

#### Daniel Jeremy Silver Collection Digitization Project

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MS-4850: Daniel Jeremy Silver Papers, 1972-1993.

Series III: The Temple Tifereth-Israel, 1946-1993, undated. Sub-series A: Events and Activities, 1946-1993, undated.

Reel Box Folder 43 13 640

Women's Association, lecture, speech and book review, 1957, 1963.

#### THE TEMPLE WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION

invites you to

# Thursday at the Movies

Under the sponsorship of The Temple Women's Association, a film series will begin in January, centering on the themes of four films, one of which will be viewed each month. Participants are invited to view the four films Thursday mornings at 10:30 in the Luntz Auditorium at the Main Temple; dine on a box lunch; and then participate in various discussion groups led by the rabbis. Reservations may be made for a single film or for the entire series. The only charge is for lunch, which is \$2.00. Please call The Temple Branch for reservations — 831-3233.

# Thursday, January 20, 1972 "I NEVER SANG FOR MY FATHER"

"I Never Sang For My Father" is a love story; it is also a story of misunderstanding, anguish, and remorse. A grown son torn between responsibility to his parents yet struggling to be true to himself discovers the emotional chasm that has existed between him and his father but until now he has never had the courage to respond to. Based on Robert Anderson's Broadway play, "I Never Sang For My Father" reunites the brilliant team of Gene Hackman and Estelle Parsons from "Bonnie and Clyde" together with Academy Award Winner Melvyn Douglas in his portrayal of a role that Life magazine calls "superlative," and Judith Crist "magnificent."

# Thursday, February 17, 1972 "CITIZEN KANE"

"Citizen Kane," filmed by Orson Wells, was a breakthrough in cinematography that was far ahead of its time. Applying avante-garde film techniques, he created a fictional account of the life of William Randolph Hearst. In the film, a young idealist begins a crusade for social justice, but by the end of his career his character changes into that of an unscrupulous politician. Kane forces his no-talent wife to take singing lessons, and in order to make a famous singer out of her, he even builds her an opera house. The film introduced for the first time the flashback technique of biographical detail.

## Thursday, March 16, 1972 "RASHOMON"

Remarkable acting, direction, and photography distinguish this Japanese study in evil, involving primitive passions and primitive people. The simple tale told with the greatest artistry is made the background for speculation about the relationship between men and women, the nature of evil, and the attitude of people toward the misdeeds of their fellow men. A man and his wife are travelling through a forest in Japan 12,000 years ago, when the wife is raped by a bandit, and the husband murders him. Four different versions of the event are told by the participants.

# Thursday, May 4, 1972 "ALL THE KING'S MEN"

A great film to stand beside its source, the novel by Robert Penn Warren, which tells of the rise of a demogogue, suggesting Huey Long of Louisiana in the Thirties. Fascinating in its implications about how such a man wins loyalty not only from hangers-on and even from family, but also from intelligent and idealistic co-workers. Interesting too in its picture of the central figure's developing rationalizations for his search for power and his use of it.

WE RISE TO EXPRESS OUR THANKS TO GOD FOR THIS, HIS GRACIOUS BOUNTY. WE PRAISE HIM FOR THE FOOD FROM WHICH WE ARE ABOUT TO PARTAKE. AT THIS HOUR WE PRAISE HIM ESPECIALLY FOR OUR TEMPLE IN WHOSE SERVICE WE ARE MET. WE ARE GRATEFUL TO THEE, O LORD, FOR THE PROTECTION AND ENCOURAGEMENT THAT THOU HAS LENT TO THIS CONGREGATION THROUGHOUT THE YEARS. IN THY LOVING CARE IT HAS BEEN PERMITTED US TO CROW FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH. INDEED, WE HAVE BECOME ONE OF THE PRE-EMINENT TEMPLES EVER DEDICATED BY OUR PEOPLE TO THY SERVICE. INSPIRED BY DESIRE TO SERVE THEE - ANIMATED BY LOYAL SUPPORT AND GENEROSITY OF OUR MEMBERSHIP -- WE HAVE BEEN ABLE AT ALL PERIODS OF OUR GROWTH TO PROVIDE THE FINEST OF FACILITIES FOR TACHING AND MEETING BY THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SANCTUARY FOR PRAYER - A PLACE WHERE THY SPIRIT COULD TRULY BE WORSHIPPED IN THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS. IT IS A SOURCE OF RICH PRIDE AND DEEP HUMILITY THAT THY LOVING PROTECTION HAS SEEN TO IT THAT/ EACH OF THE ELEVEN DECADES OF OUR CONGREGATIONAL LIFE, THE LAUGHTER OF THE CHILDREN, THE LESSONS OF THE YOUTHFUL, THE DEBATES OF THE YOUNG ADULTS AND THE DISCUSSIONS OF THE MATURE HAVE BEEN HEARD IN OUR HALLS AND HAVE TESTIFIED TO THE VITALITY OF OUR CONGREGATIONAL LIFE.

