CANADIAN THESES

THÈSES CANADIENNES

NOTICE

The quality of this microfiche is heavily dependent upon the quality of the original thesis submitted for microfilming. Every effort has been made to ensure the highest quality of reproduction possible.

If pages are missing, contact the university which granted the degree.

Some pages may have indistinct print especially if the original pages were typed with a poor typewriter ribbon or if the university sent us an inferior photocopy.

Previously copyrighted materials (journal articles, published tests, etc.) are not filmed.

Reproduction in full or in part of this film is governed by the Canadian Copyright Act, R.S.C. 1970, c. C-30.

AVIS

La qualité de cette microfiche dépend grandement de la qualité de la thèse soumise au microfilmage. Nous avons tout fait pour assurer une qualité supérieure de reproduction.

S'il manque des pages, veuillez communiquer avec l'université qui a conféré le grade.

La qualité d'impression de certaines pages peut laisser à désirer, surtout si les pages originales ont été dactylographiées à l'aide d'un ruban usé ou si l'université nous a fait parvenir une photocopie de qualité inférieure.

Les documents qui font déjà l'objet d'un droit d'auteur (articles de revue, examens publiés, etc.) ne sont pas microfilmés.

La reproduction, même partielle, de ce microfilm est soumise à la Loi canadienne sur le droit d'auteur, SRC 1970, c. C-30.

THIS DISSERTATION HAS BEEN MICROFILMED EXACTLY AS RECEIVED

LA THÈSE A ÉTÉ MICROFILMÉE TELLE QUE NOUS L'AVONS REÇUE

NL-339 (r. 86/06)

Canada

The Metaphoric Style in Politically Censored Theatre

Enrique Sandoval

A Thesis

in

The Faculty

of

Arts and Sciences

Presented in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements
for the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy at
Concordia University
Montréal, Québec, Canada

March 1986

ISBN 0-315-32251-9

ABSTRACT

The Metaphoric Style in Politically Censored Theatre

Enrique Sandoval, Ph.D.
Concordia University, 1986

The use of metaphoric style in three instances of political repression (France under Nazi rule, South Africa under apartheid, and Chile under military dictatorship) is examined in this thesis. This dissertation focuses on a specific kind of theatre, where metaphor is primarily used for political rather than for literary purposes. Unlike Sartre and Fugard, who have been well known in theatre circles for many years, Juan Radrigan's work is very important to this thesis, because he is contemporary, because he is only partially known in the non-Spanish-speaking world, and because he lives and produces his plays in Chile, despite censorship. This thesis emphasizes the universality of the use of metaphor by very different political dramatists in widely different countries as a device to circumvent censorship.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I would like to express my appreciation to the following individuals without whose support I would not have been able to complete this project: María Eugenia Moreno, who did for me the research for the chapter on Chilean theatre in Santiago, and for her constant encouragement; my professors at Concordia University, especially Dr. Roslyn Belkin from the English Department, for their solidarity; Steven Kaal for having read this work, for having also helped me in editing it with such unassuming authority, and for having typed it in record time; my children, Rodrigo, Claudia and Mariela for their love.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION

As my title suggests, this thesis will focus on the use of metaphoric style in dramatic works written and produced under conditions of political duress. My interest in this particular device has been strongly motivated by the increasing significance this approach has gained, primarily in the struggle of theatre people of politically oppressed countries against a censorship that stands in their way. Also, my research on political theatre has revealed that critics and writers in the field have paid little attention to this phenomenon. There are a few examples of the use of political allegory, although not necessarily the result of extreme political duress. John McLaughling's essay on the topic based on Sean O'Casey's Purple Dust,[1] and June Schleuter's article on Peter Handke's They Are Dying Out,[2] could well represent the exception rather than the rule.

In The Third Theatre, which is more political than his philosophical and religious The Theatre of Revolt,

---

[1]John McLaughlin, "Political Allegory in O'Casey's Purple Dust," Modern Drama XIII (May 1970): 47-53.

[2]June Schleuter, "Politics and Poetry: Peter Handke's They Are Dying Out," Modern Drama XXIII (January 1981): 339-345.

Brustein makes a somewhat sweeping reference to the use of metaphor in Jean-Claude van Itallie's trilogy, America Hurrah, in which, says Brustein, the author "has discovered the truest poetic function of the theatre" by inventing "metaphors which can poignantly suggest a nation's nightmares and afflictions."[1] But since these nightmares and afflictions were experienced in a social and political context of freedom and democracy, with no censorship to put up with, the playwright could have spared his metaphors, if he wished, for he did not have to disguise his thoughts and smuggle them through between the lines. His metaphors are the metaphors of the artist. And for that matter, practically all of the other Off-Broadway plays of the sixties functioned in terms of metaphoric style. Was this a desperate device to pass on clandestine messages against their government's intervention in Vietnam? Not necessarily so. Again, it was the artist's own choice.

Pedro Bravo-Elizondo's Teatro Hispano-Americano de Critica Social (Spanish American Theatre of Social Criticism) shows the evolution of this dramatic form, and his analysis of a number of plays is based on description and explication de texte in which the metaphoric style is only implied and never mentioned as such. An example of this will be found in his review of La Pasión Según Antígona .

---

[1]Robert Brustein, The Third Theatre (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1970), p. 54.

Pérez (Passion According to Antígona Pérez) by the Puerto Rican Luis Rafael Sanchez, written in 1969. In his review, Bravo-Elizondo speaks of how the author has used the Greek model to create his own version of the heroine in a Latin American context. He does not use in his analysis any such terms as metaphor, allegory, symbol, parable, simile, or any implication that could suggest, even in a vague way, the device of the dramatist to bring forth Antigone's exemplary figure. I guess that he is not to blame for this absence; he simply wasn't interested in the topic.

Augusto Boal in Teatro del Oprimido (Theatre of the Oppressed, 1980, two volumes), a most representative utterance on political theatre in Latin America, does not touch on the subject of metaphoric language in his chapters "Theory and Practice" and "Exercises for Actors and Non-Actors." His own play, Torquemada, written while in jail as a political prisoner in Brazil in 1971, uses the infamous character of the Spanish Inquisition and of an undetermined number of priest-torturers to draw a better picture of repression in his country under the dictatorship of the military clique. He has no special reason to use metaphor in his play since it was not produced in politically repressed Brazil but in Argentina, and his message is carried out in a straightforward manner. Besides, there does not seem to be any reference to his use of metaphor either in his preface or in reviews of the play.

The French critic Bernard Dort, in his Théâtre Public, uses the terms "parabole dramatique," "une triple transposition," and "action doublement déguisée" to review the Berliner Ensemble's production of La Résistible Ascension d'Arturo Ui at the Théâtre des Nations in Paris in the late fifties.[1] A play meant to speak for Hitler's ascension, and written during the dangerous Nazi days in Germany, must have had some metaphoric quality. Dort does not refer to metaphor at all in his essay, "The Political Vocation," also appearing in Théâtre Public. Instead he speaks of individuals like Piscator and Brecht and their intent to make their audiences become involved in man's history, which in Marxist terms means to develop a political awareness and to accept one's responsibility as an agent for social change.

Herbert Blau's Impossible Theatre: A Manifesto speaks with great gusto and insight about many plays, but he leaves their metaphoric techniques aside. I expected to find some kind of reference to them in his essays, "The Iron Curtain," "Counterforce I: The Social Drama," and "Counterforce II: Notes from the Underground," but I did not.

Teatro Chileno de la Crisis Institucional: 1973-1980 (Chilean Theatre of the Institutional Crisis: 1973-1980), a critical anthology, makes passing references to the pressures

---

[1]Bernard Dort, Théâtre Public: Essais de Critique (Paris: Editions du Seuil, 1967), p. 179.

suffered by "theatrists" through censorship and self-censorship that have led them to find an adequate language of aesthetic and political expression in "the symbol, the absurd and the grotesque." In the same chapter, which introduces the anthology, the authors refer to "claves" (keys) used by the theatre as an appeal to an "accompliced understanding" on the part of audiences. Its authors also refer to "the allegory, . . . the dreams, the symbols as above , and the ritualistic games" that have been used to cope with censorship. They speak of a "reinvention of language" meant to neutralize political restrictions.[1] Maria de la Luz Hurtado and Carlos Ochsenius, the authors of the first essay prefacing the anthology, have not taken the time to actually discuss the metaphoric style of Chilean contemporary theatre, but [illegible] have said much more than the above-quoted critics. Hernán Vidal in his essay "Teatro Chileno Profesional Reciente" (Recent Professional Theatre in Chile) of the same volume, cites one metaphoric use in Gustavo Meza's play El Ultimo Tren (The Last Train, 1978) without really delving into the topic.

Finally, I find it very interesting that in several interviews published in American newspapers, Janusz Glowacki, the Polish dissident now living in New York City, has spoken

---

[1]Maria de la Luz Hurtado and Carlos Ochsenius, "El Teatro Chileno Bajo el Autoritarismo," in Teatro Chileno de la Crisis Institucional: 1973-1980 (Santiago, Chile: CENECA-Universidad de Minnesota, 1982), p. 26.

of the "metaphoric style" that he was forced to use in his country in order to avoid political censorship, something that is still being done by his colleagues who have remained behind. It is the first time that a playwright acknowledges and justifies the necessity of using metaphor under conditions of political duress. Some Chilean critics have also pointed out the importance of this dramatic device.

I find that the issue is important in terms of finding a unified criterion that may be useful in this particular field of a theatre striving to survive and prevail.

The political power coveted by despotic rulers throughout history -- and consistently reinforced by such practices as censorship "to stifle expression,"[1] and its sequel of fear-mongering,[2] imprisonment, torture, disappearance of persons, suspension of civil and natural rights, exactions of all sorts, etc. -- has notwithstanding prevented them from fully controlling certain expressions of political dissent and civil disobedience. One of the expressions of

---

[1]Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., "Preface" in The New York Public Library, ed., Censorship: 500 Years of Conflict (New York: New York Public Library, 1984), p. 7.

[2]Patricia Politzer says in the presentation of her book Miedo en Chile (Fear in Chile; Santiago, Chile: Ediciones Chile y America, 1985) that "Chile was and is scared," that "it's a fear that makes us hardly live, repressed and stifled," p. 9. She adds: "Under Pinochet fear became part of the system, and it is precisely through it that the dictatorship swiftly infiltrates our everyday existence and it sticks itself like a molusk that we cannot get rid of," p. 11. (Translations by E. Sandoval.)

criticism that has managed to pass through barriers of repression is humour. Many anthologies could be put together with the best jokes about the worst tyrants of the earth. By word of mouth these jokes have reached the people, and they have had a chance to laugh wholeheartedly and, in being able to do so, have felt closer to freedom and happiness, even if it is a very momentary feeling.

However, theatre seems to be a more effective expression of political discontent considering that it covers a wide range of purposes, not only for providing "the moral matrix, the moral sensibility, from which we make our judgements about the world," as Tom Stoppard puts it,[1] which is a long-term job, but also because: a) it keeps the people informed about the facts and events, as well as their circumstances, that are concealed and denied by the authorities; b) it increases awareness and helps every citizen to evaluate reality; c) it encourages the possibility for a more militant opposition, like open subversion and armed struggle; d) it boosts the people's morale and activates the ideals of freedom; e) it generates and strengthens solidarity around the immediate victims of repression and their families; f) it denounces the abuses of power and the violation of human rights, the unconstitutionality of de facto regimes, the international

---

[1]Tom Stoppard, "Ambushes for the Audience: Towards a High Comedy of Ideas," Theatre Quarterly IV (May-July 1974): 14.

conspiracies and interventions supportive of such governments; and g) it instills new confidence in the population and helps people overcome apathy, fear, habit, and so forth. Undoubtedly, not all of these objectives are accomplished in full or even partially, at times, for censorship is applied in many cases in a paradoxical mixture of refined methods and brutal actions. This makes the ultimate objective of this kind of theatre a crucial one, that of gaining a space from which political opposition may find its way to unite and act efficaciously. A theatre that manages to operate under these conditions has already opened an access to that ever-important space and will be able to continue pushing its margins from within and stretch them out so as to enlarge its amplitude and eventually make it more suitable in terms of social and political mobilization.

The theatre, like the underground press or the Church service, has become an immediate form of influence in countries subjected to authoritarian rule. I am interested in the study of this particular form of theatre, but I think that building a wider background can be of much help. To Athol Fugard, political theatre, or theatre in general, is an art form as perceived by the "visionary eyes of the social prophet."[1] And, indeed, he is a social

---

[1]Mel Gussow, "Profiles: Athol Fugard," The New Yorker, 20 December 1982, p. 55.

prophet. The political intention, even in its most loose connotation, may justifiably lead to a variety of dramatic forms strategically derived from different types of oppression, and covering a wide range of options in social participation and personal commitment. From the times of ancient Greece, with works like Euripides' Trojan Women and its anti-war message; Aeschylus' Prometheus Bound and its defiance of tyranny; and Sophocles' Antigone and its appeal for justice, or of Spain's Golden Age, with plays like Cervantes' Numancia and its idea of people's solidarity to oppose dictatorial rulers, and Lope de Vega's Fuenteovejuna and its defense of the abused villagers of the countryside, theatre has constantly concerned itself with such issues, which have found their expression in productions of high artistic value recurrently done in different languages in many countries, by using backgrounds of popular beliefs and mores in a massive display of performers representing the lowly and the lofty of a community or nation. Their distinguishing features will be the presence of social conflict, class clashes, and the reactions of the people to persecution and repression.

Political theatre, and theatre as an art expression per se, owes much of its raison d'être to the type of classic plays mentioned above. Tradition has demonstrated that in early times, man's evolution is shown in his struggle for survival and his intelligence made him understand

that nature could very well be his enemy, so he had to conquer it. That was the first conflict that he had to resolve; then, it was coexistence, and that developed into social organization. Much later did man find himself confronted with himself. In these plays we come across the protagonist in conflict with his social surroundings. Theatre and poetry fused to register the legends and myths, the dreams and realities of that man, of his many failures, of his endurance, of his prevalence. And this theatre will continue registering man's own reactions to social changes, either the negative or the positive ones.

As a matter of convenience in the organization of this research work, I think that it would prove clarifying to agree on a specific point of departure in reference to a political theatre that became extremely important during the second decade of the century and that continued after it branched out into somewhat parallel forms until today. Around that time there was a kind of anonymous, albeit official theatre based on political playlets in Russia, which were done in factories soon after the triumph of the Bolshevik revolution with the purpose of arousing political consciousness among the workers in order to bring about a stronger commitment to increase production. Having such pragmatic aims as agitation and propaganda, this approach did not call for a very demanding and sophisticated aesthetic treatment but for simple and direct revolutionary

statements made by the protagonists of very rudimentary storylines. This didactic theatre, which could be defined as the expression of an ideology carried out in a dialectical way and responding to historical cause-and-effect motivations, was probably Bertolt Brecht's basis for what has been known as his Lehrstücke series in which, avoiding the conventions of Aristotelian tradition, he also intended to have amateur actors participating in its plays so that they could learn moral and political lessons of Communist significance. The rather literal didacticism of these plays did not by any means mar their artistic quality, especially on account of the precision of their language and the economy of their theatrical technique. Brecht spoke of them as experiments "meant not so much for the spectator as for those who were engaged in the performance . . . an art for the producer, not for the consumer."[1]

On the other hand, Erwin Piscator, the German director, fought for a theatre that was active and social, for which he carefully documented his productions, reinforcing them by adding an array of placards, lights, sounds, and film projections. He wanted his shows to be absolutely self-contained as "intellectual clarifications,"[2] an approach

---

[1]Bertolt Brecht, "The German Drama: Pre-Hitler," in John Willet, ed., Brecht on Theatre: The Development of an Aesthetic (New York: Hill and Wang, 1964), p. 80.

[2]Odette Aslan, L'Art du Théâtre (Paris: Editions Seghers, 1963), p. 595.

that he used in an effort to also do away with naturalism and expressionism. He wanted to make the spectator see both realities very closely, the one of factual events taking place outside the theatre and the one of the occurrences actually taking place in the playhouse. He intended to change and transform the spectator by making him aware of his social reality for he believed that nobody could live untouched by it. His directorial approach was fulfilled when he was completely sure that "le seul énoncé de la vérité qui dépasse la pure actualité a déjà un effet révolutionnaire."[1] The overt literalness of his documentary theatre does not seem to have been detrimental to its entertainment and artistic value.

While Brecht's approach will lead to the epic theatre, which is a more elaborate development that offers a high aesthetic level, his criteria will continue to sustain the political weight of his work. His plays are meant to have spectacular productions and, even though he does not favour an exclusively entertaining theatre, he does not neglect the audiovisual quality of his dramatic texture. Nor does he forget to remind us of the reality which has not been artistically organized, and which is the one that we have to cope with in our everyday lives. Theoretically speaking, Brecht's endeavour represents the purest form of political theatre because everything has been taken into account for

---

[1]Ibid., p. 597.

each one of his creations: the idea of the heterogeneous nature of his audience that will let every spectator be transformed through the internal-external relationship; the acting techniques which base themselves on man's actions and life as a social agent; the interplay between dramatic reality and social reality, between emotional involvement and intellectual distance, everything intermingled in a brilliant narrative where physical and social action prevail over psychological motivations. Brecht's endeavour cannot be left aside whenever political theatre, or any aspect of it, is discussed. In constructing his work, he reached an artistic summit from which many playwrights, directors, actors, stage managers, technicians, and drama specialists have found inspiration.

There are many instances in modern times of theatrical expressions that on account of political repression, social injustice, and other such issues as unpopular as conscription, racial discrimination, and unemployment, have become genuine forms of social protest. In the United States, for example, a variety of plays have emerged on different occasions: in the early thirties, Clifford Odets wrote Waiting for Lefty and Awake and Sing, among other pieces. He deals with social and political problems that were latent at the time: the economic depression and its consequences affecting the working class, especially immigrant families who were confused by capitalist values and

showed symptoms of disintegration. Arthur Miller wrote The Crucible (1953), which was an extended metaphor for the inquisitorial investigations of Senator Joe McCarthy that created so much turmoil, fear and resentment in American society. All My Sons (1947) and Death of a Salesman (1949) had already touched on certain critical aspects of the capitalist system, such as its emphasis on success at the expense of human values. Later on, the Vietnam War brought along a myriad of plays meant to protest against this military mobilization, among which Megan Terry's Viet Rock (1966) and Maria Irene Fornes' Vietnamese Wedding (1966) are excellent examples of innovative techniques. Megan Terry creates through her dialogue, songs, and dance vibrant scenes of unforgettable beauty, while the latter dramatizes in a wonderful metaphor the ancient rituals of the Vietnamese peasants in their tranquil villages.

On the other hand, the Black American theatre saw its rebirth through politically oriented plays of such dramatists as Lorraine Hansberry, Ossie Davis, Adrienne Kennedy, LeRoi Jones (Imamu Amiri Baraka), James Baldwin, Douglas Turner Ward, Ed Bullins, Charles Gordone, and many others. Their works were produced all over their country and they were also published individually or collectively in anthology form.

