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SPLENDIDLY INTERPRETED

BUT LEADERSHIP NEEDED

'UVIC -- COMING MORAL CRISIS'

By STEPHEN BIGSBY

The University of Victoria is rapidly approaching a moral crisis. We may witness the gradual development of a "distinguished centre of learning" at Gordon Head, if by this we interpret learning to imply simply the passive transfer of knowledge from the expert professional to the aspiring novice. The library is available, the course outlines appear promising and the textbooks are voluminous, sixth edition, and expensive. However there is almost a total absence of concern over whether or not the university is aspiring to anything more than the efficient transfer of data and procedures to its graduates. This is altogether another question and it has not been answered. What is more significant — it has seldom been asked.

The single major weakness on the part of the policy-makers at the University of Victoria is an unrealistic appraisal of the capacity of the institution to absorb change. The university is not as plastic and flexible as they would like it to be, it is not essentially a new institution; it is still very much an emerging structure grafted on to the deeply entrenched traditions of the old Victoria College. Many of the elements that shackle innovation derive both their influence and sense of vested interest from their former secure connection with the old campus. The vehicle for perpetuating their narrow interests is largely the individual academic department, which for many is the limit of their pre-Columbian world. Supporting



The ideal university is often defined as a "community of scholars," a phrase which is often articulated by President Taylor in speeches to the public and in formal addresses before faculty and students at academic assemblies. However, in fact, the working relationship between students and faculty at The University of Victoria does not begin to approximate such a definition; in virtually every aspect, from specific relationships to the pervading campus atmosphere (if such a creature exists), the phrase is a hollow one, a faintly pathetic semantic hoax, made more pathetic because of the eloquence with which it is professed by those who would believe it to be true.

The lack of a university academic opportunity to foster an active interplay of ideas between teacher and student is not a situation which is unique at the University of Victoria. However, it is that much more important than the basic illness be diagnosed so that those who wish to create a university that will transcend mediocrity will have a fighting chance to do so.

Stephen Bigsby, a third-year Arts student at the University of Victoria, is president of the Alma Mater Society.

this parochialism, largely unconsciously, are the newly acquired intermediate and senior professorial appointments who are brought into the departments to strengthen the academic branches of the university tree. Their loyalties, efforts, and unfortunately their values are all too often determined by a narrow dedication to the declared interests of their department and their own future within that structure. The department provides the buffer that can be applied to prevent effective contact with other disciplines, students, university decisions, or any other phenomena that it might prove opportune to avoid.

FACULTY AND OFFICIALS COMPLETELY OBLIVIOUS

All too often, when faced with such a judgment, faculty and officialdom are completely oblivious to the long-range interests of the university as a whole and shirk the responsibility for decision-making by striking an appropriate committee or legislating the solution designed to least antagonize the influential structure. This "myopia of the mental elite" of our society is prevalent in many areas, but nowhere is

(continued on next page)



'Chiang: U.S. Fraud'

By CHARLES A. BOWMAN

The Department of Fabrication and Fraud in Washington, D.C., has given out a new excuse for keeping Chiang Kai-shek in Taiwan. The servile press and radio are repeating it: "We cannot surrender the people of Taiwan to the mainland against their will." Ergo, the people of Taiwan must remain under the police state rule of the decrepit fugitive from mainland China, Chiang Kai-shek.

At the end of World War II, the Allied powers proclaimed Taiwan to be part of mainland China. It had been occupied as a Japanese colony since 1895. The people of Taiwan were glad to be rid of the Japanese; but they had no desire to be ruled by the Koumintang — the corrupt part of Chiang Kai-shek and T.V. Soong (Madam Chiang's brother). Nor did they want to join Mao Tse-tung's Communist China.

Taiwan is an island richly endowed with fertile land and natural resources. When the Japanese departed, Taiwan residents, mainly from the business and professional class, organized a provisional government.

In the meanwhile, Washington poured millions of dollars into the coffers of Chiang Kai-shek, in a vain bid to stop Mao Tse-tung. They were backing the wrong horse. Chiang's Koumintang forces were deserting, and going over to the Communist side. Chiang became a fugitive from the wrath of the Chinese peasants.

