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IN THE SEPTEMBER CRESSET - - -

IN LUCE TUA ................................................. The Editors 3
AD LIB.: TO WAIKIKI AND BACK .................................. 7
WAITING FOR GODOT ........................................ Walter Sorell 8
YOUNG SWEDES AND WORLD PEACE ................................ Anne Jordheim 16
BOOKS OF THE MONTH ..........................................
BLACK POWER AND HOPE ........................................ Reginald A. Vappie 18
WORTH NOTING ................................................... 19
FROM THE CHAPEL: THIS MAN RECEIVES SINNERS .................. Wayne E. Saffen 20
MUSIC: REQUIESCAT IN PACE ................................... William F. Eifrig, Jr. 22
THE THEATRE: REPORT FROM LONDON ................................ Walter Sorell 23
THE VISUAL ARTS: OPTICAL ART .................................. Richard H. W. Brauer 24
EDITOR-AT-LARGE: PROJECT EQUALITY ............................... Victor F. Hoffmann 26
THE MASS MEDIA: THE SUMMER OF OUR DISCONTENT .............. Don A. Affeldt 27
THE PILGRIM: LULLABY 1968 ....................................... O. P. Kretzmann 28

THE CRESSET is published monthly September through June by the Valparaiso University Press, Valparaiso, Indiana, 46383, as a forum for scholarly writing and informed opinion. The views expressed herein are those of the writers and do not necessarily reflect the preponderance of opinion at Valparaiso University or within the editorial board. Second class postage paid at Valparaiso, Indiana. Subscription rates: One year — $2.00; two years — $3.75; three years — $5.50. Single copy 20 cents. Entire contents copyrighted 1968 by the Valparaiso University Press, without whose written permission reproduction in whole or in part and for any purpose whatsoever is expressly forbidden.
The Forgotten Man

Does anybody remember Robert Francis Kennedy? He was a senator from New York and a candidate for the Democratic nomination for President of the United States. He was assassinated early on the morning of June 5 in a hotel kitchen in Los Angeles and buried the following Saturday near the grave of his late brother, President John F. Kennedy.

We rehearse these facts because what at the time seemed an event that might shock us into some measure of sanity and sobriety has apparently been absorbed, like so many hundreds of tragedies, in a sea of forgetfulness. Life goes on, unchanged and apparently unchangeable, with hardly the suggestion that a Voice may be speaking to us through the events of our turbulent day: “If thou hadst known, at least in this thy day, the things that belong to thy peace! But now they are hidden from thee.” Good men die violently, we make the appropriate noises about how tragic it all is, and then we go back to whatever we had been doing, just as though nothing had happened.

Now that he is gone, the silence of those to whom and for whom he spoke is more frightening than the violence that followed the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. So many of the young, the poor, and the black have concluded that even violence can not change things. Seen from their perspective, this land which for the great majority of us is a land pleasant above all lands is a Devil’s Island from which there is no escape except through a death as meaningless and futile as their meaningless and futile lives. But what new terrors may be germinating in this silence?

“For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord.” If we will not deal justly and mercifully with our poor and hopeless brethren, we shall have to deal with their Father. And if things come to that, God help us all!

Guns Do Kill People

It would have seemed reasonable to suppose that one redeeming consequence of Senator Kennedy’s assassination might have been the enactment of an effective gun-control bill. Polls taken over a long period of years show the overwhelming majority of our people in favor of such legislation. Indeed, for a few weeks even that trusty old weathervane, Senator Dirksen, seemed almost ready to buck the National Rifle Association and its supporters in the munitions industry to give us what we have long wanted and now so obviously need: protection from criminals, madmen, and children who have no business packing a gun. But as the shock of the Senator’s death wore off, the killers regrouped for an assault on the bill which, in the event, proved successful.

In all of the debate over this bill, we have heard only one objection that seems to us sound enough to occasion second thoughts, and we don’t think that this is the objection that persuaded the powers that be in Congress to pigeon-hole it. Mr. Roy Innis, acting director of CORE, has pointed out the likelihood that, if an effective bill were passed, one could expect on the basis of past performance that it would be leniently enforced in the case of white people and rigorously enforced in the case of black people. The record in other areas suggests that Mr. Innis’ misgivings are not without reasonable foundation.

But even granting the strength of this objection there remain conclusively persuasive arguments for rigidly supervising the distribution of guns in our country. All of us have, or should have, seen the statistics on deaths and major crimes in which guns were involved. All of us know, or should know, the record of violence which we have written as a people. All of us recognize the sophistry implicit in the contention that “guns don’t kill people; people kill people.” And some of us, at least, still remember Medgar Evers, John F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King, Jr., Robert F. Kennedy, the incident on the
 campus of the University of Texas, the more recent incident in the streets of the Bronx, the thousands of "unloaded gun" deaths, and the hijackings of half a dozen airplanes in recent months.

Guns do kill people. If they didn't, why would a man with murder in his heart want a gun? And why would so many others, who had no thought of killing, find themselves looking down in horror on the dead body of a friend or relative who had gotten in the way of his supposedly unloaded gun? There are ways of protecting the legitimate interests of the sportsman in even the most tightly-written gun bill. But who is going to protect the interest of those millions of us who simply don't relish the prospect of getting shot?

Fatal Ignorance

There is an old Indian saying that one shouldn't judge a man until he has walked several days in that man's moccasins. So we have spent a fair amount of time this summer trying to see the world through the eyes of the Hon. John L. McClellan, senior senator from Arkansas and chairman of the Senate's Permanent Investigating Subcommittee.

It has taken some doing, and we would not want to pretend that we have fully succeeded. We are not even sure that we really want to succeed, because we have little enough hold on reality as it is without losing this little bit of it. Nevertheless, we have tried, and the more clearly we have (we think) understood the Senator's world view the more incredible we find it that such a man should be allowed to investigate the operations of the Office of Economic Opportunity in any community of over 25,000 population. The Senator, quite literally, does not know what a city is, let alone what an urban ghetto is.

Given Senator McClellan's world view, it is not surprising that he was shocked at the use to which Chicago's Woodlawn Organization put OEO funds. He would naturally have expected that the proper channels through which to reach disadvantaged young people would be the Boy Scouts and the Sunshine Girls and that the appropriate sponsoring agency would be the Fraternal Order of Police. That's the way things are done back in Happy Hollow, Arkansas, and it works there, so why shouldn't it work equally well in Harlem or on the South Side of Chicago?

There were a couple of reverends who tried to explain to the Senator that the South Side differs in a number of significant respects from Happy Hollow, Arkansas, but the Senator is a pious man and he does not like to hear men of the cloth taking a soft line on the wicked ways of the big city. What he wants to know about the big city he can get from the people who "really know it" — the mayor, the cops, police informers, and other substantial folk who have not been corrupted by the vapidities of

the social gospel or close contact with the really poor and desperate. And they told him what he wanted to hear, with the result that he knows less about the city now than he did when he embarked upon his investigation of it. And what he thinks he knows is, for the most part, false.

Which is too bad. For the first problem that has to be solved before we can begin to tackle the obvious problems of the city is the problem of understanding just what a city is. George Eliot once observed that "ignorance is not so damnable as humbug, but when it prescribes pills it may happen to do more harm." The ignorance that prevents a United States Senator from understanding why a federal relief agency might find it useful to collaborate with the Blackstone Rangers is not, perhaps, damnable, but it will surely write a prescription which will be at best a placebo and at worst poison for the very cities which it is intended to heal.

The Wallace Threat

We remember, years ago, a great, civilized nation which had come on difficult times. It had lost a war, experienced ruinous inflation, suffered a series of blows to its national pride, and muddled along under a series of indecisive governments. Into the confusion of its thought and life there strode a funny little man with a funny little mustache and some utterly insane (not to say immoral) answers to the questions that were plaguing this nation. His name was Adolf Hitler and at first nobody took him seriously. Most of his countrymen, indeed, did not take him seriously until one day they learned that he had been made chancellor of Germany and proposed to do, in office, precisely what he had said he would do before he took over.

It has become a cliche that this election year is a year of surprises. The surprises themselves may be evidence that the country has momentarily lost its balance and is reeling about without any clear idea of where it is or where it wants to go. We too have lost a war against an external enemy and we are not sure that we can maintain peace and order within our borders. Our national pride has been severely damaged and many of us feel that government itself has lost the power to keep things on an even keel. In this time of confusion there is the very really danger that some posturing demagogue can play upon the inchoate fears and anxieties of our people and make himself, if not President, at least a force in our national life.

George Wallace has, so far as we can tell, none of the demonic qualities of Hitler. But he does trade in the same oversimplifications, he appeals to the same unfocused anxieties, he offers the same blood-and-iron solutions to complex problems, he sets class against class and race against race — and he is pick-
ing up an astonishing amount of support in all parts of the country.

The prospects of his becoming President are, at the moment, remote. But it could happen. He has himself spelled out how it could happen and his logic is unassailable. When reliable polls show 16 per cent of our people supporting him for the Presidency, it is not alarmist to call attention to what may reasonably be interpreted as a drift toward totalitarianism - nor too early to devise a strategy for avoiding being engulfed by it.

Rx: TLC

Let us grant, if only for the sake of argument, the truth of what so many people are saying these days: that America is a sick society. And having granted that, let us go on to ask the question: "What do we do about it?"

One answer - the answer of those who either never loved America or have lost the love they had - is: "Nothing. Let her die, and good riddance." Without attempting to judge the motives - not to mention the morality - of those who give such an answer, we would only point out that they are, for better or worse, a part of America, and that if she dies they will die too.

Another answer, if it can be called that, is the answer of the neurotic who, "when in danger or in doubt, runs in circles, screams and shouts." We are getting too much of this sort of thing already from certain sections of the academic community, certain journalists, and certain politicians. The patient would at least rest more comfortably without it.

We would like to propose a third answer, drawn from the experience that most of us have had an illness in our own families. If that experience has taught us anything, it is that illness usually makes its victim more difficult to love at the very time that he most needs love. Sick people have a way of becoming so cantankerous, so perverse, so nasty in their attitudes and behavior that it takes a real effort of the will to remember them as they were in better days and to keep one's attention focused on helping them regain their health. And so, perhaps, it is with America at this moment in her history.

If there is any validity at all in this analogy, our responsibility - our loving duty - at this moment seems clear enough. We must first of all give our country that tender, loving care which all good doctors agree is the best and most effective of all medicines. Never mind if, in her pain, she says or does things that hurt us; we shall not remember them when she is well again. But love, essential as it is, is not enough. If we assume, as we must, that the illness is real, we must take those measures which the best doctors tell us are necessary to relieve it. If this means surgery, surgery it must be - and the sooner the better.

But who are the doctors? Oh, come on now. We know well enough who they are. Our problem is that we don't like the advice they have been giving us. And we don't like it because we don't want to "put ourselves out." Which means that we don't really love America, or at least not enough to put her welfare above our own personal comfort and convenience. In which case the prognosis is not hopeful.

Franklin Clark Fry

One week after he had resigned as president of the Lutheran Church in America, the Reverend Dr. Franklin Clark Fry died of cancer in a New York hospital, leaving the Christian community to mourn the loss of one of its most effective and clear-sighted leaders. Dr. Fry was in every way a big man and his death leaves a great open space against the sky.

In a tribute to Dr. Fry, the Reverend Dr. Oliver R. Harms, president of The Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod, said: "Ultimately Dr. Fry always magnified God for His grace in Jesus Christ. He made a tremendous impact on the church and through the church because he persisted resolutely in giving matters the same priorities which God assigned. He made major contributions because he always placed all of his magnificent gifts into the service of God's high calling. He seemed always to be saying in his own way that nothing but the most excellent was good enough for the God who gave us the most excellent gift in His Son Jesus Christ."

There is nothing we would want to add to these eloquent and fraternal words of Dr. Harms except perhaps one thing: the most magnificent of the gifts which Dr. Fry placed into the service of God's high calling was a talent which, particularly in Lutheranism, we have tended to look upon with suspicion if not actual contempt - a talent for politics. Judging only by what we were able to see of his work through the years, we gather that Dr. Fry had been led to see, more clearly than most of us, that a truly incarnational theology demands that we take the church as we actually find it in the world and exert ourselves so that men may see, behind her all too evident humanity, the Christ whose body she is. He was therefore willing to work with human means through human institutions to make the church visible and audible to the world for whose sake she exists. It is the mark both of his skill and of his devotion that he so largely succeeded in doing just that. May he rest in peace, and may perpetual light shine upon him.

In his successor, Dr. Robert Marshall, the LCA has found a man worthy to carry on Dr. Fry's work. We have had opportunity to see the wise and vigorous leadership which Dr. Marshall has given the Illi-
nois Synod of the LCA and we are confident that he will bring the same qualities of wisdom and energy to his new responsibilities. And since he is still a young man, we can hope that it may be given to him to see the fruition of the Dr. Fry’s lifelong hope and the goal of his labors — one United Lutheran Church in America.

A Regrettable Pronouncement

We were not surprised, but we were saddened, by Pope Paul’s reiteration of the traditional Roman Catholic teaching on contraception.

