Leo Durocher. My son’s gestures and his tone of voice were the same; only the language differed as he adamantly cried, “Accidente! Che sei cieco? (Holy smokes! Are you blind?)” Pandemonium, *alla italiano*, followed as Dave’s teammates, quick on the uptake, stampeded toward me like junior Garibaldis leading a cavalry charge. I asserted myself as firmly as Augie Donatelli and, having taken enough, I usurped the privileges of a baseball commissioner by threatening several suspensions — among them the principal agitator, my son. But despite similar outbursts on several close calls in subsequent days (apparently the boys were developing a real feel for the game), I can truthfully say that, despite my gross violation of long-standing social mores, the boys always displayed sincere respect, and I would like to believe admiration, for me as an individual, an umpire, and a father.

When the day of departure from the Eternal City arrived, Dave, Chuck, and Joe elected to leave their equipment with the “Joe DiMaggios” in the neighborhood. I do not know if the daily ballgames still continue; perhaps soccer has once again become the game of the day. I rather suspect baseball persists as an integral part of the youthful activities near Piazza dei Navigotori, for not too long ago, Franco requested a new supply of balls and bats, which we readily shipped. We can only hope that the brothers of Franco, Massimo, Rudolfo, Sergio, Carlo, et al., have emulated the recreational pursuits of their seniors.

**Cheers for the Anarchist**

In the hearts of a good many Italians dwells a measure of anarchism, probably a form of protest against an old social order protecting the interests of a relatively small privileged class. Feudalism, still practiced in a good share of modern Italy, imposed upon a predominantly peasant society, has produced an ambivalent attitude — the docile acceptance of occupational fatalism with a simultaneous but even deeper urge to strike out in protest.

In addition, this streak of anarchism finds its historic roots in the periods when Italy was subjected to foreign intervention in her internal affairs and was forcibly occupied by foreign peoples, e.g., the Saracens, Spanish, French, and Austrians. Foreign occupation and exploitation resulted in a social reaction of distrust for public officials and a disregard for laws and regulations. Tax avoidance, tax evasion, and an implicitly accepted political oath of “Thou must not witness against thy countrymen” became ingrained habits of the social order. All of these propensities continued as a part of Italian social and political life after 1861, the year of national unification.

Certainly the majority of Italians do not flagrantly violate their laws. However, the following account, which has a strain of humor, does depict the anarchism which flecks the Italian’s social and political outlook.

Leading to the historic Colosseum is one of Rome’s spectacularly broad avenues, *Via dei Fori Imperiali*. Following the avenue in a southeasterly direction, away from the proud Colosseum, is an intersection with the distinction of having one of the relatively few stoplights in Rome. The light not only serves to control the heavy vehicular traffic but also gives the pedestrians a “fighting chance” to cross the broad avenue.

One particular day, when traffic had reached its “lethal peak,” an American friend of mine — who had already spent several years in Italy and had succumbed to a number of the national habits of mind — decided to defiantly cross the avenue against the light. On
the other side of the street, several Italians impatiently waited for the light to change in their favor. As onlookers stared in amazement and awe, the violator proceeded nonchalantly across the street and, by his upraised hand, signaled to his self-created adversaries to halt.

Autos swerved to avoid him, others came to a screeching halt, and a number of drivers shouted choice bits of profanity which are customarily heard in heavy Roman traffic. When he reached the opposite corner, the waiting Italians applaudingly cheered this violator of law, gleefully shouting, "Ma bravo! Bravissimo!"

Latent Fascism

When the most serious aspects of Italian society are viewed, the political scene is difficult to ignore. The Communist threat to the young Italian Republic since the conclusion of World War II is common knowledge, but the extent of the danger is not always fully realized or appreciated by Americans. Since 1948, the Communist Party of Italy (CPI) has almost consistently polled at least 23 per cent of the national vote. And in the national election of 1963, the CPI fared better than ever, for they captured 26 per cent of the 31 million votes cast. The seriousness of this matter assumes its true perspective when one considers that the CPI was opposed by a number of other parties: the Socialist Party, the Social Democratic Party (which very recently formally reunited with the Socialist Party), the Christian Democratic Party, the Liberal Party, the Monarchist Party, and the Fascist Party.

Although the Socialist and Communist movements, especially the latter, pose great threats to Italian democracy, I sometimes wonder if sufficient importance is attached to the possible resurgence of what appears to be a dormant Fascist Party, which made only minor gains in the last national election. Perhaps it should be clarified at this point that, as a political philosophy, Fascism is not illegal in Italy; only the apology for Fascism, i.e., the glorification of the Mussolini era is unlawful.

But then too, this is the heart of the matter, for although the glorification of yesteryear's Fascism is prohibited and, in compliance with the law, most Italians do guard against openly lauding the blackshirt epoch, the keen observer is still able to discern a subtle apology for Fascism and Il Duce. And this rather widespread praise for the "glorious age" is not really in contradiction to the evidence of the vehement anti-Fascist sentiment in the closing days of World War II. I am especially referring to the many indignities inflicted upon the corpse of Mussolini as it hung, on public display, in Milan's Piazzale Loreto in April, 1945.

The Italians love a winner (and to them Mussolini was that for many years); they have little respect for a loser. Although used in an entirely different context (during the Bay of Pigs incident of 1961), the strikingly true comment made by the late President John F. Kennedy to Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., may well be extended to apply to the Italians, i.e., that victory has a hundred fathers but defeat is an orphan.

A few examples will indicate that the embers of Fascism are still glowing in Italy today. A Perugian grocer and I had been discussing the economy, and seeing the late hour, I indicated that I was about to leave by edging toward the door. Looking around carefully, he lowered his voice and concluded, "No, sir, the lire isn't worth much today. Not only have we suffered from inflation, but there is also so much unemployment. With Mussolini things weren't really bad; we worked for fewer lire, but we all worked. And a few lire then bought a great deal." A nod of the head and a lift of the eyebrows emphasized his meaning.

Another case was the college student in Florence who was considerably concerned with the political instability in his country. Because he so much praised our two-party system, I hopefully remarked, "Perhaps, in time, the various political factions here in Italy will consolidate into two or three parties."

He shook his head and grimaced. "I hardly think so. Politics in Italy is in a state of utter confusion. Who knows what will come of this mess? Sometimes I think that the politicians prefer the multi-party system and the consequent absence of a majority party in government, for in that way, no single party or individual need assume responsibility of any kind. Each party can blame the other for lack of action. A strong leader demands responsibility from his subordinates, and we need someone who will assert himself — another Charles De Gaule!"

I strongly suspect that, had he known me better, he would have said Mussolini and not De Gaulle.

South of Rome, a bloc of new government buildings has been erected; this new area with its imposing shops and government buildings is called EUR. As I waited for the 93 bus, I struck up a conversation with several of my fellow bus-waiters. I commented on the fine looking apartments, shops, and public buildings being constructed throughout all of Italy. "But this [EUR] is really impressive," I added. I could see that they were pleased by my sincere compliment.

"All this, like a good many of our other public works, was started by Mussolini," they proudly stressed.

A fine example is the case of the Army captain who expressed his sentiments as we discussed Italian politics. Unlike those who coyly lauded Mussolini, he spoke overtly of his Fascist leanings.

"Yes, I was a Fascist, and so were many others who walk the streets today." He slightly raised his voice in anger and his color heightened. "The difference is that I admit it; they don't. 'Me a Fascist?' they deny by the inflection of their voices. 'Oh no, not me! I was
forced to do the bidding of the Fascist authorities.' The damn liars!"

He drew a long, dark, and narrow cigar from his shirt pocket, and breaking the cigar at the center, placed one half back into his shirt pocket, and commenced to light the other half. As a boy, I had often seen Italian men perform this same ritual, but I was never sure whether this was a sign of parsimony or that the entire black rope was too much to take in one sitting.

Blowing dark clouds of smoke toward the ceiling he continued. "And when Mussolini spoke on the balcony of the Palazzo Venezia, as so often was the case, didn't the people come in droves from kilometers around? They weren't forced to come at gunpoint; they came voluntarily."

In true Italian fashion, his hands were gesturing frantically. "If someone fainted because of the heat, nobody knew the difference," he added. "The limp body was supported by the 'sardines' packed close to the unconscious form."

He paused for a moment; I did not seize the opportunity to interrupt him. He had the floor, and I wanted to hear all he had to say. The Captain rolled his cigar between his teeth as he paced the floor impatiently; he then went on to draw a verbal but incisive picture.