U.S. FINDS REFUGE

A place of refuge had to be found for Washington's defeated war-lord. President Harry Truman appointed a delegation to go to Taiwan, to arrange asylum for Chiang. The provisional government agreed that he could come to live on the island;

Mr. Bowman, past editor of THE OTTAWA CITIZEN, was intimate with one of the members of the U.S. delegation to Taiwan, from whom he derives the facts of this article.

but stipulated that he must bring no Koumintang forces with him.

Before Chiang made the move to Taiwan, he sent a party of Koumintang generals ostensibly to find a suitable place of residence for him and the Madame. When Chiang arrived, he brought a household staff including generals: an embryo military force.

The provisional government of Taiwan sent representatives to protest. They were arrested and imprisoned by Chiang. Taiwan students marched to protest this outrage. They were shot down. Chiang's son, trained in Moscow, proceeded to set up a police state. This since Washington betrayed the people of Taiwan.

EXTRA VOTE IN U.N.

It suited U.S. policy to go along with Chiang, and so-called Nationalistic China, as a possible threat of invasion to mainland China. It also gave the United States an extra vote on the Security Council of the United Nations.

In the original charter, the Security Council consisted of the United States, Great Britain, France, Russia and China. With the fraudulent Chiang Kai-shek police state on Taiwan accepted as Nationalist China, an act of adultery has violated the principle of the United Nations.

Now the Department of Fabrication and Fraud in Washington is putting out the statement, "We cannot surrender the people of Taiwan to the mainland against their will." The United States imposed a police state on Taiwan against the will of the people. The decrepit Chiang's Moscow-trained son is probably now ruling in Taiwan.

Washington could make amends by moving to make Taiwan a ward of the United Nations. Under United Nations supervision, the people of Taiwan could be allowed to decide for themselves, by referendum, whether they wanted to join with mainland China or to be allowed to govern themselves — free from the police state rule of Chiang Kai-shek's son.

AN APATHETIC ODE

By ROBIN JEFFREY



Council Chaps:
Perhaps
You'll remember the matter of the Thirty Dollars,
Which you require from each of us eager young scholars;
Thirty of them are mine.
Now — don't misunderstand me — I think that's fine;
In the past, I've always paid gladly and on time,
Because I felt I was paying for a sort of babysitting service,
Because, as everyone knows,
Parents don't hire babysitters because they are nervous
About kidnapers, fires or floods;
No, no; not at all:
They hire babysitters to keep their offspring from scribbling on the wall.
The purpose of the babysitter is to keep the children playing quietly,
without bangs, bumps or thuds.
And with Student Councils it is the same way.
It is recognized that at any university there will be certain young people
who — of their own volition —
(For we are a democracy still)
Will
Wish to play at politician.
These cleancutyoungfolk have all heard that Pitt was Prime Minister at
twenty-three and have likewise read *The Making of the President*
And biographies of Churchill, Lincoln and Ghandi;
All of which they have found just dandy.
Their goal, of course, is Law and the Liberal Party,
And to this end, they cultivate a hearty
Laugh, take courses in political science, and . . . most important . . . practise
their social-situation manners and tell each other cocktail-party
stories that may or may not be funny,
On my money,
Which is okay,
Because that's all I pay
It for:
To keep them happy and out of trouble while I get a B.A.
But occasionally all those inspirational books they read take over,
And they go gallyuming through the clover.
("Dover" would rhyme, too, but that would suggest an old-time song)
Looking for a wrong
To right,
Or the Great Pumpkin,
Or a cause,
Or a dragon to fight,
Or Santa Claus;
Just like in the days of Metternich, when governments were toppled
By students who tiptoed
And plotted in beer halls;
(Tippling beats toppling — but that's only my opinion).
Anyway, since I know a little about child psychology and am a fervent
believer in permissiveness,
I'd take an hour
And do all in my power
To find something suitable in the way of causes.