In Czechoslovakia, Václav Havel wrote The Memorandum (1965) in which he attacks the Communist system that rules

over his country by inventing a very interesting metaphor based on an absurd society "pushed to absurdity, compounded by absurdity and yet saved from mere nonsense by the internal logic" of absurdities.[1]

The tradition of political theatre abounds throughout the world: in Great Britain, for example, George Bernard Shaw, John Osborne, Arnold Wesker, and a new generation of playwrights including Trevor Griffiths, David Edgar, David Hare, Howard Barker, and Stephen Poliakoff, all of whom believe in the power of the stage as a medium of social and political analysis.

Latin America has also been fertile soil for political theatre. The social context, politically volatile at times, lends itself to an artistic activity that finds its path in a diversity of forms: painting, music, folk-dance, and theatre. The latter has grown and expanded all over Latin America from the Rio Grande to Tierra del Fuego. Most of its plays have been written and produced under conditions of political duress, at least in contemporary times, and the ones that have not still retain a political essence. Augusto Boal taught and practiced his theatre of the oppressed, in Brazil when he could manage to do so, and in several neighbouring countries, using a didactic approach similar to both Agitprop of early revolutionary days in

---

[1] Tom Stoppard, "Introduction," in Václav Havel, The Memorandum (New York: Grove Press, 1967), p. v.

Russia and Brecht's Lehrstücke playlets. An interesting innovation, besides using the context of community conflicts for his stories and enactments, was that he worked in conjunction with Paulo Freire, the well-known Brazilian educator and founder of the Recife People's Cultural Center, the first of many such developments. Boal acknowledges the fact that his theatre originates in these centers where the people's culture finds its expression.[1] To some extent Boal's influence in Latin America is comparable to Brecht's in Europe in his own time. Dramatists, directors, and groups have done much for the theatre in this continent. There are several points of contact between different endeavours, but the political concern seems by far to be the most constant, especially in the collective projects which are very common in Latin America. A few names may rightly help to confirm the importance of theatre down there: Emilio Carballido in Mexico, Enrique Buenaventura in Colomia, César Rengifo in Venezuela, Osvaldo Dragún in Argentina, Juan Radrigán in Chile, etc. Some groups or companies which have done much work are Cuatro Tablas in Peru, Escambray in Cuba, Ictus in Chile, La Candelaria in Colombia, the Colectivo Nacional in Puerto Rico, Rajatablas in Venezuela, and El Galpón in Uruguay.

It is not too hard to find a number of political theatre practitioners worldwide who present their works in

---

[1]Augusto Boal, Teatro del Oprimido 1: Teoría y Práctica, trans. François Maspero (México: Editorial Nueva Imagen, 1980), p. 252.

conventional theatres, in the streets, circuses, parks, church basements, cafés, attics, schools, and trade unions. Janusz Glowacki and his plays Match and Cinderella (Poland); Gunther Grass's The Plebeians Rehearse the Uprising (Germany); Dario Fo's The Accidental Death of an Anarchist (Italy); David Fennario's On the Job and Nothing to Lose (Canada); Lito Tiongson's The Deathless Life of Juan de la Cruz (The Philippines), etc.; all of these are distinguished examples of very recent plays that within their own context have become what Clifford Odets called the "immediately useful" theatre.[1]

At this stage, sufficient qualities pertaining to the political theatre have emerged, which makes it rather unnecessary to arrive at a definition of it. For example, its practical purposes, particularly in relation to its effect upon its audiences, have been enumerated, and along with these there has been a suggestion that its main goal is that of gaining a space from that oppressed atmosphere to enable dissenters to voice their discontent and spread their truths to provoke the mobilization of the people. It is meant to arouse people, politically and socially, and to make them struggle for their freedom. Or at least to keep them from losing hope. I can discern two basic directions in this theatre, one of which is the direct appeal through

---

[1]Clifford Odets, Six Plays (New York: Grove Press, 1979), p. vii.

certain dramatic situations, with propaganda material, but cautiously avoiding the obvious names and situations. This can be achieved by using a metaphoric touch here and there to the advantage of both its political and its aesthetic power. The second direction uses the metaphor to its full extent. It becomes impregnated with it. What determines either option -- and one does not have to dwell here on the matter of good or bad taste -- is the political repression that has motivated a dramatist and a group of committed theatre people to produce it. It depends on the strictness of censorship; if this is lax or practically nil, the play will likely belong to the first group. On the other hand, a harsh, dangerously inflexible censorship will make the metaphoric option find its own natural physiognomy. As for the didactic theatre of revolutionary days in Russia and Germany, including Agitprop-like expressions as practiced in contemporary Cuba and Nicaragua and their almost paradoxical purpose of making the people keep a triumphant revolution going, its importance in terms of this study becomes useful only for its uniqueness regarding its political context, its participatory value, and its approach to literacy and culture.

As I have already said, I intend to study the use of metaphor as a way to circumvent censorship in countries where governments do not in fact represent the will of the people and rule them by decree and by the force of state terrorism.

However, in spite of their tremendous leverage, these governments cannot in fact afford to prevent the people from managing to express their discontent or at least from participating in an effort to achieve a certain form of organization. To power brutality, the people will respond with creative solidarity; to censorship, they will respond with codes of subtle communication of ideas. A new language will be invented and used with a richness of semantic implications that will be handled as an urgent response to political repression. The metaphor will be revitalized, and in the theatre it will become the most effective tool to say all, and yet not literally. And since very little has been done in the research and evaluation of the secret codes of political theatre, specifically the one that originates under conditions of extreme political duress, as in the case of France during the Nazi occupation, South Africa's black majority dominated by a supremacist white rule, and Chile under the dictatorship of the military, this work justifies itself and offers a new focus on human and social communication.

"The struggle between expression and authority is unending," says Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.[1] Totalitarian states cannot tolerate criticism, for, somehow, they "cannot bear to acknowledge their own fallibility." So they mount a censorship machinery to stifle expression in any

---

[1]Schlesinger, in Censorship, op. cit., p. 7.

of its forms. "It may be applied to the mails, speech, the press, the theatre, dance, art, literature, photography, the cinema, radio, or television."[1] The state will not put up with any expression that it believes will threaten the political, social, or moral order. This does not necessarily mean that there will be a written body of precise rules, for sometimes authoritarian governments find it more effective to utilize a most varied arsenal to cope with fait accompli cases that includes exile, imprisonment, torture, disappearance of persons, and murder. It is the paternalistic approach, one of the distinguishing traits of dictatorships, and it means that there is a didactic intention in the measures they take against unruly citizens. This has happened and is still happening in many countries of the East and of the West.

The principle of free expression was adopted in 1948 and it became part of the United Nations Universal Declaration of Human Rights, but this great achievement very soon lost its practical projections. Many reasons may account for the "dead-letter" quality of this premise, and the main one is based on a brand-new precept pragmatically imposed in the Western world, which is that of national security. The Freedom of Information Act approved in the United States of America in 1966, which states that people have the right of access to government

---

[1] Ibid.

records, has the validity of a basic document upon which many restrictive exceptions have been incorporated. President Reagan's Order 12356 (1982) "is the most restrictive because it requires the classification of more material than is strictly necessary to protect domestic national security."[1] This is perhaps rather paradoxical in the country which considers itself the freest in the world, but a discussion of it would prove irrelevant to the purpose of this particular project of mine. What matters here is that the principle of national security is exploited in undemocratic countries of the Western world in such arbitrary ways that censorship and harsh repression are made their best available weapons to protect themselves from visible or invisible enemies. The ones who are struggling for freedom in these countries, by means of the principle of national security become the enemies, the traitors, and have to be punished. The intentional vagueness of censorship has been devised to bring about fear and terror among the population, among the people who handle ideas, among the artists. Will they dare to incite doubt, disturbance, or disorder? And because ideas have the intrinsic power to prevail, the conflict will arise once again: the press will be read between the lines; jokes will be whispered from person to person; a well-known

---

[1] Joan Hoff-Wilson, "The Pluralist Society," in Censorship, op. cit., p. 113.

revolutionary tune will be whistled en passant; a play will become rather obscure, but its subtext will emerge clear as daylight. It has been done again: "They are the people who kept little candles alight through the dark times, recent and long past."[1]

Enough for a necessarily concise background on this form of spiritual curfew that repressive governments, for obvious lack of popular support, impose upon the people so that they may perpetuate themselves in power.

As already stated, this study does not aim at a discussion of the different strategies that "subversive" theatre uses to produce its plays. This would involve all the strategies that troupes try out to respond to an equal or higher number of censorship measures imposed against them. For the sake of an appropriate context, though, it may be relevant to mention, for example, that if it is a performance based on the principles of guerrilla, street hit-and-run, and situational-participatory theatre, the actors have to watch for the police and be ready to apply their contingency plans. If they have not been able to escape and are arrested, they will have to look for all sorts of excuses, but they know that they should avoid such arrest at all costs. On the other hand, if a play has been denied official sponsorship on the grounds of its "conflictive" nature, and

---

[1]Ibid.

this is the case in Chile under Pinochet, it means that it has not been officially unauthorized; it means, or it may mean, that it will have to come across a series of such bureaucratic snags as having to pay an unrealistic tax on every sold ticket, or having to get the renewal of the extant permit to operate in a theatre whose sanitary, electric, fire-security installations, inspected once again, have met with strong disapproval, etc. This is "invisible" censorship. And it is more complex and entrapping than the above examples, to say little of the strain and humiliation suffered by the dissident artists. Since the improvised theatre does not have to go through any red-tape, it can even afford, at times, some frontal assaults on the régime. It is precisely the formal theatre, the one that has to tiptoe around censorship, visible or invisible, that will be using more often than not the disguise of metaphor, "or the cloak of historical robes,"[1] a solution reached by many playwrights and directors wherever fettered expression has become the rule. As for the official theatre, it will continue to be exclusively entertaining, and its sumptuous productions will have packed houses with audiences made up of armed forces officers, civilian authorities, and their families and friends, as happened in Paris during the Nazi

[1]As Janusz Glowacki explains in Samuel G. Freedman's article, "A Dissident Puts Poland On Stage," The New York Times, 12 February 1984, pp. H1 and H6.

occupation where collaborationist troupes performed for them the funniest comedies and German actors sang their most solemn operas. Or as happens in Santiago today at the National Theatre, founded by the dictatorship and meant to restore the old traditions of the genre.

While the official theatre enjoys all the privileges extended to it, particularly the monetary ones, the opposition theatre will have to deal with arbitrary fines, boycott, threats, suspensions, arrests, etc. For its dramatists, directors, producers, actors, technicians and everybody involved, this does not seem to be the worst: what really becomes most excruciating and debasing is to have to deal with the "wage of fear," which is self-censorship. Hardly any dramatist, director, or theatre group in opposition to officialdom will be too willing to acknowledge its recourse to self-censorship. It would not be completely risky to state that plays written under conditions of political duress anywhere in the world are a confirmation of the effects of self-censorship safeguards adopted by their creators. Of course, this is not the case with the improvisational, hit-and-run type of theatre which bases its effectiveness on overt statements made through physical action and words as acted out under timely, propitious circumstances. Self-censored theatre offers its practitioners challenges of incalculable projections, so much so that it becomes a marvelous source of linguistic

subtleties and a constant exercise between denotations and connotations, time and places, illusion and reality, characters and entities, history and legend. This theatre functions in terms of meaningful layers ranging from the apparently inane, passing through intermittent suggestions, to the tumultuous truth that emerges from its depths. And this is achieved thanks to the use of metaphor.

There is much literature on metaphor, but not always do linguists, philosophers, grammarians and other specialists agree on a sharp definition of it and on its uses. Etymologically seen, it will very well serve the purpose for which I use it in this study: a "transfer." Most dictionaries will come up with a definition that more or less amounts to "a figure of speech in which a term is transferred from the object it ordinarily designates to an object it may designate only by implicit comparison or analogy."[1] It implies the action of conveying, shifting, changing from one person or place to another, from one thing to another; to bear across. This will lead to the "carry-over" quality of the metaphor from the point of view of semantics. And this is just an incipient form that will become extremely complex if the metaphor itself were the issue. Fortunately, what is needed here is only a rather compact

---

[1] The Heritage Dictionary of the English Language, ed. William Morris (Boston and New York: American Heritage Publishing and Houghton Mifflin, 1975), p. 825.

groundwork on the uses of this indirect form of comparison, bearing in mind certain qualities that characterize its functions. For example, some metaphors are explicit ("All the world is a stage"); others are implicit ("The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune"); others are live metaphors, carrying compound meanings; and yet others are extended ones in which some words are taken in their literal sense and others in a figurative manner, which by inference may develop as the main theme of an entire play. This also implies that a metaphor of this kind may carry over through set designs, costumes, lighting, sound, and acting, in addition to the verbal conception of political plays in particular. So the metaphorical sense to be found in the kind of theatre that I will review in my thesis will stem from the idea that Max Black has developed about the metaphor "as belonging to semantics rather than to syntax,"[1] and also that being a kind of "loose word, at best, we must beware of attributing to it stricter rules than are found in practice."[2] Needless to say that the ornamental value of the metaphor from both the text and the production viewpoints will not be overlooked, since it requires an integrating significance in the evaluation of a play. Also,

---

[1]Max Black, "Metaphor," in Joseph Margolis, ed., Philosophy Looks at the Arts: Contemporary Readings in Aesthetics (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1962), p. 217

[2]Ibid., p. 221.

the idea of the extended metaphor will be the strategic position from which my study will move on, without, of course, disregarding the enormous puissance of its internal presence and application in particular instances.

It seems then that the best way to skirt censorship is to use precautionary auto-censorship and to write plays in "metaphoric style," as Janusz Glowacki has indicated. However, he has some reservations about the use of metaphor or metaphoric style:

> There is a problem of self-censorship . . . . We don't know how much of our work and thinking is determined by censorship, because it enters the realm of the origin of the thought and the creative idea itself. I use metaphor to make a larger point about my society. Would I have chosen to write in that metaphor if there was no censorship and no metaphor was needed? It is not clear, even to me.[1]

What is clear to me is that he implies that the metaphor is a necessary evil in the artist's reaction to censorship, and I believe that self-censorship, once the creator has overcome his metaphysical reservations, will stimulate his imagination to invent the best and most effective "transfers" of image and thought that his own work needs. Glowacki's musings have also suggested to me a question which is not too impertinent: will he continue using the metaphor now that he is no longer

---

[1]Expressed in an article written by Nina Darnton under the title, "Tiptoeing Around the Censor in Poland," The New York Times, 18 January 1981, pp. D4 and D20.

in Poland? Perhaps he will have to change his subject-matter altogether and write about psychological conflicts rather than about political ones, unless he mixes them. It is not easy for an exile to understand a new society without really avoiding nostalgic interferences relating to his own country. Anyway, this is not directly my subject of study, although it is pertinent to the question that Janusz Glowacki has asked about political censorship and metaphor.

It is on account of these considerations, and others that will not be tackled here, that this project has taken off. Despite the immense geographic, linguistic, and ethnic differences between the France of the forties and contemporary South Africa and Chile, the ideology and methods of their régimes offer hitherto unsuspected points of resemblance which are clearly embodied by their repressive policies. Therefore, in dealing with the metaphoric style in politically-repressed theatre, I will develop three interrelated chapters with examples drawn from each country. The first one will be on Jean-Paul Sartre's The Flies (1942), the second on Athol Fugard's Sizwe Banzi is Dead (1964) and The Island (1964), and the last one on Juan Radrigan's The Guest (1981), For No Apparent Reason (1981), Isabel Exiled into Isabel (1981), and Fait Accompli (1981).[1]

[1] All of these plays have been translated from the Spanish by Enrique Sandoval as working documents for this study.

Since my methodology will be inter-disciplinary, the internal organization of this thesis will be based on three stages of development: a) the political aspect and its implications; b) the production and other technical suggestions, and c) the dramatic and literary weight in each play as found in and through its metaphoric style. A self-contained analysis at the end of each discussion will become the preliminary conclusions on my findings.

FRANCE OCCUPIED BY THE NAZIS: JEAN-PAUL SARTRE'S THE FLIES[1]

The political situation in France between 1940 and 1944 was extremely confusing.[2] The country was occupied and totally controlled by the forces of the Third Reich. There were two capital cities: Paris, from which the Nazis imposed their New Order, and Vichy, from which Henri Phillippe Pétain, Pierre Laval and their people collaborated with the victors. The military collapse of the French had led to a controversial armistice that for many was a shameful capitulation and for others, like Pétain and his followers, a patriotic action destined to save France. The national territory was divided into an occupied zone and a "free" one. The French were also divided between those who having opted for a continued resistance managed to go underground and fought

---

[1]For reasons of reading convenience and citation, I have used the text of this play which appears in the anthology identified as follows: John Gassner and Bernard F. Dukore, eds., A Treasure of the Theatre: From Ibsen to Robert Lowell (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1970). All subsequent references to The Flies are to this edition.

[2]Two books have been very useful in constructing the political background for this period: (1) Robert Aron, The Vichy Regime: 1940-44 (Boston: Beacon Press, 1969); and (2) Robert O. Paxton, Vichy France: Old Guard and New Order, 1940-44 (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1972).

the intruders and their local collaborators, and the ones who left for Africa, where they made efforts to reorganize their military strength. Still another position emerged among those who did not agree with any form of resistance. It was that of those who thought that the underground was endangering the lives of many innocent people due to the reprisals of the Germans who enforced ever higher quotas of hostages to be executed for every one of their soldiers that had been ambushed by the Resistance. Others saw that General De Gaulle, in England, and those who had gathered together in France's African colonies were making things more difficult for the French population because of their apparent alignment with the Allied Forces. Marshal Pétain enjoyed the popularity of a vast sector that believed in his patriotism and in his commitment to unfold and sign his nationalistic doctrine, a long-cherished, personal dream of the old leader.[1]

Things got even more aggravated by stricter demands on the French for higher quotas of forced labour and agricultural food-stuffs, which the population was largely lacking, to be rushed over to Germany. The fact that the French had to finance the expenses of the occupation, and that the black market run by the Nazis with the collaboration

---

[1]Pétain addressed himself to the population in his short messages from which arose his definition of the New Order that was his obsession: "National in foreign policy, hierarchical in internal policy, economically coordinated and controlled and, above all, social in spirit." Aron, p. 155.

of local entrepreneurs meant drastic cutbacks in household management, made the general situation almost unbearable. The Nazi propaganda reached every corner of France, adding to a subliminally manipulated confusion to create guilty feelings and remorse among the French.[1] What the occupying power wanted was to reach a political neutralization of the population in order to discourage any resistance attempt. Pétain himself, through his reiterated acts of contrition broadcast to the nation, acknowledged the "very great sin of every Frenchman" in the errors of the past. While Pétain offered his consolation and pleaded for resignation, De Gaulle spoke on the BBC appealing for patriotic revolt. On the other hand, the Nazis relentlessly stressed and "exploited France's general anarchy and administrative insolvency."[2] The effects of their "appalling catastrophe" kept the ordinary citizens wondering and fearful of an unpredictable future. This led to mutual accusations of treason and to rhetorical fencing

---

[1]This was another problem of conscience which troubled many people, like the mother of a Resistance fighter (Henri Frenay) when she first learned that her son was an enemy of the established authorities. The police said to her: "France is unhappy and the Marshal wishes to save her: he wishes to rebuild the great Christian nation of the past. And your son is preaching revolt and civil war." The widow of a professional soldier, and profoundly religious, she could not help being concerned at this information; and she wrote these terrible words to her son: "You are committing treason, Henri, and I ask myself the appalling question as to whether I should not tell where you are, for you are doing wrong." Ibid., p. 144.