"When Mussolini spoke and haughtily threw his chin upward and just as cockily turned his head to display his granite-like profile, how the thousands cheered: it was like the voice of all Italy cheering an operatic tenor. And when he left the balcony and re-entered the Palazzo, how they forcefully called for encore upon encore with their staccato screaming: 'II Duce! II Duce! II Duce!' Yes, Mussolini spoke to his people time and time again, and they [the masses] came as often to pay homage to their leader."

The political circumstances in Italy today bear some semblance to the years immediately following World War I when Benito Mussolini rose to power. Leftist movements then as today were gaining momentum. It is highly improbable that Italy today would go to the extreme right via the polls, for in this respect Communism and Socialism are the major threat. But the right spark at the right moment by some demagogue could bring about a landslide of reaction for totalitarianism, and I believe that this possibility should not be ignored.

Furbo e Fesso

Ingrained within the social fabric of the Italians is the almost uncontrollable urge of fare il furbo as opposed to fare il fesso. Fare il furbo is one of those idiomatic expressions which loses its full meaning when translated, but perhaps a close enough translation is "to be a shrewd (or cunning) one," while on the other hand fare il fesso carries the dubious dis-
mit, minimum resistance on my part — rather thoroughly completed what my parents had started. Over the months, the warm Mediterranean sun had deepened my naturally dark complexion. I now wore Italian clothes, and I could handle the language with complete confidence and a sense of ownership. Slight traces of an American accent and Sicilian Dialect periodically seeped through my speech, but by and large the nationals invariably attributed these inconspicuous enunciatory pervasions to one of the many bona fide dialects spoken all over Italy.

Upon sighting an unused phone, I placed my two suitcases on the concrete approach to the track and called my host to inform him of my arrival. To leave any item of value unattended is generally a foolhardy act anywhere, but especially so in Naples. As I conversed with my friend on the phone, periodically I threw a wayward glance toward my not too distant baggage. For a few seconds I was carried away by conversation, and after a hurried farewell I hung up the receiver. Upon turning to retrieve my baggage, I awakened to a rapidly developing event. A partially bald, rogue-like, characteristically little Neapolitan was casually making off with my suitcases.

In typical Notre Dame defensive style, I charged down the approach and threw a crunching block into the filcher's scrawny but formidable body. The commotion of physical contact, the resounding, boisterous grunt of my prey, and the bouncing thuds of the suitcases alerted a carabiniere policing the station for just such eventualities.

Apparently not realizing that I was the offended party, the Neapolitan gingerly regained his physical and mental poise and enticingly urged me. "Play it smart. Play it smart. Don't turn me in; we'll split the take on the suitcases."

The carabiniere was quickly coming down upon the both of us. Meanwhile, memories of some then recent experiences with the Italian police raced through my mind. I recalled only too well the three-hour impatient wait to report a lost passport and a similar interlude to extend my stay in Italy. No siree, I wasn't disposed to becoming involved with the police, not even in the interest of justice! Moreover, I was short on time already.

"Cosa succede?" ("What's wrong?") softly but firmly demanded the carabiniere. The Neapolitan's deep brown eyes inquisitively fixed upon mine, as he awaited the words which would surely confirm his guilt.

"Niente" ("Absolutely nothing"), I calmly assured the officer. The Neapolitan's lower lip relaxed as the lines of tension drained from his face. "This man was simply providing me with porter services, and I mistook his considerate intentions," I hurriedly added.

"Allora . . . (Well?)" I curtly said turning to the Neapolitan. "Andiamo. (Let's go)."

With newly found enthusiasm, the rogue scurried to grab my suitcases, I directed him to the taxi stand, and he led the way. But still unaware that he was in reality carrying my luggage, he turned his head as we walked, and he gleefully suggested: "Bravo! That was quick, smart thinking; we ought to work together as a team."

At this point, I clearly advised him that the baggage was actually mine, that we were going only as far as the taxi stand, and that once there it would serve as our point of departure. I must confess I was elated. I had out-talked the carabiniere, out-witted what appeared to be a cunning Neapolitan thief, and was receiving porter services gratis. I had indeed played the part of a furbo in the furbo's own ballpark.

Although I had averted the services of an anxious carabiniere, I had not been completely convinced for, with dubious nonchalance, he tagged some ten paces behind us. Upon reaching the taxi stand, the Neapolitan placed my luggage on the pavement, and faintly extending his right hand, he half-gestured for that which was rightfully due him a facchino, a tip.

For but a fraction of a second I had mixed feelings of astonishment and anger. In Italy, a good many of the unfortunately unemployed turn to "make-work occupations," i.e., they provide one of sundry services to the tourists and the more fortunate nationals in order to barely get by. An individual who accepts these services and then refuses to tip once the service is rendered commits what is almost tantamount to an "economic crime."

The carabiniere curiously awaited my reaction to this sudden turn of events. To the end, I perpetuated the farce, and reaching deeply into my pocket, I came up with a hundred lire piece.

Broadly smiling, the Neapolitan tipped his deformed, sweaty cap and pleasantly commented: "Grazie, gentiluomo, grazie. Un piacere servirvi." Then he turned briskly and hurriedly walked away as he tauntingly whistled "La Donnae Mobile."

I stood sapped of emotional strength, for I felt like the reputed diplomat who had just been told to go to Hades in such a glib manner that, as momentary as it was, he nevertheless had been beguiled into looking forward to taking the trip. I no longer enjoyed the inflated ego of a furbo. Although I did not feel like a fesso, circumstances had compelled me to play my trump cards poorly, and I had to settle for no better than a draw.

Indelible impressions of Italy, but for space there are others to tell, others I value as highly — of things, of places, but above all of people. With exhilarating anticipation I look to the day that I can return to Italy, for Italy and her people can never be just an experience. All Italy is an addictive disease for which, when once contracted, no cure is known. Only additional and periodic does satisfy the psychic hunger.
Angkor Wat, Miracle of the Jungle

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A walk through the deserted streets of Bangkok in the early morning hours is a curious experience for a farang — a person from the western world. In the daytime, this bustling metropolis is a human beehive of activity: the klongs (canals) are filled with sampans and barges, the sidewalks jammed with people, and the streets hazardously crowded because of the uncommonly rapid influx of motorized vehicles into a city which until a decade ago presented only the lazy traffic of horsedrawn carriages on muddy roads and hand-operated boats on the river and the klongs. As the mist of dawn rises, however, and the population is still asleep — the natives on rice mats on the floors of their simple stilted houses, the farangs in their air-conditioned bedrooms — a primeval calm confronts the early riser, an audible silence and a magic transparency experienced against the background of the vivid memory of yesterday's multicolored blur and exotic cacophony. Then the river and the klongs were full of obstructions, sampans and barges and people everywhere, but now the eye wanders along the surface of the unruffled water where the green fungus has closed in over the scars of yesterday's traffic. And the streets — not long ago they were klongs too, but the demand of modern mobility forced the city to fill in many of them and create thoroughfares — lie open and desolate in all directions.

Suddenly, into this almost eerie tranquility a subtle movement is projected, a ripple or a vibration only, but because of the profound experience of the total silence that precedes it this slight disturbance registers sharply on two senses, the visual and the audible. First, in the far distance where the two sides of the street merge into a wedge, the eyes focus on a splash of bright saffron, then a sound readyes the ears: sandals shuffling against the pavement. Another splash of saffron and more sandals against the pavement. Soon the sound increases, the color image is sharpened, and you see monks with their rice bowls and people with their presentations of food and flowers. And this is always the way the day begins, not only in Bangkok but throughout the Buddhist world where the ritual of making merit by presenting the monks with their daily sustenance is an essential feature in the life of the faithful.

On this particular morning, the exchange between monks and laymen impressed me more deeply than before. I noticed how gracefully a young girl held up her plate of steaming rice — I could even smell its tangy curry — and then knelt with bowed head and palms of hands together while she received the monk's blessing. I saw the bouquet of flowers, the single unopened lotus among the many others, and the josh sticks which the monk would light in his wat, or temple, to remember the donor's act of merit. I was very much in the mood for the spiritual activity of the morning, for I was in the process of fulfilling one of my long-time dreams and had, in a sense, taken the first steps on a cultural pilgrimage when faced with this simple picture of Buddhist piety.

The serenity of the morning did not last long, and by the time I had boarded my bus and was on the way to the airport the streets began to fill, the din of the Oriental metropolis penetrated the walls of the padded vehicle, and the screeching, high-pitched howl of aircraft taking off increased in intensity as we approached the terminal. The spiritual experience was soon in the past, and when I sat belted into my seat in the rather rickety DC-3 it was difficult for me to follow the advice of the Upanishad and withdraw from my mind "all external objects and concentrate on the oneness of the Divine and the self."

