



THE ECCLESIOLA

Quarter III Supplement

Out of last quarter the Ecclesiola was experienced as a deeply exciting spirit happening. The Sufi stories continue to dominate our thinking as an artful indirect way to explode imaginations and the Sufi studies spun us off into weeks of insights as to the transparency of our own journey and provided yet another handle into the articulation of the dark night. The two person team handling the whole Ecclesiola was seen to be key to the effective orchestrating of the dynamics and pace of the format. There were mixed reactions to team and sodality, though, overall, they were seen as helpful.

What has begun to come clear, which is an affirmation of an old insight, is that the ecclesiola is a spirit exercise of the community pushing at both rehearsing and deepening the developing mythology of the body...that the ecclesiola dynamics are self consciously enlivened as the form and content of the ecclesiola intersect the directions of the spirit of our times at a phenomenological level, producing a sense of being "on target!" The practical results of which is a varied articulation of spiritual experience and an encouragement to risk the new. The dangers of psychologism and abstract intellectualism are constant threats in so far as the construct and content are allowed to become a help for personal problems, a clarification of theological or pedagogical issues, or a moral goal to better performance. The health of our Ecclesiola is in keeping it as serious preparation for our external mission, in which the standing before the Mystery and corporately articulating the world's struggle in its deeps to remain and push through as faithful bearers of humanness in its heart.

Quarter III Ecclesiola construct is much indebted to the work of quarter II. The intensity of what is called for has been heightened by the impact on us of last quarters Ecclesiola and the accelerating awareness of the whole arena of Hope as we plunge deeper into Social Demonstration. The triangulation of these as spiritual awakening, joined with the increasing sensitivity to the world, points us to this quarter's Ecclesiola with a brand new seriousness. We are confronted with constructing something like the tips of laser beams, which lightly touch, explode and weld into new shape in an instant our spirit thrust toward the world.

The college, we believe, must hold the indirection, the ability to point both to the other world and the practical in this world and the kind of brooding spinning which positions us at the feet of mystery. Being crawling children in the arena of Hope we have turned to a form and content which would call us to ground ourselves experientially without attempting to wrap wrap up anything. What we are after is the dealing with hope as the objective appearance in life in which relationship to it is the action of our life (HRN Faith, Hope and Love.). While in one sense we have no way of knowing what we're talking about, i.e., looking for, we are out to get said our experience of the happening. We propose to make use of bits of a dramatic play as an art objective to initiate such a conversation.

In The Seminary while on one hand again it is most unclear and the selections even more uncertain, we are out to delve into formal Theological statements on faith, Hope and Love. For one, the trio seems inseparable in treatment at least in classical Theology and the broadening of our concern performs another step toward preventing wrapping up anything. Secondly, the study

is projected less as a definitional attempt as a way of objectifying our screens in grappling with hope. Presently an anthology of our own making, drawing from a range of theological and sociological writings is our recommendation.

The sodality is turned toward discerning the appropriate form of social demonstration for one's geographical setting. Taking the nation as the arena of concern, the sodality conversations probe into its sociological and historical dynamics with an aim of discerning the story that will release its gifts in the future. This is practical and directed to our present mission, while remaining reflective and open ended.

The solitary and team meeting would continue much as last quarter with a tightening of the construct. Drawing the solitary explicitly into the team meeting and simplifying the team meeting to a single spin, conversation, accountability and send out. The basic format of the Quarter II Ecclesiola Manual is assumed. The following pages provide the content of the study, the college, the sodality and the team meetings.

THE ECCLESIOLA					
DESIGNS		RECOMMENDATIONS			
Last Qtr's Exper	Quarter III Construct	The College	The Seminary	The Sodality	Solitary & Team Meet'g

<p>C O N G R E G A T I O N</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">INTERLUDE</p> <table style="width: 100%; border-collapse: collapse;"> <tr> <td style="width: 25%; border-right: 1px solid black; padding: 5px;"> Individual Preparation Before 5:00p.m. </td> <td style="width: 25%; border-right: 1px solid black; padding: 5px;"> Preparation By Teams 5:00-6:00p.m. </td> <td style="width: 25%; border-right: 1px solid black; padding: 5px;"> (Global Prayers) 6:00-6:10p.m. </td> <td style="width: 25%; padding: 5px;"> The Ever 6:10-6:40p.m. 6:40p.m. </td> </tr> </table>				Individual Preparation Before 5:00p.m.	Preparation By Teams 5:00-6:00p.m.	(Global Prayers) 6:00-6:10p.m.	The Ever 6:10-6:40p.m. 6:40p.m.
Individual Preparation Before 5:00p.m.	Preparation By Teams 5:00-6:00p.m.	(Global Prayers) 6:00-6:10p.m.	The Ever 6:10-6:40p.m. 6:40p.m.					
<p>E C C L E S I O L O G I C A L</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">COLLEGE</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">THE COLLEGE MEAL</p> <table style="width: 100%; border-collapse: collapse;"> <tr> <td style="width: 50%; padding: 5px;"> Singing Accountability & Absolution Day II Office Ritual & Prayer </td> <td style="width: 50%; padding: 5px;"> Introduction of Guests Invitation to the Feast Reading & Reflection Celebrations </td> </tr> </table> <p style="text-align: right;">7:20p.m.</p>			Singing Accountability & Absolution Day II Office Ritual & Prayer	Introduction of Guests Invitation to the Feast Reading & Reflection Celebrations		
	Singing Accountability & Absolution Day II Office Ritual & Prayer	Introduction of Guests Invitation to the Feast Reading & Reflection Celebrations						
	<p style="text-align: center;">SEMINARY</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">THE SEMINARY</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Appearance of Hope</p> <p style="text-align: right;">8:40p.m.</p>						
<p style="text-align: center;">SODALITY</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">THE SODALITY</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Global Social Demonstration</p> <p style="text-align: right;">9:10p.m.</p>							
<p>T E A M</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">THE TEAM MEETING</p> <table style="width: 100%; border-collapse: collapse;"> <tr> <td style="width: 33%; padding: 5px;">The Team Spin</td> <td style="width: 33%; padding: 5px;">The Team Reflection</td> <td style="width: 33%; padding: 5px;">The Team Accountability</td> </tr> </table> <p style="text-align: right;">9:35</p> <p style="text-align: center;">THE SOLITARY OFFICE</p> <p style="text-align: center;">The Long March Meditation Reading The Charting the Day Exercise</p> <p style="text-align: center;">----- The Comprehensiveness Prayer -----</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Send Out to Obediences</p> <p style="text-align: right;">10:00p.m.</p>				The Team Spin	The Team Reflection	The Team Accountability	
The Team Spin	The Team Reflection	The Team Accountability						

The Ecclesiola Procedures

<p>C O N G R E G A T I O N</p>	<p>7:30 AM Before 5-6 PM 6PM 6:15 6:40</p>	<p>Announcement Indiv. Prep Corp. Prep The Global Prayers Prelude</p>	<p>Bkfst Assi. Ldrsp All Host</p>	<p>Announce approach of ecclesiola & remind people of assignments both team prep & individual prep. Complete preparation so can be present to team prep. of space. The Host orchestrates the activities of teams assigned to space preparation, prelude event, E.G. structures, fare preparation. The Host announces when the prelude has begun & M-Cs that happening through the transition into the college meal.</p>
<p>C O L L E G E</p>	<p>6:45 7PM 7:15</p>	<p>The College singing & symbolic. The Suf Story Celebrations</p>	<p>Ped-agogue Host Ped-agogue</p>	<p>Singing-Two Songs Accountability for Presence by Name, Absolution. Day II Liturgy Grace is yours & Peace" The Prayer Introduce Guests Let us Feast Leads Celebrations of Life's Giveness Individuals Family Order</p>
<p>SEMI- NARY</p>	<p>7:20</p>	<p>The Seminary</p>	<p>HOST Ped-agogue</p>	<p>Sing one song as transition & suggests clearing procedure with a minimum of people involved. Context for Seminary Study Individual Review Reminds Set & Serve Team When To bring Snacks in.</p>
<p>SODA- LITY</p>	<p>8:40</p>	<p>The Sodal-ity</p>	<p>Host Host</p>	<p>Transition Song Opening Context</p>
<p>TEAM</p>	<p>9:10 9:15 9:10 9:15 9:10</p>	<p>The Team Meeting The Individual</p>	<p>Ped-agogue Team Prior Team Prior</p>	<p>Enables Transition I/T Team Spaces Common Memory Short Course Song Priorhood Spin Conversation Accountability for Daily Solitary Office/obedience, Absolution Transition into Solitary Office Solitary Office Send-out to obediences following short course on obedience</p>

THE ECCLESIOLA

THE TEAM MEETING

Objective: This quarter the team meeting is the time to share insights gained from our experiences of working in the church and in the world. The team as the global sign of Priorhood, through conversation creates a montage of individual's experiences of priorhood.

THE
CALLING
TOGETHER

The team prior gives one short course relative to foundational team dynamics.

The team sings one song needed to transform the mood of the group into openness to the Lord.

CONTEXTING
THE
LONG
MARCH

The prior gives a short spin out of his own insights during the week, relating to our future direction or the Wave and the Team.

The Prior asks the question most appropriate for the week:

1. What has intruded itself upon your consciousness this week? (Where have you found yourself pushed? What insights?)
2. What events of the past week revealed to you the directions of the Long March?
3. What events have clarified for you how care needs to be acted out in this day and age?

TRANSPARENTIZING
THE
MUNDANE

Review coming week's assignments briefly.

Specific accountability for the daily exercises of Daily Office:

"Were you present and on time for Daily Office during the past week?"

Absolution pronounced.

THE SOLITARY OFFICE

O
P
E
N
I
N
G

3 Bells:

L: In the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost. Amen.
C: Amen.

T
H
E

M
E
D
I
T
A
T
I
O
N

FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM

1 Bell:

L: Let us enter into the act of Meditation.

The Meditation Reading for the day is read.

A reflection is written.

L: Let one person share his writing.

O
F
F
E
R
I
C
E

C
O
N
T
E
M
P
L
A
T
I
O
N

TRANSPARENCY OF TIME

1 Bell:

L: Let us enter into the act of Contemplation.

Each person charts the day: (6p.m. yesterday to 6p.m. today)
A horizontal line divided into 24 hours is drawn and marked with
the events of all sections of that time.

The key events are marked; the key divisions are marked.
The sections are titled; the day is titled.

L: Let one person share the title of his day.

P
R
A
Y
E
R

THE COMPREHENSIVENESS PRAYER

1 Bell:

L: Let us enter into the act of prayer.

Each person views his Comprehensiveness Screen.
Each notes a concern under 3 of the categories.
Each holds these all before the Final Mystery by forming a
prayer in the classical form: Confession, praise,
petition, or intercession.

L: Let one person share his writing.

C
L
O
S
I
N
G

3 Bells:

L: Let each one announce the Word.
C: My life is pleasing to the Lord.
L: Amen.
C: Amen.

The following pages contain the script of the play "By The Skin of Our Teeth," by Thornton Wilder, a humorous portrayal of mankind responding to the crisis of the ice age, the flood and war. During the Ecclesiola meal, at least two people will read from the assigned passage with appropriate humor. This will be best done if no attempt is made to produce this play; reading the parts, including stage directions, is adequate. Readers will need to prepare in advance, but they need not be "up front" for the reading. An art form conversation follows the reading. Its aim is to push for grounding and experiences of those crises wherein "hope appeareth." Its mood is light and reflective. The play provides an objective, releasing form that spins one off to reflection in many directions. The conversation allows those p private spins to become self-conscious.

To cover the entire play in eight sessions requires readings of 15-20 minutes in length. This can be done if begun early enough in the meal. Otherwise, 5-10 minute readings should be selected from the designated passage. Recommended passages are listed below:

WK	FULL READING	SUGGESTED EXCERPT
1	69 (Act I opening)- 76 (...this whole play again.)	73 ("You've let the fire go out...)- 75 (...but I keep the home going.)
2	76 (The telegraph boy is seen...)- 84 (...say so in the first place)	82 ("Did you get my telegram?")- 84 (...say so in the first place?)
3	84 (Mrs. Antrobus is about to...)- 93 (Act I curtain)	84 (Mrs. Antrobus is about to ...)- 86 (...think about the play, either.)
4	94 (Act II opening)- 102 (...sea air and calm down)	100 (The Fortune Teller rises, puts...)- 101 (...Your despair. Your selves.)
5	102 (A passing Conveener bows...)- 110 (...Skip the scene.)	108 ("Just a moment, I have...)- 110 (...Skip the scene.)
6	110 ("Thank you, I knew you'd...) 118 (Act II curtain)	112 ("In the name of God, Mr. Antrobus...) 114 (...back to the hotel.")
7	119 (Act III opening)- 128 (...the room to rights.)	124 ("Gladys, there's something in ...")- 127 (...still the same thing.)
8	128 ("That's all we do-...)- 137 (Act III curtain)	133 ("George, do I see you...")- 137 (...and there was light.")

The college conversation follows the art form methodology, and is imaged as light and brief reflection in an effort to get indirect insights on hope against hope. Such insights are more triggered by the play reading than they are contained in it. The specific forms of the questions may be adapted from week to week, but the general model is as follows:

1. What lines do you remember?
2. Where were you "caught" by this reading?
3. What experiences of your own came to mind (and at what point)?
4. What insights have been triggered about "hope against hope"?

CHARACTERS (in the order of their appearance)

ANNOUNCER	MISS E. MUSE
SABINA	MISS T. MUSE
MR. FITZPATRICK	MISS M. MUSE
MRS. ANTROBUS	TWO USHERS
DINOSAUR	TWO DRUM MAJORETTES
MAMMOTH	FORTUNE TELLER
TELEGRAPH BOY	TWO CHAIR PUSHERS
GLADYS	SIX CONVEENERS
HENRY	BROADCAST OFFICIAL
MR. ANTROBUS	DEFEATED CANDIDATE
DOCTOR	MR. TREMAYNE
PROFESSOR	HESTER
JUDGE	IVY
HOMER	FRED BAILEY

- Act I. Home, Excelsior, New Jersey.
Act II. Atlantic City Boardwalk.
Act III. Home, Excelsior, New Jersey.

ACT I



A projection screen in the middle of the curtain. The first lantern slide: the name of the theatre, and the words: NEWS EVENTS OF THE WORLD. An ANNOUNCER'S voice is heard.

ANNOUNCER: "The management takes pleasure in bringing to you—The News Events of the World:" Slide of the sun appearing above the horizon.

"Freeport, Long Island:

"The sun rose this morning at 6:32 a.m. This gratifying event was first reported by Mrs. Dorothy Stetson of Freeport, Long Island, who promptly telephoned the Mayor.

"The Society for Affirming the End of the World at once went into a special session and postponed the arrival of that event for TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

"All honor to Mrs. Stetson for her public spirit.

"New York City:" Slide of the front doors of the theatre in which this play is playing; three cleaning WOMEN with mops and pails.

"The X Theatre. During the daily cleaning of this theatre a number of lost objects were collected as usual by Mesdames Simpson, Patcslewski, and Moriarty.

"Among these objects found today was a wedding ring, inscribed: To Eva from Adam. Genesis II:18.

"The ring will be restored to the owner or owners, if their credentials are satisfactory."

"Tippehatchee, Vermont:" Slide representing a glacier.

"The unprecedented cold weather of this summer has produced a condition that has not yet been satisfactorily explained. There is a report that a wall of ice is moving southward across these counties. The disruption of communications by the cold wave now crossing the country has rendered exact information difficult, but little credence is given to the rumor that the ice had pushed the Cathedral of Montreal as far as St. Albans, Vermont.

"For further information see your daily papers.

"Excelsior, New Jersey:" Slide of a modest suburban home.

"The home of Mr. George Antrobus, the inventor of the wheel. The discovery of the wheel, following so closely on the discovery of the lever, has centered the attention of the country on Mr. Antrobus of this attractive suburban residence district. This is his home, a commodious seven-room house, conveniently situated near a public school, a Methodist church, and a firehouse; it is right handy to an A. and P." Slide of MR. ANTROBUS on his front steps, smiling and lifting his straw hat. He holds a wheel.

"Mr. Antrobus, himself. He comes of very old stock and has made his way up from next to nothing.

"It is reported that he was once a gardener, but left that situation under circumstances that have been variously reported.

"Mr. Antrobus is a veteran of foreign wars, and bears a number of scars, front and back." Slide of MRS. ANTROBUS, holding some roses.

"This is Mrs. Antrobus, the charming and gracious president of the Excelsior Mothers' Club.

"Mrs. Antrobus is an excellent needlewoman; it is she who invented the apron on which so many interesting changes have been rung since." Slide of the FAMILY and SABINA.

"Here we see the Antrobuses with their two children, Henry and Gladys, and friend. The friend in the rear, is Lily Sabina, the maid.

"I know we all want to congratulate this typical American

family on its enterprise. We all wish Mr. Antrobus a successful future. Now the management takes you to the interior of this home for a brief visit." Curtain rises. Living room of a commuter's home. SABINA—straw-blond, over-rouged—is standing by the window back center, a feather duster under her elbow.

SABINA: "Oh, oh, oh! Six o'clock and the master not home yet.

"Pray God nothing serious has happened to him crossing the Hudson River. If anything happened to him, we would certainly be inconsolable and have to move into a less desirable residence district.

"The fact is I don't know what'll become of us. Here it is the middle of August and the coldest day of the year. It's simply freezing; the dogs are sticking to the sidewalks; can anybody explain that? No.

"But I'm not surprised. The whole world's at sixes and sevens, and why the house hasn't fallen down about our ears long ago is a miracle to me." A fragment of the right wall leans precariously over the stage. SABINA looks at it nervously and it slowly rights itself.

"Every night this same anxiety as to whether the master will get home safely: whether he'll bring home anything to eat. In the midst of life we are in the midst of death, a truer word was never said." The fragment of scenery flies up into the lofts. SABINA is struck dumb with surprise, shrugs her shoulders and starts dusting MR. ANTROBUS' chair, including the under side.

"Of course, Mr. Antrobus is a very fine man, an excellent husband and father, a pillar of the church, and has all the best interests of the community at heart. Of course, every muscle goes tight every time he passes a policeman; but what I think is that there are certain charges that ought not to be made, and I think I may add, ought not to be allowed to be made; we're all human; who isn't?" She dusts MRS. ANTROBUS' rocking chair.

"Mrs. Antrobus is as fine a woman as you could hope to see. She lives only for her children; and if it would be any benefit to her children she'd see the rest of us stretched out dead at her feet without turning a hair,—that's the truth. If you want to know anything more about Mrs. Antrobus, just go and look at a tigress, and look hard.

"As to the children—

"Well, Henry Antrobus is a real, clean-cut American boy. He'll graduate from High School one of these days, if they make the alphabet any easier.—Henry, when he has a stone in his hand, has a perfect aim; he can hit anything from a bird to an older brother—Oh! I didn't mean to say that!—but it certainly was an unfortunate accident, and it was very hard getting the police out of the house.

"Mr. and Mrs. Antrobus' daughter is named Gladys. She'll make some good man a good wife some day, if he'll just come down off the movie screen and ask her.

"So here we are!

"We've managed to survive for some time now, catch as catch can, the fat and the lean, and if the dinosaurs don't trample us to death, and if the grasshoppers don't eat up our garden, we'll all live to see better days, knock on wood.

"Each new child that's born to the Antrobuses seems to them to be sufficient reason for the whole universe's being set in motion; and each new child that dies seems to them to have been spared a whole world of sorrow, and what the end of it will be is still very much an open question.

"We've rattled along, hot and cold, for some time now—" A portion of the wall above the door, right, flies up into the air and disappears. "—and my advice to you is not to inquire into why or whither, but just enjoy your ice cream while it's on your plate,—that's my philosophy.

"Don't forget that a few years ago we came through the depression by the skin of our teeth! One more tight squeeze like that and where will we be?" This is a cue line. SABINA looks angrily at the kitchen door and repeats: ". . . we came through the depression by the skin of our teeth; one more tight squeeze like that and where will we be?" Flustered, she looks through the opening in the right wall; then goes to the window and reopens the Act.

"Oh, oh, oh! Six o'clock and the master not home yet. Pray God nothing has happened to him crossing the Hudson. Here it is the middle of August and the coldest day of the year. It's simply freezing; the dogs are sticking. One more tight squeeze like that and where will we be?"

VOICE, off stage: "Make up something! Invent something!"

SABINA: "Well . . . uh . . . this certainly is a fine American home . . . and—uh . . . everybody's very happy . . . and—uh . . ." Suddenly flings pretense to the winds and coming downstage says with indignation: "I can't invent any words for this

play, and I'm glad I can't. I hate this play and every word in it.

"As for me, I don't understand a single word of it, anyway,—all about the troubles the human race has gone through, there's a subject for you.

"Besides, the author hasn't made up his silly mind as to whether we're all living back in caves or in New Jersey today, and that's the way it is all the way through.

"Oh—why can't we have plays like we used to have—*Peg o' My Heart*, and *Smilin' Thru*, and *The Bat*—good entertainment with a message you can take home with you?

"I took this hateful job because I had to. For two years I've sat up in my room living on a sandwich and a cup of tea a day, waiting for better times in the theatre. And look at me now: I—I who've played *Rain* and *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* and *First Lady*—God in Heaven!" The STAGE MANAGER puts his head out from the hole in the scenery.

MR. FITZPATRICK: "Miss Somerset! Miss Somerset!"

SABINA: "Oh! Anyway!—nothing matters! It'll all be the same in a hundred years." Loudly, "We came through the depression by the skin of our teeth,—that's true!—one more tight squeeze like that and where will we be?" Enter MRS. ANTROBUS, a mother.

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Sabina, you've let the fire go out."

SABINA, in a lather: "One-thing-and-another; don't-know-whether-my-wits-are-upside-or-down; might-as-well-be-dead-as-alive-in-a-house-all-sixes-and-sevens. . . ."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "You've let the fire go out. Here it is the coldest day of the year right in the middle of August, and you've let the fire go out."

SABINA: "Mrs. Antrobus, I'd like to give my two weeks' notice, Mrs. Antrobus. A girl like I can get a situation in a home where they're rich enough to have a fire in every room, Mrs. Antrobus, and a girl don't have to carry the responsibility of the whole house on her two shoulders. And a home without children, Mrs. Antrobus, because children are a thing only a parent can stand, and a truer word was never said; and a home, Mrs. Antrobus, where the master of the house don't pinch decent, self-respecting girls when he meets them in a dark corridor. I mention no names and make no charges. So

you have my notice, Mrs. Antrobus. I hope that's perfectly clear."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "You've let the fire go out!—Have you milked the mammoth?"

SABINA: "I don't understand a word of this play.—Yes, I've milked the mammoth."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Until Mr. Antrobus comes home we have no food and we have no fire. You'd better go over to the neighbors and borrow some fire."

SABINA: "Mrs. Antrobus! I can't! I'd die on the way, you know I would. It's worse than January. The dogs are sticking to the sidewalks. I'd die."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Very well, I'll go."

SABINA, even more distraught, coming forward and sinking on her knees: "You'd never come back alive; we'd all perish; if you weren't here, we'd just perish. How do we know Mr. Antrobus'll be back? We don't know. If you go out, I'll just kill myself."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Get up, Sabina."

SABINA: "Every night it's the same thing. Will he come back safe, or won't he? Will we starve to death, or freeze to death, or boil to death or will we be killed by burglars? I don't know why we go on living. I don't know why we go on living at all. It's easier being dead." She flings her arms on the table and buries her head in them. In each of the succeeding speeches she flings her head up—and sometimes her hands—then quickly buries her head again.

MRS. ANTROBUS: "The same thing! Always throwing up the sponge, Sabina. Always announcing your own death. But give you a new hat—or a plate of ice cream—or a ticket to the movies, and you want to live forever."

SABINA: "You don't care whether we live or die; all you care about is those children. If it would be any benefit to them you'd be glad to see us all stretched out dead."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Well, maybe I would."

SABINA: "And what do they care about? Themselves—that's all they care about." Shrilly. "They make fun of you behind

your back. Don't tell me: they're ashamed of you. Half the time, they pretend they're someone else's children. Little thanks you get from them."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "I'm not asking for any thanks."

SABINA: "And Mr. Antrobus—you don't understand *him*. All that work he does—trying to discover the alphabet and the multiplication table. Whenever he tries to learn anything you fight against it."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Oh, Sabina, I know you.

"When Mr. Antrobus raped you home from your Sabine hills, he did it to insult me.

"He did it for your pretty face, and to insult me.

"You were the new wife, weren't you?

"For a year or two you lay on your bed all day and polished the nails on your hands and feet:

"You made puff-balls of the combings of your hair and you blew them up to the ceiling.

"And I washed your underclothes and I made you chicken broths.

"I bore children and between my very groans I stirred the cream that you'd put on your face.

"But I knew you wouldn't last.

"You didn't last."

SABINA: "But it was I who encouraged Mr. Antrobus to make the alphabet. I'm sorry to say it, Mrs. Antrobus, but you're not a beautiful woman, and you can never know what a man could do if he tried. It's girls like I who inspire the multiplication table.

"I'm sorry to say it, but you're not a beautiful woman, Mrs. Antrobus, and that's the God's truth."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "And you didn't last—you sank to the kitchen. And what do you do there? *You let the fire go out!*

"No wonder to you it seems easier being dead.

"Reading and writing and counting on your fingers is all very well in their way,—but I keep the home going."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "—There's that dinosaur on the front lawn again,—Shoo! Go away. Go away." The baby DINOSAUR puts his head in the window.

DINOSAUR: "It's cold."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "You go around to the back of the house where you belong."

DINOSAUR: "It's cold." The DINOSAUR disappears. MRS. ANTROBUS goes calmly out. SABINA slowly raises her head and speaks to the audience. The central portion of the center wall rises, pauses, and disappears into the loft.

SABINA: "Now that you audience are listening to this, too, I understand it a little better.

"I wish eleven o'clock were here; I don't want to be dragged through this whole play again." The TELEGRAPH BOY is seen entering along the back wall of the stage from the right. She catches sight of him and calls: "Mrs. Antrobus! Mrs. Antrobus! Help! There's a strange man coming to the house. He's coming up the walk, help!" Enter MRS. ANTROBUS in alarm, but efficient.

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Help me quick!" They barricade the door by piling the furniture against it. "Who is it? What do you want?"

TELEGRAPH BOY: "A telegram for Mrs. Antrobus from Mr. Antrobus in the city."

SABINA: "Are you sure, are you sure? Maybe it's just a trap!"

MRS. ANTROBUS: "I know his voice, Sabina. We can open the door." Enter the TELEGRAPH BOY, 12 years old, in uniform. The DINOSAUR and MAMMOTH slip by him into the room and settle down front right. "I'm sorry we kept you waiting. We have to be careful, you know." To the ANIMALS. "Hm! . . . Will you be quiet?" They nod. "Have you had your supper?" They nod. "Are you ready to come in?" They nod. "Young man, have you any fire with you? Then light the grate, will you?" He nods, produces something like a briquet; and kneels by the imagined fireplace, footlights center. Pause. "What are people saying about this cold weather?" He makes a doubtful shrug with his shoulders. "Sabina, take this stick and go and light the stove."

SABINA: "Like I told you, Mrs. Antrobus; two weeks. That's the law. I hope that's perfectly clear." Exit.

MRS. ANTROBUS: "What about this cold weather?"

TELEGRAPH BOY, lowered eyes: "Of course, I don't know anything . . . but they say there's a wall of ice moving down from

the North, that's what they say. We can't get Boston by telegraph, and they're burning pianos in Hartford.

". . . It moves everything in front of it, churches and post offices and city halls.

"I live in Brooklyn myself."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "What are people doing about it?"

TELEGRAPH BOY: "Well . . . uh . . . Talking, mostly.

"Or just what you'd do a day in February.

"There are some that are trying to go South and the roads are crowded; but you can't take old people and children very far in a cold like this."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "—What's this telegram you have for me?"

TELEGRAPH BOY, fingertips to his forehead: "If you wait just a minute; I've got to remember it." The ANIMALS have left their corner and are nosing him. Presently they take places on either side of him, leaning against his hips, like heraldic beasts.

"This telegram was flashed from Murray Hill to University Heights! And then by puffs of smoke from University Heights to Staten Island.

"And then by lantern from Staten Island to Plainfield, New Jersey. What hath God wrought!" He clears his throat.

"To Mrs. Antrobus, Excelsior, New Jersey:

"My dear wife, will be an hour late. Busy day at the office. "Don't worry the children about the cold just keep them warm burn everything except Shakespeare." Pause.

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Men!—He knows I'd burn ten Shakespeares to prevent a child of mine from having one cold in the head. What does it say next?" Enter SABINA.

TELEGRAPH BOY: " 'Have made great discoveries today have separated em from en.' "

SABINA: "I know what that is, that's the alphabet, yes it is. Mr. Antrobus is just the cleverest man. Why, when the alphabet's finished, we'll be able to tell the future and everything."

TELEGRAPH BOY: "Then listen to this: 'Ten tens make a hundred semi-colon consequences far-reaching.'" Watches for effect.

MRS. ANTROBUS: "The earth's turning to ice, and all he can do is to make up new numbers."

TELEGRAPH BOY: "Well, Mrs. Antrobus, like the head man at our office said: a few more discoveries like that and we'll be worth freezing."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "What does he say next?"