[2]Ibid., p. 2.

and superfluous politicking.[1] The Vichy government spent practically all the Occupation period discussing how they were to rule the nation and how they were to comply, safeguarding the national dignity and honour, with the Third Reich's pressures for total collaboration. They involved themselves in semantic innuendos that the pragmatic Nazis would not tolerate.

This state of affairs, however, did not seem to affect certain sections of French life, such as the world of entertainment in Paris, for instance. Only one month after the Nazi takeover, L'Oeuvre was the first theatre to reopen, with a revival of Juliette, a comedy by Jean Bassons. The national theatres,

> the Opéra, the Opéra-Comique, the Comédie-Française and the Odéon, in which the occupying authorities were particularly interested, had to change their managers, insofar as these were considered undesirable, place some hundreds of free seats at the disposal of the Wehrmacht every day, reserve the stage-boxes of the Head of State for the Nazi dignitaries, and, finally, submit their programmes to censorship. In spite of all this, everything began again as in the good old times: on the 22nd August, the Opéra-Comique gave Carmen, on the 24th the Opéra gave The Damnation of Faust, and on

[1]The following is also a very good example of Nazi propaganda aimed at the confusion of the French people: "On the walls of towns and villages a poster appeared showing a Frenchwoman with two children. The legend ran: 'Abandoned population: put your trust in the German soldier.'" Ibid., p. 72.

> the 15th September, the Odéon revived l'Arlésienne.
>
> The Feldgrau crowded into the music-halls to receive their first lessons in aesthetics from the spectacle of practically naked chorus-girls. The Palace opened 6th July, followed by the Concert Mayol, the Folies-Bergère, the Lido and the Casino de Paris, enjoying summer audiences which the managers of these establishments could not have foreseen were to be so numerous or so wealthy. Amours de Paris, Voilà Paris! and Folies d'un Soir, spectacular reviews, shared the favours of the tourists in uniform.[1]

An added form of collaboration, as it happened with most of the major newspapers, periodicals and radio stations that reappeared and supported the new order, which also contributed to the contradictory feelings that made the French so miserable.[2] Indeed, very few individuals escaped this confusion and generalized helplessness. Sacha Guitry was one of them. He put on a play at the Madelaine, Le Bien-Aimé, presenting the whole of Louis XV's court, which by implication was certainly the Fuhrer's.[3] This was, in fact, the first significant expression of cultural resistance. It challenged censorship and it managed through a

---

[1] Ibid., pp. 135-6.

[2] Lettres Françaises was one of the few exceptions. It went underground and it continued to publish, as reported in Jean-Paul Sartre, Sartre on Theatre, trans. Frank Jellinek (New York: Pantheon Books, 1976), p. 194.

[3] Aron, p. 143.

process of historical transposition -- a metaphoric form in itself -- to bring about some kind of political content that at that point bore great importance. In it, Guitry attacked absolute power, just like the power the Nazis and their collaborators were exercising against the freedom of the French population. What made it more difficult was the grotesque political game played by the Vichy government which pretended to stand for the French people's right to independence and self-determination.

This national mood of remorse, guilty feelings and depression was perhaps more serious than the effects of extremely stringent economic policies carried out by the Nazis with their sequel of unemployment, inflation, scarcity, undernourishment, and political repression. Something had to be done about it, something that could help to change the people's attitude of defeatism into one of constructive optimism. Jean-Paul Sartre was also concerned about this malaise, and he decided to take a more active role by writing his first dramatic work, The Flies, in 1942. He knew that he had to use some kind of literary device to convey his philosophical and political message. Historical transposition would again serve such important purpose and the metaphoric style would become the constant, pervading element to support his libertarian goal. This would be his own response and contribution as an artist to rescue his people from what Pétain had proclaimed the "great French

sin" that had weakened the morale of the entire population. So, "without alluding directly" to the political situation under Nazi rule, he was going to approach the problem of personal and collective freedom by using a theme borrowed from Greek mythology, the Oresteia. Let us hear from Sartre himself about the motivations that led him to write The Flies:

> My intention was to consider the tragedy of freedom as contrasted with the tragedy of fate. In other words, what my play is about can be summed up as the question, "How does a man behave toward an act committed by him, for which he takes the full consequences and full responsibility upon himself, even if he is otherwise horrified by this act?"[1]

Orestes decides to kill the usurper king and his accomplice, his own mother, the Queen. Sartre continues:

> By this gesture, which cannot be isolated from his reactions, he restores the harmony of a rythm which transcends the notion of good and evil. But this act will remain sterile if it is not total and final, if it must, for example, involve an acceptance of remorse, a sentiment which is simply a reversal, because it is tantamount to a continuing bond with the past.[2]

He wanted to influence his audiences into striving for the

---

[1] Sartre, Theatre, p. 187.

[2] Ibid.

future rather than remorseful dwelling on the past.

> Free in conscience though he may be, a man who has so far transcended himself will not become circumstantially free unless he restores freedom to others, unless the consequence of his act is the disappearance of an existing state of affairs and the restoration of what ought to be.[1]

After the Liberation, before a German audience, he expanded on his idea:

> Why stage declamatory Greeks . . . unless to disguise what one was thinking under a fascist regime? . . . The real drama, the drama I should have liked to write, was that of the terrorist who by ambushing Germans becomes the instrument of the execution of fifty hostages.[2]

The Greek mythology was perhaps a unique recourse for him to say what he was thinking under the circumstances. The importance of his message was too great and his urge to communicate it became a matter of life and death for the artist:

> After our defeat in 1940 all too many Frenchmen gave way to discouragement or yielded to remorse. I wrote The Flies and tried to show that remorse was not an attitude Frenchmen should

---

[1] Ibid., p. 188.

[2] Ibid.

> choose after our country's military collapse. Our past no longer existed. It had slipped between our fingers before we had had time to grasp it and hold it up to our gaze in order to understand it. But the future -- even though an enemy army was occupying France -- was new. We had a grasp on it; we were at liberty to make it a future of the defeated or a future of free men who refuse to believe that a defeat is the end of everthing which makes a man want to live his life as a man.[1]

I would like now to refer to some significant details regarding the way this play became a production under such difficult circumstances. Far too many risks to face:

> Under the Occupation people seldom went out in the evening; the theatre was virtually moribund; no matter what play he put on, Dullin found it extremely hard to fill the huge hall of the Sarah-Bernhardt. To produce a play by an unknown playwright was to risk losing his theatre, especially as the political tone of The Flies was not calculated to please the critics.[2]

Dullin had already recommended the publication of Sartre's Nausea to Gaston Gallimard.[3] Now he was committing

---

[1] Ibid., p. 191.

[2] Ibid., p. 149.

[3] Charles Dullin (1885-1949), actor, director, founder of l'Atelier in 1921, which was a dramatic academy and theatre. He was associated with Le Vieux-Colombier, the Théâtre des Arts, and the Sarah-Bernhardt. He also edited Correspondance, a specialized publication "pour maintenir des échanges entre le théâtre et son public," as described in Aslan, p. 440.

himself to something much more serious and direct, to produce The Flies. "Well, he took the risk -- and lost," Sartre says. "The play was savaged by the critics and played for about fifty performances to half-empty houses," he remembers. What comforts the dramatist a little is the fact that most of the young playwrights that Dullin directed and produced and were flops at the Sarah-Bernhardt became very successful later on other stages. He also finds that since Dullin wanted a modern tragedy so badly, he was able to provide him with one, although he was not sure whether it was a tragedy or not.

> Is The Flies a tragedy? I really don't know, but what I do know is that in his hands it became one. He had a complex idea of Greek tragedy: he believed that it should express savage and unbridled violence, but in strictly classical terms. He did his best to adapt The Flies to these two requirements.[1]

And with some humour he adds a few more details about Dullin's achievements:

> His intention was to impound and express the Dionysiac forces and express them in a free and close-knit play of Apollonian images; and this he was able to do. He knew that; and his complete success in the production -- extracting something from my play which probably was not in it, but which I had certainly hoped to put into it -- was ample compensation, as he saw

---

[1]Sartre, Theatre, p. 190.

it, for the play's lack of success.[1]

What was Dullin's forte as a director of young playwrights' works? Besides encouraging them to write, he paid special attention to the inner force of their plays by suggesting that his actors shouldn't "act the words, but the situations." With the application of this precept, he managed, as in The Flies, to create a dramatic tension that the novel dramatist hadn't been able to instill in it. Sartre's association with Charles Dullin was very positive,[2] and left him with an invaluable experience as a dramatist: he had learnt that tension was the essence of drama; that "a play for performance" must be precisely the opposite of "an orgy of rhetoric;" that he shouldn't write the words, but the situations.[3]

The outline itself is already suggestive of the French reality under Nazi occupation. Agamemnon's son has returned to Argos to avenge his death. The murderer, Aegisthus, has married Clytemnestra, the mother of Electra and Orestes, and has become the king. In the course of events, Orestes grows into the liberator of his people and

---

[1] Ibid.

[2] Charles Dullin expands on the subject in Ce Sont les Dieux qu'il nous fault: Pratique du Théâtre (Paris: Gallimard, 1969), passim.

[3] Sartre, Theatre, p. 191.

of himself by the deed of killing his mother and his stepfather. Politically translated, the ancient story, save for a few changes and a major one at the ending, becomes a very effective metaphor to depict France's predicament in most of its pertinent details. The extended metaphor runs through the complete play reinforcing the existential theme of freedom by action, even if that action may at a given point be nasty and hard to accept. As for the microcosmic texture of The Flies, the metaphoric style will show with its constant suggestions of cognizable realities. The author has been able to create a sound characterization of the feeling of remorse that pesters, like the flies, the French people on account of their defeat by the Nazis; in doing so, Sartre's intention is to make his compatriots understand that this feeling should not be accepted because this would mean the destruction and the end of everything, including hope. The fact that Orestes defies the gods until the very end and that, in spite of the Furies, he "sets out on his road to freedom,"[1] once again confirms the effectiveness of the metaphoric style by means of which the playwright relays messages of crucial significance for his contemporaries during the Occupation. Sartre's conviction

---

[1]Theophil Spoerri, "The Struggle of Existence," in Edith Kern, ed., Sartre: A Collection of Critical Essays (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, 1962), p. 55.

and commitment for liberating action constitute a powerful undercurrent marked by the intelligent nuances handled by the artist.

His extended metaphor through the entire play deals with Orestes' transformation from the very contemplative and knowledgeable intellectual that his tutor had made of him to the man of action who could, in consequence, liberate himself and his people. What was the use of having a mind free from prejudice and superstition when there was a people that suffered the evils of oppression in such meek resignation? Wasn't it his own people? Didn't he have any sense of responsibility about his brothers? Action will lead to freedom, says Sartre, and freedom will not be found as an entity in the abstract. Isn't his existentialist reference just another form to call for action and resistance? Historical records indicate that in the early forties the French resistance movement was hardly beginning to get organized: there was too much discussion among the more politically-minded and an increasing fear spreading throughout the nation. Besides, the French people were easily neutralized by the official campaign meant to make them feel responsible for their defeat under the Nazis. The metaphor comes in smoothly when Electra asks the young foreigner, Philebus, not to pity the Queen for she "is indulging in our national pastime, the game of public

confession."[1] A very clear reference to the attitude of the Vichy government and its leader, Marshal Pétain. How would the audiences at that point react to Electra's words: "Here everybody cries his sins on the housetops."[2]

Through the transformation of the main character, the only one who really evolves, and through his own deed, the dramatist stresses his call for a change of attitude among the French population and for subsequent action to replace "resignation and common submission."[3] General apathy and inaction have made the monarchs, the killers of freedom, enjoy fifteen years of happiness. The metaphoric transfers are not trifling, on the contrary, they constantly transpire unavoidable realities. It would not be superfluous to add that Sartre's metaphoric style in The Flies has made his play keep its universal significance regarding his main tenet that only action will make man free. That is the only response to instilled terror and guilt manipulated by the oppressors. In South Africa today, it is the action of the repressed that is so drastically jeopardizing the power of the white minority.

As Theophil Spoerri suggests, Sartre presents to us

---

[1]Sartre, The Flies, p. 1054.

[2]Ibid.

[3]Spoerri, p. 55.

an Orestes seeking the proximity of sensuous life and things, which is a desire for realization and a need to belong somewhere. Most likely this could apply to the situation held by the liberal intellectuals of Paris who had kept themselves rather detached from their country's fate. By responding as a man, philosopher and playwright to his own urge to "become the son of Agamemnon," Sartre was sending out the most positive vibrations of hope and action to everyone, especially his intellectual confreres.

The swarms of flies that keep alive the feeling of remorse, and of consequent inaction, multiply and live off the general putrefaction of the whole situation. The description provided by Sartre of the environment and atmosphere of Argos cannot be more suitable for the French reality under Nazi rule, which was made even more nasty and intolerable by the local collaborationists. Again, the metaphor is so accurate that it can serve practically the same purpose to characterize the effects of social, economic and political repression in such contemporary states as Chile, the Philippines, or South Africa.

Sartre, as an existentialist, dwells on the problem of personal freedom throughout his play. He makes Orestes understand that only the monarchs and the gods know that men are free, that the powerful ones are trying to prevent at all cost the human realization of freedom. Orestes

decides to stay until his people come to that realization, which can be reached only by the inspiration of their own deeds. "Man without action is nothing," says Sartre. So, each man has to find his own path. This, which could become a futile form of individualism, takes the form of freedom through solidarity, that is, that all men become free because of a common cause and a common action. Sartre departs from the legend and makes Orestes not return to Argos because its people now understand that they can reshape their own lives for they have understood that by accepting his own responsibility in killing the usurper King and his wife, Orestes had made them free. The metaphor is rich in suggestions: you cannot wait for freedom, you have to go and gain it. When Orestes takes the flies with him, and the Furies go after him, and the rats, in a curious metaphor within the metaphor, follow him to his fascinating tune, he knows that the people of Argos have been exorcised and that they are ready to start anew.

SOUTH AFRICA AND THE APARTHEID SYSTEM: SIZWE BANSI IS DEAD and THE ISLAND By ATHOL FUGARD, JOHN KANI and WINSTON NTSHONA[1]

The Africaner nationalism finds its historical foundations in the reality of a civil religion that has allowed it to rule and consolidate upon divine justification, as its chroniclers put it. In order to survive and enjoy the privilege of being the elect people in this part of the world, with a civil faith, a common language, and a culture of their own, Africaners have had to go through

> disasters, adversity, privation, reversals, and suffering (which) are some of the best means in God's hand to form a people. . . . Tests of fire which define a people and determine its worth.[2]

This has been the belief of the majority of Africaners ever since the "Brothers' League" was founded by Henning Klopper in 1919. This was a semi-religious organization whose aim was extremely nationalistic as a "major agency for propagation of the full civil faith."[3] Interestingly enough,

---

[1]Athol Fugard et al., Sizwe Bansi is Dead and The Island (New York: Viking Press, 1973). All subsequent references to these plays are to this edition.

[2]T. Dunbar Moodie, The Rise of Afrikanerdom (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1975), p. 13.

[3]Ibid., p. 51.

this "Afrikaner Broederbond" was very popular among young and old teachers, which meant that somehow the principles of the organization would reach new generations of militancy. The Broederbond was like the K.K.K. of Americans in that both shared the racial purity doctrine, which will also become identified with Hitler's Nazism in Europe. Afrikaners have more often than not resorted to their historical background to justify their cause, especially the "Great Trek" and the Boer War.[1] All the suffering inflicted upon them by the black aborigines and the "imperialist English" has reinforced the need to close ranks around the racial purity issue. Along these lines, and as a strong argument which does not escape certain puritanical innuendos, they have magnified the role of the "noble Afrikaner woman," a well of moral fortitude, for

> She not only comforted and sustained her husband in times of crisis, it was because of her willingness to accompany her husband into the wilderness that the racial purity of Afrikanerdom had been preserved.[2]

Back in the 1870's, Paul Kruger, another prominent figure in civil faith and racial purity, basing himself on

---

[1]This event took place between 1899 and 1902 and it was also called the war of the peasants (Boers). Blacks use this word today to refer to all whites who collaborate in the oppression of their people.

[2]Moodie, p. 17.

Calvin's doctrine of predestination and on his embracing the Old Testament idea of "an ethnic covenant between God and the chosen people,"[1] adopted the notion that there was a very clear distinction "between the individual's special call to salvation and the intermediate election of an ethnic group called by God to fulfill His special purposes."[2] This led him "to affirm his faith that the People of the Transvaal Republic were, 'a people of God in the external calling,' or more simply, 'God's People.'"[3] We may justly infer that since there is a chosen people, the others are rejected. Not without reason, T. Dunbar Moodie asks these questions:

> Of whom was Kruger speaking when he used the word "people?" Were the indigenous Black inhabitants of the Republic also among the people of God? And were English-speaking citizens of the Transvaal included or not?

With a touch of irony, he concludes that "the native Africans were certainly not among the elect."[4] This single example may be more than adequate to justify the strong religious content of what would become the Apartheid System imposed

---

[1] Ibid., p. 26.

[2] Ibid., p. 27.

[3] Ibid.

[4] Ibid., p. 28.

by the white minority of South Africa. However, it would be interesting to add that this civil theology was permeating the white sector with marked nationalistic feelings. Kruger corroborated this when he affirmed that what would prevail in relation to the native inhabitants, is "the supremacy (the term was already in use more than a hundred years ago) of the European population in a spirit of Christian trusteeship."[1] This "purifying nationalism," as it became known, would ensure the white man's existence in every respect, particularly in the economic one:

> The European must keep to a standard of living which shall meet the demands of white civilization. Civilization and standards of living always go hand in hand. Thus a white cannot exist on a native wage-scale because this means that he has to give up his own standard of living and take the standard of living of the native.[2]

Because of this, Afrikaners will never run the risk of becoming "white niggers." Apartheid will become their shield of protection and as long as it is strictly enforced, there will be no hardships for the white population. In practice, it will determine the type of racial relationship that has prevailed in South Africa for generations: white

---

[1] Ibid., p. 81.

