

determined for itself. Where is the spontaneity our society once knew? he asks. Why must the bright child be sacrificed at the altar of mass education? Have the bold impresarios of business and commerce closed their shops and forever fled? Is there not a labor leader in the country today willing to take off his Brooks Brothers suit and man the barricades? In changing American life, have we in fact condemned it to lifelessness?

It is not William Buckley or Walter Lippmann speaking but David Reisman who decrys the "other-directed man," the man who in discovering adjustment loses his soul, and now the issue takes on a fascinating irony with tremendous implication. It is not the critic but the author who tells us the work is unworthy. It is not the receiver but the giver who articulates the evil. It is not the OUTS trying to depose the INS that's causing the ruckus but the INS trying to find the way out that mocks the progress of two generations and sends tremors of doubt reverberating through the Great and Hollow Society. "Americans have no great nostalgia for the past," proclaims Professor Andrew Hacker of Cornell, but the Liberal Establishment is not so sure that a little going back might not prove helpful and that a little purposeful rest and reconsideration might not prove revitalizing.

What good are revolutions if we are swallowed up by them? For how long can innovation masquerade as substance? Has our nation's talent for acquiring wealth left its people impoverished? In this dilemma of spirit and conscience, the impassioned liberal begins to sound like the ardent conservative, images become blurred. The left moves to the right and the right moves to the left until suddenly they are no longer miles apart but standing face-to-face. An era of experimentation, innovation and accommodation nears its end. Consolidation is the theme of our times. The day of reconciliation has arrived!

And now a sleeping giant, the Republican Party, stirs. For fifty-six of the seventy-two years prior to 1932 he ruled the land but in only eight of the past thirty-five years has he been more than a wayfaring stranger to the highest post of power. In the words Stephen Vincent Benet used to describe the first settlers, our Republican giant was "disinherited and dispossessed." His legions accounting for thirty-eight percent of voters in 1940 slipped to twenty-five percent by 1964, and in that year he fell in battle suffering almost mortal wounds. Rejected by a society he had helped to build, scorned by a people he had served and served well, unfamiliar to a new generation with little reverence for the past, he seemed like the dinosaur well on his way to wherever the fittest go after they survive no more.