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Free At Last

“What miserable frauds you are, you theologians and church people! You build tombs for the prophets, and decorate monuments for good men of the past, and then say, 'If we had lived in the times of our ancestors we should never have joined in the killing of the prophets.' Yes, 'your ancestors' — that shows you to be sons indeed of those who murdered the prophets. Go ahead then, and finish off what your ancestors tried to do! You serpents, you viper’s brood, how do you think you are going to avoid being condemned to the rubbish-heap? Listen to this: I am sending you prophets and wise and learned men; and some of these you will kill and assassinate, others you will bomb in your churches and hunt from town to town. So that on your hands is all the innocent blood spilt on this earth, from the blood of Abel the good to the blood of Martin Luther King, Jr., whom you murdered..."

—Some words of Jesus, recorded in the Gospel of Saint Matthew (Phillips Translation) and only slightly updated to apply to the present situation in the United States.

A few mourned, more than a few openly rejoiced, and the great majority of us simply went about our business when the white man’s pathological hatred of the black man, concentrated in a finger twisted around the trigger of a rifle, put a bullet through the head of the nearest thing our generation has known to an authentic prophet bearing on his lips a true word of God. Martin Luther King, Jr., authenticated his message by the manner of his death — dying as any true prophet must die, for the sins of his people. We have been spattered by his blood and there is no place for us to hide from the angry eye of God.

And yet there is hope. For the death by which a prophet glorifies God is always and above all else a call to repentance. It is this that makes his death more than a mere tragedy; it is this that makes it redemptive. For it points beyond itself to that death by which death itself was swallowed up in victory, the death of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Martin Luther King, Jr., died a martyr — a witness — to his Lord; and if we refuse to accept his testimony, we must in all soberness of mind ask ourselves whether we have not committed the sin against the Holy Ghost for which, we have been warned, there is no forgiveness either in this world or in the world to come. But if we can accept his testimony — his witness, his martyria — we may, like him, be free at last from the hatred and fear which ride us like hags and which separate us from that love of God in which alone we are truly able to love ourselves and each other.

The Looters

The ugly aftermath of Dr. King’s assassination was an orgy of burning and looting in more than a hundred of our larger cities, including Chicago and Washington, two cities which had considered themselves relatively immune to this kind of thing.

It should be pointed out that only an infinitesimally small percentage of the black population was involved in these acts of violence. The great majority of blacks, like many whites, was numbed and saddened by the shame which had been visited upon our country and could only groan in deepening despair as they saw the death of an eloquent spokesman for non-violence turned into an occasion for violence. Even those black leaders who did not completely share Dr. King’s views on the efficacy of non-violent methods for obtaining redress of the black man’s grievances kept a tight rein on their bitterness and attempted to damp down the ugly behavior of the arsonists and looters.

So it was not Black Power that burned our West
Madison Street in Chicago and unleashed chaos in downtown Washington. It was common, garden-variety criminality — the same sort of thing that comes boiling up from under the surface after floods or earthquakes or other disasters. As it happened, most of the people who were involved in this particular episode were black. But we can remember occasions in the past when it was necessary to send troops into cities to put down similar outbreaks in which most of the looters were white.

Rioting, arson, and looting can not be condoned, whether those involved in them are black or white. The civil authorities acted properly in taking all necessary measures to restore order. But it is worth noting that their efforts were mightily reinforced by elements in the black community which could have felt justified in sitting on their hands, if not actively supporting the forces of disorder. In both Washington and Chicago, for instance, black youth gangs worked around the clock to cool the situation and avert further damage to life and property. In the past, Christian clergy-men have been harassed and even arrested for giving these gangs a place to meet. Perhaps in the future these men of God who are actually living and working in the black community will be allowed to go about their business without interference from the people downtown who literally don't know what the hell is going on among the poor and dispossessed.

Meanwhile, black or white, the looter and the arsonist and the sniper is a criminal and should be dealt with as such. Read on for our views on what should be done about some of the more respectable practitioners of violence in our country.

The Oppressors

On Palm Sunday, the day which President Johnson had proclaimed a day of national mourning for the death of Dr. King, one of the well-to-do pillars of our community raised the Confederate flag to the top of his flagpole in our town. He did so, we have reason to believe, in the assurance that community sentiment was overwhelmingly with him.

It is this sort of thing which is symptomatic of a much deeper and more grievous sickness in our society than is all of the arson and looting and sniping put together. It is possible to bring in enough troops to put down overt violence, and there is growing evidence that even without the troops riots tend to be self-limiting. But hatred and contempt, as fixed attitudes of mind, weave themselves into the very fabric of society.

We do not know what the next few months hold in store for our country, but we do know that we have not yet passed the point of crisis. We shall not have passed that point until those who fan the fires of hatred among us are identified for what they are and treated as what they are — criminals who are involved in undermining our society and our government. These people belong in jail, as surely as do those who have set fires and broken store windows in the black ghetto.

Perhaps more so. For physical violence is, in the long run, less destructive than the slow erosion of self-respect and personality which reduces human beings, made in the likeness of God, to zombies. One can respond to physical violence with a cathartic punch on the nose. But how does one respond to an environment in which he is told, day after day in a thousand subtle and not so subtle ways: "You are not a man. You are not human. You are an animal and we intend to see to it that you and your children and your grandchildren never forget it?"

The answer has to be Black Power. It has to be "Black is Beautiful." It has to be anything, true or false, that will allow the badgered and the broken to stand up straight and say, "You are a liar. I am a man and I will not be denied my manhood. And if you continue to try to demunize me, I will stop you — one way or another."

In a well-ordered society, responsible leadership steps in to prevent these confrontations from tearing society apart. Our best political leadership, from the President on down, has come around to a firm and unequivocal commitment to human rights and dignity. But where are the labor unions? Where are the churches? Where are the community organizations? Where are you and we in this moment when our nation, which can not survive half slave and half free, must make the hard decisions which will determine whether she is to survive at all?

Turning the Other Cheek

On the night that Dr. King died, Floyd McKissick asserted that non-violence had died with him. We dare to hope that Mr. McKissick spoke out of an excess of pain. But if, on more careful second thought, he still insists that the animosity between the races can be cured only by violence, we must answer that he is deeply and tragically wrong.

The black man, in this hour of bereavement and despair, may very well feel that he has no friends among the white majority. But he is wrong. Many of us — admittedly not a majority — have renewed our commitment to the things for which Martin Luther King, Jr., stood and for which he died. We are willing, if need be, to accept the suspicion and even the hatred of our black brothers, but we refuse to answer in kind - not because we are noble or decent or anything like that but because we have been forbidden by the Lord whose name we bear to answer hatred with hatred, reviling with reviling, violence with violence. The command is, for us, an absolute, admitting neither of cowardly evasion or clever exegesis.

This command forbids us to buy firearms, either in self-defense or in defense of our family. We stand an open and defenceless target for any enraged black...
man who sees us simply as Whitey — not because we are brave or because we naively suppose that we are immune to assault, but because we have been told to put up our sword in its sheath. Our ministry is not one of vengeance, but one of reconciliation. And only God knows whether that ministry can be best accomplished by living or by dying. The clearest word we have on the matter is that one saves his life by losing it.

This command likewise forbids us to associate ourselves with that phony, me-too liberalism which can not bring itself to condemn violence when it is visited by the black man upon the white man. We can, and we think we do, feel some of the bitterness of the black man and we recognize the apparent hypocrisy of any white man’s counseling him, after all these years and all these hurts, to turn the other cheek. But this is not our word to him. It is God’s word, and it must be spoken, even though it sounds very much like the ultimate hypocrisy on the lips of a white man.

Black and white together, we shall overcome. We are as sure as Dr. King was that only as we stand together shall we overcome. And if we do not survive to see the day of victory — well, others will; and whatever else a Christian may or may not be he has a clear and undeniable calling to be a man for others. As our Lord was. As Martin Luther King, Jr., was. And as we hope, by God’s mercy, we too can be.

Non-Violence and Pacifism

Dr. King’s strategy of non-violence was dictated by a fundamental philosophical commitment to pacifism. In this commitment we have not — or at least not yet — been able to follow him. The Christ whom we so falteringly follow is not only the Jesus of the Praetorium, silent before His accusers and tormentors, but also the Jesus of the temple cleansing, the man with the whip who drove out the money-changers and overthrew their tables in what, on any reading, suggests that there is a place for righteous anger and for its effective expression.

Without entering into the question of whether the war in which we have been engaged these past few years is in any sense morally defensible, we would maintain that there have been wars in which Christians could participate not only with a good conscience but out of a sense of moral obligation. A prime example, we think, was World War II. Whatever reservations may be suggested by hindsight, at the time when the decision had to be made our choice appeared to lie between allowing a genocidal tyrant to become master of the world and taking effective action to stop him. It may be that our conscience is insufficiently sensitive, but we have never lost a night’s sleep over our personal involvement, small as it was, in that war. Whatever its unforeseen and unhappy consequences may have been, Dachau and Auschwitz and Belsen are out of business. And the liquidation of those enterprises was and is for us sufficient justification for what had to be done to bring it about.

The academic mind has a tendency to make distinctions so fine that they may, as a matter of fact, be useless. But in our present stage of thinking, we make a distinction between non-violence, as a response to injury offered to one’s own person and interests, and pacifism, as a response to injury inflicted upon others. This is probably too neat a distinction, but until we can come up with a better one it is the one we shall have to operate with. It does, at least, allow us, on the one hand, to reject violence as a response to those who spitefully use and persecute us and, on the other hand, to do something more useful than weeping and wringing our hands when vicious men oppress or kill the weak.

There is, we know, nothing terribly original about this line of thought. Centuries ago Augustine and, later, Luther made a distinction between just and unjust wars. We think that the distinction is still a valid one. The trick lies in knowing, in the case of any given war, whether it is a just one or an unjust one. And for our generation the question is inescapable: given the weapons now available to man, can any evil be more evil than war? To put it another way, has pacifism perhaps become the only tenable Christian attitude toward war?

No Kibitzers Needed

Negotiations for a truce in the Korean War began on July 10, 1951. An armistice was finally signed on July 27, 1953. Those of us who can remember those two years and seventeen days of exasperating ups and downs know better than to expect any quick end of hostilities in Vietnam. We are prepared to see the other side seize every possible opportunity to score a propaganda advantage over us; we anticipate threats of break-offs in negotiations; we know that there will be furious engagements on the battlefield while the negotiators are debating procedural points; we are prepared for the possibility that more men will die while our representatives are negotiating than have died up to now in the war.

We are not sure that our people, who have grown impatient with the war, can bring themselves to exercise the patience which these negotiations to end it will require. Worse than that, we are not at all sure that the negotiations will eventuate in any mutually acceptable agreement to end the war. We may very well have entered merely upon another phase of the war — one in which the frustrations of the military conflict will be compounded by the frustrations of diplomatic maneuvering which the other side never seriously intended to carry through to an acceptable settlement.

These are the risks. After these many years of war, the risks attendant upon any effort to bring it to some kind of honorable conclusion are, in our judgment,
worth taking. But if we are going to negotiate purposefully, we shall have to trust our diplomats as we have, in the past, trusted our military men. Their task is a delicate one, and no good will be served by insisting that they keep us informed, day by day and move by move, of their progress.

There is work which can be done best not in the open forum but in the back room, and diplomacy is one such kind of work. We all want this war stopped. We hope that the press and television will not insist upon playing the role of the kibitzer while our negotiators are playing our hands for us.

Learning in the Eschaton

This month we complete our first year of teaching after an eight-year interruption for administrative chores. We have discovered that teaching is much more difficult these days than it was a decade ago. Even on our rather quiet and good-humored campus, there is an undertone of restlessness and occasional irritability. Students, no less than faculty members, feel vaguely uneasy about plodding through the apparently irrelevant business of the university while signs of the eschaton multiply in the society all around them. It seems difficult if not impossible to establish the relevance of irregular verbs, literary criticism, fine points of theology, and the like to immediate and even desperate social needs.