[2] From a speech by General Hertzog on December 16, 1925, quoted in Moodie, pp. 96-7.

domination and black labour. Besides providing the whites with disproportionate economic dividends, this will keep the purity of the race; their constant fears of miscegenation will not only be a guarantee to keep struggling to avoid the ruin of the white race as such, but also, and most importantly, a guarantee to continue enjoying their high standard of living. What the whites have been doing all these years is to guard "the gates of paradise," as Nadine Gordimer states it. And they have been doing this with their police dogs.[1]

Senator Leslie Rubin, a white person elected in 1953 by Africans as a token representative in Parliament, has left an impressive record as "a defender of the defenseless, a speaker of the voiceless, a champion of the dignity and rights of man," as author Alan Paton has stated in the preface to a little pamphlet by Senator Rubin.[2] In it Rubin describes apartheid in simple terms by means of forty statements to show "what our race laws in fact are, not to argue what they should be." The Afrikaner government, representing a white population of 4,500,000, has applied all sorts of restrictions upon the African population of twenty-four million, ranging from such items as racial

---

[1]"Guarding 'The Gates of Paradise,'" The New York Times Magazine, 8 September 1985, p. 37.

[2]Leslie Rubin, This is Apartheid (London: Victor Gollancz, 1960), p. 2.

identification, marriage, passbooks, land allocation, civil rights, job discrimination, trade unions, parliament, prisons, etc. The white man has legislated on practically every aspect in the life of a black person in detail. The concessions made by the white supremacy have been ridiculously minimal and they have been the product of international pressure. The Afrikaner doctrine of race purity had found in apartheid its most effective expression. This has led to the grotesque paradox that a minority has managed to overpower the large majority only by means of an extremely well-orchestrated repression. And the paradox becomes tragic when the rationale invented by the whites has been one based on separate development. As Alan Paton remarks,

> I believe that injustices are intrinsic in any programme of separate development, for the simple reason that separate development is something done by someone with power to someone without power.[1]

Besides, the white minority has been generating and reinforcing the racial purity consciousness in a systematic way for much longer a time than the blacks have done about their own awareness. Steve Biko, a students' leader murdered while in custody at a police station in Port Elizabeth, in September 1977, was also an outstanding freedom fighter. He

---

[1]Alan Paton, The Long View (London: Pall Mall Press, 1968), p. 272.

understood that black consciousness was the greatest task to fulfill in their struggle to dismantle apartheid. He used to address his brethren with words that did not lack dramatic conviction:

> You are either alive and proud or you are dead, and when you are dead, you can't care anymore.[1]

By the same token, he firmly believed that

> what was needed was an attitude of mind, a way of life that would liberate Black aspiration and Black people,[2]

because "the most potent weapon in the hands of the oppressor is the mind of the oppressed."[3] His sacrifice had created an ideology of Black Consciousness, which meant that mental emancipation is a precondition to political emancipation, that Blacks have to overcome the alienation created by fear, "something they could do by themselves, for themselves."[4] He was one of the first Black leaders among the students and workers who had the energy, honesty

---

[1]Steve Biko, I Write What I Like (Nairobi: Heineman, 1978), p. 152.

[2]Steve Biko, Black Consciousness in South Africa (New York: Random House, 1978), p. xviii.

[3]Ibid., p. xix.

[4]Ibid.

and courage to campaign and go out to the streets. Nelson Mandela, another leader of the Black movement for liberation, a political prisoner for more than twenty years now, has continued writing articles and speeches that circulate clandestinely among his people. He made them understand that the white law prevented them from becoming educated, one of the two ways that he sees for breaking out of poverty, and that it also prevented them from "acquiring a greater skill at their work and thus higher salaries,"[1] which still leaves a tacit third avenue of advancement: open rebellion.[2] Brian Buntin's thesis of the rise of the South African Reich is very cleverly supported by historical facts derived from Hitler's Germany. He finds carbon paper similarities between both, including such political achievements as making power secure, eliminating all opposition, indoctrinating the young, controlling ideas, taming the trade unions, securing economic power, etc.[3]

---

[1]Nelson Mandela, No Easy Way to Freedom (Nairobi: Heineman, 1965), p. 186.

[2]Nelson Mandela has been in prison for more than twenty-three years now. His wife, Winnie Mandela, has occupied his place in the outside world and carried on the leadership of the struggle for freedom in South Africa. Her book, Part of my Soul (Middlesex: Penguin, 1985), is an enlightened testimonial of her courage and consistency.

[3]Brian Bunting, The Rise of the South African Reich (Middlesex: Penguin, 1964), passim.

One of the acts of repression that affects a social group in a most significant manner is censorship of ideas. That means that the government has monopolized them in form and content; in other words, only official ideas are to circulate. Every dissenting attitude will be punished as subversive and dangerous to national security, racial purity, freedom, and democracy. Or any other imperiled value, for that matter. Censorship in South Africa has been a constant drawback for creators, especially for those who use the pen to express themselves. There is a "banning machinery" in place, as Nadine Gordimer explains censorship in her country in the course of an interview held in 1984 in Canada:

> Three of my books have been banned, but the government has unbanned two of them -- one after ten years and the other after twelve years. The third was only banned for a few months. That strange disparity reflects not a change of heart on the part of the censors but the simple fact that, as I have become well-known in the outside world, so has it become embarrassing for them to prevent South Africans from reading my books.[1]

She also explains how censorship functions; who the censors are ("mostly retired people, some civil servants, some teachers and, I believe, a very few tame and obscure academics"); how they vote to authorize, ban, unban, or

---

[1]Doug Fetherling, "South Africa's Agony: Interview with Nadine Gordimer," Maclean's, 26 November 1984, p. 12d.

totally ignore a book; how and when to appeal, etc. She refers to how the censorship committee reacts to those writers whose books have been banned and are asking about the embargo; she says that they distinguish themselves for their staggering narrow-mindedness and their total ignorance of literature. In the same interview, Nadine Gordimer speaks of what also troubles those like herself who are working within the country for a peaceful change,

> people such as Tutu and myself . . . the usual kind of support from the West and particularly from the United States. It is support for the South African government. The United States sees itself as encouraging the government to bring about change, to bring about reforms, to start moving away from apartheid. So the South African government ends up receiving praise for so-called changes.[1]

In addition to this, she says that the new constitution enacted in August 1944 "leaves out the 73 per cent of the people who are black."

More or less in a similar position, lacking an organic political militancy, Athol Fugard contributes his part to the struggle for the dismantling of apartheid. It is important to know first-hand his views on the political situation in South Africa:

---

[1]Ibid., p. 12f.

> There was a period about three years ago when it looked as if P. W. Botha was going to be the first Afrikaner Nationalist Prime Minister to recognize the urgent realities of the situation. Certain concessions were made. I thought, My God, the Afrikaner himself is going to change. They opened theatres and certain categories of restaurants, where six years ago John Kani, Winston Ntshona, and I couldn't have had a meal together in Port Elizabeth publicly. We could do that now. These are expensive restaurants in hotels with international status. A couple of commissions suggested very radical changes of the labor structure, but for one moment it looked as if something wanted to take place. But I think it's become obvious now that those were in the nature of purely cosmetic changes. The nature of the society is the same. A few concessions have been made, but until they dismantle the Group Areas Act, governing the segregation of various racial categories in terms of living, until they dismantle the Mixed Marriages Act, which makes it a criminal offense to marry somebody of another skin color, ... Paranoia is a potent factor in white South African psychology. It is a psychology of fear. And the white liberal has become a joke. Eventually, he will be caught in a cross fire between Afrikaner nationalism and Black South Africa. The possibility of an evolution without pain is irrevocably lost. I think too many people died in Soweto and Sharpeville. The karma is so dark, so locked into a terrible reciprocity. I cannot see sanity prevailing in South Africa.[1]

This places Athol Fugard within the group of concerned South African artists and intellectuals who have committed themselves to the cause of social justice in their country. One

---

[1]Mel Gussow, "Profiles: Athol Fugard," The New Yorker, 20 December 1982, p. 79.

of the things that Fugard feared the most was to be a "regional" writer, but his readings of John Osborne and William Faulkner dissipated his prejudice, and he decided to continue exploring the themes that surrounded him, themes that in their literary and theatrical development would reach universal dimensions. His "country is his life support,"[1] states his friend and critic Mel Gussow. It is the only place where he can achieve a "certain discipline and unity," he adds. As a matter of fact, Fugard spends most of his time in South Africa, which should account for the themes of his plays.

In recent interviews, Fugard has tried to make a special point about the non-political nature of his work. He insists that he has "never set out to write a play to change lives."[2] He has said that he sets out to share an experience, "that an artist is an artist, not a politician." He further elaborates on the issue by saying that the whole thing is

> a question of certainties . . . . Theatre civilizes because of that I'm certain. I am not certain about how much more it can do. Not my kind of theatre, in which I do not address myself to political issues head on, the way Brecht does, the way David Edgar does. It's not that theatre mightn't do more

---

[1]Ibid., p. 51.

[2]Laura Ross, "A Question of Uncertainties," American Theatre I:5 (September 1984): 6.

> than that. . . . But I am certain that it does that. And the reason it civilizes is that it forces one to listen. I think that one of the most refined of all civilized qualities -- necessary to live a civilized life -- is the capacity to listen. By that I really mean to perceive. It is the capacity for spiritual perception.[1]

William A. Henry III, in his review of Fugard's play The Blood Knot in a 1985 new production, acknowledges the fact that he is "the greatest active playwright in the English-speaking world."[2] The play in reference is twenty-five years old and it deals with the effects of apartheid on two brothers, one "light-skinned enough to pass for white," the other "unmistakably, and bitterly, black."[3] I think that his art, in all its universal projections, from the microcosmic domesticity of very moving creatures to the macrocosmic social and political reality of his nation, represents creativeness of great caliber. I am convinced that he has transcended the "stigma" of regionalism and that his works can be read and viewed all over the world with pleasure and understanding. And yet, his South African consciousness has never failed to bring about congenial reactions from his audiences on the inhumanity

---

[1]Ibid., p. 6.

[2]William A. Henry III, "Brothers: The Blood Knot by Athol Fugard," Time, 30 September, 1985, p. 75.

[3]Ibid., p. 75.

of the apartheid system. It is very difficult to draw a line between what is political and what is not. With a few exceptions, already referred to, like the case of Brecht, for example, with his didactic approach to change people's lives, and in consequence, the entire society, we are exposed to an incredible number of plays meant only to entertain, on the one hand, and to a myriad of plays that are meant to affect people's awareness, on the other. Where does Fugard stand here? Because his plays are highly entertaining and also deeply thoughtful. When we see that Fugard's concern for his art, strictly from the point of view of its cathartic possibilities, stressing the essence of theatre, "which is nothing more than the actor and the stage,"[1] one cannot but think that his work is done only for art's sake. Vandenbroucke, among others, seems convinced that this is so, and he insists on Fugard's search for purity as his constant objective. He elaborates on it and compares him with Grotowski's aesthetic in that

> Both emphasize the actor and the relathionship between actor and spectator; both recognize that the text is not essential -- an astonishing admission for a playwright; Fugard seeks a pure theatre, Grotowski a holy one; Grotowski is determined not to teach actors predetermined skills or "a bag of tricks;"

---

[1] Russell Vandenbroucke, Truths the Hands Can Touch: The Theatre of Athol Fugard (New York: Theatre Communications Group, 1985), p. 109.

> Fugard, too, yearned to eliminate gimmicks . . . . Grotowski wanted a chamber theatre, and the small casts and reduced physical scale of Fugard's plays certainly demand intimacy between the audience and the stage; Fugard, like many directors before and after him, was making "poor" theatre long before the term became fashionable, as much out of choice as necessity.[1]

One could think that all this refers to Fugard's directorial explorations almost exclusively, and yet he himself acknowledges the fact that his pure-theatre experience, which "belongs to the audience,"

> is my major concern as a playwright. The ingredients of this experience are already partially revealed in what I have said and are very simple -- their very simplicity being the main justification for using the word "pure" in the context of a form as open to adulteration as Theatre: They are the Actor and the Stage, the actor on the stage. Around him is space, to be filled and defined by movement; around him is also a silence to be filled with meaning, using words and sounds, and at moments when all else fails him, including my words, the silence itself.[2]

This, again, could lead to the rather easy conclusion that Fugard is only interested in art for art's sake, but when he says that he has "never set out to write a play to change lives," he switches to his idea of the civilizing effects of theatre in that "it forces one to listen." To

---

[1] Ibid.

[2] Ibid.

him this is to perceive, to use one's capacity for spiritual perception. It also means that the perception will be an integrating, global one. How could then one avoid the perception of precisely the "political" (or "social" to use a nicer word) background, context, or texture, the one upon which the playwright has given birth and reared his creatures? His South African consciousness has impregnated his plays. As stated, he is not writing about apartheid and all its unjust implications, but about its victims among the black majority. They are his characters and he makes them interact as human beings subjected to a repressive environment, and that is where the political comes in. Fugard does not feel quite at ease about the political motivation, he insists too much on his aesthetic concerns, and he even sounds derisive whenever the issue comes up:

> Jesus! I've laughed when some of my young friends here at Yale have envied me because they've felt that the South African situation had so much inherent drama. It's rubbish. As if oppression makes art![1]

However, as William A. Henry II expresses in his review of The Blood Knot, "Apartheid is the ineradicable stench in the air of their mean home,"[2] and this can apply to Sizwe Bansi

---

[1]Ross, p. 7.

[2]Henry, p. 75.

is Dead, The Island, Statements, A Lesson from Aloes, and Master Harold and the Boys. In them, Fugard has created his best metaphors not only to satisfy his aesthetic demands, but also, and greatly, to circumvent a harsh censorship imposed by the apartheid authorities. In all of them he deals with fear and courage, as his characters deal with them as black human beings in a white supremacist society.

> Ramolao Makhene, playing the second waiter, Willy, who dreams of winning a ballroom dancing championship, evokes a warm-hearted and even loving response from the audience, which laughed in painful recognition of his vulnerability -- as no audience did, according to Mr. Fugard -- when Willy scurried back to his tasks as soon as the offstage presence of his Madame made itself felt on the phone.[1]

Reminiscent of slavery days in America, Master Harold and the Boys stands, perhaps, as the play that contains the essence of Fugard's convictions about his homeland and about its dreams and realities, the dreams of the "boys" and the realities of the "masters."

> I suppose that at the most profound level theatre offers people a change to make a noise and to talk about things that are important to them. And silence is a very stultifying reality of South Africa today.[2]

---

[1]Joseph Lelyveld, "'Master Harold' Stuns Johannesburg Audience," The New York Times, 24 March 1983, p. C17.

[2]Gussow, p. 69.

As a matter of fact, Master Harold and the Boys has become a kind of personal mea culpa of the artist if the childhood incident of having spat in the face of one of the mother's teashop employees is recalled. Some other incidents that also affected him deeply and made him take an even stronger stand against apartheid were the Sharpeville massacre of 1960; his experience in 1958 as a court clerk in charge of controlling the passbooks of the black workers; the cancellation in 1967 of his passport by his government "for reasons of state safety and security;" the Soweto slaughter of 1976; the constant harassment of his black friends in the theatre; the censorship of ideas, and so forth. Such an oppressive atmosphere would naturally make someone like Fugard react in a way that revealed his spiritual turmoil through his own dramatic talent, for "art is born out of conflict and not out of innocence,"[1] as he once said.

Fugard hopes that his plays will at least remove "some of the ignominy of oblivion"[2] regarding apartheid, and he adds that

> The issue is people -- it's the fact that men can be good, that the good must be sustained and that it's almost impossible to imagine a situation on this earth where it is harder to survive with any decency

---

[1] Ibid., p. 69.

[2] Ibid., p. 76.

> than here and now in South Africa. I can't think of any moral dilemma more crucifying than this one -- to destroy the evil by sustaining the good. I am not sure. I do not know. I don't think I ever will. But to sit in moral paralysis while the days of my one life, my one chance to discover the brotherhood of other men, pass it obviously so futile and pointless it is not worth talking about. So without the support of reason, or a clear conviction as to consequences -- relying only on an instinct (blind as it is) at the core . . . I have chosen to act.[1]

Most of the conditions are ripe for the artist to give free reign to his ideas and emotions, "to witness as truthfully as I could the nameless and destitute of this one little corner of the world."[2] He was going to be, like Tolstoy whom he admires so much, "a social prophet if I ever saw one."[3] It was a moral duty made stronger on account of the overwhelming oppression of the racist system ruling his country. He was going to create plays that would be viewed with an emotional response of immediacy for this form uses "flesh and blood, sweat, the human voice, real pain, real time,"[4] and also because he was going to

---

[1]Athol Fugard, Boesman and Lena and Other Plays (London: Oxford University Press, 1973), p. xix.

[2]Gussow, p. 51.

[3]Ibid., p. 55.

[4]Ross, p. 9.

emphasize the "political effects of the work of art itself rather than" to aim at achieving the "effectiveness of public protest."[1] Now, how does he do this if there is such strict censorship of ideas? Every one of his plays shows how the artist has worked as a seasoned carpenter and how he has handled his dramatic materials and given each emotional gesture a satisfactory completion. He is a master of "tightness," and everything seems to have been lovingly looked after. All this does not necessarily mean, of course, that his works are too lofty, or too well-made, or over-intellectual, or perhaps detached from the everyday reality where the true drama of man occurs. On the contrary; in their straightforward realism they project a delightful ordinariness that gives his characters, his settings and situations the essential dimensions for credibility and sympathy. As for the political implications, he found that his style, because of external pressures, exploded into poetry,[2] which would allow him to say as much as he needed in a metaphoric manner. If a play has received the pass from the censorship board, there may be some other snags to clear, like, for example, the presence of a racially mixed audience in an unauthorized theatre.

---

[1] Gussow, p. 48.

[2] Ibid.

Since Fugard writes his plays in English and not in the official language, Afrikaans, which would disturb the authorities as an insolent challenge to the system, and since they are done mostly abroad, in English-speaking countries, the situation is not given too much importance. When Fugard says that theatre acts as an "agent provocateur," one has to consider that South African productions are done in small theatres with limited capacity and audiences are made up of anti-apartheid converts. At any rate, productions of his plays in or out of South Africa seem not to bother the government in the light of an already visibly smeared international image. The Afrikaner rulers are convinced that their Western allies, mainly U.S.A., the United Kingdom, and West Germany, are making too good profits to give them up. However, they appear to have miscalculated the value of people's solidarity all over the world for the people of South Africa, the oppressed majority of Blacks. At any rate, this solidarity is giving strength to the internal revolt that will inexorably overthrow South Africa's white-minority rule.

I chose Sizwe Bansi is Dead and The Island from among other pieces of equal dramatic merit because of the fact that they were generated by workshop experience in which three South African friends participated: Fugard, as director-playwright, and John Kani and Winston Ntshona as actors. The three of them would contribute ideas,

anecdotes, and metaphors that would eventually take the shape of a script. In other words, it was a special kind of labour, one that was giving birth in a continual way and that would be completed when the newly-born was able to stand on its own feet. At the end, the three of them would view their creation as if they had also been born in and through it.

The improvisational experience was based on the actors' "texts" that came out of their own attempts at acting them out. The official text of script, composed in its literary form by Fugard, did not see the public light for some time as a precautionary measure to avoid censorship and subsequent banning. For Fugard particularly, this was a very inspiring experience. It was like writing directly into space and silence via the actor.[1] Being himself an actor, he also gained the experience through the acting of his players, Kani and Ntshona, that made him develop his own theory about this particular expression:

> There is one aspect of acting which I absolutely revere. That is, that performance has got to occupy three dimensions -- space, time and silence. Those are the three constant realities of life as an actor. You occupy those three all the time, which makes the craft of acting unique, and the most challenging of all

[1] Ross, p. 9.