TELEGRAPH BOY: "I . . . I can't do this last part very well." He clears his throat and sings. "'Happy w'dding ann'vers'ry to you, Happy ann'vers'ry to you—'" The ANIMALS begin to howl soulfully; SABINA screams with pleasure.

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Dolly! Frederick! Be quiet."

TELEGRAPH BOY, above the din: "'Happy w'dding ann'vers'ry, dear Eva; happy w'dding ann'vers'ry to you.'"

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Is that in the telegram? Are they singing telegrams now?" He nods. "The earth's getting so silly no wonder the sun turns cold."

SABINA: "Mrs. Antrobus, I want to take back the notice I gave you. Mrs. Antrobus, I don't want to leave a house that gets such interesting telegrams and I'm sorry for anything I said. I really am."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Young man, I'd like to give you something for all this trouble; Mr. Antrobus isn't home yet and I have no money and no food in the house—"

TELEGRAPH BOY: "Mrs. Antrobus . . . I don't like to . . . appear to . . . ask for anything, but . . ."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "What is it you'd like?"

TELEGRAPH BOY: "Do you happen to have an old needle you could spare? My wife just sits home all day thinking about needles."

SABINA, shrilly: "We only got two in the house. Mrs. Antrobus, you know we only got two in the house."

MRS. ANTROBUS, after a look at SABINA taking a needle from her collar: "Why yes, I can spare this."

TELEGRAPH BOY, lowered eyes: "Thank you, Mrs. Antrobus. Mrs. Antrobus, can I ask you something else? I have two sons of my own; if the cold gets worse, what should I do?"

SABINA: "I think we'll all perish, that's what I think. Cold like this in August is just the end of the whole world." Silence.

MRS. ANTROBUS: "I don't know. After all, what does one do about anything? Just keep as warm as you can. And don't let your wife and children see that you're worried."

TELEGRAPH BOY: "Yes . . . Thank you, Mrs. Antrobus. Well, I'd better be going.—Oh, I forgot! There's one more sentence in the telegram. 'Three cheers have invented the wheel.'"

MRS. ANTROBUS: "A wheel? What's a wheel?"

TELEGRAPH BOY: "I don't know. That's what it said. The sign for it is like this. Well, goodbye." The WOMEN see him to the door, with goodbyes and injunctions to keep warm.

SABINA, apron to her eyes, wailing: "Mrs. Antrobus, it looks to me like all the nice men in the world are already married; I don't know why that is." Exit.

MRS. ANTROBUS, thoughtful; to the ANIMALS: "Do you ever remember hearing tell of any cold like this in August?" The ANIMALS shake their heads. "From your grandmothers or anyone?" They shake their heads. "Have you any suggestions?" They shake their heads. She pulls her shawl around, goes to the front door and opening it an inch calls: "HENRY. GLADYS. CHILDREN. Come right in and get warm. No, no, when mama says a thing she means it.

"Henry! HENRY. Put down that stone. You know what happened last time." Shriek. "HENRY! Put down that stone! "Gladys! Put down your dress!! Try and be a lady." The CHILDREN bound in and dash to the fire. They take off their winter things and leave them in heaps on the floor.

GLADYS: "Mama, I'm hungry. Mama, why is it so cold?"

HENRY, at the same time: "Mama, why doesn't it snow? Mama, when's supper ready? Maybe, it'll snow and we can make snowballs."

GLADYS: "Mama, it's so cold that in one more minute I just couldn't of stood it."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Settle down, both of you, I want to talk to you." She draws up a hassock and sits front center over the orchestra pit before the imaginary fire. The CHILDREN stretch out on the floor, leaning against her lap. Tableau by Raphael. The ANIMALS edge up and complete the triangle.

"It's just a cold spell of some kind. Now listen to what I'm saying:

"When your father comes home I want you to be extra quiet. He's had a hard day at the office and I don't know but what he may have one of his moods.

"I just got a telegram from him very happy and excited, and you know what that means. Your father's temper's uneven; I guess you know that." Shriek.

"Henry! Henry!

"Why—why can't you remember to keep your hair down over your forehead? You must keep that scar covered up. Don't you know that when your father sees it he loses all control over himself? He goes crazy. He wants to die." After a moment's despair she collects herself decisively, wets the hem of her apron in her mouth and starts polishing his forehead vigorously.

"Lift your head up. Stop squirming. Blessed me, sometimes I think that it's going away—and then there it is; just as red as ever."

HENRY: "Mama, today at school two teachers forgot and called me by my old name. They forgot, Mama. You'd better write another letter to the principal, so that he'll tell them I've changed my name. Right out in class they called me: Cain."

MRS. ANTROBUS, putting her hand on his mouth, too late; hoarsely: "Don't say it." Polishing feverishly. "If you're good they'll forget it. Henry, you didn't hit anyone . . . today, did you?"

HENRY: "Oh . . . no-o-o!"

MRS. ANTROBUS, still working, not looking at Gladys: "And, Gladys, I want you to be especially nice to your father tonight. You know what he calls you when you're good—his little angel, his little star. Keep your dress down like a little lady. And keep your voice nice and low. Gladys Antrobus!! What's that red stuff you have on your face?" Slaps her. "You're a filthy detestable child!" Rises in real, though temporary, repudiation and despair. "Get away from me, both of you! I wish I'd never seen sight or sound of you. Let the cold come! I can't stand it. I don't want to go on." She walks away.

GLADYS, weeping: "All the girls at school do, Mama."

MRS. ANTROBUS, shrieking: "I'm through with you, that's all!—Sabina! Sabina!—Don't you know your father'd go crazy if he saw that paint on your face? Don't you know your father

thinks you're perfect? Don't you know he couldn't live if he didn't think you were perfect?—Sabina!" Enter SABINA.

SABINA: "Yes. Mrs. Antrobus!"

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Take this girl out into the kitchen and wash her face with the scrubbing brush."

MR. ANTROBUS, outside, roaring: "'I've been working on the railroad, all the livelong day . . . etc.'" The ANIMALS start running around in circles, bellowing. SABINA rushes to the window.

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Sabina, what's that noise outside?"

SABINA: "Oh, it's a drunken tramp. It's a giant, Mrs. Antrobus. We'll all be killed in our beds, I know it!"

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Help me quick. Quick. Everybody." Again they stack all the furniture against the door. MR. ANTROBUS pounds and bellows. "Who is it? What do you want?—Sabina, have you any boiling water ready?—Who is it?"

MR. ANTROBUS: "Broken-down camel of a pig's snout, open this door."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "God be praised! It's your father.—Just a minute, George!—Sabina, clear the door, quick. Gladys, come here while I clean your nasty face!"

MR. ANTROBUS: "She-bitch of a goat's gizzard, I'll break every bone in your body. Let me in or I'll tear the whole house down."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Just a minute, George, something's the matter with the lock."

MR. ANTROBUS: "Open the door or I'll tear your livers out. I'll smash your brains on the ceiling, and Devil take the hindmost."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Now, you can open the door, Sabina. I'm ready." The door is flung open. Silence. MR. ANTROBUS—face of a Keystone Comedy Cop—stands there in fur cap and blanket. His arms are full of parcels, including a large stone wheel with a center in it. One hand carries a railroad man's lantern. Suddenly he bursts into joyous roar.

MR. ANTROBUS: "Well, how's the whole crooked family?"

Relief. Laughter. Tears. Jumping up and down. ANIMALS cavorting. ANTROBUS throws the parcels on the ground. Hurls his cap and blanket after them. Heroic embraces. Melee of HUMANS and ANIMALS, SABINA included. "I'll be scalded and tarred if a man can't get a little welcome when he comes home. Well, Maggie, you old gunny-sack, how's the broken down old weather hen?—Sabina, old fishbait, old skunkpot.—And the children,—how've the little smellers been?"

GLADYS: "Papa, Papa, Papa, Papa, Papa."

MR. ANTROBUS: "How've they been, Maggie?"

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Well, I must say, they've been as good as gold. I haven't had to raise my voice once. I don't know what's the matter with them."

ANTROBUS, kneeling before GLADYS: "Papa's little weasel, eh?—Sabina, there's some food for you.—Papa's little gopher?"

GLADYS, her arm around his neck: "Papa, you're always teasing me."

ANTROBUS: "And Henry? Nothing rash today, I hope. Nothing rash?"

HENRY: "No, Papa."

ANTROBUS, roaring: "Well that's good, that's good—I'll bet Sabina let the fire go out."

SABINA: "Mr. Antrobus, I've given my notice. I'm leaving two weeks from today. I'm sorry, but I'm leaving."

ANTROBUS, roar: "Well, if you leave now you'll freeze to death, so go and cook the dinner."

SABINA: "Two weeks, that's the law." Exit.

ANTROBUS: "Did you get my telegram?"

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Yes.—What's a wheel?" He indicates the wheel with a glance. HENRY is rolling it around the floor. Rapid, hoarse interchange: MRS. ANTROBUS: "What does this cold weather mean? It's below freezing." ANTROBUS: "Not before the children!" MRS. ANTROBUS: "Shouldn't we do something about it?—start off, move?" ANTROBUS: "Not before the children!!!" He gives HENRY a sharp slap.

HENRY: "Papa, you hit me!"

ANTROBUS: "Well, remember it. That's to make you remember today. Today. The day the alphabet's finished; and the day that we saw the hundred—the hundred, the hundred, the hundred, the hundred, the hundred—there's no end to 'em.

"I've had a day at the office!

"Take a look at that wheel, Maggie—when I've got that to rights: you'll see a sight.

"There's a reward there for all the walking you've done."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "How do you mean?"

ANTROBUS, on the hassock looking into the fire; with awe: "Maggie, we've reached the top of the wave. There's not much more to be done. We're there!"

MRS. ANTROBUS, cutting across his mood sharply: "And the ice?"

ANTROBUS: "The ice!"

HENRY, playing with the wheel: "Papa, you could put a chair on this."

ANTROBUS, broodingly: "Ye-e-s, any booby can fool with it now,—but I thought of it first."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Children, go out in the kitchen. I want to talk to your father alone." The CHILDREN go out. ANTROBUS has moved to his chair up left. He takes the goldfish bowl on his lap; pulls the canary cage down to the level of his face. Both the ANIMALS put their paws up on the arm of his chair. MRS. ANTROBUS faces him across the room, like a judge.

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Well?"

ANTROBUS, shortly: "It's cold.—How things been, eh? Keck, keck, keck.—And you, Millicent?"

MRS. ANTROBUS: "I know it's cold."

ANTROBUS, to the canary: "No spilling of sunflower seed, eh? No singing after lights-out, y'know what I mean?"

MRS. ANTROBUS: "You can try and prevent us freezing to death, can't you? You can do something? We can start moving. Or we can go on the animals' backs?"

ANTROBUS: "The best thing about animals is that they don't talk much."

MAMMOTH: "It's cold."

ANTROBUS: "Eh, eh, eh! Watch that!—

"—By midnight we'd turn to ice. The roads are full of people now who can scarcely lift a foot from the ground. The grass out in front is like iron,—which reminds me, I have another needle for you.—The people up north—where are they? "Frozen . . . crushed. . . ."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Is that what's going to happen to us?—Will you answer me?"

ANTROBUS: "I don't know. I don't know anything. Some say that the ice is going slower. Some say that it's stopped. The sun's growing cold. What can I do about that? Nothing we can do but burn everything in the house, and the fenceposts and the barn. Keep the fire going. When we have no more fire, we die."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Well, why didn't you say so in the first place?" MRS. ANTROBUS is about to march off when she catches sight of two REFUGEES, men, who have appeared against the back wall of the theatre and who are soon joined by others.

REFUGEES: "Mr. Antrobus! Mr. Antrobus! Mr. An-nn-trobus!"

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Who's that? Who's that calling you?"

ANTROBUS, clearing his throat guiltily: "Hm—let me see." Two REFUGEES come up to the window.

REFUGEE: "Could we warm our hands for a moment, Mr. Antrobus. It's very cold, Mr. Antrobus."

ANOTHER REFUGEE: "Mr. Antrobus, I wonder if you have a piece of bread or something that you could spare." Silence. They wait humbly. MRS. ANTROBUS stands rooted to the spot. Suddenly a knock at the door, then another hand knocking in short rapid blows.

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Who are these people? Why, they're all over the front yard. What have they come *here* for?" Enter SABINA.

SABINA: "Mrs. Antrobus! There are some tramps knocking at the back door."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "George, tell these people to go away. Tell them to move right along. I'll go and send them away from

the back door. Sabina, come with me." She goes out energetically.

ANTROBUS: "Sabina! Stay here! I have something to say to you." He goes to the door and opens it a crack and talks through it. "Ladies and gentlemen! I'll have to ask you to wait a few minutes longer. It'll be all right . . . while you're waiting you might each one pull up a stake of the fence. We'll need them all for the fireplace. There'll be coffee and sandwiches in a moment." SABINA looks out door over his shoulder and suddenly extends her arm pointing, with a scream.

SABINA: "Mr. Antrobus, what's that??—that big white thing? Mr. Antrobus, it's ICE. It's ICE!"

ANTROBUS: "Sabina, I want you to go in the kitchen and make a lot of coffee. Make a whole pail full."

SABINA: "Pail full!"

ANTROBUS, with gesture: "And sandwiches . . . piles of them . . . like this."

SABINA: "Mr. An . . . !" Suddenly she drops the play, and says in her own person as MISS SOMERSET, with surprise. "Oh, I see what this part of the play means now! This means refugees." She starts to cross to the proscenium. "Oh, I don't like it. I don't like it." She leans against the proscenium and bursts into tears.

ANTROBUS: "Miss Somerset!"

Voice of the STAGE MANAGER: "Miss Somerset!"

SABINA, energetically, to the audience: "Ladies and gentlemen! Don't take this play serious. The world's not coming to an end. You know it's not. People exaggerate! Most people really have enough to eat and a roof over their heads. Nobody actually starves—you can always eat grass or something. That ice-business—why, it was a long, long time ago. Besides they were only savages. Savages don't love their families—not like we do."

ANTROBUS and STAGE MANAGER: "Miss Somerset!!" There is renewed knocking at the door.

SABINA: "All right. I'll say the lines, but I won't think about the play." Enter MRS. ANTROBUS.

SABINA, parting thrust at the audience: "And I advise you not to think about the play, either." Exit SABINA.

MRS. ANTROBUS: "George, these tramps say that you asked them to come to the house. What does this mean?" Knocking at the door.

ANTROBUS: "Just . . . uh . . . There are a few friends, Maggie, I met on the road. Real nice, real useful people. . . ."

MRS. ANTROBUS, back to the door: "Now, don't you ask them in!

"George Antrobus, not another soul comes in here over my dead body."

ANTROBUS: "Maggie, there's a doctor there. Never hurts to have a good doctor in the house. We've lost a peck of children, one way and another. You can never tell when a child's throat will get stopped up. What you and I have seen—!!!" He puts his fingers on his throat, and imitates diphtheria.

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Well, just one person then, the Doctor. The others can go right along the road."

ANTROBUS: "Maggie, there's an old man, particular friend of mine—"

MRS. ANTROBUS: "I won't listen to you—"

ANTROBUS: "It was he that really started off the A.B.C.'s."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "I don't care if he perishes. We can do without reading or writing. We can't do without food."

ANTROBUS: "Then let the ice come!! Drink your coffee!! I don't want any coffee if I can't drink it with some good people."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Stop shouting. Who else is there trying to push us off the cliff?"

ANTROBUS: "Well, there's the man . . . who makes all the laws. Judge Moses!"

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Judges can't help us now."

ANTROBUS: "And if the ice melts? . . . and if we pull through? Have you and I been able to bring up Henry? What have we done?"

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Who are those old women?"

ANTROBUS, coughs: "Up in town there are nine sisters. There are three or four of them here. They're sort of music teachers . . . and one of them recites and one of them—"

MRS. ANTROBUS: "That's the end. A singing troupe! Well, take your choice, live or die. Starve your own children before your face."

ANTROBUS, gently: "These people don't take much. They're used to starving. They'll sleep on the floor.

"Besides, Maggie, listen: no, listen:

"Who've we got in the house, but Sabina? Sabina's always afraid the worst will happen. Whose spirits can she keep up? Maggie, these people never give up. They think they'll live and work forever."

MRS. ANTROBUS, walks slowly to the middle of the room: "All right, let them in. Let them in. You're master here." Softly. "—But these animals must go. Enough's enough. They'll soon be big enough to push the walls down, anyway. Take them away."

ANTROBUS, sadly: "All right. The dinosaur and mammoth—! Come on, baby, come on Frederick. Come for a walk. That's a good little fellow."

DINOSAUR: "It's cold."

ANTROBUS: "Yes, nice cold fresh air. Bracing." He holds the door open and the ANIMALS go out. He beckons to his friends. The REFUGEES are typical elderly out-of-works from the streets of New York today. JUDGE MOSES wears a skull cap. HOMER is a blind beggar with a guitar. The seedy crowd shuffles in and waits humbly and expectantly. ANTROBUS introduces them to his wife who bows to each with a stately bend of her head. "Make yourself at home, Maggie, this the doctor . . . m . . . Coffee'll be here in a minute. . . . Professor, this is my wife. . . . And: . . . Judge . . . Maggie, you know the Judge." An old blind man with a guitar. "Maggie, you know . . . you know Homer?—Come right in, Judge.—Miss Muse—are some of your sisters here? Come right in. . . . Miss E. Muse; Miss T. Muse, Miss M. Muse."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Pleased to meet you.

"Just . . . make yourself comfortable. Supper'll be ready in a minute." She goes out, abruptly.

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Don't say another word, Sabina. I'll be right back." Without waiting for an answer she goes past her into the kitchen.

SABINA: "Mr. Antrobus, Henry has thrown a stone again and if he hasn't killed the boy that lives next door, I'm very much mistaken. He finished his supper and went out to play; and I heard such a fight; and then I saw it. I saw it with my own eyes. And it looked to me like stark murder." MRS. ANTROBUS appears at the kitchen door, shielding HENRY who follows her. When she steps aside, we see on HENRY's forehead a large ochre and scarlet scar in the shape of a C. MR. ANTROBUS starts toward him. A pause. HENRY is heard saying under his breath:

HENRY: "He was going to take the wheel away from me. He started to throw a stone at me first."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "George, it was just a boyish impulse. Remember how young he is." Louder, in an urgent wail. "George, he's only four thousand years old."

SABINA: "And everything was going along so nicely!" Silence. ANTROBUS goes back to the fireplace.

ANTROBUS: "Put out the fire! Put out all the fires." Violently. "No wonder the sun grows cold." He starts stamping on the fireplace.

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Doctor! Judge! Help me!—George, have you lost your mind?"

ANTROBUS: "There is no mind. We'll not try to live." To the guests. "Give it up. Give up trying." MRS. ANTROBUS seizes him.

SABINA: "Mr. Antrobus! I'm downright ashamed of you."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "George, have some more coffee.—Gladys! Where's Gladys gone?" GLADYS steps in, frightened.

GLADYS: "Here I am, Mama."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Go upstairs and bring your father's slippers. How could you forget a thing like that, when you know how tired he is?" ANTROBUS sits in his chair. He covers his face with his hands. MRS. ANTROBUS turns to the REFUGEES: "Can't some of you sing? It's your business in life to sing,

isn't it? Sabina!" Several of the women clear their throats tentatively, and with frightened faces gather around HOMER'S guitar. He establishes a few chords. Almost inaudibly they start singing, led by SABINA: "Jingle Bells." MRS. ANTROBUS continues to ANTROBUS in a low voice, while taking off his shoes: "George, remember all the other times. When the volcanoes came right up in the front yard.

"And the time the grasshoppers ate every single leaf and blade of grass, and all the grain and spinach you'd grown with your own hands. And the summer there were earthquakes every night."

ANTROBUS: "Henry! Henry!" Puts his hand on his forehead. "Myself. All of us, we're covered with blood."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Then remember all the times you were pleased with him and when you were proud of yourself.—Henry! Henry! Come here and recite to your father the multiplication table that you do so nicely." HENRY kneels on one knee beside his father and starts whispering the multiplication table.

HENRY, finally: "Two times six is twelve; three times six is eighteen—I don't think I know the sixes." Enter GLADYS with the slippers. MRS. ANTROBUS makes stern gestures to her: Go in there and do your best. The GUESTS are now singing "Tenting Tonight."

GLADYS, putting slippers on his feet: "Papa . . . papa . . . I was very good in school today. Miss Conover said right out in class that if all the girls had as good manners as Gladys Antrobus, that the world would be a very different place to live in."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "You recited a piece at assembly, didn't you? Recite it to your father."

GLADYS: "Papa, do you want to hear what I recited in class?" Fierce directorial glance from her mother. "'THE STAR' by Henry Wadsworth LONGFELLOW."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Wait!!! The fire's going out. There isn't enough wood! Henry, go upstairs and bring down the chairs and start breaking up the beds." Exit HENRY. The singers return to "Jingle Bells," still very softly.

GLADYS: "Look, Papa, here's my report card. Lookit. Con-

duct A! Look, Papa. Papa, do you want to hear the Star, by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow? Papa, you're not mad at me, are you?—I know it'll get warmer. Soon it'll be just like spring, and we can go to a picnic at the Hibernian Picnic Grounds like you always like to do, don't you remember? Papa, just look at me once." Enter HENRY with some chairs.

ANTROBUS: "You recited in assembly, did you?" She nods eagerly. "You didn't forget it?"

GLADYS: "No!!! I was perfect." Pause. Then ANTROBUS rises, goes to the front door and opens it. The REFUGEES draw back timidly; the song stops; he peers out of the door, then closes it.

ANTROBUS, with decision, suddenly: "Build up the fire. It's cold. Build up the fire. We'll do what we can. Sabina, get some more wood. Come around the fire, everybody. At least the young ones may pull through. Henry, have you eaten something?"

HENRY: "Yes, papa."

ANTROBUS: "Gladys, have you had some supper?"

GLADYS: "I ate in the kitchen, papa."

ANTROBUS: "If you do come through this—what'll you be able to do? What do you know? Henry, did you take a good look at that wheel?"

HENRY: "Yes, papa."

ANTROBUS, sitting down in his chair: "Six times two are—"

HENRY: "—twelve; six times three are eighteen; six times four are—Papa, it's hot and cold. It makes my head all funny. It makes me sleepy."

ANTROBUS, gives him a cuff: "Wake up. I don't care if your head is sleepy. Six times four are twenty-four. Six times five are—"

HENRY: "Thirty. Papal!"

ANTROBUS: "Maggie, put something into Gladys' head on the chance she can use it."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "What do you mean, George?"

ANTROBUS: "Six times six are thirty-six.
"Teach her the beginnings of the Bible."

GLADYS: "But, Mama, it's so cold and close." HENRY has all but drowsed off. His father slaps him sharply and the lesson goes on.

MRS. ANTROBUS: " 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth; and the earth was waste and void; and the darkness was upon the face of the deep—' " The singing starts up again louder. SABINA has returned with wood.

SABINA, after placing wood on the fireplace comes down to the footlights and addresses the audience: "Will you please start handing up your chairs? We'll need everything for this fire. Save the human race.—Ushers, will you pass the chairs up here? Thank you."

HENRY: "Six times nine are fifty-four; six times ten are sixty." In the back of the auditorium the sound of chairs being ripped up can be heard. USHERS rush down the aisles with chairs and hand them over.

GLADYS: " 'And God called the light Day and the darkness he called Night.' "

SABINA: "Pass up your chairs, everybody. Save the human race."

CURTAIN

ACT II



Toward the end of the intermission, though with the house-lights still up, lantern slide projections begin to appear on the curtain. Timetables for trains leaving Pennsylvania Station for Atlantic City. Advertisements of Atlantic City hotels, drugstores, churches, rug merchants; fortune tellers, Bingo parlors.

When the house-lights go down, the voice of an ANNOUNCER is heard.

ANNOUNCER: "The Management now brings you the News Events of the World. Atlantic City, New Jersey:" Projection of a chrome postcard of the waterfront, trimmed in mica with the legend: FUN AT THE BEACH.

"This great convention city is playing host this week to the anniversary convocation of that great fraternal order,—the Ancient and Honorable Order of Mammals, Subdivision Humans. This great fraternal, militant and burial society is celebrating on the Boardwalk, ladies and gentlemen, its six hundred thousandth Annual Convention.

"It has just elected its president for the ensuing term,—"
Projection of MR. and MRS. ANTROBUS posed as they will be shown a few moments later.

"Mr. George Antrobus of Excelsior, New Jersey. We show you President Antrobus and his gracious and charming wife,

every inch a mammal. Mr. Antrobus has had a long and chequered career. Credit has been paid to him for many useful enterprises including the introduction of the lever, of the wheel and the brewing of beer. Credit has also been extended to President Antrobus's gracious and charming wife for many practical suggestions, including the hem, the gore, and the gusset; and the novelty of the year,—frying in oil. Before we show you Mr. Antrobus accepting the nomination, we have an important announcement to make. As many of you know, this great celebration of the Order of the Mammals has received delegations from the other rival Orders,—or shall we say: esteemed concurrent Orders: the WINGS, the FINS, the SHELLS, and so on. These Orders are holding their conventions also, in various parts of the world, and have sent representatives to our own, two of a kind.

"Later in the day we will show you President Antrobus broadcasting his words of greeting and congratulation to the collected assemblies of the whole natural world.

"Ladies and Gentlemen! We give you President Antrobus!" The screen becomes a Transparency. MR. ANTROBUS stands beside a pedestal; MRS. ANTROBUS is seated wearing a corsage of orchids. ANTROBUS wears an untidy Prince Albert; spats; from a red rosette in his buttonhole hangs a fine long purple ribbon of honor. He wears a gay lodge hat,—something between a fez and a legionnaire's cap.

ANTROBUS: "Fellow-mammals, fellow vertebrates, fellow-humans, I thank you. Little did my dear parents think,—when they told me to stand on my own two feet,—that I'd arrive at this place.

"My friends, we have come a long way.

"During this week of happy celebration it is perhaps not fitting that we dwell on some of the difficult times we have been through. The dinosaur is extinct—" Applause. "—the ice has retreated; and the common cold is being pursued by every means within our power." MRS. ANTROBUS sneezes, laughs prettily, and murmurs: "I beg your pardon."

"In our memorial service yesterday we did honor to all our friends and relatives who are no longer with us, by reason of cold, earthquakes, plagues and . . . and . . ." Coughs. "differences of opinion.

"As our Bishop so ably said . . . uh . . . so ably said. . . ."

MRS. ANTROBUS, closed lips: "Gone, but not forgotten."

ANTROBUS: "They are gone, but not forgotten."
 "I think I can say, I think I can prophesy with complete . . . uh . . . with complete. . ."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Confidence."

ANTROBUS: "Thank you, my dear,—With complete lack of confidence, that a new day of security is about to dawn.
 "The watchword of the closing year was: Work. I give you the watchword for the future: Enjoy Yourselves."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "George, sit down!"

ANTROBUS: "Before I close, however, I wish to answer one of those unjust and malicious accusations that were brought against me during this last electoral campaign.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the charge was made that at various points in my career I leaned toward joining some of the rival orders,—that's a lie.

"As I told reporters of the *Atlantic City Herald*, I do not deny that a few months before my birth I hesitated between . . . uh . . . between pinfeathers and gill-breathing,—and so did many of us here,—but for the last million years I have been viviparous, hairy and diaphragmatic." Applause. Cries of 'Good old Antrobus,' 'The Prince chap!' 'Georgie,' etc.

ANNOUNCER: "Thank you. Thank you very much, Mr. Antrobus.

"Now I know that our visitors will wish to hear a word from that gracious and charming mammal, Mrs. Antrobus, wife and mother,—Mrs. Antrobus!" MRS. ANTROBUS rises, lays her program on her chair, bows and says:

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Dear friends, I don't really think I should say anything. After all, it was my husband who was elected and not I.

"Perhaps, as president of the Women's Auxiliary Bed and Board Society,—I had some notes here, oh, yes, here they are:—I should give a short report from some of our committees that have been meeting in this beautiful city.

"Perhaps it may interest you to know that it has at last been decided that the tomato is edible. Can you all hear me? The tomato is edible.

"A delegate from across the sea reports that the thread woven by the silkworm gives a cloth . . . I have a sample of it here . . . can you see it? smooth, elastic. I should say that

it's rather attractive,—though personally I prefer less shiny surfaces. Should the windows of a sleeping apartment be open or shut? I know all mothers will follow our debates on this matter with close interest. I am sorry to say that the most expert authorities have not yet decided. It does seem to me that the night air would be bound to be unhealthy for our children, but there are many distinguished authorities on both sides. Well, I could go on talking forever,—as Shakespeare says: a woman's work is seldom done; but I think I'd better join my husband in saying thank you, and sit down. Thank you." She sits down.

ANNOUNCER: "Oh, Mrs. Antrobus!"

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Yes?"

ANNOUNCER: "We understand that you are about to celebrate a wedding anniversary. I know our listeners would like to extend their felicitations and hear a few words from you on that subject."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "I have been asked by this kind gentleman . . . yes, my friends, this Spring Mr. Antrobus and I will be celebrating our five thousandth wedding anniversary.