I'd investigate the possibilities of bringing one thousand Negroes to Gordon
Head,
And then importing ten thousand White Supremacists to beat them till they
were nearly all dead;
Thus making an A-1 cause.
Or I'd ask about re-routing troop trains for Vietnam through the McPherson
Library,
And then the Student Council could lie on the tracks and yell, "Yankee
go home!"
And issue statements refusing to succumb to intimidation or bribery . . .
While admitting, of course, that they might back down a little to locomotives.
Or if the Canadian Indian were any good,
A jolly fine cause would be Brotherhood;
But the Canadian Indian never seems to be in the right place, getting stoned
and taunted,
When he's wanted;
(Typical, that:
When you need a Canadian Indian, you never know where he's at).
So all the causes are gone.
Except Universal Accessibility,
And it's not the sort of thing to inspire another Marathon;
I mean, if you stood up in a crowded theatre and yelled,
"Tippecanoe and Universal Accessibility Too,"
It wouldn't be much of a coup,
Because by the time you'd finished,
The crowd would have been greatly diminished
By people getting tired and going home to bed,
Or dying of old age.
But I go on too long;
I would bring back the wandering monk
Who carried his university in a trunk
Upon his back,
And whose students made up for a lack of funds by great zeal;
And if, get involved in politics they did,
Always finished up like the Spook in the Wizard of Id.
Finally, then, let me paraphrase William Butler Yeats—
Just to show you that a university education put one on name-dropping
terms with the greats:
Tread gently, he said, for you tread on my dreams;
And that seems to sum up my view
Of you,
Student Council:
Play quietly, Council,
Sure, the whole thing is funny—
But play quietly, kiddies,
For you play with my money.

UVIC (CONT'D)

' . . . still old Vic College traditions which shackle innovation'

it more disappointing to detect than in the university itself — that same institution which is attempting to pursue "truth and the quest of excellence."

The plain truth is that the academic deals creatively and analytically in the realms of ideas, and much of what he thinks and publishes in his professional capacity is evaluated, not by any objective assessment of its truth or worth, but by what other academics at his own and other universities think of it. The old dictum that the quickest way to achieve academic prominence in a chosen field is by a well-directed and co-ordinated assault on the works of a colleague is unfortunately a method which occasionally exceeds the necessary boundaries required for rational and objective criticism. It is conducive to a defensive attitude, to a position of maintaining status at the expense of larger goals.

It is this narrowness, this tendency towards ineffective "compartmentalization" of the modern university, with its inherent retardation of the capacity for critical evaluation free from the influence of irrelevant factors prevails to a greater extent among its students, who in many ways invoke the occupational-professional enclave thinking of their instructors and who manage to pass through four or five years of university untouched and undisturbed by critical thought. The modern university is admirably selected towards problem-solving in selected areas; fundamentally it is becoming increasingly irrelevant for the student who realizes that

the choices in life cannot be pre-selected, and will demand a set of values to be applied to them.

The increasing student and faculty pressures for interdisciplinary courses in the first year has been shelved because of disagreements over the departmental designation of the suggested programmes. The symptoms are everywhere but the essential problem is still existent.

SCHOOL COUNSELLORS PICK WRONG BOX

It is significant that the single greatest complaint among students is not against the dehumanizing aspects of academic non-think, but widespread resentment against university and high school "counsellors" who are blamed by many students for directing them into a confining occupational or academic box early in their academic career. Yet in the vast majority of cases, the argument is not with being channeled into the box in the first place, but simply antagonism that the box selected by the professional choice-maker was the wrong one.

The career-oriented dialectic is often enough to deter creative professors from applying their own classroom techniques and mythology to create more meaningful and stimulating teaching sessions. We are all aware of the English 100 class that demands to be given either prepared notes or lectures suitably modulated for systematic copying. These classes exist, as do the mathematics students who clamour nosily

for a "model" problem without the cloudy abstractions of symbolic notation. The effect of such response (or lack of it) on faculty morale can often be decisive in driving yet another talented and creative professor into the more appreciative world of research.

