

not only graciously accepted but oftentimes framed. It is the office that makes the man, said a famous American, and I can tell you from experience he spoke a solid truth.

We have learned from this inquiry into students and governors that images once formed are not easily transformed, that ideas accepted are not swiftly rejected, that a good name has as much or more ostensible worth than a multitude of good deeds. And so far the knowledge hasn't cost us much. It can be a pleasant pastime poking fun at ourselves through the eyes of the world and we may even revel in the awkward poses the makers and perpetuators of image have cast us.

But the game gets serious, even grim, when it turns to a consideration of our image as a nation. Suddenly we're not smiling anymore. We grow tense, uneasy. And like Benjamin Franklin at the first Constitutional Convention, we wonder whether the artist on his canvas has painted a rising sun or a setting one.

We, as a nation, are no longer frontiersmen facing a natural adversary, but individuals in search of ourselves in a world become inhumanly industrialized, organized and computerized. It is not the overabundance of space and the underabundance of material affluence that threaten our calm but the complexity of dealing with great densities of population and enormous prosperity that confuses and frightens us. The bread and circuses of the Great Society, like those of the once-great Roman Republic, seem to drain the vigor from our spirit, making us appear lazy, timid, effete, dependent and even apathetic. The evidence mounts daily that it is not the historic inevitability of Communism which will defeat us but the philosophic disability of Democracy that will lead us down a gold guttered street to obsolescence.

The hue and cry over America's direction in recent years has been heard from conservative critics in general and the Republican Party in particular. But the most outspoken and most eloquent voice of disapproval has been that from what we may call the Liberal Establishment. It is not Ronald Reagan but Arthur Schlesinger who sees an America become, in his words, "like one big company town with the bland leading the bland."

He bemoans a society which has lost sight of itself, whose symptomatic drug is the tranquilizer and which marches into a brave new world under the banner of togetherness. "Conformity is the greater danger not when it is coerced but when it is sought," says Schlesinger, and he leaves no doubt as to the choice contemporary America has