It is perhaps worth noting that Dr. Martin Luther King, too, wanted at a very early age to get in on the action. Yet he first chose another kind of action, long and tedious: a college education, the seminary, graduate school, writing a dissertation (on a comparison of the theologies of Tillich and Wiemann) not directly related to the race problem in America. We may venture to say that without this training he might have been only an effective charismatic leader; the black community is richly blessed with such men. Surely it was the power of trained intellect, with its depth and precision, that infused Dr. King’s work with its distinctive quality and so greatly enlarged his contribution to the cause for which he ultimately died.

The young blacks know this and are finding real action in the university. To bring the subtle, disciplined qualities of trained intellect into our nation’s and our world’s common life is a demanding but desperately needed vocation. At the moment, there may indeed be no greater social need. The student today who is disturbed by guilt feelings because he is not “where the action is” can take such comfort as he needs from the assurance that there will be as many and as pressing problems ten or twenty or thirty years from now as there are today. And he needs to be reminded from time to time that his present calling to learn and to reflect is not an escape from involvement, but an essential preparation for serving his own time with wisdom and compassion and some realistic vision of how things can be changed for the better.

Who’s Yer Little Hoosier?

In the April 29 issue of Newsweek, in one of those eight-point footnotes which are so often employed to confuse and darken counsel, some anonymous minis webster wrote, as a matter of fact, that in the states bordering Indiana the term “Hoosier” is “often used as an epithet, and is said to connote a sort of uncouth rusticity combined with peasant cunning and low morals.”

One passes over, with that disdain which all honorable men reserve for the mere rumor-monger, the weasel words “is said to connote.” Surely a news magazine, with its many echelons of editors, sub-editors, copy-readers, and researchers should be able to determine whether the invidious opinions allegedly held by Ohioans, Illinoians, Kentuckians, and Michiganders are, as a matter of fact, held by all or any considerable percentage of the inhabitants of these neighboring states. A random sample of colleagues who have offices along our corridor discloses that they had never heard the term so used and did not, as a matter of fact, accept Newsweek’s gossip that it was so used in their native states. In view of the fact that this random sample happens to be a clergyman, we feel entitled to repose greater confidence in his judgment than in the hearsay of journalistic drudges in the effete East.

But to get to the root of the matter. Surely the Scriptures advise us well when they raise and, by implication, answer the question: “Who knoweth the heart of a man save the spirit of the man which is in him?” To this the good sense of the common man has long assented, as witness the ancient folk-saying: “It takes one to know one.” Newsweek itself concedes that Hoosiers themselves understand the word to connote “grace, charm, attractiveness and character.” It was no doubt in consonance with this understanding that the late Barton Reese Pogue, the sweet singer of the Wabash, indited the poem which, under the title “Ain’t God Good to Indiana,” has been cast in bronze and placed on a pilaster in the lobby of the state house in Indianapolis. Were these not the qualities which Hoosiers have found among their own kind, why should Paul Dresser have written those haunting lines: “When I dream about the moonlight on the Wabash, then I long for my Indiana home?”

Envy being one of those universal defects of the human condition, one does not sit in harsh judgment on those who are its unwilling victims. One can even understand how those who, by circumstance or necessity, have been denied the opportunity to live and work in Indiana might succumb to a sour grapes attitude. But in a respected news magazine one does expect objectivity to triumph over emotion. Newsweek should take appropriate action to restore confidence in its credibility.

The Cresset
Disappointment in the Suburbs

By ALFRED R. LOOMAN

The greatest migration in history was not an event of ancient times. It was not, for example, the wandering of the children of Israel through the Wilderness, nor was it the great westward trek of the Indians. The greatest migration occurred in the 20th Century, in fact, in the 1940s and 1950s. It was the movement of the city and town dweller to the suburbs.

What the average city resident was looking for was quiet, space, and a measure of tranquility. Unconsciously, he may also have been looking for status, since there was, for a while, a degree of exclusiveness about suburban residence.

As with most dreams, the actuality was something less. In the newer suburbs, quiet was a long time coming and space diminished rapidly. The suburbanites in the expanding suburbs lived with the sound of bulldozers and buzz saws as more and more houses were built. They also had to contend with the mud and dust of new construction. But eventually the builders moved out leaving plenty of space and a woods not far away.

This land, it turned out, was too attractive to be left in the hands of Nature, so the construction firms came back in a year or two with all of their equipment to build several hundred more homes. The noise continued while the open space and woods slowly disappeared.

Shortly after the newer homes were occupied, the original residents were ready to make changes in their own homes, so the builders returned once more with their buzz saws, putting up garages, adding carports, or converting carports into family rooms. When this work was almost completed a new status symbol, the swimming pool in the backyard, brought the diggers back again.

When the time finally came when there was nothing more to build or to add on to, the suburbanites knew that open space was gone, but they at least expected quiet. What they found was that were now too many kids, too many dogs, and too many cars for quiet to prevail. In addition, they became aware they were in a shifting neighborhood. As men were promoted or transferred, they moved out, until the most typical sight in a suburb was a moving van backed up to a neighbor's door.

What started out as a move to an area of tranquility became, in some cases, a rugged pioneering experience, for added to everything else were problems of drainage and sewage and a steadily increasing tax rate.

The suburbanite father still goes through the daily drag of commuting to the city. However, in order to attract good personnel many companies are building nearer the suburbs. This only detracts from the quiet and, in a number of cases, adds to the smoke.

In the meantime, the suburbanite mother has been converted into a taxi driver. Even if a school bus is handy, the mother finds herself delivering children all over the place for music lessons, dental appointments, or a series of extra-curricular activities after school. On Saturdays, the father takes over the taxi service, though it had originally been his intention to play golf.

The average suburbanite has not given up yet. There is no mass movement toward the city; in fact, the only movement is up or farther out. In both cases, status is involved. It is better to live way out, but since there is a limit on how far out one can live and still commute, where there are hills the suburban dweller increases his altitude. Real estate dealers in the city have always known they could get higher rent for the top floor apartments, and the suburbanite is trying to gain the same effect by moving higher up the hillside. The more remote and rugged the site, the better, but the primary goal, one often suspects, is to get high enough to look down on one's former neighbors.

Quiet, space, and tranquility are, however, still out of reach, for when one man starts a movement, others follow. The suburbanite is in a quandary, because he knows the only place that he is seeking can be found is in the city and, until we find solutions to the problems which cause rioting and the increase in crime, he cannot move back. Anyone who has been in a city at night knows how quiet, clean, and tranquil a place it is, and how pleasant and peaceful are its parks.

If and when we seriously tackle the problems which induce riots and which turn men to crime, so that the streets are once more safe, I would not be at all surprised to see a mass migration from the suburbs to the peace, the tranquility, and the space of the city.
Communications in a Changing World

By THEODORE PETERSON
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For all of my academic life, my major scholarly interest has been magazines, a happy choice of specialization that permits me to read Playboy openly in the faculty lounge instead of hiding it inside The Economist. Indeed, magazines have been a special love of mine since the long-ago days of my boyhood, when Perry Mason & Company was publisher of the Youth's Companion and not a television repertory troupe.

Last year, when I learned of a new magazine that Dr. Milton Helpern had begun to edit in New York, I sensed that an era may be ending. The new magazine is the International Microfilm Journal of Legal Medicine, and it is published only on microfilm. For $17.50 a year, you can get its quarterly issues on 4-by-6-inch microfilm cards (the six that made up the first issue held the faculty lounge instead of hiding it inside The Economist). Indeed, magazines have been a special love of mine since the long-ago days of my boyhood, when Perry Mason & Company was publisher of the Youth's Companion and not a television repertory troupe.

That new magazine leads directly to the pitch of this article, which can be stated quite simply: We are now in the midst of a communications revolution that will affect all of us in at least three ways. It will affect us as members of the vast audience of communications—as readers and listeners and viewers. It will affect us as users of the media to interpret our school systems, their achievements and their problems to their publics. It will affect our schools and the classroom teaching in them.

What Has Happened

Since the revolution is already taking place, we may be no more aware of its ultimate consequences than inky-fingered Johannes Gutenberg was aware of the tremendous changes he was setting into motion when he first used movable type to print his Bibles at Mainz some five centuries ago. Let me mention a few miscellaneous incidents of the recent past to illustrate a couple of general points.

Last year, the Reader's Digest took a full-page advertisement in Advertising Age to show how its audience compares with the audiences of the top television programs. There, fourth place in the rankings, was the Reader's Digest reaching 17,222,440 homes as compared with the Andy Griffith Special's 20,861,000, Red Skelton's 18,139,000 and Jackie Gleason's 17,762,000.

Early in June, 1967, George E. Dashiell of the Graphic Systems Division of RCA told the Magazine Publishers Association about his company's Videocomp electronic typesetter, which uses a computer and cathode-ray tube to set type at the rate of more than two million characters an hour. The device can set the complete text of Dr. Zhivago in less than an hour; last spring it set a 200-page directory in less than forty minutes.

In March of last year the Conductron Corporation announced that it had recorded a moving human being in a hologram for the first time. On a hologram, as you know, an image appears in full three dimensions. The viewer, by moving his head, can see the sides of the photographed object. The perspective changes, just as it would in real life.

In mid-June of 1967 RCA asked the FCC's permission to broadcast printed messages by television. Ultimately the proposed facsimile system could make every TV set a potential printing plant. The TV transmitter would send printed pages over the airwaves as electronic signals, which would be picked up by home TV antennae but which would not interfere with anyone's watching Bonanza or Dating Game. A facsimile device would translate the signals back into print and roll out the copy at the rate of a book page every ten seconds. Thus it would be possible for a viewer to watch the President deliver his State of the Union address on TV and have the full printed text long before he had finished speaking. It would also be possible for him to get news bulletins, stock market quotations, weather reports and a variety of other printed matter.

On the last Sunday in June of last year, the stations affiliated with National Educational Television carried the first world-wide live telecast in history, a two-hour program beamed by space satellites. Broadcasting organizations in fourteen countries cooperated in the project, which enabled viewers in twenty-six countries on five continents to see simultaneously, among other things, babies newly born in Canada, Denmark, Japan and Mexico; efforts to increase the world's food supply in Australia, Japan, and Wisconsin; Leonard Bernstein and Van Cliburn rehearsing in Lincoln Center in New...
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York; the cast of Romeo and Juliet rehearsing in Italy; and Marc Chagall and Joan Miro at work in France.

Regard those as simply brief reports from scattered sectors of the revolution, if you like. Yet they illustrate some of the developments that are taking place in communications.

One is the enormous reach of the mass media. Nearly every family has a television set, and some families feel culturally deprived if their set does not bring them Johnny Carson in living color. Telecasts of such events as the Gemini-Titan IV space flight can reach an audience of 48.4 million households—nine out of ten homes. The Reader's Digest may have a circulation of 17.2 million, but its readership goes far beyond that. In fact, the audience for its portraits of unforgettable characters and its anthropomorphic tales of animals exceeds forty million adults.

Another is that the media have altered our notions of time and distance. The fighting in Viet Nam is no farther away than our TV screen. NET's telecast by satellite last June nimbly straddled the international dateline; viewers saw things taking place on Sunday afternoon in the U.S., on late Sunday evening in Europe, and on early Monday morning in Australia and Japan.

Perhaps most important of all, though, is the merging of print and electronics, a point that I will have more to say about later. Until comparatively recently, Gutenberg and his successors have been able to walk into an up-to-date printing shop and got along reasonably well, if the typographical unions would have let him; progress in printing was slow and evolutionary and rooted in the same concepts that Gutenberg used. Even today Gutenberg would have little trouble comprehending most letter-press printing, but now the graphic arts have struck off in new, revolutionary directions. In typesetting, the computer has challenged the place of the Linotype and the California jobcase. For some of the actual printing, the term "printing press" has become obsolete, since type never touches paper.