"I don't know if I speak for my husband, but I can say that, as for me, I regret every moment of it." Laughter of confusion. "I beg your pardon. What I mean to say is that I do not regret one moment of it. I hope none of you catch my cold. We have two children. We've always had two children, though it hasn't always been the same two. But as I say, we have two fine children, and we're very grateful for that. Yes, Mr. Antrobus and I have been married five thousand years. Each wedding anniversary reminds me of the times when there were no weddings. We had to crusade for marriage. Perhaps there are some women within the sound of my voice who remember that crusade and those struggles; we fought for it, didn't we? We chained ourselves to lampposts and we made disturbances in the Senate,—anyway, at last we women got the ring.

"A few men helped us, but I must say that most men blocked our way at every step: they said we were unfeminine.

"I only bring up these unpleasant memories, because I see some signs of backsliding from that great victory.

"Oh, my fellow mammals, keep hold of that.

"My husband says that the watchword for the year is Enjoy

Yourselves. I think that's very open to misunderstanding. My watchword for the year is: Save the Family. It's held together for over five thousand years: Save it! Thank you."

ANNOUNCER: "Thank you, Mrs. Antrobus." The transparency disappears. "We had hoped to show you the Beauty Contest that took place here today.

"President Antrobus, an experienced judge of pretty girls, gave the title of Miss Atlantic City 1942, to Miss Lily-Sabina Fairweather, charming hostess of our Boardwalk Bingo Parlor.

"Unfortunately, however, our time is up, and I must take you to some views of the Convention City and conveners,—enjoying themselves."

A burst of music; the curtain rises.

The Boardwalk. The audience is sitting in the ocean. A hand-rail of scarlet cord stretches across the front of the stage. A ramp—also with scarlet hand rail—descends to the right corner of the orchestra pit where a great scarlet beach umbrella or a cabana stands. Front and right stage left are benches facing the sea; attached to each bench is a street-lamp.

The only scenery is two cardboard cut-outs six feet high, representing shops at the back of the stage. Reading from left to right they are: SALT WATER TAFFY; FORTUNE TELLER; then the blank space; BINGO PARLOR; TURKISH BATH. They have practical doors, that of the Fortune Teller's being hung with bright gypsy curtains.

By the left proscenium and rising from the orchestra pit is the weather signal; it is like the mast of a ship with cross bars. From time to time black discs are hung on it to indicate the storm and hurricane warnings. Three roller chairs, pushed by melancholy NEGROES file by empty. Throughout the act they traverse the stage in both directions.

From time to time, CONVEENERS, dressed like MR. ANTROBUS, cross the stage. Some walk sedately by; others engage in inane horseplay. The old gypsy FORTUNE TELLER is seated at the door of her shop, smoking a corn-cob pipe.

From the Bingo Parlor comes the voice of the CALLER.

BINGO CALLER: "A-Nine; A-Nine. C-Twenty-six; C-Twenty-six. A-Four; A-Four. B-Twelve."

CHORUS, back-stage: "Bingo!!!" The front of the Bingo Par-

lor shudders, rises a few feet in the air and returns to the ground trembling.

FORTUNE TELLER, mechanically, to the unconscious back of a passerby, pointing with her pipe: "Bright's disease! Your partner's deceiving you in that Kansas City deal. You'll have six grandchildren. Avoid high places." She rises and shouts after another: "Cirrhosis of the liver!" SABINA appears at the door of the Bingo Parlor. She hugs about her a blue raincoat that almost conceals her red bathing suit. She tries to catch the FORTUNE TELLER's attention.

SABINA: "Ssssst! Esmeralda! Ssssst!"

FORTUNE TELLER: "Keck!"

SABINA: "Has President Antrobus come along yet?"

FORTUNE TELLER: "No, no, no. Get back there. Hide yourself."

SABINA: "I'm afraid I'll miss him. Oh, Esmeralda, if I fail in this, I'll die; I know I'll die. President Antrobus!!! And I'll be his wife! If it's the last thing I'll do, I'll be Mrs. George Antrobus.—Esmeralda, tell me my future."

FORTUNE TELLER: "Keck!"

SABINA: "All right, I'll tell *you* my future." Laughing dreamily and tracing it out with one finger on the palm of her hand. "I've won the Beauty Contest in Atlantic City,—well, I'll win the Beauty Contest of the whole world. I'll take President Antrobus away from that wife of his. Then I'll take every man away from his wife. I'll turn the whole earth upside down."

FORTUNE TELLER: "Keck!"

SABINA: "When all those husbands just think about me they'll get dizzy. They'll faint in the streets. They'll have to lean against lampposts.—Esmeralda, who was Helen of Troy?"

FORTUNE TELLER, furiously: "Shut your foolish mouth. When Mr. Antrobus comes along you can see what you can do. Until then,—go away." SABINA laughs. As she returns to the door of her Bingo Parlor a group of CONVEENERS rush over and smother her with attention: "Oh, Miss Lily, you know me. You've known me for years."

SABINA: "Go away, boys, go away. I'm after bigger fry than you are.—Why, Mr. Simpson! How *dare* you!! I expect that even you nobodies must have girls to amuse you; but where you find them and what you do with them, is of absolutely no interest to me." Exit. The CONVEENERS squeal with pleasure and stumble in after her. The FORTUNE TELLER rises, puts her pipe down on the stool, unfurls her voluminous skirts, gives a sharp wrench to her bodice and strolls towards the audience, swinging her hips like a young woman.

FORTUNE TELLER: "I tell the future. Keck. Nothing easier. Everybody's future is in their face. Nothing easier.

"But who can tell your past,—eh? Nobody!

"Your youth,—where did it go? It slipped away while you weren't looking. While you were asleep. While you were drunk? Puh! You're like our friend, Mr. and Mrs. Antrobus; you lie awake nights trying to know your past. What did it mean? What was it trying to say to you?

"Think! Think! Split your heads. I can't tell the past and neither can you. If anybody tries to tell you the past, take my word for it, they're charlatans! Charlatans! But I can tell you the future." She suddenly barks at a passing chair-pusher. "Apoplexy!" She returns to the audience. "Nobody listens.—Keck! I see a face among you now—I won't embarrass him by pointing him out, but, listen, it may be you: Next year the watchsprings inside you will crumple up. Death by regret,—Type Y. It's in the corners of your mouth. You'll decide that you should have lived for pleasure, but that you missed it. Death by regret,—Type Y. . . . Avoid mirrors. You'll try to be angry,—but no!—no anger." Far forward, confidentially. "And now what's the immediate future of our friends, the Antrobuses? Oh, you've seen it as well as I have, keck,—that dizziness of the head; that Great Man dizziness? The inventor of beer and gunpowder? The sudden fits of temper and then the long stretches of inertia? 'I'm a sultan; let my slave-girls fan me?'

"You know as well as I do what's coming. Rain. Rain. Rain in floods. The deluge. But first you'll see shameful things—shameful things. Some of you will be saying: 'Let him drown. He's not worth saving. Give the whole thing up.' I can see it in your faces. But you're wrong. Keep your doubts and despairs to yourselves.

"Again there'll be the narrow escape. The survival of a handful. From destruction,—total destruction." She points sweep-

ing with her hand to the stage. "Even of the animals, a few will be saved: two of a kind, male and female, two of a kind." The heads of CONVEENERS appear about the stage and in the orchestra pit, jeering at her.

CONVEENERS: "Charlatan! Madam Kill-joy! Mrs. Jeremiah! Charlatan!"

FORTUNE TELLER: "And *you!* Mark my words before it's too late. Where'll *you* be?"

CONVEENERS: "The croaking raven. Old dust and ashes. Rags, bottles, sacks."

FORTUNE TELLER: "Yes, stick out your tongues. You can't stick your tongues out far enough to lick the death-sweat from your foreheads. It's too late to work now—bail out the flood with your soup spoons. You've had your chance and you've lost."

CONVEENERS: "Enjoy yourselves!!!" They disappear. The FORTUNE TELLER looks off left and puts her finger on her lip.

FORTUNE TELLER: "They're coming—the Antrobuses. Keck. Your hope. Your despair. Your selves." Enter from the left, MR. and MRS. ANTROBUS and GLADYS.

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Gladys Antrobus, stick your stummick in."

GLADYS: "But it's easier this way."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Well, it's too bad the new president has such a clumsy daughter, that's all I can say. Try and be a lady."

FORTUNE TELLER: "Aijah! That's been said a hundred billion times."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Goodness! Where's Henry? He was here just a minute ago. Henry!" Sudden violent stir. A roller-chair appears from the left. About it are dancing in great excitement HENRY and a NEGRO CHAIR-PUSHER.

HENRY, slingshot in hand: "I'll put your eye out. I'll make you yell, like you never yelled before."

NEGRO, at the same time: "Now, I warns you. I warns you. If you make me mad, you'll get hurt."

ANTROBUS: "Henry! What is this? Put down that slingshot."

MRS. ANTROBUS, at the same time: "Henry! HENRY! Behave yourself."

FORTUNE TELLER: "That's right, young man. There are too many people in the world as it is. Everybody's in the way, except one's self."

HENRY: "All I wanted to do was—have some fun."

NEGRO: "Nobody can't touch my chair, nobody, without I allow 'em to. You get clean away from me and you get away fast." He pushes his chair off, muttering.

ANTROBUS: "What were you doing, Henry?"

HENRY: "Everybody's always getting mad. Everybody's always trying to push you around. I'll make him sorry for this; I'll make him sorry."

ANTROBUS: "Give me that slingshot."

HENRY: "I won't. I'm sorry I came to this place. I wish I weren't here. I wish I weren't anywhere."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Now, Henry, don't get so excited about nothing. I declare I don't know what we're going to do with you. Put your slingshot in your pocket, and don't try to take hold of things that don't belong to you."

ANTROBUS: "After this you can stay home. I wash my hands of you."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Come now, let's forget all about it. Everybody take a good breath of that sea air and calm down." A passing CONVEENER bows to ANTROBUS who nods to him. "Who was that you spoke to, George?"

ANTROBUS: "Nobody, Maggie. Just the candidate who ran against me in the election."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "The man who ran against you in the election!!" She turns and waves her umbrella after the disappearing CONVEENER. "My husband didn't speak to you and he never will speak to you."

ANTROBUS: "Now, Maggie."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "After those lies you told about him in your speeches! Lies, that's what they were."

GLADYS AND HENRY: "Mama, everybody's looking at you. Everybody's laughing at you."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "If you must know, my husband's a SAINT, a downright SAINT, and you're not fit to speak to him on the street."

ANTROBUS: "Now, Maggie, now, Maggie, that's enough of that."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "George Antrobus, you're a perfect worm. If you won't stand up for yourself, I will."

GLADYS: "Mama, you just act awful in public."

MRS. ANTROBUS, laughing: "Well, I must say I enjoyed it. I feel better. Wish his wife had been there to hear it. Children, what do you want to do?"

GLADYS: "Papa, can we ride in one of those chairs? Mama, I want to ride in one of those chairs."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "No, sir. If you're tired you just sit where you are. We have no money to spend on foolishness."

ANTROBUS: "I guess we have enough for a thing like that. It's one of the things you do at Atlantic City."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Oh, we have? I tell you it's a miracle my children have shoes to stand up in. I didn't think I'd ever live to see them pushed around in chairs."

ANTROBUS: "We're on a vacation, aren't we? We have a right to some treats, I guess. Maggie, some day you're going to drive me crazy."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "All right, go. I'll just sit here and laugh at you. And you can give me my dollar right in my hand. Mark my words, a rainy day is coming. There's a rainy day ahead of us. I feel it in my bones. Go on, throw your money around. I can starve. I've starved before. I know how." A CONVEENER puts his head through Turkish Bath window, and says with raised eyebrows:

CONVEENER: "Hello, George. How are ya? I see where you brought the WHOLE family along."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "And what do you mean by that?" CONVEENER withdraws head and closes window.

Chicago Centrum
Global Guardians Meeting

T-274, JWM
October 12, 1974

HOPE

Recently, a few of us went to see a very wealthy manufacturer who is 71 years old. We went filled with hope that we could tell him about something that would really excite him. We took him to a fine restaurant in a fine old hotel and the four of us sat down at a table. This gentleman proceeded to talk for the next two hours straight. I barely had three minutes to bring up the subject we had paid for the lunch to talk about and by the time the three minutes came up, I did not want to say a thing. I just wanted to leave.

For two hours, this man spouted nothing but cynicism, cynicism, cynicism. He did not come up for air. The interesting thing was that in no time, he had the three of us down under the table with him because everything he said was true. There was no contradicting him because he was right. He talked about business, about politics--there was scarcely a subject he missed. He was highly informed. I kept trying to muster a debate with him, but my head kept shaking up and down, affirming what he was saying.

We were all in sheer despair. We were grateful when he finally left so we could drag ourselves back to our hotel and sink into our misery.

This is an experience you have had. It was in the midst of this oppressive despair that I became aware of an objectivity called hope. It is an objectivity called hope but it is beyond hope. Camus suggested that the last point on the journey to a man waking up has to do with when he finally surrenders hope.

What have you got to hope about? There is no hope. The only image left you is a funeral director's office where you, naked as a jaybird, lie, as cold as his refrigerator will make you. It is that simple. Everything you spend your life for -- your children, your nation, your fine company -- the day after tomorrow, they are not going to be there any longer. That is finally surrendering the last vestige of hope.

The old man we visited with was spelling out exactly the way life is, in its deeps. He did not know that, but he was still preaching for hope. Kazantzakis calls hope the last temptation. When you grasp this, you have become a believer --and not in any religion-- but just a believer. Camus, in the last page of The Stranger called it a "benign indifference ~~of~~ the universe." It is like what the Arab people, the Semitic people mean when they say "believer." To use theological language, it is a believer in God, a believer in the Mystery, a believer that you are this relationship.

ESSAYS ON HOPE							
THE SCREEN	THE APPEARANCE OF HOPE						THE REVIEW
	SOCIAL CONTEXT	THE THEOLOGICAL ANALYSIS				PRACTICAL IMPLIC'NS	
		FAITH AND HOPE		LOVE AND HOPE			
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
H. R. Niebuhr	R. Heilbrun ner	R. Bultmann	F. Gogarten	S. Kierke- gaard	M. Unamuno	N. Cousins	Pull- Together
"Faith, Hope and Love"	"The Human Prospect	"Faith"	"New Testamen Eschato- logy"	"Love Hopes All Things"	"Faith, Hope and Charity"	"Two Editor- ials"	

The following pages contain the seven articles selected for the Order Study this quarter. The Mathews transcript serves as a general orientation to the topic and not as a study paper. Teaching plans and charts are not included but will be forthcoming. Additional copies of the first three papers will be provided from Research Centrum: Chicago. Houses will need to duplicate sufficient copies of the remaining four.

danger and must be fought for—whether it's a field, or a home, or a country. All I ask is the chance to build new worlds and God has always given us that. And has given us" opening the book "voices to guide us; and the memory of our mistakes to warn us. Maggie, you and I will remember in peacetime all the resolves that were so clear to us in the days of war. We've come a long ways. We've learned. We're learning. And the steps of our journey are marked for us here." He stands by the table turning the leaves of a book. "Sometimes out there in the war,—standing all night on a hill—I'd try and remember some of the words in these books. Parts of them and phrases would come back to me. And after a while I used to give names to the hours of the night." He sits, hunting for a passage in the book. "Nine o'clock I used to call Spinoza. Where is it: 'After experience had taught me—'" The back wall has disappeared, revealing the platform. FRED BAILEY carrying his numeral has started from left to right. MRS. ANTROBUS sits by the table sewing.

BAILEY: "After experience had taught me that the common occurrences of daily life are vain and futile; and I saw that all the objects of my desire and fear were in themselves nothing good nor bad save insofar as the mind was affected by them; I at length determined to search out whether there was something truly good and communicable to man.'" Almost without break HESTER, carrying a large Roman numeral ten, starts crossing the platform. GLADYS appears at the kitchen door and moves towards her mother's chair.

HESTER: "Then tell me, O Critias, how will a man choose the ruler that shall rule over him? Will he not choose a man who has first established order in himself, knowing that any decision that has its spring from anger or pride or vanity can be multiplied a thousand fold in its effects upon the citizens?" HESTER disappears and IVY, as eleven o'clock starts speaking.

IVY: "This good estate of the mind possessing its object in energy we call divine. This we mortals have occasionally and it is this energy which is pleasantest and best. But God has it always. It is wonderful in us; but in Him how much more wonderful.'" As MR. TREMAYNE starts to speak, HENRY appears at the edge of the scene, brooding and unreconciled, but present.

TREMAYNE: "In the beginning, God created the Heavens and the Earth; and the Earth was waste and void; And the dark-

ness was upon the face of the deep. And the Lord said let there be light and there was light.'" Sudden black-out and silence, except for the last strokes of the midnight bell. Then just as suddenly the lights go up, and SABINA is standing at the window, as at the opening of the play.

SABINA: "Oh, oh, oh. Six o'clock and the master not home yet. Pray God nothing serious has happened to him crossing the Hudson River. But I wouldn't be surprised. The whole world's at sixes and sevens, and why the house hasn't fallen down about our ears long ago is a miracle to me." She comes down to the footlights. "This is where you came in. We have to go on for ages and ages yet. "You go home.

"The end of this play isn't written yet.

"Mr. and Mrs. Antrobus! Their heads are full of plans and they're as confident as the first day they began,—and they told me to tell you: good night."

peace you think about a more comfortable one. I've lost it. I feel sick and tired."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Listen! The baby's crying. I hear Gladys talking. Probably she's quieting Henry again. George, while Gladys and I were living here—like moles, like rats, and when we were at our wits' end to save the baby's life—the only thought we clung to was that you were going to bring something good out of this suffering. In the night, in the dark, we'd whisper about it, starving and sick.—Oh, George, you'll have to get it back again. Think! What else kept us alive all these years? Even now, it's not comfort we want. We can suffer whatever's necessary; only give us back that promise." Enter SABINA with a lighted lamp. She is dressed as in Act I.

SABINA: "Mrs. Antrobus . . ."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Yes, Sabina?"

SABINA: "Will you need me?"

MRS. ANTROBUS: "No, Sabina, you can go to bed."

SABINA: "Mrs. Antrobus, if it's all right with you, I'd like to go to the bonfire and celebrate seeing the war's over. And, Mrs. Antrobus, they've opened the Gem Movie Theatre and they're giving away a hand-painted soup tureen to every lady, and I thought one of us ought to go."

ANTROBUS: "Well, Sabina, I haven't any money. I haven't seen any money for quite a while."

SABINA: "Oh, you don't need money. They're taking anything you can give them. And I have some . . . some . . . Mrs. Antrobus, promise you won't tell anyone. It's a little against the law. But I'll give you some, too."

ANTROBUS: "What is it?"

SABINA: "I'll give you some, too. Yesterday I picked up a lot of . . . of beef-cubes!" MRS. ANTROBUS turns and says calmly:

MRS. ANTROBUS: "But, Sabina, you know you ought to give that in to the Center downtown. They know who needs them most."

SABINA, outburst: "Mrs. Antrobus, I didn't make this war. I didn't ask for it. And, in my opinion, after anybody's gone

through what we've gone through, they have a right to grab what they can find. You're a very nice man, Mr. Antrobus, but you'd have got on better in the world if you'd realized that dog-eat-dog was the rule in the beginning and always will be. And most of all now." In tears. "Oh, the world's an awful place, and you know it is. I used to think something could be done about it; but I know better now. I hate it. I hate it." She comes forward slowly and brings six cubes from the bag. "All right. All right. You can have them."

ANTROBUS: "Thank you, Sabina."

SABINA: "Can I have . . . can I have one to go to the movies?"
ANTROBUS in silence gives her one. "Thank you."

ANTROBUS: "Good night, Sabina."

SABINA: "Mr. Antrobus, don't mind what I say. I'm just an ordinary girl, you know what I mean, I'm just an ordinary girl. But you're a bright man, you're a very bright man, and of course you invented the alphabet and the wheel, and, my God, a lot of things . . . and if you've got any other plans, my God, don't let me upset them. Only every now and then I've got to go to the movies. I mean my nerves can't stand it. But if you have any ideas about improving the crazy old world, I'm really with you. I really am. Because it's . . . it's . . . Good night." She goes out. ANTROBUS starts laughing softly with exhilaration.

ANTROBUS: "Now I remember what three things always went together when I was able to see things most clearly: three things. Three things." He points to where SABINA has gone out. "The voice of the people in their confusion and their need. And the thought of you and the children and this house. . . And . . . Maggie! I didn't dare ask you: my books! They haven't been lost, have they?"

MRS. ANTROBUS: "No. There are some of them right here. Kind of tattered."

ANTROBUS: "Yes.—Remember, Maggie, we almost lost them once before? And when we finally did collect a few torn copies out of old cellars they ran in everyone's head like a fever. They as good as rebuilt the world." Pauses, book in hand, and looks up. "Oh, I've never forgotten for long at a time that living is struggle. I know that every good and excellent thing in the world stands moment by moment on the razor-edge of

downtown. I never could go to the dances. My father and my uncle put rules in the way of everything I wanted to do. They tried to prevent my living at all.—I'm sorry. I'm sorry."

MRS. ANTROBUS, quickly: "No, go on. Finish what you were saying. Say it all."

HENRY: "In this scene it's as though I were back in High School again. It's like I had some big emptiness inside me,—the emptiness of being hated and blocked at every turn. And the emptiness fills up with the one thought that you have to strike and fight and kill. Listen, it's as though you have to kill somebody else so as not to end up killing yourself."

SABINA: "That's not true. I knew your father and your uncle and your mother. You imagined all that. Why, they did everything they could for you. How can you say things like that? They didn't lock you up."

HENRY: "They did. They did. They wished I hadn't been born."

SABINA: "That's not true."

ANTROBUS, in his own person, with self-condemnation, but cold and proud: "Wait a minute. I have something to say, too. It's not wholly his fault that he wants to strangle me in this scene. It's my fault, too. He wouldn't feel that way unless there were something in me that reminded him of all that. He talks about an emptiness. Well, there's an emptiness in me, too. Yes,—work, work, work,—that's all I do. I've ceased to live. No wonder he feels that anger coming over him."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "There! At least you've said it."

SABINA: "We're all just as wicked as we can be, and that's the God's truth."

MRS. ANTROBUS, nods a moment, then comes forward; quietly: "Come. Come and put your head under some cold water."

SABINA, in a whisper: "I'll go with him. I've known him a long while. You have to go on with the play. Come with me."

HENRY starts out with SABINA, but turns at the exit and says to ANTROBUS:

HENRY: "Thanks. Thanks for what you said. I'll be all right tomorrow. I won't lose control in that place. I promise."

Exit HENRY and SABINA. ANTROBUS starts toward the front door, fastens it. MRS. ANTROBUS goes up stage and places the chair close to table.

MRS. ANTROBUS: "George, do I see you limping?"

ANTROBUS: "Yes, a little. My old wound from the other war started smarting again. I can manage."

MRS. ANTROBUS, looking out of the window: "Some lights are coming on,—the first in seven years. People are walking up and down looking at them. Over in Hawkins' open lot they've built a bonfire to celebrate the peace. They're dancing around it like scarecrows."

ANTROBUS: "A bonfire! As though they hadn't seen enough things burning.—Maggie,—the dog died?"

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Oh, yes. Long ago. There are no dogs left in Excelsior.—You're back again! All these years. I gave up counting on letters. The few that arrived were anywhere from six months to a year late."

ANTROBUS: "Yes, the ocean's full of letters, along with the other things."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "George, sit down, you're tired."

ANTROBUS: "No, you sit down. I'm tired but I'm restless." Suddenly, as she comes forward: "Maggie! I've lost it. I've lost it."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "What, George? What have you lost?"

ANTROBUS: "The most important thing of all: The desire to begin again, to start building."

MRS. ANTROBUS, sitting in the chair right of the table: "Well, it will come back."

ANTROBUS, at the window: "I've lost it. This minute I feel like all those people dancing around the bonfire—just relief. Just the desire to settle down; to slip into the old grooves and keep the neighbors from walking over my lawn.—Hm. But during the war,—in the middle of all that blood and dirt and hot and cold—every day and night, I'd have moments, Maggie, when I saw the things that we could do when it was over. When you're at war you think about a better life; when you're at

skirts trailing on the ground. He lets his bundles fall and stands looking about. Presently his attention is fixed on HENRY, whose words grow clearer.

HENRY: "All right! What have you got to lose? What have they done for us? That's right—nothing. Tear everything down. I don't care what you smash. We'll begin again and we'll show 'em." ANTROBUS takes out his revolver and holds it pointing downwards. With his back towards the audience he moves toward the footlights. HENRY's voice grows louder and he wakes with a start. They stare at one another. Then HENRY sits up quickly. Throughout the following scene HENRY is played, not as a misunderstood or misguided young man, but as a representation of strong unreconciled evil. "All right! Do something." Pause. "Don't think I'm afraid of you, either. All right, do what you were going to do. Do it." Furiously. "Shoot me, I tell you. You don't have to think I'm any relation of yours. I haven't got any father or any mother, or brothers or sisters. And I don't want any. And what's more I haven't got anybody over me; and I never will have. I'm alone, and that's all I want to be: alone. So you can shoot me."

ANTROBUS: "You're the last person I wanted to see. The sight of you dries up all my plans and hopes. I wish I were back at war still, because it's easier to fight you than to live with you. War's a pleasure—do you hear me?—War's a pleasure compared to what faces us now: trying to build up a peacetime with you in the middle of it." ANTROBUS walks up to the window.

HENRY: "I'm not going to be a part of any peacetime of yours. I'm going a long way from here and make my own world that's fit for a man to live in. Where a man can be free, and have a chance, and do what he wants to do in his own way."

ANTROBUS, his attention arrested; thoughtfully. He throws the gun out of the window and turns with hope: "... Henry, let's try again."

HENRY: "Try what? Living *here*?—Speaking polite downtown to all the old men like you? Standing like a sheep at the street corner until the red light turns to green? Being a good boy and a good sheep, like all the stinking ideas you get out of your books? Oh, no. I'll make a world, and I'll show you."

ANTROBUS, hard: "How can you make a world for people to

live in, unless you've first put order in yourself? Mark my words: I shall continue fighting you until my last breath as long as you mix up your idea of liberty with your idea of hogging everything for yourself. I shall have no pity on you. I shall pursue you to the far corners of the earth. You and I want the same thing; but until you think of it as something that everyone has a right to, you are my deadly enemy and I will destroy you.—I hear your mother's voice in the kitchen. Have you seen her?"

HENRY: "I have no mother. Get it into your head. I don't belong here. I have nothing to do here. I have no home."

ANTROBUS: "Then why did you come here? With the whole world to choose from, why did you come to this one place: 216 Cedar Street, Excelsior, New Jersey. . . . Well?"

HENRY: "What if I did? What if I wanted to look at it once more, to see if—"

ANTROBUS: "Oh, you're related, all right—When your mother comes in you must behave yourself. Do you hear me?"

HENRY, wildly: "What is this?—*must behave yourself*. Don't you say *must* to me."

ANTROBUS: "Quiet!" Enter MRS. ANTROBUS and SABINA.

HENRY: "Nobody can say *must* to me. All my life everybody's been crossing me,—everybody, everything, all of you. I'm going to be free, even if I have to kill half the world for it. Right now, too. Let me get my hands on his throat. I'll show him." He advances toward ANTROBUS. Suddenly, SABINA jumps between them and calls out in her own person:

SABINA: "Stop! Stop! Don't play this scene. You know what happened last night. Stop the play." The men fall back, panting. HENRY covers his face with his hands. "Last night you almost strangled him. You became a regular savage. Stop it!"

HENRY: "It's true. I'm sorry. I don't know what comes over me. I have nothing against him personally. I respect him very much . . . I . . . I admire him. But something comes over me. It's like I become fifteen years old again. I . . . I . . . listen: my own father used to whip me and lock me up every Saturday night. I never had enough to eat. He never let me have enough money to buy decent clothes. I was ashamed to go

HENRY: "You all might as well know right now that I haven't come back here to live."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Sh. . . I'll put this coat over you. Your room's hardly damaged at all. Your football trophies are a little tarnished, but Sabina and I will polish them up tomorrow."

HENRY: "Did you hear me? I don't live here. I don't belong to anybody."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Why, how can you say a thing like that! You certainly do belong right here. Where else would you want to go? Your forehead's feverish, Henry, seems to me. You'd better give me that gun, Henry. You won't need that any more."

GLADYS, whispering: "Look, he's fallen asleep already, with his potato half-chewed."

SABINA: "Puh! The terror of the world."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Sabina, you mind your own business, and start putting the room to rights." HENRY has turned his face to the back of the sofa. MRS. ANTROBUS gingerly puts the revolver in her apron pocket, then helps SABINA. SABINA has found a rope hanging from the ceiling. Grunting, she hangs all her weight on it, and as she pulls the walls begin to move into their right places. MRS. ANTROBUS brings the overturned tables, chairs and hassock into the positions of Act I.

SABINA: "That's all we do—always beginning again! Over and over again. Always beginning again." She pulls on the rope and a part of the wall moves into place. She stops. Meditatively: "How do we know that it'll be any better than before? Why do we go on pretending? Some day the whole earth's going to have to turn cold anyway, and until that time all these other things'll be happening again: it will be more wars and more walls of ice and floods and earthquakes."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Sabina! Stop arguing and go on with your work."