Our sadness is not occasioned by the additional difficulties which the papal encyclical places in the way of dealing with the urgent problem of stabilizing populations, particularly in certain parts of the world where the Roman Catholic Church is able, in effect, to dictate public policy. God’s will is to be obeyed, even if doing so results in inconveniences or even grave problems. And it is no part of the business of the Church to adapt its teachings to the whims or conveniences of men.

But when the Church reduces marriage, with all of its mystery and glory, to mere legalized copulation with certain fringe benefits in the way of pleasure and comfort and companionship it cheapens God’s best temporal gift to man and denies man a very considerable measure of that dignity which God intended him to have as the one creature capable of making rational decisions within the framework of fear and love of God.

Over against the Vatican’s legalistic view of marriage as an institution intended primarily for human recreation we would assert a view which we believe is not only Scriptural but also consistent with the experience of those who have enjoyed the gift of a good marriage: that it is “an honorable estate, instituted by God, signifying unto us the mystical union that is betwixt Christ and his Church.” This union is, above all, one of love, freely and mutually given, and expressed in whatever way may be most appropriate at any given time and in any given situation. Those who have once dared the risk of loving fully, freely, and unconditionally (“even as Christ loved the Church”) may safely be trusted to meet, without dogmatic prescriptions from celibate clergymen, the lesser risks that attend the expression of that love.

The argument from natural law would be more compelling if it took more seriously the whole chain of consequences that follow from the sexual act. Whatever frustration of the act may be intended by and consequent upon the use of contraceptive devices, there remains the question of whether the power of decision to limit family size may not itself be a God-given right and responsibility deducible from man’s nature as a rational creature entrusted with dominion over the earth. One does not make moral decisions by “letting happen what will happen,” but by seeking out, in every situation, the will and purpose of God. And in a world which is already over-populated with people living empty, hungry, and futile lives, it may very well be the will of God that His children deliberately choose to restrict the sizes of their own families. At least that is an option which they should be left free to choose for themselves according to their understanding of His will and as an expression of their love for Him.

End of an Era

The directive under which The Cresset operates provides that the president of Valparaiso University shall serve as its editor. On July 31, after almost twenty-eight years as president of Valparaiso University, Dr. O. P. Kretzmann retired and Dr. Albert G. Huegli, the vice-president for academic affairs, was asked to serve as acting president pending the selection of a new president. Dr. Huegli is a longtime friend and colleague of ours, a member of our board of consulting editors, and a frequent contributor to the magazine. We therefore look forward with great pleasure to the prospect of working under his direction.

But, at this particular moment, our thoughts are with OPK. It was he who founded this magazine almost thirty-one years ago, and his personality has dominated it through all of the years of his long editorship. His column, “The Pilgrim” (which we are trying to persuade him to continue), has always been the most popular feature of the magazine, and his influence upon the thoughts and attitudes of the staff has been felt on every page of it.

Those of us who have been responsible in recent years for the month-by-month operation of the magazine proudly admit that we were “OP’s boys.” Some­day somebody should write the story of the Kretzmann years at Valparaiso. We will supply the title: “Life with Father, or You May Have Been a Head­ache But You Never Were a Bore.” If the subtitle conjures up the remembrance of an old song called “Thanks for the Memories,” so much the better.

We have to be careful now not to go off on any obituary tack. OPK is not only very much alive but still lustily kicking. Down the hall from us some carpenters are working on the office into which he will be moving in a couple of weeks. We have no slightest doubt that it will be a working office. Just what he will be doing there we do not know, but we are sure that the effects of the work will be felt throughout the church to which he has devoted his life and which he will surely not abandon at a moment when it badly needs his counsel.
Last year in these pages I described my experiences while travelling with a plane load of tourists from France. Recently I had the experience of flying from Chicago to Seattle with a plane load of American tourists. The similarities of the two groups were greater than the differences, and what I had thought were Gallic touches last year are apparently universal attributes of tourists.

I boarded the plane for Seattle one Sunday morning in July to find many of the seats occupied by persons who had boarded in Philadelphia or Cleveland. Most of the remaining seats were tagged “Occupied” and others boarding in Chicago had seat assignments. At first glance, judging by the age level, I thought I was with a group heading for a Medicare meeting, and it was not until we were aloft that I realized — as did most of my fellow passengers — that almost everyone aboard was headed for a week in Hawaii on a guided tour.

Tours must be planned by some central agency and the package sold to various travel agencies, for these passengers had made reservations at a variety of agencies. None of the tourists had met before but, I regret to say, it did not take long for this condition to change once everyone realized the group would be together for a week. I was included, despite personal reluctance, in the general gaiety which ensued.

I shared a triple seat with Betty and Lou, who gave me a detailed report on their itinerary, which turned out to be identical with the itinerary of everyone on board except me. Then I was introduced to their new friends across the aisle. When I was introduced to Mrs. Soandso, she said, “Just call me Jennie.” This was an unfortunate request since the only Jennie I had known previously was a mule back on a friend’s farm near my home town.

Sitting next to Jennie was a relative, Tom, whose last name I did not catch, if, indeed, it was mentioned at all. Tom came prepared to be the “life of the tour.” His sport shirt was more outrageous than that of anyone else and he wore an odd hat whose brim was filled with pins containing cute sayings. He spent most of his time on that four-hour flight — which seemed much longer — going up and down the aisle getting acquainted and introducing everybody to everybody else, shouting the names if the aisle was too crowded for the individuals to get together. For those who ordered drinks before lunch, he served as bartender by unscrewing the caps on the bottles.

The flight, may I say, was a noisy one, and I did not do the reading I had planned to do, not only because of the noise but also because one of my new friends in the row ahead frequently asked my advice on discards in the game of gin rummy she was playing, a game about which I know absolutely nothing.

As one of the few leaving the plane at Seattle, I was given a royal send-off as I slunk up the ramp. Two weeks later, on a Saturday morning, I entered the plane for the return trip and as I walked into the compartment, I gasped an “Oh, no” which I hope wasn’t as loud as it seemed to me. The entire compartment was filled with tourists returning from their one week’s tour in Hawaii. This was evident from the souvenirs hanging around, from the fresh sunburns, and from the withered leis which hung around each neck.

But there was a vast difference this time, because everyone was worn out and not many were speaking to each other. It may have been because this was a different group, but I’m inclined to believe they were all rather tired of each other’s company. Morale was pretty well shot, and it was a very quiet trip back.

The “life of the tour” for this group was still active, but one had the feeling his heart wasn’t in it, that he was stuck with his role and was carrying on without the aid of inspiration from within or from others. He did “assist” the stewardesses by picking up the breakfast trays from the passengers and, in the process, spilling coffee dregs or tomato juice on most of them. The stewardesses, obviously wise in the ways of tourists, accepted his services with forced smiles.

I must say that neither the boisterousness of the out-going group nor the sullenness of the returning group changed my opinion on guided tours in general. I have heard that one can make life-long friends on ventures of this type, but it seemed unlikely that any of the members of the returning group would be exchanging Christmas cards. And I did notice, when the group broke up in Chicago, some to remain and others to continue on to their homes, there were no tearful “goodbyes” spoken by anyone, and especially not by me.
In 1919, immediately after the founding of the German Republic, Karlheinz Martin launched a new theater which he called Die Tribuene. Its program notes read: “The urgent revolution of the theater must start with a transformation of the stage. . . . We do not ask for an audience, but a community, not for a stage, but a pulpit.”

The revolution of the theater which began in the twenties and is still continuing in the sixties recognized, above all, the need to transform the physical image of the stage. Those concerned with finding a new concept of the theater were determined to do away with the peephole stage which the romanticism and realism of the nineteenth century inherited from feudalism. They realized that in order to give the theater new meaning, the meaning of its time — in other words, to create a theater of the twentieth century — it was necessary to deliver the drama from its fixed and frozen staging.

In contrast to previous periods the theater in the twenties was shaped by the stage director rather than the writer who, at that time, had only begun to grope for a new way of expressing himself and is still groping for it to this very day. The directors, supported by the many new technical possibilities, were closer to the realities of the new life than the dramatists, however revolutionary, expressionistic, or surrealistic their plays may have been. They nevertheless had to adjust to the proscenium stage. In the mid-thirties, when Thornton Wilder wrote Our Town, he also tried to get out of the straitjacket of the proscenium stage and borrowed a few stage tricks from the Oriental theater. Even before the many attempts in the twenties to give the theater a twentieth-century image, Max Reinhardt, one of the great stage directors of the period, had linked the audience with the stage by means of a ramp for one of his productions, and had removed footlights and curtains which symbolically separated the actors from the audience. Reinhardt also staged plays in circus arenas, cathedrals, and castles. But he was not a revolutionary innovator and generally adhered to nineteenth-century concepts. By leaving the proscenium stage from time to time, however, he anticipated the needs of the time.

The beginning of the great innovations came in the early twenties with Leopold Jessner’s stairs leading from the stage into the audience. Stairs or ramp, they both indicated what was to be the key to the new movement: stress on immediacy, on urgency to be in closer contact with the audience, to relate the dramatic story with emphasis. The actor wanted to take the men in the first rows by their lapels, so to speak, in order to make them listen attentively to the message and to make sure that its impact was absorbed.

This intenseness was born out by the times, whose turmoil and quickened pace demanded a more direct contact between stage and public.* Notwithstanding the many new technical possibilities at the director’s disposal, above all the need for a platform reaching out into the audience was most urgently felt. This is why the trend turned back to the medieval era with its multiple stage on a platform, or to the Elizabethan theater. A case can easily be made for the strong influence exerted by the Oriental theater, particularly that of Japan, with its open platform, ramp, and stairs. But from wherever the influence came, the concept of Renaissance man with his remote peephole stage within a frame was on its way out. The twentieth century recognized the need to play for the masses; there was no longer a feudal or bourgeois elite, but the urge to propagate new ideas which, by their nature, would burst four-wall interiors and spill over into the audience. Essentially, the many open and thrust-stages built in the fifties and sixties everywhere in the world were based on the concept of the platform reaching out into the audience.

The horseshoe theater with its dollhouse notion for the creation of illusion was a Baroque idea, and with its elimination the stage became wide open for all kinds of experiments. From a viewpoint of mere popular entertainment the open stage may prove less satisfactory than the proscenium stage. But without excluding entertainment altogether, the trend was toward a “more real” realism although, in contradiction to it, the epic theater was bent on acknowledging the stage as a stage rather than pretending it was reality itself. The Brechtian theater concept is most successful in combining this contradiction, in giving each scene a super-realistic character while letting the audience feel that the stage is merely a stage and the events taking place on it are events to be seen only in rela-

*In America this trend reached its height in the late thirties with the highly experimental and purely political Living Newspaper, a variety of the Brechtian and Piscatorial epic theater.
tion to the bigger events in life. Gustav Flaubert's saying that the theater is not an art but a secret has never been proved more correct than by the Brechtian theater.

The Piscatorian Theater

Very similar thoughts governed Erwin Piscator who, as stage director, treated the playwright and his play in a most dictatorial manner. For him the play was little more than a blue-print for his own devices and stage ideas. He was probably one of the most creative directors. He exercised absolute power; the playwright was someone to stimulate his own designs. He tried to find the truth everywhere and felt that art is able to deal with every situation and problem and that the artist should be able to grow through his work to such a stature that he can deal with life. He told his actors time and again that they could not shut themselves off behind an imaginary "fourth wall" and that he as the representative of the audience had to become a part of their "case" in the play, a case which they not only must present to him, but which they must actively defend. This is close to Brecht's idea that the audience must be provoked to bring in a verdict.

About objective acting which grew out of his stage experiments and about the requirements of the epic theater, Piscator said:

The epic theater, of course, required a new actor. I could no longer use the classic declamatory actor in love with his own voice and uninterested in what he said, but only in how he said it. Neither could I accept the Chekhovian actor, hypnotizing himself behind the "fourth wall." It is Brecht's contention that we need a new kind of acting which estranges the events being presented on the stage from the spectator and makes the audience assume an inquiring and critical attitude toward the play. Brecht was right when he asked "that the action should be set before us rather than involve us by means of sympathy." But Brecht formulated "alienation" on the basis of Oriental classical theaters, thus romanticizing the concept. I agreed that the "alienation" idea would make use of our intelligence and bring us into closer contact with the facts. I, however, wanted to get hold of the complete human being. I will only separate intelligence and emotion so that it can unite them again on a higher level. If we want an intelligent audience for whom the theater is more than mere entertainment we have to break down the "fourth wall" on the stage.

Piscator felt that the actor had been imprisoned for four centuries between the wings of the picture frame theater. But thanks to the innovations in the twenties he could move again on simultaneous stages, as in the Shakespearean theater; he could use the half and the full arena, as the Greeks invented them; he could walk into the audience like a close-up in the film. Piscator thought of great acting as the ability to play epic theater instinctively, and he maintained that those who could do it were good directors at the same time. In this connection he would mention Lawrence Olivier, Jean-Louis Barrault, Louis Jouvet, and, of course, Moliere and Shakespeare.