Unfortunately, a general definition of the problem is only a partial commitment to its solution. The University of Victoria is a real institution and presumably its academic destinies rest mainly with those individuals who determine its policies, both officially and by indirect influence. The most serious questions that remains unanswered is not the expansion of the University, but how best to create the climate that will be most amenable to directed change. At present, the University is being splendidly interpreted to the community by its executive officers. What is needed now is a definition of its larger purposes to the university community itself and the type of leadership that can weld the university into something more than the collective (and often conflicting) aspirations of its faculty and students. The baronial spheres of influence within the university community, the commitment to narrow goals at the expense of larger ideals, the frustrating placidity among the majority of our students and faculty — all these must be subordinated to a doctrine that than gives first priority to long-range goals and is unafraid to identify the narrow motivations of short-term gains for what they are. Productive change is best accomplished in measured steps, but

the measured steps must be related to some concept of what the university should strive to become.

If humanistic definition and the possibilities of creating a significant university in the traditional sense go hand in hand, then those who seek the latter must admit that the ideals of humanism are already fighting a rearguard action on the present Gordon Head campus. The reservoirs of support presently exist for those who have the courage and imagination to define our objectives in a manner that suggests a firm commitment to a long-range vision rather than short-range arbitration.

UNIVERSITY MUST USE MEANS OF CHANGE

It has been said that diplomacy involves not so much a recognition of common interest, but an appreciation of the short-term mutual benefits of coalition. A justification of university policy-making on this basis alone has a built-in danger that it tends to become chronic in those who consistently apply it. The delicate machinery of human relations can be oiled by conciliation when conciliation is based on fundamental agreement in principle, but there are times when it may be more effective to refer the controversy to wider discussion if the real conflict is in the realm of the abstract. It would be tragically ironic if the University of Victoria were to limp to a superficial maturity because it had avoided invoking the forces of changes when it still preserved the means of rallying them.



'Congressmen, there will be Peace in Viet Nam'

By CHARLES BARBER

steadily preserving, protecting and defending democracy in South Viet Nam. We, as Americans, have no choice but to defend democracy wherever it is in danger.

UPI — Tran Van Thich burned himself to death today, protesting reprisals against 300 Buddhists who had participated in demonstrations over "religious intolerance" in South Viet Nam. The 300 were arrested for 'sitting in' at one of their temples after being repeatedly told to leave in order not to cause a riot. They were tried within the statutory 48 hours, and re-settled in remote strategic hamlets in an attempt to forestall any future public violence.

"Together, we have virtually stopped Viet Cong terror in the areas we control. In those areas, terrorism is a thing of the past. They are looking forward to a new life.

REUTERS — The Arvin captured more than 20 Viet Cong from the Mekong Delta in a series of lightning raids yesterday. They were caught in broad daylight in a village where they had been organizing communes, 'schools', and anti-aircraft teams. The 'Charlies', average age 18, were identified by villagers as their sons, but "they're lying, sure as hell," said one sergeant of 11 months combat experience. "You could just see how scared they were," he said, "they knew the Charlies would take it out on 'em after we left. You could just see them shake when we entered the village."

"We and our allies, we realize that if we don't stop communist aggression in Viet Nam, it will spread all over Asia, and the entire Free World will be in danger. Everywhere we look, we see more guerillas, more infiltration, more sabotage. They have hundreds of bases and camps, and are getting more all the time. We will never retal-

iate without purpose, but we do believe that their aggression and infiltration must be stopped before they have all of Asia.

UPI — Press Officer Robert McCloskey admitted today that the United States has "more than 35,000 troops and 18 air bases" in Thailand. They have been in operation "since 1964", he added, "but consist only of reserve units backing up our fighting men in Viet Nam." The Pentagon also announced that the United States now has 6,024 military bases defending the Western Bloc throughout the world.

"I am proud to be able to announce to you that we now feel our limited bombing in the North has considerably slowed down enemy activity there. We have been very careful, as careful as only we can be, to hit only military targets. Railways, oil depots, armaments factories and SAM sites have all been successfully attacked. Our men have bombed, all throughout the war, with the utmost precision and care.

UPI — Flight Lieutenant Larry Dykstra was awarded the Bronze Star for bravery in combat this week. Lt. Dykstra, commander of a B-52 squadron, commented, "You sure can't see much at any 36,000 feet, but when you let those babies go and feel that plane swoosh up, it's worth it." Dykstra's was one of the first bombers to hit Hanoi's vital railroads.