SABINA: "All right. I'll go on just out of *habit*, but I won't believe in it."

MRS. ANTROBUS, aroused: "Now, Sabina. I've let you talk long enough. I don't want to hear any more of it. Do I have

to explain to you what everybody knows,—everybody who keeps a home going? Do I have to say to you what nobody should ever *have* to say, because they can read it in each other's eyes?

"Now listen to me:" MRS. ANTROBUS takes hold of the rope. "I could live for seventy years in a cellar and make soup out of grass and bark, without ever doubting that this world has a work to do and will do it.

"Do you hear me?"

SABINA, frightened: "Yes, Mrs. Antrobus."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Sabina, do you see this house,—216 Cedar Street,—do you see it?"

SABINA: "Yes, Mrs. Antrobus."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Well, just to have known this house is to have seen the idea of what we can do someday if we keep our wits about us. Too many people have suffered and died for my children for us to start renegeing now. So we'll start putting this house to rights. Now, Sabina, go and see what you can do in the kitchen."

SABINA: "Kitchen! Why is it that however far I go away, I always find myself back in the kitchen?" Exit.

MRS. ANTROBUS, still thinking over her last speech, relaxes and says with a reminiscent smile: "Goodness gracious, wouldn't you know that my father was a parson? It was just like I heard his own voice speaking and he's been dead five thousand years. There! I've gone and almost waked Henry up."

HENRY, talking in his sleep, indistinctly: "Fellows . . . what have they done for us? . . . Blocked our way at every step. Kept everything in their own hands. And you've stood it. When are you going to wake up?"

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Sh, Henry. Go to sleep. Go to sleep. Go to sleep.—Well, that looks better. Now let's go and help Sabina."

GLADYS: "Mama, I'm going out into the backyard and hold the baby right up in the air. And show him that we don't have to be afraid any more." Exit GLADYS to the kitchen. MRS. ANTROBUS glances at HENRY, exits into kitchen. HENRY thrashes about in his sleep. Enter ANTROBUS, his arms full of bundles, chewing the end of a carrot. He has a slight limp. Over the suit of Act I he is wearing an overcoat too long for him, its

very intelligent." A hand reaches up with two volumes. "What language is that? Pu-u-gh,—mold! And he's got such plans for you, Mrs. Antrobus. You're going to study history and algebra—and so are Gladys and I—and philosophy. You should hear him talk." Taking two more volumes. "Well, these are in English, anyway.—To hear him talk, seems like he expects you to be a combination, Mrs. Antrobus, of a saint and a college professor, and a dancehall hostess, if you know what I mean." Two more volumes. "Ugh. German!" She is lying on the floor; one elbow bent, her cheek on her hand, meditatively. "Yes, peace will be here before we know it. In a week or two we'll be asking the Perkinses in for a quiet evening of bridge. We'll turn on the radio and hear how to be big successes with a new toothpaste. We'll trot down to the movies and see how girls with wax faces live—all that will begin again. Oh, Mrs. Antrobus, God forgive me but I enjoyed the war. Everybody's at their best in wartime. I'm sorry it's over. And, oh, I forgot! Mr. Antrobus sent you another message—can you hear me?—" Enter HENRY, blackened and sullen. He is wearing torn overalls, but has one gaudy admiral's epaulette hanging by a thread from his right shoulder, and there are vestiges of gold and scarlet braid running down his left trouser leg. He stands listening. "Listen! Henry's never to put foot in this house again, he says. He'll kill Henry on sight, if he sees him. "You don't know about Henry?? Well, where have you been? What? Well, Henry rose right to the top. Top of *what*? Listen, I'm telling you. Henry rose from corporal to captain, to major, to general.—I don't know how to say it, but the enemy is *Henry*; Henry is the enemy. Everybody knows that."

HENRY: "He'll kill me, will he?"

SABINA: "Who are you? I'm not afraid of you. The war's over."

HENRY: "I'll kill him so fast. I've spent seven years trying to find him; the others I killed were just substitutes."

SABINA: "Goodness! It's Henry!—" He makes an angry gesture. "Oh, I'm not afraid of you. The war's over, Henry Antrobus, and you're not any more important than any other unemployed. You go away and hide yourself, until we calm your father down."

HENRY: "The first thing to do is to burn up those old books; it's the ideas he gets out of those old books that . . . that

makes the whole world so you can't live in it." He reels forward and starts kicking the books about, but suddenly falls down in a sitting position.

SABINA: "You leave those books alone!! Mr. Antrobus is looking forward to them a-special.—Gracious sakes, Henry, you're so tired you can't stand up. Your mother and sister'll be here in a minute and we'll think what to do about you."

HENRY: "What did they ever care about me?"

SABINA: "There's that old whine again. All you people think you're not loved enough, nobody loves you. Well, you start being lovable and we'll love you."

HENRY, outraged: "I don't want anybody to love me."

SABINA: "Then stop talking about it all the time."

HENRY: "I *never* talk about it. The last thing I want is anybody to pay any attention to me."

SABINA: "I can hear it behind every word you say."

HENRY: "I want everybody to hate me."

SABINA: "Yes, you've decided that's second best, but it's still the same thing.—Mrs. Antrobus! Henry's here. He's so tired he can't stand up." MRS. ANTROBUS and GLADYS, with her BABY, emerge. They are dressed as in Act I. MRS. ANTROBUS carries some objects in her apron, and GLADYS has a blanket over her shoulder.

MRS. ANTROBUS AND GLADYS: "Henry! Henry! Henry!"

HENRY, glaring at them: "Have you anything to eat?"

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Yes, I have, Henry. I've been saving it for this very day,—two good baked potatoes. No! Henry! one of them's for your father. Henry!! Give me that other potato back this minute." SABINA sidles up behind him and snatches the other potato away.

SABINA: "He's so dog-tired he doesn't know what he's doing."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Now you just rest there, Henry, until I can get your room ready. Eat that potato good and slow, so you can get all the nourishment out of it."

GLADYS: "Well, let me stay here just a minute. I want the baby to get some of this fresh air."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "All right, but keep your eyes open. I'll see what I can find. I'll have a good hot plate of soup for you before you can say Jack Robinson. Gladys Antrobus! Do you know what I think I see? There's old Mr. Hawkins sweeping the sidewalk in front of his A. and P. store. Sweeping it with a broom. Why, he must have gone crazy, like the others! I see some other people moving about, too."

GLADYS: "Mama, come back, come back." MRS. ANTROBUS returns to the trapdoor and listens.

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Gladys, there's something in the air. Everybody's movement's sort of different. I see some women walking right out in the middle of the street."

SABINA'S VOICE: "Mrs. An-tro-bus!"

MRS. ANTROBUS AND GLADYS: "What's that?!"

SABINA'S VOICE: "Glaaaadys! Mrs. An-tro-bus!" Enter SABINA.

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Gladys, that's Sabina's voice as sure as I live.—Sabina! Sabina!—Are you alive?!"

SABINA: "Of course, I'm alive. How've you girls been?—Don't try and kiss me. I never want to kiss another human being as long as I live. Sh'sh, there's nothing to get emotional about. Pull yourself together, the war's over. Take a deep breath,—the war's over."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "The war's over!! I don't believe you. I don't believe you. I can't believe you."

GLADYS: "Mama!"

SABINA: "Who's that?"

MRS. ANTROBUS: "That's Gladys and her baby. I don't believe you. Gladys, Sabina says the war's over. Oh, Sabina."

SABINA, leaning over the BABY: "Goodness! Are there any babies left in the world! Can it see? And can it cry and everything?"

GLADYS: "Yes, he can. He notices everything very well."

SABINA: "Where on earth did you get it? Oh, I won't ask.—"

Lord, I've lived all these seven years around camp and I've forgotten how to behave.—Now we've got to think about the men coming home.—Mrs. Antrobus, go and wash your face, I'm ashamed of you. Put your best clothes on. Mr. Antrobus'll be here this afternoon. I just saw him downtown."

MRS. ANTROBUS AND GLADYS: "He's alive! He'll be here!! Sabina, you're not joking?"

MRS. ANTROBUS: "And Henry?"

SABINA, dryly: "Yes, Henry's alive, too, that's what they say. Now don't stop to talk. Get yourselves fixed up. Gladys, you look terrible. Have you any decent clothes?" SABINA has pushed them toward the trapdoor.

MRS. ANTROBUS, half down: "Yes, I've something to wear just for this very day. But, Sabina,—who won the war?"

SABINA: "Don't stop now,—just wash your face." A whistle sounds in the distance. "Oh, my God, what's that silly little noise?"

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Why, it sounds like . . . it sounds like what used to be the noon whistle at the shoe-polish factory." Exit.

SABINA: "That's what it is. Seems to me like peacetime's coming along pretty fast—shoe polish!"

GLADYS, half down: "Sabina, how soon after peacetime begins does the milkman start coming to the door?"

SABINA: "As soon as he catches a cow. Give him time to catch a cow, dear." Exit GLADYS. SABINA walks about a moment, thinking. "Shoe polish! My, I'd forgotten what peacetime was like." She shakes her head, then sits down by the trapdoor and starts talking down the hole. "Mrs. Antrobus, guess what I saw Mr. Antrobus doing this morning at dawn. He was tacking up a piece of paper on the door of the Town Hall. You'll die when you hear: it was a recipe for grass soup, for a grass soup that doesn't give you the diarrhea. Mr. Antrobus is still thinking up new things.—He told me to give you his love. He's got all sorts of ideas for peacetime, he says. No more laziness and idiocy, he says. And oh, yes! Where are his books? What? Well, pass them up. The first thing he wants to see are his books. He says if you've burnt those books, or if the rats have eaten them, he says it isn't worthwhile starting over again. Everybody's going to be beautiful, he says, and diligent, and

men are in the air around us all the time and they're working on us, even when we don't know it."

MR. FITZPATRICK: "Well, well, maybe that's it. Thank you, Ivy. Anyway,—the hours of the night are philosophers. My friends, are you ready? Ivy, can you be eleven o'clock? 'This good estate of the mind possessing its object in energy we call divine.' Aristotle."

IVY: "Yes, sir. I know that and I know twelve o'clock and I know nine o'clock."

MR. FITZPATRICK: "Twelve o'clock? Mr. Tremayne, the Bible."

TREMAINE: "Yes."

MR. FITZPATRICK: "Ten o'clock? Hester,—Plato?" She nods eagerly. "Nine o'clock, Spinoza,—Fred?"

BAILEY: "Yes, *sir*." FRED BAILEY picks up a great gilded cardboard numeral IX and starts up the steps to the platform. MR. FITZPATRICK strikes his forehead.

MR. FITZPATRICK: "The planets!! We forgot all about the planets."

SABINA: "O my God! The planets! Are they sick too?" ACTORS nod.

MR. FITZPATRICK: "Ladies and gentlemen, the planets are singers. Of course, we can't replace them, so you'll have to imagine them singing in this scene. Saturn sings from the orchestra pit down here. The Moon is way up there. And Mars with a red lantern in his hand, stands in the aisle over there—Tz-tz-tz. It's too bad; it all makes a very fine effect. However! Ready—nine o'clock: Spinoza."

BAILEY, walking slowly across the balcony, left to right: "After experience had taught me that the common occurrences of daily life are vain and futile—"

FITZPATRICK: "Louder, Fred. 'And I saw that all the objects of my desire and fear—'"

BAILEY: "'And I saw that all the objects of my desire and fear were in themselves nothing good nor bad save insofar as the mind was affected by them—'"

FITZPATRICK: "Do you know the rest? All right. Ten o'clock. Hester. Plato."

HESTER: "'Then tell me, O Critias, how will a man choose the ruler that shall rule over him? Will he not—'"

FITZPATRICK: "Thank you. Skip to the end, Hester."

HESTER: "'... can be multiplied a thousand fold in its effects among the citizens.'"

FITZPATRICK: "Thank you.—Aristotle, Ivy?"

IVY: "'This good estate of the mind possessing its object in energy we call divine. This we mortals have occasionally and it is this energy which is pleasantest and best. But God has it always. It is wonderful in us; but in Him how much more wonderful.'"

FITZPATRICK: "Midnight. Midnight, Mr. Tremayne. That's right,—you've done it before.—All right, everybody. You know what you have to do.—Lower the curtain. House lights up. Act Three of THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH." As the curtain descends he is heard saying: "You volunteers, just wear what you have on. Don't try to put on the costumes today." House lights go down. The Act begins again. The Bugle call. Curtain rises. Enter SABINA.

SABINA: "Mrs. Antrobus! Gladys! Where are you? The war's over.—You've heard all this—" She gabbles the main points. "Where—are—they? Are—they—dead, too, et cetera. I—just—saw—Mr.—Antrobus—down town, et cetera." Slowing up: "He says that now that the war's over we'll all have to settle down and be perfect. They may be hiding out in the back somewhere. Mrs. An-tro-bus." She wanders off. It has grown lighter. A trapdoor is cautiously raised and MRS. ANTROBUS emerges waist-high and listens. She is disheveled and worn; she wears a tattered dress and a shawl half covers her head. She talks down through the trapdoor.

MRS. ANTROBUS: "It's getting light. There's still something burning over there—Newark, or Jersey City. What? Yes, I could swear I heard someone moving about up here. But I can't see anybody. I say: I can't see anybody." She starts to move about the stage. GLADYS' head appears at the trapdoor. She is holding a BABY.

GLADYS: "Oh, Mama. Be careful."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Now, Gladys, you stay out of sight."

MR. FITZPATRICK: "Miss Somerset, we have to stop a moment."

SABINA: "They may be hiding out in the back—"

MR. FITZPATRICK: "Miss Somerset! We have to stop a moment."

SABINA: "What's the matter?"

MR. FITZPATRICK: "There's an explanation we have to make to the audience.—Lights, please." To the actor who plays MR. ANTROBUS, "Will you explain the matter to the audience?" The lights go up. We now see that a balcony or elevated runway has been erected at the back of the stage, back of the wall of the Antrobus house. From its extreme right and left ends ladder-like steps descend to the floor of the stage.

ANTROBUS: "Ladies and gentlemen, an unfortunate accident has taken place back stage. Perhaps I should say *another* unfortunate accident."

SABINA: "I'm sorry. I'm sorry."

ANTROBUS: "The management feels, in fact, we all feel that you are due an apology. And now we have to ask your indulgence for the most serious mishap of all. Seven of our actors have . . . have been taken ill. Apparently, it was something they ate. I'm not exactly clear what happened." All the ACTORS start to talk at once. ANTROBUS raises his hand. "Now, now—not all at once. Fitz, do you know what it was?"

MR. FITZPATRICK: "Why, it's perfectly clear. These seven actors had dinner together, and they ate something that disagreed with them."

SABINA: "Disagreed with them!!! They have ptomaine poisoning. They're in Bellevue Hospital this very minute in agony. They're having their stomachs pumped out this very minute, in perfect agony."

ANTROBUS: "Fortunately, we've just heard they'll all recover."

SABINA: "It'll be a miracle if they do, a downright miracle. It was the lemon meringue pie."

ACTORS: "It was the fish . . . it was the canned tomatoes . . . it was the fish."

SABINA: "It was the lemon meringue pie. I saw it with my own eyes; it had blue mould all over the bottom of it."

ANTROBUS: "Whatever it was, they're in no condition to take part in this performance. Naturally, we haven't enough understudies to fill all those roles; but we do have a number of splendid volunteers who have kindly consented to help us out. These friends have watched our rehearsals, and they assure me that they know the lines and the business very well. Let me introduce them to you—my dresser, Mr. Tremayne,—himself a distinguished Shakespearean actor for many years; our wardrobe mistress, Hester; Miss Somerset's maid, Ivy; and Fred Bailey, captain of the ushers in this theatre." These persons bow modestly. IVY and HESTER are colored girls. "Now this scene takes place near the end of the act. And I'm sorry to say we'll need a short rehearsal, just a short run-through. And as some of it takes place in the auditorium, we'll have to keep the curtain up. Those of you who wish can go out in the lobby and smoke some more. The rest of you can listen to us, or . . . or just talk quietly among yourselves, as you choose. Thank you. Now will you take it over, Mr. Fitzpatrick?"

MR. FITZPATRICK: "Thank you.—Now for those of you who are listening perhaps I should explain that at the end of this act, the men have come back from the War and the family's settled down in the house. And the author wants to show the hours of the night passing by over their heads, and the planets crossing the sky . . . uh . . . over their heads. And he says—this is hard to explain—that each of the hours of the night is a philosopher, or a great thinker. Eleven o'clock, for instance, is Aristotle. And nine o'clock is Spinoza. Like that. I don't suppose it means anything. It's just a kind of poetic effect."

SABINA: "Not mean anything! Why, it certainly does. Twelve o'clock goes by saying those wonderful things. I think it means that when people are asleep they have all those lovely thoughts, much better than when they're awake."

IVY: "Excuse me, I think it means,—excuse me, Mr. Fitzpatrick—"

SABINA: "What were you going to say, Ivy?"

IVY: "Mr. Fitzpatrick, you let my father come to a rehearsal; and my father's a Baptist minister, and he said that the author meant that—just like the hours and stars go by over our heads at night, in the same way the ideas and thoughts of the ~~great~~

SABINA, half-down the ramp. To FORTUNE TELLER: "I don't know why my life's always being interrupted—just when everything's going fine!!" She dashes up the aisle. Now the CONVEENERS emerge doing a serpentine dance on the stage. They jeer at the FORTUNE TELLER.

CONVEENERS: "Get a canoe—there's not a minute to be lost! Tell me my future, Mrs. Croaker."

FORTUNE TELLER: "Paddle in the water, boys—enjoy yourselves."

VOICE from the BINGO PARLOR: "A-nine; A-nine. C-Twenty-four. C-Twenty-four."

CONVEENERS: "Rags, bottles, and sacks."

FORTUNE TELLER: "Go back and climb on your roofs. Put rags in the cracks under your doors. ~~Nothing will keep out the flood.~~ You've had your chance. You've had your day. You've failed. You've lost."

VOICE from the BINGO PARLOR: "B-fifteen. B-Fifteen."

FORTUNE TELLER, shading her eyes and looking out to sea: "They're safe. George Antrobus! Think it over! A new world to make.—think it over!"

CURTAIN

ACT III



Just before the curtain rises, two sounds are heard from the stage: a cracked bugle call.

The curtain rises on almost total darkness. Almost all the flats composing the walls of MR. ANTROBUS's house, as of Act I, are up, but they lean helter-skelter against one another, leaving irregular gaps. Among the flats missing are two in the back wall, leaving the frames of the window and door crazily out of line. Off stage, back right, some red Roman fire is burning. The bugle call is repeated. Enter SABINA through the tilted door. She is dressed as a Napoleonic camp follower, "la fille du regiment," in begrimed reds and blues.

SABINA: "Mrs. Antrobus! Gladys! Where are you?

"The war's over. The war's over. You can come out. The peace treaty's been signed.

"Where are they?—Hmpf! Are they dead, too? Mrs. Annnntrobus! Glaaaadus! Mr. Antrobus'll be here this afternoon. I just saw him downtown. HUUUUrry and put things in order. He says that now that the war's over we'll all have to settle down and be perfect." Enter MR. FITZPATRICK, the stage manager, followed by the whole company, who stand waiting at the edges of the stage. MR. FITZPATRICK tries to interrupt SABINA.

FORTUNE TELLER: "Antrobus, there's not a minute to be lost. Don't you see the four disks on the weather signal? Take your family into that boat at the end of the pier."

ANTROBUS: "My family? I have no family. Maggie! Maggie! They won't come."

FORTUNE TELLER: "They'll come.—Antrobus! Take these animals into that boat with you. All of them,—two of each kind."

SABINA: "George, what's the matter with you? This is just a storm like any other storm."

ANTROBUS: "Maggie!"

SABINA: "Stay with me, we'll go . . ." Losing conviction. "This is just another thunderstorm,—isn't it? Isn't it?"

ANTROBUS: "Maggie!!" MRS. ANTROBUS appears beside him with GLADYS.

MRS. ANTROBUS, matter-of-fact: "Here I am and here's Gladys."

ANTROBUS: "Where've you been? Where have you been? Quick, we're going into that boat out there."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "I know we are. But I haven't found Henry." She wanders off into the darkness calling "Henry!"

SABINA, low urgent babbling, only occasionally raising her voice: "I don't believe it. I don't believe it's anything at all. I've seen hundreds of storms like this."

FORTUNE TELLER: "There's no time to lose. Go. Push the animals along before you. Start a new world. Begin again."

SABINA: "Esmeralda! George! Tell me,—is it really serious?"

ANTROBUS, suddenly very busy: "Elephants first. Gently, gently.—Look where you're going."

GLADYS, leaning over the ramp and striking an animal on the back: "Stop it or you'll be left behind!"

ANTROBUS: "Is the Kangaroo there? *There* you are! Take those turtles in your pouch, will you?" To some other animals, pointing to his shoulder. "Here! You jump up here. You'll be trampled on."

GLADYS, to her father, pointing below: "Papa, look,—the snakes!"

MRS. ANTROBUS: "I can't find Henry. Hen-ry!"

ANTROBUS: "Go along. Go along. Climb on their backs.—Wolves! Jackals,—whatever you are,—tend to your own business!"

GLADYS, pointing, tenderly: "Papa,—look."

SABINA: "Mr. Antrobus—take me with you. Don't leave me here. I'll work. I'll help. I'll do anything." THREE CONVEENERS cross the stage, marching with a banner.

CONVEENERS: "George! What are you scared of?—Georgel Fellas, it looks like rain.—'Maggie, where's my umbrella?—George, setting up for Barnum and Bailey."

ANTROBUS, again catching his wife's hand: "Come on now, Maggie,—the pier's going to break any minute."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "I'm not going a step without Henry. Henry!"

GLADYS, on the ramp: "Mama! Papa! Hurry. The pier's cracking, Mama. It's going to break."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Henry! Cain! CAIN!" HENRY dashes into the stage and joins his mother.

HENRY: "Here I am, Mama."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Thank God!—now come quick."

HENRY: "I didn't think you wanted me."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Quick!" She pushes him down before her into the aisle.

SABINA, all the ANTROBUSES are now in the theatre aisle. SABINA stands at the top of the ramp: "Mrs. Antrobus, take me. Don't you remember me? I'll work. I'll help. Don't leave me here!"

MRS. ANTROBUS, impatiently, but as though it were of no importance: "Yes, yes. There's a lot of work to be done. Only hurry."

FORTUNE TELLER, now dominating the stage. To SABINA with a grim smile: "Yes, go—back to the kitchen with you."

a sweep of the hand she removes the raincoat from GLADYS' stockings.

ANTROBUS, stretches out his arm, apoplectic: "Gladys!! Have you gone crazy? Has everyone gone crazy?" Turning on SABINA. "You did this. You gave them to her."

SABINA: "I never said a word to her."

ANTROBUS, to GLADYS: "You go back to the hotel and take those horrible things off."

GLADYS, pert: "Before I go, I've got something to tell you,—it's about Henry."

MRS. ANTROBUS, claps her hands peremptorily: "Stop your noise,—I'm taking her back to the hotel, George. Before I go I have a letter. . . . I have a message to throw into the ocean." Fumbling in her handbag. "Where is the plagued thing? Here it is." She flings something—invisible to us—far over the heads of the audience to the back of the auditorium. "It's a bottle. And in the bottle's a letter. And in the letter is written all the things that a woman knows.

"It's never been told to any man and it's never been told to any woman, and if it finds its destination, a new time will come. We're not what books and plays say we are. We're not what advertisements say we are. We're not in the movies and we're not on the radio.

"We're not what you're all told and what you think we are: We're ourselves. And if any man can find one of us he'll learn why the whole universe was set in motion. And if any man harm any one of us, his soul—the only soul he's got—had better be at the bottom of that ocean,—and that's the only way to put it. Gladys, come here. We're going back to the hotel." She drags GLADYS firmly off by the hand, but GLADYS breaks away and comes down to speak to her father.

SABINA: "Such goings-on. Don't give it a minute's thought."

GLADYS: "Anyway, I think you ought to know that Henry hit a man with a stone. He hit one of those colored men that push the chairs and the man's very sick. Henry ran away and hid and some policemen are looking for him very hard. And I don't care a bit if you don't want to have anything to do with mama and me, because I'll never like you again and I hope nobody ever likes you again,—so there!" She runs off. ANTROBUS starts after her.

ANTROBUS: "I . . . I have to go and see what I can do about this."

SABINA: "You stay right here. Don't go now while you're excited. Gracious sakes, all these things will be forgotten in a hundred years. Come, now, you're on the air. Just say anything,—it doesn't matter what. Just a lot of birds and fishes and things."

BROADCAST OFFICIAL: "Thank you, Miss Fairweather. Thank you very much. Ready, Mr. Antrobus."

ANTROBUS, touching the microphone: "What is it, what is it? Who am I talking to?"

BROADCAST OFFICIAL: "Why, Mr. Antrobus! To our order and to all the other orders."

ANTROBUS, raising his head: "What are all those birds doing?"

BROADCAST OFFICIAL: "Those are just a few of the birds. Those are the delegates to our convention,—two of a kind."

ANTROBUS, pointing into the audience: "Look at the water. Look at them all. Those fishes jumping. The children should see this!—There's Maggie's whales!! Here are your whales, Maggie!!"

BROADCAST OFFICIAL: "I hope you're ready, Mr. Antrobus."

ANTROBUS: "And look on the beach! You didn't tell me these would be here!"

SABINA: "Yes, George. Those are the animals."

BROADCAST OFFICIAL, busy with the apparatus: "Yes, Mr. Antrobus, those are the vertebrates. We hope the lion will have a word to say when you're through. Step right up, Mr. Antrobus, we're ready. We'll just have time before the storm." Pause. In a hoarse whisper: "They're wait-ing." It has grown dark. Soon after he speaks a high whistling noise begins. Strange veering lights start whirling about the stage. The other characters disappear from the stage.

ANTROBUS: "Friends. Cousins. Four score and ten billion years ago our forefather brought forth upon this planet the spark of life,—” He is drowned out by thunder. When the thunder stops the FORTUNE TELLER is seen standing beside him.

BROADCAST OFFICIAL: "Mrs. Antrobus, if he doesn't show up in time, I hope you will consent to broadcast in his place. It's the most important broadcast of the year." SABINA enters from the cabana followed by ANTROBUS.

MRS. ANTROBUS: "No, I shan't. I haven't one single thing to say."

BROADCAST OFFICIAL: "Then won't you help us find him, Mrs. Antrobus? A storm's coming up. A hurricane. A deluge!"

SECOND CONVEENER, who has sighted ANTROBUS over the rail: "Joe! Joe! Here he is."

BROADCAST OFFICIAL: "In the name of God, Mr. Antrobus, you're on the air in five minutes. Will you kindly please come and test the instrument? That's all we ask. If you just please begin the alphabet slowly." ANTROBUS, with set face, comes ponderously up the ramp. He stops at the point where his waist is level with the stage and speaks authoritatively to the OFFICIALS.

ANTROBUS: "I'll be ready when the time comes. Until then, move away. Go away. I have something I wish to say to my wife."

BROADCAST OFFICIAL, whimpering: "Mr. Antrobus! This is the most important broadcast of the year." The OFFICIALS withdraw to the edge of the stage. SABINA glides up the ramp behind ANTROBUS.

SABINA, whispering: "Don't let her argue. Remember arguments have nothing to do with it."

ANTROBUS: "Maggie, I'm moving out of the hotel. In fact, I'm moving out of everything. For good. I'm going to marry Miss Fairweather. I shall provide generously for you and the children. In a few years you'll be able to see that it's all for the best. That's all I have to say."

BROADCAST OFFICIAL: "Mr. Antrobus! I hope you'll be ready. This is the most important broadcast of the year."

GLADYS: "What did Papa say, Mama? I didn't hear what Papa said."

BINGO ANNOUNCER: "A—nine; A—nine. D—forty-two; D—forty-two. C—thirty; C—thirty."

"B—seventeen; B—seventeen. C—forty; C—forty."

CHORUS: "Bingo!"

BROADCAST OFFICIAL: "Mr. Antrobus. All we want to do is test your voice with the alphabet."

ANTROBUS: "Go away. Clear out."

MRS. ANTROBUS, composedly with lowered eyes: "George, I can't talk to you until you wipe those silly red marks off your face."

ANTROBUS: "I think there's nothing to talk about. I've said what I have to say."

SABINA: "Splendid!!"

ANTROBUS: "You're a fine woman, Maggie, but . . . but a man has his own life to lead in the world."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Well, after living with you for five thousand years I guess I have a right to a word or two, haven't I?"

ANTROBUS, to SABINA: "What can I answer to that?"

SABINA: "Tell her that conversation would only hurt her feelings. It's-kinder-in-the-long-run-to-do-it-short-and-quick."

ANTROBUS: "I want to spare your feelings in every way I can, Maggie."

BROADCAST OFFICIAL: "Mr. Antrobus, the hurricane signal's gone up. We could begin right now."

MRS. ANTROBUS, calmly, almost dreamily: "I didn't marry you because you were perfect. I didn't even marry you because I loved you. I married you because you gave me a promise." She takes off her ring and looks at it. "That promise made up for your faults. And the promise I gave you made up for mine. Two imperfect people got married and it was the promise that made the marriage."