The new actor was needed because of the new physical image of the stage. Piscator was certain that the architect, who looks upon theater problems as problems of space alone, could never come up with the right solution. Only a theater designer, inspired by the needs of the director, can solve the problem and create the stage for the new total theater. Piscator summed it up by saying:

A theater of totality is a building in which the spectator, as spatial center, is surrounded by and confronted with a "total" stage. On this stage, or rather on these multiple stages, the precise interplay of historical forces, the synchronization of political action and dramatic action of the play can be presented simultaneously. On this basis, total theater is the perfect and homogeneous fusion of all the arts into the art of communication.

How did Piscator fuse all the arts into the art of communication? He intended to create a realism corresponding with our times, a technological realism almost classic in its scientific approach. To achieve this, he introduced all available technical means. He used the motion picture to broaden the scope of dramatic action. Sometimes he inserted whole film sequences to correlate the stage events with the happenings in real life, or to harden the dramatic message, as he did in Ernst Toller's Hoppla, We Live. For this play he used an X-ray film of a beating heart and a cinematic overture, flashing a newsreel review of nine years of world events which had taken place while the play's hero was in an asylum. Using film, and on certain occasions only slides, he demonstrated that film and theater are not mutually exclusive media if the film is employed to widen the epic canvas. Piscator liked to work with commentators onstage or strategically placed in the auditorium, which he would also sometimes include in an overall scene design. The treadmill was introduced in his production of the anti-militarist satire The Good Soldier Schweik.

His ideas went back to Friedrich Schiller's reference to the theater as a moral institution. For Erwin Piscator and Bertolt Brecht the theater was a tribunal, a political instrument with which to enlighten and to teach. In their opinion the theater was brought closer to scientific truth, to an objective study in its epic form in contrast to the well-made play based on catharsis through pity and fear. Analysis replaced catharsis, detachment took the place of identification. Their theater expressed a viewpoint with an utter lack of mystical coloring. Brecht especially tried to destroy illusion in order to give us clear, matter-of-fact reality.
in bright light. He loved cold bright light, a light which did not project any mood.

The Brechtian Theater

Brecht loathed the idea of an audience sitting spell-bound in the theater which it would then leave purged by vicarious emotions but unimproved, without having learned anything. He introduced the word Entfremdungs-Effekt which was wrongly translated as alienation effect when, indeed, it calls for coining the word distantiation effect. We no longer eavesdrop on an action, we view it from a distance. We are kept separated from the stage and are thus discouraged from losing our critical detachment through identification. We are involved, but our involvement is a cool, cerebral one. The dramatist no longer titillates his audience with sex, he is preoccupied with economics. He is no longer interested in the immorality of personal power, he writes about the amorality of an empty stomach. "Property is theft" is the message of Brecht's The Threepenny Opera, which was premiered in 1928 and became a world success.

As Brecht saw it, the actor must not regard himself as impersonating the character so much as narrating the actions of the person in question. In other words, the actor does not play a character, he only comments on him. He stands outside the portrayed character to be able to demonstrate his actions in a detached way. Not only the audience is kept detached from the happenings on stage, the actor also is detached from his portrayed character to keep the audience more easily detached from the drama.

Bertolt Brecht borrowed a great deal from older traditions, from the ancient Greeks as well as from the Elizabethans, from the Oriental theater as well as from the commedia dell'arte. And with a touch of sixteenth and seventeenth century German he fused all borrowed elements into a new form. He proved with it that the best way of going forward is to be well aware of one's roots. If so many twentieth century artists believe they "must start from scratch," as John Cage said, they should take their lesson from Brecht. But from whatever roots he tapped his histrionic strength, all that mattered in his approach was of course the fact that he aimed at social criticism. He did not so much create human beings in a given situation as give examples of how man reacted or reacts in certain situations into which the circumstances force him. The circumstances are at fault, Brecht says, and must be corrected. To achieve this he intended to shock his audience into the awareness of a greater reality. Therefore, the Aristotellean recognition became the pivotal point of his narrative dramaturgy, not the catharsis. He himself gave us the best differentiation between the traditional and epic theater when he wrote in 1936:

The spectator of the dramatic theater says:
Yes, I have felt the same. I am just like this.
This is only natural. It will always be like this.

This human being's suffering moves me because there is no way out for him.
This is great art; it bears the mark of the inevitable.
I am weeping with those who weep on the stage, laughing with those who laugh.

The spectator of the epic theater says:
I should never have thought so. That is not the way to do it.
This is most surprising, hardly credible. This will have to stop.

This human being's suffering moves me because there would have been a way out for him.
This is great art; nothing here seems inevitable.
I am laughing about those who weep on the stage, weeping about those who laugh.

The epic theater is the most natural outgrowth of the confused era of the 1920s. It could only have been born in defeated Germany while the fever chart of its moral and economic inflation was high. For lack of any better term, as Brecht suggested, epic distinguishes a type of drama which supersedes tragedy by showing a canvas of broad events rather than the narrower one of personal fate. The term epic can be traced to Goethe, who leaned on Aristotle when he explained:
The epic poem represents above all things, circumscribed activity; tragedy circumscribes suffering.
The epic poem gives us man working outside of and beyond himself: battles, wanderings, enterprises of all kinds which demand a certain sensuous breadth.

Tragedy gives us man thrown in upon himself, and the actions of genuine tragedy therefore stand in need of but little space.

Essentially, the epic play relates to events bigger than people. With whatever topic it deals it wants to point out a moral. It is probably the most appropriate theater form for any transition period, and its influence on some of the most significant dramatists of our time — such as Friedrich Duerrenmatt, Max Frisch, Thornton Wilder, Peter Weiss, and John Osborne — to mention a few — attests to its importance. It is not confined to the Brechtian or Piscatorian form. It appears in many disguises and styles, ranging from Paul Green's "symphonic drama" — historic pageants in the total theater tradition — to the documentary German plays of the sixties. "Today when human character must be understood as the totality of all social conditions," Bertolt Brecht thought, "the epic form is the only one that can comprehend all the processes which could serve the drama as materials for a fully representative picture of the world."
The epic play demands a new style of acting and staging and was created simultaneously with a new physical stage image. It has been the latter that has become most acceptable to the general public. In the wake of World War II's destruction in Central Europe many new theaters were built which more or less adhered to the concept of the open stage, of the non-illusionistic Elizabethan theater, or of multi-purpose and multiformal theaters for cities where one building had to serve several functions. Frank Lloyd Wright's theater in Dallas made use of the multiple stage; the Vivian Beaumont Theater of Lincoln Center, however, is a typical thrust stage with stadium seating. All these new designs take into account the needs of the experimental theater as first approached in the twenties and furnish variable stage platforms and acting rams as necessitated by the epic form.

The problems of these new stages are now reversed from what they were on the prosценium stage. Their difficulties lie in the staging of all the many old and new plays written for the picture frame theater. The classic and Elizabethan plays lend themselves more easily to this new stage than those of recent vintage. Although not enough epic plays have been written so far to satisfy the demands of the new theaters, they will, undoubtedly, become an inspiration to the younger playwrights, who will learn to adjust their writings to the new and not yet tested possibilities of these stages. Renaissance man built his first horseshoe theaters before the necessary plays were written for the then new prosценium stage. His architectural concept of an auditorium with boxes and balconies separated from the doll-house stage through the pit of the orchestra and the footlights, corresponded with the mood of the time, with the needs of a feudalistic society, and anticipated the Baroque and nineteenth century theaters of Europe. The open stage, thrust into the audience with variable platforms, and the theater with a partially movable auditorium corresponds with the spirit of the twentieth century. The plays, basically epic in nature, will one day be written for it. Yet they may surprise us with even new variations in form and content.

Russian Experiments

The experimental spirit of the twenties was also alive in other countries besides a Germany struggling between a lost war and a war to be lost. After the Bolshevik revolution the Russian stage directors were supported by the government in their search for a new Socialist Realism. But, never really cutting themselves loose from the roots of the past on their way to this realism, they found the expression of a new theatricality. Illusion was identified with "bourgeois" drama, and — compared with the epic theater — the destruction of illusion was similar in intention but different in execution.

One of the great directors of the period, Vsevolod Meyerhold, was fond of Constructivism. His stage apparatus consisted of scaffolds, bare structures (steel, wood, glass, and rubber), ladders, stairs, connecting platforms, and passageways. In smaller dimensions the nonobjective, playful sculptures of the 1960s resemble these Constructivist devices. Such constructions are not intended to look like anything, but, with scientific precision, these planes and catwalks are beautifully balanced and their textures are esthetically pleasing. On stage all this was functional; it gave the actors a surprising number of movement possibilities. The front curtains were gone, the stage lights were visible in their naked reality, and the actors, dressed in overalls, played on and around these structures in front of the bare brick wall of the stage.

On such a stage one could not expect any classic or romantic mannerisms, no declamation, no introspective playing a la Stanislavsky. In 1920 Dawn, a play by the Symbolist poet Emile Verhaeren, was produced by Meyerhold and, in the words of the Soviet critic Mologin, it was turned into ... a militant spectacle, imbued with topical themes by means of the introduction of direct reports from the front of the Civil War into the action of the play. At one of these performances a telegram from Comrade Smilga reporting the capture of Perekop was read from the stage.

The actors, supported by music, never stood really still. Stress was on movement; the movement was gymnastic, balletic, acrobatic. Meyerhold had his own system of exercises to which his actors were exposed and which he called bio-mechanics. This system assumed that the actor's body was an engine composed of many little engines, and it was the director's task to keep all parts of this engine in full motion, to make them convey their proper meaning according to the meaning of the play and to each of its situations.

This system was the result of a study of the commedia dell'arte, and it is interesting that the Open Theater of the New York director Joseph Chaikin also creates an essentially improvisational theater based on movement. Chaikin, a former member of the Living Theater, began to work with his group in the early sixties, and the best known production of this group so far was Jean-Claude van Italie's America Hurrah.

In the twenties Meyerhold was not alone. There was Alexander Tairov, who also created a "theatrical" theater and whose rhythmic method demanded from his actors the abilities of dancers, singers, and acrobats. Tairov, however, was overshadowed by the explosive genius of Eugene Vakhtangov, who died at an early age in 1923. But the few of Vakhtangov's productions have become guiding examples of Russian stagecraft. He practiced controlled spontaneity, decorative plasticity, and an endearing fantasy which made his productions full of theatrical contrasts, clear in their interpretation and excitingly creative. In 1921 he produced
Gozzi's *Princess Turandot*, which was immediately acclaimed as a masterpiece and it is still in the repertory of the Vakhtangov Theater.

The stress on movement and the attempt at the creation of a total theater — as was prevalent in Russia in the twenties — had its influence on the next generation, of which Jean-Louis Barrault's efforts to combine drama with movement and music were probably most successful. Also, in the fifties and later, Joan Littlewood's experiments in London's Theatre Royal Stratford East had all the earmarks of a total theater experience.

Next to the epic concept, it is the lyric theater combining the spoken and sung word with music and dance which has the highest potential in expressing the spirit of the second half of the twentieth century. The serious American musical would be well equipped to act as a point of departure if it could only avoid the traps of its tested formulae as *West Side Story* and *Man of La Mancha* did. In the former Jerome Robbins balanced beautifully all theater elements, although his approach was unmistakably directed from balletic movement; in the latter, on the other hand, the stress lay on Mitch Leigh's serious approach to the music. However much the lyric theater may lean toward one or the other art form, what really matters is its creation of a total theater experience.

Bertolt Brecht was very well aware of how much music and song can enhance a staged play, but he neglected to see the projective power of movement on stage. Gesture and movement, however, precede the spoken word. Their cumulative intensity, illuminating imagination, and creative interpretation cannot be doubted. The Russian directors, inspired by the centuries-old ballet tradition of their country, realized this only too well in the twenties. And America's dance renascence, which started to be internationally recognized around mid-century, would seem to be the best starting point for a new, serious lyric and total theater.

France: From Tradition to the Absurd

The French experiments deviated from the German and Russian in various ways. Jacques Copeau's Theatre de Vieux Colombier in Paris, like most other experimental stages in France, believed strongly in the word of the dramatist. In spite of the directors' different personal approaches, they remained faithful servants to the poetic word. Copeau's activities began before World War I, were interrupted by the war, and then continued until 1924. He believed in the continuity and unity of auditorium and stage. A bare stage platform was joined to the auditorium by three broad sections of steps. He worked with a minimum of sets. He made minor changes only, by adding a few properties and draperies, by inserting a door or a window, or, particularly for tragedies, by placing a few stairs at the back of the stage. In utter contrast to Piscator he denounced the director whose ambition wants to dominate the stage, to find new ideas for his productions. He wanted to understand the playwright's words and to give them physical shape. His was an ascetic attitude which achieved a unity of conception among poet, actor, and director.

For quite some time Copeau was apostle and prophet in the histrionic world of France, and his disciples continued his work. The theater that most closely resembled Copeau's was Charles Dullin's L'Atelier. He stressed the poetic and imaginative qualities of all plays, strongly believing in the unreality of the stage. He also made music an integral part of his productions.