By Air to the Past

I had set out for the ruined city of Angkor, the Miracle of the Jungle, and felt a little guilty, I think, going there by such modern means as an airplane. That the one I made use of was an antiquated as such technical innovations can be and still remain aloft did nothing to improve the situation. If anything, it probably made me feel worse, for, as the aircraft squeaked and sputtered, bumped and pitched I began to wonder whether I would actually reach my longed-for goal or simply become an item of air traffic statistics.

However, it was a beautiful morning up above also, and the aircraft remained at a relatively low altitude so that landscape details were quite distinguishable. The vast and fertile Central Plain of Thailand spread out in all directions like a softly quilted carpet in an infinite variety of green depending upon the growing stage of the rice and the degree of moisture of the paddies. Along the klongs were villages with stilted houses like gray cranes at rest, and occasionally the sun would catch the majolica-tilted roof of a wat and diffuse its brightness in multi-colored splendor.
I thought of the fact that nearly a hundred years had passed since Henri Mouhot, a French naturalist exploring remote Cambodia, heard tales of a wonderful "lost city" in the central jungles of the country and decided, despite obstacles of nature and superstition on the part of the natives, to penetrate into the heart of the jungle and see for himself.

What a moment it must have been, I thought, when Mouhot first faced the stones of the city and discovered that not only had the "lost city" existed, but did, in fact, still exist in an amazing state of preservation.

Those were the days — when wondrous civilizations were yet to be discovered, when challenges were waiting for the adventurous spirits of man! I couldn't but regret being so late in my pilgrimage, and I was almost sorry for having worn down the potential excitement of the visit by reading the ample descriptive material available on the Angkor City, and was almost convinced that what lay ahead — though a great experience, to be sure — could not be anything but an anti-climax.

I looked down below. The rice paddies had disappeared, shadows told me that we were crossing mountain ridges and the evenly spreading dark carpet ahead in the distance marked the approaching jungle. We had gained altitude, and it was no longer possible to distinguish specific features in the landscape. Besides, the jungle quickly closed in on us, vast and impene-trable. All of a sudden, the aircraft banked radically to the leeward followed by a rapid and unexpected descent. An identical maneuver was executed to starboard, and we must have descended two or three thousand feet before the pilot decided to proceed straight ahead. Frightened at this jolting interruption of my contemplations I began to look for an explanation of the maneuver, hoping to see a landing spot down below.

Although we were now low enough to observe landscape details again there was nothing to be seen but the dense foliage of the jungle. Oh well, the pilot must have had his reason for this acrobatic exercise, I thought, and settled back again. Then the seat belt sign flashed on, and again the aircraft started banking to the leeward, this time without correcting the maneuver to the starboard, and the pilot's voice announced calmly: "Ladies and gentlemen, I suggest you look down to your left."

This brought to mind the stewardess's question when I boarded the plane: "Have you been in Angkor before, sir?" I hadn't. "Then you must sit on the left side, sir. It's best."

And the jungle opened up, a huge square area lay exposed below — light brown, green, and gray — and the airplane circled its circumference. The light brown marked a waterfilled moat of tremendous proportions, the green was the park-like layout next to the moat, and the gray — wondrously symmetrical and majestically pinnacled — was the Miracle of the Jungle, Angkor Wat, in Henri Mouhot's words, "grander than anything left to us by Greece or Rome." At that moment I had no argument with Mouhot, nor did I regret being so late. As I scanned the "wat of all wats" so magnificently displayed before me I sensed a touch of triumph and could not help thinking, "Poor Henri Mouhot, he never saw Angkor Wat quite like this!"

**Testimony of Adoration**

The Khmers, a people dominating life on the Indo-Chinese sub-continent about one thousand years ago, built Angkor Wat in the 12th century, more exactly from 1133 until 1150, i.e., when European architecture stood on the threshold between the Romanesque and the Gothic. St. Etienne in Caen and Durham Cathedral in England were both finished approximately then Angkor Wat was begun, while Chartres and Notre Dame de Paris were started a decade or so after the completion of the Buddhist structure.

The entire Angkor complex consists of temples, palaces, squares, parks, pools, funerary monuments, city walls, music halls — so many buildings serving such a variety of human activities and reflecting such genius in design and execution that it staggers the imagination. Many volumes have been written on the Khmer culture as revealed in these structures and their decor, most of the material in French and not yet available in English.

Instead of discussing this vast totality of Khmer architecture, I have chosen to concentrate on the central and best preserved example of it, the arcaded, nine-turreted, soaring Angkor Wat, not only because it is the finest of all ecclesiastical buildings in the Orient but because it does — or so it seems to me — reflect better than the other structures the Spirit of the Khmers, their striving for perfection, for making merit by presenting to their Supreme Beings this astounding testimony of their adoration. Furthermore, Angkor Wat also reveals a touch of the negative spirit which would prove disastrous for the nation that built it.

Our knowledge of the life of the Khmers derives from interpretation of inscriptions found on several of the buildings in the Angkor complex, primarily from those on the Bayon in the capital city Angkor Thom, and from exterior reliefs on the walls of Angkor Wat. According to these evidences, Angkor Wat was conceived and completed during the reign of Suryavarman II. Says Bernhard Philippe Groslier in the volume *The Art of Indo-China*:

It is most certainly due to the personality of Suryavarman II that the style of Angkor Wat was to prove the great monument of Khmer art. One may go further and say that Angkor Wat could only have been conceived by a single man of genius. The unity of style, proportion and conception force one to that conclusion.

From a religious point of view, the Khmers were unusually broadminded and allowed foreign influences...
to flourish freely. More than that, they readily adopted new and religious features which seemed particularly suitable to their temperament. Thus, while the religious tenor of the Khmers who built Angkor Wat — the word simply means “City Temple” — was primarily Buddhist, inscriptions show that the Khmer version was liberally colored by Brahmanism. In some periods the two religions enjoyed parallel but separate existences within Khmer life, at other times they seem to be interwoven. In the reign of Suryavarman II, Buddhism occupies the place of distinction. Yet an inscription dating from that period and stating that the word of Buddha alone is true, opens with a praise to Siva. According to Sir Charles Eliot, one finds in the reign of Suryavarman so complete an identification of Sivaism and Buddhism that it actually composes a Trinity of Brahma, Vishnu, and the Buddha.

How is this composite religious spirit reflected in the monastic temple that towers above the dense Cambodian jungle? Is the spiritual aspiration of the Khmers as demonstrative here as the abstract striving for communion with God seems to be in the ever-dissolving pinnacles of Chartres Cathedral? Is there, in fact, in the background of belligerence so proudly shown in temple and palace reliefs in Angkor enough of an emphasis on spiritual values to merit consideration?

The chronological parallel with the European Gothic period is of more than passing interest. Gothicism was a product of a notoriously belligerent people, the Normans of Eastern France. This restless people, once the anathema of Christianity, eventually became its greatest proponents and erected monuments to their own dynamic piety which still stand as unsurpassed achievements in spiritual artistic expression.

The Khmers, according to inscriptions and reliefs on the Bayon and Angkor Wat, undertook adventurous journeys of conquest to remote areas of Asia and became greatly feared by peoples far and near. Gradually, however, the spirit of conquest gave way to a greater concern for social and spiritual welfare, the nation prospered, and with its prosperity came an increase in artistic sophistication. However, in prosperity and sophistication may be found the seed of decay. Thus the monumental artistic and spiritual achievement of Angkor Wat marks both the Khmer summit and the beginning of the decline, and from the completion of the structure in 1150 — the year is approximate — until the last Khmer defeat by the Thai in 1438 the downward trend is relentless.

The logical procedure would be to focus primary attention on the overwhelmingly positive elements of Khmer artistry as demonstrated in the totality of Angkor Wat's conception and design and the refinement of their execution. This, afer all, constitutes the essential “miracle” in the Khmer mystique. How a people of such high cultural accomplishments sank into complete oblivion while the jungle closed in on its monuments is a fascinating but less fruitful subject for investigation, since it must rely largely on conjecture and arbitrary judgment.

Khmer Perfection of the Dravidian

To describe in meaningful terms the emotional and esthetic experience of a first-hand exposure to the entire Angkor complex is an impossible task, for words become pale and ineffective tools of expression to a person confronted with these wonders. Just as the principal form of inspiration for Khmer builders was the pyramid, so the visitor's experience as he proceeds from one monument to the next in a day-long wandering builds up in pyramidal fashion until, in a final burst of emotion, he is faced with Angkor Wat in the mid-afternoon when the sun plays on the ancient stones of the temple's western facade, its walls and pinnacles mistily reflected in the clayey water of the moat.