ANTROBUS: "Maggie, . . . I was only nineteen."

MRS. ANTROBUS, she puts her ring back on her finger: "And when our children were growing up, it wasn't a house that protected them; and it wasn't our love, that protected them—it was that promise."

"And when that promise is broken—this can happen!" With

MR. FITZPATRICK: "Miss Somerset! Go to your dressing room. I'll read your lines."

SABINA: "Now everybody's nerves are on edge."

MR. ANTROBUS: "Skip the scene." MR. FITZPATRICK and the other ACTORS go off.

SABINA: "Thank you. I knew you'd understand. We'll do just what I said. So Mr. Antrobus is going to divorce his wife and marry me. Mr. Antrobus, you say: 'It won't be easy to lay all this before my wife.'" The ACTORS withdraw. ANTROBUS walks about, his hand to his forehead, muttering:

ANTROBUS: "Wait a minute. I can't get back into it as easily as all that. 'My wife is a very obstinate woman.' Hm . . . then you say . . . hm . . . Miss Fairweather, I mean Lily, it won't be easy to lay all this before my wife. It'll hurt her feelings a little."

SABINA: "Listen, George: *other* people haven't got feelings. Not in the same way that we have,—we who are presidents like you and prize-winners like me. Listen, other people haven't got feelings; they just imagine they have. Within two weeks they go back to playing bridge and going to the movies. "Listen, dear: everybody in the world except a few people like you and me are just people of straw. Most people have no insides at all. Now that you're president you'll see that. Listen, darling, there's a kind of secret society at the top of the world,—like you and me,—that know this. The world was made for us. What's life anyway? Except for two things, pleasure and power, what is life? Boredom! Foolishness. You know it is. Except for those two things, life's nau-se-at-ing. So,—come here!" She moves close. They kiss. "So. "Now when your wife comes, it's really very simple; just tell her."

ANTROBUS: "Lily, Lily: you're a wonderful woman."

SABINA: "Of course I am." They enter the cabana and it hides them from view. Distant roll of thunder. A third black disk appears on the weather signal. Distant thunder is heard. MRS. ANTROBUS appears carrying parcels. She looks about, seats herself on the bench left, and fans herself with her handkerchief. Enter GLADYS right, followed by two CONVEENERS. She is wearing red stockings.

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Gladys!"

GLADYS: "Mama, here I am."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Gladys Antrobus!!! Where did you get those dreadful things?"

GLADYS: "Wh-a-t? Papa liked the color."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "You go back to the hotel this minute!"

GLADYS: "I won't. I won't. Papa liked the color."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "All right. All right. You stay here. I've a good mind to let your father see you that way. You stay right here."

GLADYS: "I . . . I don't want to stay . . . if you don't think he'd like it."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Oh . . . it's all one to me. I don't care what happens. I don't care if the biggest storm in the whole world comes. Let it come." She folds her hands. "Where's your brother?"

GLADYS, in a small voice: "He'll be here."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Will he? Well, let him get into trouble. I don't care. I don't know where your father is, I'm sure." Laughter from the cabana.

GLADYS, leaning over the rail: "I think he's . . . Mama, he's talking to the lady in the red dress."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Is that so?" Pause. "We'll wait till he's through. Sit down here beside me and stop fidgeting . . . what are you crying about?" Distant thunder. She covers GLADYS's stockings with a raincoat.

GLADYS: "You don't like my stockings." Two CONVEENERS rush in with a microphone on a standard and various paraphernalia. The FORTUNE TELLER appears at the door of her shop. Other characters gradually gather.

BROADCAST OFFICIAL: "Mrs. Antrobus! Thank God we've found you at last. Where's Mr. Antrobus? We've been hunting everywhere for him. It's about time for the broadcast to the conventions of the world."

MRS. ANTROBUS, calm: "I expect he'll be here in a minute."

FORTUNE TELLER: "Now you've gone too far."

ANTROBUS: "My dear Miss Fairweather!"

SABINA: "You wouldn't know how hard it is. With that lovely wife and daughter you have. Oh, I think Mrs. Antrobus is the finest woman I ever saw. I wish I were like her."

ANTROBUS: "There, there. There's . . . uh . . . room for all kinds of people in the world, Miss Fairweather."

SABINA: "How wonderful of you to say that. How generous!—Mr. Antrobus, have you a moment free? . . . I'm afraid I may be a little conspicuous here . . . could you come down, for just a moment, to my beach cabana . . . ?"

ANTROBUS: "Why-uh . . . yes, certainly . . . for a moment . . . just for a moment."

SABINA: "There's a deck chair there. Because: you know you *do* look tired. Just this morning my mother said to me: Lily, she said, I hope Mr. Antrobus is getting a good rest. His fine strong face has deep deep lines in it. Now isn't it true, Mr. Antrobus: you work too hard?"

FORTUNE TELLER: "Bingo!" She goes into her shop.

SABINA: "Now you will just stretch out. No, I shan't say a word, not a word. I shall just sit there,—privileged. That's what I am."

ANTROBUS, taking her hand: "Miss Fairweather . . . you'll . . . spoil me."

SABINA: "Just a moment. I have something I wish to say to the audience.—Ladies and gentlemen. I'm not going to play this particular scene tonight. It's just a short scene and we're going to skip it. But I'll tell you what takes place and then we can continue the play from there on. Now in this scene—"

ANTROBUS, between his teeth: "But, Miss Somerset!"

SABINA: "I'm sorry. I'm sorry. But I have to skip it. In this scene, I talk to Mr. Antrobus, and at the end of it he decides to leave his wife, get a divorce at Reno and marry me. That's all."

ANTROBUS: "Fitz!—Fitz!"

SABINA: "So that now I've told you we can jump to the end of it,—where you say:" Enter in fury MR. FITZPATRICK, the stage manager.

MR. FITZPATRICK: "Miss Somerset, we insist on your playing this scene."

SABINA: "I'm sorry, Mr. Fitzpatrick, but I can't and I won't. I've told the audience all they need to know and now we can go on." Other ACTORS begin to appear on the stage, listening.

MR. FITZPATRICK: "And *why* can't you play it?"

SABINA: "Because there are some lines in that scene that would hurt some people's feelings and I don't think the theatre is a place where people's feelings ought to be hurt."

MR. FITZPATRICK: "Miss Somerset, you can pack up your things and go home. I shall call the understudy and I shall report you to Equity."

SABINA: "I sent the understudy up to the corner for a cup of coffee and if Equity tries to penalize me I'll drag the case right up to the Supreme Court. Now listen, everybody, there's no need to get excited."

MR. FITZPATRICK and ANTROBUS: "Why can't you play it . . . what's the matter with the scene?"

SABINA: "Well, if you must know, I have a personal guest in the audience tonight. Her life hasn't been exactly a happy one. I wouldn't have my friend hear some of these lines for the whole world. I don't suppose it occurred to the author that some other women might have gone through the experience of losing their husbands like this. Wild horses wouldn't drag from me the details of my friend's life . . . well, they'd been married twenty years, and before he got rich, why, she'd done the washing and everything."

MR. FITZPATRICK: "Miss Somerset, your friend will forgive you. We must play this scene."

SABINA: "Nothing, nothing will make me say some of those lines . . . about 'a man outgrows a wife every seven years' and . . . and that one about 'the Mohammedans being the only people who looked the subject square in the face.' Nothing."

GLADYS: "Papa, ask me something. Ask me a question."

ANTROBUS: "Well . . . how big's the ocean?"

GLADYS: "Papa, you're teasing me. It's—three-hundred and sixty million square-miles—and—it—covers—three-fourths—of—the—earth's—surface—and—its—deepest-place—is—five—and—a-half—miles—deep—and—its—average—depth—is—twelve-thousand—feet. No, Papa, ask me something hard, real hard."

MRS. ANTROBUS, rising: "Now I'm going off to buy those raincoats. I think that bad weather's going to get worse and worse. I hope it doesn't come before your broadcast. I should think we have about an hour or so."

HENRY: "I hope it comes and zzzzzz everything before it. I hope it—"

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Henry!—George, I think . . . maybe, it's one of those storms that are just as bad on land as on the sea. When you're just as safe and safer in a good stout boat."

HENRY: "There's a boat out at the end of the pier."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Well, keep your eye on it. George, you shut your eyes and get a good rest before the broadcast."

ANTROBUS: "Thundering Judas, do I have to be told when to open and shut my eyes? Go and buy your raincoats."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Now, children, you have ten minutes to walk around. Ten minutes. And, Henry: control yourself. Gladys, stick by your brother and don't get lost." They run off.

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Will you be all right, George?" CONVEENERS suddenly stick their heads out of the Bingo Parlor and Salt Water Taffy store, and voices rise from the orchestra pit.

CONVEENERS: "George. Geo-r-r-ge! George! Leave the old hen-coop at home, George. Do-mes-ticated Georgiel!"

MRS. ANTROBUS, shaking her umbrella: "Low common oaf! That's what they are. Guess a man has a right to bring his wife to a convention, if he wants to." She starts off. "What's the matter with a family, I'd like to know. What else have they got to offer?" Exit. ANTROBUS has closed his eyes. The FORTUNE TELLER comes out of her shop and goes over to the

left proscenium. She leans against it watching SABINA quizzically.

FORTUNE TELLER: "Heh! Here she comes!"

SABINA, loud whisper: "What's he doing?"

FORTUNE TELLER: "Oh, he's ready for you. Bite your lips, dear, take a long breath and come on up."

SABINA: "I'm nervous. My whole future depends on this. I'm nervous."

FORTUNE TELLER: "Don't be a fool. What more could you want? He's forty-five. His head's a little dizzy. He's just been elected president. He's never known any other woman than his wife. Whenever he looks at her he realizes that she knows every foolish thing he's ever done."

SABINA, still whispering: "I don't know why it is, but every time I start one of these I'm nervous." The FORTUNE TELLER stands in the center of the stage watching the following:

FORTUNE TELLER: "You make me tired."

SABINA: "First tell me my fortune." The FORTUNE TELLER laughs drily and makes the gesture of brushing away a nonsensical question. SABINA coughs and says: "Oh, Mr. Antrobus,—dare I speak to you for a moment?"

ANTROBUS: "What?—Oh, certainly, certainly, Miss Fair-weather."

SABINA: "Mr. Antrobus . . . I've been so unhappy. I've wanted . . . I've wanted to make sure that you don't think that I'm the kind of girl who goes out for beauty contests."

FORTUNE TELLER: "That's the way!"

ANTROBUS: "Oh, I understand. I understand perfectly."

FORTUNE TELLER: "Give it a little more. Lean on it."

SABINA: "I knew you would. My mother said to me this morning: Lily, she said, that fine Mr. Antrobus gave you the prize because he saw at once that you weren't the kind of girl who'd go in for a thing like that. But, honestly, Mr. Antrobus, in this world, honestly, a good girl doesn't know where to tura."

ANTROBUS: "Maggie, I tell you there's a limit to what I can stand. God's Heaven, haven't I worked *enough*? Don't I get any vacation? Can't I even give my children so much as a ride in a roller-chair?"

MRS. ANTROBUS, putting her hand out for raindrops: "Anyway, it's going to rain very soon and you have your broadcast to make."

ANTROBUS: "Now, Maggie, I warn you. A man can stand a family only just so long. I'm warning you." Enter SABINA from the Bingo-Parlor. She wears a flounced red silk bathing suit, 1905. Red stockings, shoes, parasol. She bows demurely to ANTROBUS and starts down the ramp. ANTROBUS and the CHILDREN stare at her. ANTROBUS bows gallantly.

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Why, George Antrobus, how can you say such a thing! You have the best family in the world."

ANTROBUS: "Good morning, Miss Fairweather." SABINA finally disappears behind the beach umbrella or in a cabana in the orchestra pit.

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Who on earth was that you spoke to, George?"

ANTROBUS, complacent; mock-modest: "Hm . . . m . . . just a . . . solambaka keray."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "What? I can't understand you."

GLADYS: "Mama, wasn't she beautiful?"

HENRY: "Papa, introduce her to me."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Children, will you be quiet while I ask your father a simple question?—Who did you say it was, George?"

ANTROBUS: "Why-uh . . . a friend of mine. Very nice refined girl."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "I'm waiting."

ANTROBUS: "Maggie, that's the girl I gave the prize to in the beauty contest,—that's Miss Atlantic City 1942."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Hm! She looked like Sabina to me."

The Skin of Our Teeth

HENRY, at the railing: "Mama, the life-guard knows her, too. Mama, he knows her well."

ANTROBUS: "Henry, come here.—She's a very nice girl in every way and the sole support of her aged mother."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "So was Sabina, so was Sabina; and it took a wall of ice to open your eyes about Sabina.—Henry, come over and sit down on this bench."

ANTROBUS: "She's a very different matter from Sabina. Miss Fairweather is a college graduate, Phi Beta Kappa."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Henry, you sit here by mama. Gladys—"

ANTROBUS, sitting: "Reduced circumstances have required her taking a position as hostess in a Bingo Parlor; but there isn't a girl with higher principles in the country."

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Well, let's not talk about it.—Henry, I haven't seen a whale yet."

ANTROBUS: "She speaks seven languages and has more culture in her little finger than you've acquired in a lifetime."

MRS. ANTROBUS, assuming amiability: "All right, all right, George. I'm glad to know there are such superior girls in the Bingo Parlors.—Henry, what's that?" Pointing at the storm signal, which has one black disk.

HENRY: "What is it, Papa?"

ANTROBUS: "What? Oh, that's the storm signal. One of those black disks means bad weather; two means storm; three means hurricane; and four means the end of the world." As they watch it a second black disk rolls into place.

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Goodness! I'm going this very minute to buy you all some raincoats."

GLADYS, putting her cheek against her father's shoulder: "Mama, don't go yet. I like sitting this way. And the ocean coming in and coming in. Papa, don't you like it?"

MRS. ANTROBUS: "Well, there's only one thing I lack to make me a perfectly happy woman: I'd like to see a whale."

HENRY: "Mama, we saw two. Right out there. They're delegates to the convention. I'll find you one."

our deep consciousness, when we take stock of things as they now are: the wish that the drama run its full tragic course, bringing man, like a Greek hero, to the fearful end that he has, however unwittingly, arranged for himself. For it is not only with dismay that Promethean man regards the future. It is also with a kind of anger. If after so much effort so little has been accomplished; if before such vast challenges so little is apt to be done-- then let the drama proceed to its finale, let mankind suffer the end it deserves.

Such a view is by no means the expression of only a few perverse minds. On the contrary, it is the application to the future of the prevailing attitudes with which our age regards the present. When men can generally acquiesce in, even relish, the destruction of their living contemporaries, when they can regard with indifference or irritation the fate of those who live in slums, rot in prisons, or starve in lands that have meaning only in so far as they are vacation resorts, why should they be expected to take the painful actions needed to prevent the destruction of future generations whose faces they will never live to see? Worse yet, will they not curse those future generations whose claim to life can be honored only by sacrificing present enjoyments; and will they not, if it comes to a choice, condemn them to nonexistence by choosing the present over the future?

The question, then, is how we are to summon up the will to survive--not perhaps in the distant future, where survival will call on those deep sources of imagined human unity, but in the present and near-term future, while we still enjoy and struggle with the heritage of our personal liberties, our atomistic existences.

At this last moment of reflection another figure from Greek mythology comes to mind. It is that of Atlas, bearing with endless perseverance the weight of the heavens in his hands. If man is to rescue life, he must first rescue the future from the angry condemnation of the present. Here the spirit of conquest and aspiration will not serve. It is Atlas, resolutely bearing his burden, that gives us the example we seek. If within us, the spirit of Atlas falters there perishes the determination to preserve humanity at all cost and any cost, forever.

But Atlas is, of course, no other than ourselves. Myths have their magic power because they cast on the screen of our imaginations, like the figures of the heavenly constellations, immense projections of our own hopes and capabilities. We do not know with certainty that humanity will survive, but it is a comfort to know that there exist within us the elements of fortitude and will from which the image of Atlas springs.

struggle for individual achievement, especially for material ends, is likely to give way to the acceptance of communally organized and ordained roles.

This is by no means an effort to portray a future utopia. On the contrary, many of these possible attributes of a post-industrial society are deeply repugnant to my twentieth-century temper, as well as incompatible with my most treasured privileges. The search for scientific knowledge, the delight in intellectual heresy, the freedom to order one's life as one pleases are not likely to be easily contained within the tradition-oriented, static society I have depicted. To a very great degree, the public must take precedence over the private--an aim to which it is easy to give lip service in the abstract, but difficult for someone used to the pleasures of political, social, and intellectual freedom to accept in fact.

These are all necessarily prophetic speculations, offered more in the spirit of providing some vision of the future, however misty, than as a set of predictions to be "rigorously" examined. In these half-blind gropings there is, however, one element in which we can place credence, although it offers uncertainty as well as hope. This is our knowledge that some human societies have existed for millennia, and that others can probably exist for future millennia, in a continuous rhythm of birth and coming of age and death, without pressing toward those dangerous ecological limits, or engendering those dangerous social tensions, that threaten present day "advanced" societies. In our discovery of "primitive" cultures, living out their timeless histories, we may have found the single most important object lesson for future man.

What we do not know, but can only hope, is that future man can rediscover the self-renewing vitality of primitive culture without reverting to its levels of ignorance and cruel anxiety. It may be the sad lesson of the future that no civilization is without its pervasive "malaise," each expressing in its own way the ineradicable fears of the only animal that contemplates its own death, but at least the human activities expressing that malaise need not, as in the case in our time, threaten the continuance of life itself.

All this goes, perhaps, beyond speculation to fantasy. But something more substantial than speculation or fantasy is needed to sustain men through the long trials ahead. For the driving energy of modern man has come from his Promethean spirit, his nervous will, his intellectual daring. It is this spirit that has enabled him to work miracles, above all to subjugate nature to his will, and to create societies designed to free man from his animal bondage.

Some of that Promethean spirit may still serve us in good stead in the years of transition. But it is not a spirit that conforms easily with the shape of future society as we have imagined it; worse, within that impatient spirit lurks one final danger for the years during which we must watch the approach of an unwanted future. This is the danger that can be glimpsed in

of enormous catastrophes exists. The prospect is better viewed as a formidable array of challenges that must be overcome before human survival is assured and that can be overcome by the saving intervention of nature, if not by the wisdom and foresight of man. The death sentence is therefore better viewed as a contingent life sentence--one that will permit the continuance of human society, but only on a basis very different from that of the present, and probably only after much suffering during the period of transition.

What sort of society might eventually emerge? As I have said more than once, I believe the long-term solution requires nothing less than the gradual abandonment of the lethal techniques, the uncongenial ways of life, and the dangerous mentality of industrial civilization itself. The dimensions of such a transformation into a "post-industrial" society have already been touched upon, and cannot be greatly elaborated here: in all probability the extent and ramifications of change are apt to be as unforeseeable from our contemporary vantage point as present-day society would have been unimaginable to a speculative observer a thousand years ago.

Yet I think a few elements of the society of the post-industrial era can be discerned. Although we cannot know on what technical foundation it will rest, we can be certain that many of the accompaniments of an industrial order must be absent. To repeat once again what we have already said, the societal view of production and consumption must stress parsimonious, not prodigal, attitudes. Resource-consuming and heat-generating processes must be regarded as necessary evils, not a social triumphs, to be relegated to as small a portion of economic life as possible. This implies a sweeping reorganization of the mode of production in ways that cannot be foretold, but that would seem to imply the end of the giant factory, the huge office, perhaps of the urban complex.

What values and ways of thought would be congenial with such a radical reordering of things we also cannot know, but it is likely that the ethos of "science," so intimately linked with industrial application, would play a much reduced role. In the same way, it seems probable that a true "post-industrial" society would witness the waning of much of the work ethic that is also intimately entwined with our industrial society. As one critic has pointed out, even Marx, despite his bitter denunciation of the alienating effects of labor in a capitalist milieu, placed his faith in the presumed "liberating" effects of labor in a socialist society, and did not consider a "terrible secret"--namely, that even the most creative work may be only "a neurotic activity that diverts the mind from the diminution of time and the approach of death."

It is therefore possible that a post-industrial society would also turn in the direction of many pre-industrial societies--toward the exploration of inner states of experience rather than the outer world of fact and material accomplishment. Tradition and ritual, the pillars of life in virtually all societies other than those of an industrial character, would probably once again assert their ancient claims as the guide to and solace for life. The

Thus in all likelihood we must brace ourselves for the consequences of which we have spoken--the risk of "wars of redistribution" or of "pre-emptive seizure;" the rise of social tensions in the industrialized nations over the division of an ever more slow-growing or even diminishing product, and the prospect of a far more coercive exercise of national power as the means by which we will attempt to bring these disruptive processes under control.

From that period of harsh adjustment, I can see no realistic escape. Rationalize as we will, stretch the figures as favorably as honesty will permit, we cannot reconcile the requirements for a lengthy continuation of the present rate of industrialization of the globe with the capacity of existing resources of the fragile biosphere to permit or to tolerate the effects of that industrialization. Nor is it easy to foresee a willing acquiescence of humankind, individually or through its existing social organizations, in alterations of life in ways that foresight would dictate. If then, by the question: "Is there hope for man?" we ask whether it is possible to meet the challenges of the future without the payment of a fearful price, the answer must be: There is no such hope.

At this final stage of our inquiry, with the full spectacle of the human prospect before us, the spirit quails and the will falters. We find ourselves pressed to the very limit of our personal capacities, not only in summoning up the courage to look squarely at the dimensions of the impending predicament, but in finding words that can offer some plausible relief in a situation so bleak.

At this late juncture I have no intention of sounding a call for moral awakening or for social action on some unrealistic scale. Yet I do not intend to condone, much less to urge, an attitude of passive resignation, or a relegation of the human prospect to the realm of things we choose not to think about. Avoidable evil remains, as it always will, an enemy that can be defeated; and the fact that the collective destiny of man portends unavoidable travail is no reason, and cannot be tolerated as an excuse, for doing nothing. This general admonition applies in particular to the intellectual elements of Western nations whose privileged role as sentries for society takes on a special importance in the face of things as we now see them. It is their task not only to prepare their fellow citizens for the sacrifices that will be required of them, but to take the lead in seeking to redefine the legitimate boundaries of power and the permissible sanctuaries of freedom for a future in which the exercise of power must inevitably increase and many present areas of freedom, especially in economic life, be curtailed.

Let me therefore put these last words somewhat more "positively," offsetting to some degree the bleakness of our prospect, without violating the facts or spirit of our inquiry. Here I must begin by stressing for one last time an essential fact. The human prospect is not an irrevocable death sentence. It is not apocalypse or Domsday toward which we are headed, although the risk

is still so great, that no substantial voluntary diminution of growth, much less a planned reorganization of society, is today even remotely imaginable. What leader of an underdeveloped nation, particularly one caught up in the exhilaration of a revolutionary restructuring of society, would call a halt to industrial activity in his impoverished land? What capitalist or socialist nation would put a ceiling on material output, limiting its citizens to the well-being obtainable from its present volume of production?

Thus, however admirable in intent, impassioned polemics against growth itself are exercises in futility today. Worse, they may even point in the wrong direction. Paradoxically, perhaps, the agenda for the moment lies in the temporary encouragement of the very process of industrial advance that is ultimately the mortal enemy. In the backward areas, the acute misery that is the potential source of so much international disruption can be remedied only to the extent that rapid improvements are introduced, including that minimal infrastructure needed to support a modern system of health services, education, transportation, fertilizer production, and the like. In the developed nations, what is required at the moment is the encouragement of technical advances that will permit the extraction of new resources to replace depleted reserves of scarce minerals, new sources of energy to stave off the collapse that would occur if present energy reservoirs were exhausted before substitutes were discovered, and above all, new techniques for the generation of energy that will minimize the associated generation of heat.

Thus there is a short period left during which we can probably continue on the present trajectory. It is possible that during this period a new direction will be struck that will greatly ease the otherwise inescapable adjustments. The underdeveloped nations, making a virtue of necessity, may redefine "development" in ways that limit technology and minimize the need for the accumulation of capital, stressing instead the education and vitality of their citizens. The possibilities of such a historic step would be much enhanced were the advanced nations to lead the way by a major effort to curtail the enormous wastefulness of industrial production as it is used today. If these changes took place, we might even look forward to a still more desirable redirection of history in a diminution of scale, a reduction in the size of the human community from the dangerous level of immense nation-states toward the "polis" that defined the appropriate reach of political power for the ancient Greeks.

All these are possibilities, but certainly not probabilities. The revitalization of the polis is hardly likely to take place during a period in which an orderly response to social and physical challenges will require an increase of centralized power and the encouragement of national rather than communal attitudes. The voluntary abandonment of the industrial mode of production would require a degree of self-abnegation on the part of its beneficiaries--managers and consumers alike--that would be without parallel in history. The redefinition of development on the part of the poorer nations would require a prodigious effort of will in the face of the envy and fear that Western industrial power and "affluence" arouse.

the extent of the alterations it must undergo to attain a viable stationary socio-economic structure, and no socialist state has displayed the needed willingness to subordinate its national interests to supranational ones.

To these obstacles we must add certain elements of the political propensities in "human nature" that stand in the way of a rational, orderly adaptation of the industrial mode in the directions that will become increasingly urgent as the distant future comes closer. There seems no hope for a rapid modification of the human character to bring about a peaceful, organized reorientation of life styles. Men and women, much as they are today, will set the pace and determine the necessary means for the social changes that will eventually have to be made. The drift toward the strong exercise of political power---a movement given its initial momentum by the need to exercise a much wider and deeper administration of both production and consumption--is likely to attain added support from the psychological insecurity that will be sharpened in a period of unrest and uncertainty. The bonds of national identity are certain to exert their powerful force, mobilizing men for the collective efforts needed, but inhibiting the international sharing of burdens and wealth. The myopia that confines the present vision of men to the short-term future is not likely to disappear overnight, rendering still more difficult a planned and orderly retrenchment and redivision of output.

Therefore the outlook is for convulsive change--change forced upon us by external events rather than by conscious choice, by catastrophe rather than by calculation. As with Malthus's much derided but all too prescient forecasts, nature will provide the checks, if foresight and "morality" do not. One such check could be the outbreak of wars arising from the explosive tensions of the coming period, which might reduce the growth rates of the surviving nation-states and thereby defer the danger of industrial asphyxiation for a period. Alternatively, nature may rescue us from ourselves by what John Platt has called a "storm of crisis problems." As we breach now this, now that edge of environmental tolerance, local disasters--large-scale fatal urban temperature inversions, massive crop failures, resource limitations such as the current oil shortage--may also slow down economic growth and give a necessary impetus to the piecemeal construction of an ecologically and socially viable social system.

Such negative feedbacks are likely to exercise an all-important cushioning effect on a crisis that would otherwise in all probability overwhelm the slender human capabilities for planned adjustment to the future. However brutal these feedbacks, they are apt to prove effective in changing our attitudes as well as our actions, unlike appeals to our collective foresight, such as the exhortations of the Club of Rome's Limits to Growth, or the manifesto of a group of British scientists calling for an immediate halt to growth. The problem is that the challenge to survival still lies sufficiently far in the future, and the inertial momentum of the present industrial order

be forced to slow down, in all likelihood within a generation or two, and will probably have to give way to decline thereafter. To repeat the words of the text, "whether we are unable to sustain growth or unable to tolerate it," the long era of industrial expansion is now entering its final stages, and we must anticipate the commencement of a new era of stationary total output and (if population growth continues or an equitable sharing among nations has not yet been attained) declining material output per head in the advanced nations.

These challenges also point to a certain time frame within which different aspects of the human prospect will assume different levels of importance. In the short run, by which we may speak of the decade or two immediately ahead, no doubt the most pressing questions will be those of the use and abuse of national power, the vicissitudes of political history, perhaps the short-run vagaries of the economic process, about which we have virtually no predictive capability whatsoever. From our vantage point today, a worsening of the situation in the Middle East, further Vietnams or Czechoslovakias, inflation, severe economic malfunction--or their avoidance--are sure to exercise the primary influences over the quality of existence, or even over the possibilities for existence.

In a somewhat longer time frame--extending perhaps for a period of a half century--the main shaping force of the future takes on a different aspect. Assuming that the day-to-day, year-to-year crises are surmounted in relative safety, the issues of the relative resilience and adaptability of the two great socio-economic systems come to the fore as the decisive questions. Here the properties of industrial socialism and capitalism as ideal types seem likely to provide the parameters within which and by which the prospect for man will be formed. We have already indicated what general tendencies seem characteristic of each of these systems, and the advantages that may accrue to socialist--that is, planning and probably authoritarian social orders--during this era of adjustment.

In the long run, stretching a century or more ahead, still a different facet of the human prospect appears critical. This is the transformational problem, centered in the reconstruction of the material basis of civilization itself. In this period, as indefinite in its boundaries but as unmistakable in its mighty dimensions as a vast storm visible on the horizon, the challenge devolves upon those deep-lying capabilities for political change whose roots in "human nature" we have just examined.