George Pitoeff was rather eclectic in the choice of his plays and acted as director in several theaters. He also believed in a "close communion with the work itself," as Copeau did. A Russian by birth, he felt great affinity with Stanislavsky as a director. He was drawn to the plays of Chekhov, Ibsen, Shaw, and Shakespeare, but he was also interested in experimental plays and directed Jean Cocteau's surrealist play, *Orphee*, in 1926. He was the first to interpret Jean Anouilh on stage.

Louis Jouvet, another disciple and early collaborator with Copeau, was, like Pitoeff, famous as an actor as well as director. His two great loves were Moliere and Jean Giraudoux, whose first play, *Siegfried*, he produced in 1928. It has often been said that Giraudoux would never have become the great dramatist he was without Jouvet. This actor-director saw his greatest task in rediscovering the writer's state of mind, and in giving it a poetic stage reality.

The one of the four great French directors in the twenties who deviated most decisively from Copeau's concepts was Gaston Baty, who, in 1921, organized his own company, Les Compagnons de la Chimeres. Although Baty conceded that "the text is the primal element of the production" and that the director is essentially the poet's collaborator, he saw nevertheless a tremendous space between and beyond the text which the director had to fill with his own ideas. He was the only director who, like Piscator, believed in taking liberties with the text, cut and embellished it and often added scenes of miming and choral singing. To him, the stage was a world of unreality, and, like Copeau, he opposed the strictly realistic theater. But in contrast to Copeau he strived for a greater theatricality and played with extraneous voices and noises, used movement, miming, colors, and silences to heighten the stage effects.

It is necessary to keep in mind the vast discrepancy in the political as well as economic conditions and circumstances after the first World War between Germany and Russia on the one hand and France on the other. France had won the war, she kept her colonies intact, and survived, apparently unchanged, untouched by the first holocaust. An intellectual equilibrium was maintained. True, the leading artists felt the tremendous flow of rapid changes into which the world at large was
of theatricality. Forms and dared the unknown. Only one who consistently experimented with untried esthetics. The French theater has always been literary and remained so. The only change in the twenties worth noticing lay in the fact that the often undisciplined, dominating role of the actor was broken, and that he began to stand by the side of the director as a faithful servant of the writer. This is why then and a generation or so later France produced the greatest number of important playwrights from Giraudoux and Anouilh to Ionesco and Beckett. One may be born as a playwright, as any other genius. But playwriting is also a craft, and it needs a great deal of nurturing and training to prove one's genius as a dramatist. This is exactly what the French theater has done.

Of all the isms rampant in the twenties it was surrealism which the French embraced most wholeheartedly. The undercurrent of its erotic innuendoes, the poetic usage of dream images, the spontaneity of reaction, and its Bosch-like psychic manifestations were closest to the French spirit. The most outstanding example of a theater personality that embraced surrealism enthusiastically was Jean Cocteau, who, with a number of plays and experimental films, wrested from this ism a certain amount of theatricality. Of all the Frenchmen prominently active in the theater of the twenties, he was the only one who consistently experimented with untried forms and dared the unknown.

Surrealism contributed its share to the uncertain atmosphere during World War II, which had its nightmarish connotations for the French. Like a theatrical backdrop it helped create the paradox images of human existence and helped shape the thinking process which led to the formulation of existentialism. The Theater of the Absurd, if properly dissected, is a dash of dadaism mixed with a spoonful of surrealism, liberally seasoned with the explosive power of expressionism, thoroughly mixed, and then filtered through with double the amount of existentialism. So much that has been done in the theater during the fifties and sixties is only a more resigned expression of the frantic desperation of man who is about to demolish his past while fearing the future. It is an interesting phenomenon that the most articulate expression of theatrical protest in the form of the Theater of the Absurd should have come from France, which of all war-torn countries suffered most acutely from a national trauma during the second World War. This is in utter contrast to France's bland reaction to the challenge of a world in spiritual turmoil after the first World War, a period which, of course, found her victorious.

It was only in the thirties that one Frenchman had a strange dream of a new theater, the influence of which has become noticeable in the sixties. This is the strange genius of Antonin Artaud. He was an actor and director who had worked under Charles Dullin in the twenties. But he was also a great poet whose imagination could run berserk and out-distance reality. His vision of a stage full of magic and mythical power grew with him. In 1931 when he saw the Balinese dancers, a new and totally different concept of theater crystallized. He put his ideas on paper. These were impassioned pleas for a theater totally different from anything else. Much later his essays were collected in a volume called The Theater and Its Double. In 1935 Artaud found backers willing to test his ideas. He chose Stendhal's gruesome story, The Cenci, which Shelley had turned into a tragedy. Artaud used his own adaptation and played the part of Count Cenci. The production proved to be a failure. Poverty, despair, and finally spells of madness followed. Artaud died long before Peter Brook and the Royal Shakespeare Company put some of his best ideas into Peter Weiss's play Marat/Sade. This was in the mid-sixties. Artaud died in 1948 after nine years of confinement in asylums for the insane. He was the most radical revolutionary of the theater, who wanted to wipe out all tradition to bring new life into the theater.

One of the great desires of the revolutionary artists of the twentieth century was to return to primitivism. Picasso did it and so did the entire modern dance movement. And so did Artaud, inspired by the Balinese dancers. He rejected the Aristotelean and epic theater, its narrative style, its probing of man, his inner conflicts within given situations. He wanted to go back to myth and magic in order to express on stage what is inexpressible through words. When inner conflicts of man had to be dealt with, then he intended to expose the deepest layers of the human mind in the most cruel manner. He called this vision of a new stage the "Theater of Cruelty." He said: "Everything that acts is a cruelty. It is upon this idea of extreme action, pushed beyond all limits, that theater must be rebuilt." In Artaud's opinion there can be theater only from the moment "when the impossible really begins," and he only sees the validity of a theater that pictures the unconscious internal world of man, the raw truth of his dreams.

Artaud went so far as to say that the word "does not belong specifically to the stage, it belongs to books." The logical deduction was the elimination of dialogue and the use of gesture and movement in its stead. In fact, dialogue was reduced to a minimum and the physical language, gesture, movement, expressive shapes, and light held the spotlight. He explained that spatial language would go beyond the defining character and the obvious images of the spoken word to lay bare deep seated feelings and passions of man. Ar-
taud’s “Theater of Cruelty” was the design of a visionary whose vision could never be fully realized on stage. But besides having wedded movement to the drama and having tried to reach for poetic magic and mythical power, he anticipated some of the more significant ideas of the Theater of the Absurd.

**Pirandello: Dramatist of Futility**

During the chaotic period of the twenties, Italy was in the hands of Fascist rules, and the only positive theatrical event in Italy during that time was the emergence of one of the greatest comedy writers of tragic themes, Luigi Pirandello.

While perfecting all communication, the late mid-century discovered that man is alone and is cursed with non-communicativeness. While man was about to conquer and settle other planets, he felt isolated. All these realizations, which had far-reaching ramifications in the arts, were based on Freudian concepts in the form of superficial self-recognition which had taken root after the first World War, with their principles and phraseologies becoming household notions. We have learned to probe our self, to take it apart and to analyze it, and we discovered a multiplicity of human beings in the little being we are. Pirandello wrote about this same phenomenon of man’s many masks, of his reality and illusions and the strange overlapping of both. A master of words, he realized that words only multiply misunderstandings. A generation later Ionesco wrote his first play, inspired by the tragedy of language.

Watching the growing awareness of man, Pirandello felt that the very humanity of man increases his isolation. But Pirandellian man is not only isolated from his fellowmen, but also from himself, as Eric Bentley pointed out. With his nihilistic vision Pirandello anticipated the Theater of the Absurd. Pirandello must be given credit for having tried to write plays to end all plays, an attitude which can be found in many plays of the Theater of the Absurd. He must also be credited with making us understand that right and wrong are as indistinguishable from each other as reality and illusion. Genet and Ionesco, who write out of self-confessed disgust and hatred for themselves, for mankind and even for the theater, have a spiritual protector in Pirandello, who once said about himself: “I have tried to tell something to other men, without any ambition, except perhaps that of avenging myself for having been born.” Ionesco sounds almost like Pirandello’s echo when he says: “I have never been able to get used to existence, to that of the world, or of others, and certainly not to my own. . . . For me, my theater is mostly confession. But my confessions are incomprehensible and fall on deaf ears — how can it be otherwise?”

Behind Pirandello’s defensive commedia dell’arte mask is a face contorted with pain and a sense of futility. Pirandello was one of the first dramatists of futility, anticipating by many years a focal point of many existentialist inspired dramatists.

**The Theater of the Absurd**

Pirandello was only one of many forerunners of the Theater of the Absurd. Among others was James Joyce. The Nighttown episode of *Ulysses*, with its exuberant mingling of the real and the nightmarish, its wild fantasies and externalizations of subconscious yearnings and fears, is undoubtedly one of the first and most beautifully written examples of the Theater of the Absurd. But, above all, it is Joyce’s experiments in wiping out the usage of all conventional language, the limitations of conventional vocabulary and syntax that has had tremendous influence on the Theater of the Absurd.

Franz Kafka’s externalization of mental processes, the acting out of nightmares by schematized figures in a world of absurdity and torment, is more than characteristic of all the things that were rewritten in this vein thirty years later. His prose works were successfully dramatized, and Martin Esslin in his book on *The Theatre of the Absurd* describes Andre Gide’s and Jean-Louis Barrault’s adaptation of *The Trial*, which was premiered in Paris in 1947:

This was a production that deeply stirred its public. It came at a peculiarly propitious moment — shortly after the nightmare world of the German occupation had vanished. Kafka’s dream of guilt and the arbitrariness of the powers that rule the world was more for the French audience of 1947 than a mere fantasy. The author’s private fears had become flesh, had turned into the collective fear of nations; the vision of the world as absurd, arbitrary, and irrational had been proved a highly realistic assessment. . . . It preceded the performances of the work of Ionesco, Adamov, and Beckett, but Jean-Louis Barrault’s direction already anticipated many of their scenic inventions and united the traditions of clowning, the poetry of nonsense, and the literature of dream and allegory . . .

Since most characters in the Theater of the Absurd are types or stand-ins for human beings — as, for instance, the two figures in Ionesco’s *The Chairs* or the four figures in Beckett’s *Waiting for Godot* — we do not relate to them as beings but to what meaning they may represent. Emotional identification with the characters is replaced by a puzzled, critical attitude and an awareness of their meaningfulness beyond their stage meaning, exactly what Bertolt Brecht dreamt of. In this respect, the Theater of the Absurd has made full use of the alienation effect in its own way and to its own ends. Unlike the epic theater, however, it is not politically but socially committed; in spite of its basic irrationality, its approach to the realities of life are less narrowly drawn than in Brecht’s or Piscator’s theater.

Before Brecht became dogmatic, that is before 1928, he anticipated the Theater of the Absurd in many of his works. In his early and little known one-act comedy, *The Wedding*, he dramatizes in a broad humorous manner the rottenness of the people involved in the wedding...
celebration by accompanying the mental strip-tease with the collapse of one piece of furniture after the other. Some of the dramatists of the Theater of the Absurd have given inanimate things the power of a meaningful existence.

The Theater of the Absurd delights in automatic, uncontrolled reactions and has never felt forced to keep to any logical sequence or motivation. Above all, it recognizes the impossibility of communicating between human beings and stresses the doubtfulness and vagueness of one's identity. Besides Pirandello's skillful act of juggling with right and wrong, illusion and reality, Bertolt Brecht made a dramatically forceful case for the ambiguous relationship between human beings in his play *In the Jungle of Cities*, showing their frightful struggle to achieve contact, and their final realization of futility. The shadow boxing match between Shlink and Garga ends with Shlink's words:

... the union of the organs is the only union, and it can never bridge the gap of speech. Still, they come together to beget new beings who can stand at their side in their inconsolable isolation. And the generations look coldly into each other's eyes. If you stuff a ship with human bodies till it bursts, there will still be such loneliness in it that one and all will freeze ...

Irrationality also triumphs in Brecht's play *Man Is Man* in which a man is dismantled like a machine and made into another human being. Here Brecht plays football with the identity and integrity of the human personality. But this play not only anticipates major themes of the Theater of the Absurd, it also foreshadows brainwashing and man's ability to change personality with the help of progressing medical science.

*In the Jungle of Cities* is written in a nightmarish stylized manner showing how little we know of the real motivations that make people act and react. This notion has become the backbone of Harold Pinter's technique, which is unique in its perfection. Pinter once wrote in a program note: "there are no hard distinctions between what is real and what is unreal, nor between what is true and what false." In writing this, he almost seems to repeat Pirandello's principles. But he neither echoes Brecht nor does he imitate Pirandello. And yet he probably would be unthinkable without them. He learned from them the dislocations of the familiar, the frightening innuendo, the ecstasy of the commonplace, the triumph of confusion, the emanation of life from the disturbingly few pieces of furniture in a room.