WE ARE DEEPLY CONSCIOUS OF OUR DEBT TO THEE IN HAVING HELPED TO MAKE THE VOICE
OF OUR TEMPLE SO MUCH A SOURCE FOR GOOD AND FOR ENLIGHTENMENT IN OUR COMMUNITY
AND IN OUR WORLD. THE TEACHINGS OF OUR PULPIT HAVE ECHOED FAR ABROAD. THEY HAVE
NOT BEEN UNIMPORTANT IN SHAPING THE DESTINY OF AMERICA — OF ISRAEL — AND OF OUR
WORLD. THE EXAMPLE OF OUR LAY—LEADERSHIP HAS PERMEATED ALL OF OUR SOCIAL AND
CULTURAL INSTITUTIONS — HAS SET AN EXAMPLE FOR WHICH OTHERS MAY WELL ASPIRE. WE
ARE DEEPLY COGNIZANT OF THE OBLIGATIONS WHICH REST UPON US AS ONE OF THE MOST
PROMINENT EXEMPLARS OF OUR FAITH IN THY WILL. WE WILL TRY DEDICATEDLY AND DILIGENTLY
TO CONTINUE TO PREACH AND TEACH AND SET AN EXAMPLE WORTHY OF THEE.

MOST SECURIS. WE ARE GRATEFUL FOR THE ROLE WHICH OUR TEMPLE HAS PLAYED IN OUR PRIVATE LIVES. IT HAS BROUGHT WARMTH AND UNDERSTANDING, FRIENDSHIP AND INSTRUCTION INTO OUR LIVES AND THOSE OF OUR CHILDREN AND THOSE OF OUR PARENTS AND OFTEN OF THEIR PARENTS. IN ITS HALLS OUR JOYS HAVE BEEN SANCTIFIED AND OUR SORROWS HAVE

BEEN COMFORTED. IN THE TEMPLE WE FOUND EDUCATION FOR OUR YOUNG, STIMULATION FOR AND INSPIRATION AT ALL TIMES. DISCOURAGED OR WEARY, UNCERTAIN OR TROUBLED, WE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN ABLE TO TURN TO THE TEMPLE FOR GUIDANCE AND ENLIGHTENMENT. IT IS A RICH PRIVILEGE TO HAVE BEEN ABLE TO LEND OUR SUPPORT TO SO PRODUCTIVE AND IMPORTANT AN ORGANIZATION.

WE PRAY THAT GOD MAY ESTABLISH THE WORK OF OUR HANDS AND ENABLE THE TEMPLE THROUGHOUT MANY A FUTURE GENERATION TO CONTINUE WITH SERVICE, PERSONALLY TO US AND TO OUR FAMILIES, AND PUBLICLY TO OUR CITY—AND COUNTRY AND OUR WORLD.

PRAISED BE THOU, O LORD, FOR ALL THY GREAT GOODNESS UNTO US.