It is the challenges of the middle and the long run that command our attention when we speculate about the human prospect, if only because those of the short run defy our prognostic grasp entirely. It seems unnecessary to add more than a few words to underline the magnitude of these still distant problems. No developing country has fully confronted the implications of becoming a "modern" nation-state whose industrial development must be severely limited, or considered the strategy for such a state in a world in which the Western nations, capitalist and socialist both, will continue for a long period to enjoy the material advantages of their early start. Within the advanced nations, in turn, the difficulties of adjustment are no less severe. No capitalist nation has as yet imagined

Robert L. Hellbroner, "Reflections on the Human Prospect"

(The New York Review of Books, January 24, 1974, pages 32-34)

What is needed now is a summing up of the human prospect, some last reflections on its implications for the present and future alike.

The external challenges can be succinctly reviewed. We are entering a period in which rapid population growth, the presence of obliterative weapons, and dwindling resources will bring international tensions to dangerous levels for an extended period. Indeed, there seems no reason for these levels of danger to subside unless population equilibrium is achieved and some rough measure of equity reached in the distribution of wealth among nations, either by great increases in the output of the underdeveloped world or by a massive distribution of wealth from the richer to the poorer lands.

Whether such an equitable arrangement can be reached--at least within the next several generations--is open to serious doubt. Transfers of adequate magnitude imply a willingness to redistribute income internationally on a more generous scale than the advanced nations have evidenced within their own domains. The required increases in output in the backward regions would necessitate gargantuan application of energy merely to extract the needed resources. It is uncertain whether the requisite energy-producing technology exists, and, more serious, possible that its application would bring us to the threshold of an irreversible change in climate, as a consequence of the enormous addition of manmade heat to the atmosphere.

It is this last problem that poses the most demanding and difficult of the challenges. The existing pace of industrial growth, with no allowance for increased industrialization to repair global poverty, holds out the risk of entering the danger zone of climatic change in as little as three or four generations. If that trajectory is in fact pursued, industrial growth will then have to come to an immediate halt, for another generation or two along that path would literally consume human, perhaps all, life. That terrifying outcome can be postponed only to the extent that the wastage of heat can be reduced, or that technologies that do not add to the atmospheric heat burden--for example, solar energy transformers--can be put to use. The outlook can also be mitigated by redirecting output away from heat-creating material outputs into the production of "services" that add only trivially to heat.

All these considerations make the designation of a timetable for industrial deceleration difficult to construct. Yet, under any and all assumptions, one irrefutable conclusion remains. The industrial growth process, so central to the economic and social life of capitalism and Western socialism alike, will

- Week 9 A certain brother came to Abbot Poemen and said: What ought I to do? I am in great sadness. The elder said to him: Never despise anybody never condemn anybody, never speak evil of anyone, and the Lord will give you peace.
- Week 10 A Brother asked one of the elders: How does fear of the Lord get into a man? And the elder said: If a man have humility and poverty, and judge not another, that is how the fear of the Lord gets into him.
- Week 11 There was a certain brother who was praised by all the others in the presence of Abbot Anthony, but when the elder tested him he found that he could not bear to be insulted. Then Abbot Anthony said: You, brother, are like a house with a big strong gate, that is freely entered by robbers through all the windows.
- Week 12 Yet another elder said: If you see a young monk by his own will climbing up into heaven, take him by the foot and throw him to the ground, because what he is doing is not good for him.
- Week 13 The Fathers used to say: If some temptation arises in the place where you dwell in the desert, do not leave that place in time of temptation. For if you leave it then no matter where you go, you will find the same temptation waiting for you. But be patient until the temptation goes away, lest your departure scandalize others who dwell in the same place, and bring tribulation upon them.

Y. 104

516

THE SOLITARY OFFICE
MEDITATION READINGS

Page 103

READING

- Week 1 Abbot Joseph of Thebes said: There are three kinds of men who find honour in the sight of God: First, those who, when they are ill and tempted, accept all these things with thanksgiving. The second, those who do all their works clean in the sight of God, in no way merely seeking to please men. The third, those who sit in subjection to the command of a spiritual father and renounce all their own desires.
- Week 2 Abbot Pambo questioned Abbot Anthony saying: What ought I to do? And the elder replied: Have no confidence in your own virtuousness. Do not worry about a thing once it has been done. Control your tongue and your belly.
- Week 3 An Elder said: Here is the monk's life-work, obedience, mediation, not judging others, not reviling, not complaining. For it is written: You who love the Lord, hate evil. So this is the monk's life- not to walk in agreement with an unjust man, nor to look with his eyes upon evil, nor to go about being curious, and neither to examine nor to listen to the business of others. Not to take anything with his hands, but rather to give to others. Not to be proud in his heart, nor to malign others in his thoughts. Not to fill his stomach, but in all things to behave with discretion. Behold, in all this you have the monk.
- Week 4 One of the brethren questioned Abbot Isidore, the elder of Scete, saying: Why is it that the demons are so grievously afraid of you? The elder replied: From the moment I became a monk I have striven to prevent anger rising to my lips.
- Week 5 A certain brother inquired of Abbot Pastor, saying: What shall I do? I lose my nerve when I am sitting alone at prayer in my cell? The elder said to him: Despise no one, condemn no one, rebuke no one, God will give you peace and your meditation will be undisturbed.
- Week 6 Abbot Pastor said: If you have a chest full of clothing, and leave it for a long time, the clothing will rot inside it. It is the same with the thoughts in our heart. If we do not carry them out by physical action, after a long while they will spoil and turn bad.
- Week 7 The Father said: If there are three monks living together, of whom one remains silent in prayer at all times, and another is ailing and gives thanks for it, and the third waits on them both with sincere good will, these three are equal, as if they were performing the same work.
- Week 8 One of the elders said: It is not because evil thoughts come to us that we are condemned, but only because we make use of the evil thoughts. It can happen that from these thoughts we suffer shipwreck, but it can also happen that because of them we may be crowned.

VII. Pressure-Point Implementation

1. How would the 4 necessary demonstrations operate for a broad and deep resolution of the contradictions?
2. Which pressure points are activated by each?
3. How do they activate the pressure points?
4. What are their implications for rebalancing the social process?

VIII. Destinal Future

1. What major images come to mind that hold the creative future of this nation?
2. How will this serve toward alleviating human suffering in the world?
3. What will these demonstrations cost?
4. What story will this nation tell about this demonstration?

11 5-18

of. 65 (4)

SODALITY CONVERSATIONS

I. Destinal Heritage

1. What concrete events surrounded the earliest emergence of this nation?
2. What have been significant eras in its history?
3. What consistent qualities have persisted throughout these eras?
4. What futuristic posture emerges from this heritage?

II. Destinal Gift

1. In the Nation & World course, gifts of the various continents were described as follows:

WEST		
N. Am.	EUR.	RUSSIA
E	E	P
ECONOMIC		

SOUTH		
L. Am.	N.A.M.E	AFRICA
P	E	E
POLITICAL		

EAST		
INDIA	SEAFAR	CHINA
P	E	E
CULTURAL		

- What factors would confirm or question this analysis of our gifts?
2. What contemporary events reflect this emphasis?
3. What unique qualities have emerged within this nation in acting out its emphasis?
4. What concrete role does this nation have in the global future?

III. Existing Sociality

1. What are the key economic institutions of this nation?
2. What are its key polity forms (formal & informal)?
3. What are its key cultural emphases?
4. What are its key global relations?

IV. Present Imbalances

1. What are manifestations of the Economic Imbalance?
2. _____ of the imbalance in the Political Sector?
3. _____ of the imbalance in the Cultural Sector?
4. What are signs of shifting imbalances in contemporary events?

V. Underlying Contradictions

1. What are current issues of present concern in the nation.
- 2.
3. What contradictions are preventing these issues from being resolved?
4. What is the depth contradiction underlying the other?

VI. Demonstration Options

1. What social demonstrations were foundational to this nation?
2. What social demonstrations are called for today?
3. Where are signs already being raised?
4. What would we name as 4 necessary social demonstrations?

QUARTER III SODALITY							
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
The Destinal Heritage	The Destinal Gift	The Existing Sociality	The Present Imbalance	The Underlying Contra- diction	The Demonstra- tion Options	The Pressure Point Implement- ation	The Destinal Future

The Sodality is a series of analytical conversations on the regionalis, the geographic level between the local and the global, with an aim of discerning appropriate social demonstrations for that level. In most cases, the nation will be the object of consideration, but particular circumstances may warrant selection of the continent, area or region. The conversations are aimed at discerning the particular gifts and contributions of the regionalis that might be released by social demonstration. They are not workshops but conversations and no "final product" is required. When, however, breakthrough insights occur, they should be recorded and copies sent to Global Research Centrum: Chicago for use in planning Global Social Demonstrations.

12 4 8

6' 00 100

themselves and to be reminded of past achievements under circumstances of enormous difficulty. They can be given confidence in the naturalness of their visions and in the reach of the human mind.

Human despair or default can reach a point, of course, where even the most stirring visions lose their regenerating and radiating powers. This point, some will say, has already been reached. Not true. It will be reached only when human beings are no longer capable of calling out to one another, when the words in their poetry break up before their eyes, when their faces become frozen toward their young, and when they fail to make pictures out of clouds racing across the sky.

Much of the present despair will lift when we realize we are not living up to our moral capacity. No other country in the world has more to bring to its problems. We have the brainpower. We have the manpower. We have the technology. What we don't have, but can regain, is confidence in ourselves, in our history, and in the ultimate power of ideas.

Norman Cousins

the lessons, none is more important than the fact that this system was built to withstand shock, and that moral factors have a place in that equilibrium. This lesson can be useful in enabling Americans to regain confidence in themselves and their institutions. Such confidence will be essential if they are to meet present and future challenges.

Nothing would be more fatuous than to suppose these problems have easy answers, or that a Pollyanna attitude is all that is necessary for resolving them. Here we borrow freely from an editorial appearing on this page several years ago. The evidence is strong-not just in this country but throughout a large part of the world-that human society is in a stage of comprehensive breakdown. Life is no longer the highest value. Sensitivity to suffering and to indignity is being dulled. People adjust all too easily to brutality and violence. Poverty no longer ignites general resentment. The need for social justice fails to galvanize. Millions of young people and increasing numbers of older people find it necessary to subject their delicate brain tissue to the twisting power of drugs. The large cities are rapidly on the way to becoming unlivable.

Nothing, however, is more grimly characteristic of the age than the fact that the finest minds are not being directed to the biggest problems. Brains are being honed and mobilized for purposes of confrontation and destruction. No comparable mobilization of human intellect and conscience is occurring on the level of humanity's greatest needs.

Organizations like the Club of Rome have turned to the computer for projections about the future of humankind. They have fed into the computer vast quantities of statistics on population, food resources, environment, industrial growth, and so forth. And the computer has responded with an ominous projection of a world overrun with people, short on habitable land and food, its resources rapidly being depleted, its oceans and airshed heavy with poisons.

Nothing would be more dangerous than to ignore such warnings. But nothing is more irresponsible than to accept the computer's projection as inevitable. The computer can't be programmed to comprehend the mysteries of human response. The computer has no way of anticipating the advent of a Thomas Jefferson or a Winston Churchill or anyone capable of generating ideas that can lead to great change. Can the computer tell us anything about a mind like Bucky Fuller's - a mind that can conceive of new sources of energy, new ways of building homes and cities, new ways of making the earth more livable?

THE CASE FOR HOPE has never rested on provable facts or rational assessment. Hope by its very nature is independent of the apparatus of logic. What gives hope its power is not the accumulation of demonstrable fact, but the release of human energies generated by the longing for something better. The capacity for hope is the most significant fact in life. It gives human beings a sense of destination and the energy to get started. It enlarges sensitivities. It gives values to feelings as well as to facts.

Hope cannot be ordered into being. Men in a condition of despair cannot be commanded to generate glorious dreams. But they can be encouraged to rediscover

have served to strengthen the underpinnings of American society. The basic theory that went into the making of the American government has been confirmed. This theory is that the worth of a government is measured by its ability to face up to its errors. The American system was designed to force errors into the open and to make it as difficult as possible for the error-makers to maintain their power. The Philadelphia Constitutional Convention gave office-holders substantial power to meet the needs of the people but carefully limited the power of office-holders to isolate themselves from the consequences of their mistakes.

Both Vietnam and Watergate, therefore, crushing though they have been to national pride and confidence, have demonstrated the validity of the original design of the government. Some Presidents may arrogate power to themselves in the name of the national security-whether for personal or even altruistic purposes-but the process is as risky to them politically as it is alien to the traditions of the society.

Vietnam was one of the greatest ordeals in the nation's history, and Watergate was unquestionably the greatest political scandal, but both episodes demonstrated the principle that the ultimate power of the society rests with the people. For it was an activated public opinion-public opinion interacting with investigative reporting and with the workings of Congress-that forced an end to the Vietnam war and that shattered the attempt of President Nixon to quash the Watergate investigation.

Whatever the historical verdict may be on the Vietnam war, the signal fact emerging from that experience is that the United States declined to use the means readily at hand to obliterate its foe. The United States did not exercise that power because of the greater power represented by the certain and overwhelming opposition of the American people to such a course and the inevitable political demise of all those who would have been responsible for such a decision.

Similarly, what is most significant about Watergate is not the enormity of the scandals, but the fact that not even a President could quarantine damaging information in his possession. The recurrent tone in most foreign comment on Watergate was one of astonishment that the government should be prosecuting the government. Newspapers abroad reported the news that members of the Attorney General's staff were investigating the role of the White House with respect to the original break-in and the subsequent attempt to bribe the convicted burglars into maintaining silence about the identity of their employers. The editorial pages of those newspapers, however, reflected consternation or disbelief that people who were appointed by the President should be conducting the investigation and preparing the way for criminal trials of some of the highest officials in the land. Nor was it readily comprehensible to the readers of those newspapers why anything as imprecise as public opinion should have been able, on a day-to-day basis, to force the President to make decisions counter to his own personal interests.

Both Watergate and Vietnam have served as a classroom on the nature of American institutions. Much has been learned. More remains to be learned. And of all

that can become the dominant reality of tomorrow.

If enough people can be found who are willing to attach themselves to the proposition that the human species is sufficiently intelligent and energetic to think and to work in world terms, the pessimistic forecasts of the experts will lose their power to paralyze or intimidate. The biggest task of humanity in the next 50 years will be to prove the experts wrong.

HOPE AND PRACTICAL REALITIES

In the present mood, it is not likely that any serious problems will be imaginatively approached, much less solved. The main trouble with despair is that it is self-fulfilling. People who fear the worst tend to invite it. Heads that are down can't scan the horizon for new openings. Bursts of energy do not spring from a spirit of defeat. Ultimately, hopelessness leads to helplessness.

In this sense, the most serious problem confronting the nation is not inflation or the energy shortage or dwindling resources or the danger of war in the Middle East. The most serious problem right now is that the American people are psychologically depleted and are not primed for innovation. Where does new hope begin? It is possible that hope in America begins with a restoration of confidence of the American people in themselves, in their government, in their future.

The reasons for the decline of confidence are not obscure. For more than a decade, the nation has experienced an almost relentless series of events that have cut deeply into the national sense of a favored destiny. The traditional American belief that heroes appear at moments of overwhelming need has been shattered. The assassination of John and Robert Kennedy still lies like an incubus on the land. The spew of violence has spilled over into everyday life.

The DOMINANT THEMES of the decade have been Vietnam and Watergate, both of which came off the same spool and underlined history's oldest lesson—that power and morality tend to be on opposite sides and that, indeed, morality is the first casualty of power. In Vietnam commitments were made, and actions were taken, outside the constitutional process. The arbitrary use of presidential power was escalated to keep pace with the war itself—a war that was to drive a wedge of distrust between the American people and their government. It was a war that was dubious in its origins, furtive in its operations, murky in its purposes.

Watergate compounded the distrust. As with Vietnam, failure to admit an initial error billowed out into larger errors and wrongdoing. The Watergate process continued until there was no way out except for the President to resign in disgrace—the first such withdrawal in the nation's history. What began as an idiotic act of political sabotage burgeoned into a political convulsion. The effects are not confined to the disappearance from the political scene of those directly involved, as the recent elections have demonstrated.

Yet, in the perspective of American history, both Vietnam and Watergate have

It is madness to assume that all the heads of state who have access to the nuclear weapons are men of wisdom and restraint. If the turbulence of government and politics has taught us anything at all in the past half-century, it is that men at the top are as prone to wild aberrations and insane judgments as are other mortals throughout human society. Government leaders who believe such weapons are essential to the public security confess their unfitness to superintend the human future.

Here, too, the only thing greater than the danger is the assumption that it cannot be turned back. There is a chance, and a good one, that nuclear weapons can be brought under control if world opinion reacts to the problem with a blazing and sustained intensity. If statesmen are given to understand that their political lives depend on progress in this direction, the progress will come.

It will not be enough, however, to create a clamor. Public concern must find its focus in the need for effective world organization. Every major problem in the world today calls for a world response. It is impossible, in fact, to think seriously about such problems without recognizing that they all point to the need for transforming the United Nations into a series of effective authorities, as part of a world organization with law-making and law-enforcing powers. Moreover, it is difficult to see how the world can feed itself adequately, or how the arms race can be halted, or how we can keep outer space from becoming a nuclear shooting gallery, or how we can keep the world's air and water from becoming poisoned, or how we can head off the predatory competition among nations for ownership of the resources of the seas, or how new sources of energy available on a large scale can be developed, unless the United Nations is made into a genuine organization with primary responsibility for the conditions of life on planet Earth.

The sum total of all these agencies, properly related under world law, is what is meant by world order. The agencies cannot work in isolation. They must have a common source of authority. The tendency to abuse that authority will be great, always a danger whenever power is created. But the alternative to abuse of power must not be anarchy, which is the present condition in the international arena. The antidotes to abuse of power are checks and balances, constant searchlighting, constant review and overhaul, open communications to the fullest extent possible, limited appointment or election of officials.

The value of the pessimistic forecasts of the Club of Rome or the Hudson Institute is that they serve as an early warning system. People must not be permitted to think we will drift away from danger. Massive efforts are required to make these efforts.

Our argument is not against honest alerts. Our argument rather is against the notion that the human race is locked into a grim inevitability. No one, no matter how great his expertise, knows enough about the future to say that we have passed the point of no return. He may be the supreme authority on his own subject, but he cannot predict the workings of the human mind. The way the human mind will respond to any given situation is the kind of intangible

reference is involved. In love the reference is to God as the self's good, fulfilling all its need, and to all creaturely beings which are good for God, whether or not their goodness for the self has become evident. In faith the reference is to God as the faithful One, who keeps his promises, and to his creatures to whom he has made his promises and to whom the self is united in covenant. But promise involves commitment which has a future in view and so hope is immediately involved as that modification of the self's movement toward a future in which it acts as loving and faithful self.

3. Hope is the peculiarly human theological virtue. Love and faith must be ascribed to God, however great our fear of anthropomorphism may be, for without activity that is the counterpart of our desire for the good and of our fidelity the Ground of Being is just that and not God. But to ascribe hope to him seems too anthropomorphic. Whatever his relation to time, it is hard to think of time being in him as in us. So far as I know, the Scriptures never speak of the hope of God though they do speak much of his love and his faith.

Now hope is related to faith and love first of all in this way that it is the expectation of the manifestation of God's love and of his faithfulness, that is of his redemption of the promises made to life. It is the expectation of the manifestation of this faithfulness not only or primarily to the self but to those who have been faithful to him and to his cause. So its great symbol or focusing point is coming of Jesus Christ in power. It is also the expectation of the revelation of his love for the unfaithful and of his faithfulness in keeping the promise made through Christ to forgive the world's sin. Further, hope is the expectation of the self's perfection in love and faith. If in each present moment the self knows itself as having at least an ambivalent relation of love-hostility, trust-mistrust, toward God, hope appears as the assurance that "I shall yet praise him." And it is in the third place the expectation of the kingdom of God in which the relations of love and appreciation, of trust and loyalty, run back and forth between finite beings and between them and the infinite source and object of love and faith.

4. Hope is not only the expectation of faith and love; it is the exercise of faith and love in the temporal dimension. Hope is the form which faith assumes in relation to the future. It is trust in God with respect to the future. In hope man now trusts God as one who will surely do in the future what he has promised in the past. It is love of the companion appearing in the form of the expectation of divine love to be bestowed on him. Thus the love of Christ (and so of every companion now revalued as in Christ) appears in the form of hope for him. In a sense hope is the form which the love of God takes on the part of man in time who loves the God who is not yet manifest, the God who is the Father of Jesus Christ, God who is love.

5. Hope is the means by which future faith and love (of which God, companion and self are subjects and objects) are brought into the present. "Everyone who has this hope set upon him purifieth himself." The more trusting the hope or the more hopeful the trust, the more it is possible now to respond to God and companions with anticipations of the love and faith that shall be. Hope makes for anticipated attainment of faith and love, as when the hopeful heir of immeasurable wealth is lavishly generous on a meager allowance. It all depends, of course, on what the self confidently expects.

If it does not expect amply faith and love from God and his society, it will not respond in faith and love to its companions or to God in the present. If it expects to rule with the righteous, it may try to anticipate that attainment. Not only through anticipated attainment, but through preparation hope is the means for drawing the future into the present, as when the child prepares to become a man by accepting disciplines and by pre-enacting the role which it will play.

6. Finally, hope is the attitude which faith and love take toward the past. It is the expectation that the faith and love of God will redeem, restore, recreate the past--the personal and the human past. It is the expectation that whatever there was of love of God and his cause, of faithfulness among men will be resurrected, while all hatred and betrayal and mistrust will be destroyed. It says, "Behold all things will become new, including the past."

3. The gifts which we call theological virtues in this general sense are given not as states of character but as relations to other beings and particularly as relations to God. They are given with and in the gift of the object toward which as actions of the self they are directed. Humility or thinking rightly of ourselves is given with the gift of God himself, and of the neighbors. The self does not think rightly or humbly of itself until God discloses himself in his majesty and graciousness and reveals the neighbor in his Christlikeness. Love is given with the gift of the lovely, the love--attracting; it is called forth by the gift of God himself as the supremely and wholly desirable good; by the gift of the neighbor, as the one beloved by God, as lovely, and as loving the self. Hereby we not only know love but conceive love, that God makes himself known in his beauty, as Jonathan Edwards would say, and in his love of us, as the Elder John says. Faith as trust is given with the self-disclosure to a person of God as the faithful One, who not only can be trusted but invites and attracts trust; faith as loyalty or faithfulness is given with the revelation of the supremely challenging cause, the cause of the kingdom of God or the cause of Christ. Hope is given with the gift of a promise or with the gift of a future. In every case what is given is not a "virtue" as a habit of the soul, but an objective something toward which the soul goes out in activity. Thus the theological virtues or virtues insofar as they are theological laws have the character of response rather than habits. As responses they are personal both on the side of the agent and on the side of object, that is they are responses of a person to personal actions such as faithkeeping, love, promise.

4. We will confine ourselves from this point on to the three chief theological virtues, faith, hope and love, but what is to be said about them probably applies to all Christian responses. It does not seem that the Thomist position which regards them as supernatural additions to nature can be defended. They seem, rather, to represent the restoration and the perfection to its true activity of a personal capacity for response which has been perverted. The love of God and of the neighbor in God are not foreign to man's nature or, better, to man in his natural situation; but in our fallen situation they are present as love of idol and love of the neighbor in relation to idols. Man does not exist without love of an objective good which is, in a momentary way, at least the object of his greatest concern. Nor does he seem to live without relation to the Ground of Being though in the fallen state this relation is one of hostility. The love of God is the restoration and perfection of a response which has always been present in misdirected or inverted form; this seems also to be true of love of the companion. Similarly, man being not merely gregarious but personally communal does not live without relations of fidelity and trust, though in a world of many betrayals, trust turns partly into mistrust, and loyalty to partial causes leads to betrayal of other causes. Trust and faithfulness together with the secondary form of faith, belief, are inseparable from man's existence as a communal, personal being who must make promises in order to be a person and must trust in promises. But the structure of faith is warped, twisted and perverted in actual existence and must be both restored and perfected. Again, hope is not a supernatural addition to man's nature. Insofar as he is a person man has time in him, a past, a present and a future. In a life in which promises have been broken by the self and by those it trusts-mistrusts, in which memory is of a past full of disappointments and betrayals, the future has the form of wishful utopianism and of anxiety.

Hope is the conversion of man's internal futurity not the supplying of a future where there was not future. In anxiety man has death in his future, in hope life: but man does not live without a future.

II. On the INter-relation of the Theological Virtues.

1. The theological virtues cannot be reduced to one of the three, as often seems to be suggested. Love as such has no reference to time, but to the presence of a gracious being inviting as it gives love; nor does it have as graciousness the character of loyalty and trust. It may well be the greatest of the virtues, but it is only in connection with faith that it becomes great love, as is clear even in human personal relations where love without trust and loyalty lacks moral quality. Faith as trust in a faithful person and as fidelity to a person and to a common cause has reference both in the agent and in his object to the pre-eminently moral character of a freedom that can and does bind itself and which can keep or break its covenants. As such it is distinctly different from love though it is incomplete, of course, without love. Hope is the response of personal being in which there is time. This time reference is as such not characteristic of love and faith. But without love and faith hope is empty, or does not exist at all. Each of the virtues has its distinctive character, but none of them can be in action without the others. The danger, of course, of every analysis of Christian life is that the distinction of various aspects will lead to the thought that it is a union of parts and this may lead to the mistaken effort to add virtue to virtue. Hence it is intelligible why at various times the effort to do justice to the unity of Christian life should have led to the effort to concentrate it in one of the virtues as the source and bearer of all the rest. So faith in the days of the Reformation, love in the time of liberalism and now hope, has been regarded as the fundamental, or the original or the key virtue. However, none of these is the key to or the foundation of the others, as existence in time is not the key to or the ground of the self's existence in devotion to the good or to its existence in covenant relations, nor are the latter the bases of the former. Insofar as the unity of the self in Christian life needs to be defined this can be done only, it seems to me, by reference to Christ, or the spirit of Christ, which dwells in it and responds faithfully, lovingly, hopefully to God-in-Christ and companion-in-Christ.

2. Though faith and hope and love are not so unified that two of these are aspects of the third, yet they constitute a unity and not a collection of responses or virtues. They cannot be added to each other so that one of them might be possible to the self without the other two. They are as interconnected as are their bases in the creaturely constitution of the self as being devoted to value, as covenanting being and as being in time. (I shall henceforth use the phrase "being in time" in place of the more accurate but cumbersome expression "being that has time in it.") Something has been said above about the way in which faith, as a relation of trust in the faithful one and as loyalty to his cause, is related to love as desire for the good One and appreciation of all those who are good for him. We cannot here speak of a first and second. In man-God as in man-man relations the first act of which a self may be aware may be a response of faith which is followed by love or it may be the other way. In the one instance faith is perfected by love, in the other case love is perfected by faith. In both cases a double

REFLECTIONS ON FAITH, HOPE AND LOVE

H. Richard Niebuhr

I. On the "Theological Virtues" in General.

1. When the ethical reflections of Scripture are systematized with the aid of ideas developed by Greco-Roman-Western reason considerable violence is done to them and the way is opened to many misconceptions and malpractices. This seems to be true in particular of the long-established practice in Christianity of dealing with faith, hope and love, as well as with humility, joy, peace, obedience, graciousness and other gifts of God, under the head of virtues. These gifts have this in common with the virtues that they are goods and that their matter is personal conduct, in distinction from goods whose matter is something else as in the case of physical health, where biological process has the "form of good," or of wealth, or food, or beauty. But this conception of virtue does not fit these gifts insofar as virtue means good conduct in the power of the agent and insofar as it means habit. The "theological virtues" are indeed qualifications of personal freedom; the self is freely active in love, faith, humility, etc., though the freedom which it exercises in them is more the freedom of self-determination than of choice, or more the freedom to an object good than a freedom from external compulsion; but they are not achievements or products of training; therefore gifts. Moreover, they are not habits somehow established in the constitution of the agent, but relations which depend for their duration on the constancy with which the objective good, to which the self is related in these ways is given. This is true not only of faith, hope and love but of all other good human conduct as seen in the perspective of faith. Hence the conception of virtue does not only fail to fit the gifts of faith, love and hope, but also all these other kinds of good human conduct. That is to say, the idea of virtue itself has no real place in Christian ethics. If we continue to use it, as it seems almost necessary to do, since we have no other word for the gifts which have personal conduct as their matter, we must always do it with the qualification that we mean by it neither achievement nor habit, but gift and response.

2. From this point of view faith, love and hope are not the theological virtues which may be added as gifts to achieved moral virtues--courage, temperance, justice and prudence--but the chief or most inclusive theological virtues among which one must also number endurance or patience, self-control, righteousness, and humility, not to speak of other kinds of gracious behavior. Insofar as the distinction between moral or achieved, habitual virtues and theological virtues may be maintained the line must be drawn elsewhere than Thomas and his followers draw it. It lies between the habits which put one in the way of receiving the gifts and the gifts themselves. So the righteousness of man or justice may put one in the way of receiving the gift of divine righteousness, though not without the kind of pain that Paul experienced, and courage may put one in the way of receiving the gift of patience and endurance, though not without the conversion that a Peter had to undergo.

When you take that belief and grind it into your being, which is the Dark Night of the Soul, and grasp that all of life is humiliation, weakness and suffering, then you have entered into what I call profound belief.