> arts. That aspect of acting, that sense of those three dimensions, along with the body, the voice, the rhythm, the organization of the whole. . . . Good acting is just such a challenge, such an achievement.[1]

Now, if this special quality of the craft of acting emerges from the human involvement and participation found in a collective creation such as Sizwe Bansi is Dead and The Island, the experience becomes even more meaningful. Moreover, if the reality upon which they dwell is considered, that of overt racism and economic and social injustice, added to the fact that the experience was carried out by two blacks and one white, the entire project may well be an artistic challenge to the system.

Sizwe Bansi is Dead

The first performance of this play was held at The Space, in Cape Town, on October 8, 1972. It was presented for a single Sunday night and it became an immediate success, which made the Company bring it back for several extended engagements. After this play came The Island, and both caused a sensation in New York in 1974.

The storyline centers around Styles, "a dapper, alert young man," who has become tired of the lifestyle

---

[1]Ibid.

that he has been leading -- working for long hours at short wages, without really having any time for himself. He decides to go into something else, photography, which has been his hobby for some time. He goes through much red tape until the authorities finally grant him permission to rent and use a cheap, dilapidated room as his studio. All this and much more is told by him in a most hilarious soliloquy in which many invisible characters are referred to within the context of different situations. Then, a second character, a real one, makes his appearance in his studio. He is Sizwe Bansi; he wants a photograph to be taken of him which he will send to his wife, who, according to the law, lives with their children in a remote village. By means of a very effective technique -- the writing of the letter that will accompany the picture -- the entire situation is told: Sizwe, whose passbook is overdue and has illegally remained in the city, where he plans to work, pays a visit to Buntu, acted out by the same actor who plays Styles, in order to ask him for help. Buntu warns him that the only thing he can do is to return to his homeland. Sizwe, in a very naive way, seems ready to challenge the Department of Native Affairs. Such is his drama. They go out for a drink, and on their way back they come across the body of a black man who has been murdered. Buntu takes the dead man's passbook, and once they have returned he removes the picture of the dead

man and replaces it with Sizwe's, who from now on, and after a lot of life-or-death persuasion, will adopt a new identity. This will enable him, at least until he gets into trouble, which is practically impossible to avoid for a black man in South Africa, to find a job, rent a bachelor's room, send some money home, and buy himself a nice three-piece suit on six monthly instalments.

This play exhibits the itinerary of racism at its worst: the restrictions imposed upon Blacks to move around in their country, which, in consequence, prevents them from finding jobs, and which, as a result, obliges them to either go back to their homelands or stay in the city illegally. Styles stands for the city worker, the one who has a steady job. He hasn't really amounted to too much in all the years that he has been working for the white "baas":

> (To the audience): After all that time at Ford I sat down one day. I said to myself:
> "Styles, you're a bloody monkey, boy!"
> "What do you mean?"
> "You're a monkey, man."
> "Go to hell!"
> "Come on, Styles, you're a monkey, man, and you know it. Run up and down the whole bloody day! For what, Styles? gold wrist-watch in twenty-five years time when they sign you off because you're too old for anything more?"

Because he is intelligent and has some education, Styles is able to give up his job and go into photography.

His father, who did not have the chance to evolve as his son has, does not understand his decision:

> "You call that work? Click-click with a camera. Are you mad?"
> I tried to explain. "Daddy, if I could stand on my own two feet and not be somebody else's tool, I'd have some respect for myself. I'd be a man."
> "What do you mean? Aren't you one already? You are circumcised, you've got a wife ..."

He is not able to see beyond his limited world. He had been conditioned to understand certain things only, the ones that will remind him that he has to respect and obey the white man. He is also dependent on a lifestyle which is determined by a job security that signifies very poor working conditions and humiliations of all sorts. He represents a past which does not seem to be too far away if one considers how very little his son, the new generation, has advanced. In all likelihood, he will have to work very hard and be very lucky to manage, someday, to transcend the poverty line of all Blacks. Fugard has drawn a defined line of contrast between these two characters.

Sizwe stands for the less fortunate ones, for those who were born and grew up in a rural area. He got a job, lost it, and now that his work permit has expired he has to return. He is not so free as the photographer, and the photographer is not a free man if he is compared to even the poorest among the whites. Meanwhile, Sizwe begins

dreaming about a very immediate, yet short-term reality -- to be able to help his wife and children back home -- a dream that has a nightmarish deadline. Styles, the photographer of the Black people's reality, is capable of conceptualizing the right to dream as if Fugard himself were using him as his spokesman: "Something you mustn't do is interfere with a man's dream." Apparently Styles has made his own dream come true: his studio, his "independence." If he stays there, if he behaves, perhaps he will be able to prolong his dream. But we know that he is intelligent, so much so that he has even managed to be a bit supercilious over his white "baas" at the Ford plant. His sensibility has enabled him to observe and take note of the constant injustice inflicted upon his race. No wonder the authors of the play made him a photographer. That is why he understands Sizwe Bansi and tries to help him. Sizwe has chosen to scrape together a dream from a dead man's passbook. His dream is terminal. To some extent, metaphorically speaking, Styles is perpetuating the Black man's dreams in his "cards," as he calls his photographs. He is making his clients see themselves in a happy situation, as human beings who have the right to dream, as human beings who can cast a shadow and leave memories of themselves. "This world and its laws, allows us nothing, except ourselves."

Buntu, a third character, offers a new angle of observation regarding the ordeal of Black people in South Africa.

> Styles: You staying with Buntu?
> Man: Buntu.
> Styles: Very good somebody that one. Came here for his wedding card. Always helping people. If that man was white they'd call him a liberal.

In a few words, as Chekhov does in his own plays, the essence of a character is presented. And not without a note of humour in Fugard's Buntu. This man is a rather universal character among the deprived of the world; he is knowledgeable in law, in writing, in sentimental problems, in politics, in economic matters, sometimes even in medicine. He is perhaps more human than a priest; he offers advice and consolation, understanding and hospitality. By introducing this character, which adds variety to the play, Fugard manages to provide his theme with fresh argument in a very natural, spontaneous way:

> Man: I don't want to leave Port Elizabeth.
> Buntu: Maybe. But if that book says go, you go.
> Man: Can't I maybe burn this book and get a new one?
> Buntu: Burn that book? Stop kidding yourself, Sizwe! Anyway suppose you do, you must immediately go apply for a new one. Right? And until that one comes, be careful the police don't stop you and ask for your book. Into the Courtroom, brother. Charge: Failing to produce Reference Book on Demand. Five rand or five days. Finally the new book comes.

> Down to the Labour Bureau for a stamp, . . . it's got to be endorsed with permission to be in this area. White man at the Labour Bureau looks at it -- doesn't look at you! -- goes to the big machine and feeds in your number . . . card jumps out, he reads: "Sizwe Bansi. Endorsed to King William's Town ..." Takes your book, fetches that same stamp, and in it goes again. So you burn that book, or throw it away, and get another one. Same thing happens.

Buntu, in his unassuming manner, has given his young friend a complete rundown of the racial issue in South Africa. So, if Sizwe thinks of selling potatoes, he won't have the money to pay for them because he is too poor and because nobody will lend him the money; also, because he won't be given a hawker's license; and finally, because he is an illegal. The most realistic possibility that he could have would be to "dig gold for the white man," where he would be paid below the minimum wage, and where "he could also get killed, as many do, when the rocks fall." He would be much better off by impersonating a dead man until the authorities check on his fingerprints and find out the name of the deceased and are led to Sizwe and his forged passbook. That would be the end, but in the meantime he can have a job and sustain his family. Buntu does not offer long-term solutions; nobody seems to. Not even Fugard. When we hear Buntu saying, "That's it, brother. The only time we'll find peace is when they dig a hole for us and press our face into the earth," one

cannot but acknowledge the fact that writing and performing a play like this in today's South Africa is an act of courage, even though it does not appear to carry a very subversive intention. The playwright doesn't really have to offer or suggest a solution; however, when he makes Buntu say those words, there seems to be a Christian message of resignation. Sizwe seems to be learning from his own experience, and this would mean that he's got to speed up and keep growing until he literally falls into the hands of the police:

> What's happening in this world, good people? Who cares for who in this world? Who wants who? Who wants me, friend? What's wrong with me? I'm a man. I've got eyes to see. I've got ears to listen when people talk. I've got a head to do things. . . . Look at me! I'm a man. . . . Take this book and read it carefully, friend, and tell me what it says about me. Buntu, does the book tell you I'm a man?

Sizwe will have to eventually understand the practical wisdom of Buntu and accept his new identity with no qualms. It's his last chance; he will be a man to himself. And for the white society, the Black man will continue to be a number, a ghost. "Stop fooling yourself. All I'm saying is to be a real ghost," says Buntu in his last attempt to convince Sizwe. Because for Buntu that also means a form of liberation: "if that is what they want, what they've turned us into. Spook them into hell, man." Now that he has accepted a new name and a new number, the only remaining

thing he will have to do is to learn them by heart and forget about his former identity, which, anyway, never was one. He will attempt to do this only as a matter of survival, his and his family's. There doesn't seem to be a conscious act of rebellion. Buntu uses clear words and puts it bluntly:

> If there was just me, . . . I mean, if I was alone, if I didn't have anyone to worry about or look after except myself . . . maybe then I'd be prepared to pay for a little pride. . . . Shit on names, man! To hell with them if in exchange you can get a piece of bread for your stomach and a blanket in winter. Understand me, brother. I'm not saying that pride isn't a way for us. What I'm saying is shit on our pride if we only bluff ourselves that we are man.

And when Buntu insists that as long as Sizwe can stay out of trouble things won't be so terribly bad, his guest, who by now has learnt a bit more, comments: "Our skin is trouble!"

A beautiful metaphor for the entire apartheid system, like many others used by Fugard and his collaborators. For example, Styles' comic description of the preparations at the Ford factory for the visit of Mr. Henry Ford Junior, "Number two or whatever the hell he is," in which he sees the white bosses racing all over the place so as to impress such a distinguished visitor from America, doing the same thing that Blacks have to do

to please their masters and to be ignored by them anyway, as it happens with Henry Ford's rush visit to his subsidiary.

> Let me tell you what happened. The big doors opened; next thing the General Superintendent, Line Supervisor, General Foreman, Manager, Senior Manager, Managing Director . . . the bloody lot were there . . . like a pack of puppies! I looked and laughed! "Yessus, Styles, they're playing your part today!" The ran, man.

The ambiguity of metaphoric language finds its way in many other instances where one reality stands for a hidden one. Some of the suggestions are like juxtapositions of one reality upon another. When Bradley, his boss at the Ford plant, asks Styles to translate a message to the workers into Xhosa, their language, the translator says:

> Mr. "Baas" Bradley says most certainly Mr. Ford is bigger than him. In fact Mr. Ford is the grandmother baas of them all . . . that's what he said to me.

Styles has taken advantage of a word that Bradley has mistaken, and he makes fun of him, and of Mr. Ford, and the authors or the creators of the play, through the whole incident seem to suggest something more serious.

> "Styles, tell the boys that when Mr. Henry Ford comes into the plant I want them all to look happy. We

> will slow down the speed for the line so that they can sing and smile while they are working."
>
> "Gentlemen, he says that when the door opens and his grandmother walks in you must see to it that you are wearing a mask of smiles. Hide your true feelings, brothers. You must sing. The joyous songs of the days of old before we had fools like this one next to me to worry about."
>
> (To Bradley): "Yes, sir!"

These are the directions given to the inmates of a penitentiary before the annual inspection visit of a functionary from the Ministry of Justice; or to the conscripts in a regiment awaiting the arrival of a military chief; or to political prisoners in a concentration camp expecting some delegation from the International Red Cross or the United Nations Commission for Human Rights.

I think it pertinent to quote Russell Vandenbroucke's findings about what he calls "veiled but significant allusions" in this play:

> Fugard's glossary describes the song (the one the workers are asked to sing to impress Mr. Ford) as "an African work-chant," but according to Cosmo Pieterse the song was sung in the resistance movement. . . . Sizwe Bansi contains other veiled but significant allusions, the most notable of which is the title. There is no such word as "bansi" in Xhosa, and the play was called Sizwe Banzi until a misspelled poster from Port Elizabeth prompted the Royal Court unintentionally to re-name the play. In Xhosa, "sizwe" means nation while "banzi" means broad, wide, or large. Thus, the title is

> ironic since the large nation of blacks is vigorously alive. Also, "Buntu" means humaneness, which is implied by Styles's description of him "always helping people."[1]

A play of this nature functions in terms of layers of meaning, among which the subtext, essential as it is, particularly for the director and his actors, seems to be further enriched by the powerful suggestiveness of the metaphoric style.

Senator Leslie Rubin wrote his pamphlet This is Apartheid "to show what our race laws in fact are, not to argue what they should be," while Fugard made his own statement to show the effects of race laws upon the black people. Only that he did it poetically, for underneath the surface of their reality, shown in rather daring detail, there flows, smoothly, the stream-of-consciousness of the play with all that happens in the mind and soul of its creators. It is the big metaphor that they set out to explore, one that would convincingly suggest the rebirth of the African identity.

The Island

The first performance of this play took place at The Space, an interracial Cape Town theatre, on July 2, 1973. The story goes that The Island originated when two

---

[1]Vandenbroucke, p. 119.

actors who were performing Antigone were arrested and sent off to Robin Island, a prison for political dissidents. One day they decided to do the same play in a special version for an audience made up of warders and prisoners. This experience gave Fugard the idea for a full-length play, because it was "a powerful act of insurrection." He unfolded it in a workshop fashion with the participation of John Kani and Winston Ntshona. The play, like Sizwe Bansi is Dead, was very successful and it has also been translated into several languages and produced in many countries. This creation gave Fugard the opportunity to learn that what he really wanted to do in theatre and literature, besides "offering people a chance to make a noise and talk about things that are important to them" in South Africa, was "to live privately and go on journeys" that he could make by himself. Despite the fact that the collective work experience proved to be a positive one for its participants, Fugard decided to go on writing his own texts and to keep being "a minor nuisance" to his government. The story line is very simple: John and Winston are political prisoners on this island. They lead an existence of constant humiliation and physical suffering. During the day they have to do hard labour and this consists of back-breaking digging, carting, and piling all the sand from vast, interminable beaches for years. When their futile labour is done at the end of every day, they are

handcuffed together and shackled at the ankles and ordered to race back to their cells. Every day they get brutally beaten because they can't run any faster. Since they do not receive any medical attention for their injuries, they have to look after each other and use their own urine to clean their wounds. They also provide themselves with mutual support from a moral point of view. They have to give much attention to controlling the expression of their anger and pain to avoid bringing back the warders who are always ready to punish them either by beating them indiscriminately or by sending them off to solitary confinement. They spend their "leisure" hours telling themselves old movie-stories, pretending that they are talking long-distance on the phone with their families and friends, and rehearsing a play, "Antigone," which they have volunteered to perform at a prison's program. This kind of entertainment, full of laughter, is a lovely compensation for their dreary life in prison. One day John is called by the chief warder to be informed that he will be released in three months. At the beginning, Winston is very happy at his friend's good fortune; then he feels jealous of his freedom, though in a good-natured way. While his friend is able to count down the few weeks left until his liberation, Winston sees himself as a prisoner for numberless years, sharing his cell with different inmates, getting acquainted with each one, and forgetting them, one by

one, through the passing of time. The play ends using all of Scene Four for their presentation of Antigone, a dramatic view of the administration of justice in ancient Greece and, by innocent implication, in South Africa today.

This play also offers a rather interesting external structure, and this can be appreciated through the three scenes that are dedicated to describing the dreadful conditions in which prisoners are kept on Robben Island, and through a final scene that is entirely dedicated to the play within a play. As for the ~~internal~~, the dramatic structure, the story relentlessly advances to its climax, with an excellent sense of timing to make it coincide, with reinforced intensity, with that of the guest play in the last scene. For a moment one wonders if the climax in the host play isn't the enormous rejoicing brought about by the unexpected news that John will be released in a few weeks. This is not possible, though, because there has not been a sustained expectation for freedom on the part of both prisoners, who by now have grown accustomed, painful as it is, to the everyday routine of hard labour and confinement. The climax would then happen somewhere at the beginning, or in the middle, perhaps at the end of the Antigone presentation. If this sounds a little vague, it can be explained by mentioning that the mere fact that Winston, now that he has clearly understood

the significance of Antigone's story and of its reenactment under such special circumstances, has accepted to do the female role, is already an instrumental factor in pushing emotions to a high peak. In conjunction with this, all the suffering that these men have had to endure, and the happiness that for one of them freedom is no longer a postponed dream, build up to an emotional culmination which is nothing but the actual presentation of their dramatic number. It is a message of hope smuggled through to every prisoner of conscience. In John's speech -- "Captain Prinsloo, Hodoshe, Warders, . . . and gentlemen" -- the "gentlemen are his prison mates. Once he has introduced the plotline of the play that they are about to perform, he becomes King Creon, the one who will pass judgment upon Antigone's act of subversion. The metaphor becomes even more powerful when Creon explains the legal intricacies of the administration of justice. He says that the law defends, that the "law is no more or less than a shield in your faithful servant's hand to protect you." Then he justifies penalty as the sword that accompanies the shield to strike: "so too the law has its edge." In the meantime, Winston has finally accepted the role of Antigone, and waits behind the curtain. Creon, played by John, concludes:

> Let what follows be a living lesson for those among you misguided enough still to harbour sympathy for rats! The shield

has defended. Now the sword must strike!

(Winston, dressed as Antigone, enters. He wears the wig, the necklace of nails, and a blanket around his waist as a skirt.)

We do not know yet how Winston feels about his part. At some point he had felt very negative about his cell mate's imminent freedom and also about the whole Antigone project. He had been particularly resentful after their first dress rehearsal because John burst into laughter on seeing him with a wig and false breasts. Once John has managed to placate his friend, they talk about the freedom of one and the imprisonment for life of the other.

I've forgotten why I'm here.
John: No.
Winston: Why am I here?
John: You put your head on the block for others.
Winston: Fuck the others.
John: Don't say that! Remember our ideals. . . .
Winston: Fuck our ideals . . .
John: No Winston . . . our slogans, our children's freedom . . .
Winston: Fuck slogans, fuck politics . . . fuck everything, John. Why am I here? I'm jealous of your freedom, John. I also want to count. . . . No, John! Forget me . . . because I'm going to forget you. Yes, I will forget you. Others will come in here, John, count, go, and I'll forget them. Still more will come, count like you, go like you, and I will forget them. And then one day, it will all be over. . . . Come. They are waiting.
John: Do you know your words?
Winston: Yes. Come, we'll be late for the concert.

We see a change in Winston. His acting is running very well:

> You are only a man, Creon. Even as there are laws made by men, so too there are others that come from God. He watches my soul for a transgression even as your spies hide in the bush at night to see who is transgressing your laws. . . . Your threat is nothing to me, Creon.

