

articulation or the solution of these problems.

Mass education and intimate, mass communications are turning us in the direction, at least, of direct democracy. The ancient Greeks believed that a citizenry of about 5,000 people was the manageable maximum for direct democracy. We shall see how it goes with 40,000,000 activists taking part. Public indifference to public affairs is by no means the whole problem. The problem is also of an opposite nature—too many untrained cooks in the kitchen.

One way or another, we are going to experiment our way, muddle our way through, if the world stays at peace. We *do* face a period, perhaps a long one, of a kind of guerrilla war in the big city ghettos, spasmodic in nature, often frightening in its effect. But nobody is going to “burn this country down” or “tear this country apart” as some of the militants so shrilly proclaim. We are not fundamentally a hating or oppressive people. There is still a deep evangelical streak, a true collective conscience, and it has been aroused.

The November election gave testimony to that effect. Wallace got a vote of more than 9,000,000, but most of it was geographically centered. He discovered that he was wrong in his repeated declaration that what he calls the red necks outnumber the others. The election showed very few surfacing currents of revolutionary sentiment, in spite of all the talk of the militants. The country supposedly was torn apart in spirit, its politics dangerously polarizing, yet it went right on with its normal pattern of reaction, in the test. It was reminiscent of the French people last spring. For several violent weeks they looked into the abyss of anarchism and extremism; then, given the chance of expression in another plebiscite, they went right back to de Gaulle and order and what seemed normal.

Until we do get our own house in better order, we shall not be able to play an exceptionally strong role in trying to get the world itself in better order. The existentialist faith in foreign affairs, as exemplified by the Kennedy brothers, the feeling that we do not exist in the world unless we *act* in the world—this faith is declining, as it had to. No one, anywhere, is going to believe in American promises, such as the one that we will abolish poverty in Asia, made by Mr. Johnson on his Far Eastern tour, when they see how desperately difficult it is for us to abolish poverty in our own country. Hopefully, the new Administration, along with the Congress, will undertake a truly searching re-examination of the very premises of our foreign policy of these last twenty years.

This nation is not going to go isolationist in the old-fashioned sense: we



“Allan, hurry, our son is on the 11 o’clock news.”

could not even if we would. But, of iron necessity, the heaviest concentration of the new Administration is going to be on our domestic affairs. Even some of our friendliest allies abroad are urging this course upon us.

This country has not yet realized itself; we have not reached our full potential. We have built a successful nation, but not yet a successful society or culture. If we could do that, we could bring to the world the greatest possible gift and

blessing, and one within our real powers.

First, we must somehow find our way back to a greater measure of common trust among ourselves. This is what Senator Muskie tried to tell his audiences this autumn. We *have* to trust others, he said, even those whom we may fear and who we suspect may wish us harm. We must, each of us, take this risk. That is what built this country when you get down to it: risk—and trust.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

DRAMACROSTIC

Fill in the blanks with the theatrical terms defined in Column One, and the initials of the correct answers, reading down, will spell out the name of an important American play (article omitted). Your quizzier is Sr. Mary Emmanuel of Gwynedd Valley, Pa.; for the solution see page 68.

- | | |
|---|-------|
| 1. Young innocent female: | _____ |
| 2. Dance planner: | _____ |
| 3. Speech to audience at end of play: | _____ |
| 4. Elizabethan court entertainment: | _____ |
| 5. Major character opposed to hero: | _____ |
| 6. Stylized Japanese play: | _____ |
| 7. Amusing Italian improvisation: | _____ |
| 8. Drama featuring singing: | _____ |
| 9. Determinant of character's action: | _____ |
| 10. Short musical interlude: | _____ |
| 11. Traditionally, originator of Greek drama: | _____ |
| 12. Pride, in a Greek tragic hero: | _____ |