### TRAVELS WITH CHARLEY In Search of America

#### John Steinbeck

John Steinbeck is one of our most respected and read writers. AND LAST YEAR WAS Pulitzer Prizes and the New York Drama Critic Award, In the late summer of 1960 Mr. Steinbeck set out in a well stocked cabin trailer to tour the nation. Accompanied only by an elderly French poodle named Charley, Steinbeck drove north from his home on the Long Island Sound through New England to the tip of Maine, then westward to the Pacific Coast on a line just below the Great Lakes and the Canadian ( he large usach conceland) border; from Washington State south to the Central California farmlands around Salinas, which was his birthplace and the setting of many of his novels, southeast into Texas and New Orleans and then northeast through Virginia's Piedmont back home. All told he drove over ten thousand miles in something over four months, and we are allowed to go along with him in spirit in his latest work, Travels With Charley.

Travels With Charley is, fortunately, not a travelogue a la National geographic. Actually, it comes closer to being a series of interesting and arresting occasional impressions of the way one highly intelligent and sensitive American reacted to the sights, the people, and the landscape of which he is citizen. The style throughout bears lass te the hallmark of the master craftsman. It avoids all jargon and hammers to la out hard exact description. Imagine doing America in 275 pages. Anyone who would learn the art of writing could study these pages with profit.

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Steinbeck's most successful literary invention is Charley. The poodle becomes his alter ego, his sounding board, a plausible occasion to avoid the first person singular of most diaries. Perhaps too much is made of Charley's physical needs and occasional physical complaints, but
the reader can not but be happy that Charley went along. It is an
interesting experience to hear a man talking aloud with himself -- answering-his own questions.

Why did Steinbeck undertake the trip in the first place? He tells us that he set out to rediscover America. He seems to feel that home and business have preoccupied him inordinately -- so much so that when he looks up from his paper, as an artist might from his canvas, to recapture the sounds and smells of a particular geography, he no longer can conjure up in his mind's eye the exact image. These are his words:

My plan was clear, concise, and reasonable, I think. For many years I have traveled in many parts of the world. In America I live in New York, or dip into Chicago or San Francisco. But New York is no more America than Paris is France or London is England. Thus I discovered that I did not know my own country. I, an American writer, writing about America, was working from memory, and the memory is at best a faulty, warpy reservoir. I had not heard the speech of America, smelled the grass and trees and sewage, seen its hills and water, its color and quality of light. I knew the changes only from books and newspapers. But more than this, I had not felt the country for twenty-five years. In short, I was writing of something I did not know about, and it seems to me that in a so-called writer this is criminal. My memories were distorted by twenty-five intervening years.

Though he does not say so, the catalyst for this trip touched his reputation probably as much as it did his sense of artistic integrity. Steinbeck's last several books did not gain much applause. East of Eden told of the generation who labored to develop the rich central Californian farmland. It was dismissed by critics with such adjectives as ponderous, awkward, unreal. East of Eden at least sold well. His next two works, Sweet Thursday and The Short Reign of Pippin IV, could not even offer him that consolation. They were unanimously panned as trivial and contrived. They never made the best seller list. Steinbeck's most recent biographer and critic, Professor Warren French, concluded a two

of Wrath, Tortilla Flat, Of Mice and Men, In Dubious Battle, The Red Pony, and Cannery Row by mincing no words about what he called "Steinbeck's increasing loss of touch with his subject matter." Steinbeck understock his trip to regain his touch. We will be able to judge its success only on the basis of his next novel. In the meantime it is worth our while to explore what he saw and what it meant to him.

As I read Travels With Charley, I had the impression that the trip did not do for Steinbeck what he had hoped. Driving occupied too AND THERE IS NOTHING RELIGIAGE OR INTERESTING ABOUT FILINGS TATIONS much of his time, Increasingly he tells us of long stopovers in Chicago, Buckeney Monterey, Amarillo, where his wife joined him and he visited with MACADAM. relatives. In New England, and especially in Maine and again in a short stretch from Minnesota into Montana, the book tells of side roads, quiet evenings in out of the way dells, the meeting up with migratory potato -The Trip he obviously planned pickers and the lonely people of the badlands. The return trip has a . From the frantic and frenetic pace to it -- he takes the highways, not the side COUST he dresson Hight AND DAY roads -- as if he wanted nothing more than to be home. You learn of places and people by living and working there as Steinbeck did in his youth with the California farm folk, the Spanish Indian paisanos, and the dust bowl Okies. When you travel through by boat or train or car -as we travel here or in Europe -- comprehension is superficial and you see largely what you expect to see. The windshield is a picture window. One can see, but there is little communication or getting to know.