At the same time, the subliminal message is being released for those whose perception has been refined through suffering. Winston knows the subtext, they discussed it at length during their rehearsals. He is still reciting his lines, as it were, though. The historical transposition is becoming more involving, more pertinent in its presentation of reality:

> Winston: I buried my brother. That is an honorable thing, Creon. All these people in your state would say so too, if fear of you another law did not force them into silence.
> John: You are wrong. None of my people think the way you do.
> Winston: Yes they do, but no one dares tell you so. You will not sleep peacefully, Creon.

This passage, studied so many times in their cell, is beginning to make Winston feel again the warmth of his ideals. An ineffable pressure is building up.

> Creon commands:
> Take her from where she stands, straight to the Island! There wall her up in a

> cell for life, with enough food to acquit ourselves of the taint of her blood.

Winston gives Antigone's final lines:

> Brothers and Sisters of the Land! I go now on my last journey. I must leave the light of day forever, for the Island, strange and cold, to be lost between life and death. So, to my grave, my everlasting prison, condemned alive to solitary death.

Is this Antigone or Winston? Is it both? What Island is this? Who has the sense of solitary death? A beautifully ambiguous metaphor.

The climax has been reached when Winston, the man, getting rid of his wig, confronts the audience:

> Gods of our Fathers! My Land! My Home! Time waits no longer. I go now to my living death, because I honoured those things to which honour belongs.

The play ends with the wailing of the prison's siren.

The prisoners must have been deeply moved by Antigone before returning to their miserable shacks, which also stand for the generalized poverty of the Black population of South Africa. John is getting ready to continue doing interesting things once he is transferred from the Island to the larger prison which is his country. Winston has renovated his sense of identity by believing once again that dreams are powerful tools for survival, and for revolutionary action.

Fugard and his associates, as John and Winston in The Island, faithfully recreated the metaphor of apartheid reality. They also, like Styles, the photographer in Sizwe Bansi is Dead, caught the same reality in a dramatic "card" that shows how the black man is struggling not to lose his identity. Fugard has created in a magnificent blend of passion, talent and technique the artistic achievement Adrienne Rich once described: "What is under most pressure to be concealed explodes into poetry."

CHILE UNDER THE MILITARY DICTATORSHIP: JUAN RADRIGAN'S THE GUEST, FOR NO APPARENT REASON, ISABEL EXILED INTO ISABEL , and FAIT ACCOMPLI

Chile, a country of eleven million people, ruled since 1973 by a military dictatorship, was a relatively democratic nation for about 160 years. Dr. Salvador Allende, the last constitutional president of Chile (1970-1973), described his country before the General Assembly of the United Nations on December 4, 1972:

> a small country, and yet one where today any citizen is free to express himself as he deems it best, a country of unrestricted tolerance in the realm of culture, religion, and ideas; a country where racial discrimination is not welcome. A country with a united working class organized around one federation; a country where universal, secret vote has become the vehicle to define a pluralist system, with a Parliament that has functioned uninterruptedly for 160 years; a country where the Judiciary functions separately from the Executive; a country whose Constitution has been changed only once since 1933. . . . A country that within a generation has earned two Nobel prizes for Literature, won by Gabriela Mistral and Pablo Neruda, both of them children of working class families.[1]

---

[1]This speech appears in a book edited in Cuba and which has been translated as a working document by Enrique Sandoval. Juan J. Soto, ed., Discursos de Salvador Allende (La Habana: Editorial de Ciencias Sociales, 1975), pp. 531-532.

However, he also depicted Chile's precarious economic situation, a common problem in all of Latin America and among Third World countries generally. In his speech, Allende refers among other things to the social and human consequences of economic dependency in Chile. He says, for example, that in his country there are 700,000 children who will never be able to enjoy life in normally human terms because during their first eight months they did not get a basic quantity of proteins.[1] He dwells on the problem a little longer by adding that in the last forty-two years the American companies operating the Chilean copper mines took with them back to the States more than four-billion dollars in profits from an initial investment of thirty-million dollars.

> Four billion dollars would transform my country completely. Only part of that sum would suffice to ensure a permanent intake of proteins for the children of Chile.[2]

The economic dependency has been a permanent drawback in the history of Third World countries. Chile does not escape this reality, and its workers struggled for generations to improve their conditions. Conservative

---

[1] Ibid., pp. 537-8.

[2] Ibid., p. 538.

governments throughout the history of this small country used repression against them to quell what they called subversion. For these governments, in protecting their own class privileges, were also supporting foreign companies investing in Chile. As Thomas Jefferson once said, and this was quoted by President Allende at the United Nations, "Merchants have no homeland. The place where they operate does not create any bonds. They are interested in profit only."[1] In spite of the workers' massacres, there was a relative sense of political participation by means of which people always found ways to challenge an unjust social system. They campaigned, they voted, they organized their unions, they fought for their rights, and yet the economic situation derived from foreign dependency, which was chronic, made things ever so much more difficult. The triumph of the Popular Front, "which had enough cohesion to elect a president,"[2] Pedro Aguirre Cerda, in 1938, "was the result of a rising process in the workers' movement and the radicalization of the middle layers of society."[3] There was still hope that the

---

[1] Ibid., p. 552.

[2] Jay Kinsbrunner, Chile: A Historical Interpretation (New York: Harper and Row, 1973), p. 136.

[3] Luis Vitales, Interpretación Marxista de la Historia de Chile, 1891-1970 (Barcelona: Editorial Fontana, 1980), p. 129.

country would cease to be divided between an enormously rich minority and a tragically poor majority. The country went through some economic innovations, particularly in its plans for industrialization, which would provide more possibilities for the workers and for society as a whole. On the other hand, the political space gained by the people was more concrete and their social participation seemed to have become less theoretical, for some time at least. Economic independence was still a dream and had a long way to go. Besides, political infighting, sectarianism, betrayals, and vested interests led to more conservative governments again. The Christian Democrats began their "light-footed reforms,"[1] and the natural resources continued to be exploited by foreign companies. The workers, though, had reached a considerable degree of political consciousness through their labour unions and popular parties and in 1970 Salvador Allende was elected President of Chile.

The Chilean panorama at the moment of Allende's inauguration couldn't have been any worse: overridden by international debt, dependent on foreign economic rule, a ghastly picture of hunger, misery, and unemployment, and a country where the dominant classes were desperately holding onto their privileges. Only a few families in

---

[1]Dale L. Johnson, The Chilean Road to Socialism (New York: Harper and Row, 1973), p. 136.

the nation, using the traditional structures of power, still controlled the Legislature, the Judiciary, public administration, and the Armed Forces.

Within a context of respect for the Constitution, the law, and the rights of the individual, and encouraged by ideals of freedom, social justice, and national sovereignty, the Popular Unity government resolutely began its task aiming at a future of dignity for the Chilean people. This gigantic effort was attempted through land reform, the recuperation of its copper mines, which were legally nationalized by the unanimity of all the political parties represented in Parliament, the nationalization of key production sectors, the workers' participation in industrial concerns, and the possibility for the underprivileged to have a wider access to public services such as health and education.

This and much more could not be done without damaging the interests of foreign investors and those of the Chilean upper class who had always taken advantage of the misery of the majority.[1] These two power groups used all their influence to obtain the financial support

[1]The Kennecott Copper Corporation, for example, between 1955 and 1970 obtained an average profit of 52% a year, reaching such exorbitant levels as 106% in 1967, 113% in 1968, and 205% in 1969. Its average profit level in other countries during the same years did not reach 10%. (As cited by President Allende in his speech before the General Assembly of the United Nations, Soto, pp. 536-7.)

of multinational corporations like ITT, and the conspiratorial know-how and resources of the United States Central Intelligence Agency to orchestrate an effective boycott against President Allende's government.[1] They could manipulate the traditional parties of the right wing, the defamatory proclivity of private media, the terrorist predisposition of a neo-Nazi movement, "Freedom and Fatherland," and the discontent of certain sectors of the middle class who were anxious to rise socially.

From the very beginning of Allende's government, a series of provocative actions were undertaken to destroy the economy, such as intermittent work stoppages and long strikes by truck-owners, merchants, and medical doctors. The opposition also organized hoarding and black market activities with foodstuffs and industrial spare parts, street demonstrations of upper-class ladies banging empty pots and of taxi drivers. Banks and transnational corporations closed all lines of credit to the Chilean government. In addition, they promoted terrorist actions and defamatory campaigns to spread confusion and fear among the population.[2] This "destabilization" project was

---

[1]Victor Marchetti and John D. Marks, The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence (New York: Dell Publishing, 1975), pp. 42-3.

[2]Background for covert action against Chile has been built up on the basis of official statements gathered in

carried out, as President Gerald Ford acknowledged it, "in the best interest of the people of Chile." On the other hand, Henry Kissinger made declarations that were reproduced by news agencies throughout the world: "I don't see why we need to stand by and watch a country go Communist due to the irresponsibility of its own people."[1] President Ford, at a news conference in May 1974, in Los Angeles, could not refrain from stating that the U.S. government, "like any other governments, does take certain actions in the intelligence field to implement foreign policy and to protect national security."[2] Representative Michael Harrington also quotes President Ford as saying that this was "in the best interest of the people of Chile."[3] The writer of the article calls this the "arrogance of superpower."

The conditions were ripe for a coup d'état in Chile. A rather obscure and ambitious army general,

---

Hearing Before the Subcommittee to Investigate Problems Connected with Refugees and Escapees of the Committee on the Judiciary, United States Senate (Washington, D.C., July 23, 1974).

[1]Ibid., p. 276. Quoted in Michael J. Harrington, "Democracy and Secret Operations," The Washington Post, 22 September 1974.

[2]Ibid., p. 274.

[3]Ibid.

Augusto Pinochet, was chosen to lead the military forces that would occupy their own country and topple its constitutional government. President Allende had promised the people that he would fight and "die in La Moneda, that he would not leave it alive, nor surrender."[1] The outcome has already been recorded by history: a young democracy had been suspended, the one that Salvador Allende had been trying to consolidate for his people.

The dictatorship unleashed a wave of terror that is still in full force. Human rights have been trampled on, a permanent state of emergency has been imposed and this has led to censorship, the banning of left-wing political parties and workers' organizations, house-searches, arrests, raping of women by soldiers or specially-trained dogs, psychological and physical torture, disappearance of persons, confiscation of private and personal property, etc.[2]

---

[1]Luis Renato González Córdoba, "The Scene from within The Moneda" (Presidential palace of Chile), in Laurence Birns, ed., The End of Chilean Democracy (New York: Seabury Press, 1974), p. 37.

[2]A report on the situation of human rights in Chile prepared by an Ad Hoc Working Group of the United Nations on October 7, 1975. There is a detailed description of all the violations of human rights in this country, particularly of the forms of torture used by the dictatorship ever since it took over (pp. 64-67). Also, Amnesty International publishes an Annual Report on the violations of human rights, and the case of Chile is still causing much concern.

The Argentinian journalist Jacobo Timerman, who was a disappeared person in his own country during the so-called "Dirty War," wrote a book on this abject practice under

Thousands of workers lost their jobs, and a political purge in highschools and universities left many students excluded from the educational system.[1]

The economic guidelines for the new government meant a total reversal of what had been tried out by the Popular Unity coalition which had meant an effective increase of the purchasing power of the majority. This time, it was not only a return to conservative practices of past decades, which meant the confirmation of life-long privileges, but also a formidable strategy that would consolidate once and for all an unbeatable economic system that would guarantee foreign investors' operations in Chile. It was based on the supply-and-demand model, and it was called a "market," or "monetarist," economy.[2] Soon after the coup d'état Milton Friedman, head of the "Chicago School," arrived in Chile where he found the most congenial atmosphere to apply his doctrine. This was called by the official media "the economic miracle." For three years

---

the suggestive title Prisoner without a Name, Cell without a Number (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1981), which by extension applies to the Chilean situation as well.

[1]Most of the schools have been handed over to municipal administration and the colleges and the universities have been privatized in their largest majority. As for the state institutions of higher learning, they have become permanently invigilated by the government.

[2]Milton Friedman, Capitalism and Freedom: Problems and Prospects (Charlottesville: University of Virginia Press, 1975).

Chileans lived through the effervescent effects of being exposed to all sorts of merchandize from the world over, particularly from Taiwan, Hong Kong, and the Philippines. For a little country with enormous economic restrictions that by necessity had boosted domestic production to its maximum, this showcase of imported goods made accessible through incredibly generous credit lines created other effects, among which, that the national production was neglected and the factories went bankrupt and the workers lost their jobs. Also, that the population became alienated by the presence of this enormous display of foreign merchandise with such fabulous variety of non-essential goods. Chileans went on a three-year shopping spree with no cash in hand and very unrealistic possibilities of paying back these expenditures. It was a consumers' chimera that made many forget the dictatorship and its repressive measures against many others. One could say that their fighting and critical spirit had abated, at least among those who were not immediately affected by political persecution. This permitted the government strategists not to worry too much about an organized opposition to the privatization of the country. Luxurious shopping malls and highrises were hastily built up, boutiques of all kinds and American-style fast-food chains were opened, and the streets of every major city were invaded by all brands of automobiles. The "economic

miracle," though, would soon turn quite illusory because, incredibly enough, all this inflated reality had been financed by international loans with a political motivation. Everything came to a stifling point and this meant the collapse of the fantasy that Chileans had enjoyed so briefly. The construction industry came to a halt, consumer prices went up, and wages and salaries remained frozen. It became an economic and moral catastrophe for Chileans. Today there are thousands of commercial and apartment buildings, condominiums and single homes that are empty, uninhabited, and deteriorating because no one can buy or rent them. There is no money, no work. Only despair.

Milton Friedman's economic recommendations, which were promptly enforced by the military, included the privatization of banks, industries, education, health services, agriculture, social security, etc.[1] This policy left many casualties since it was applied amidst an atmosphere of repression that oscillated between brutality and refinement. The country was again being managed from above, and the times of popular participation became a memory in many, just like a pleasant dream.

---

[1] Fernando Dahse, El Mapa de la Extrema Riqueza (Santiago, Chile: Editorial Aconcagua, 1979). In this book, The Map of Extreme Wealth, its author refers to the enormous fortunes made thanks to the new economic policies by an elite of government favorites.

For two or three years after the military occupation, the artists and intellectuals couldn't do much more than avoid repression. Many foreign nationals working in Chile at that time were also under suspicion.[1] Any individual, for any reason, could be accused of forming part of "the Marxist conspiracy against Chile, against freedom and democracy, against our Western, Christian tradition," as General Pinochet reiterates whenever he finds the opportunity, and be arrested, tortured, or made to disappear. Many had no other choice than to be exiles; it is believed that around half a million Chilean nationals live in that condition in many countries that have become their haven. Many among those who stayed behind have been thrown into prison and tortured. Quite a few have been killed, and still many others have been declared "disappeared" persons.

The universities, acknowledged centers of cultural projections into the community, under which most of the theatrical activity traditionally found support, had also been tampered with by the dictatorship and, overnight,

---

[1] Sheila Cassidy, a medical doctor from Great Britain, gives a detailed account of her imprisonment and subsequent torture in Chile in her book Audacity to Believe (Glasgow: Collins, 1977). Also, Thomas Hauser, lawyer and author from New York City, wrote and published in 1978 a well-documented account of the last days of the American journalist Charles Horman, who was executed by the military at the National Stadium of Santiago in September 1973. The Greek director Costa-Gavras made a movie based on this book, which he called Missing.

military officers became rectors, academic deans, research supervisors, department chairpersons, etc. Police informers were stationed on every campus! A great number of academics and students were expelled from the universities on the basis of political suspicion or because many programs, like Political Studies, Sociology, Philosophy, Psychology, Journalism, History, and Slavic Studies, had been suspended until further notice.[1]

This was the grim picture of culture in Chile following the military takeover. But, regardless of the paralyzing effects of fear-mongering and indiscriminate repression, the ones who were still around started to gather strength to seek ways to express themselves again,

---

[1]Several sources have been used to construct a background for the discussion of the state of education under the dictatorship of General Pinochet. The most pertinent and updated ones are the following:

Rafael Echeverría and Ricardo Hevia, "Cambios en el Sistema Educacional bajo el Gobierno Militar" (Changes in the Educational System under Military Rule), Araucaria de Chile 13 (Madrid, 1981): 39-56.

Patricio Cleary, "El Desmantelamiento Educacional" (Dismantling Education), Araucaria de Chile 14 (Madrid, 1981): 17-20.

Juan Francisco Palombo, "La 'Normalización' Fascista del Sistema Educacional Chileno" (The Fascist "Normalization" of the Chilean Educational System), Araucaria de Chile 15 (Madrid, 1981): 55-66.

Galo Gómez O., Chile de Hoy: Educación, Cultura y Ciencia (Chile Today: Education, Culture and Science) (Mexico: Casa de Chile en México, 1976).

but this time with the double goal of also providing the people with vital encouragement to have hope once more.

The theatre was especially suited for this responsibility because of its language and its mode of action. Like in poetry, everything can be done in theatre: innuendos and subtleties of much suggestive power can be achieved through a metaphoric style beaming out ideas in the form of gestures, intonations, pauses, scenery, props, words, and no-words. The vastness and elusiveness of metaphoric style may become the precise vehicle to handle ideas that have been repressed by decree.

Another element that greatly contributed to the rebirth of theatre was the solid tradition that this form had in the universities. It was a relatively young tradition of about forty years, but it was solid and always inspiring. A rather unique phenomenon in Latin America where theatre, in general, has had a commercial development, like in Argentina or Uruguay, a highly professional theatre which has been done by intuitive actors or by individuals who have studied techniques abroad. This characteristic of the Chilean theatre has made it very professional and conveniently experimental. The commercial companies which were not related with the universities, in comparative terms were not nearly as good as those coming from the theatre schools. The latter offered the best productions from every point of view. Every

university had a theatre downtown and the people went to these plays. This happened in every city where there was a major university campus. This tradition had an educational effect on the Chilean culture because it had helped create an educated audience and it had also made young actors and troupes bring the theatre to those who could not afford to pay for a ticket and to teach them to appreciate and do theatre.

The great conspiracy of the Chilean "teatristas" was well underway; they met in small groups, they discussed their possibilities, and they were afraid. But they were also determined to do something: it was crucial. Little by little, they began to find the ways to satisfy their creative urge and their libertarian convictions, as had happened in some concentration camps where some prisoners with theatrical experience organized incredible productions with the participation of all the inmates who became the characters of very metaphoric dramas.[1] Several groups started to create the plays of the new era. They had to bear in mind the existence of censorship, and this solution would lead to a delightfully imaginative and suggestive theatre. This was going to replace the books

[1] In the Spring 1979 issue of Canadian Theatre Revue, published by York University, Toronto, there is an interview with Chilean actor-director Oscar Castro, conducted by Ariel Dorfman, both exiles from Chile, entitled "Theatre in the Concentration Camps of Chile." In it there is a detailed description of this most interesting experience, pp. 49-66.

that the military had burned, the art exhibits that had been closed down, the newspapers and magazines that the new order had banned, the movies, the folk concerts that could not be attended for national security reasons. Some of the new plays aroused so much interest that they had long runs in the main cities, so much so that exiles from several countries, including Canada, managed to bring them abroad through complicated itineraries and stopovers where they were shown to Spanish-speaking communities. And this is still done today.