Saturday Review

Editor: NORMAN COUSINS

Publisher: WILLIAM D. PATTERSON

Associate Editors: IRVING KOLODIN, HORACE SUTTON

Associate Publisher
RICHARD L. TOBIN

Science Editor
JOHN LEAR

Layout & Production
PEARL S. SULLIVAN

General Editor
HALLOWELL BOWSER



Poetry Editor
JOHN CIARDI

Travel Editor
DAVID BUTWIN

Executive Editor
PETER SCHRAG

Education Editor
JAMES CASS

Book Review Editor
ROCHELLE GIBSON

Art Editor
KATHARINE KUH

Editors-at-Large

CLEVELAND AMORY • HENRY BRANDON • HARRISON BROWN • JOHN MASON BROWN
CHARLES FRANKEL • FRANK G. JENNINGS • JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
ELMO ROPER • THEODORE C. SORESENSEN • PAUL WOODRING

Contributing Editors

GOODMAN ACE • HOLLIS ALPERT • JEROME BEATTY, JR. • JAMES F. FIXX
HENRY HEWES • GRANVILLE HICKS • ARTHUR KNIGHT
MARTIN LEVIN • ROLLENE W. SAAL • ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON • ZENA SUTHERLAND
WALTER TERRY • MARGARET R. WEISS • JOHN T. WINTERICH

A Year to Remember

WITHOUT taking anything away from 1968, surely a year to remember, there have in U.S. history been other years as eventful, as ominous, as difficult, and as filled with movement. The calendar just closed saw a bloodless revolution by the American people against the Vietnam war, the voluntary retirement of a President who desperately wanted peace and could move toward it in no other way. The nation's streets flowed with revolt and protest and, in Chicago during a great national convention, blood as well. Urban citizens went from one labor crisis to another, particularly in New York where teachers, sanitation men, firemen, electrical workers, fuel truckers, transportation unions, civil servants of all sorts, even the police, either went out on strike or threatened to do so. Campuses from San Francisco to Columbia seethed with such violence that the purposes of student protest were often

obscured or even unannounced. Great waves of illness poured over the nation as though no medical advances had been made since the plagues of the Dark Ages. Assassination seemed the order of the day. A third-party candidate for President campaigned on a hate and repression platform without precedent in this country, and won almost 10,000,000 U.S. voters to his cause. It was, in the end, a year of movement and distress, of four-letter words, and the beginnings of hope that we at last have begun to understand that our racial problem is close to the critical mass. It was a year of choking pollution, of nearly saturated transportation in the air and in the cities. Seldom since Job have so many ills risen to the surface of man's consciousness in a single season as the season of 1968.

YET, in all the days of our years as a nation, we have had worse and more critical winters of our discontent. In-

deed, in almost all of our national crises it has seemed to the men and women who had to live through them that nothing as forlorn had ever inflicted mankind before and that they were at this moment being asked to suffer beyond the limits of human patience. And, of course, this has not been so, as it is not so in the early days of 1969. A quick look at other eras and other new years, even in the short span of American history, makes one thing perfectly clear: 1968 was by no means unique and was, in fact, nowhere near the boiling point of disaster reached and overcome half a dozen times before in U.S. history. Go back quickly to the bloody snow and starving, frozen men who camped in the hills just west of Philadelphia in the desperate winter of 1778 at a place now holy to the American, but a nightmare called Valley Forge almost two centuries ago. There the ragged Continental Army had waited and starved, in the ghastly bloody frost of a winter filled with sleet storms and despair. Men had deserted hourly, sickened and died hourly, but there had in the end been a catalyst named George Washington and a cause named liberty of sufficient challenge to keep the heroic 11,000 patriots together until spring, and victory.

Abraham Lincoln, just over a century ago, told his fellow citizens in Springfield, Illinois, as he departed for the White House early in 1861: "I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington." And at his Inaugural a few weeks later, he could look upon a fracturing land that would split in two with the firing upon Fort Sumter and still say to his fellow Americans: "We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature." No better angels came, however, to relieve Lincoln's anxiety or the nation's for four more long, bloody years, each January of which seemed to those who had to live through it more forlorn than ever—until at last it was all over and the Union had been saved.

How can you explain to someone who was not there what it was like to live during the ghastly months just before Franklin D. Roosevelt took office for the first time? So many millions were out of work, some of them actually starving, that one American family in two was directly affected. Trade was as close to a complete standstill as trade can get,

(Con'tinued on page 63)