Perhaps some cold figures would serve to lessen the emotional impact, although these in turn tend to overwhelm. The sacred enclosure of Angkor, says Groslier, “forms a rectangle of some 1,700 by 1,500 yards, completely enclosed by a moat more than 200 yards wide.” A 200-yard gatehouse reproduced in miniature the facade of the sacred temple itself. The gatehouse is not as well preserved as the main structure. Considering its miniature function, however, it is relatively easy to reconstruct mentally the effect of this dramatic approach to the temple. The road from the gatehouse, 1200 feet long, leads straight to the symmetric entry of the temple, which at the base is 700 by 720 feet. Above the base, in pyramidal fashion, rise the galleries of the temple until it reaches an elevation of 220 feet above the roadway. Above the jungle flatland, the Khmers seem to have erected mountains, initially casual structures that blend into the surroundings; later, intricate palatial mountains to house their revered kings or gods and kings. Such a ceremonial mountain is Angkor Wat.

Just as the Khmer religion constitutes a mixture of Buddhism and Hinduism, so their architectural style is the result of a unique synthesis of Hindu features and indigenous elements. According to anthropologists, there was considerable migration from the ancient Chalukya kingdom in Eastern India to the Indo-Chinese sub-continent. Mementos of such migration are found in Thailand, Cambodia and the Vietnams in the form of lesser funerary monuments and also in linguistic fragments of Sanskrit in the Khmer, Thai, and Vietnamese languages. Most pronounced, however, is the manifestation of this migration in the Dravidian influence in these countries, architecture from the eighth through the thirteenth centuries, and nowhere has this influence been more meaningfully synthesized with local conditions and aspirations than in the land of the Khmers.

Although the monumental scale of Khmer temples is probably an Indian feature, Dravidian architects in India actually never constructed sanctuaries of such
giant proportions as Angkor Wat. Khmer predilection for stone relief may also be a Dravidian derivative. However, the Angkor approach to this form of decorative art differs positively from the Indian in its logical and rhythmic utilization of stone surfaces so that the total effect enhances rather than confuses the totality of the structure it decorates.

Sir Charles Eliot, in discussing the differences between Khmer and Dravidian art, states that "one might almost suppose that the Cambodian architects had deliberately set themselves to rectify the chief faults of Indian architecture." In view of the considerable elapse of time between the migrations from India and the erection of the principal monuments at Angkor, it would be arbitrary to ascribe such purposeful corrective effort to builders who were centuries removed from the main Indian influence in their country. However, by carry-over and conditioning it may well be that the ultimate result of the Khmer utilization of the influences of the past brought the already quite refined artistry of the Dravidians to a summit of perfection never envisioned by its originators.

In the Chalukya kingdom of eastern India are several temples which in many respects resemble those found in the Angkor complex. The Lad Khan at Aihole shows a tri-partite gallery structure, each supported by columns of increasing height rising, though not particularly loftily, toward a center in a much depressed pyramidal fashion. There is, however, only one base level above which the half-vaults rise, and on a slight elevation in the center of that base, facing the linga of the sanctuary which is placed in an apse protruding from the back wall, is a statue of Nandi, Siva's riding bull. A similar movement toward an elevated center is found in Angkor Wat, though the entire development there is more consciously and ingeniously directed toward the achievement of great height.

The temple of Virupaksa, also in Chalukya, shows a striking resemblance to the Phimeanakas in the capital city of Angkor Thom. The Dravidian temple, erected toward the middle of the eighth century, i.e., around the time when the migration from that area to Indo-China may have taken place, is in its exterior form a pyramidal structure, although this is only a vaulted shell supported by means of a single-level hypostyle. The Angkor pyramids, on the other hand, are massive stone and earth structures in which the stepwise exterior elevation strives deliberately toward the summit sanctuary which is the only point of symbolic significance.

It is in the utilization of the pyramidal form that the Khmer style distinguishes itself so remarkably from Dravidian architecture. In the latter, an occasional pyramid occurs among numerous other types of structures, but the form never seems to attain the symbolic significance or the extreme refinements present in the Khmer tradition. The Phimeanakas, which dates from the tenth century, is primitive compared to the pyramidal form used in the Bayon in Angkor Thom which in turn is relatively simple in comparison with the intricate scheme applied to the design of Angkor Wat.

**Unique Features**

The unique features of Angkor Wat are its pyramidal usage of space and matter — its logical proportions — and its sophisticated demonstration of the supreme quality of Khmer stone relief.

The Greeks were masters in perspective compensation, and we cannot fail to marvel at this structural detail in the Parthenon. The Khmers, to be sure, lived almost a thousands years later than the classical Greeks. It is, however, highly doubtful that their journeys brought them anywhere near an example of true Greek architecture, and we must therefore assume that the perspective compensation that is such a dominant feature in Angkor Wat was a product of indigenous Khmer ingenuity. Says Groslier:

The understanding of perspective is quite astonishing, and shows that the Khmers of that time knew all about spatial geometry. The length of the road between the entrance pavilion and the temple is roughly twice that of the western facade. . .the height of the three terraces is increased regularly, so that the spectator, as soon as he comes in, sees a perfect pyramid before him. Terraces of equal height would, in effect, have concealed a storey behind the gallery of the lower level. With the same aim in view, each storey is staggered back toward the east, that is to say, away from the main entrance, as compared to that one below. Without that device, the summit would appear to topple over toward the spectator.

There is a rhythmic movement in all of this that serves to emphasize the main goal of the eye — the crowning summit of the central tower, a nine-tiered tiara symbolizing the Divine Being whose statue in all probability was placed in the space immediately below.

A system of cruciform arcades with slightly ovate stone barrel vaults rising on the different-level terraces connect the outer to the median gallery. To accomplish this difficult structural task, the architect devised a system of telescopic or superimposed galleries which constitute not only one of the impressive architectural elements of the edifice but also a remarkable independent achievement.

The twentieth century viewer would naturally proceed to the summit of the temple and view the entire structure from above. In doing so, he would marvel at the intricacy of the design, at the extraordinary size — it is approximately the same as the Cheops Pyramid — and the beauty of its symmetry. He would also discover its relationship to other structures within the Angkor complex and would see that roads and paths, now almost totally overgrown by the jungle, all lead to the temple, not in the form of spokes in a wheel but
rather as stems projecting out from the center of a fan.

The architect, however, did not want the viewer to begin at the top. Arrival at that lofty perch would come as a reward to the faithful who completed the entire course of his pilgrimage through each gallery by elevating himself in slow progress toward the central sanctuary.

When Angkor Wat served as the center for an ecclesiastical staff of almost six thousand people who “lived in” — approximately 2,800 priests and an equal number of assistants plus six hundred dancing girls — the crowd must have made a fruitful art pilgrimage difficult indeed. However, pilgrims in these days came to pay homage to the Divine Being, not to look at art.

On entering Angkor Wat the first time, I was told that in its days of glory walls, towers, and columns were gilded and multicolored and that prayer flags, suspended from pinnacle to pinnacle, fluttered in the breeze. In a way, although I would have liked to see the temples as it once was, I found my own quiet visit very rewarding. Proceeding from the facade entrance leftward and counter-clockwise around the galleries, I viewed the magnificent and perfectly preserved stone reliefs on the inside of the first gallery wall. The outside wall consists only of pillars so that light floods the reliefs on the gallery walls. Almost every space within these frescoes. The latter term is quite appropriate, for there is much more of the painter’s brush than of the sculptor’s chisel about them. Nowhere in the world are there more beautiful or bolder narrative reliefs. The greatest frescoes of the Italian Renaissance are only to be compared with them. This gives Angkor Wat its title to a place among the wonders of the world.

Cosmological Inspiration

The man-made mountains in Angkor — The Phimeanakas, the Angkor Wat, the Bayon, and later structures — were all basically inspired by Brahmanic cosmology which places Mt. Meru in the center of the universe. Thus, the very summit of Angkor Wat symbolized Mt. Meru while the decorative elements leading up to it represented an effort at creating a paradise-like existence already prior to man’s arrival at the point of assimilation. It is note-worthy that Suryavarman’s builders and decorators, though building a temple of monumental proportions, preferred to work in miniature scale. The finest features in Angkor Wat are the minute details which, despite their multiplicity and infinite variety, create an air of meaningful unity. In later Khmer building and decorative efforts this attention to detail is lacking. Instead, symbolic elements and narrative features are presented on a large and blunt scale that shows an unmistakable decline in the years immediately following the completion of Angkor Wat, the Bayon, contains many fine separate units. All in all, however, the Bayon is the result of over-statement rather than restraint, and in the centuries that remained before the final defeat, this artistic weakness persists. Whether the post-Angkor Wat temples would have been considered equally crude and
uninspired without the presence of Angkor Wat itself as a lofty standard of measurement is an interesting, though hypothetical, question. There is so much in the entire Angkor complex that commands awe and admiration — the Bayon, the Terrace of the Elephants, the Angkor Thom Causeway, the Ta Phrom — that a wandering through the dense jungles still covering much of it, takes the form of a series of confrontations with hauntingly impressive monuments. Once Angkor Wat has been reached, however, and the Khmer achievements unfold in their grandest and also in their most intimate form, this final impression is so profound that it completely overshadows the excitement of the preceding experience.