Here are some of the most representative plays that have been showing in Chile since 1976. Their plotlines are also given here in order to throw some light upon the themes and topics that they have managed to treat in spite of censorship. Behind a marked humour in most of them, and with an intelligent handling of connotations, there is a reality which portrays the tragedy of the Chilean people under the dictatorship of Pinochet.

Tom, Dick and Harry (Pedro, Juan y Diego)[1]
Collective Creation (ICTUS), 1976
Playwright: David Benavente

Some workers are setting up a stone wall. Due to

[1]Unpublished MS provided by the ICTUS Company, which performed the play in Santiago.

some engineering mistake, this wall has to be knocked down and rebuilt again and again. It is part of a government project devised to give jobs to a number of workers throughout the country for three months, on a rotatory, non-renewable basis, to combat wild unemployment. These jobs are grotesquely underpaid. It is a story of mockery, absurdity, and frustration. The men, however, manage to create their own world of friendship and solidarity, of understanding and respect, of hopes and of fantasies. This will help them cope with the constant threat of hunger and insecurity.

Blessed are the Poor (Bienaventurados los Pobres)
Collective creation (CENECA), 1977
Playwrights: Jaime Vadell, José Manuel Salcedo, and David Benavente

Father Alberto Hurtado was an extraordinary man. He believed that "Christianity is a social endeavour or nothing at all." He lived with the lowly people and fought for them trying to rehabilitate indigent children by providing them with collective homes. Through his figure the play presents a panorama of the struggles and triumphs of the Chilean people from the origins of the nation to the sixties. Both the role of the traditional, conservative Catholic Church and that of the American companies that exploit the Chilean minerals are cleverly depicted

and analyzed.

The Hopeful Clowns (Los Payasos de la Esperanza)
Collective creation (Theatre Research Workshop), 1977
Playwright: Raul Osorio

Three unemployed clowns in search of work await an answer that will never come. While waiting, their lives, dreams, miseries and hopes are shown in a dramatic contrast of humour and melancholy.

The working class has been hard hit by the economic policies of the military regime. The linguistic keys are abundant in this play. Three clowns without a circus is perhaps the most suggestive one.

Grapevine Leaves (Hojas de Parra)[1]
Collective creation (VADELL/SALCEDO), 1977
Based on an idea of Nicanor Parra

The circus has always been immensely popular among Chileans. It comes in different sizes and categories, and most of them use tents of all colours. The circus of this story is a rather small one -- and near bankruptcy. Not only financial difficulties threaten the very existence of this circus, but also the constant loss of physical space

[1]Unpublished MS provided by the performers.

on account of an intermittent series of funeral processions passing through the ring to the cemetery next door which is already filled with tombs. The people who make up these funerals are all workers carrying black crosses which they continue placing, by now all over the circus. In the meantime the circus goes on rehearsing for a show or is used by some demagogue running for president. In other words, the reality of the massive killing of 30,000 Chileans during and after the coup d'état.

To make it more authentic, this play was shown in an actual tent for a few weeks until one night it burnt down, mysteriously.

How Many Years Make a Day? (Cuántos Años Tiene un Día?)
Collective creation (ICTUS), 1978.
Playwright: Sergio Vodanovic

Everything happens in a TV studio around a group of alert journalists who have been preparing a very special anniversary program. It is a review of the highlights shown throughout the year. The use of a large TV screen adds to the verisimilitude of the situation. Censorship and arbitrariness, mediocrity, routine and repression; the temptations of a self-imposed exile and frustrated hopes are the incentives of their creation.

The Last Train (El Ultimo Tren)
TEATRO IMAGEN, 1978
Playwright: Gustavo Meza

This play shows the social, cultural and moral breakdown of the railway's employee whose job will be eliminated due to the new self-supporting policy imposed upon the National Railways. Reminiscences of a certain past happiness and the grim present and future perspectives (the prostitution of one of the daughters, the offer for the father to become a government informer, etc.) interact to reflect the tragedy of many Chilean families today.

Lovely Country, Nicely Located, Looking out on the Ocean[1]
(Lindo País Esquina Con Vista al Mar)
Collective creation, 1980
Playwrights: Marco Antonio de la Parra, Dario Osses, Jorge Gajardo

Without ever mentioning sensitive details (names, dates, situations, etc.) this play shows in different sketches how Chile has been affected by its loss of freedom. By means of skillful transpositions and linguistic overlappings, the play recreates in a delightful way those times when casting a secret ballot was every

[1]Unpublished MS provided by the performers.

citizen's privilege. The title of this play is the key to intelligent suggestion (the national resources have fallen back into the hands of foreign interests; there is a monetarist economy being applied now and Chile is practically a country for sale).

Three Mary's and One Rose (Tres Marías y una Rosa)
Theatre Research Workshop, 1980
In collaboration
Playwright: David Benavente

This is the story of the women who no longer have their husbands' support either because the men are in prison or have been made to disappear, or simply because they have lost their jobs. The women have to make their living by working under humanitarian, charitable programs devised by the Church. In this particular case, they create small, decorative tapestries with leftovers of diverse materials that they get from textile factories. These wall hangings are sold thanks to international solidarity. In their creations, these women use simple symbols to reveal the harsh reality of their lives. They talk a lot, just like all shantytown women, with much humour and compassion. The authors subtly suggest the real values that make those women's lives a little more promising.

Macías, General Essay on the Power and the Glory (Macías, Ensayo General sobre el Poder y la Gloria)
TEATRO IMAGEN, 1984
Playwright: Sergio Marras

The last days of the bloody dictator of Equatorial Africa, Francisco Macías Nguéme, are dramatized in a tense monologue in which the tyrant prepares his defense before the tribunal that will send him to the gallows for all the brutalities that he has committed against his people. This is a monologue with an empty stage, only that towards the end it is arranged as a hanging platform.

* * * * * *

Most of the productions of these plays have been shown in rented theatres or lots. Curiously enough, this kind of performance is done by private groups or companies made up of people who started in university theatre schools. In other words, the critical theatre of the past, done through the universities, has passed on, in a strange process of privatization, to these people, while the "purely entertaining" spectacles have been assigned to theatre departments or continue to be presented by the traditional, commercial enterprises. The military government created a new development, the National Theatre, for which they have recruited directors and actors in their trust. So far, this project has not reached the levels of

quality that today's critical theatre has gained through painful efforts to survive. The type of theatre of which I have provided some examples, the critical one, is basically meant for the middle class opposition to the dictatorship, which is made up of leftists, Christian Democrats, independents, and even the traditional bourgeoisie who supported Pinochet at the beginning but are now tired of it all. Its practitioners, most of them middle-class professionals, have taken up this responsibility to help in the cultural reconstruction of their society "by carefully exploring the maximum limits of expression permitted by the official censorship," and by "evaluating the most suitable ideological orientation to work on the theatrical material available under unfavorable political circumstances."[1] The majority of their plays use humour, which is sometimes black and rather biting, to bring about their politically sensitive contents. The entertaining part never fails in this kind of theatre, there is much laughter-provoking material (historical juxtapositions, oblique references, caricatures, incomplete statements, and the like), but there is also much feeling and human tenderness. One would say that the audiences attending these performances will always leave

---

[1]Hernán Vidal, "Cultura Nacional y Teatro Chileno Profesional Reciente" (National Culture and Recent Professional Theatre in Chile), in Hurtado and Achsenius, Teatro Chileno, op. cit., p. 67.

with their souls cleansed. The quality is generally first class: language, acting, montage, sound and light effects, set design, rhythm, plotlines, etc. This theatre deals with an optimistic view of the present reality as a whole.

Among the playwrights and groups that have emerged in the last few years, there is one particular dramatist, Juan Radrigán, who stands as a very prolific and poetic creator. His position is unique in relation to other authors or groups within the critical theatre movement. He has detached himself from the rest, which is nothing new in these theatre circles for no one communicates very well with each other, because he finds that there is more than a touch, or a tinge of opportunism on the part of anti-government "teatristas," particularly those who have participated in

> the most ominous invention of the last few years, which is to paint suffering with nice, soft colors. The great problem of all these years that we are living is that injustice has been industrialized, hence theatre cannot present a vision of people who seem to dwell in the best of worlds.[1]

He is against impressive scenic displays with an emphasis on the visual element, he practices a "poor theatre," with

---

[1]Juan Radrigán, Hechos Consumados (Santiago: Ediciones Minga, 1982), p. 19.

very few elements on the stage. Dialogue between his characters is to him the vehicle for the action. The literary aspect is given much relevance in his work. His characters are three-dimensional, "round" ones; they unfold themselves from within, from the very roots of their conflicts as human beings.[1]

Radrigán says that his theatre is not "amable," which could translate as the English "nice," conserving of course its ironic suggestion. This means that his characters will be social outcasts, the marginal ones who have very seldom been given any attention at all. His theatre is based on truth -- as miserably naked as it is, he adds.

He is the founder of "El Telón" (The Curtain Popular Theatre Company) of Santiago, a group of committed actors and technicians who perform whenever and wherever they find the chance to do so, especially before audiences in poverty-stricken areas in the suburbs. He has written and

---

[1]Professor Eduardo Thomas Dublé, of the Literature Department of the University of Chile, circulated a paper on Juán Radrigán's theatre in 1983. I was able to read it and compare conclusions, which helped confirm my own idea of Juan Radrigán's accomplishment. For this, I wish to express Professor Dublé my appreciation. On the other hand, the fact that I have directed three of his plays (The Guest, For No Apparent Reason, and Isabel Exiled into Isabel) in the city of Montreal and translated one (Fait Accompli) for a Concordia University production, that I am at present (February 1986) rehearsing a new play of his (Moon Drunk), and that I have kept a rather active correspondence with the Chilean dramatist have helped me tremendously in forming a rationale for this study, with an

produced a score of plays since 1979 when he started as a playwright. Eleven of them were published by CENECA in Santiago, Chile.[1] Many have been produced in a diversity of countries for Chilean exiles and, in translation, for local residents. Some representative titles are The Guest, For No Apparent Reason, Isabel Exiled into Isabel, Fait Accompli, Report for Indifferent Ones, Viva Somoza, The Bull by the Horns, The Madman and the Sad Woman, and Witness to Sabina's Death. Radrigán himself tells us how his group goes about their work:

> The only way to survive in this trade is by organizing ourselves cooperatively. Since we are non-official, we cannot dream of getting or paying any salaries. Once a play closes, we give everyone a fair share of the losses or profits we've had. There are some groups that sometimes get some kind of assistance or subsidy from some business, it can be money or some stuff needed for a production. My company does not really get any. . . . We do most of our work around lower-class people. We take our theatre to the shantytowns, sports clubs, etc. We haven't really been able to draw the line between the kind of audience that we

---

emphasis, of course, on Radrigán's use of metaphoric style.

[1]CENECA, which stands for Centro de Indagación Cultural y Artística (Center for Research and Artistic and Cultural Expression), a very prestigious organization made up of former University professors and other professionals in the field of communications. Among its objectives are the promotion of national and international exchanges in the field of theatre, documentation about productions, and the publication of plays and critical works.

> have. We do plays in conventional theatres and, although the nature of the audience changes, their reaction or response does not, at least in a significant way. We would like to see if our audiences, regardless of their socio-economic background are ideologically with us. We have done some shows in very reactionary environments, just to see. More or less 70% of the audience complain and accuse us of being provokers or Communists. As for the rest, they say that our plays go "beyond that." But we have to acknowledge the fact that the best audiences that we have come from among the students, secondary or university ones.

One important trait upon which everybody seems to agree is that Radrigán treats his characters with enormous compassion and love. Also, that his plays are brave for the manner in which he describes the Chilean reality. They also show the proverbial sense of humour that poor people have in their neighborhoods, which makes his characters and situations much more convincing.

> Love, courage and humor become very attractive elements under the black and cruel circumstances in which we are living in our country.

He is an avowed enemy of violence and human cruelty. He keeps asking himself the deepest soul-searching questions about the matter; it is "the great enigma," he comments. That's why "sincerity is in the heart of everything that I write." He thinks that his plays are received by European, North American, or Latin American audiences

in a similar way, because

> People love, people fear, people search everywhere. It's the words, the clothes that change: abuse of power is not only represented by tyrants.

He also uses the language of the people, as it comes out to express their need to communicate in a way which is urgent and direct.

> To me "popular language" is something that goes beyond the particular mode of expression of a group of people in some place on earth: it is a kind of return to the primeval difficulty of man to express his awe or his terror before things.

Why did he start writing plays rather than narrative fiction or poetry? As a matter of fact, Radrigán has written a lot of poetry, and yet it is only an avocation. His forte is playwriting: that keeps him busy night and day. As he puts it, "I chose the theatre because it was the suit that fitted best my inner nakedness." When he writes, he says, he keeps in mind those who are in prison, and he feels as if he was one of them; he also keeps in mind those who are tortured, and he feels as if he was one of them.

His thematic insight takes us into the world of those who live under the most deplorable economic and social conditions, "the forgotten ones," as Buñuel would

call them -- forgotten in every respect but that of repression upon repression, as it were.[1] Their possibilities have deteriorated through the years: for a very brief moment in history, they could freely shout and chant, but their voices are no longer heard. Unless an artist, like Radrigán, approaches and listens to them attentively. He shows how the dictatorship has affected the life, the dreams, the hopes and the survival of his characters. Some seem to have conformed and become complacent; others, perhaps just a few, are not ready to accept it so easily. It could be said that, in general, his idea would be that people have become accustomed to the system and have stopped fighting. They seem to be tired of complaining. This appears to be the main theme exploited by Radrigán in the light of a loving treatment of human dignity, which is a visceral concern in him.

Radrigán has observed his people very closely, they are impoverished men and women who are now social outcasts. He has dramatized all the aspects of repression in Chile in a metaphoric manner. His characters are very authentic in their tragicomic, miserable and helpless existence. He never indulges in clichés or slogans: he

---

[1] A film by this title (Los Olvidados) was one of the masterpieces of the late Spanish director, Luis Buñuel, who made his career in Mexico through many movies that have revolutionized cinematic aesthetic in the last decades.

speaks of a reality that for the manner in which it is presented does not make itself very palatable to traditional left-wingers, who think that his plays are pessimistic and that they fail to reveal the promise of a better reality for the Chilean people in a very near future. He is not playing the role of the "enfant terrible;" he is simply tackling the truth from a totally different perspective. And he is doing it with utmost seriousness. He is his own man: he doesn't belong to any political party, he criticizes complacent art, he objects to well-known actors compromising with the enemy by accepting to work in T.V. soap operas, by means of which they make much money but also contribute even more to the alienation of the people. He does not accept the idea of exploiting the tragic reality of the Chilean people by making theatre audiences laugh all the time. To a great extent, he has singled himself out to stand for a "theatre that does not make concessions," for a "theatre that is essential and aggressive."

Four of his plays have been selected for this chapter on the basis of the ample thematic scope covered by them: The Guest, For No Apparent Reason, Isabel Exiled into Isabel, and Fait Accompli.

The Guest

Hospitality and friendliness at all levels of society, particularly among working-class people, are characteristic traits of Chileans. As a matter of fact, it is a very Latin American feature. So it is not an uncommon occurrence that in most shantíes around the poverty belt of large cities there lives an extra person -- sometimes even an entire family group -- who may be an unemployed relative from the rural South, or a remote in-law who has been laid off in the copper mines in the North, or just a casual acquaintance who one day found himself all alone, broke and homeless.

This will be the known element on which Juan Radrigán will base his metaphor for The Guest (El Invitado). The storyline develops around a young working-class couple, Sara and Pedro, who are having increasing difficulties between themselves due to the presence in their modest home of a guest, an uninvited one, who in all appearance has decided to stay over on a permanent basis. They no longer enjoy life as they used to when they were sovereign in their household; they feel that their vital space is shrinking and that this bizarre situation is getting more and more oppressive. As the metaphor expands, Sara and Pedro are in a quandary,

especially because "everybody else," despite his loss of freedom, has grown accustomed to the guest's presence and no longer desires to get rid of him. On the other hand, they feel that they are not strong enough to evict this undesirable person and, on the other, they fear that they will be left alone and hardly able to put up with such an uncomfortable situation, to say the least. So they have finally reached a decision which, in addition to its intrinsic and circumstantial dramatic power, a climactic one, will bring forth the author's message.

In a sustained way, Radrigán uses a diversity of techniques to give us a picture of the Chilean reality under the military regime, and especially of how this reality has affected the working-class people. Since The Guest is a one-act play for two actors, the dramatist, in order to say as much as possible in an economical, yet effective way, has selected his materials very carefully for he does not wish to fall into inaccuracies of any kind.

Using, for example, a rather Chekhovian approach, he makes his characters introduce themselves in their own words. In doing so, he describes through an attractively cinematic display the socio-economic reality behind and around his dramatic creatures. They speak about themselves in terms of something that has happened to them sometime in the past, vaguely, and of how this, the arrival of the

unwanted guest and his permanence there, has affected them. Unknowingly, they are speaking in an oblique way that seems to be more concrete than the one the playwright himself is using. It is a game between denotations and connotations that results in the metaphoric truths that the author has managed to convey. Through the dramatic behaviour of his characters further in the play, he will gradually unfold their own humanity as well. Pedro will show his collection of modest snapshots about which he is quite proud:

> One day a construction worker met a woman who was a factory operator. I was born then. My name is Pedro, like my father. But if anybody calls me Jose, Mario, Guillermo, Miguel, Pancho, Tito, or Antonio, I will turn around because I will know that they are calling me. I am the one who never went to school, the one who hardly mangaged to get through grade five, the one who falls from a scaffolding and the one who picks you up. I am the one who has been run over in the street because he was distracted thinking how his old woman is going to fix some food with no money; the one who indulges and falls into debt; the one who is at times cheerful but almost always very sad. I am a bodywork man in a garage, or a mechanic or a cabinet-maker, or a shoe-shine boy, or a print-shop operator, anything that can be done to secure a place to live, a piece of bread for your hunger and a woman for your heart.

This Jack-of-all-trades has also been exposed to a historical moment in the life of his country, when there was a socialist project around which a large segment of the Chilean society, especially the working-class people,

laboured and struggled under the leadership of President Allende. "Let's never forget what was good," Pedro tells his wife, "otherwise we will get used to what is bad." He has not lost all his hope, at least he still reminisces, although sadly, about "what was good" for them. And he is a bit adamant about carrying out their decision, the one that, metaphorically, will enable them to go on living. But Sara, who seems to be more realistic, somehow criticizes her husband when he regrets that they have not been able to afford a child, that things would have been different for them: "You would have used him as an excuse. . . . That he was going to do what you did not do."