All this he developed into his own highly personal style which is anti-realistic by being more than realistic. He creates human beings in their worst vulgarity, but, in reality, they are archetypes of being. There is a hidden menace and violence, but also a mystery in the most commonplace situations. The patterns of speech are accurate imitations of everyday speech; it is a spontaneous, rapid language, realistic to the point of no longer being realistic (one can't believe that people really would speak like that although we know only too well they do). There are always pauses, frightening silences, unspoken words within and between lines which are so powerful that you can almost hear those words. Nothing is pinpointed or specified or motivated, but everything is said in a pattern that moves as if by its own unconscious will.

Pinter's plays have the haunting quality of a mad world rotten in its core. One can hear the animalistic heartbeat beneath a thin veneer of civilization. His obnoxious characters, weak in their strengths, strong in their weaknesses, are sub-human, but, strangely enough, compelling in their fully visualized reality. There is always an undefined fear or expectation about and around them. It is this unknown, so clearly to be sensed, which gives his plays their power. Pinter is able to listen into his characters and can make their movements and gestures articulate. Their fears and expectations come from outside, they are not with the people in the room however much the people realize their existence.

Pinter touches upon the most elementary instincts in man. In their brutal nakedness, in their exposure of the deepest conflicts in man, these plays come close to Artaud's ideal of the Theater of Cruelty. They are not so much interested in spelling things out as the epic theater demands, but in making us feel through movement and innuendo, through the unsaid things the reality of existence.

Being an important source of popular entertainment, the theater has been slow in becoming the expression of the twentieth century. Living, as we do, in a long age of transition, we must face the facts of our existence. The unknown, so strongly articulated by Harold Pinter, is indicative of the sixties and may last far into the seventies. A great deal of this fear is due to our full awareness of our godlike power to annihilate ourselves.

In this chaos of man's fear of his own power and nothingness, in the strongly conflicting forces between the masses, which seem determined to build a new world for themselves, and the little lost individual, who tries to hold on to himself, we find man searching for his own identity. In the last analysis, all the negations of life are counteracted by this search of desperate man. The Theater of the Absurd is nothing else but the dramatic and theatrical expression of this search. We must not be fooled by the loud cries of nihilism. Beckett summed it up beautifully when he had his tramp say in *Waiting for Godot* to the messenger of Godot: "Tell him, tell him that you saw me." In other words, we want to be recognized, we want to be accepted in this holocaust that rushes upon us and seemingly threatens to buy us. Beckett, in spite of his despair, still cries out from the dung-hill of all absurdity: I am! I am!

Perhaps it has always been like this. But what has been added is the traumatic fear of and for ourselves which is the drama of our time. The question has always been: Who am I? The only other question remains: Will there still be enough time left to find out, to wait for Godot?
Young Swedes and World Peace

By ANNE JORDHEIM

"Tell me, what's going on in the minds of the young Swedes of today?" a professor asked a Swedish student recently.

"World peace! What else?" was the answer.

Astonished, the professor encouraged further discussion. He said smilingly, "But we've always been under the impression . . . ."

"I know, I know," the student interrupted. "You Americans think that we in Sweden are only interested in sex and off-color movies. We are dull, and because we live in a rich, socialistic country we lack initiative. These are distorted facts which I would like to get straight. Of course sex is an important part of our lives as everywhere in the world. Swedish young people are at this time more interested in peace than sex. Neither are all of our movies to be condemned. Last year we made twenty-two films in Sweden. Only six of them can be labelled as sexy. They were the ones you Americans bought. Big box office attractions. They make money. The other sixteen would have been unsuccessful financially."

"Which says something about the American public", the professor injected. "How about the suicide rate? Isn't it so that because the State in Sweden takes care of everything, people have lost their spunk?"

"Our suicide rate is only No. 8 in the world. But — and this may be a bit off the subject — our mother and infant mortalities are the lowest in the world. No other country has as long a life-expectancy as does Sweden. Perhaps that says something about our social and health services. No, we do not worry about hospital bills and deprived old age as many of you do. This gives us the freedom to channel our energies elsewhere: we are socially conscious and responsible world citizens. There are only 7.7 million of us in Sweden. Still we carry on a large-scale aid program to developing nations all over the globe. The young people are especially anxious to participate in this, in church mission programs, the Peace Corps (which was built up on your principles), and others. You see, as a country without alliances — East or West — we can carry out such work very effectively. Sweden are welcome in many poorer nations — and one can find then just about everywhere."

"How can Sweden remain neutral in the face of a World War III threat?" the professor asked doubtfully.

"Very simple," the young Swedish student replied. "Neutrality and the promotion of peace are within our tradition and nature. Generally speaking, Sweden reacts strongly against violence and brutality. Not only in time of war but also on the TV screen! We do not wish to condemn those who are of a different opinion; we are a very democratic society. Our thinking is rational, humane, and clearly based on Christian principles. And thus, because we are ideologically neutral, we are dedicated to the preservation of peace and cooperation among all nations."

Heritage of Social Consciousness

This is Sweden in a nutshell. The Sweden of Nathan Söderblom, Count Folke Bernadotte, Dag Hammarskjold, and the Nobel peace prize. Yet, during the last 150 years of uninterrupted peace, Sweden has helped countless victims from war-torn countries. While the larger nations only accepted healthy immigrants from Europe after World War II (they were able to work), Sweden and other small Scandinavian nations opened their countries for the so-called hard-core cases. They were the people with tuberculosis, the blind, the handicapped. Sweden rehabilitated the refugees, taught them a trade, and thus absorbed them into its own society.

Sweden has always been a strong and active member of the United Nations. No UN peace mission has ever been established without at least one Swedish observer as, e.g., in Korea, Kashmir, Lebanon, Israel, the Congo, and Cyprus. It may be remembered that the General Secretary of the United Nations, Dag Hammarskjold, a Swedish Lutheran, died in a plane crash while on a peace mission to the Congo.

Today the young people of Sweden are anxious and willing to carry on this great heritage and tradition. Social consciousness begins in the Swedish baby's cradle, is nourished in an always — updated modern school system, and is stabilized and cultivated in Church through experience.

Ninety-eight per cent of the Swedes are Lutheran. In spite of a low Sunday worship attendance, irregular churchgoers can be and often are highly effective witnesses of their faith. All over Europe the Sunday church service emphasis is not as great as in the United States. There is complete freedom of religion in Sweden. Ecumenical life flourishes across all borders and boundaries. Young people participate in all these activities. In summer 1968, at the World Council of Churches Assembly in Uppsala, Sweden, these youngsters will no doubt be the work force behind the scenes as well as supply delegates to the important sessions.
Opposition to Vietnam

No other issue occupies the hearts and minds of young Swedes as much as the controversial war in Vietnam. Although some young people demonstrated against the war, protested to the American embassy in Stockholm, burned effigies of President Johnson and other important Americans, these are the minority. The average young Swede is not an extremist. He can't be. His country's policy of neutrality, obedience to law and order, and peace among nations is rooted too deeply in the whole population.

Basically the young people of Sweden are America's friends, thus in friendship they do correct and criticize us and hope to influence us towards a more peaceful course of world politics.

Pastor Lars Ryberg, a teacher of religion and psychology at a high school in Halmstad, Southern Sweden, asked a hundred of his students recently whether or not they thought the Vietnam war is justified.

Twenty-one answered affirmatively. They were afraid of China as the greatest threat to world peace. If the United States did not contain China through the war in Vietnam, they believed China would some day conquer the world. The UN is so weak; that is why the United States had to take over. These youngsters admired America greatly for her courage.

Seventeen students did not wish to voice an opinion, or perhaps they had no opinion. For them a commitment was not possible. The war is too far away. Besides, it is America's business, not Sweden's.

Fifty-four highschoolers declared a convinced "no." Such a war is not justified. Why? They gave a variety of reasons, reflecting of course typical Swedish attitudes such as revulsion against violence, high esteem of the worth of the individual, freedom of the human to be and act differently from his fellow-citizens.

These were some of the comments:

"Why does the US wish to save her prestige by killing and letting their own men be killed? This is not an act of heroism."

"Now that the world stands on the brink of World War III, the Americans, as a Christian nation, should adhere to their Christian principles and try harder to make peace!"

"We are appalled by the meaningless misery caused by bombing countless innocent people in Vietnam — just as we are appalled that so many American soldiers are being killed and maimed. What for?"

"I consider it absolutely undignified for people, mostly Christians, who live in a progressive, modern society, to confront someone who happens to have different opinions, such as the Communists in North-Vietnam, by means of bombs, napalm, and all sorts of modern, deadly weapons. Civilized people don't do that."

"Isn't the US exaggerating the danger of China and of the rest of the Communist world? Consider the suffering Russia experienced during the last war. They cannot wish to go to war again."

"Why can't America take all that money to help her own needy people and other underdeveloped countries? It costs $13,000 to send one Guam-based B52 bomber on a bombing mission to North Vietnam, and all in all it costs about $500,000 to kill one single Viet Cong . . . How much misery could be eliminated in this world with all this money! We in Sweden spend 18% of our national budget on defense, 31% on social services, and 15% on education and culture. Think, if the US would use comparable percentages: To spend almost as much on education and culture as on defense and nearly twice as much on social services! Then America would truly be the land where milk and honey flows . . . "

"I think of the individual who always suffers most during a war; the American and the North Vietnamese mothers who have lost a son. Didn't they love him equally well, and don't they shed the same kind of tears? There must be a kind of kinship. They are basically not really enemies. Aren't they human, both, and mothers, both?"

"How can the nations of the world ever live in peace and friendship, if the strongest one (the United States) is determined to destroy one of the weakest ones (North Vietnam)?"

"We do not understand politics in the United States. A president promises one thing when he takes office and does exactly the opposite. In Sweden our national policies would not suffer by a change in government. We know which line to follow. We will always be dedicated to neutrality, no matter which party is in power. The Americans apparently never know what they get into, no matter who they vote for. We know, always."

All one hundred young people agreed war is no answer to any type of knotty diplomatic or ideological problems. Many of them felt it was undignified (this word "ovaerdig" was used again and again) to use such medieval methods as violence and war. Civilized people living in a cultured environment where religion is still considered of importance and adhered to by many just don't do such things as waging a war!

War in Self Defense?

Peaceable as the Swedes are, they are indeed not blind. They maintain modern weapons of defense and require military training for all men.

On Sunday, September 10, 1967, the Svenska Dagbladet published the results of some questions asked especially among Swedish young university graduates who had finished their military training.

Question 1: (in abbreviated form)

"If Sweden were attacked, should we offer military resistance?"

78% said yes, 14% no, 8% no opinion.
Black Power and Hope

As the process of polarization widens the gulf between Black and White in America, concerned White Americans, with a greater intensity than ever before, are searching for solutions which will save the United States from destruction or genocide. Dr. Nathan Wright, an Episcopal priest and urban consultant, addresses himself to the creative possibilities inherent in the American racial situation. In Black Power and Urban Unrest (Hawthorn Books, $1.95), Wright evaluates America's race problem and offers constructive solutions.

Wright's first approach is to set the Black Power Movement in perspective. Black Power is nothing less than the attempt of the Black community to actualize its latent resources. In America the Black man has been abused and racially subordinated through the arbitrary and reckless use of White Power. The call for Black Power, then, is a call urging Black Americans to develop the power to defend themselves and to actively compete for their share of the American Dream. Negroes, the last disenfranchised ethnic minority in the United States, must alter the existing power relationships in American society if democracy is to be a reality. Black Power, therefore, is a redeeming force and a national necessity. Wright sees the need for establishing adult priority needs. He singles out Project Head Start as an example of well-meaning, yet misdirected federal planning. Wright's hypothesis is that by changing the environment of the urban adult, the environment of his children is thereby changed, but the reverse does not hold true. He suggests that a nationwide system of community colleges be established in order to minister to the needs of the urban poor. Such a college would minister to the real needs of the poor by maintaining close ties with both industry and community leaders.

In redeeming our cities we must begin by renewing the public education system. According to Wright, the public education enterprise of the 1960s is geared to the mixed farm-factory economy of the 1940s in which a high school education was not requisite for suitable employment. For the good of the poor and for the good of the nation public education should be oriented towards the economic conditions of the seventh decade of the twentieth century. In directing public education towards the needs of the current urban situation we will have to engage in conscious social planning. This will call for the involvement of all those concerned with the educational enterprise, civic leaders, educators, teachers, and parents, in planning.

In a chapter titled "Black Leadership and American Goals" Wright traces the history of the last thirty-five years of Black leadership in the United States. Looking at the historical record he judges that Black leadership has been denied its rightful role in the Black community. From 1930 to 1960 the militancy of Black leaders within organizations such as CORE, NAACP, and the Urban League was tempered by the consciences and tolerance limits of the White Liberals who supported these institutions. Immediately following World War II Black solidarity and forceful Black leadership failed to realize itself because Black men were still following the White Liberals, and the key word of this era was integration. Wright says that genuine Black leadership must be allowed to exercise its role in the Black community, a role it has been consistently denied in the past.