The Modern Synthesis

The plane is aloft, and the jungle below closes in over its miracle. The jungle gives way to low mountain ridges, and soon the rice paddies of Thailand come into view — the quilted carpet again, its colors deepened by the evening sun — the humble villages and the simple wats. In the morning I had been on my way into the past; now my direction is more logical, for the Khmer culture, blossoming so hectically in the 11th and 12th centuries only to fade into oblivion, did not really die out entirely. The Khmer people, as a nation of importance, ceased to contribute to the cultural life of Southeast Asia, but its conquerors, the Thai, brought with them back into their own land the Khmer cultural pattern, and in the exuberant sanctuaries of modern Thailand is found — as in the Khmer adaptation of Indian features — a synthesis of Khmer and indigenous Thai styles, a fact acknowledged by the Thai in the presence of an exquisitely carved scale model of Angkor Wat in a place of honor in Bangkok's own Royal Temple of the Emerald Buddha.

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On Second Thought

I can remember being told, and parroting, that faith held for the sake of faith is no faith at all. We believe not because of our psychological need, but because God is real. Only a "mere" humanist would say that man must have some faith, and should therefore believe.

Wait. The sentences sound strong and true, but they are not. We know that God is real and true only by faith. Unless we have faith, God is not real and true for us. We believe because we must, because God has convinced us. Without that "must" we have no faith, and no God. If we do not need faith, deep down in our hearts where we ache, we have no God. God is not God to us unless we have to have Him there for us. Faith that is given because we have to believe is the only faith there is.

Faith is that sense of awe with which we face our God — in whatever light we see Him — when we have come to realize that He must be. There is no God for us and we have no faith until we have realized that for me, for my life, God has to be. I have to need God before I can believe, before there is any awe at all.

For faith, it is not important how we come to the realization that God must be, that we must have God. We may arrive through worship, or intellectual argument, or emotions of fear or love, or our relation to other people, or our own ultimate concern. At sundry times and in diverse manner God has used all these means.

We can choose to propose or teach the realization that God is there in ways that destroy faith, because by these ways our need for God is hidden. If we must first believe the Bible, or agree to the testimony of the church, or accept the mores of society before we talk of God, then we need no God. If our need for God is removed to another later aeon after this life, then we feel no need for God. We have no faith, we have only acquiescence. If we are to teach God, we must teach to need: faith because we must have faith. Through worship, through intellectual exploration, through the experiences of love and hate, we stand in need of God and realize that God must be.

When we confront a realized God, then Jesus Christ is the corrective Word. He is what God is like. He is the assurance of grace in our need, the judgment of idolatry in our pride. The Word never ends as long as our need continues. If in some way like the choice of the knowledge of good and evil we make ourselves like God we may also fail to hear the Word. But as long as we must have God, Jesus is God's Word: this is what God is like. Then we both kneel in awe and sing in praise.

April 1968
The Visual Arts

The New Figuration

By RICHARD H. W. BRAUER

What is man that thou shouldest think of him.
And the son of man that thou shouldest care for him? Ps. 8:4

Last week my Dad died. I close my eyes and try to remember him. What was his image? I can remember him on his last day. He had slipped into a semi-coma. His face was puffy, flushed. He breathed heavily. A yellow plastic tube came out of his nose from under the transparent nose-and-mouth oxygen mask. Electrode wires ran from his body to an oscilloscope behind and above his head where jumped the pattern of his heartbeat. Glucose tubes ran down from hanging bottles at the foot of his bed. A catheter ran out on the other side where Dad's broken leg hung in traction. His hands no longer responded to our caresses. His fingertips were cold. This image; was that my Dad? I remember him last Christmas holding our three-year-old Lizzie on his lap singing carols. He was bald and bent and gently deliberate. He smiled warmly, teasingly, and argued intensely. This image; was that my Dad? Or I remember a snapshot of him before he was married. He was thin, serious, wearing wire-rimmed glasses and in shirt sleeves. This image; was that my Dad?

“Yes” to each and “No” to each. Although vivid in details, each image is too particular. Yet a composite, especially in terms of his entire life span, seems too vague, an impossibility. As a result, in my memory I am left with fragmentary images and a painful sense of unalterable separation from him. He is gone. How can I understand his existence and disappearance?

To search out anew this question of the ultimate reality of man, a number of artists turned again, about the time of W.W. II, to portraying the human figure. Jean Dubuffet (b.1901) the Frenchman, and Alberto Giacometti (1901-1966) the Swiss, were the major artists inspiring this movement, later called the New Figuration. Each with his own special insight created metaphors of man in the flux of existence. For each it seemed somewhat accidental that man existed at all. Their images, therefore, are not the images of man in confident control of life as portrayed by the idealized naturalism of popular illustrators. Rather, Dubuffet shows man appearing and disappearing on the level of the lowliest matter, literally that of undisguised dirt. In the painting, Jules Supervielle, the background is a reddish black material that appears to be a mixture of coal dust grit and sticky tar. The face itself is a special paste having a window-putty-like quality that he knifed on and that in places stays on top of the grit like chewing gum. The face is a dirty cream flushing darker and slightly greenish in places where some of the background black seems to have stained through. The lines of the face were made by not covering the background or by scratching away the putty. The over-four-times-life-size face is a blunt diagram of a grotesque human type. Prune wrinkles, disheveled hair, dried up lips falling away from the skull leaving a thin, sharp nose. This ghost head seems to exist on shrill will and rough symmetry. A puff, and it reverts to dirt, for the dirt projects more concretely than does the representation. At first glance it is laughable, but the caricature has too much power and so becomes frightening. The author, Jack Kroll, has written that these “Portraits restore the true person to the true matrix.”

Giacometti's figures seem more sophisticated than do Dubuffet's. Yet Giacometti's images show the human situation as being equally precarious. In Man Pointing, the arms and legs and neck and waist extend and extend past what seems must be the breaking point. On these extended forms the ragged, active surfaces belie the quietude of the pose. The resulting effect is that of a person trying to contain extreme inner tension. He barely holds together against the enveloping emptiness. This feeling of complete isolation and loneliness can also be seen in Three Men Walking. Although the figures are crowded together, each is strictly intent on his own purpose. The heavy pedestal anchors the fragile, nervous figures and defines their space. Their space is square, suggesting that no one direction has any greater meaning than any other. Similarly, each figure is stripped naked of any special distinction. They are anonymous figures aimlessly busy in a neutral space. Finally, the figures seem isolated even from the beholder. From a distance, the figures promise to reveal much detail to a closer inspection, yet when this is given the detail evaporates into meaningless lumps and depressions. The figures come into focus best from what seems to be an unreasonable distance.

With the death of my father, the images of these artists showing the mortality in the human condition ring very true for me. Yet, during Dad's dying and at his funeral we heard from many people, and ourselves expressed, many, many affirmations of Christ's wonderful response to the human condition. Expressions such as “I'm so sorry... but we know he is with his Savior in Heaven” may have been abbreviated childlike Christian theology but it rang authentic and true to me. Some day I hope an artist will do in modern terms what Rembrandt did in his when he found images combining the human condition with the Christian hope of salvation. In the meantime, these words of God add the needed positive dimension to a modern description of man: "Fear not, for I have redeemed you, I have called you by your name... you are mine!" [Isaiah 43:1]
JULES SUPERVIELLE. LARGE BANNER PORTRAIT, 1947, Jean Dubuffet. Oil on canvas, 51 1/2" x 38 1/2". The Art Institute of Chicago. Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice E. Culberg.


April 1968
It must already have become apparent to readers that this page is regularly filled with random thoughts. This month — April first foolery or Spring madness? — the column offers random thoughts randomly organized.

The chairmen of Indiana college music departments and schools were dismayed at a recent meeting to discover that almost two-thirds of the music teachers in Indiana elementary and secondary schools are engaged to teach general music courses. The dismay was not with curricular requirements but with the preparation of the teacher. Emphasizing specialization in a performing medium, the training institutions have produced competent bandsmen, choir directors, and orchestra conductors — people who know their instrument and can teach it. Training for teaching musical fundamentals and appreciation has been left to a few courses and the curiosity of the student.