One eventual possibility of the marriage of print and electronics is the home communications center. David Sarnoff, chairman of RCA, spoke of such a possibility in a widely-quoted talk that he gave in December, 1965. He took into account the technological advances that he thought might reach practical form by the 1970's—laser pipelines that would enable each person to have his private line for sight-and-sound communications; microwave channels that would carry TV programs, telephone messages, telegrams, facsimile newspapers and computer data into home and office; continental and global networks of computer centers that would be instant sources of all recorded information on every conceivable subject; space satellites that would broadcast directly to TV and radio sets anywhere on earth. With all of that in mind, he speculated that

Today's console and table model furniture may be displaced by an all-purpose television screen, mounted on the wall. It would be coupled to a sound system and a high-speed electronic printer for recording any information the viewer wishes to retain.

This means that the major channel of news, information, and entertainment in the home will be a single integrated system that combines all of the separate electronic instruments and printed means of communications today—television set, radio, newspaper, magazine, and book.

The home will thus be joined to a new, all-embracing informational medium with a global reach. This medium will serve a vast public of differing nationalities, languages, and customs and its impact will be profound.

Profound its impact would be. Indeed, technological advances may some day make it hard for us to distinguish between a communication and an actual experience, according to E.B. Weiss, vice-president of Doyle Dane Bernbach, a New York advertising agency. Let him make the point in his own words:

Scene: A luxury apartment in the city. A woman sits in her living room. On the curved walls she sees the ocean-surf—a sea gull wheeling in the sky. She is talking with a friend. The surf's boom and the cry of the gull impinge on their conversation.

But the friend is not physically present. She was brought into that living room by laser beam from a satellite. She is recreated, in color and full dimension (you could walk around her and see the back of her head by holography).

Where (Mr. Weiss asks) does "reality" begin and end in that scene? Obviously, we are entering a new world of experience—sired by new communication technology.

What May Yet Happen

Now, all of that, I grant, may sound a little like Jules Verne in one of his more far-out moments. I do not expect to be able to visit the Grand Canyon or Montmartre by holography in the next couple of summers. Yet if the application of some of this Buck Rogers technology is not exactly imminent, neither is it something for the misty, far-off future, when all of us have paid off our home mortgages. Herman Kahn and his thinkers at the Hudson Institute have done a lot of speculating on how the world will change between now and the year 2000, and among the "very probable" technological innovations they foresee for the next 33 years are a number involving communications, among them:

1. Three-dimensional photographs, illustrations, movies, and television.
2. Practical use of direct electronic communication with and stimulation of the human brain.
3. The use of lasers, light pipes, and satellites for communication in home and business.
4. Direct broadcasts from space satellites to home receivers.
5. Very small, long-lasting, battery-operated TV sets costing less than twenty dollars.

6. Personal two-way pocket phones for communication and data processing.

7. Simple, inexpensive home video recording and playback equipment.

Just when specific items of the new technology will move from the laboratory into widespread, everyday use it is of course hard to say. Some of the developments mentioned by Mr. Kahn and his associates seem already knocking at the door. For instance, *Venture* magazine has regularly been using 3-D photographs on its covers for the past two years, and *Look* has carried a few 3-D photographs in its advertising, although future developments may make those accomplishments seem rather primitive. Already some retail stores are offering home videotape recording and playback equipment for little more than the cost of a fancy hi-fi set.

But communications technology often has a way of lying around for a long time before it gets put to use. Between invention and adoption, there may be all sorts of vested interests and social, economic, legal, and political barriers to be overcome. Facsimile newspapers were technologically feasible twenty years ago, when the Philadelphia *Inquirer* and the Miami *Herald* experimented with regular daily facsimile editions. But the cost of equipment and materials alone was enough to limit their market. A receiver cost about $600, a 24-hour supply of paper $3.85. Without the large-scale demand for their services that would permit the economies of mass production, their use was pretty much confined to hotel and theater lobbies, clubs, and stores. Television is another case in point. The first regularly-scheduled programs were broadcast nearly forty years ago—in 1928—and color TV was demonstrated as early as 1929. The first television network went into operation in early 1940. Yet, for economic, technical, and legal reasons, there were only 175,000 sets in use in 1948, although some 30,000,000 persons were within range of the nineteen stations then in operation. In the graphic arts industries, innovation may well continue to be retarded by the enormous investments in existing equipment and by the demands of labor unions. Offset printing for newspapers was practical by the late 1930's, when a publisher in Owatonna, Minnesota, was using it to produce the *Steele County Photo News*, but it has caught on to a significant extent only in the past half-dozen or so years.

On the other hand, I suspect that there is now a much shorter time between basic idea and practical application, between invention and adoption, than in the past. Once the FCC lifted the freeze on TV channel allocations, stations sprang up across the land, and people bought sets as fast as the manufacturers could push them off the assembly line. Indeed, it took TV only ten years to penetrate as many homes as the telephone did in eighty and the radio did in twenty-five. Consider too the rapid and widespread acceptance of other new means of communication for the home: portable radios, FM radios, hi-fi equipment, tape recorders. Or consider the adoption of new communications tools by business—of computers; of closed-circuit television; of copying machines, which are now as commonplace in offices as water coolers and which in some models amount almost to private printing presses.

Therefore, while I hesitate to predict just when holography will enable Mr. Hefner to display his Playmates in generous three-dimension and when a home video link to a central computer will enable us to shop without leaving our living room, the day may be much closer than we either hope or fear. In any event, we already have enough new tools of communication to keep us busy pondering their effective use and their social and moral implications. So far as I know, no one has yet got around to listing all of the available technology. If one tried, his inventory would surely be outdated before he got past the Cs. Any list would include such things as video-screen and phone links to computers; telecopiers, which duplicate correspondence and other printed matter by telephone; blackboards-by-wire, which enable teachers to speak to and conduct visual demonstrations in as many as six different remote classrooms at a time; electrostatic presses, which can print on such unlikely substances as eggs and avocados; and microforms, which can get all 1,245 pages of a King James version of the Bible in a two-inch square or 3,200 pages on a four-by-six-inch card.

**Impact on the Media**

All of the present and forthcoming technological advances are bound to have a big impact on our mass media and to affect our communications patterns. Let us explore some of the things that might well happen.

First and perhaps obviously, people will be getting their information and entertainment from a far greater variety of sources than ever before. I do not look for microcards to kill off the book, say, or for computerized information banks to kill off the magazine. When a new means of communication comes along, the old ones do not die, although they may change. When radio came along, it did not kill off the phonograph. True, the bottom dropped out of the record business when radio began to boom and when stations filled American living rooms with the strains of "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind" sung by manly baritones and *Just A-Wearying for You* by plump sopranos. What radio did do, according to Erik Barnouw, was to transform the record industry and to influence the nature of popular music.

The record companies, finding that radio was satisfying public demand for what Barnouw calls potted-palm music, discovered a whole new market. They began issuing recordings of jazz and the blues, both regarded as not at all respectable, for the Negro. Those records kept them in business; the blues singer Bessie Smith alone reportedly sustained Columbia Records. Young musicians discovered those records and were influenced by them,
and the record companies branched out from jazz and blues into folk music and popular music.

Likewise, when television came along, it did not kill off radio, although it drastically changed it. Nor did it kill off the movies, although it helped to alter the structure of the motion picture industry and to give movies an audience such as they had never had before. Television and the movies have become allies. Under a deal announced last July, the American Broadcasting Company will finance the production of movies which will appear on TV before they are shown in theaters. In all of history, I can think of only one communications medium that has died—the broadside, which antedated the newspaper and which reported topical events in florid prose and bad verse for some three hundred years before it vanished.

Second, the new technology will continue to make communications more flexible for user and for issuer than ever before. Copying machines have already made each reader his own editor. One scholar, for instance, has cancelled his subscriptions to all of the scholarly journals. He has found it much more convenient and economical to browse through the publications in the library and to have copies made of the articles that especially interest him. Likewise, tape recorders have made each man his own program producer. If he thinks that the Jefferson Airplane’s recording of White Rabbit is the greatest piece of music since Handel’s Messiah, he can program an evening of listening in which White Rabbit pops up to the point of satiation. In time, I am confident, the home videotape recorder will become as commonplace as audio recorders are today. Then if we are busy during the hour that Matt Dillon brings law and order to Dodge, we can tape his good deeds for later viewing. We probably will be able to buy cartridges of our favorite programs, much as we buy musical recordings today. Barbra Streisand, I note, is retaining the rights to some of her TV specials against the day when they will have commercial value as cartridges.

Publishers too have been using technology to increase the flexibility of their media. Let me cite just a couple of highly undramatic examples. Popular Science is using the computer to give its readers individualized information about their around-the-home projects. If you are planning to install a driveway or patio this summer, Popular Science will compute the quantity of concrete necessary for your project, estimate the cost of various concrete mixes and then tell you the difference in cost between delivered ready-mix and home-mixed concrete. Playboy now uses a computer to tell readers where they can buy the merchandise advertised on its pages. The information reaches the reader within five days or so after he has sent off his query, and it comes in specific, individualized form. Thus the magazine tells me that I can buy a Jeepster at McKinney Motors, Main and Second Streets, Foosland, Ill., and Esquire Socks at W. Lewis and Co., 113 North Neil, Champaign. Neither example represents the most spectacular use that man has devised for the computer, I grant, but I am mentioning them simply as everyday instances of communications flexibility.

To add a new dimension to their articles, some magazines have joined sound to words and pictures. In its issue covering Winston Churchill’s funeral, National Geographic bound in a record with narration by David Brinkley and with excerpts from some of Churchill’s best-known speeches. Practical Builder used a record to underscore its points about noise transmission in the home.

Just think of the flexibility that the proposed dial-access systems would give each of us in satisfying our wants for information, education, and entertainment. The system, which is now technologically feasible, uses a phone or video link to a central bank. By just dialing a number at any time we liked, we would be able to hear a lecture, watch a film or demonstration, get all sorts of specialized information, study a foreign language or what have you. The implications of this sort of thing for education are obviously enormous. Dr. Thomas Meyer of the University of Wisconsin Medical Center has suggested how his Center could use the dial-access system for the continuing education of physicians. The Center would tape a number of four to seven minute messages summarizing the latest advances in medicine. Any physician in the state would have access to them twenty-four hours a day by just dialing the appropriate number. Each message would conclude with the name and phone number of the specialist on the Center staff, whom the physician could get in touch with if he wanted additional information or had questions.

Third, the audiences for communications will continue to become more and more segmented or splintered or fractionated or stratified or whatever other adjective you wish to use to describe a drift toward selected, like-minded audiences within the total population. To me one of the fascinating developments among the mass media since World War II has been their tendency to address themselves to ever more clearly defined targets. The media may define their audiences on the basis of cultural interests, educational level, geography, income level, or some leisure-time activity. Whatever the basis, they are addressing themselves to increasingly homogeneous audiences, and I am willing to bet that the trend will continue.

The Proliferation of Book Clubs

To illustrate this point, let me remind you of what happened to the book clubs. Forty years ago, when the Book-of-the-Month Club sent members copies of Sylvia Townsend Warner’s Lolly Willowes and Elinor Wylie’s The Orphan Angel, it was the only club. It was neither highbrow nor lowbrow, and every middle-class American was a potential prospect. Today my directory lists some 135 book clubs, and they appeal to every taste, interest and inclination of mortal man. There are book
clubs for people interested in antiques, circuit design, the classics, gardening, guns, horses, the mystic arts, pastoral psychology, and the behavioral sciences. There are book clubs for accountants, artists, Catholics, children, coaches, conservatives, Episcopalians, grade teachers, humanists, Irishmen, Jews, mechanical engineers, school administrators, gamblers, and lovers of large-sized type.