When you have become a believer, sooner or later you grasp that you are responsible for the whole world. Belief and care are simply two sides of the same coin. If you are a believer, you care. Taking that love and burning it through every fibre of your being, takes you through what I call the Long March, the sense of eternal rootlessness. You have no home, no home at all.

The moment you pick up care for the world, you become aware of your final ineffectivity. You become deeply aware of your depletion. You are burned out at that moment, but you become aware of lifelong fulfillment. When that happens, you are in the state of being called Profound Love.

When profound belief and profound love become realities in your consciousness, then, "there appeareth" Hope. Hope that is beyond hope, as Paul put it, the hope against hope. It is not you hoping. You just find yourself with new hope. The difference between that old manufacturer and a Man of Faith is that in the midst of participating in exactly the same world, the Man of Faith gets a crunching experience because he cares profoundly. He finds himself hoping with an everlasting hope.

Do you want to know the very secret of the wellsprings of motivity? It is hope. It seems to belong to the mystery itself. If you start out on the journey you have already started on, and are not aware of secrets like this one, then you are not going to make it. And if that sounds religious, then you will just have to make the best of it.

--Joseph W. Mathews

"NEW TESTAMENT ESCHATOLOGY"

from Despair and Hope For Our Time by
Friedrich Gogarten

The most consequential decision which occurred in primitive Christianity, and perhaps in the whole history of Christianity, turned precisely around the question as to whether faith must understand the beginning which took place with the coming of Jesus on the basis of the end or the end on the basis of the beginning. The decision came in the course of Paul's dispute with the leaders of the church in Jerusalem with regard to the question of whether or not the gentiles had to submit to the Jewish law in order to become Christians. The Judaists and their leaders made this requirement; Paul refused it. The former understood the new which had come with Jesus Christ as the fulfillment of Jewish legal piety. The new faith in the gospel of Christ and life in this faith was for them a possibility of the old, that is, of Jewish piety which until now had not been seen or accessible. Paul, however, understood the gospel as the end of the law. The gospel had revealed to him the inability of the law to bring life and righteousness (Galatians 3:21). "If justification (before God) were through the law, then Christ died to no purpose (Gal. 2:21)." As long as faith in Christ is a new possibility of Jewish piety, neither the end which was Christ's death, nor the beginning which was his resurrection, are eschatological. Then God's future would have occurred neither in the one nor the other, and Christ would not be God's revelation. Therefore, Paul, who apparently was criticized for wanting to please men by preaching freedom from the law (Galatians 1:10f), opposes even the most respected among the apostles with utter decisiveness and admonishes the Christians in Galatia to stand firm in the freedom (from the law) and not to submit again to its yoke of slavery. For whoever serves the law remains shut in by the world and lives on its terms.

Moreover, we are still shut in by the world as long as we understand the new eschatological beginning in terms of the new condition of the world. An approach to New Testament eschatology which concentrates on the status of the world, however conceived, misses the point and exchanges it for an eschatology of the Jewish sort. For New Testament eschatology differs from every other eschatology in that it focuses on God's future and not on that of the world. This is the reason why it pervades the whole message and provides it with the peculiar neo-testamentarian character. It is by no means a special "doctrine" concerning the "last things," the res novissima. This is not to say that the passages in the New Testament about the so-called "last things" are not part of its eschatology, but it is to say that they have to be strictly understood on the basis of God's future rather than vice versa.

We said earlier that futurity is God's nature, his living deity which calls things into being that are not. It confronts man whenever and wherever he comes to faith. The awareness of constantly being exposed to this divine futurity is the distinctive mark of the Christian faith. For in this exposure faith breaks through the confinement in which the world kept man imprisoned. There is no breakthrough, however, when God's futurity is understood on the basis of those "last things" which will occur to the world and to man's life in the world. If God's futurity is thought to occur only when it brings to pass the "last things", the fulfillment of faith is not the final overcoming of the world, but on the contrary, man's final confinement by the world. Even if it were a "new" world, it could not change anything; no faith can be Christian which seeks fulfillment in a world, even a "new" one.

But the expectations of the "last things" is not irrelevant for faith - primarily because faith is not a state but must constantly be gained anew. For God's futurity is clouded time and again for man, walking "in the body" on this earth, by the world, its past, present, and future. Thus we have, as Paul says in 2 Corinthians 4:7ff., that treasure (of divine futurity) in earthen vessels. The "earthen vessel" is man in whom death is powerful in the form of affliction, anxiety, persecution, and oppression. Paul, of course, accepts as part of his faith that God's transcending power demonstrates its force precisely in the midst of the power of death; and in this faith he has the knowledge that if the earthly tent of this life is destroyed he will have a dwelling from God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. But it is crucial that Paul does not say one more word about this eternal house. Rather, he stresses the fact that the "last things" will change faith into seeing. The transformation does not mean that faith-turned-into-seeing has a new "object." It is still the "eternal," "invisible." The change consists in the fact that the "temporal" and "visible" no longer bar the view of the "invisible." Paul says the same in 1 Corinthians 13:12: "Now we see in a mirror dimly, but then face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall understand fully, even as I have been fully understood." Even in this seeing from "face to face" nothing else is seen than what we see already now dimly, in a mirror; for our present fragmentary knowledge is already "to know...(as being) known (Gal.4:9)." It is not fragmentary in terms of its object but in terms of the way of knowing, because it has to gain the knowledge ever anew.

It is crucial, therefore, for the understanding of the New Testament and of eschatology to avoid at all costs the transformation of the expectation of God's futurity into an image of the future world. This can be illustrated by the expectation of the future life which is certainly the central hope of the Christian faith. There is a tremendous difference between a hope which expects a world from which death is absent and a hope which is open to God's future where death has lost its power. In the latter case, I expect a life which is lived solely on the basis of God's futurity which, therefore, is not dependent on the world. In the former case, I hope for a life which is still dependent on the world, albeit a world without death. This hope has meaning only if I can somehow form an image of this world, but this image is based on life in this world

and the desires which motivate it. Otherwise, I can have no knowledge of a future life. If I am told to believe in this life, this merely means that I am supposed to accept as true the proposition that there will once be such a life for me in which the desires of this life will become reality. Such an expectation of the future life can hardly be called Christian.

The life which I expect from God's futurity is of a fundamentally different nature. This life is known in faith which is, however, of quite another sort than the belief just mentioned. That belief refers to a hope which stems from the world. Faith of which we speak here also refers to hope but a hope against hope (Romans 4:18) which divests itself of any hope originating from the world and its life. Faith does not know of this life except by knowing death, the death of Jesus Christ on the cross. This is not an ordinary death, but the death of the world. Here the end of the world is revealed as set by God's futurity. The end is God's judgment over the world which, in terms of the Christian faith, can mean nothing less than the judgment over all life in which man depends on the world, shut in by it, and which is lived in the belief in the law. In order to express the radical nature of this end, Paul uses the formulation that Christ has become a curse for us by dying on the cross (Galatians 3:13).

Through the knowledge of death, faith, therefore, has a knowledge of life. Its knowledge of Christ's death on the cross means even more. But in speaking of this further knowledge we must be careful not to soft-pedal the power of this death in the desire to safeguard faith in life. Otherwise, we fall back into the illusion of a future life previously mentioned, understanding the beginning on the basis of the end instead of the end on the basis of the beginning. Knowledge of death is knowledge of life for faith precisely because it knows death in a more radical and total way than that illusory belief. Unlike such a belief, faith does not exempt man's soul from death, leaving to it only what is "mortal." Man himself has to die. If our previously stated view of man is correct, that he lives in the world but not from it, that he lives from God, he also suffers death in regard to his life from God. Not only man's "mortal" part dies (Luther calls it "little death"), but man must suffer death precisely at the point where he believes himself to be "immortal." Paul speaks of this death when he says that death is the wages of sin (Romans 6:23) or that sin is the sting of death, but the power of sin is the law (1 Corinthians 15:55f.). The knowledge of faith of Jesus' death on the cross is knowledge of this death. It is the eschatological end, set by God's futurity, toward which the final expectation of the Christian faith is directed.

But faith also knows that Jesus took this death upon himself in obedience. We need to pause here in order to reflect on the meaning of this obedience. A popular understanding of the term is inadequate, considering what is at stake here and what this obedience has to accomplish.

At stake is God's deity in the sense in which Luther says that God first has to become the devil for someone before he can become his God. And the meaning of this obedience is also illuminated by another of Luther's comments that Jesus' travail on the cross was similar to ours in all things except that he did not despair of God who imposed this death on him and on the world for which it means the judgment. Jesus' obedient offering of himself means, therefore, also his love for men (Galatians 2:20). In this obedience is revealed the end of the world and of all life issuing from it, as well as the beginning, both on the basis of God's futurity. Paul expressed this with a sentence taken from the eighteen petitions which, as Jew, he prayed daily but whose full meaning was disclosed to him only in the face of the crucified: in this obedience God reveals himself who gives life to the dead (Romans 4:17).

But we need to go further in clarifying the nature of faith which knows of life by knowing of Jesus' death on the cross. In what we just said, the main point is that faith knows of Jesus' death as an expression of his obedience. But how do I come to this faith which contains such knowledge? We must avoid the easy answer that this is the faith in Jesus as the son of God and that it comes about on the basis of the biblical word. With this answer the question is only moved to a different level, for it is now the question of how I come to believe what the Bible says. In the Bible, the disciples lost their faith in Jesus and deserted him when he was crucified, but subsequently they proclaimed him as the Lord who was raised from the dead by God. It is crucial for an understanding of apostolic preaching to realize that the faith which is proclaimed here is not that of the disciples prior to Jesus' death. That faith was the Jewish belief in the Messiah. Faith in Jesus, however, the crucified and risen Lord, is fundamentally different, just as Paul's faith in Christ is different from his former faith in the law. When the disciples came to the faith which they proclaimed as apostles, they had, like Paul, undergone the confrontation with the crucified, leading to the breakdown of their Jewish faith in the law. This breakdown evidently is a necessary part of the origin of the Christian faith. I cannot come to believe in the crucified and risen Lord without a breakdown of the faith by which I have lived thus far. And this breakdown occurs at the point where I am confronted with the object of the Christian faith. The breakdown of a faith is not due merely to its inherent lack of credibility.

Moreover, the breakdown occurs in confrontation with the cross, not with the resurrection. Taken by itself, the resurrection could be the confirmation of a faith. The cross, rather than the resurrection, represents the scandal which has to be overcome in the Christian faith. Christian faith, therefore, originates with the crucifixion because it proclaims Jesus as having risen not just from any kind of death but from death on the cross. This death on the cross is the eschatological end which God's futurity sets for the world and for all life lived on its terms. It is God's judgment over the world. If faith originated with the resurrection and interpreted the cross on this basis, the cross would lose its profoundest meaning. On this basis, faith does not perceive the eschatological end revealed in the cross.

It ignores the power of death represented by Jesus' death on the cross, which is man's death in the sense just described. Resurrection in terms of such a faith means nothing less than the future life which corresponds to man's desires as we described it earlier. Here, faith does not break down in confrontation with the object of the Christian faith. The old faith is maintained and is merely provided with a new set of conceptions. But for Jesus' disciples and for Paul, this faith really broke down and came to naught. What Paul says of his former belief in the law, that for Christ's sake he counts his former gain as refuse, is equally true of the Jewish messianic expectation in which the disciples believed in Jesus before his death. This faith breaks down when confronted with the scandal of the cross. Of course, it does not happen automatically like the destruction of a boat which a storm throws against the rocks. It can also happen that the old faith becomes hardened when confronted with the scandal of the cross. For the scandal consists precisely in this: that the cross which is the sign, even more, the experience of the most despicable and miserable death - the meaning of the Greek word stauros actually is "gallow" - should be the revelation of life.

We always have to be extremely careful not to soft-pedal that power of death through our affirmation of life. To be sure, death has been robbed of its power by the event with which we are concerned here. But it would be wrong to disregard death. Death on the cross as the revelation of life does not mean while Jesus suffered injustice his justice was all the more triumphant because in taking death upon himself he did not abandon the cause for which he suffered. It does not mean that his "mortal" life perished and that his "immortal" cause survived the death. In this case, it would not make sense to speak of the scandal of the cross. Obviously, the triumph of justice through the willing suffering of injustice is something great and admirable, and without it some kind of distinction between justice and injustice, between life and death, could scarcely be maintained in the world. But the issue in the death of Jesus is not worldly justice and injustice but the kingdom of God. Insofar as his death on the cross is God's judgment over the world and over all life issuing from it, it realized God's righteousness over against the world.

God's righteousness over against the world is the fact that he is its creator. This righteousness is not restored as long as it leads only to the destruction of the world and to the death of all worldly life. From the viewpoint of this life, this is indeed all that can be said about it. For such a life can only satisfy God's righteousness by abandoning itself to destruction. But such abandonment is possible only on the basis of its own worldly possibilities. It is the possibility of despair of itself and of God, and the possibility of despair is that of suicide. But God's righteousness is hereby not satisfied. It would be satisfactory only if the abandonment to destruction under God's judgment were also unconditional if vis-a-vis God's righteousness man renounced even despair, the last possibility of holding onto life in terms of the world. Such abandonment, however, is only a possibility given by God; it is the possibility of faith in God who raises the dead and calls into being the things that are not. This is the way in which God's righteousness is satisfied by Jesus' death

on the cross.

The scandal of the cross is, therefore, the revelation of life from God at the same time as it is the divine judgment over all worldly faith, including the messianic faith of the disciples and Paul's faith in the law as a Jew. No one who seeks to escape this judgment, and hence death, whose power is revealed in the cross can expose himself to God's futurity which occurs in the cross. He cannot grasp the beginning which God's futurity sets together with the end as far as the world is concerned. Paul says that "we were therefore buried with him by baptism into death, so that as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, we too might walk in newness of life. For if we have been united with him in a death like his, we shall certainly be united with him in a resurrection like his (Rom.6:4-5)." This conformity with Jesus' death means no more and no less than accepting the judgment, rendered in this death over all worldly life, as judgment over me as it manifested over Jesus on the cross. I must conform to the crucified whom the glory of the Father has raised in order to believe in this glory which is God's deity who raises the dead. Faith is possible only in this conformity, in perceiving Jesus' death and resurrection as my own.

It should now be clear that the future life, as conceived by the New Testament, is a life which is lived exclusively on the basis of God's futurity and not on the basis of any conception of the future of the world. Faith, originating with the crucifixion, does not need to avoid the darkest shadow of death and, therefore, discovers life which is revealed in the cross. This life is revealed only here and nowhere else and is, therefore, fundamentally different from life on the world's terms.

This new life is at the core of the New Testament and gives to its message an eschatological character throughout, not only in its references to the "last things." Otherwise, the fundamental expectation of God's futurity is transformed into an expectation of a future world. God's history with the world and the history of the world is denied, and faith loses its historical reality, which is the main concern of New Testament eschatology. Because of this difference, New Testament eschatology breaks open man's mythical enclosure by the world as well as the metaphysical framework which is merely a rational explication of the mythical. But once the world encloses man no longer, it must be understood either in a nihilistic sense as in Hellenistic gnosticism or in a historical sense. Gnostic nihilism is caused by despair over the world. It saves itself from this despair through the construction of a cosmic myth which actually is anticomic. The Christian faith, however, arrives at a historical understanding of the world because it conceives of man's relationship to God in historical terms.

III

Love Hopes All Things and Yet Is Never Put to Shame

Love . . . hopes all things. (*I Corinthians 13 : 7*)

Under many metaphors and with many concepts Holy Scriptures seek in various ways to give our earthly existence festivity and dignity, to win air and vision through the relationship to the eternal. And certainly this is needed. For when the earthly evaluation of life. God-forsaken, encloses itself in itself with self-satisfaction, the imprisoned air develops a poison all by itself. And when in temporality time in a certain sense skulks along loiteringly and yet so amazingly fast that in concentrated attentiveness one never becomes aware of its vanishing, or when the moment drags and becomes stagnant, and everything, everything, is mustered to turn mind and energy upon the moment: then vision is lost, and this detached, God-forsaken moment of temporality, be it longer or shorter, becomes a falling away from the eternal. Therefore in various eras there frequently is felt the need for a refreshing, enlivening breeze, a mighty gale, which would cleanse the air and drive out the poisonous vapours; a need is felt for the saving movement of a great event which saves by stirring the stagnation; a need is felt for the enlivening vision of a great expectation—so that men shall not be suffocated in worldliness or destroyed in the encumbering moment!

Yet Christianity knows only one way and one way out, although nonetheless it does always know a way and a way out; it is by the help of the eternal that Christianity at every moment procures air and vision. When busyness increases, just because the moment expands itself, when it continually hustles about in the moment, which eternally understood does not move from the spot, when busy people sow and

reap and sow again and reap again (for busyness reaps repeatedly); when busy people gather stores full of what they reaped and rest upon their earnings—alas, while he who in truth wills the good in the same span of time still does not see the frailest fruit of his labour and becomes the object of mockery like one who does not know how to sow, like one who labours in vain and merely battles in the air—then Christianity procures vision through its parable of earthly life as the time of sowing and eternity the time of reaping. When the moment, simply because it stands fixed, becomes like a whirlpool (for the whirlpool does not move forward), when there is striving, winning, and losing and winning again, now at one point, now at another—but it seems that he who wills the good in truth is the only one who alone is a loser and loses everything—then Christianity procures vision through the aid of its picture of this life as a life of tribulation, of striving, and the eternal the life of victory. When the moment becomes stagnant in the wretched complexity of pettiness, which nevertheless in caricature resembles the holy, the good, and the true in miserable diminution and in caricature plays the game of distributing praise and blame, when everything is made cheap by being dragged down into the noisy, confused commotion—then Christianity procures air and vision, procures dignity and festivity for life by presenting in picturesque language the superiority of the eternal, in which it shall be eternally decided who won the wreath of honour and who was put to shame.—What solemn, earnest festivity! What in truth are honour and shame when the conditions which give infinite meaning to honour and shame are not secure! Even if a man did win honour meritoriously here in the world, what dignity does the world possess to confer significance! Suppose the pupil is deservedly put to shame or deservedly honoured—if the solemn occasion should take place on a stairway, if the teacher who dispenses praise and blame were a wretched fellow, if no one, almost no one, of those worthy persons who bring festivity by their presence was invited but only a greater crowd of misfits of dubious reputation, to say the least—what then, are praise and blame? But the eternal! Do you know any festival hall which is as loftily arched as the eternal; do you know of anything, even some house of God, where there is this holy silence as in the eternal; do you know of any group, even the most select from among the respectable, which is as secure against the presence of anyone against whom honour could have the slightest, the very slightest, objection, as secure against the presence of anyone who does not do honour to honour as the eternal is; do you know any festival hall, even

though all its walls were made of mirrors, which so infinitely and exclusively reflects the requirements of honour, so infinitely excludes even the slightest, the least noticeable, crack for dishonour to hide in, the way the eternal does—if you do, it shall be put to shame!

At every moment with the help of the eternal Christianity procures vision in relationship to honour and shame, if you yourself will help by hoping. Christianity does not lead you up to some loftier place, from which you nevertheless can only survey a somewhat wider territory—this is still only an earthly hope and a worldly vision. No, Christianity's hope is the eternal, and therefore in its sketch of existence there are light and shadow, beauty and truth, and above all the depth of perspective. Christianity's hope is the eternal, and Christ is the way; his abasement is the way, but also when he ascended into heaven he was the way.

But love, which is greater than faith and hope, takes upon itself the work of hope or takes hope upon itself as the work of hoping for others. It is itself built up and nourished by this hope of the eternal and then acts lovingly in this hope towards others. This we shall now consider:

LOVE HOPES ALL THINGS—AND YET IS NEVER PUT TO SHAME;

for in truth not everyone who hopes all things is thereby the lover; nor is everyone who hopes all things thereby secured against ever being put to shame; but to hope all things in love is the opposite of despairingly hoping nothing at all, either for oneself or for others.

To hope all things or, which is the same, *to hope always*. At first glance it might seem as if to hope all things were something which could be done once for all, since *all things* indeed gathers multiplicity into one and to that extent into what one might call an eternal moment, as if hope were at rest, in repose. Yet this is not so. Hoping is composed of the eternal and the temporal; from this it arises that the expression for the task of hope in the form of the eternal is to hope all things and in the form of the temporal to hope always. The one expression is no truer than the other; rather, each of the expressions becomes untrue if it should be contrasted to the other expression, instead of unitedly expressing the same thing: in every moment always to hope all things.

To hope is related to the future, to possibility, which again, distinguished from actuality, is always a duality, the possibilities of advancing or of retrogressing, of rising up or of going under, of the good or of the evil. The eternal is, but when the eternal touches time or is in time, they do not meet each other in the *present*, for then the

present would itself be the eternal. The present, the moment, is so quickly past, that it really is not present; it is only the boundary and is therefore transitional; whereas the past is what was present. Consequently if the eternal is in the temporal, it is in the future¹⁴ (for the present can not get hold of it, and the past is indeed past) or in possibility. The past is actuality; the future is possibility. Eternally the eternal is the eternal; in time the eternal is possibility, the future. Therefore we call to-morrow the future, but we also call eternal life the future. Possibility as such is always a duality and the eternal relates itself in possibility equally to its duality. On the other hand, when the man to whom the possibility is relevant relates himself equally to the duality of the possibility, we say: he *expects*. To expect contains in it the same duality which possibility has, and to expect is to relate oneself to the possible simply and purely as such. Thereupon the relationship divides, inasmuch as the expecting person makes a choice. To relate oneself expectantly to the possibility of the good is to *hope*, which therefore cannot be some temporal expectancy but rather an eternal hope. To relate oneself expectantly to the possibility of the evil is to *fear*. But one who hopes is just as expectant as one who fears. But as soon as the choice is made, possibility is altered, for the possibility of the good is the eternal. It is only in the moment of contact that the duality of possibility is equivocal. Through the decision to choose hope, one thereby chooses infinitely more than is apparent, for it is an eternal decision. Only in pure possibility, consequently for the purely or indifferently expectant, is the possibility of the good or of the evil equivocal. In the differentiation (and the choice is indeed differentiation) the possibility of the good is more than possibility, for it is the eternal. This is the basis of the fact that one who hopes can never be deceived, for to hope is to expect the possibility of the good; but the possibility of the good is the eternal.

In this way one must specify more accurately what it means to hope. In ordinary speech one often calls something hope which is not hope at all, but desire, longing, longing-filled expectancy, now of one thing, now of another, in short, the relationship of an expectant person to *manifold* possibility. Understood in this way (when hope essentially signifies only expectation), hope comes quite easily to the child and the youth, because the child and the youth are themselves still a possibility; on the other hand, it is again quite in order to observe that for most men possibility and hope, or the sense of the possible, dwindle away with the years. Because of this, it may again be explained that

experience speaks admonishingly about hope, as if it were only youthfulness (which the hope of the child and of the youth certainly is), as if this were what it is to hope, like dancing, some youthful something for which adults have neither liking nor lightness. To be sure, to hope certainly means to make oneself light by the help of the eternal; hope depends on the possibility of the good. And even though the eternal is far from being youthfulness, it nevertheless has far more in common with youthfulness than with the moroseness which often enough is honoured by the name of seriousness, the slackness of age which under moderately fortunate conditions is moderately peaceful and relaxed but above all has nothing to hope for and under unfortunate conditions prefers to gnaw vexatiously rather than to hope. In youth one has expectancy and possibility enough; it develops by itself in the young like precious myrrh which exudes from the trees of Arabia. But when a man has grown older, then his life usually remains what it already has become, a dull repetition and re-writing of the same; no possibility rouses one to wakefulness and no possibility exhilarates the renewal of youth. Hope becomes something which nowhere has a home, and possibility a rarity like greenness in winter. Without the eternal one lives by the help of habit, prudence, conformity, experience, custom, and usage. In fact, take them all, put them all together, prepare the mixture over the smouldering or merely earthly ignited fire of passions, and you will discover that you can get all kinds of things out of it: variously concocted tough slime which men call a realistic view of life—but one never gets possibility out of this, possibility, the miracle which is so infinitely fragile (the most tender shoot in springtime is not so fragile), so infinitely delicate (the finest woven linen is not so delicate), and yet, brought into being, shaped, by the very help of the eternal, it is nevertheless stronger than anything else, if it is the possibility of the good!

One presumes to speak on the basis of experience in dividing a man's life into specific sections and ages, calling the first period that of hope or possibility. What foolishness! Consequently in discussing hope one completely omits the eternal—and still talks about hope. But how is this possible, inasmuch as hope is related essentially to the possibility of the good—and thereby to the eternal! And on the other hand, how is it possible to speak in such a way about hope that one assigns it to a certain period; certainly the eternal has range enough for the whole of life; therefore there is and shall be hope until the end. Therefore no particular age is the age of hope, but the whole of a man's life shall be

the time of hope! One presumes, therefore, to speak about hope on the basis of experience—by sloughing off the eternal. Just as in a drama, by shortening the time and condensing the events one gets to view the content of many years in the passage of a couple of hours, likewise one speaks theatrically to arrange matters within temporality. One rejects God's plan of existence—that time is purely and simply development, prior complication, and eternity the solution. One arranges the whole of things within temporality: one uses a score of years for development, ten years for complications, then tightens the knot for a few years, and thereupon follows the untying or solution. Without a doubt, death certainly is an untying or solution and then it is past, one is buried—yet not before the dissolution of putrefaction has begun. In truth, everyone who does not understand that the whole of life shall be a time of hope is in despair, no matter, absolutely no matter whether he is conscious of it or not, whether he thinks himself fortunate in his presumed well-being or whether he wears himself out in tedium and trouble. Everyone who dismisses the possibility that his existence could be forfeited in the next moment—unless he *hopes* for the possibility of the good and therefore does not dismiss this possibility—everyone who lives without possibility is in despair; he breaks with the eternal; he arbitrarily closes off possibility and without the assent of eternity makes an end where the end is not, instead of doing as one who takes dictation and continually keeps his pencil ready for the next words so that he does not presume to put down a period meaninglessly before the meaning is complete or rebelliously to throw the pencil away.

When one wishes to help a child with a very great task, how does one go about it? Of course, one does not lay out the whole task at once, for then the child despairs and abandons hope; one lays out a portion at a time, yet always enough so that the child never reaches a stopping point as if it were all done, and yet not so much that the child cannot accomplish it. This is education's pious fraud; it really suppresses something. If the child is deceived, it is because the deceiver is a human being, who cannot vouch for the next moment. But the eternal—this is indeed the greatest task given to a human being, and on the other hand, it can certainly vouch for the next moment, but the child of time (man) relates himself to the infinite task just as a child! If the eternal were to lay out the task for man all at once and on its own terms, without regard for his poor capacities and weaker powers, man would despair. But it is a wonderful thing that the eternal, the greatest power, can make itself so small, that it is divisible in this way and yet eternally

one, that clothing itself in the forms of the future, the possible, with the aid of hope it educates the child of time (man), teaches him to hope (for to hope is itself instruction, is the relationship to the eternal), if he does not arbitrarily choose austere to be disheartened by fear or cheekily choose to despair—that is, withdraw himself from the education of the eternal. In possibility the eternal, rightly understood, continually lays out only a small piece at a time. In possibility the eternal is continually *near enough* to be at hand and yet *far enough away* to keep man advancing towards the eternal, on the way, in forward movement. In this way the eternal lures and draws a person, in the possible, from cradle to grave, if he just chooses to hope. For, as stated, possibility is twofold and is precisely therefore true education: possibility is just as rigorous or can be just as rigorous as it can be mild. Hope and possibility are not synonymous, for in possibility there can also be fear. But one who chooses hope, such a one the possible, with the aid of hope, will educate to hope. Yet the possibility of fear, rigorousness, remains hidden as a possibility, if it should be needed as an alarm for the sake of the education; but it remains hidden while the eternal lures with the aid of hope. To lure means constantly to be just as *near* as *distant*, whereby the one hoping is always kept hoping, hoping all things, kept in hope for the eternal, which in time is the possible.

This is what it means to hope all things. But *in love* to hope all things signifies the lover's relationship to other men, that in relationship to them, hoping for them, he continually keeps possibility open with infinite partiality for his possibility of the good. Consequently he hopes in love that possibility is present at every moment, that the possibility of the good is present for the other person, and that the possibility of the good means more and more glorious advancement in the good from perfection to perfection or resurrection from downfall or salvation from lostness and thus beyond.

It is readily conceded that the lover is right in holding possibility to be present at every moment. Alas, but many would perhaps more readily understand it if we permit despair to say the same thing, for in a sense despair does say the same thing. The despairing person also *knows* what lies in possibility, and yet he dismisses possibility (for to dismiss possibility is precisely what despair means), or even more accurately, he rashly presumes to *suppose* the impossibility of the good. Here again it is shown that the possibility of the good is more than possibility, for when one presumes to *suppose* the impossibility of the good, the possible dies completely for him. The fearful person *does not*

suppose the impossibility of the good; he fears the possibility of evil, but he does not conclude, he does not presume to suppose, the impossibility of the good.