Of course, the chairmen should have not been surprised. If the civilized arts are to be taught in schools, it follows that the teacher's task is to prepare audiences of intelligence and sensitivity rather than skilled performers. Conservatories and schools were formerly separate. In current education the functions of both are joined in one institution. It is understandable that one hand became dominant, but the need for ambidexterity is now apparent. Perhaps the music teachers of tomorrow will have learned and experienced more broadly.

They might well look to the person of a French musicographer for inspiration. Romain Rolland (1866-1944) was a man who knew music as an essential experience in human life. For all of his research of older music he abhorred pedantry. While later study may supersede his information, it cannot confuse the clarity of his vision and the vitality of his style. His description of music-making in eighteenth-century Europe is for the music student what the cinematic version of Tom Jones must be for the student of English literature: a vivid experience of the liveliness only suggested in the facts of history that remain to us. And who, having read the unfinished Beethoven biography, can claim not to hear the Titan's music with more understanding?

I remarked while browsing in some Rolland essays a month ago that the studies of music students in this century are guided by the thought of German musicology almost exclusively. French, Italian, and even English attitudes are too often unknown or ignored. Rolland's ability to find the human spirit in the expression of the notes is worthy of cultivation.

That notes represent the non-verbal expression of ideas having a common ground with other forms of expression only in the mind and spirit of the human being is the thesis of a recent publication by Iowa State University Press. The Musical Symbol is a study of the philosophic theory of music by Gordon Epperson, performer, teacher, and scholar. Mr. Epperson first review theories about the nature of music and notes how odd it is that music should so rarely figure in philosophical discussion even though it is generally esteemed a worthwhile form of thought and creation. Musicians perform and audiences listen, but few are concerned with what it is they are doing. Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and Bergson are crucial in Epperson's development. It is from hints in their work that he postulates the symbolic essence of musical art. In music and through music we experience what the mind or spirit can in no way grasp. Music communicates the experience of time — not minutes and seconds but the whole realm of human experience about which we say "now" and "then" and "quick" and "move" and "cease." Music puts it differently, of course. I suggest the philosophers among my readers satisfy themselves with Mr. Epperson's careful explication rather than with my hasty report liable to misrepresentation. The book is an important addition to the small shelf of books on the subject.

The expression of similar ideas in different media turned up the other day in an unexpected place. Record jackets are notoriously injudicious in their selection of illustrations. Usually they are most successful when no attempt has been made to relate package and contents. A blithe exception are the covers of recordings issued by Crossroads Records. The cartoons are both witty and wise. A jet-propelled angel pursuing three more conventionally powered colleagues is quite the same effect produced by a canon in diminution. The polyphonic masteries of Josquin are inside this jacket. A Beethoven quartet in which the instruments maintain their independence even while cooperation becomes a pastoral scene with a violinist on one bank of the stream, a second on the opposite bank, a violist on the bridge over and a cellist in the boat on the water. The harmonic lockstep of a Dvorak quartet, however, finds all four players gaily riding the same swing. Here's a little extra for your money!
The Theatre

What Makes Us Say Yes or No in Life?

By WALTER SORELL

It is no longer literary news that one can trace Ibsen's trends in Arthur Miller's plays as one can find a certain relationship between Chekhov and Tennessee Williams or Strindberg and O'Neill. Rightly, Arthur Miller refuses to accept such a tag because Ibsen wrote out of a different society and with the burden of different problems than he does. Ibsen's characters rebelled against a social system and conventions which are no longer ours. But his characters also turned against corruption and the densely knit system of social lies, all of which are still with us and, knowing man as I do, will probably be with us forever. Ibsen wrote out of anger against his contemporaries, and so does Miller. "All My Sons" rebels against the corrupted soul of man; "The Crucible" against the frustrations of man caught in massive lies and mass hysteria; "The Death of a Salesman" against the lies of wrong values in an over-competitive and ruthless society.

The question of responsibility of man toward himself and his fellows was hidden in all these plays. In form of a compulsive self-revelation it became a quest for self-truth in "After the Fall." In "Incident at Vichy" we find the condemnation of failure to assume responsibilities through deeds. Recognition and acknowledgement of guilt alone do not give man the badly needed dignity. Another feature in Miller's work is the fanatic insistence of a self-conceived role through which Miller's protagonists assume stature but also raise some important doubts.

"We invent ourselves," says the successful of the brothers pitted against each other in Arthur Miller's new play, "The Price." In life's complexity it is we who answer with Yes or No to the many questions that life poses. In choosing we prepare for and help create the next question. Thus, we often slip into a role which we then wear like a garment with which we are in love. Suddenly we may represent someone in life who is not quite the man we are. Because of a pose that may have seemed right to us at a moment we become a failure.

This is what Pat Hingle feels. Hingle plays the brother who gave up his studies and joined the police force, a job he hated all his life, in order to support his father, an apparent casualty of the Depression. It was his decision to accept the role of the martyr, and he is torn between dignity and regret that he had the strength to accept his responsibility. Arthur Kennedy plays the other brother, the successful surgeon, who, untouched by any feeling of sentimentality or responsibility, went his own way and sent the old man five dollars a month. But, looking at his shaking hands, he realizes that he is a failure.

The two brothers have not met for sixteen years. The policeman cannot overcome his misgivings, the surgeon cannot tolerate and understand acts of self-delusion. No doubt the two brothers love each other, otherwise they could not go through the agonies of digging up facts and motives of the past and torture each other with sibling wrath. In turning against each other they try to justify their actions and to find their own identity. Neither is quite certain that he has acted in good faith, but neither can yield an inch since the price they paid for where they are now was too high. Was Pat Hingle's gesture toward martyrdom the true acceptance of his responsibility, or did he try to shirk a higher responsibility toward himself and his wife? Who is wrong, the winner or the loser? Or have not both lost, each in his own way, by going to extremes when making their decisions?

Arthur Miller is so much involved in his main characters, their dilemma and fate that he has no solution or salvation for us, the audience, although we may sense that for Miller responsibility is love, dignity, preventing total warfare of man against man. He introduces a new note in his work, however, which is consoling: that to know about life is to laugh about man's follies.

This full-length one-act play takes place in the attic of a brownstone house which is to be torn down. The furniture of the family has to be disposed of. For this purpose the two brothers meet. Harold Gary plays an ancient used-furniture dealer, close to ninety, carrying eggs, salt, and Hershey bars with him for energy. He becomes the counterpart to tragedy. His name is Solomon, suggesting wisdom, and must have be found in a very old telephone book. He is retired, but he is life personified. He takes his time to name a price. When Kate Reid, the policeman's wife, says she can hear the price go down by the minute, Solomon claps his hands: "I like her, she's suspicious!" Everything adds zest to life, which he savors in a philosophical manner: "I smoked all my life, I drank all my life, and I loved every woman who would let me — so what do I need to steal from you?"

For two thirds of the play Solomon is on stage, playing the catalyst, driving his bargain, enjoying every moment of his being alive, being there, witnessing the bits of frustrated lives thrown back and forth, gentle, loving, impassionate, trying to understand and to make others understand that everything is serious but nothing as serious as all that. When the two brothers leave, helpless to find each other, as the blind enemies as which they have entered, Solomon sits in one of the old chairs which he bought for almost nothing, and laughs, laughs a laughter of liberation, while the curtain comes down.

April 1968
Resurrection, Church, and Creation

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He is the image of the invisible God, the first-born of all creation; for in him all things were created, in heaven and on earth, visible and invisible, whether thrones or dominions or principalities or authorities — all things were created through him and for him. He is before all things, and in him all things hold together. He is the head of the body, the church; he is the beginning, the first-born from the dead, that in everything he might be pre-eminent. For in him all the fulness of God was pleased to dwell, and through him to reconcile to himself all things, whether on earth or in heaven, making peace by the blood of his cross. — Colossians 1:15-20 [RSV]

What Easter means in the light of this text is that the resurrection of Christ, the church, and the whole of creation have been brought into a new relationship with each other. The origin of this relation, the resurrection, is surely not a commonplace happening. Nor is it a postscript to the Gospel story of Jesus' life and ministry, or even of Holy Week. It is the heart and center, the point at which it becomes unmistakably clear that the life and death of the Lord were really acts for the recreation of the world, and all of this as a sign in the midst of the church as the new people of God.

Thus the first point made by this text is in answer to the question about the nature of the church. The church cannot be understood apart from the resurrection of Christ. It is the resurrection by which the life and death of Jesus are clearly seen as the redemptive act of God, which creates the church, which makes it possible for this "new people of God" to come into being. This does not mean that there has been no people of God in earlier times, for that would deny the history of the Old Testament people of Israel. And this neither the New Testament nor the post-apostolic church desire to do, nor would be justified in doing. But it does mean that the line from Israel to the church is not simply a direct one, though surely there are links from the one to the other through promise and fulfillment. But what interrupts the line, or at least transforms the movement from the one to the other is the death and resurrection of the Lord. The church is His Body, broken in death and raised with glory. The church is born at Easter.