In a way, I suppose that this specialization of the book clubs was an inevitable marketing technique. With interest I noted that last spring marketing men called on the nation's packaging industry to take account of similar differences in retail shoppers. Said Nathan Zechter of Venet Advertising Agency: "We must replace buck-shot marketing — and packaging — with the rifle shot approach. We must identify the needs of various groups and learn to respond to them." Specifically, he urged the packaging industry to find answers to such questions as these: Will blue-collar housewives respond more readily to different color combinations on a package than high-income housewives? Will one type of illustration appeal more readily to the appetite of the Negro shopper, another to that of the white shopper? Will one group of consumers respond more readily to cans than to glass or plastic containers?

Now, a similar screening of audience has been going on among all of the mass media. Newspapers have narrowed their audiences geographically. They have joined the mass movement of the population from the cities to the suburbs, where their constituencies are far more circumscribed. Although the large metropolitan dailies have been dying or merging, the suburban press has been flourishing.

Specialized Magazines

Magazines, too, have been narrowing their audiences geographically, largely for the benefit of the advertiser. Today more than 230 consumer and farm magazines, by offering split-run and regional editions, allow advertisers to buy space in only a part of their total circulation. Although a few magazines had been offering regional editions for years, the big attempt to carve the magazine-reading public into itsy-bitsy pieces began less than a decade ago. Originally, regional editions circulated over broad marketing zones, but recently they have zeroed in on ever narrowing territories so that now an advertiser can buy space in copies going only into Los Angeles or Atlanta or Cook County or Milwaukee. Look is a nice case in point. In 1959 it had seven regional editions; today it has seventy-five.

But magazines have been sorting out the population into specialized groups of readers in yet another way. One of the big turns in publishing over the past couple of decades has been the remarkable spread of special-interest magazines, magazines of sharply-focused editorial appeal. Let enough people become interested in going on religious pilgrimages, banning nuclear war, dining out in the Far West, or collecting old steamboat time-tables, and someone will get together a magazine for them. Perhaps as good a way as any to show the diverse and specialized interests that magazines are now designed for is simply to mention a few titles: A.A. Grapevine ("to promote the cause of sobriety"), Grant Data Quarterly ("a comprehensive journal of grant opportunities in all areas of interest"), Elegant-Teen (for Negro teenagers), Teen, Teen Screen, California Living Large Family Living, Antique Airplanes, Sportsfishing, FM Listener, Budget Travel, Skin Diving, Big Ten, and Pet Fair.

In the future, some magazines of fairly broad-based editorial appeal may use the new technology to tailor the content of each issue to the interests of the individual subscriber. Carroll Streeter of Farm Journal has speculated that a decade hence his magazine might have information about each reader's interests stored on electronic tape. As the copy intended for a given subscriber moved along the assembly line of the bindery, the tapes would enable a computer to drop in selected material of special interest to him. As a result, each reader would have a magazine edited just for him.

Movies, Radio, and Television

Movies too have become somewhat selective of audience, although to much less extent than magazines. The movies shown at drive-ins and on television may still appeal to just about everyone. But the producers of the new wave of "underground" movies and the operators of art theaters are certainly going after audiences with something other than commonplace tastes.

Radio was once an almost universal medium, and millions of people at a time sat before their sets listening to Charlie McCarthy and Jack Benny. When television came along, radio began to sift its audience, although with a rather coarse screen, and it went through the splintering process that I have been talking about. Today some stations devote themselves exclusively to news and public affairs, good music, non-music, and various aspects of the ethnic and teenage subcultures. Portable radios have become electronic companions which sing and talk to us when we drive to work, sun ourselves on the beach or putter around the house, and listening has become a highly personal thing, almost point-to-point communication.

Television is the massiest of the mass media, one with an audience distinguished chiefly by its enormous size, but I doubt that it will remain immune to segmentation of audience. For a while longer, the novelty of color will bring entire families to a given program. But when the two-set home becomes commonplace, when miniature portable receivers find wide-spread use, when home videotape recorders free the viewer from the need to be on hand when a program is broadcast, when community antenna systems expand the viewers choice of program fare, when UHF stations find it increasingly

The Cresset
feasible to beam programs at cultural and ethnic minorities, television probably will become even more selective of its audience than radio is now.

The ultimate in audience fragmentation will come when each of us has his own phone and video link to a central computerized information bank and can get answers to specific questions whenever we feel like it.

**Interchangeable Media**

Four, I look for the walls among the various media to collapse. They have already begun to crumble. Today, for instance, a good deal of mass media content is pretty much interchangeable. The television networks have gone into motion picture production as a way of getting program fare. Books are based on motion pictures and on television series. Magazines carry a good deal of content that later turns up in book form. And some books have become enterprisingly journalistic in both the literal and pejorative meanings of the word. In June 1967, the Israelis took six days to rout the Arabs. Rifles had scarcely cooled before several U.S. publishers had brought out a number of books, hardbound and paperback, about the instant war. Bantam Books brought out *Strike, Zion* by William Stephenson, who holed up in the Tel Aviv Hilton from June 12 to 18, wrote for twenty hours a day except for dashes to the battle scenes, and turned up in New York, heavy-lidded, on June 20 with his 25,000-word manuscript. New American Library brought out *Six Days in June*, a paperback by a dozen Los Angeles *Times* newsmen. Other books in print or soon to be there include the AP's *Lightning out of Israel*, UPI's *Swift Sword*, the *Churchill's Israel Breaks Out* and Clive Irving's *The Holy War*. In a sense, then, books have come full circle, for newsbooks — topical accounts of events — actually anedate the newspaper.

When print and electronics become even more securely joined than they are now, the walls among the media will really topple. The offspring of that marriage may resemble both parents, but they may resemble neither. If RCA eventually sends printed information into a few million homes via a facsimile device on the television set, it would seem artificial to regard television and newspapers as completely separate entities.

**Implications for the Schools**

Five, I look for the wedding of print and electronics to have great implications for the schools. In recent months, a good many publishing firms have walked to the altar with electronics firms — Time Inc. with General Electric; American Book Company with Litton Industries; Readers' Digest Association with Sylvania; *Newsweek* with 3-M; Charles E. Merrill Books with Bell and Howell; Holt, Rinehart and Winston with CBS; and rather bigamously both Random House and Harcourt, Brace and World with RCA. Behind those marriages seems to be the idea that one partner can contribute its editorial experience and resources, the other its knowledge of technology, and together they can tap the $50 billion educational market with instructional materials. In May of last year, when Harcourt, Brace and World, one of the five largest educational publishers in the U.S. agreed to prepare materials for teaching equipment devised by RCA, the publisher’s lawyer remarked: “This has provided a forceful answer to those who said book publishers would have no role in the new information technology. The role of the publishers remains the same — the question is whether RCA is replacing the printing press.”

The firms entering what has come to be called “the learning industry” seem to have set themselves very broad objectives. Possibly they foresee the day when they will be able to offer school boards the complete package — a neatly programmed curriculum from kindergarten through high school and all of the equipment for teaching it. All the schools will have to furnish is the pupils; they will do the rest.

**Questions of Public Policy**

Six, the changes in our communications system will confront us with a multitude of legal and ethical problems and with serious questions of public policy. Such things as computers, copying machines, facsimile printers, and community antenna systems all raise a host of questions about copyright protection alone. Space satellites, involving the entire world, raise far more significant questions. There are those who see direct broadcasts from satellite to home receivers as a boon to the underdeveloped nations but as bad public policy for the United States since they would make local stations anachronistic and would thus jeopardize the whole system of commercial broadcasting. There are those who fear the potential of satellite broadcasting without adequate international safeguards for its use. There are those who see community antenna systems as enlarging the TV viewer’s arena of choice and others who see it as having the opposite result. Even the simple copying machine raises ethical questions. Once when a person sharpened his goosequill and wrote a letter, he was reasonably sure that it would be seen by only the intended recipient. But today private letters can be easily and quickly reproduced in quantity for widespread distribution, as indeed they often are, and personal correspondence has lost its privacy.

**Different Publics**

Finally, I think that the new technology has some important implications for communications content. The new technology does not necessarily mean that tomorrow’s communications will be characterized by a dismal and dangerous conformity. Even today, communications media have helped to sustain various subcultures within our population on a nation-wide scale —
the teenage subculture with a distinctive language, system of values, style of dress, and musical idiom, for instance, and the anti-establishment subcultures reflected in such hippie or activist periodicals as the Berkeley Barb, Los Angeles Free Press, Realist, and East Village Other. None of that will necessarily vanish because of the new technology.

On the contrary, a lot of tomorrow's communication may well be among like-minded segments of the population. The fragmentation of audience that I mentioned earlier suggests that it will be. The communications revolution, then, far from restoring mankind to one vast, tribal village, as Marshall McLuhan suggests, may in fact encourage a conglomeration of different little publics, each reading and viewing and listening from the perspective of its own special tastes and interests and concerns.

Lest we all expect the communications revolution to bring us a bright, happy world of cloudless days, let me conclude with two points. For one thing, a good deal of the new technology strikes me as being better suited to communicating facts than to communicating what the facts mean, to providing information than to providing understanding. In any event, the channels can be no better than the content they carry, and therein lies the challenge for us tired old journalism professors. For another thing, the Model 1968 human being is not vastly different from the Model 1868 human being. It may come in larger sizes, and it may last a while longer, but in most significant ways it is still the same old model.

Commencement Address

The Quest For Meaning

By DONALD H. FRANTZ

Twenty years ago, about this time of year, I sat in an auditorium in Rome. A buddy and I had come on leave, from camp to city, to see Puccini's opera, Madame Butterfly.

Something happened that day in the opera house that influenced my decision to be a teacher, and I believe that similar experiences have happened to you to bring you here today. For a commencement means the end and the beginning.

How can this be? Let me answer by posing three questions:

How can man learn to accept the darkness and light of each day? (The paradox of love and hate.)

Why is it darkest before dawn? (The paradox of pain and joy.)

Why is it that we need to learn and yet find out that learning is not enough? (The paradox of the quest of meaning.)

The Paradox of Love and Hate

Any soldier who has been overseas can tell you a great deal about the paradox of love and hate. At the age of twenty-four I along with thousands of other American soldiers hated Italians. We had good cause; they were — or had been — the enemies. We were away from home, from our parents, our wives, our children. We had lost numbers of men at Anzio and Cassino. There was plenty of reason to hate and to feel sorry for ourselves.

Yet there I was in the La Scala Opera House, responding to the magnificent music and story of an
Italian opera. The story was a simple but universal one. An American naval officer, Pinkerton, had come to Japan on leave and had fallen in love with a Japanese girl. He had facetiously promised to marry her for 999 years, with the provision that he could annul the marriage when convenient. Their love affair had some beautiful and tender moments, but the sacrifices that the girl makes for those moments are not appreciated by the naval officer.

She renounces her religion for his sake, and when he is called back to duty, she remains faithful to him, his religion, and his country, even though she is condemned by her uncle for so doing. As he departs, not knowing that they will have a child, she sings to him the poignant and tragically ironic love song, "Un bel di" (One Fine Day). When Pinkerton finally returns to Japan, it is not to another fine day, but a day of sorrow. He had married an American girl. Reluctantly, ineptly, he tells Butterfly that what once existed between them is now dead. The climax of the opera swells upon the barren stage of tragedy. Golden Butterfly with broken wings, disgraced once because she renounced the tradition of her people, disgraced now because her vigil is futile. She bids her child farewell, gives him a doll and an American flag to play with, and plunges a dagger into her throat. The tragedy of her action is ironically heightened by strains of music from "Un bel di," the love music of former days.