"It is possible," says despair, "it is possible that even the most sincere enthusiast nevertheless becomes weary, gives up the struggle, and sinks into the service of the second-rate; it is possible that even the deepest believer nevertheless at some time abandons faith and chooses disbelief; it is possible that even the most burning love at some time cools off, chilled; it is possible that even the most upright man comes to a detour and is lost; it is possible that even the best friend can become changed into an enemy, even the most faithful wife into a perjurer—it is possible: therefore despair, give up hope, henceforth do not hope all things in any man or for any man!"—Yes, indeed, this certainly is possible, but the opposite is also possible. "Therefore never in unlovingness give up a person or give up hope for him, for it is possible that even the most prodigal son can still be saved, that the most embittered enemy, alas, he who was your friend, it is still possible that he can again become your friend; it is possible that he who has sunk the deepest, alas, because he stood so high, it is still possible that he can be raised up again; it is still possible that the love which has turned cold can burn again—therefore never give up any man, not even at the last moment; do not despair. No, hope all things!"

Consequently "It is possible." To this extent the lover and one in despair are united in the same thing; but they are eternally separated, for despair hopes nothing at all for others and love hopes all things. Despair sinks down and occasionally uses possibility as a diverting stimulant, if one can really be diverted by the unstable, vain, phantasmal flashes of possibility. It is quite remarkable and shows how deeply hope is grounded in a human being that among those very men who are chilled in despair one finds a dominant tendency to play and flirt with possibility, a voluptuous misuse of the powers of imagination. Cold and defiant, the despairing one will not hope in relation to another man, even less work for the possibility of the good in him, but it amuses the despairing one to let the other man's destiny waver before him in possibility, whether of fear or of hope; it amuses him to play with the destiny of another human being, to think now of one possibility, now of another, to juggle him, as it were, in the air, while he himself, proud and unloving, scorns the whole affair.

But what justification is there for our calling desperate a person who gives up another human being? Certainly to despair is one thing

and to despair over someone else another. Ah, yes, but if what the lover understands is true, and if it is true that one who is a lover understands what the lover understands, that the possibility of the good exists at every moment for the other person: then to give up the other person as hopelessly lost, as if there were no hope for him, is a proof that one himself is not a lover and consequently that he is indeed in despair, having given up hope. No one can hope unless he also loves; he cannot hope for himself without loving, for they are eternally inseparable; but if he loves, he also hopes for others. In the same degree to which he hopes for himself, precisely in the same degree he hopes for others, because precisely in the degree to which he hopes for himself, in precisely the same degree he is a lover. And in the same degree to which he hopes for others, precisely in the same degree he hopes for himself, for this is the infinitely exact, eternal like-for-like, which is for all eternity. Wherever love is present, there is something infinitely profound! The true lover says: "Hope all things; give up no man, for to give him up is to abandon your love for him—and if you do not give it up, then you hope. But if you abandon your love for him, then you yourself cease to be a lover." Note that generally we speak in another way, in a domineering and unloving way, about our relationship to love in ourselves, as if one were himself ruler or autocrat over his love in the same sense as one is over his money. When someone says, "I have given up my love for this man," he thinks that it is this person who loses, this person who was the object of his love. The speaker thinks that he himself possesses his love in the same sense as when one who has supported another financially says, "I have quit giving assistance to him." In this case the giver keeps for himself the money which the other previously received, he who is the loser, for the giver is certainly far from losing by this financial shift. But it is not like this with love; perhaps the one who was the object of love does lose, but he who "has given up his love for this man" is the loser. Maybe he does not detect this himself; perhaps he does not detect that the language mocks him, for he says explicitly, "I have given up my love." But if he has given up his love, he has then ceased to be loving. True enough, he adds my love "for this man," but this does not help when love is involved, although in money matters one can manage things this way without loss to oneself. The adjective *loving* does not apply to me when I have given up my love "for this man"—alas, even though I perhaps imagined that he was the one who lost. It is the same with despairing over another person; it is oneself who is in

which is holy and worthy of honour—because this acting cleverly is through and through a display of false witness by one's whole life against the eternal and actually steals its existence from God. To act cleverly is basically compromise, whereby one undeniably gets farthest along in the world, wins the world's goods and favour, the world's honour, because the world and the world's favour are, eternally understood, compromise. But neither the eternal nor the Holy Scriptures have ever taught any man to strive to go far or farthest of all in the world; on the contrary, they warn against getting on too far in the world, in order, if possible, to keep oneself unspotted from the world. If this is so, then, it seems that pushing to go far or farthest of all in the world is not to be recommended.

If anything at all is to be said about being put to shame with regard to hope and expectation, the shame must lie deeper, must lie in what one hopes, so that one is consequently brought to shame whether his hope is fulfilled or not. The difference can only be that when the hope is not fulfilled it may become apparent in one's bitterness and despair how firmly one was attached to that for which it is a shame to hope. If the hope is fulfilled, the shame would perhaps not become apparent, but it would nevertheless remain essentially the same.

Yet if one hopes for something for which it is a shame to hope, regardless of whether it is fulfilled or not, one really does not hope. It is a misuse of the noble word *hope* to bring it into relationship with something like this, for to hope is essentially and eternally related to the good—therefore one can never be put to shame by hoping.

One can (to speak for a moment in an unjustifiable way) be put to shame by hoping for some kind of earthly fortune—if it does not materialise. But the shame is not essentially in that it did not materialise, that one's hope was not fulfilled. The shame is in its now becoming apparent, on the basis of the disappointed expectation, how important such an earthly success was to a person. This is not hope at all. This is desiring, craving, expecting; and therefore one can be brought to shame. One can be put to shame by giving up hope for another man, if it now becomes apparent that he is nevertheless saved or even, perhaps, that his downfall was in our imagination. Here one is really put to shame, because to give up another man is in itself a dishonour, no matter what the actual outcome is.—One can be put to shame by hoping evil for a person and it becomes apparent that everything turns out well for him. A vindictive individual says sometimes that he hopes to God that vengeance will fall upon the hated one.

But, in truth, this is not to hope but to hate, and it is impudent to call this a hope; it is blasphemy to wish to make God an accomplice in hating. The vindictive individual is not put to shame because what he expected does not happen, but he is and was put to shame, no matter what happens.

On the other hand, the lover hopes all things and is never put to shame. Scriptures speak of a hope which shall not be put to shame.¹⁰ In this connection there first comes to mind the hope which pertains to the hoping person himself, his hope for the forgiveness of sins and of some day becoming blessed, his hope of a blessed reunion with whatever death or life has separated him from. And only in relationship to this hope, which is the hope, could there be any discussion of being put to shame, for certainly there would be no shame simply in having this hope, but rather honour, and therefore it would seem that shame comes if the hope is not fulfilled. Holy Scriptures are very consistent in this usage of terms. They do not use the name *hope* for each and every expectation, the whole crowd of expectations. They recognise only one hope, the hope, the possibility of the good, and affirm that this hope, the only one which *could* be put to shame, because to have it, say the Scriptures, is an honour, shall not be brought to shame.

Yet, when the lover's hope is for another person, would it not then be possible that the lover could be put to shame—if this hope is not fulfilled? Is it not possible that a man could be eternally lost? If the lover had hoped all things, hoped the possibility of the good for this person, then he would be put to shame by his hope.

How? If the prodigal son were dead in his sins and consequently lay in a grave of shame—and the father, who even at the last moment hoped all things, stood by: would he then stand in shame? I should think that it was the son who bore the shame, the son who shamed the father—but the father, then, must be honoured, for it is impossible to put to shame one who is shamed. Alas, the concerned father thinks least of all about honour, but nevertheless he indeed stands with honour! If there were no salvation for the prodigal son on this side of the grave, if he were eternally lost—and the father, who, as long as he lived, continued to hope all things and even in the hour of death hoped all things—would he then in eternity stand in shame? In eternity! No, the eternal certainly has the eternal's concept of honour and shame. The eternal does not even understand, it divorces from itself as vanity the cleverness which speaks only about the extent to which one's

expectation has been fulfilled but does not at all consider just what the expectation was. In eternity everyone will be compelled to understand that it is not the result which determines honour and shame, but the expectation itself. Therefore, in eternity it is precisely the unloving one, who perhaps was proved right in what he picayunishly, enviously, hatefully expected for the other person, who will be put to shame—although his expectation was fulfilled. But honour belongs to the lover. And in eternity there will be heard no wearisome gossip about his nevertheless having been mistaken—maybe it was a mistake: unto salvation. No, in eternity there is only one mistake: through the fulfillment of one's picayunish, envious, hateful expectations to be excluded from blessedness! And in eternity, no mockery shall wound the lover, saying that he was foolish enough to make himself ridiculous by hoping all things, for in eternity the cry of the mocker is not heard, even less than in the grave, because in eternity are heard only the voices of the blessed! And in eternity, no envy shall touch the wreath of honour which the lover bears with honour. No, envy does not stretch that far, however far it may stretch; it does not stretch from hell to paradise!

THE TRAGIC SENSE OF LIFE
Miguel De Unamuno

And not only do we not believe with reason, nor yet above reason nor below reason, but we believe against reason. Religious faith, it must be repeated yet again, is not only irrational, it is contra-rational. Kierkegaard says: "Poetry is illusion before knowledge; religion illusion after knowledge. Between poetry and religion the worldly wisdom of living plays its comedy. Every individual who does not live either poetically or religiously is a fool" (Afsluttende uvidenskabelig Efterskrift, chap. iv., sect. 2a & 2). The same writer tells us that Christianity is a desperate sortie (salida). Even so, but it is only by the very desperateness of this sortie that we can win through to hope, to that hope whose vitalizing illusion is of more force than all rational knowledge, and which assures us that there is always something that cannot be reduced to reason. And of reason the same may be said as was said of Christ: that he who is not with it is against it. That which is not rational is contra-rational; and such is hope.

By this circuitous route we always arrive at thope in the end.

To the mystery of love which is the mystery of suffering, belongs a mysterious form, and this form is time. We join yesterday to tomorrow with links of longing, and the now is, strictly, nothing but the endeavour of the before to make itself the after; the present is simply the determination of the past to become the future. The now is a point which, if not sharply articulated, vanishes; and, nevertheless, in this point is all eternity, the substance of time.

Everything that has been can be only as it was, and everything that is can be only as it is; the possible is always relegated to the future, the sole domain of liberty, wherein imagination, the creative and liberating energy, the incarnation of faith, has space to roam at large.

Love ever looks and tends to the future, for its work is the work of our perpetuation; the property of love is to hope, and only upon hopes does it nourish itself. And thus when love sees the fruition of its desire it becomes sad, for it then discovers that what it desired was not its true end, and that God gave it this desire merely as a lure to spur it to action; it discovers that its end is further on, and it sets out again upon its toilsome pilgrimage through life, revolving through a constant cycle of illusions and disillusion. And continually it transforms its frustrated hopes into memories, and from these memories it draws fresh hopes. From the subterranean ore of memory we extract the jewelled visions of our future; imagination

shapes our remembrances into hopes. And humanity is like a young girl full of longings, hungering for life and thirsting for love, who weaves her days with dreams, and hopes, hopes ever, hopes without ceasing, for the eternal and predestined lover, for him who, because he was destined for her from the beginning, from before the dawn of her remotest memory, from before her cradle-days, shall live with her and for her into the illimitable future, beyond the stretch of her furthest hopes, beyond the grave itself. And for this poor lovelorn humanity, as for the girl ever awaiting her lover, there is no kinder wish than that when the winter of life shall come it may find the sweet dreams of its spring changed into memories sweeter still, and memories that shall burgeon into new hopes. In the days when our summer is over, what a flow of calm felicity, of resignation to destiny, must come from remembering hopes which have never been realized and which, because they have never been realized, preserve their pristine purity.

Love hopes, hopes ever and never wearies of hoping; and love of God, our faith in God, is, above all, hope in Him. For God dies not, and he who hopes in God shall live for ever. And our fundamental hope, the root and stem of all our hopes, is the hope of eternal life.

And if faith is the substance of hope, hope in its turn is the form of faith. Until it gives us hope, our faith is a formless faith, vague, chaotic, potential; it is but the possibility of believing, the longing to believe. But we must needs believe in something, and we believe in what we hope for, we believe in hope. We remember the past, we know the present, we only believe in the future. To believe what we have not seen is to believe that we shall see. Faith, then, I repeat once again, is faith in hope; we believe what we hope for.

Love makes us believe in God, in whom we hope and from whom we hope to receive life to come; love makes us believe in that which the dream of hope creates for us.

Faith is our longing for the eternal, for God; and hope is God's longing, the longing of the eternal, of the divine in us, which advances to meet our faith and uplifts us. Man aspires to God by faith and cries to Him: "I believe -- give me, Lord, wherein to believe!" And God, the divinity in man, sends him hope in another life in order that he may believe in it. Hope is the reward of faith. Only he who believes truly hopes; and only he who truly hopes believes. We only believe what we hope, and we only hope what we believe.

It was hope that called God by the name of Father; and this name, so comforting yet so mysterious, is still bestowed upon Him by hope. The father gave us life and gives bread wherewith to sustain it, and we ask the father to preserve our life for us. And if Christ was he who, with the fullest heart and purest mouth, named with the name of

Father his Father and ours, if the noblest feeling of Christianity is the feeling of the race sublimated its hunger for eternity.

It may perhaps be said that this longing of faith, that this hope, is more than anything else an esthetic feeling. Possibly the esthetic feeling enters into it, but without completely satisfying it.

We seek in art an image of eternalization. If for a brief moment our spirit finds peace and rest and assuagement in the contemplation of the beautiful, even though it finds therein no real cure for its distress, it is because the beautiful is the revelation of the eternal, of the divine in things, and beauty but the perpetuation of momentaneity. Just as truth is the goal of rational knowledge, so beauty is the goal of hope, which is perhaps in its essence irrational.

Nothing is lost, nothing wholly passes away, for in some way or another everything is perpetuated; and everything, after passing through time, returns to eternity. The temporal world has its roots in eternity, and in eternity yesterday is united with to-day and to-morrow. The scenes of life pass before us as in a cinematograph show, but on the further side of time the film is one and indivisible.

Physicists affirm that not a single particle of matter nor a single tremor of energy is lost, but that each is transformed and transmitted and persists. And can it be that any form, however fugitive it may be, is lost? We must needs believe--believe and hope!--that it is not, but that somewhere it remains archived and perpetuated, and that there is some mirror of eternity in which, without losing themselves in one another, all the images that pass through time are received. Every impression that reaches me remains stored up in my brain even though it may be so deep or so weak that it is buried in the depths of my subconsciousness; but from these depths it animates my life; and if the whole of my spirit, the total content of my soul, were to awake to full consciousness, all these dimly perceived and forgotten fugitive impressions would come to life again, including even those which I had never been aware of. I carry within me everything that has passed before me, and I perpetuate it with myself, and it may be that it all goes into my germs, and that all my ancestors live undiminished in me and will continue so to live, united with me, in my descendants. And perhaps I, the whole I, with all this universe of mine, enter into each one of my actions, or, at all events, that which is essential in me enters into them--that which makes me myself, my individual essence.

And how is this individual essence in each several thing--that which makes it itself and not another--revealed to us save as beauty? What is the beauty of anything but its eternal essence, that which unites its past with its future, that element of it that rests and abides in the womb of eternity? or, rather, what is it but the revelation of its divinity?

And this beauty, which is the root of eternity, is revealed to us by love; it is the supreme revelation of the love of God and the token of our ultimate victory over time. It is love that reveals to us the eternal is us and in our neighbours.

Is it the beautiful, the eternal, in things, that awakens and kindles our love for them, or is it our love for things that reveals to us the beautiful, the eternal, in them? Is not beauty perhaps a creation of love, in the same way and in the same sense that the sensible world is a creation of the instinct of preservation and the supersensible world of that of perpetuation? Is not beauty, and together with beauty eternity, a creation of love? "Though our outward man perish," says the Apostle, "yet the inward man is renewed day by day" (2 Cor. iv. 16). The man of passing appearances perishes and passes away with them; the man of reality remains and grows. "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory" (ver. 17). Our suffering causes us anguish, and this anguish, bursting because of its own fullness, seems to us consolation. "While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal" (ver. 18).

This suffering gives hope, which is the beautiful in life, the supreme beauty, or the supreme consolation. And since love is full of suffering, since love is compassion and pity, beauty springs from compassion and is simply the temporal consolation that compassion seeks. A tragic consolation! And the supreme beauty is that of tragedy. The consciousness that everything passes away, that we ourselves pass away, and that everything that is ours and everything that environs us passes away, fills us with anguish, and this anguish itself reveals to us the consolation of that which does not pass away, of the eternal, of the beautiful.

And this beauty thus revealed, this perpetuation of momentaneity, only realizes itself practically, only lives through the work of charity. Hope in action is charity, and beauty in action is goodness.

Charity, which eternalizes everything it loves, and in giving us the goodness of it brings to light its hidden beauty, has its root in the love of God, or, if you like, in charity towards God, in pity for God. Love, pity, personalizes everything, we have said; in discovering the suffering in everything and in personalizing everything, it personalizes the Universe itself as well--for the Universe also suffers--and it discovers God to us. For God is revealed to us because He suffers and because we suffer; because He suffers He demands our love, and because we suffer He gives us His love, and He covers our anguish with the eternal and infinite anguish.

This was the scandal of Christianity among Jews and Greeks, among

Pharisees and Stoics, and this, which was its scandal of old, the scandal of the Cross, is still its scandal to-day, and will continue to be so, even among Christians themselves--the scandal of a God who becomes man in order that He may suffer and die and rise again, because He has suffered and died, the scandal of a God subject to suffering and death. And this truth that God suffers--a truth that appals the mind of man--is the revelation of the very heart of the Universe and of its mystery, the revelation that God revealed to us when He sent His Son in order that he might redeem us by suffering and dying. It was the revelation of the divine in suffering, for only that which suffers is divine.

And men made a god of this Christ who suffered, and through him they discovered the eternal essence of a living, human God--that is, of a God who suffers--it is only the dead, the inhuman, that does not suffer--a God who loves and thirsts for love, for pity, a God who is a person. Whosoever knows not the Son will never know the Father, and the Father is only known through the Son; whosoever knows not the Son of Man--he who suffers bloody anguish and the pangs of a breaking heart, whose soul is heavy within him even unto death, who suffers the pain that kills and brings to life again--will never know the Father, and can know nothing of the suffering God.

He who does not suffer, and who does not suffer because he does not live, is that logical and frozen ens realissimum, the primum movens, that impassive entity, which because of its impassivity is nothing but a pure idea. The category does not suffer, but neither does it live or exist as a person. And how is the world to derive its origin and life from an impassive idea? Such a world would be but the idea of the world. But the world suffers, and suffering is the sense of the flesh of reality; it is the spirit's sense of its mass and substance; it is the self's sense of its own tangibility; it is immediate reality.

Suffering is the substance of life and the root of personality, for it is only suffering that makes us persons. And suffering is universal, suffering is that which unites all us living beings together; it is the universal or divine blood that flows through us all. That which we call will, what is it but suffering?

And suffering has its degrees, according to the depth of its penetration, from the suffering that floats upon the sea of appearances to the eternal anguish, the source of the tragic sense of life, which seeks a habitation in the depths of the eternal and there awakens consolation; from the physical suffering that contorts our bodies to the religious anguish that flings us upon the bosom of God, there to be watered by the divine tears.

Anguish is something far deeper, more intimate, and more spiritual than suffering.

We are wont to feel the touch of anguish even in the midst of that which we call happiness, and even because of this happiness itself, to which we cannot resign ourselves and before which we tremble. The happy who resign themselves to their apparent happiness, to a transitory happiness, seem to be as men without substance, or, at any rate, men who have not discovered this substance in themselves, who have not touched it. Such men are usually incapable of loving or of being loved, and they go through life without really knowing either pain or bliss.

There is not true love save in suffering, and in this world we have to choose either love, which is suffering, or happiness. And love leads us to no other happiness than that of love itself and its tragic consolation of uncertain hope. The moment love becomes happy and satisfied, it no longer desires and it is no longer love. The satisfied, the happy, do not love; they fall asleep in habit, near neighbour to annihilation. To fall into a habit is to begin to cease to be. Man is the more man--that is, the more divine--the greater his capacity for suffering, or, rather, for anguish.

At our coming into the world it is given to us to choose between love and happiness, and we wish--poor fools!--for both: the happiness of loving and the love of happiness. But we ought to ask for the gift of love and not of happiness, and to be preserved from dozing away into habit, lest we should fall into a fast sleep, a sleep without waking, and so lose our consciousness beyond power of recovery. We ought to ask God to make us conscious of ourselves in ourselves, in our suffering.

It is madness to assume that all the heads of state who have access to the nuclear weapons are men of wisdom and restraint. If the turbulence of government and politics has taught us anything at all in the past half-century, it is that men at the top are as prone to wild aberrations and insane judgments as are other mortals throughout human society. Government leaders who believe such weapons are essential to the public security confess their unfitness to superintend the human future.

Here, too, the only thing greater than the danger is the assumption that it cannot be turned back. There is a chance, and a good one, that nuclear weapons can be brought under control if world opinion reacts to the problem with a blazing and sustained intensity. If statesmen are given to understand that their political lives depend on progress in this direction, the progress will come.

It will not be enough, however, to create a clamor. Public concern must find its focus in the need for effective world organization. Every major problem in the world today calls for a world response. It is impossible, in fact, to think seriously about such problems without recognizing that they all point to the need for transforming the United Nations into a series of effective authorities, as part of a world organization with law-making and law-enforcing powers. Moreover, it is difficult to see how the world can feed itself adequately, or how the arms race can be halted, or how we can keep outer space from becoming a nuclear shooting gallery, or how we can keep the world's air and water from becoming poisoned, or how we can head off the predatory competition among nations for ownership of the resources of the seas, or how new sources of energy available on a large scale can be developed, unless the United Nations is made into a genuine organization with primary responsibility for the conditions of life on planet Earth.

The sum total of all these agencies, properly related under world law, is what is meant by world order. The agencies cannot work in isolation. They must have a common source of authority. The tendency to abuse that authority will be great, always a danger whenever power is created. But the alternative to abuse of power must not be anarchy, which is the present condition in the international arena. The antidotes to abuse of power are checks and balances, constant searchlighting, constant review and overhaul, open communications to the fullest extent possible, limited appointment or election of officials.

The value of the pessimistic forecasts of the Club of Rome or the Hudson Institute is that they serve as an early warning system. People must not be permitted to think we will drift away from danger. Massive efforts are required to make these efforts.

Our argument is not against honest alerts. Our argument rather is against the notion that the human race is locked into a grim inevitability. No one, no matter how great his expertise, knows enough about the future to say that we have passed the point of no return. He may be the supreme authority on his own subject, but he cannot predict the workings of the human mind. The way the human mind will respond to any given situation is the kind of intangible

that can become the dominant reality of tomorrow.

If enough people can be found who are willing to attach themselves to the proposition that the human species is sufficiently intelligent and energetic to think and to work in world terms, the pessimistic forecasts of the experts will lose their power to paralyze or intimidate. The biggest task of humanity in the next 50 years will be to prove the experts wrong.

HOPE AND PRACTICAL REALITIES

In the present mood, it is not likely that any serious problems will be imaginatively approached, much less solved. The main trouble with despair is that it is self-fulfilling. People who fear the worst tend to invite it. Heads that are down can't scan the horizon for new openings. Bursts of energy do not spring from a spirit of defeat. Ultimately, hopelessness leads to helplessness.

In this sense, the most serious problem confronting the nation is not inflation or the energy shortage or dwindling resources or the danger of war in the Middle East. The most serious problem right now is that the American people are psychologically depleted and are not primed for innovation. Where does new hope begin? It is possible that hope in America begins with a restoration of confidence of the American people in themselves, in their government, in their future.

The reasons for the decline of confidence are not obscure. For more than a decade, the nation has experienced an almost relentless series of events that have cut deeply into the national sense of a favored destiny. The traditional American belief that heroes appear at moments of overwhelming need has been shattered. The assassination of John and Robert Kennedy still lies like an incubus on the land. The spew of violence has spilled over into everyday life.

The DOMINANT THEMES of the decade have been Vietnam and Watergate, both of which came off the same spool and underlined history's oldest lesson—that power and morality tend to be on opposite sides and that, indeed, morality is the first casualty of power. In Vietnam commitments were made, and actions were taken, outside the constitutional process. The arbitrary use of presidential power was escalated to keep pace with the war itself—a war that was to drive a wedge of distrust between the American people and their government. It was a war that was dubious in its origins, furtive in its operations, murky in its purposes.

Watergate compounded the distrust. As with Vietnam, failure to admit an initial error billowed out into larger errors and wrongdoing. The Watergate process continued until there was no way out except for the President to resign in disgrace—the first such withdrawal in the nation's history. What began as an idiotic act of political sabotage burgeoned into a political convulsion. The effects are not confined to the disappearance from the political scene of those directly involved, as the recent elections have demonstrated.

Yet, in the perspective of American history, both Vietnam and Watergate have

have served to strengthen the underpinnings of American society. The basic theory that went into the making of the American government has been confirmed. This theory is that the worth of a government is measured by its ability to face up to its errors. The American system was designed to force errors into the open and to make it as difficult as possible for the error-makers to maintain their power. The Philadelphia Constitutional Convention gave office-holders substantial power to meet the needs of the people but carefully limited the power of office-holders to isolate themselves from the consequences of their mistakes.

Both Vietnam and Watergate, therefore, crushing though they have been to national pride and confidence, have demonstrated the validity of the original design of the government. Some Presidents may arrogate power to themselves in the name of the national security-whether for personal or even altruistic purposes-but the process is as risky to them politically as it is alien to the traditions of the society.

Vietnam was one of the greatest ordeals in the nation's history, and Watergate was unquestionably the greatest political scandal, but both episodes demonstrated the principle that the ultimate power of the society rests with the people. For it was an activated public opinion-public opinion interacting with investigative reporting and with the workings of Congress-that forced an end to the Vietnam war and that shattered the attempt of President Nixon to quash the Watergate investigation.

Whatever the historical verdict may be on the Vietnam war, the signal fact emerging from that experience is that the United States declined to use the means readily at hand to obliterate its foe. The United States did not exercise that power because of the greater power represented by the certain and overwhelming opposition of the American people to such a course and the inevitable political demise of all those who would have been responsible for such a decision.

Similarly, what is most significant about Watergate is not the enormity of the scandals, but the fact that not even a President could quarantine damaging information in his possession. The recurrent tone in most foreign comment on Watergate was one of astonishment that the government should be prosecuting the government. Newspapers abroad reported the news that members of the Attorney General's staff were investigating the role of the White House with respect to the original break-in and the subsequent attempt to bribe the convicted burglars into maintaining silence about the identity of their employers. The editorial pages of those newspapers, however, reflected consternation or disbelief that people who were appointed by the President should be conducting the investigation and preparing the way for criminal trials of some of the highest officials in the land. Nor was it readily comprehensible to the readers of those newspapers why anything as imprecise as public opinion should have been able, on a day-to-day basis, to force the President to make decisions counter to his own personal interests.

Both Watergate and Vietnam have served as a classroom on the nature of American institutions. Much has been learned. More remains to be learned. And of all

the lessons, none is more important than the fact that this system was built to withstand shock, and that moral factors have a place in that equilibrium. This lesson can be useful in enabling Americans to regain confidence in themselves and their institutions. Such confidence will be essential if they are to meet present and future challenges.

Nothing would be more fatuous than to suppose these problems have easy answers, or that a Pollyanna attitude is all that is necessary for resolving them. Here we borrow freely from an editorial appearing on this page several years ago. The evidence is strong-not just in this country but throughout a large part of the world-that human society is in a stage of comprehensive breakdown. Life is no longer the highest value. Sensitivity to suffering and to indignity is being dulled. People adjust all too easily to brutality and violence. Poverty no longer ignites general resentment. The need for social justice fails to galvanize. Millions of young people and increasing numbers of older people find it necessary to subject their delicate brain tissue to the twisting power of drugs. The large cities are rapidly on the way to becoming unlivable.

Nothing, however, is more grimly characteristic of the age than the fact that the finest minds are not being directed to the biggest problems. Brains are being honed and mobilized for purposes of confrontation and destruction. No comparable mobilization of human intellect and conscience is occurring on the level of humanity's greatest needs.

Organizations like the Club of Rome have turned to the computer for projections about the future of humankind. They have fed into the computer vast quantities of statistics on population, food resources, environment, industrial growth, and so forth. And the computer has responded with an ominous projection of a world overrun with people, short on habitable land and food, its resources rapidly being depleted, its oceans and airshed heavy with poisons.

Nothing would be more dangerous than to ignore such warnings. But nothing is more irresponsible than to accept the computer's projection as inevitable. The computer can't be programmed to comprehend the mysteries of human response. The computer has no way of anticipating the advent of a Thomas Jefferson or a Winston Churchill or anyone capable of generating ideas that can lead to great change. Can the computer tell us anything about a mind like Bucky Fuller's - a mind that can conceive of new sources of energy, new ways of building homes and cities, new ways of making the earth more livable?

THE CASE FOR HOPE has never rested on provable facts or rational assessment. Hope by its very nature is independent of the apparatus of logic. What gives hope its power is not the accumulation of demonstrable fact, but the release of human energies generated by the longing for something better. The capacity for hope is the most significant fact in life. It gives human beings a sense of destination and the energy to get started. It enlarges sensitivities. It gives values to feelings as well as to facts.

Hope cannot be ordered into being. Men in a condition of despair cannot be commanded to generate glorious dreams. But they can be encouraged to rediscover