With one exception Steinbeck's observations are, I suspect, those that he would have made before he left. He found cities "traffic harried," "neon-plastered," and wonders at progress that levels natural beauty for the ugliness of urban sprawl. Food he found clean but bland: "In the

eating places along the roads the food is tasteless, colorless, and of a complete sameness." His comments on mass culture ring a familiar bell:
"The dominant publication has been the comic book." "There have been racks of paperbacks with some great and good titles but overwhelmingly outnumbered by the volumes of sex, sadism, and homicide." Of radio:
"Apart from a few reportings of football games, the mental fare has been as generalized, as packaged, and as undistinguished as the food." What saves the familiar from being banal is its presentation in vivid image.

It is one thing to say that Americans are politically lazy and illiterate—another to write:

I had been keen to hear what people thought politically. Those whom I had met did not talk about the subject, didn't seem to want to talk about it. It seemed to me partly caution and partly a lack of interest, but strong opinions were just not stated. One storekeeper did admit to me that he had to do business with both sides and could not permit himself the luxury of an opinion. He was a graying man in a little gray store, a crossroads place where I stopped for a box of dog biscuits and a can of pipe tobacco. This man, this store, might have been anywhere in the nation, but actually it was back in Minnesota. The man had a kind of gray wistful twinkle in his eyes as though he remembered humor when it was not against the law, so that I dared go out on a limb. I said, "It looks then as though the natural contentiousness of people had died. But I don't believe that. It'll just take another channel. Can you think, sir, of what that channel might be?"

"You mean where will they bust out?"

"Where do they bust out?"

I was not wrong, the twinkle was there, the precious, humorous twinkle. "Well, sir," he said, "we've got a murder now and then, or we can read about them. Then we've got the World Series. You can raise a wind any time over the Pirates or the Yankees, but I guess the best of all is we've got the Russians."

"Feelings pretty strong there?"

"Oh, sure! Hardly a day goes by somebody doesn't take a belt at the Russians." For some reason he was getting a little easier, even permitted himself a chuckle that could have turned to throat-clearing if he saw a bad reaction from me.

I asked, "Anybody know any Russians around here?"

And now he went all out and laughed. "Course not. That's why they're valuable. Nobody can find fault with you if you take out after the Russians."

"Because we're not doing business with them?"

He picked up a cheese knife from the counter and carefully ran his thumb along the edge and laid the knife down. "Maybe that's it. By George, maybe that's it. We're not doing business."

"You think then we might be using the Russians as an outlet for

something else, for other things."

"I didn't think that at all, sir, but I bet I'm going to. Why, I remember when people took everything out on Mr. Roosevelt. Andy Larsen got red in the face about Roosevelt one time when his hens got the croup. Yes, sir," he said with growing enthusiasm, "those Russians got quite a load to carry. Man has a fight with his wife, he belts the Russians."

"Maybe everybody needs Russians. I'll bet even in Russia they need Russians. Maybe they call it Americans."

He cut a sliver of cheese from a wheel and held it out to me on the knife blade. "You've give me something to think about in a sneaking kind of way."

"I thought you gave it to me."

"How?"

"About business and opinions."

"Well, maybe so. Know what I'm going to do? Next time Andy Larsen comes in red in the face, I'm going to see if the Russians are bothering his hens. It was a great loss to Andy when Mr. Roosevelt died."