"Our boys are fighting an unseen enemy that is at the same time everywhere and nowhere, and he's fighting with courage and valour. It takes a lot of guts to fight in Viet Nam, and we should thank God our men have what it takes to fight in that jungle. We are proud of the record of our military men.



AP—Captain Archie Moore, USN, was court-martialled and given a "severe reprimand" yesterday. Capt. Moore, former "Mayor of Saigon" and now transferred to the Seventh Fleet, was allegedly involved in the theft of between ten and thirteen million dollars through illegal sales to Saigon's black market. General Westmoreland was unavailable for comment.

"But when this war ends, there will be peace in Viet Nam. The government can function, the people can buy and sell at their markets, and life shall go on as before—but with one vital change. The people of Viet Nam will look on us as they have never done before. There shall be peace and freedom, and we should be proud that we have left such a mark on Viet Nam. Thank you, friends."

CBS—The International Red Cross reported that as of this month, one out of every seventeen Vietnamese is now an amputee. "Mostly due to infection and hasty surgery after shrapnel wounds and napalming," an official commented. "After all, civilians get killed in every war," said former President Eisenhower.

"Congressmen, fellow citizens, friends. I have come tonight to report to you, loyal Americans all, what steps your government has taken since the Tonkin Gulf resolution you passed in 1964. We have met open, blatant aggression in Viet Nam, and your government has seen fit to give a series of limited responses to that aggression against our great ally, the government of South Viet Nam. The leader of that government, Air Marshal Ky, has told me personally that if it hadn't had been for us helping them out, conditions in Viet Nam would be entirely different from what they are today.

AP — Officials reported today that more than 18 square miles of formerly Communist-held territory were "burned to a crisp" today. More than 120 villages and 70 rice fields have been destroyed. Pilots were "disappointed" there were no secondary explosions, signifying that the huge Cong ammunition dumps had not been hit. "They must be underground", said one captain. The same officer denied charges that an 80-bed hospital had been destroyed. "Our intelligence told us it was only a factory with red crosses smeared on the roof," he said. The Than Doch hospital, 20 miles away, has been enlarged to accommodate villagers wounded in the raids.

"Through the partnership of us and the Vietnamese and our allies, we are

Mr. Barber is a first-year Arts student at University of Victoria.

FOO-COUGH

"Foo-Cough, Foo-Cough,"
I call your name
but sounds over here
are not there, the same.

★ ★ ★

Some day you will travel,
and then you will know
why I call you by name
when I hate your guts so.

★ ★ ★

A few 'round me smile
at what seems a good deed
for being so friendly
to this Chinese half-breed.

★ ★ ★

"Foo-Cough, Foo-Cough,"
my voice in disdain
as I see your coniving
through my liquor-blurred brain.

—Farley Rusk

Press CLIPPINGS

ON VIET NAM . . .

Of all the changes in American life wrought by the Cold War, the most important by far, in my opinion, has been the massive diversion of energy and resources from creative pursuits of civilized society to the conduct of a costly and interminable struggle for world power . . . (The Cold War) has consumed money and time and talent that could otherwise be used to build schools and homes and hospitals, to remove the blight of ugliness that is spreading over the cities and highways of America, and to overcome the poverty and hopelessness that afflict the lives of one-fifth of the people in an otherwise affluent society.

—SENATOR FULBRIGHT

Today America is no longer the inspirer of the world revolution . . . By contrast America is today the leader of the world-wide anti-revolutionary



movement in defense of vested interests. She now stands for what Rome stood for. Rome consistently supported the rich against the poor in all foreign communities that fell under her sway; and since the poor, so far, have always and everywhere been far more numerous than the rich, Rome's policy made for inequality, injustice, and the least happiness of the greatest number. America's decision to adopt Rome's role has been deliberate. . . .