To the churches in America Wright points out that the thrust towards Black Power affords a religious opportunity. The churches have the opportunity of promoting self-directed growth, and this is an essential function because men need the power to become. In a religious context this power to become means the power to become whole and true children of God. According to Wright, churches which function as enablers, churches which enable men to engage in self-directed growth, are performing the will of God.

To White Americans the greatest difficulty in Black self-awareness is rioting. Wright calls upon White Americans to face the prospect of riots creatively and sympathetically. He characterizes the present mood of Black men in America as a swift thrust from adolescence into adulthood. Black Americans should be allowed to express their righteous indignation, but riots should not be treated either with undue permissiveness or unduly repressive measures.

Black Power and Urban Unrest should be read in conjunction with other current Black literature. It is primarily a treatment of the economic and social implications of Black Power. It is a book well worth reading, but not until one has mastered the fundamental works such as Black Power, The Politics of Liberation and The Autobiography of Malcolm X.

REGINALD A. VAPPIE

The Cresset
Worth Noting

Couples

By John Updike (Alfred A. Knopf, $6.50)

John Updike has been charged by many critics with having nothing to say, and if the initial reaction to *Couples* is an indication of settled opinion, Updike's latest novel is his least admired. Artistically, there can be little doubt that *Couples* is Updike's weakest effort, but I do not believe that it is devoid of content. Updike is just speaking more prosaically.

For those interested in religious themes in American fiction, the novels of John Updike have been much debated, and, by a few, exalted. Kenneth Hamilton, whose Updike analysis and criticism comprises a significant amount of work, has labelled the author "Chronicler of the Death of God." Without defining the exact meaning of this label, it appears that one can distill a growing theme of meaningfulness and despair from Updike's novels. *Couples* is perhaps the nearest approach to complete societal despair that Updike has written, and supports the contention that Updike (and perhaps America as well) has gotten himself into trouble and cannot get out. But does such a state of affairs imply that the author says nothing? Certainly not. Trouble is a message in itself.

Tarbox, the small New England suburb exposed in *Couples*, is clearly in trouble. Within this quiet town of refurbished colonial homes and prized Congregational Church a creeping hedonism is poisoning the very core of traditional values. Ten couples, upper-middle class and college-educated, have formed a tight social clique: they ski, play tennis, worship only revive sentimental memories. Ironically, Piet and Foxy leave Tarbox to marry and join new couples elsewhere.

This event seems to provide a mild catharsis for the remainder of the group. The clique breaks up and everyone decides to raise his own children. Conclusion? Freddy Thorne, self-appointed seer of the group, muses at length in his private journal: "What happens in between is what one expects, and then there comes a heaviest price for the group sin when Foxy becomes pregnant by Piet. There is an abortion, divorces, and Piet and Foxy leave Tarbox to marry and join new couples elsewhere.

For the Christian this novel should have the same fearful impact of *Rabbit*, *Run*. In that earlier novel the desperate, existential hero, Rabbit Angstrom, rejects organized religion in his passionate dash from reality. But Rabbit could not be dismissed by scoffing readers as a frightened, odd young man, not characteristic of a generation. *Couples*, however, is a broad but cumbersome reflection of deterioration in our society that shadows the delicate faith of the past exhibited in *Poorhouse Fair*, *The Centaur*, and *Of the Farm*. Updike's real contribution in his latest effort, despite all its faults, is to show our society as it largely is: "America is like an unloved child smothered in candy... We're fat and full of pimplies, and always whining for more candy. We've fallen from grace."

MICHAEL TURNER

Say Yes!

By R. Paul Firnhaber (Concordia, $1.25)

To say "Yes" to *Say Yes!* is like favorably reviewing one's responses to his Rorschach. That is, the reviewer risks revealing more of himself than *Say Yes!* in an affirmation of it.

For *Say Yes!* is one of the popular concatenations of photographs, geometric and optical designs, mass media reproductions, and unpunctuated texts on unpaginated pages called nonbooks. *Say Yes!* calls itself a collage, a mosaic, a happening. It begins with an inviting interrobang seen through a peephole and ends with the publisher's equally intriguing antecedent assurance that its specialty and classification is religion. What happens in between is what one is moved to associate and affirm of himself as he fills in the blanks and completes the visual and verbal stubs. While the reviewer cannot, without embarrassing the *Crescent*, review himself, he can commend the author for kenning where to leave the suggestive stubs and spaces open for this reader to enter in to complete the work and can heartily recommend them to others.

All one most wonders about is that classification of *Say Yes!* in the religion category. Possibly it is an ironic gesture on the part of the publisher toward a nonbook in which the author intends to break down the divisions between religion and life, the Holy and the worldly. The reviewer accepts the implicit pastoral judgment of the author that such a division is a present danger for most of the young (ages ten through seventeen) Christians for whom *Say Yes!* is intended. There is, however, some evidence that at least some young Christians are now as much in need of help to make the heuristic and critical division necessary between the Holy and the worldly as possibly most are still in need of help toward their union. That is, one expects help in the formation of that Christian judgment which is able to say "No" in order to say "Yes," to discriminate the old world from the New Creation and the old man from the New Being. Having the mind of Christ toward one's self and the world is as discriminating as it is expanding. *Say Yes!* is far stronger in suggesting the possibilities of the happening of the Holy in the worldly than it is suggesting what the Holy is doing with the worldly to chasten and perfect it.

One hopes the author and publisher will collaborate again soon in this medium to involve more of the young in an even fuller Christian experience.

RICHARD LEE

FOR A GOD WHO LAUGHS AT OPEN TOMBS HAS GOT THE WHOLE BIT IN HIS HANDS i wanna hold your hand AND THEN REMEMBER THAT THE TOMB IS EMPTY yours that is AND THAT HE'S COMING THROW THAT INTO THE TEETH OF A WORLD LIKE THIS THEN SIT BACK AND ENJOY THE FIREWORKS YES

—from *SAY YES!*

September 1968
Now the tax collectors and sinners were all draw-
ing near to hear Jesus. But the Pharisees and the
scribes murmured, saying, “This man receives sin-
ers and eats with them.” —Saint Luke 15:1-10

Thus begins the Gospel for the Third Sunday after
Trinity. It sets the stage for two parables which Jesus
told to illustrate his attitude toward the outcasts from
the “good society,” the parables of the lost sheep
and the lost coin. In these days, when current events
furnish the interpretation for the liturgical text of
the week, one must learn to be a seer, seeing with
the inner eye and listening with what Theodore Reik
calls “the third ear.” The commentary on this text
that week was provided by the Senate Permanent
Investigations Subcommittee, with lead roles played
by Senator John McClellan (Pharisee) and Presby-
terian minister John Fry (Christ figure).

It is not often that public officials warn gangsters
to stay away from a church because it is a bad influ-
ence, but it happened in Washington that week when
First Presbyterian Church of Chicago (in Woodlawn)
and its pastor, John Fry, were attacked because they
provided sanctuary for the Blackstone Rangers. Wood-
lawn is a community neighboring the University
of Chicago on the South side. It changed from white
to black in the 1950’s, also quadrupling in popula-
tion, from 15,000 to 60,000. It is a typically impacted
ghetto, one of those urban concentration camps into
which we compress our black people and other poor.
Our ghettos are production centers for poverty,
despair, crime, and violence, some of our nation’s
major industries, casualties of our war economy and
affluent society. The ghettos, in turn, furnish most
of the populations of our jails and penitentiaries.
All this for the convenience of a conscienceless white
America, the last bastion, besides South Africa, of
the Nazi mentality of white supremacy, the evident
structural racism at last admitted by the ignored
Kerner Commission Report.

To find and feel themselves as persons, to discover
and develop their own identity, young black youths
form gangs, which are sometimes anti-social, a re-
tributive justice against a society which is anti-black.
The “Almighty Blackstone Rangers” boast seven
thousand members on Chicago’s South Side. Arrayed
against them is the whole white power structure:
city hall, public opinion, and, inevitably, the police.
Whites call for “law and order,” which being translated
rather literally means, “Keep the niggers in their place.”
Their “place” is off the streets, out of sight, away from
white America, preferably in jail. Their “place” does
not include a place of work, since they are educationally
deprived of vocational skills. For black youths the ques-
tion is one of sheer survival and the possibility of reach-
ing a manhhood they can affirm with some sense of
dignity and worth by way of “Black Pride” and “Black
Power.”

Enter now two unexpected third parties as mediators
between “law and order” agitators and the black
tax collectors (alleged extortion and protection) and
sinners (alleged sex, grass, and mayhem): The Wood-
lawn Organization and local churches. The Wood-
lawn Organization got a direct grant from the Of-
face of Economic Opportunity of $927,000 which,
for a change, went directly to the recipients with-
out going through the sticky fingers of the local poli-
tical machine. The aim was to try to prepare Black-
stone Rangers and others for jobs, to give them posi-
tions of responsibility, to turn them from an anti-
social group into one which developed local com-
unity pride and responsibility. It was admitt-
edly a “high risk” venture. The Rangers did develop
enough political clout to get through a local referen-
dum which dried up a “little skid row” on 63rd Street
which Rangers thought was a bad influence on younger
children. It was rumored that the Rangers were driving
out the crime syndicate and dope peddlers from
Woodlawn and that the bars which had been closed
had syndicate connections. Rangers opened a res-
taurant and young men began getting jobs. When
the West side of Chicago burned after the murder
of Martin Luther King, the South Side held because
Rangers kept the peace, even agreeing to a truce
with their arch rivals, the Devil’s Disciples. That
truce was concluded on the Midway in front of Rocke-
feller Chapel at the University of Chicago. “Why
should we burn down Chicago?” said Ranger leader
Jeff Ford. “We live there. Those are our homes.” It
looked as if the “high risk” attempt at redemption
was at least partially successful. Meanwhile, police
harrassment was stepped up and the Chicago Tri-
bune published a series of exposes of the OEO pro-
gram which, evidently, led to the McClellan hear-
ings. Chicago, which has a series of one thousand
unsolved gangland murders going back to Prohi-
bition, where black murders were never reported because “black is cheap” was the slogan at city desks, suddenly became alarmed at statistics of youth gang murders, just when efforts to forestall them were becoming successful. Such concern for black welfare was unusual and one smelled a matter of $927,000 in the background as the aroma which aroused a basic greed on the part of politicians losing local control in their plantation politics.

The second mediating party was First Presbyterian Church. This was one of those churches which did not flee to the suburbs when the black flood came upon the white communities through urban renewal, dubbed “urban removal” by the displaced blacks. Nor was it content to stay in the doldrums of the typical ghetto church. It asked radically how it might be a redemptive force in the community. The presbytery decided to offer the church as a community center, specifically a place for Blackstone Rangers to meet without harassment. The aim was to develop a climate of trust, not of paternalism. Pastor John Fry somehow gained that trust. Enough trust to get the Rangers to agree to turn over their weapons to be kept in the church safe in a disarmament agreement with the local police and U.S. treasury agents. Whereupon the police raided the church and newspaper headlines told of the “arsenal” at First Church, as blatant a display of hypocritical cynicism and treachery as one is likely to find. Continual harassment followed. In spite of this, coached by Oscar Brown, Jr., and Jean Pace, the “Blackstone Rangers, Inc.” put on a smash musical in the church, “Opportunity, Please Knock.” It was an overwhelming success, a sheer demonstration that Black is indeed beautiful.

This is but a skeleton description of the situation. Many details and incidents would flesh out the whole picture. Suffice it to point out that the radical entry of a third force into the picture between gang and police was that of redemptive agencies and persons. Consequent upon that, particularly in light of some progress, police, some newspapers, some politicians, and finally a congressional committee sought to discredit the program publicly. And the wrath of the forces of “law and order” was turned from the alleged sinners onto the redeemers instead. This is no parable; it is an exact replica of the situation which invariably develops whenever redemptive forces intervene against repressive forces. All the radicality of Jesus in his times is evident in our times when those arise who follow him seriously. And the same opposition recurs. With those Senate hearings, racist America made it official: we are the neo-Nazis. Congress ignored the “Poor Campaign”; and declared war instead on ghetto blacks.

Senator McClellan escalated his lifelong war against the poor and the blacks by seeking to expose the OEO attempt to redeem the Blackstone Rangers through community organization, with strong church action to establish a climate of trust, as an attempt to subsidize and build a black mafia. McClellan spent the week badgering his chief victim-witness, Pastor Fry. The Gospel pericope could not have been more apt: McClellan played the self-righteous, hypocritical, accusing Pharisee to the hilt: “This man receives sinners and eats with them.” The church is more dangerous than the gang when it intervenes with the redeeming Gospel, thus frustrating the head-cracking “law and order” police suppression approach of breaking up the gangs. The kind of abuse heaped upon Pastor Fry was exactly the kind of accusation levelled against Jesus when He defended notorious sinners.