SUBJECT THAT MR STEINBELL CAMETO ONE CONCLUSION

I speake of one chaerwation for which I sense he was unprepared. It is summed up in the simple sentence, "From start to finish I found no strangers." "For all our enormous geographic range, for all of our sectionalism, for all of our interwoven breeds drawn from every part of the ethnic world, we are a nation, a new breed. Americans are much more American than they are Northerners, Southerners, Westerners, or Easterners, and descendants of English, Irish, Italian, Jewish, German, Polish are essentially American." Time and the public schools, and restrictive immigration laws have done their work. The melting pot has simmered. Put in a novelist's terms the age of nationality writing -- of the East Side of New York's Jews, of Boston's South End's Irish, of Steinbeck's now familiar paisanos -- is finished, closed. A novel will have to stand on the definition of personality and problems rather than on a colorful evaluation of Junique and eccentric traits and traditions. Put into local context Cleveland is a city, not a series of tastefully planted

nationality gardens. I suspect that Steinbeck is right and I suspect

AMERICA

that as a writer he will find it difficult to adjust and accept.

Why? Because Steinbeck, for all his well tailored clothes and New York know-how, is essentially most at home in a more natural and rural world. He is a marine biologist of some note. Raised on a farm, his strongest and most sincere writing touches nature and the iron laws of survival. This is true even in <u>Travels With Charley</u>. Little in the book rivals his description of the Nevada desert.

I have driven through the Southwest many times, and even more often have flown over it -- a great and mysterious wasteland, a sunpunished place. It is a mystery, something concealed and waiting. It seems deserted, free of parasitic man, but this is not entirely so. Follow the double line of wheel track through sand and rock and you will find a habitation somewhere huddled in a protected place, with a few trees pointing their roots at under-earth water, a patch of starveling corn and squash, and strips of jerky hanging on a string. There is a breed of desert men, not hiding exactly but gone to sanctuary from the sins of confusion.

At night in this waterless air the stars come down just out of reach of your fingers. In such a place lived the hermits of the early church piercing to infinity with unlittered minds. The great concepts of oneness and of majestic order seem always to be born in the desert. The quiet counting of the stars, and observation of their movements, came first from desert places. I have known desert men who chose their places with quiet and slow passion, rejecting the nervousness of a watered world. These men have not changed with the exploding times except to die and be replaced with others like them.

And always there are mysteries in the desert, stories told and retold of secret places in the desert mountains where surviving clans from an older era wait to re-emerge. Usually these groups guard treasures hidden from the waves of conquest, the golden artifacts of an archaic Montezuma, or a mine so rich that its discovery would change the world. If a stranger discovers their existence, he is killed or so absorbed that he is never seen again. These stories have an inevitable pattern untroubled by the question, If none return, how is it known what is there? Oh, it's there all right, but if you find it you will never be found.

And there is another monolithic tale which never changes. Two prospectors in partnership discover a mine of preternatural richness -- of gold or diamonds or rubies. They load themselves with samples, as much as they can carry, and they mark the place in their minds by landmarks all around. Then, on the way out to the other world, one dies of thirst and exhaustion, but the other crawls on, discarding

most of the treasure he has grown too weak to carry. He comes at last to a settlement, or perhaps is found by other prospecting men. They examine his samples with great excitement. Sometimes in the story the survivor dies after leaving directions with his rescuers, or again he is mursed back to strength. Then a well-equipped party sets out to find the treasure, and it can never be found again. That is the invariable end of the story -- it is never found again. I have heard this story many times, and it never changes. There is nourishment in the desert for myth, but myth must somewhere have its roots in reality.

And there are true secrets in the desert. In the war of sun and dryness against living things, life has its secrets of survival. Life, no matter on what level, must be moist or it will disappear. I find most interesting the conspiracy of life in the desert to circumvent the death rays of the all-conquering sun. The beaten earth appears defeated and dead, but it only appears so. A vast and inventive organization of living matter survives by seeming to have lost. The gray and dusty sage wears oily armor to protect its inward small moistness. Some plants engorge themselves with water in the rare rainfall and store it for future use. Animal life wears a hard, dry skin or an outer skeleton to defy the desiccation. And every living thing has developed techniques for finding or creating shade. Small reptiles and rodents burrow or slide below the surface or cling to the shaded side of an outcropping. Movement is slow to preserve energy, and it is a rare animal which can or will defy the sun for long. A rattlesnake will die in an hour of full sun. Some insects of bolder inventiveness have devised personal refrigeration systems. Those animals which must drink moisture get it at second hand -- a rabbit from a leaf, a coyote from the blood of a rabbit.