—ARNOLD TOYNBEE

With one eye on the fierce fighting in Viet Nam, the army is charting a major modernization program. . . . Detailed plans already call for about \$16 billion of "hardware". . . . Both the army's spending plans and those of the other services promise added zip to the nation's peppy economy. The accelerated army purchasing alone may, if nothing more, tend to delay the day of any business let down . . . significant in undoing present plans would be cessation of hostilities in Viet Nam, whether springing from an agreed-on ceasefire or a unilateral disengagement by the Communist side.

—WALL STREET JOURNAL

My solution? Tell the Vietnamese they've got to draw in their horns and stop aggression or we're going to bomb them back into the Stone Age.

—GENERAL CURTIS LE MAY

POTTER'S FIELD - - Intense Rhythmic Control

By MARTIN SEGGER



Dear LBJ -- Help!

By GEORGE DUFOUR

Birthdays, as everyone knows, are not meant to be celebrated alone. This year Canada is celebrating her 100th birthday and I think it would be appropriate to ask our continental neighbour to participate — with a gift. Thus:

Dear President Johnson,

We're having our 100th birthday up here this year and I just wanted to let you know that you're invited. Of course now you're probably wondering what you're going to get for us. Well it's not easy I know so I thought I'd offer a suggestion or two.

Frankly we've been having that old problem with Confederation again and we're going to need your help. Your predecessors in office have been awfully decent in this respect, scaring reluctant provinces into the federation with menacing gestures, the Fenian Raids and all that and generally serving as a sort of watch-dog of Canadian unity. But that sort of thing has fallen off considerably recently, and Confederation has been suffering accordingly.

In short, Sir, we're rather short of national cause up here and what we need most from you people is a little menacing ill-will. Nothing expensive you understand, not like foreign aid. It would just be a little something special because it's our birthday and all that and you were probably going to get us something anyway. We could use any threats or provocations that you could muster at the moment. Anything that might help rebuild national unity up here and put a meaningful sense of purpose back in our national life. I assure you that we'd be quite harmless as an antagonist and there would be no necessity for Marshall-type aid if we stopped quarreling.

In the far past your country has been very kindly and obligingly belligerent on occasion. We are very grateful for past favors. It is only with the deepest regret that we feel we must request this new antagonism. Of course, we can't expect a

full-fledged invasion or even a quick punitive mission. We realize that you have your overseas commitments to consider. Nevertheless it is our birthday and we do have something of a traditional claim in this respect anyway. Besides it's definitely cheaper than foreign aid and probably no less rewarding.

We had hoped you might send us some more disapproving letters (like those ones about the **Mercantile Bank**) and perhaps even a public declaration of worsening relations. That could do wonders to preserve confederation. Please make the declaration in both French and English. There's no point in telling Mr. Pearson (he's our prime minister) to mind his own business again. You see we never think especially well of any of our own prime ministers anyway and we don't take offense if anyone else is rude to them. What you could do is to have your picture taken pulling the ears off a beaver or something. Send the negative to John Diefenbaker and he'll take care of the rest.

You could be very helpful, and we would be very grateful to you if you would say something about some of our hockey players. Please be sure to include both French and English Canadian players. Don't bother to say that they play dirty because that wouldn't be interpreted as an insult up here. Say they're all getting old and that the Russians play better. That would do very nicely.

As a clincher, you could top it all off by sending those Irishmen up again. The New York Police Force would do well enough (not too many please, and no guns). Failing that you could always send the Black Muslims or the Daughters of the American Revolution. Please let us know beforehand so we can get CBC coverage.

Just one more thing. Please don't make any more special arrangements with Mr. Bennett or Mr. Daniel Johnson. And don't let Dan's name fool you. He's French actually, like De Gaulle, and you know what they can be like.

Yours gratefully,

G.D.

Mr. Dufour is a fourth-year Arts student at University of Victoria.

"I give the name poet not only to those who bring a rhythm into language, but also, and primarily, to those writers who can perceive and make audible the hidden rhythms of life."

—EDMOND JALOUX

Mr. Capson's play is a powerful rhythmic experience. The oscillation of tone, the fluctuation of internal and external character-plot conflict combine to achieve an alive, pulsating, organic unity, which blends immediacy and power into an actor-audience nerve chord of total sensual communication.