After that opera I was spellbound, deeply troubled. What was an American doing, playing the villain, posing as an enemy? How could hate ever be connected with an American? I could not answer those questions, though I knew Puccini meant for me to. So I took another look at the culture that could encourage a Puccini and a Mussolini alike, and in doing that I took another look at my own hate, and I stopped looking at my own hurt. I looked around me and I saw a people reduced to black marketeering and prostitution. I saw little boys - tykes not older than eight or ten - accosting GI's, offering their sisters for a few lire or for some chocolate and cigarettes. I saw a nation without young men — only old men rumaging through the garbage outside the mess hall, where GI's had scraped leftovers in their mess kits, and old men in alleys, selling blackmarketed soap and wine. I had stopped feeling sorry for myself, and I stopped hating Italians. I guess you could say that I fell in love with people in trouble — with the thousands, the millions of people I did not know, I would never know — the same ones I had previously hated.

The Paradox of Joy and Pain

The paradox of joy and pain can be explained this way: it means to be stripped of most illusions. The paradox leads to a resolution; it means to discover that transformation (i.e., the joy of learning) comes with information (i.e., the pain of learning). In my case it meant to stop forcing myself to live up to the concepts I had of myself or that society had held up to me — the mirror of a heroic, loving, powerful American. It meant to learn the differences between ambition and dedication; ambition which describes the love of force and dedication which describes the force of love. I discovered that only as I devoted myself to the study of something other than myself did I become transformed by the force of love — i.e., the confidence that comes when you know what you are doing. It is literally a miracle — the results of being informed.

As you explore and describe the visible world, as you come to know and live with another person, you actually unveil and integrate into consciousness what
has been thus resisted and hidden by the love of force. To quest for meaning is to take down your umbrella and to stop hiding under the shadow of your fears and your inertia. This is just a paper world, this thing man calls society. The only reality is personality — the personality of people, of butterflies, of flowers, of trees, of animals, of the sea, of the mountain, of outer space, of God. Therefore, when you become informed — about the good or bad of yourself, about the good or bad of society, about the personality and impersonality (indifference) of the universe — and you can admit the paradox and you can seek for a resolution of it and you can embrace the truth of your discovery do you become transformed. You undergo a radical change of your nature, for you have undertaken a renovation of your understanding both of the outer world and of your own existence.

Hence it is that pain and joy help you to realize why it must always be darkest before dawn.

The Paradox of Knowledge And Wisdom

There is one further paradox to discuss: the quest for meaning itself. To have overcome the paradox of love and hate and of joy and pain puts us on the road. We have initiated the quest for meaning. But to be on the road is no assurance that we will find the meaning of human existence. For example, the dialectical materialists are in error when they assume that the accumulation of facts will resolve the war between men — that there will be a synthesis of thesis and antithesis. Melville said at the end of his novel Pierre, after all the facts about Pierre had been collected, that not yet were all the facts in. To think we can bring them in is to envision a Utopia in which human problems don't exist.

And the logical positivists are in error when they turn their backs on the non-measurable qualities of human existence. The logical positivists insist that what you can't measure can't be real. The love and force of Madame Butterfly can't be measured, but they exist. Even if we allow for charts and maps to explain why audiences hate Lt. Pinkerton, charts and maps do not explain Lt. Pinkerton; they only explain people's needs to be accurate and to find meaning. It is better that we go to the opera and let Puccini speak to us about the ambiguities of force and love.

Moralists err when they confront us with their righteousness and tell us that we have not scrutinized thoroughly enough the nature of evil. This is a half-truth. We are bad enough; that is a truth, but not all bad. The mystery of human existence is not that we have fallen down and know not why, beaten down by the forces of evil — both by our own and by society's — but that we pray and want to know why. The moralists stand on the shores of disaster and wring their hands, in anguish, over Madame Butterfly's plight, knee-deep in the muddied waters of her frail existence. The moral-ist will cry for her but never think to jump in and help her find out the meaning of existence.

And the existentialists err when they stop with just a portrayal of the meaninglessness of human life and the absurdity of man's plight. Albert Camus, French novelist, has set forth in a variety of ways a portrayal of this position. In The Rebel, he writes about man's quest for meaning and his longing for understanding, yet he describes man as existing in a universe that is silent to human inquiry. In The Myth of Sisyphus, Camus likens mankind to the ancient King of Corinth who was condemned to roll a huge rock up a hill only to have it roll back down again just as it neared the top. In the same work he describes the paradox of Don Juan who seeks in every woman the complete satisfaction of all his desires only to find that man can only believe in the validity of his own revolt against the absurdity of his existence.

The trouble with Camus' answer — penetrating and moving as it is — is this: It is only Camus' answer. It is just one answer, as are the answers of the dialectical materialists, the logical positivists, and the moralists. The quest for meaning must be our own. Learning what other men have had to say about life may reduce prejudices of ignorance, set our bones, and build our cities. But aping others will never make us men. We must not imitate our masters but seek instead what they sought.

I have mentioned a point in Camus' existential philosophy that I wanted to pursue: by the very nature of the case, the paradox of the kind of meaning man craves — transformation through information — cannot be sought after as a value in and of itself, for such meaning is discovered and realized as a by-product of commitment to values which serve as an overarching goal and guiding principle. That is one of the greatest insights in the Bible, and characteristically it is stated as a paradox: "Whosoever saves his life will lose it and whosoever loses his life shall find it." Such was the story of Madame Butterfly, and it is also the point that Camus suggests in his novels: the answer to life is neither in blind commitment nor in unbridled freedom; it is neither in complete individuality nor in absolute identification within a community; it is neither withdrawing from society in misty contemplation nor uninhibited involvement within the social order; it is neither complete knowledge nor lack of it. Rather it is a wise use of knowledge — the acceptance of who we are and what we are and the realization that at best we can only find high moments of meaning which serve to tell us how we live, to face the inescapable frustrations and uncertainties of existence. Meaning is discovered when, in the commencements of life, an "I" has met a "Thou" and we are left free to think and to search and to be.

For what we learn is not enough. The most important part of learning is the quality of our struggle, to share with each other what we have learned.
A Norwegian Summer With International Voluntary Service

By GWEN MATHESON

What are some of the best ways of “getting away from it all” during the summer? To students, teachers, and others who have a long vacation this is a frequent question. If it were put, however, to any one of a group of sixteen young men and women now living scattered throughout North America and Europe, the reply would perhaps be considered unusual. They would probably remember a summer that was one of the best of their experience. Then a light would come into their eyes and they would soon be recounting a “holiday” which at first hearing might seem very far from ideal.

Some of the main features of this memorable month were as follows: cramped accommodations in a log cabin with no facilities to speak of, an eight or nine hour work day at duties that most people would consider a form of punishment, and very little contact with the outside world. Yet, at the conclusion of this story of hard work and primitive conditions, the teller would quite likely express the intention of going again on a similar project. And at this point, he would outline the meaning of those letters, I.V.S.

International Voluntary Service is the American and British Branch of the Service Civil International (S.C.I.), a world-wide voluntary organization dealing with social problems not handled by either government or local action, or large social agencies. Since this group has been hardly known in Canada until recently, I first became aware of it through a booklet on overseas work obtained by answering an advertisement in the Saturday Review. Upon writing directly to I.V.S., I received informative literature. One of the more amazing things about this organization is that it is voluntary throughout, for even the staff who do most of the organizing are not paid. Incentive and enthusiasm are assured by the fact that volunteers pay their own transportation to and from the project, receiving for their work only free lodging and food.

There was a whole screening process to go through before acceptance as a volunteer, but a letter finally came assigning me to Trastad, an institution for retarded children in northern Norway. After a pleasant trip on the Ryndam (leaving Montreal and arriving at Amsterdam during the first week in July), I was faced with the first minor “crisis.” For in spite of a previous fear of air travel, I was now obliged to take four flights, one after the other over a period of about twenty-four hours, the last one being in a rather rickety sea-plane that was somewhat like a station wagon with wings. It was the only way to arrive on time at Harstad, a town near Trastad which is difficult to reach by any other means of travel. But after the first nervousness subsided, this part of the journey proved to be a dramatic introduction to the beauty of Norway in the season of the midnight sun.

Initiation

Finally landing in Harstad, we climbed down from the plane into a small fishing boat and were suddenly hit in the nostrils with the sharp and salty stink of dead herring. This sudden descent to earth, from ideal contemplation in the clouds to the hard facts of existence, was a suitable introduction to five ensuing weeks of similar contrasts. Harstad, which is situated on the rocky coast just north of Narvik, is a typical Norwegian town, with tall white peak-roofed houses, and wind-swept streets pervaded by the atmosphere of the sea. From here I took a ten mile bus trip to Borkenes, a small village on a promontory which runs out into the fjord. Very picturesque it looks, with the brightly coloured frame houses glittering in the constant summer sunshine, the fishing boats in the bay, and smoke from the herring factory rising into the clear bright air.

Arriving at Trastad around noon, I got my first sight of what was to be “home” for the month of July: a small cabin by the roadside, constructed of logs covered with weather-beaten clap-board. But the most striking aspect of this dwelling — to North American eyes at any rate — was the grass growing on the roof, giving it the appearance of needing a haircut. I was welcomed in by Uni, a bright-eyed and exuberant Norwegian girl of about twenty. I can still hear her voice with the Scandinavian lilt, or slightly raised tone at the end of each sentence — and her favourite expression, which would burst out periodically: “Isn’t life wonderful!” Uni had been at Trastad during previous summers, both as a staff member and as part of the I.V.S. work camp. She became a sort of mother to us, looking after many of the details of cabin life and frequently producing some tasty addition to the usual plain but healthy diet.

The few camp members who had already arrived were off at work; I was told to spend my first day having
a rest. First, however, I took a brief tour of the grounds and the “pavillions” where the patients were housed. There is surely no place of its kind in the world with a more beautiful setting than that of Trastad: snowy peaks of mountains, gleaming fjords, wooded hill-sides, clusters of neat frame houses and red barns, behind which the hay was spread out in long “hedge-rows.” But it is obvious that attempts to describe the incredible scenery of northern Norway usually end up sounding like a travel folder, leaving one with such a sense of frustration that it is perhaps best not even to try.

It was with some apprehension that I climbed the hill towards the pavillions; for I had never had any previous experience with the problem of retardation. Then, as I approached one of the buildings, a young girl with Mongolian features and wearing a red dress ran out and, seizing my hand, took me through what was her home. Her hand felt warm and human in mine; and so this trifling incident became an initiation rite.

The other camp members returned to our cabin that night for a meal that began with the customary singing from the work camp song book and the “moment of silence”; then we were soon all chatting freely, and laughingly trying out our imperfect French, German, Scandinavian — or English. At the conclusion of this first supper, we were well acquainted. When the full quota of workers had arrived, there were seven Scandinavian campers, four Americans, and the remaining five of us from Ceylon, Switzerland, France, England, and Canada respectively.

Getting Organized

We had an official meeting at least once a week; and at the first one Antony, our leader, helped us to get organized for the month ahead. An energetic young man of thirty with considerable work camp experience, Antony spoke Norwegian fluently, as it was his belief that this is the only way to really know the people. Norway and fishing were his two great loves, and he had come to the one to learn about the other, for eventually he was going to return to his native Ceylon to use his knowledge of fishing methods.

It was decided that seven of us were to work chiefly in the pavillions, nine were assigned to road work, and all the girls had to take a turn at cabin duty. The pavillion workers, who were temporarily filling in for the regular staff who had gone on holidays, operated under a special arrangement of I.V.S. They received wages — so many kroners a week — but these funds were sent to an I.V.S. project to help children in Algeria. We were to get up at six every morning, for duties began at seven.

I doubt if any of us will ever forget our first two or three days of duty with the retarded. The pavillions where we were to work were large frame build-ings, each holding about twenty patients, grouped together according to age and sex. I had been assigned along with Karin, a Danish workcamper, to the building where the very young patients were, that is, those who were still children in body as well as in mind. After this first week or so, Karin worked with older girls and I was with the older boys.

Arriving at the children’s pavillion at seven, we were given long white medical smocks to wear and taken to the washing-up room. There I was quickly presented with a small boy with a large head and pale, expressionless face, and instructed to wash and dress him. He was immediately succeeded by other similar boys and girls, and I soon learned with a growing dismay just what was involved in “looking after” the patients. I had expected that we would be supervising and playing with the children, but now it was clear that we were also to wash, dress, feed them, and do everything that they could not do for themselves. This physical contact is perhaps most trying of all to the uninitiated. And at first the whole environment and presence of so much deformity came as a shock.