One may look in vain for living creatures in the daytime, but when the sun goes and the night gives consent, a world of creatures awakens and takes up its intricate pattern. Then the hunted come out and the hunters, and hunters of the hunters. The night awakes to buzzing and to cries and barks.

When, very late in the history of our planet, the incredible accident of life occurred, a balance of chemical factors, combined with temperature, in quantities and in kinds so delicate as to be unlikely, all came together in the retort of time and a new thing emerged, soft and helpless and unprotected in the savage world of unlife. Then processes of change and variation took place in the organisms, so that one kind became different from all others. But one ingredient, perhaps the most important of all, is planted in every life form -- the factor of survival. No living thing is without it, nor could life exist without this magic formula. Of course, each form developed its own machinery for survival, and some failed and disappeared while others peopled the earth. The first life might easily have been snuffed out and the accident may never have happened again -- but, once it existed, its first quality, its duty, preoccupation, direction, and end, shared by every living thing, is to go on living. And so it does and so it will until some other accident cancels it. And the desert, the dry and sun-lashed desert, is a good school in which to observe the cleverness and the

infinite variety of techniques of survival under pitiless opposition. Life could not change the sun or water the desert, so it changed itself.

The desert, being an unwanted place, might well be the last stand of life against unlife. For in the rich and moist and wanted areas of the world, life pyramids against itself and in its confusion has finally allied itself with the enemy non-life. And what the scorching, searing, freezing, poisoning weapons of non-life have failed to do may be accomplished to the end of its destruction and extinction by the tactics of survival gone sour. If the most versatile of living forms, the human, now fights for survival as it always has, it can eliminate not only itself but all other life. And if that should transpire, unwanted places like the desert might be the harsh mother of repopulation. For the inhabitants of the desert are well trained and well armed against desolation. Even our own misguided species might re-emerge from the desert. The lone man and his suntoughened wife who cling to the shade in an unfruitful and uncoveted place might, with their brothers in arms -- the coyote, the jackrabbit, the horned toad, the rattlesnake, together with a host of armored insects -- these trained and tested fragments of life might well be the last hope of life against non-life. The desert has mothered magic things before this.

Steinbeck's great novels touched the brute struggle of certain types of men against the forces of nature -- either striking Mexican wetbacks in California labor camps, or the Okies on the dust bowl, or the OF MONTERRET WAS Spanish-Indians farming the sea. As the uniqueness of these people slips away and as nature is more and more farmed not by men but by the tractor and the combine, what shall be write about? Prophetically, immediately following this masterful description of the desert there follows a tedious and labored description of a Thanksgiving weekend in an exurbanite Texas home, the main point of which seems to be that Texans are just people. What else could they be? What else must a novelist show them to be? Just people have loves and hates and city adventures and arresting personal lives. It is these that the modern novelists write about and it is these that Steinbeck does not seem able to write about successfully.

I feel for Steinbeck. | I recall one of his early short stories about a transplanted family of stolid New Englanders named Whiteside.

NATURAL Rescription, is could write and write well celount people reduced live were melded by heters and releve

The grandfather, after a Harvard education, comes West to be on the land and of the land. He was a literate sturdy man who farmed well, conquered his fields, and built a large rambling house of indestructible redwood. The family would be rooted and homed.

He had only one child, a son, and the son remained on the land -he had only one grandchild -- a son -- the grandson moved from the farm
to the city. He was an absentee landlord. One day while doing what he
could at the farm the grandson miscalculated and burned off some
underbrush too near the indestructible homestead. It was burned to the
ground. The family was homeless -- adrift. While watching the flames
and thinking of his grandfather, the grandson mused, "I think I know how
a soul feels when it sees its body buried in the ground and lost."

Steinbeck's soul is lost in an urban homogenized America as much as his touch loses its way every time he came into our cities. It's a pity and we can only hope this talented journalist will find it again.