The line of total intensity follows the action, and can be extended, in retrospect, through a series of parabolic curves, at the height of which, aesthetic distance shrinks, so audience and actors become united in an ecstatic union of sensual-emotional experience. The first scene introduces the theme in the statement of a prototype ritual. The steep curve upward into the ritual sequence is accented by the use of the spotlight introduction of the women, the movement from the mumbled orations to the wild, hissing, chant, "ALEX . . ." accompanied by the accelerated tempo of the bongo-beat, incorporating sound and action to achieve the frenzied pitch, satisfied only in the murder of Jafnar's son. The action then slows and dips through the parking lot sequence and the real introduction of mankind: Bolverk and Jafnar. Icicle intensity freezes action and tone to turn the audience in upon itself in the young priest's imagined silence sermon, an image of penetrating isolation awareness. By smashing the statue the young priest defies social convention, breaking the edge and thereby the whole wedge-blade-composite of Jafnar's and Bolverk's suppressed guilt complexes and child-fantasy world, the whole manufactured pyramidal structure of religious tradition, and accepted norms of human communication, is dashed to pieces. Then again the curve dips, not to attain such a symbolic-imagistic and tonal altitude until the second sacrifice where the repeated ritual, superceding in ferocity the first attempt, accomplishes in frenzied passion the stripping of the priest, his crucifixion, near sacrifice, arrested only to permit, on the down curve, the terribly grotesque and brutal cutting out of priests tongue, and his consequent death, which seems so cold, precise, and deliberate, yet ironically less offensive an action in its bestial rationality.

A strange counter rhythm interacts beneath the total surface. This is the working element that reaches beyond the blind, primitive, instincts that the sense level is continually bombarded with. The continual fluctuation of relationships that can allow Jafnar and Bolverk to, at one moment be father and son, the next competitive business-men or child-

hood friends. There is the omnipresent conflict, withdrawal and attraction, among the characters, and elements, and setting. The young priest searches for himself, for the real God, for an epiphany of reality in relation to himself. He wants to, yet cannot, help Nicki who drifts somewhere between the stage and the audience, the mists of neutrality. Jafnar and Bolverk fight for their own self-realization, their own Truth, yet when confronted with it, must react by silencing it, silencing the priest. They want to search the buildings, but cannot. The entertaining trinity stands by, viewing the scene with inhuman passivity. They are masked. Only Alex succeeds in removing the mask, in attaining humanity, but he is always: "too late." Besides, he has "done it once," now the sacrifice demands completion with someone else — a lamb. The stone trunk, a mystery of faith that contains the secrets, the masks, is shuttled up and down the stairs; it must not be discovered by man. Like the deodorant that covers the humanity of man, so the masks of human convention hide the Gods. Simie and Namie dazzle the audience with their searching lights, but show us nothing concrete. Thus total discord among older characters and younger, the priest and Nickim, the Gods, their masks, and the "final Word," the box, creates a pattern of harmonic discord.

The Gods are absolute, yet impotent. The characters are empty shells. As they cannot admit to the guilt of the son's death, neither can they allow articulation of the death of the priest. "Say it, Say it, he's . . ." screams Jafnar. The priest in a trembling death agony, gropes toward "it," but dies in the frustrated attempt.

It is, then, in a total structure of rhythmic variation, expressive in many forms of divergent yet cohesive conflicts, that Mr. Capson cuts into a segment from the Prometheus, Socrates, Abraham-Issaac, Christ, Ghandi tradition of sacrificial redemption, the cycle of life in which we "never make it." There is no conclusion; the play peters out into the curve of frustration, and the whole thing can conceivably happen again, and probably will. To be viewed as a rational entity, the play must be seen as the manifestations of a part of a cyclical whole. Its whole is a manifest archetypal ritual, for once lent flesh and real completion in dramatic intensity, but for ever to repeat itself couched in the niceties of our self-made religious-social conventions.

The play's obvious succession is the combination of unusual talent especially direction, notably the cast and essentially the playwright. One word, Mr. Capson: if truth be your passion, watch well your tongue!