The sights, sounds, and smells were at times almost overpowering. (After this I carried a handkerchief soaked in cologne in my pocket and frequently took a whiff — although custom soon made even this unnecessary.) We could not understand the reaction of the other more regular attendants; they were singing, chattering, and laughing as they went about their work, and they were even talking with familiar affection to the patients. We would be doing the same things within about a week, but at that point it seemed incredible. After what seemed an endless two hours, the twenty or so children were all more or less happily eating breakfast, and we were presently sent to get ours at the main building. Emerging into the out-doors with a splitting headache, I wondered if I could go through with it all, yet knew that there was no way out now.

But the air was fresh and sweet, and we could look across the fjord at the blue mountains sparkling in the morning sunlight. And soon we were joining other workers at the main building, surprised at being able to eat a delicious Norwegian breakfast and even enjoying it.

Getting Used to It

At first, however, many of these unfortunate children seemed sub-human to us. They gibbered, made meaningless and disgusting noises, slobbered, gesticulated, rocked back and forth, crawled about, grabbed at people and things senselessly, or just lay inert; their hands were cold, their bodies limp and flaccid, their limbs capable of weird distortions; they often stank, in spite of frequent washing; their eyes did not focus, and stared, or rolled vaguely, were downcast, or turned inward on some private world. They could also be
very trying at times, spitting out food or refusing to eat; and when I moved to a pavilion with older ones, a boy who lashed out senselessly on occasion hit me in the jaw, causing a sore tongue for the day; another fellow had the habit of immediately pulling off his boots after the attendant had laboriously laced and tied them. Although resolving to look after their physical needs and do my duty, I felt during that first day or two that any affection for them would be impossible. And so I handled them carefully, but as if they were objects rather than human beings.

Gradually, however, they became more than just a meaningless collection of deformities, but appeared distinguishable — first as groups and then as individuals. They could be divided roughly into four main categories: first there were the “retarded” in the most commonly accepted sense of that word, that is, physically normal individuals whose mental growth had been arrested in early childhood; then there were the “monsters,” those who were both physically and mentally abnormal; perhaps the most tragic of all, and fortunately in the minority, were those who had been completely normal children before some blighting accident or illness; finally, the largest and most generally intelligent group was the Mongoloids — these were almost a race apart, and, as we came to learn later, many of them have a certain charm of their own.

Sister B. and Dr. Gilleberg

Sister B., the head of the children’s pavilion appeared after our first day or two there. A tall young woman of thirty-four, she had a strong and interesting face and the look of a saint, especially when she bent over some defective little specimen of humanity, speaking its name in a soothing voice, caring for its repulsive physical needs, and looking as if she really cared for the creature. She did literally love all these children. And Karin and I soon found in the succeeding days that in order to make the work tolerable “love” of some kind was required — not only as a vague ideal, but as a practical necessity. At any rate, Sister B’s example had a constant subtle influence on the rest of the staff. For instance, her habit of always referring to each patient by name (even if he might be a mere blob unaware of having one) helped us to see the children as individuals, and from that time onward the work became a little easier.

Although more familiar with my duties and surroundings, I faced another problem during these first days. The philosophical and ethical aspects of the whole set-up were a constant disturbance. Thoughts about eugenics and euthanasia would be aroused at the sight of particularly unfortunate cases. To the more or less rationalistic mind any first encounter with the seriously abnormal is a bitter pill to swallow. But life is full of irrational elements, and I came to feel that there must be some mystery here that would perhaps reveal itself before the experiment was over. Meanwhile, as the weeks passed, we became more and more involved along with the other workers in the activities and spirit of Trastad.

Whenever high morale prevails in an institution, it can usually be traced to the head or the “brains” behind the enterprise. In the case of Trastad this was Dr. Gilleberg, whose title, I eventually learned with some surprise, referred to a degree not in medicine but in theology. We would occasionally see his rather short and stocky figure about the place, always leaning on a cane, for he had been crippled in his teens by polio. In his broad face with the wide-set blue eyes there was a look of good-natured candour that showed him to be a man incapable of any petty feeling; and in his talk there was revealed a spirit as lofty and free as the mountains of his beloved Norway. Whenever he spoke to us, it was always with appreciation so that, in spite of our occasional moods of self-concern or cynicism, we would feel that we were really performing some outstanding task. One night he came down to spend a few hours in our cabin, where he told of his dream of building a “children’s town” at Trastad — a self-sufficient organization where no patient would feel different or inferior, but a part of the community.

The Lutheran faith, the official religion of Scandinavia, played a leading role at Trastad. A number of both the regular and the temporary staff were sisters, deacons, or theological students. The religious attitude was carried over even to some extent to the patients; for instance, an older boy would say grace before each meal, during which little ceremony the patients would sit quietly and even the attendants would stand with heads bowed; whether or not he knew what he was saying seemed to be beside the point. But, generally speaking, the Christianity practiced at this institution was something that goes beyond piety and sects. There are not many corners of the world where it can still be found in this almost original form, but I think Trastad is one of them.

Happiness, Love, and Music

Throughout these weeks at Trastad, I saw that most of the staff were happy in their work and not overcome by depression or maudlin pity, as might be expected in such a place. Among the patients there was much happiness too, and usually mere indifference where one might expect misery. Faint sparks of personality would at times flicker to life in even some of the most apparently hopeless of these children; and the one common factor that could bring out their best reactions was affection. Their responses, of course, were often momentary and erratic: there was a small boy with a constantly bewildered expression who might throw a stone at the attendant one minute, and then immediately make it up with a kiss on the cheek. There was
also a little blonde girl named Ellen whose blank, unfocussed blue eyes would make one label her as completely mindless; but sometimes, when being put to bed, her cold thin little arms suddenly would reach up around the attendant's neck and the faint trace of a smile would appear on her face. The attitude of affection towards the patients had to be fairly spontaneous, for it was ineffective if merely simulated. Yet sometimes one could induce this mood and turn their dreary noises and gestures into the laughter of an almost normal playtime.

Music seemed to have a universal appeal. Attendants would often sing to the patients who themselves would sometimes hum or sing. Perhaps the most outstanding of the patients was Thorwald, a good-looking boy of twenty-one. Although to all appearances he possessed very little intelligence and spoke in monosyllables if at all, yet he had a great repertoire of Norwegian songs which he would deliver in a fine bass voice whenever requested. He would sometimes sit with his arm over the shoulders of a musically gifted young male attendant and they would sing duets. A well-known Norwegian singer once came on a tour through the institution and he was introduced, after a fashion, to Thorwald. When the latter, quite attracted, reached out and touched him on the forehead, the singer smiled gamely, but stiffed and soon after could be seen wiping the spot with a handkerchief. Reflecting that I would have probably reacted in the same way a couple of weeks previously, I knew for the first time what it was to be "on the inside."

Questions and Answers

My earlier convictions about eugenics and euthanasia, however, began to seem rather remote. We had learned, for one thing that most of the parents of these people were normal, and we had occasionally seen some of them visiting their children at Trastad. As for mercy killing in infancy, this too was something concerning which I would no longer care to make any decisions — especially when looking at these people who had become almost like friends: they were, for the most part, quiet, harmless, and contented — more than can often be said for the normal. Some of them had a certain attractiveness even, and it would almost lead one to believe that perhaps there is a place in the world for them, although every support wshould be given, of course, to research into the causes and cures of these conditions. Besides there are worse deformities than those displayed in these children — and I remembered seeing one attendant (but the only one) spooning the food so roughly into a stubborn mouth that there appeared a small trickle of blood; and yet, when they were especially exasperating I could not deny having sometimes felt faint stirrings of the attendant's reaction in myself.

But the most important justification for Trastad and its function was something intangible, that could not be clearly defined — the generally happy atmosphere, the sense of satisfaction among the workers, the fact that this place draws people with many different ideas, and even from many parts of the world. Surely all this would not be the result of essentially useless or immoral activity. All the same, when I would look back during one of these walks and see some poor idiot shuffling and tottering along, outlined against a glorious mountain view, I still did not feel that all my initial questions were completely unanswered.

Later in the month there were some exchanges between the pavilion workers and those on the road. Two of the latter came to give extra assistance in the children's pavilion, and as a result our evening discussions became even livelier as they told of their experiences there. It was interesting to observe their fascination with their new work. They had seldom talked about their activity on the road, whereas now they were constantly going over their pavilion experiences. Work involving people, regardless of their I.Q., always seems to have a special fascination.

The Working Community

Living under these communal conditions in our cabin would have made any major tensions within the group intolerable. But fortunately such a problem never arose among us, although there were, of course, some minor frictions, as there are in any human community. In fact, it could be said that one of our main problems was that we were almost too congenial — so that there was very little challenge in that respect. We had a great deal in common in our interests, ideas, and even occupations. Most were students, and planned to go into teaching or related professions dealing with people, such as minister, nurse, psychiatrist; and at least three members were interested in scientific careers. There were many differences too, of course, besides the natural ones of personality: for instance, in religious back-
of our endless conversations was the subject of nationality. The Americans and Scandinavians were the only campers who formed two little sub-groups in our camp, and the remainder were single representatives. Somehow to the surprise of the rest of us, we found that the Norwegians, Danes, and one Swede all considered themselves as quite distinct and had their own jokes and national attitudes towards each other. The Americans provided an example of the futility of a national stereotype, for they differed in "race," religion, and (like the rest of us) in temperament.

As a Canadian I learned some interesting facts about the European attitude towards my native land—some of them a bit exasperating. I was usually regarded as either a special breed of American or English person. The little maple leaf pin which I wore with the naive expectation of being recognized everywhere as a Canadian was a meaningless symbol to almost everybody. Karin, a highly intelligent girl who was a student in bio-chemistry at the University of Copenhagen, once observed to me that she thought of Canada as "one vast forest," and of Canadians as being a kind of cross between the English and the Norwegians—this latter was meant to be complimentary, for, according to Karin, the Danes thought highly of the Norwegians. (Note: The attitude towards Canada described here will probably never be the same again, since the advent of our national flag and Expo '67.)

Fun

But in spite of different customs and all the talk and jokes about those mythical creatures known as "Swiss," "Swedes," or "Ceylonese," we learned most of all that national differences are very secondary. Our communication with each other was especially vital because of the refreshingly primitive conditions that threw us on our own resources. For a month, we were almost completely cut off from all the habit-forming, mind-enslaving gadgets of the outside world, such as radio, television, record players, and films. As a result, conversation and other "lost arts" were soon rediscovered among us. Although we had started off speaking in several languages, eventually the chief one in use became English. When any linguistic difficulties developed we had one invaluable camp member who could come to the rescue, a Swiss girl who, like most of her nationality, could speak several languages fluently. But perhaps music played the greatest role in our camp life. Having no access to the canned variety, we provided all our own. Wherever the campers were, there was singing; someone would start up a tune anytime out of sheer impulse, and all the rest would join in spontaneously. Most of the songs were from our I.V.S. song book which has a representative collection of folk tunes from many countries. We also tried experiments, usually painful ones, with the recorders, and Gunnar, a theological student who worked in the pavilions, would occasionally come to visit us and play his accordion.

Other occupations with which we passed our leisure hours included walking, sunning, fishing, and of course always writing great many letters and post cards. But in case it might be thought that this experiment in "plain living and high thinking" would produce a spiritless group, such an idea would be quickly disproved by some of our wildest moments. We threw "parties" with practically no notice and for any trivial event, and then our spirits, stimulated only by coffee, reached a height that would make the average alcoholic "binge" seem dull and tame. Of course, the detested hour of six the next morning presented quite a different picture, with each vivacious conversationalist of the evening before reduced to a mere groaning sleeping-bag, but we didn't let that subdue us, for we seemed to possess an extra store of energy to make up for lack of sleep.