That means that to understand what the church is requires an understanding of its Head, and understanding of the crucified and risen Lord. "He is the head of the body, the church." The church cannot grasp its origin or its destiny apart from the acts which occurred through her Lord, for these acts remain continually the very ones by which the church is constituted and preserved. What He did and continues to do is both the creative source for the church and at the same time the power and prescription for her own manifest life.

What the risen Christ is is summed up in the words, "He is the beginning, the first-born from the dead." What all does the apostle have in mind with that word "beginning"? Surely a word of such diverse and powerful usage in the Old and New Testaments must have a sharpened intention here. It is employed to confess that what is happening through the death and resurrection of Christ is the first sign of a redemptive power moving to reclaim all things from the power of death. Jesus Himself is the first-born from death, the initiating act which has set going a saving force to issue in the full destruction of the power of death at the end time.

But that confession describes the church as it does the Head, for what is said of Him is in a real way present in the Body. The church is that fellowship in whose midst this new beginning for all things has begun to make its appearance. It is a community in which men find their own genuine beginning through a participation in the death and resurrection of Christ. This happens each time the powers of death are broken in its members and in the church as a whole, as it is set free from clinging to false powers, and lives in reconciliation with God. That is why the church must always be cultivating and celebrating these new beginnings, whenever men pass over from slavery to freedom in Christ.

But the restitution which is occurring in the church is instrumental to the rescue of "all things in heaven and on earth." What is important to find in this text is that its reach is to creation. The risen Lord himself is proclaimed as the agent of creation. And thus in His work is found a redemption activity which is as wide as the creation itself. That creation which in the Israelite mind has often been hovering near the brink of chaos from the very beginning has in reality been kept from disintegration through this One who has continually preserved it. Jesus Christ, the risen Lord, is no less than the eternal Word who has perpetually
been reclaiming the world from self-destruction. And now His death and resurrection have happened in history as the final sign of the reconciliation of all things to God. And of those deeds the church is a living witness.

Thus resurrection, church, and creation are brought together in an amazing triad. And the contemplation of these three in relation to each other suggests a strong answer to the much-asked question, What is the church? At both ends the church is given an answer. She exists through the deeds which have occurred in this One who is the first-born from the dead. And she continues to live as she lives from these events. But at the other end she exists for the creation, in an instrumental way toward the creation. Redemption does not stop at the boundaries of the church, but reaches to the whole of creation. And for that mysterious work the church is called as the agent of Christ.

In this Colossians text there is significantly no sharp cleavage between the activities of creation and redemption. He who reconciles through the blood of His cross is He in whom all things were created in heaven and earth. And this is no off-beat or deviant view in Colossians. Rather, it is in line with the general message of the Old Testament, where creation and redemption at many points are part and parcel of the same activity of God. The apostle here can reach out to make the daring assertion, however, that the pleasure of God is not satisfied until His saving rule is extended over the creation as a totality.

It is just here that we must rethink the meaning of the church. Is the church to conceive of herself alone as the object of the recreating work of God? Is it only for the church that His plan of restitution has begun in Christ? Or is it not rather that the reclamation which is occurring in the church is the sign of an eschatological salvation which, it is proclaimed, will finally embrace the whole of the creation? The text before us would support this, and it can see no limits to the cosmic significance in the Lord's death and resurrection. And it is just this vast reach of our text that places the church into an intimate relationship with the creation.

If we take this fact seriously, that the resurrection of Christ sets the church into a particular relation to creation, then the church cannot stand aside as though both the troubles and accomplishments of the world were none of her concern. The resurrection of the Lord is just the point at which the church is given its vocation in creation. The church already carries evidence and manifests the presence of that eschatological salvation which will one day embrace the whole of creation.

The church must, therefore, live responsibly with those evidences of that eschatological future which are already hers. And she must do this precisely in her life in the creation, which itself will participate in the final salvation. This is the point at which it is not merely optional but unquestionably necessary for the church to be related to the social and personal needs of men within creation. For it is only in such open participation in both the ills and hopes of society that the church can bear witness to the meaning of Christ's resurrection as the sign of an eschatological salvation which is present in its first manifestations in the church, and is meant for the reconciliation of all things in heaven and on earth.

Is the church adequately witnessing to these signs in her participation both in the weaknesses and strengths of society? If the church fails or refuses to speak and live in the context of the whole of creation she becomes, beyond being irrelevant, perverse, for she turns idolatrously inward to the protection of her own life, and fails to witness to the full scope of grace in the resurrection. If she refuses the calling of living critically within society, she endangers her own life with entrapments which make it impossible to witness to the eschatological deeds of the resurrection. But far more seriously, she denies her own vocation to be the vehicle through which the signs given to her are brought into the world. And thus, through the failure of the church creation is robbed of its hope.

But of such hope we who are of the church and have again celebrated Easter are called to live and speak, in ways which may wonderfully and drastically upset the ingrained conformities of ourselves and others.
Editor-At-Large

Meek and Mild?

By VICTOR F. HOFFMANN

The Milwaukee Courier (March 2, 1968), a Negro newspaper, flashed the civils rights story to me in ominous headlines: "Rufus King Lunch Program Boycott in School Unity Move"; "Wells Hit by Food and Table Dumping as Students Revolt for Black Books, Cooks"; "Mother Calls Principal a Coward"; "Harwell Arrested in K-3 Protest"; "Lack of Poll-lists seen as White Plot Against Black Voters"; "Bigots Demand Armed Guards"; "Time for Black Militants to Act"; and "Black Parents Invited to Rally." The Milwaukee violence potential is in these headlines.

Now take a look at one of these stories. "Time for Black Militants to Act" refers to a speech by sociologist Dr. Nathan Hare to a capacity audience at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee. And from the tone of his remarks, one gathers, Hare means business. Said he: "Twelve black militants with four pounds of LSD could infiltrate the water supply of twelve major cities and completely disorient the minds of millions of persons." In his book, The Black Anglo-Saxons, Dr. Hare concluded: "In the next few years, the struggle will intensify, and I believe that many Black Anglo-Saxons — for all I've said about them — will move towards militantancy." Accordingly, Hare predicts "the end of the 'expressive' stage of the black revolution and the start of a more pragmatic period."

And why not? The Negro, it seems to me, has waited long enough.

Take another story. Under the headline, "Harwell Arrested in K-3 Protest," is the story of three friends of mine who were arrested for tactics of harassment. The heart of the matter is in this statement by Harwell, a young Milwaukee Negro leader: "The city said that there was enough standard housing when they proposed this [K-3 renewal] project and we demand that they now provide it." On March I, four days after the arrest, I heard Larry Harwell tell an audience the K-3 story from his point of view: rats, lack of a "gutsy" rat control program, vandalism, leaders who pass the buck, project agents not paying full value for homes being removed, housing authorities talking a language that the poor and the Negro cannot understand (and no one else for that matter), authorities not really trying to explain the rules of the game to Negroes and their rights and prerogatives under the law, authorities not establishing lines of communications to people in the inner city — and on and on and on.

I keep thinking of phrases from a Newsweek issue (November 20, 1967) on "The Negro in America": "But the slum dweller is still condemned to the house he lives in — dank, vermin-infested, crumbling, and over-crowded. In such surroundings, human pride disintegrates even faster than the sagging plaster."

Then suddenly, in this first week of March, we received the first reports of the Kerner commission. The phrases fit (as read in The Milwaukee Sentinel, March 1): "There are the frustrated hopes left behind by early victories of the civil rights movements — hopes raised and then unfulfilled. There is the climate that tends to encourage violence. It stems in part from seeing nonviolent protest met with white terrorism and state and local officials defying national law and authority. It also stems from some protest groups engaging in civil disobedience and resort to violence. There is also the new mood among many younger Negroes in which racial pride is replacing apathy and submission to 'the system.'"

The long and the short of the story is: the Negro will no longer be kept out of the ballgame. He will have something to say and the white power structure had better listen. But will it? The Kerner report expressed some doubts: "What white Americans have never fully understood — but what the Negro can never forget — is that white society is deeply implicated in the ghetto. White institutions created it, white institutions maintain it, and white society condones it."

This, it seems to me, is fair warning: let's get on with the business of creating a free and open society. The sands of this generation are running out.

But do you know, friends of mine tell me that Detroit and Watts have returned to business as usual. Is the great whitewash on again?