Redemptive agencies are under attack. This society, voicing its will through Congress, has a vested interest in keeping the poor impoverished. Poverty is good business for those who live off it, either by direct or indirect exploitation or by the administration of its relief. The final irony is that there was talk about prosecuting Pastor Fry and about “contempt of Congress.” Such a Congress deserves the contempt of every Christian. Senator McClellan, a professing Baptist, is plainly in contempt of the redemptive mission of the Church. We are equally in contempt of a Congress which wars against the poor and the church. “Contempt of Congress” is a jailable offense, up to five years. Contempt of grace is the sin against the Holy Spirit. It earns eternal damnation.

But now to the parable. Jesus is saying that lost people are more important than lost sheep and lost money. He came to seek and to save lost people. That redemptive task is also the chief task of the church. It is our Christian calling.

Are not lost people more valuable than lost sheep or money? Senator McClellan was obviously more concerned over $927,000 “lost” than happy over black youths saved. A nation which can spend eighty billion dollars a year on wars — past, present, and future — to kill people — and yet quibble over less than a million dollars to save some and kill programs to redeem other young people has clearly made its choice for death over life, money over people. Put in terms of today’s central debate the question reads this way: “Are not people more valuable than property?” We know the answer of the self-righteous. And we know Jesus’ answer. It is in the Bible, so there’s no erasing it and substituting another. And what pleases God most is not self-righteousness but the redemption of human life: “There is more joy in heaven over one sinner who repents than over ninety-nine just persons who need no repentance.”

That being so, have we not found our politics of joy? So, come, friends, let us be happy with God over the redemption of others through Christ by His Spirit. Happiness is a warm Jesus.
Leo Sowerby died July 7, 1968. Chicagoans will readily recognize the name for it was in the Windy City that Sowerby was educated and held posts as teacher of composition and organist—choirmaster. More recently he was known of persons in the nation's capital. There, since 1962, he directed the College of Church Musicians at the National Cathedral. He was seventy-four. He had been named a fellow of the Royal School of Church Music, held an honorary doctorate from the University of Rochester, and in 1946 received the Pulitzer Prize for music. He left no survivors.

Unless you are an organist, choir director, or an Episcopalian—or any of these in combination—Leo Sowerby was probably unknown to you. Perhaps in perusing a history of American music you ran across the name and remember him as the first winner of the American Prix de Rome. Otherwise Sowerby tends to merge with the other names in the section "Other American Composers." When an author undertakes to survey a period as various as ours, a period in which novelty is so highly prized, what else is he to do with an unassuming composer quietly and honestly plying the traditional craft learned in his youth?

Leo Sowerby was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, on May 1, 1895. A precocious musical intelligence warranted his removal to Chicago at the age of fourteen to study at the American Conservatory of Music. In a few months his teacher, Calvin Lampert, confessed the exhaustion of his fund of knowledge and Sowerby was sent on to Arthur Andersen, his last teacher in the craft of composing. At fifteen he learned the organ and it became his principal instrument, together with the piano. There are confused reports of the reception given his first public concert in 1917, but the reputation of his works by 1921 led the committee of the American Academy in Rome to award their prize for composition to Sowerby even though he had not completed! The American Prix de Rome took the young musician to Europe for three years. 1922 included participation in the founding of the International Society for New Music. In 1923 he played his First Piano Concerto in Berlin.

Significant works date from the period after his return to the United States. In 1925 he succeeded his teacher at the American Conservatory; in 1927 he began his long service at Chicago's St. James Cathedral. The regularity of his life from then on makes for undramatic biography. Most sources at this point append a list of works and some complimentary evaluations. His students know the years of teaching. The records of St. James tell of a succession of premiers. Program notes from Orchestra Hall contain references to his works. Quite a repertoire it is too: fifteen orchestral works including four symphonies, five concertos, ten sonatas, seven chamber works, ten cantatas, seventy anthems and liturgical settings, and many songs, instrumental pieces, organ works, and piano compositions. Two pieces were written for Paul Whiteman's jazz band. Frederick Stock requested Come Autumn Time for performance by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. The Third Symphony was commissioned in 1941 by that organization. The Canticle of the Sun after St. Francis for chorus and orchestra brought Sowerby the Pulitzer Prize and a New York performance in 1945.

But by then a frenetic post-war world had little time for regionalism, traditionalism, or consistency. Sowerby achieved the unenviable status of being thought a minor classic during his lifetime. At an earlier period he had shrugged off the criticism that a work of his was formless saying, "Form, I guess, is doing what they expect you to do." Then it was his innovation, now it was his conservatism that was unacceptable. As new works appeared they were favored with commendations for consistently fine workmanship and serviceability but the tone was that of an impatient youngster addressing a grandparent for whom he feels affection but some embarrassment. Leo Sowerby was dead to the world of musical fashion long before the summer of 1968.

Several of Sowerby's works are triumphs of sensitivity and craft; many others demonstrate only proficiency. A world without the sounds of Come Autumn Time, Jubilate Deo, the organ pieces, and the songs, however, can never be; they are part of us now. It must be no little thing to impress one's person upon posterity by the force of creative imagination. Sowerby's obituary surprised those of us who know his finest music, for that which we cherished from him is timeless. It escaped death and lives in every sounding of the sounds he taught us.

But the teacher is no longer here to encourage us toward a life of the spirit in which craft, sensitivity, steadfastness, and humility are virtues. He will be missed.

Requiescat in Pace

By WILLIAM F. EIFRIG, JR.
The London theatre is as outstanding as ever, even though the connoisseurs maintain that this was the worst season in a long time. For a New York theatre-goer the theatre in London still offers a great variety of shows; he is still puzzled by the phenomenon, unknown on Broadway, that he can get a ticket for a play and even for a successful musical on the very day or night he feels like going to the theatre and that, nevertheless, most theatres manage to be sold out.

I had a chance to compare the productions of "Fiddler on the Roof" and "Cabaret" with those on Broadway. Alfie Bass as Tevye, the Milkman, brings some warmth to this unique Sholom Aleichem figure who talks to God almost on a man-to-man basis about his joys and his problems, which are more manifold than his joys. Alfie Bass is no Zero Mostel. Also, the London production had less zest than its Broadway equivalent, and the lack of coherent drive showed how this musical lives on a very thin thread and only on the humanly appealing figure of its central character. Another Harold Prince production here and there, "Cabaret," has a much better cast in London, particularly Judi Dench as a memorable Sally Bowles and Lila Kedrova — who burst upon the international scene in the film "Zorba the Greek" — in her first stage musical. How this musical lives on a very thin thread and only on the humanly appealing figure of its central character. Another Harold Prince production here and there, "Cabaret," has a much better cast in London, particularly Judi Dench as a memorable Sally Bowles and Lila Kedrova — who burst upon the international scene in the film "Zorba the Greek" — in her first stage musical. Alfie Bass is no Zero Mostel. Also, the London production had less zest than its Broadway equivalent, and the lack of coherent drive showed how this musical lives on a very thin thread and only on the humanly appealing figure of its central character. Another Harold Prince production here and there, "Cabaret," has a much better cast in London, particularly Judi Dench as a memorable Sally Bowles and Lila Kedrova — who burst upon the international scene in the film "Zorba the Greek" — in her first stage musical. It surprised me again how this musical succeeds in spite of its rather sordid plot, the advent of the Nazis.

Another surprise for me was Oscar Wilde’s smash hit, "The Importance of Being Earnest." For years I have been under the impression that the drawing-room comedy was dead until I spent a most enchanting evening at the Haymarket with that archetypal writer of all drawingroom comedies and with the most hackneyed of all comedies of that genre. How all the glittering epigrams were recognizable from afar! But the points were made with such nonchalant elegance, and they seemed credible and real in an environment which no longer exists. The artificial situations were very much a part of this society of yesterday and the obviousness of the surprises seemed ingeniously sugar-coated with cleverness. Perhaps only in London is it still possible for Oscar Wilde to be a lasting success. Perhaps only English actors can make us enjoy the living reality of an art which has been dead at least for the last two decades.

Of course, the season had its flops as all seasons have everywhere. "Time Present" is the title of John Osborne’s new play in which he created an angry young woman of the late sixties. Her harangues, unfortunately, were boring, and the worst that can be said about it is that while listening to her and this talky play about nothing I could not help thinking of the delightful time I had with Oscar Wilde — time present or not. When I saw the play in June, Mr. Osborne’s latest play, “The Hotel in Amsterdam,” was being prepared for its July opening. What a wonderful thing for a dramatist to have his own stage, the Royal Court Theatre, and to be produced whether his plays are good or bad.

Tom Stoppard, who gave us “Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead,” has written a new play, “The Real Inspector Hound,” a satirical farce, a parody, and a parody. He puts two critics on stage watching a play which is a parody of an Agatha Christie thriller. Many arrows, in satiric exaggeration, hit the critics: how they discuss the play in the interval (which is hardly ever done), how one of them falls in love with the actress he praises (which may happen sometimes), how they loathe their rivals on their own and other papers (which is very likely but not vital for criticism or the theatre art).

The melodramatic farce begins when one of the critics jumps over the footlights onto the stage in the second act to answer the phone. And from that moment on he remains involved in the play. This is a Pirandellian gimmick without leading to the hard-hitting, logical conclusion of a Pirandellian play. The acting style should have changed when the switch occurred from reality to fantasy. That it did not shows that the director misunderstood the play or wanted to shock the audience. It made the planned confusion too confusing.

But “The Real Inspector Hound” is a witty and highly entertaining play. It is an apparent point of the parable that the critic who got involved in the play is finally shot for his enthusiasm. Stoppard seems to say that a play successfully exists only if the theatre-goer is ready to get involved in it to the point of getting lost in it. The truth presented is a variation of Pirandello’s thought that there is no absolute truth (which probably there isn’t). Moreover, the mirror is as important as the object reflected.

Even though the play may not have dramatic strength and sufficient depth, it is good theatre and proves, if nothing else, that Tom Stoppard is able to write another “Rosencrantz and Guildenstern” one of the next seasons. It also underlines the point (which I seem to be underlining, hopefully not misinterpreting Stoppard) that a play lives only when the playgoer feels prompted to collaborate with the author on the play, when make-believe becomes a consciously-unconsciously accepted reality for the spectator. And that, actually, is all that theatre is about.
Art is not about life, or the "human condition"; it is about art. 
Brian O'Doherty

Art's reward is its own virtue. 
Ad Reinhardt

The razzle-dazzle of Op art that flared up like eye-wrenching Fourth-of-July fireworks a few years ago was a further development in the continuing drive of modern art to search out its own essentials. Persistently since 1900 many artists have wondered what new worlds of beauty and experience could be created if art served strictly itself rather than recorded scenes or expressed "messages". Such concern for artistic self-identity and purity led some artists at the beginning of our century to abandon the representation of objects altogether, for the investigation of the inherent qualities of colors, lines, shapes, etc., and their interrelationships. Yet, even there, extra-artistic concerns kept interjecting themselves. For instance, the painter Piet Mondrian came to believe that non-objective images can be created that will reflect essences of philosophic beliefs and mystic experiences. Others, such as the Constructivists and the Art-Concrete artists from the thirties felt that they could create an art of geometric relationships reflecting the abstract rhythms of nature and experience.

However, by the beginning of the sixties, after a decade of self-expressive Abstract Expressionism, many younger "purist" artists turned towards a new, impersonal study of the power and character of the visual elements. For some, this included explorations of the pure visual force of optical illusions. In the resulting 1965 flurry of popular interest and critical criticism these explorations were dubbed Op art.

To view a work having some optical effects is to have certain configurations in the art trigger vibrations, reversals, shiftings, or pulsations, etc. in the eye. Such retinal responses take place instantaneously and without regard to the will of the viewer. Moreover, in works having almost solely optical effects, the viewer is caught in the complete grip of straight, aggressive, optical sensations leaving little freedom to contemplate associations, to respond emotionally, or to assimilate aesthetic formal relationships. One sympathetic critic described the optical effects of Bridget Riley's art as dazzling, transfiguring, revelatory, hallucinatory, suggesting that such overriding sensations are on the same order as those induced by mind-altering drugs. As in "bad trips", however, optical effects at their worst can also be inhuman, sadistic. Furthermore, it can be seen that optical effects as a device by themselves alone are barren of aesthetic value and are neutral in human feeling. It seems obvious therefore, that optical sensations have value to art only when they serve a larger aesthetic or expressive purpose.

For instance, Bridget Riley's art is an art dominated by powerful optical sensations. Yet, her best art offers more than an impersonal Dionysian punch in the eye. Op sensations are intended by her to be just one element (though the main and wildest one) in a clash between extreme instability and extreme rigidity. By serially (in rows) repeating small, simple, alternating black and white units (equalateral triangles in Tremor) across the canvas, a grey continuous surface is established. Such a surface excites a great deal of optical flicker especially when viewed close enough so that the shape of the individual unit can be seen clearly. Then, by making one side of some triangular units convex or concave, conflicting rhythms and climactic stresses are introduced. As the resulting amounts of light and dark vary, further energy-like optical brightnesses and pulsations seem to emerge. Distinct groupings, however, do not form to break the continuity of the grid surface so that the intensely restless, shifting, flickering surface never resolves into clear major focus or parts. The surface of the picture remains one piece, but trembling.