This extra vitality had several causes both physical and psychological, but it could also be attributed to some extent to the climate and season. Although the sun was hot and one could get a decent tan, the temperature never reached the humid intensity of a Canadian summer, for instance; and most of the time we wore our heavy Norwegian sweaters—some of them newly purchased at Harstad. Also, the midnight sun is a remarkable phenomenon which has an exhilarating effect, especially on those not accustomed to it. The reality is much more than that conveyed in the idea of "the sun shining all night." The sun descends in the sky, its light increasing in intensity, till it remains hanging just above the horizon in a sunset that lasts all night long. The golden light spreads over the whole landscape, casting deep shadows that bring all details into sharp relief, until they stand out with the acute clarity of a vision.

Origins of SCI

During one of our last meetings, Antony gave us a special talk based on his wide experience with International Voluntary Service. It all began back in 1910 when the American philosopher and psychologist, William James, wrote an essay entitled "The Moral Equivalent of War." In it James observed that the natural human instinct for disciplined living and sacrifice, which had up until that point been utilized for war, must now find a more constructive expression. The alternative James proposed was what has now become the I.V.S. ideal: "an army of service dedicated to the solution of age-old problems such as hunger, disease, and poor living conditions." Inspired by this idea, Pierre Ceresole, a Swiss Quaker, organized the first international work camp in 1920 near Verdun. This experiment eventually developed into Service Civil International which has come to the rescue in many areas after the destructive assaults of both man and nature, and which now has branches in twenty-four countries in Europe, Asia, and North Africa. The American I.V.S. is a "small, loosely organized, co-operative

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fellowship" which is responsible to the S.C.I. International Secretariat in Zurich, Switzerland. (Note: An I.V.S. branch has now been started in Canada under the leadership of Stuart Archbold from England, assisted by Geoffrey Cliffe-Phillips from Toronto, and several successful work camps have already been held for various projects.) Although partly pacifistic in its origins, I.V.S. adheres to no definite philosophy and includes in its membership people of many different outlooks.

At Dr. Gilleberg's Home

The highlight of our last week in camp was a visit to Dr. Gilleberg's home where we met his wife and two children. This was a welcome opportunity to forget the difficulties of the pavilions and the road in a gracious environment which was typical in many ways of the other Norwegian homes we had visited. We sat looking out the huge front window in which flames from the fireplace were reflected, for now at the end of July the midnight sun had begun to set and we could see twilight settling in over the fjord and the mountains. The walls were lined with books, paintings, and family photographs. Vines trailed over the walls and ceiling in the Scandinavian fashion and the room was filled with wild flowers as if all the Northern summer had been brought indoors. We enjoyed the fine hospitality, eating delicious Norwegian strawberries and drinking strong fragrant coffee served in small cups as we talked with Dr. Gilleberg. He seemed particularly interested in those of us who had travelled from North America, expressing his pleasure that we could join in this Scandinavian project, for he felt that "we all come from the same family." The pavilion workers were gratified to hear that they had earned a substantial sum in wages, which would now go to help children in Algeria; and the road workers were complimented on their achievement.

Then, becoming more personal, Dr. Gilleberg told us something of his own life. Although his early lameness had at first embittered his attitude, he assured us that he now looked on it as the most important event of his career; being different had made him think a great deal about life and had eventually led to his present work, to which he was devoted. He had a real feeling for all the "children" of the institution, and his main concern was that they should feel accepted as fellow human beings. "There is a wide range all the way from Einstein to these," Dr. Gilleberg observed, "and all are our brothers and sisters." Then he told us of experiences that seemed to suggest that these people could sometimes sense things beyond the normal, for "truth is sometimes hidden from the wise."

Whether one agreed with all his ideas or not, it was impossible not to be impressed with the spirit of this outstanding man. He also spoke of his hopes of having a centre at Trastad where young people from all over the world could gather every year, and so learn more about each other's way of life — just as we in the I.V.S. group were doing then. Our contact with Dr. Gilleberg made the work seem easier during the last week, although it could still on occasion be extremely difficult and disagreeable in the pavilions. It also clarified some of the issues that had been raised in my mind with regard to all the apparently meaningless horrors of deformity. Some of the solutions I had resolved to find a month ago had been at least partially reached, and possibly here was a closer approach to the "mystery."

Summer's End

During this last week or so the group around our supper table became smaller; and the usual gay atmosphere grew steadily a little more subdued. Most were looking forward now to further travelling and other future plans, yet in spite of all these anticipations, a certain sadness was felt. Even those who tried to keep an attitude of outward indifference were affected; one camper, for instance, had informed us once that "Good-byes stink!" and that the ideal way to leave a project would be silently in the middle of the night. We all understood how he felt, but still when the time for leaving did come later it was no surprise to see him pumping hands and making speeches along with all the rest.

We were certainly what is sometimes called "sentimental" — extremely so! All who have been to Trastad are that way. And perhaps we would be a source of some amusement to the more sophisticated. But I doubt if any so-called "hard-boiled" individual could have a work camp experience like this and not be affected in a similar way. The general success of our whole experience was partly due, of course, to several causes which the realist would want to analyze, the chief perhaps being the comparative brevity of our stay. But there was also another factor that went deeper; and it was this that produced a parting depression apparently out of proportion to the situation itself. This became more evident as we prepared to leave behind this little life-time of experience and this temporary "home" and "family" to return to our regular environments — to the outside world of barriers, prejudice, loneliness, competition, and all the problems of contemporary life.

Those of us who look back sometimes to our days at Trastad are not "homesick" for a place, but rather for a state of mind; and our nostalgia is not so much for the past, as for the future:

Quel spectacle sur la terre
Si le monde obéit ta loi!
Pas de troubles, pas de guerre
Et la paix sous tous les toits.
(from L'Amitie, official work camp song of S.C.I.)
Sex, Nudity, and Improvisation

By WALTER SORELL

If nothing else this has been a lively season. As usual, it has also had its severe disappointments. One was the utter failure of the latest Tennessee Williams play, which deservedly closed in due time. It had a phony, built-in poetry, the mystery of symbolic names, and a boring plot. "The Seven Descents of Myrtle" takes place in a farmhouse in Mississippi. It seems to be in danger of being inundated by floodwaters. Myrtle is a bleached-blonde ex-stripper who married Lot on Television in Memphis without knowing he was a homosexual and dying of tuberculosis. Lot's wife is brought to the farmhouse, where she faces Chicken, who is a bastard with some Negro blood, usually drunk, foulmouthed, brutal and — what a heterosexual! It seems that Chicken was promised the estate after Lot's death, and while he is dying upstairs Chicken and Myrtle (who descends to the bastard) find themselves irresistibly attracted.

Tennessee Williams still seems to be plagued by the thought that people are sexually this and that way. By now he should have accepted these facts. I felt totally uninterested in these three people from Williams land and didn't care whether the floods would come or not. Symbolism must have deeper meaning. What has deeper meaning is the sardonic fact that Mr. Williams received in advance $400,000 down payment on the film rights for this concoction with the promise to go up to $800,000 if the play runs. It is sad to lose $400,000 — it is even sadder that one of our great, poetic playwrights should have written this parody on himself.

"A Day in the Death of Joe Egg" by Peter Nichols has been successful in England and here on Broadway with Albert Finney as the husband and Zena Walker as the wife. The play is about a spastic child, but one soon gets the idea that "this vegetable" is a symbol for the marriage of these two people, or for marriage in general. These two are not a good match, they don't seem to understand each other, nor can they handle the simplest problems of a twosome life. She is simply love incarnate, giving her love indiscriminately to plants, animals, fish, her vegetable child, and her adolescent husband. He escapes into anti humor, pretending despair because of the unhappy child when it really is the situation in which he feels caught. It is this gallows humor which gives the play a sickish connotation.

Nudity and improvisation are the dernier cri. Only a few seasons ago the female dancers of the Ballets Africains had to dance with bras. There was nothing more lascivious and frivolous than to see their native beauty thus covered. This season the issue was not even discussed, and they danced the way it is natural for them. In "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie" (about which I reported from London some time ago) one of the students poses in the nude with her back to the audience. In the comedy "Scuba Duba" the leading lady runs around in the bottom half of a bikini. On off off Broadway nudity has been part of the game for quite some time, off Broadway has embraced it, now Broadway in the musical "Hair" — a musical with a frank point of view in a demonstratively frank production directed by Tom O'Horgan — has accepted it. Nudity on stage will soon have lost its excitement because it will become cliche, and I prefer it to the generally accepted violence on TV.

Tom O'Horgan is a resourceful director, close in approach to Peter Brook and the new school of the theater of cruelty. He is the director of the La Mama troupe which has three ensembles, is greatly successful here and in Europe, receives foundation money, and is building a couple of theaters in Manhattan. It is no longer avant-garde or the "future." It is the now in theater annals. They are likeable young actors who must also sing and dance.

The group I saw in Paul Foster's "Tom Paine" had something amaturish about it which was underlined by the improvisational character of the direction. The direction is so overpowering, full of quickly changing ideas, that one almost forgets that once there must have been a script. It rather was a scenario to be filled in with theatrical ideas, with passages left open for the actors' improvisation (as they suddenly interrupt the play in Act I to discuss the Negro problem and Vietnam with the audience).

The author wanted to show the agonies of a nonconformist, a liberal and revolutionary mind, torn between the political realities and his dreams. Tom Paine appears as the human being he was, hunted and haunted, drunk, imprisoned, almost-guillotined, finally fused American citizenship and dying in misery. He also appears as Tom Paine's reputation. Played by two actors, as he is, the discrepancy between the man and his work is made clear, although the man is theatrically more interesting. The devil always has the better lines.

The play is memorable because of the direction of its loose scenes held together by one stage surprise after the other. What could be achieved with a few imaginative lines is translated into visual action, sheer accomplishments of physical and mental acrobatics. Tom Paine's crossing of the Atlantic is shown in a huge rockin'horse boat with all the actors in it, fighting, fearng, living, copulating. Paine's fear of being guillotined during the French Revolution is brilliantly shown by hooded figures sharpening blades on spark-emitting grindstones. A beautifully lyric scene is the teaching of the twelve months in French, another is the nudity scene with the actors covered by transparent material and creating the luminous quality of William Blake drawings.

The play's no longer the thing, it is the direction.

Love means desire for a whole person and a real person. It is not love to want someone because he is intellectually or physically attractive; that is simply to abstract certain features from their personal context, and to fall in love with them as if they alone mattered. Nor is it love to isolate from the whole character the good or pleasing traits, and to ignore or thrust aside those that are less engaging; or to project on to someone the qualities one admires or needs in another. Love means to desire a person just as he is — his faults along with his virtues, his bad habits and irritating ways along with all that is best in him — realizing that in oneself one can only offer to him another who is no better and no worse than he.

For a good understanding of any field, it is helpful to establish an overview within which particulars can be grouped. A recent exhibition at Valparaiso University was organized around the overview idea that twentieth century art can be roughly grouped into two main tendencies: one towards “form” and the other towards “life.”

Categories such as these are fairly common. Philip Leider, Artforum magazine editor, wrote in the January 9, 1968, Look magazine special issue on the arts-of-the-'60s that art today can be divided into “High” art (explorations of form) and “Low” art (expressions about life). Werner Haftmann, the German art historian, sees twentieth century art polarized between the “absolute form” (abstractions reflecting ideas about the reality of nature), and the “absolute thing” (images reflecting the mysterious presence of objects in life). The Metzinger cubist painting and the Magritte surrealist painting both here reproduced would each fit a category. And Dore Ashton, the art critic, recently spoke of the present day extreme wavering between art-for-art’s-sake purist, minimal forms (such as the Noland color study painting here reproduced) and the art-for-humanities-sake gestures using transitory objects and processes of life itself (such as at Happenings).