Are you getting meek and mild preaching lately? Listen to what J. B. Phillips (in Your God Is Too Small) says about the meek and mild Christ: "This word 'mild' is apparently deliberately used to describe a man who did not hesitate to challenge and expose the hypocrisies of the religious people of His day. . . . a man so far from being a nonentity that He was regarded as a public danger."

Meek and mild? Never!
The hippie rallying cry ‘Tune In, Turn On, Drop Out!’ neatly sums up the program of American youth. Not a little of the beauty of the slogan lies in the fact that it is sure to be misunderstood by most of the people who have crashed the thirty-year barrier to adult respectability. One feels, in fact, that he is betraying the youth of the land when he tries to interpret the slogan to the Other World — but since The Cresset is read largely by persons who have given up pretending that they are members of the Swinging Generation, perhaps, the Swingers will never know they’ve been “explained.” ‘I, for one, am prepared to disavow authorship of this column if word should seep out to the Youthful Hoard. (Some deception in these matters is important; what fun would it be to be a youth who knew, or even thought, that he was understood by his elders?)

The thing so many adults fail to realize, in their precipitous outrage when confronted with “Tune In, Turn On, Drop Out!” is that the phrase is marvelously ambiguous. As such, it admits of easy application to remarkably diverse situations. Like the companion-piece “Do Your Thing!” little is offered by way of specification of what is to be tuned in to, how one is to turn on, from what one is to drop out; can anyone imagine a less restrictive injunction than “Do Your Thing!”? To be sure, some few, overpublicized members of the Now Generation seem to agree on a way to get all this done: via drugs. That scene is a thing unto itself, and scarcely requires additional comment over that which is adequately supplied in popular magazines. It is enough here to note that discussions of the subject generally are more hortatory than analytic; distinctions among drugs and other vehicles of psychic modification are not well-made, and even when made are not remembered, due to the sensationalistic intent of the coverage. The effect of the coverage is remarkable to behold: one imagines the next Great American Crusade will be waged against Marijuana and LSD instead of Aggression and Communism . . . with neat cadres of freshly-scrubbed, virile Young Men calling in air-strikes on Citadel of filthy, lecherous, hairy Hippies.

The glorious ambiguity of “Tune In, Turn On, Drop Out!” and “Do Your Thing!” can perhaps be appreciated by noting the striking similarities and sharp differences in the two films which, more than any others, have lately called forth an overwhelming response from the Now Generation. They are The Graduate and Bonnie and Clyde. In each of these films, the heroes tune in, turn on, drop out, and thereby do their thing. But their bags are very, very different.

Bonnie and Clyde are in rebellion against diverse forces: the Great Depression, the deadness of a small town, a class structure in which they have no hope for advancement via “normal” channels, and crushing anonymity. Benjamin and Elaine, the youthful protagonists of The Graduate, are in rebellion too, but their foes are precisely the opposite: the Age of Affluence, facilities for the satisfaction of any hedonic urge, friends and family only too eager to catapult their juniors into higher social strata, and public acceptance for reasons which do not touch their souls. The Barrow Gang robbed and killed to do their thing; Benjamin and Elaine opted for the high morality of love and marriage in a context that had cheapened these ideals beyond endurance. The marble slab which brought each story to a close — for Bonnie and Clyde, in the morgue; for Ben and Elaine, in the chancel — was a fitting consummation for each pair of lives that attained it. What matter that Bonnie and Clyde died in the strangle-hold of the long arm of society, while Ben and Elaine broke the arm and set themselves free? It is the struggle that counts.

Or so some say. American youth can at least fully respond to the sight of the struggle. Whether they will make that struggle is another matter; but better to have fought to live the life of your choice, even if you lost, than never to have fought at all. That, precisely that, causes the youth to tolerate far more than their sagacious elders. Affirming is a necessary condition for living; that the Other World insists it is not a sufficient condition for living well is not so important to note, youth thinks, especially since their elders have so often failed to demonstrate what is a sufficient condition for the good life. The necessary condition is something youth knows, and can try to satisfy from moment to moment. Perhaps, in a lifetime of such moments, a sufficient condition will have been satisfied as well.

Ben and Elaine made it through the muck. But where did Bonnie and Clyde go wrong? Perhaps, as Clyde suggested, they should have lived in a different state from the one in which they pulled their jobs. Maybe that was the answer. Maybe.

Of the nominees in each category, I think Academy Awards should go to the following:

**Best Picture:** Bonnie and Clyde

**Best Director:** Mike Nichols, The Graduate

**Best Actor:** Rod Steiger, In the Heat of the Night

**Best Actress:** Faye Dunaway, Bonnie and Clyde

**Best Supporting Actor:** Gene Hackman, Bonnie and Clyde

**Best Supporting Actress:** Estelle Parsons, Bonnie and Clyde

April 1968
The Girl in the Harbor

By RODOLFO CALTOFEN-SEGURA

On the southern shore of Lisbon Bay, opposite the city, there is a village called Cacilhaes, a favorite excursion place. Much diversion is to be found there. Fortune-tellers ply their trade, acrobats turn somersaults, Hindus crouch with their dancing snakes. The noise of the crowds blends with the hooting of buses, the tinkling of ferry-boats, and the moan of the ship sirens.

One day when I was there, a loud cry pierced through all that noise. I saw a small girl. She was sitting on an empty lemon box and staring with desperate eyes at a pair of scales. A big woman shouted: “By the blessed Virgin Mary! She fleeces an honest woman and then can’t tell me how much I weigh!”

The girl said not a word in self-defense. She only stretched out her thin hand to see whether the scales were still working. Then I heard a soft sigh of relief. The big woman laughed a spiteful laugh. Even two sailors who happened to be passing by blushed when they heard it. The thin, narrow skirt of the girl did not hide the secret that she was pregnant.

When I returned an hour later, the girl was still in the same place. I stood on the scales. She said nothing. I placed some copper coins in the lined hands.

“Well, how much do I weigh?”

She started back in alarm. I pretended not to see that she was frightened.

“Exactly seventy kilos,” I said.

Now she cautiously lifted her eyes. The face was course, but it was still so young. She asked, “Do you understand these devilish tricks?”

“Don’t you understand them?”

She tossed her head, then began to weep.

“But you have no need to weep. These scales are really very simple. Here, let me show you how they work.”

“No,” she answered, “I don’t want to know. I want to go back on the ferry boat.”

“Now that is not the thing for you,” I said.

“Ah!” she replied, “But I go every morning to the chapel of Nossa Senhora de Monte.”

I said nothing. So many women go to the stone chair of the first bishop of Lisbon to ask his help in time of special trouble.

“I must go back to the ferry boat,” she repeated, and seized her scales. She left without a glance for me.

Some weeks later, I saw her again, on the ferry boat. I bought almonds for her. Her eyes recognized me, but she said nothing.

And then it was May, the time of new potatoes. I was standing at the Doca de Santos, where many tenders anchored to unload their cargoes of potatoes. Suddenly a cry. Everybody looked at the creaking cranes. But nothing had happened there. Our eyes turned toward a young woman. Or was she a mere girl? She ran from the ferry boat to the pier. I recognized her. She was the girl I had seen with the scales. She was calling for someone named Adriano and for the police. When the police appeared, she pointed to a tender and cried: “There he is! There he is!”

At that, the two policemen ran across the first three lighters and ordered a boy in the fourth tender to follow them. The girl shook her fist in his face: “You devil, now you won’t escape me!”

The onlookers laughed uproariously. Adriano passed the crowd. He was despondent. Close to me somebody said: “Yes, yes, my friend — the matrimonial yoke or the prison.”

Adriano, abashed, shuffled along between the policemen. The girl looked triumphant.

It was three summers later. The day of the battle of flowers had come. I arrived early at the port. The ferry boats were decorated with colored garlands. Suddenly I saw a familiar face. Was it the same girl? Yes, it was, indeed. The young man at her side turned around.

Adriano. I was happy to see how obviously content they were. The girl’s face was fuller and fresher. She had no more lines of grief. On her finger she was wearing a thin wedding ring. Adriano’s face was also bright — from soap and happiness. He had eyes only for his wife.

Then the two looked down to speak to their child. Their voices were soft and warm. “Come on, darling,” the father said, “otherwise they will trample you.” And he bent to pick up the child.

I stopped, anxious to get a good look at the child of the happy couple. But I was not at all prepared for what I saw. For this little boy obviously could not be Adriano’s son. He was a little mulatto.

Aboard ship, all was laughter and singing. A gay wind whipped the paper flags. And I let joy enter my heart — joy for the merry day of the battle of the flowers and joy for the little ship of life which, after much distress, was now safe in the calm port of happiness.