On the other hand, Op sensations when present, play a smaller part in the chromatic abstractions of Larry

Poons. His paintings have more involvements that do Riley's and have for me a wonderful combination of randomness and regularity, of sensory impact and rational system, and of formal interest and power to evoke associations from life. *Night on Cold Mountain* is one of the first paintings of his mature style. The motif consists of painting the surface of the canvas background all one color (known as establishing a color field.) The surface is very large, in this case almost seven feet square, and on it are small one-inch diameter circles scattered about in a seemingly random but unaccented manner. The scale of dot to canvas is so great that the size of the canvas seems even larger than it is. Also with some dots placed on the very edge of the canvas the pattern looks as though it goes on and on beyond the edge, like the sky. Stressing the purely visual and immaterial, Poons stained the background color with dye, and painted the dots with thin plastic paint.

In this painting, the pencil marks of a mathematically exact grid can be seen showing through the background dye. Each grid has the same proportion as that of the outside edges of the painting. Upon closer inspection one can see that one dot was placed in every other square, like the placement of black squares in a checkerboard. Also, in the lower right quadrant all dots are placed tangent to corners. In the remaining upper right and lower left quadrants, however, all dots are placed tangent to the middle of a line. That such a highly structured system should produce such seemingly free and random effects is to me somewhat astounding and strangely reassuring. It fits in with biologist Paul Weiss's formula for order in nature and art: "Order in the gross, and freedom, diversity, and uniqueness in the small, are not only compatible but are conjugated."

Op effects in this painting are created by the colors and support the feeling of instability. In this painting the background is a fully saturated yellow, like yellow ochre. The dots are pure greenish blue, much like cerulean. These two fully intense colors closely approach being exact opposites, yet the colors are nearly the same value or darkness. Now when colors of maximum intensity-contrast and maximum hue-contrast, but of minimum value-contrast are placed together, the eye cannot focus on both colors at the same time. Therefore an optical effect that takes place is that of after-image. After looking steadily at these dots and then shifting your eyes away, wherever the eye focuses, light yellow versions of the dot pattern seem to appear and of course for a moment become part of the painting, doubling the number of dots in the picture. These sensations activate the color field making the whole sense or order seem even more precarious and insubstantial. Yet the dots were plotted with something of the unbending rhythms of a Bach fugue. It seems to me that in such works Op art serves will the cause of pure art.
Editor-At-Large

Project Equality

By VICTOR F. HOFFMANN

Project Equality is the child of the heart and mind of The Reverend John F. Cronin, S.J. (for twenty-one years assistant director of the Social Action Department of the United States Catholic Conference) with special assistance in the preparation of the original program on the part of Mr. Percy Williams (a long-time worker for the Federal Government). But it is now being nurtured and disciplined under the watchful and careful eyes of the National Conference for Interracial Justice.

According to a booklet published by the Project Equality Council and the Department of Employment Services of the National Catholic Conference for Interracial Justice, “the basic premise of Project Equality is that religious institutions have an obligation to spend their money in a moral manner.” In the preface of this booklet, the Rev. Larold K. Schulz (Coordinator, Anti-Poverty Task Force, National Council of the Churches of Christ and Chairman of Project Equality Council) asserts: “By utilizing their great buying power as a force for moral good, churches and synagogues are acting responsibly to those convictions they profess.” Bluntly and briefly, Project Equality is an apparatus by which and under which religious people can practice what they are always preaching: Concern for human welfare, the dignity of man, his equality, “and the responsibility of one for another.”

In conformity with these basic postulates, Project Equality is simply and specifically asking that all religious institutions that commit themselves to this program (such as churches, synagogues, schools, welfare, hospitals, et al) look into their own hiring habits. More than that, however, such church-related institutions will look into “(the) employment policies of the firms with which (they do) business.” With this in mind, Project Equality focuses on three basic areas: 1. the purchasing of supplies and services; 2. general construction; and 3. banking, insurance, and real estate.

The judicatories and organizations or institutions who make such commitments promise to communicate to all employers involved the implications of Project Equality in an extensive and firm, but kind and affirmative, manner. In this spirit, the religious communities who sign up for Project Equality will implement measures and machinery for proper communication, analysis, compliance, and control in respect of the employment practices of the people with whom they deal.

It is these measures and machinery that give substance to the total program of Project equality. “The first,” as the cited booklet insists and as was suggested above, “is the commitment of the judicatory’s head or governing body,” and “the firm intention to see the program through, plus the widespread publicity and the communication of this commitment as a matter of policy.” In this first phase, business communities and corporations with which church-type institutions deal will be given a chance to absorb “the psychological impact” of Project Equality (120 days) and also will be allowed ample opportunity “to become aware of all the financial ramifications involved in doing business with church institutions.”

Phase Two involves the religious institutions in more of a direct involvement with the business community. This involvement is executed by a simple, yet systematic, apparatus of letters, reporting forms, profiles of evaluation, records of affirmative actions, “contacting sources of minority groups when (a) firm has imminent job openings,” etc. Each business is analyzed “in the light of local factors (minority group population, type of business, economic conditions) and national factors (type of industry, location of the firm’s plants, etc.).”

These analyses and evaluations lead the operations of Project Equality into Phase Three, that of compliance and control. This is the action phase: “Up to this point the program has involved many words.” In this phase, “the program moves to insure that these (businesses) responding affirmatively are not paying mere lip service to fair employment practices” and “are actually putting them into practice.” In addition, Project Equality continues a policy of fair employment evangelism “to secure additional affirmative responses from those firms not originally committing themselves to the principles of merit employment.” In short, Project Equality involves the church-related institutions in a system of direct investigation, education, persuasion, compliance, and control — and that in the very tough area of economics.
The Summer of Our Discontent

By DON A. AFFELDT

The sons of Miami Beach, Chicago, and Birmingham give voice to the sentiments of some American voters. But there are other citizens for whom they do not speak, for whom they cannot speak. These are the discontents, the disaffected, the potential political drop-outs — people who hold little hope that much will soon be done to cure the ills which now beset the country. What must they be thinking?

First: That the war in Vietnam has passed endurance. There was a time — not so long ago — that one could persuade himself that there were good reasons for American intervention. In what is basically a civil war. The thought of a people being forced to accept new rule does not sit well with what is left of the American frontier spirit, and when one is told — in one big breath — that this new rule is atheistic, Communist, totalitarian, savage, and directed by orders from Peking or Moscow, it is doubly hard for an American to sit by and do nothing. But of course no one in his right mind would have suggested, in the early stages of this conflict, that winning this particular struggle was worth scores of thousands of American lives, and hundreds of billions of American dollars. Even less would a sane man have thought this pitch of involvement to be justified by the ambiguous state of affairs to which we have currently brought the conflict. But now we are in it, and in it up to our necks. Our possibilities of choice are fast diminishing. If the Paris talks are not soon conclusive, we must get out — or suffocate as the crest of our own folly sweeps over our heads.

Thus the time for making peace with the idea of the war is gone; so is the time for pretending that we didn't have enough information to ground a sober judgment on our nation's course in pursuing the war. One question remains: Is there yet time for action — withdrawal — or is there only time for mourning?

There must at least be time for mourning, no matter what the outcome of the Paris talks. We must mourn so that the dead will not have died in vain. They will not have saved anything worth saving; of that we can be quite sure even at this juncture in history. They will simply have died — some bravely, some too suddenly for courage, some sadly. Their deaths can only be offset by the public grief — and of course not even by that, if one employs the intimate calculus of mothers without sons, wives without husbands, children without fathers. But we will not pause to grieve the loss of so many of our sons. Such grief is reserved for those whose deaths are just as senseless, but more public — JFK, MLK, RFK — and the public grief even for these great losses is brief, and notably unanimous.

Second: That our Society is rotting. This is the country in which farmers burn mountains of wheat, slaughter tons of meat, dump tanks of milk in protest to inadequate prices for their commodities while scant miles away their countrymen faint from hunger. This is the country of the fast buck, the haven for the entrepreneur who, being lucky, finds his capital increasing at a rate only equaled by the increase in violent acts across the land. To the unfortunate among us, choking in the filth and hopelessness of the ghetto, thecapitalistic spiral leads only downward, past the long line of creditors to the sewer of welfare. Yet the sons of the ghetto, if they are at all serviceable, can escape this ignominious end. They can instead go to die in disproportionate numbers in a land which by rights they never should have seen. Maybe, before they die in Vietnam, they will get a chance to see what American billions have wrought in that land — billions, that is, which they should have seen at home, at work in their own communities.

We cannot foresee a quick terminus to the Vietnam war — short of a landslide victory for William Sloane Coffin. The pressures are too great for an "honorable" settlement of the war — as if the sort of honor desired at the end of an atrocity were worth yet more lives sacrificed in its pursuit. No, we will not have heard the last of Vietnam, even in the event of the victory of a "peace" candidate. We are not mature enough as a people to extricate ourselves from a mistake largely of our own making without compounding that mistake in the process. If our nation were wise enough to admit its folly, it would have been perceptive enough to avoid that folly in the first place. He who thinks big lessons have been learned from our participation in this war is perhaps the most foolish of us all.

Nor will we have the courage to turn our full attention to the desperate needs of the cities when the war has finally wrung enough blood from youthful veins. Programs of the magnitude required to solve the cities' problems stand no chance of quick passage — perhaps even of any passage — by a Congress too shortsighted even to enact strong gun legislation. No; our hundreds of billions must be spent in wars, or preparing against external attack. We've forgotten the Medieval cities whose impregnable walls were small solace in time of siege or plague.

The gears of the campaign are now being oiled. But some among us will not be engaged in the political battle this year. Politics, after all, got us into this mess; can a politician be expected to lead us out?
Lullaby 1968

It happened twice in the last six months. . . . I retire at a reasonable hour, look out of my window and see that everything is normal. . . . Beyond the shadowed oak tree the moon stands white above the National Guard Armory across the road. . . . Everything seems to be still and only a single light burns in the building. . . . I go to bed cherishing the balm and healing of this quietness. . . . this daily return of God's silence. . . .

Six or seven hours pass and while the morning coffee begins to boil I look out the window again. . . . The oak is still there, its leaves wet with the coming of rain, and the road to the West, and the fields beyond it. . . . But the Armory! . . . Where late last night there was only a single light, the silence and a brooding moon there is now a startling gathering of tanks, trucks and armored cars. . . . They stand row on row, perhaps fifty of them, so arranged that they can move quickly and purposefully to the West. . . . a far cry from the still shadows and the quietness of the night.

My sons, more tolerant of history and life and more cynical, tell me that these trucks and tanks, reflecting man at work in God's universe, are there because there is something called a "race riot" over in Gary and the Governor has called out the militia to stop it. . . . In Gary men are talking desperately — but if no agreement is reached and the talks fail the argument will be moved into a totally different context — not American, not Christian, not even human. . . . The brown monsters across the road will begin to move fifteen miles west to stop the argument in the one way in which it will not be stopped permanently — by force by guns, by naked power. . . . This is clearly the way to achieve peace, . . . by firing a few shots up in the air — surely they would not aim at the little black boy who is grabbing a pair of shoes from a broken window — just into the air confident that whoever is up there will not care very much . . . since He will never be hit . . . .

As I have noted, this has happened twice in the last few months. . . . It is becoming a part of our life and we rush to the window each morning to take the temperature of our black friends in Gary. . . . Are the armored trucks still here? . . . If they are, it means that nothing much happened in Gary last night. . . . a few black men were shot, a few stores were looted — and the same black cloud over everything. . . . of hate and desperation. . . . of hate and anger. . . . of hate and no hope. . . . but always hate. . . . The quiet of the night, ordained from the third day of creation, becomes a mockery and a lie. . . .

Many of my friends feel that this is really the shape of things to come. . . . This is the way we are and shall be. . . . This is not 1776, they say, and tanks and guns will be an essential part of a working democracy. . . . This is an age which worships only stark power. . . . The quietness of our long comfortable night has been broken by our new realism. . . . our new cynicism in human affairs. . . . our corporate death-wish. . . . Let us live now by bringing death, either over Hiroshima or the streets of Gary. . . . This summer night in the year of our Lord 1968 is the winter of our faith and our optimistic prophesies of the future — the old worn prophetic lion and lamb stuff. . . . These are only our vague hopes finding last stammering words. . . . seeing their final contradiction in the silent serried ranks of armored monsters across the road. . . .

And so I stand at my window and look out at the night now almost at noon. . . . The monsters are still there but their shape and size have been softened by the gracious night. . . . This is the very edge of darkness and standing on the brink I feel — more than I think — that there are still lost causes which are finally never lost. . . . I remember a strange lullaby of many years ago:

Night comes on,
Night, and the peace you have desired —
Earth is calling, you are tired;
Earth draws you down.
The hope, the fear
The labor vain — your heart grows cold.
Time's secret is untold
The light fails that led you here.
Sleep then; sleep is best
The roads are many where we go astray
But all, all by the one way
Come home, at the one heart have rest.

That will not stop the monsters across the road but it will rob them of all final meaning. . . . and that makes my pilgrimage a little easier. . . .