The tendencies towards “form” category involves a concern for the problems of objectively ordering the pure visual elements. Cubism, constructivism, art concrete, op, chromatic, kinetic art, etc. rise out of such concerns. On the other hand the tendencies toward “life” involve a concern for the problems of subjectively expressing feelings, intuitions, and thoughts about the events of life. Expressionism, symbolism, surrealism, abstract expressionism, assemblage, the new figuration (such as the brutally coarse Maryan painting here reproduced), pop, etc. rise out of such concerns.

It must be added, however, that most artists resist being placed even in these broad categories because those artists stressing form feel their form achievements say much about life, and those stressing life feel they have used effective form to create their expressions.
Maryan, GIRL IN A TUTTI, 1965, oil on canvas, 60 x 60". From the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Shapiro.

Kenneth Noland, MIDMOST, 1966, acrylic paint on canvas, 3 x 10'. From the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. Netsch.

June 1968
Striking the Right Note

By WILLIAM F. EIFRIG, JR.

It must appear strange to observers now, and it will seem most remarkable to historians coming after us that a Scotsman serving a Congregational church in Edinburgh as its minister has got the ears of American church musicians of all denominations, Lutherans not excepted. His straight-from-the-shoulder statements about music in the service of the Church have made his books prominent in the libraries of organists and choirmasters. His clear analyses of church music yesterday and today have made him a favorite lecturer in America as in Britain. A recent addition to the list of publications bearing his name grew into a book from lectures delivered in the school year 1966-67 at seminaries and colleges in the United States. Erik Routley has given us Church Music and Theology, The Church and Music, The Music of Christian Hymnody, and The English Carol. There are other titles also. Now we have Music Leadership in the Church (Abingdon, 1967).

In this small book Routley disturbs the peaceful routine of the practicing church musician with a simple idea, probably passed over quickly after an unthinking nod of approval by most readers. He concerns himself with the New Testament's meaning for the practice of sacred music. In Church Music and Theology Routley has already addressed himself to this topic. There he draws the conclusion that, when the quality, propriety, and merit of church music is discussed, it is not the notes on the page as much as the person of the musician that should occupy us. It is not so much that there is good and bad church music as that there are good and bad church musicians.

This time the theologian-musician speaks more pointedly to the professional. It is not, he says, primarily the task of the church musician to improve the people musically. (Are we all in agreement?) This will happen of itself, a by-product of the effort to bring the best music into services that can satisfy the worship of even the nonmusical man in the pews.

Here's a hopeful note in this day of experimental liberalizing relevance. Music that is honest and well-made and that participates in the wholeness of worship will enter into the life of the Body of Christ whether it be high or low, complex or simple, for organ or guitar. But note that initial warning: your task is not to improve musical tastes. This seems to insist that the propriety of worship music is independent of personal tastes.

Now—while most of us grant this in theory, the practice of aesthetic self-denial comes hard for us. Certainly the schooling we have received left us with prejudices against a period or a composer that have their basis not in knowledge but in complacent acceptance of a teacher's prejudices. And don't we know that Bach is better than Barstow because he reached the heights of musical perfection—and was orthodox Lutheran to boot? If pressed for a policy statement for our congregation, most of us will include somewhere "and teach them to appreciate—- — —- — —" (Supply the missing item to suit yourself.)

This idea of Routley's is going to cost us something. We shall have to admit that the church is not a concert hall, that the opinion of the Tribune's music critic carries no weight with the organist or the choir. Our preference for certain music may have to be sacrificed in love for fellow Christians. Our professional task will be to offer up talent and skill in the service of the whole church.

Don't misunderstand. This is no call for abandoning standards and excellence. In all he does the church musician must do his best. The shoddy craftsman brings a tainted gift to the altar. It does mean, however, that we dare not decide glibly for or against this piece or that performance by appealing to the canon of some list of "Music appropriate for..." or to the judgements of arbiters of high fashion. "It's being done at the cathedral" should not be used to convince the parish congregation.

The idea raises problems for the church music curriculum at our schools. How does the teacher develop sensitivities without breeding snobbery? If appropriate music is not determined by musical worth alone, what criteria does the public school use in training church musicians? Can there be training in church music at a secular school?

Of course, Routley may be wrong. His position is founded without a doubt on a Protestant reading of the Gospel. To expect every musician to possess the discipline for the exercise of this Christian freedom predicts disappointments. Much more controlled and much easier it would be to lay down the laws for those who play and sing in the Church.

You might, however, note the service rendered by the professional organists at this summer's baseball games. The right tunes and the right notes at the right time—could not one ask as much from the church musician?
Camelot is no more. Oswald the Insignificant, who gave the lie to his name just hours before his death, dispelled the magic with a deadly bullet. Those who remember the glory that was there can go to Arlington and worship at the tomb.

It didn't take long for the Accidental President to discover that the Round Table promised splendid fuel for flames of madness. Chopped to kindling in the name of consensus, the hallowed wood was found ideal to stoke the engine of the war machine. In the name of all that's good, he said, I have this day ordered your sons to kill, maim, burn, defoliate, bomb, and make heroic stands for worthless ground. The Dear Departed would have wanted it that way. If only I had my choice of weapons in the War on Poverty, I could promise you victory on that front too; unfortunately, we must make do with guns and butter, and not just guns alone.

Another King, more dark than most, would have had no part of guns. It may be that the only bullet he would have taken calmly he finally did take calmly, in the neck. "Free at last, free at last" the stone says — revealing the sad fact that this King left no Camelot behind. Indeed, he left nothing at all behind, save a stolid widow, some few devoted friends, and a premature idea in connection with which he may or may not be remembered when it is rediscovered after the fire next time. He was a second-class citizen, who got a second-class assassination; no thousands marching, nor millions watching, could give him in death what they had in life denied him.

A trumpet sounds across the land. Mordred rides into view to claim the right of delayed succession to the throne. The people look and quake at what they see. Still, the blood of Arthur is in his veins, and maybe that's enough to set aside one's deep objections. What's more, Guinevere has given him her kerchief; it will help to wipe away the blood-lust from his eyes. Let Camelot come forth again, the people cry. Return us to the day when Pablo Casals played in the White House! Chase out the smell of barbecued Vietnamese! Save us from having to notice the rot of the ghetto, the hydrogen bombs patrolling the world in our planes, the moral sickness in our souls!

This, then, is Camelot — not much in the way of reality, but the stuff of legend and future fancy. Better than the hell of war, that's certain; but how does it compare with the Dream of the man murdered in Memphis?

The king was white. . . wealthy. . . witty. . . very civilized. . . his words were pleasant to hear. . . his style was fun to watch. . . people strained to touch him. . . his legislative accomplishments were few, yet widely hailed. . . we buried him with pomp and incense. . . and turned our thoughts ahead unto that day when we would see his like again. . .

King was black. . . poor. . . serious. . . Southern Baptist. . . his words brought pain to the conscience and anger to the heart. . . his style was irritating, relentless. . . people spat on him, stoned him, knifed him, jailed him. . . his deeds were many, often small in scope yet large in impact. . . he got buried by his people, with mules and tape-recorder, wails and shiftless feet. . . and we turned with fear to see what vengeance would be wrought upon our house for centuries of dank neglect. . .

No point, you say, in pitting one against the other. They were, for all their differences, together in their basic aims. Perhaps. Yet if they were, this common feature is not the cause of their common place in history, for they appealed to radically different sources of popular regard. We can love the King in memory because he was all the princely things our dreary lives will never be; King we will never love, for he was too impertinent in showing us how far our lives had strayed from what they ought to be. Yet we can respect King, even if only grudgingly, for we know that (if the day will ever come) his is the way that will have set us free.

Camelot is no more, though Arthurian figures still march across the screen. Merlyn offers sage advice, but seems a better tutor to a king than kingingly man himself. And there is Pellinore, who went along just fine until in March he found that he had lost his realm. Lesser knights abound as well, offering the promise of security in ways more proven, old, and grey. But the dark days loom ahead, as domestic and international political jousting consumes the resources so sorely needed to do the work of healing, teaching, restoring to the lost the hope they need to live. Have we progressed in thirteen hundred years? What lessons do we need to learn to turn our ways from hatred, selfishness, and shame?

Martin Luther King is free at last. Perhaps he saw what lesser-visions men have failed to see: The work at hand calls for our all, but peace on earth will never come. The peaceful, then, must look beyond the here and now for rest and bliss. Small solace, that; but still, small solace clearly beats not finding it at all.
Editor-At-Large

Black Cross

By Victor F. Hoffmann

In A Liberal Answer To The Conservative Challenge, Senator Eugene J. McCarthy discusses among other matters the definition of a liberal. According to Senator McCarthy, the fundamental ideas of liberalism "are these: self-determination, equality, liberty, and the positive role of government." All of his ideas are being put to test in the various crucibles of our current civil rights experiences.

However, the basic concept being emphasized these days with the notion of "Black Power" is self-determination.

Milwaukee—where I work—has seen many heartening examples of self-determination on the part of the black people.

The latest is Black Cross.

Though still in the written proposal and discussion stages, Black Cross could be a going thing for years to come inasmuch as it strikes at some crying needs in our Inner Core.

In that light, the proposal for Black Cross, written in April of this year, begins with a written statement of awareness about what happened last summer in Milwaukee. More than that, the executive committee of the Milwaukee Organization of Organizations from whom this proposal came is very much aware of how badly the events of last year's so-called long, hot summer were handled.

The very first sentence of the Proposal is clear on this matter: "during the summer of 1967, Milwaukee experienced a crisis for which its citizens were totally unprepared." The rest of the paragraph amounts to a plausible and descriptive explanation: "Our streets became battlefields, and a curfew caused the uninformed to be trapped away from home. Injuries were incurred by many and medical assistance was not available. Others were arrested en route from home or in search of assistance. No one knew where to go for assistance or advice and, generally, neither was available."

Then, in an ominous statement, the proposal goes on to say: "Indications from many sources are that the coming summer will be worse, not better." The rest of the paragraph expounds on that hesitant prediction: "injuries may again go untreated and the number of needless arrests will probably increase unless something is done. We cannot depend upon the establishment to provide any kind of aid in this situation because the establishment tends to view the victims as criminals. This was demonstrated last summer when the Red Cross helped the police and let the victims of 'police accidents' wait until later."

Consequently, the Organization of Organizations, a black control group, determined to act on their own. The Black Cross proposal is their own creation.

Obviously Black Cross is a play on Red Cross and was meant to be just that.

The Black Cross proposal people begins by promising to create and maintain "15 public aid and information centers at which emergency services would be available during a time of crisis." Triple O, as it is usually called in Milwaukee, intends to staff the centers with "qualified medical staff, food service personnel," and other types of competent people.

The conversations emerging from the Black Cross considerations have now gone beyond the discussion of "what we must do to prepare for a long hot summer." The people involved, particularly the black people, are also planning for a long hot future. These people are asking questions that demand long range answers: 1) Why are hospital facilities in the Inner Core decreasing so rapidly? 2) What are the possibilities of setting up on a long-term basis some first aid clinics? 3) How do we get more doctors to work the Inner Core? 4) Where are the mental health clinics for the poor and the distressed in the ghetto? 5) Why is ambulance service so slow in the core?

I brought up these kinds of questions with a friend of mine working in the Milwaukee mental health movement. Quick as a flash, she asserted that "our basic problem in mental health is that we really lack the technical skills to treat the mental illnesses of the poor." Throughout the country, she continued, "mental health personnel from psychiatrists on down have limited skills in analyzing the tensions of poor people." She made it quite clear that the stresses of poor people are different than the stresses of middle class people and people who live in the upper economic ranges. The mental health experts are too much the professionals and too much middle class. They cannot even find the proper words to communicate with the poor, much less give them the balm of Gilead for their psychological wounds. In fact, many of us professional experts simply cannot communicate outside our cultural imprisonments.

And so the battle for determination goes on and on. But the black man will win this struggle.