It's worth a moment to consider the psychological and personal implications of an America which has lost its pluralistic cultures and is becoming citified and homogenized. There is something unappealing about two hundred million souls being educated on similar texts and conditioned to react predictably to certain virtues and politics. That it is happening seems uncontestible. Steinbeck's life history is a living testament. So is the growing similarity in the attitudes of our political parties. It can be attested by the simple fact that a campaign stimulated by Madison Avenue stimulates appetites across the nation. But I suspect it is only the farm boy who sees the city as uniform and of a single piece. The Jewish people have historically been urban dwellers. Yet notice the diversity which has been ours religiously, with our liberal

If Steinbeck had wanted to find America, he would have done better to have stayed at home and to have spent his days in New York City. America is no longer a country farm or a open prairie, -- a drama of geography. today is the city street and the skyscraper. Its drama is the drama of compacted civilization. We have tamed nature. We have not yet tamed ourselves. The drama of man against nature has been told. The drama of man against himself remains to be told. The city needs an infinite number of competent artists and writers who can bring its passion and its challenge to life. Think of the infinite variety of novels opened in the city. against the street. Man against the street. The little person against vast political and economic power. The family against the city's temptations. Strangely, American writers have so far shunned and avoided the city. Indeed, our best writers have fled the city -- Hemingway to Puerto Rico, Steinbeck to the farthest tip of Long Island, Faulkener to a Mississippi plantation, Melamud to a Washington State university. The city is noisy. The city permits little quiet for creative work. The city is overwhelming. Man is lest in the mass. It is difficult to distinguish, unlike the radoubtable pioneer silhouetted against an open landscape. But America today is the city. That is clear. In 1900 seventy percent of Americans lived on farms. In 1960 seventy percent of Americans lived in cities. If America is to be written about the city must be backdrop and hashing and cauldron of our novels.

Permit me a word as a rabbi. I would recall to you the words of the young grandson in Steinbeck's story as he watched the ancestral home go up in flames, "I think I know how a soul feels when it sees its body buried in the ground and lost." Men cleared the land and farmed it to survive and to set in roots. Much of the sturdiness of America lay in the strength of these

roots. Then came the industrial revolution, the road, a mobile America, and rootlessness. The brilliant sociologist, Durkheim, has called this sense of alienation anomie, the loss of a sense of belonging. In the city men lead frenetic lives, but few feel that their lives are essential to the welfare of the city. Men live in the city but are not of the city. Apartments have elevators which go up; and not roots which sink in. The city man is a job description and a corporate table of organization. He is a patient number in a medical clinic. He is a long queue bending around the corner for theater seatent. tickets. He is a human sardine in a hermetically sealed subway. He is replaceable. He is a body that many see but few know. He works for himself and for his family but he has no sense of beging a part of a larger whole. Anomie, the absence of a sense of belonging, lead to emotional and personality breakdown. If society says to us that we are expendable and replaceable, we begin to think little and ill of ourselves. If society sees us but takes no notice of us we come to feel that it matters little if we live lives which are apart and we feel no urgency to participate in civic and community projects. Men begin to live for themselves and it becomes easy to justify every act of greed and selfishness on the grounds that no one cares anyway. The anonymous of the city live with one ambition, to mine in the city a treasure of coin and then to escape from it. The ultimate ambition of those

The city needs desperately writers who can dissect and lay bare the tensions of the one and the many and the clash of personality and anonymity. If we are fated to live in the city, let us at least know the dimensions of the challenge it throws up at us. The city is dangerous, but it is also colorful and rich, full of exciting opportunity. Etymologically, the word "civilization" means "of the city". Townlet and hamlet have never produced the exciting clash of ideas and of men which raises the skyscrapers of

who suffer from anomie is to get away. And what kind of ambition is that?

philosophy and art and levels the long averages of group understanding. A native American art in the 1960's must throw up the potential and the peril of the city, its thrust and its tortures, its glory and its garishness.

This is America. It is an America which I hope men of the quality will help us to understand.