But before going any further, let us hear what Sara says about herself. We already know that what they say in these presentations covers a much wider scope of information:

> My name is Sara, but it is the same as if I was called Rosa, Carmen, or Maria. Of the beginning I will not say much because . . . it is already dead. . . . It is funny but for many years now I've been crying and missing the times when I was poor. . . . Not because I'm doing any better now, on the contrary. . . . It's because I am now helplessly poor! And I was left like that after a miracle. Ever since, I haven't been able to work as a seamstress, a cook, a factory operator, or a domestic maid. . . . And ever since I have been begging through radio and T.V. contests. About things of the heart, I won't talk, what's the use, anyway? It only brings tears to my eyes. . . . I haven't quit loving Pedro. . . . He hasn't

> quit loving me either. No, it's not that. Our love got buried between two signs, one that reads "No jobs" and another that says "No credit." Let's leave it at that. . . . Things of the heart? Well, what's the use, anyway? It only brings tears.

Most of her sadness seems to derive from her loss of dignity. Although she has always been poor because of class differences, she feels now totally helpless and humiliated. She would have liked to use her right to work, as she used to, but now she has become part of an enormous mass of unemployed people whose dreams of better living conditions have been shattered and changed into nightmares of survival. There is also much resentment in Sara because there doesn't seem to be any room for happiness now. That is why she is mad with those who having taken the responsibility of a revolutionary process did not know how to implement it and consolidate it:

> They are so stubborn! They just go ahead with much thinking. It's us women who have always had to pay for your mistakes. . . . You start the big rows and the big losers are always the women and the children. It's always been like that.

This initial presentation takes us into the dramatic dynamics of the play which has started with a statement of purpose, made by the protagonists, which is to carry out their decision with the help of everybody. However, their agreement about the question that they want to solve is not

complete. There is a tug-of-war between them before reaching their goal. Sara justifies their decision by saying that what they have to do now is to forget, "to forget and begin to live," as she emphasizes. Pedro does not accept this apparent conformity of his wife's because, as he puts it, he doesn't want to live like a slave, an animal or an idiot. He holds himself to a certain although waning rationalism almost until the end. The way he justifies their decision, which in him sounds like a rather cowardly concession, is perhaps more dramatic:

> No, you don't understand, Sara. We came here to commit suicide. We came here to kill everything that is good in us and that is still there. . . . Yes, we have come to murder ourselves.

Sara does not agree with this radical position and defies her husband to quit now. She will stay, though: "I want to know. I still have some life left and I want to live it like everybody else. It's the only way."

Since they seem to have already asked their question in a casual way to unknown individuals here and there with no specific results, Pedro, or Radrigán for that matter, still doubts that they will obtain an honest answer from all those who are there, all over, in the theatre, in every corner of the Chilean territory, overseas, particularly the exiles and the progressive intellectuals who fight for freedom everywhere -- all

those who can be included in the expansion of the metaphor -- who have decided to forget and begin to live. In control of his materials, the playwright holds the exact wording of the couple's question until the very end of the play, thus keeping us wondering about its problematic nature, which is a knot that is to be loosened only in front of the people who have come to see the performance. In this sense, he is using a Brechtian device in order to constantly remind the audience of a reality outside the confines of sheer entertainment, to remind them of a reality that cannot be overlooked. After all, what he has been doing is nothing but to characterize the guest, his main personage, by a variety of skillful strokes that reveal him through his pernicious presence in a household that once was hopeful and free. For people like Sara and Pedro, the guest is an intruder whose presence has brought about the unhappiness of many. "Seeing so many sad people," Sara says, "has made me forget how to make my mouth laugh." And Pedro, always trying to find the reason for things, adds, "But we didn't used to be like that. It all started when the guest arrived." Sara does not give him the category of a guest. "It cannot be a guest; he has not been invited. I did not invite this one."

In a strange outburst of naiveté, Pedro explains that this guest is self-contained, that he has invited himself.

So far, there is no ground for official censorship to impose any restrictions on the play. The literal will prevail in any confrontations with the authorities. The guest is such an invisible occurence that trying to find any incriminating evidence against the playwright is practically impossible. And yet people who attend the performance of Radrigán's play will see the guest very distinctly and they will even dress him in the grey uniform of an army general.

Another stroke by Radrigán in his characterization:

> Sara: I hate the Colo Colo. I hate it because it's diverting, distracting. . . . One cannot know what's going on, the things that are happening because of him.

Colo Colo is a soccer team of the National League of Chile that was bailed out on account of bankruptcy by General Pinochet personally, who believes that the practice of such sports will make the people healthy and happy. Sara's implication, though, is quite different: soccer, like bread and circus, responds to a political strategy, duly reinforced by the media, oriented towards a mentality among the mass of spectators and followers devoid of any critical quality. No wonder Sara shows her discontent through a seemingly innocent remark about the once most popular soccer team of her country. Pedro, on commenting about his wife's reference to it, adds that "if the Colo

Colo team did not exist, the newspapers would have to appear with half of their pages blank," because, of course, censorship has reduced the number of news items that may be published. And also because the papers, all pro-government, find that sports should be given the widest coverage for the sake of progress and social tranquility.

There are many aspects of the Chilean reality that are touched on by Radrigán in this characterization. He is not making an effort to disguise or deceive with ulterior motives; on the contrary, he is using all his talent to invent credible metaphors to enhance his convictions. For example, when he makes Sara go to the T.V. station to participate in a singing contest where she is mocked and humiliated, there is a scene in which the program is interrupted by a last-minute flash presented by a stupid woman who reads the piece of news that has demanded a national broadcast by all the radio and television stations: a wedding ceremony that has taken place between aristocratic family members in Santiago, followed by a detailed description of how the ladies attending this event were dressed. Besides being extremely funny, this part is an open satire of the social class in power that distinguishes itself for its banality. The metaphor will expand infinitely within the same areas of meaning related to an organic class discrimination on the part of the system supported by the military regime.

Pedro cannot accept the idea of forgetting so easily: "Our house was a house full of bread and full of friends."[1] That is also a way of characterizing the uninvited guest, just by mentioning that he has taken away everything from the underprivileged ones. Even their right to love and feel free, as Sara's words suggest it: "Love was becoming thinner and thinner . . . like a knife. . . . It was becoming blind, as if someone has blinded the eyes of the wind." Isn't this a fleeting allusion to freedom? When the wind's eyes turn blind there is no sense of direction, only darkness and terrifying premonitions, almost as if you were in a prison cell. Through Pedro, the characterization of the guest continues with painful innuendoes:

> He was not only here in our house, he was all over; wherever you went, he came along. It was like having a thorn hurting you between the skin and the flesh.

They had once had a taste of freedom, but the unwanted guest has also deprived them of that joy. And Sara's voice becomes apocalyptic: "And we didn't have the hope to hope; the entire city was in flames. . . . There was

---

[1] As in Neruda's poem, "I'm Explaining a Few Things," written on account of the destruction of his house in Madrid by the bombs of Fascist planes:

> My house was called
> the house of flowers . . .

pain here and fear all over." In a few words, Radrigán manages to describe the ferocious occupation of Chile by its own troops led by General Pinochet; the helplessness of the people to prevent the coup d'état; their suffering through imprisonment, torture, and persecution. Thousands were shot to death, many died in torture chambers, and hundreds were made to disappear. As Sara says, "He took our house and our happiness." They are no longer the cheerful people of yesterday when "life itself was like a song giving birth to another song."

All that and more is this character called the guest. Radrigán also wants to throw some light upon certain attitudes of those who, like Pedro, did not do much to prevent the guest from invading their home. A tragic sense of loss arises out of this brutal reminder of their failure and the time for recrimination has arrived. Sara had not locked the door of their house, an accusation that Pedro has made, simply because she was distracted at the moment. She was asking her husband to stop talking so much and do more -- a clear reference to the tendency of left-wing parties to devote much of their time to the clarification of doctrinary matters, thus giving the enemy sufficient time and opportunity to act with the overwhelming weight of military logistics. On the other hand, Sara is also complaining about the little participation that women seem to have had under the Allende

government. The implication is that men took the revolutionary process as their own affair, participating with great enthusiasm but keeping the women away from any responsibility:

> Sara: But you never said anything to me. "It's none of your business. You don't understand about these things." That was the only thing that you said. . . . These are the consequences of that.

A very opportune remark which, placed within the historical context, bears some truth. As a matter of fact, President Allende, on several occasions during the early stages of his administration, asked the workers to leave their "machismo" aside and to ask their "compañeras" to incorporate themselves into the social struggle. Now, within the context of the play, their tug-of-war seems to be coming to an end. Their dramatic dialogue has been a sweet-and-sour blend of nostalgia, discontent, and recrimination. Towards the very end, Pedro has not changed the conviction that by carrying out their decision they will be killing themselves, while Sara also clings to her own position: "The only thing I know is that we cannot go on like this. . . . We cannot. We have to . . . if we want to live." Everything is now ready for the final confrontation with themselves. They approach the edge of the stage, very close to the audience and, breathing deeply, they take the necessary courage to tell

everyone in the theatre: "We want you to tell us how you grew accustomed to living with him, with the guest. We want to be like you!"

In all likelihood, this request will awaken unpredictable feelings and emotions in every person that has exposed himself to this play, which does not concern Chileans exclusively, but all those who are ruled by regimes that have taken over by the force of arms. And the very last statement, a paradox within the metaphor, quite a bitter one, for that matter, is meant to bring forth a lot of restless, mixed reactions among those affected by political apathy and conformity, a very large majority in Radrigán's belief. In other words, the dramatist does not only intend to expose the reality of his country since the military takeover, which is already a significant achievement mainly on account of his skillful handling of metaphoric style, but also, and perhaps to a greater extent, he plants a seed of discontent in every member of his audience. Nobody will leave the theatre with metaphysical musings about a much referred to, although invisible character, as in Beckett's Waiting for Godot, for example, because their unseen character in Radrigán's piece becomes a human one, or an inhuman one, as the case may be, in full-fledged dimension. The audience, as we have already suggested, has provided it with a military uniform, a greedy personality, and a profound

disdain for justice. The metaphor has enabled Radrigán to suggest so much in this play: a metaphor for the general situation, for the background, for the overbearing intruder. A metaphor for Sara and Pedro, for their home, and for their attitude. In The Guest one will find a country, its working-class and its discontent. The metaphoric style with its comparisons and paradoxes has enabled these characters to voice their innermost emotions and ideas, to reveal the nature of their conflict. The irony used by Radrigán passes unnoticed through Sara and Pedro and reaches every individual in the audience in such a forcible way that he won't be able "to forget and begin to live."

For No Apparent Reason

The loss of respect for human life, arbitrariness, unprecedented brutality, and the slighting of justice and freedom represent the basic constituents of Radrigán's main themes and sub-themes in this play. These are all interrelated and the introduction of the close-up technique for which every play stands in particular will not mar the presence of the larger reality and our perception of it. This also happens in For No Apparent Reason. Again, the author's concept of poor theatre is strictly applied here

with a stress on just the indispensables regarding the setting, with a colouring reflecting a cold, moonlit environment within which one actor will narrate his story and recreate bits of conversations between the people involved in the dramatic events of the play.

Using what sounds like the authentic language of Chile's urban lumpen, the playwright introduced the narrator, Pato García, who will in turn present the tragic reality of his social group and that of the entire nation under the military dictatorship. Pato García's view of reality is narrowed down around a grave that he has dug to dump in the remains of a man whom he has beaten to death for reasons that will be explained throughout his monologue. This is done very effectively with the assistance of inner characters whose interventions provide the play with supportive background about their ways and their ebullient sentiments of friendship and of justice in particular. These sentiments are strong and primitive because they are crudely connected with their own survival. The salient metaphor handled by Radrigán here will be that of the loss of respect for human life, which could also read as the negation of the pursuit of happiness as a natural right of the people. The playwright uses the language of these people as if it was his own, with much propriety and depth. At times it sounds very colloquial, and yet it is

also mottled with poetic touches for he never fails to find beauty even in the nastiness of misery and delinquency. His metaphor becomes more forceful, dangerously approaching the literal, for reality outside his fictionalized drama is acknowleged by everyone, in the voice of his incidental characters, in their pains and hardships, as the protagonist tells us. Notwithstanding the fact that they are stereotypes of the lower depths of society -- muggers, prostitutes, murderers, pickpockets, and alcoholics -- the author manages to find the roots of their humanity which is translated into such noble gestures as solidarity and friendship.

Pato García, the narrator, has returned to the place where he had dumped his victim, but he is no longer a fierce assassin, perhaps he never was one: "I am back. . . . Do you know why? You know, I forgot to tell you something." In addressing the dead man, an oblique angle for telling a truth in terms of dramatic effectiveness, the narrator unfolds a story where his metaphor -- this "something else" for which it is supposed to stand -- will turn magically evident.

> Have you ever felt like a caged animal? Have you ever felt that you don't know what you want? That the only thing you know is that you don't feel comfortable inside yourself? That is what happens to me. That's why I wanted to explain everything to you.

For him it is not a daunting experience to confront his victim, but something different, as he puts it. That he has just come back for his spade, would be his excouse, for he has a better reason: he wants to explain things, and in doing so he will be able to speak of his friend, this marvelous man with such a strong, captivating personality whom he admired and loved so much. Radrigán has already made his audience get into the emotional stream of his drama. And Pato García continues talking about this friendly man who didn't even have a name, which seems to enhance the purity of friendship because it is anonymous and spontaneous, friendship as it is found among the disinherited of the earth. The brutality of Pato García's crime turns in a gradual involvement into a revelation of profound feelings of human affection:

> My friend was such a good man. Think of the best thing and there he is, my friend. Drunk and everything, whichever way he was, you could look in his eyes and you got the impression that you were in a different world, that everything in it was good.

And if we have duly understood Radrigán's convictions, we could perhaps hear the protagonist of this drama furthering his ideas about a different world, with goodness in it, and no cruelty. This friend of his has made him find himself in the goodness that he believes is hidden somewhere: he has shared his knowledge and his experience with him; he is generous and truthful. "I would like to be like him, to

feel that tranquility, that happiness." A lover of life is a lover of freedom, and this beautiful slob, his friend, seemed to stand for that.

> The only thing that made him sad was right after the events, when we found the body of an old man in La Legua, you know. . . . "Do you know why they killed this poor man?" he asked. "Because he was struggling for peace and justice. And do you know who killed him? One who said that he was here to fight for peace and justice."

Here is when Radrigán's metaphor verges on the literal: "after the events" could easily be read as "after the coup d'état;" "the body of an old man in La Legua" (a shantytown in Santiago's poverty-belt) as "the massacre that took place in that district where the military detected a pocket of insurgency;" or the many Chileans killed during and after the occupation. Finally, everybody knows in Chile through Pinochet's reiterated speeches broadcast by his media that he is fighting for peace and justice -- and freedom.

Pato García has only minor objections about his friend: that he smelled terribly and that he sometimes interfered in his private life. Eventually, though, he is able to learn from these interactions. The fact that his friend is characterized in a crudely realistic way -- dirty, stinking, drunk most of the time, etc. -- helps to create a sound contrast by means of which his inner traits will become distinctly evident. On the other hand,

what Pato García calls his friend's interference in his private life has been nothing but a contribution to his own understanding of things:

> -Why do you never stay home with your old woman?
> -I don't know. . . . Why should I stay home with her?
> -People are important.
> -My old woman important?

Radrigán indulges in a bit of didacticism here. Like Allende, he is also asking the workers to start changing their "macho" attitudes. His friend's questions and remarks are so convincing that he feels a tender urge towards his wife: "You know, all of a sudden, I felt like going to give her a big, big hug. . . . My friend was right!" The friend is so right that since there is so much killing around, Pato starts fearing for his own spouse:

> But if they kill her? What shall I do if they kill her. Don't you see? Now you may be walking in the street, inndcent, you know, and they get you and you are a dead person. . . . Blood spilling out all over you. . . . The worst is that you cannot hold anyone responsible for it. . . . It's just like that.

The author seems to have lost patience in keeping with the language keys, codes or signals. He daringly swings forward a bit too much; his subtleties border on the evident. He gives the impression that he has done this

in all intention, as if he were taking a calculated risk in order to bring about a subliminally shcking effect. It appears as if the viewer does not need to be reminded that the entire monologue is about a military attack upon a mass of unarmed civilians that shattered many hopes and many lives, about its consequences brought about by the cynical impunity of its perpetrators, soldiers and policemen, informers and fanatics. "Now they dump your body and leave you grasping your intestines . . . with both hands. . . . Dying." A strangely literal metaphor that gains even more power. Pato García's wonderful friend has worked the miracle: with his overwhelming love of freedom and justice, he has transformed his ignorance into human wisdom. Radrigán's metaphor is justified. Every word and phrase, as said by Pato García, is one more stroke, light or marked, in the portrayal of a national tragedy. Radrigán's poetic impulse leads us to the enjoyment of simple utterances or even simpler beings. "Life is beautiful upwards and downwards," his friend had told Pato, and Pato remembers him as a son recalls the best moments in the life of his father: "He had a laughter that floated in the air like a very light speck of dust."

That is why he is talking to the man he killed; it is the beneficial influence of his friend, the one who taught him. He is not asking for forgiveness; he is not even passing judgment upon his deed. He is just explaining

things, and in doing so he is learning about himself and humanity. Many questions will surface from the viewer's conscience about this paradoxical situation. This seems to be Radrigán's constant achievement, that of making his audience think.

Why did Pato García kill this other man? He didn't even know him. He killed him just like that, because one day a man who was passing by gunned down his own friend for nothing, just like that. And he got angry because many people were being killed just like that. They had detained his friend and they said that the man was a subversive, that he was carrying a gun, and that he had threatened to kill the security guard who shot him. "What do you think! Didn't I tell you that things were like that now?" he asks his own victim. There is nothing evasive about his words. In his primitive thinking it appears as if he can no longer lodge the generous feelings that he had started to share with his late friend. What does this friend stand for? One cannot resist the temptation to think that in drawing this character from a psychological point of view, with all the good things for which Pato García admired and loved him -- his straightforwardness, his fatherliness, his hedonistic love of freedom, his support of women's rights, his readiness to sacrifice himself for others, and several other qualities -- Radrigán is making a veiled, fleeting, almost ghostly

reference to Salvador Allende himself. Because Allende had become such a figure, and many learnt to love him.

The fact that the killer has returned to explain things to his victim is due to his friend's benign influence or to the playwright's belief, which is the same, that goodness and beauty can be found among the so-called scum of the earth. Pato García makes a special point in asking his victim not to hate him, that hate should be channeled in a different direction if you don't want to waste its power, as Radrigán seems to suggest.

> It's nothing personal. Things are that way now. They killed my pal, so I kill you. Fair enough, isn't it? . . . Nobody knows when it's going to happen to us, too.

Through this narrator, Juan Radrigán leaves with us an almost literal perception of a terrifying reality. It should be added that the part of the narrator requires an extraordinarily versatile actor, able to act out in word and action the forceful subtext that the playwright has in mind. Perhaps it would be necessary to conclude that, in spite of such achievements as mood and atmosphere, credible characterization through language and humour, monologue within the monologue, dialogue within the monologue, and the constant sound of police cruisers, ambulances, and fire trucks, denoting a state of national emergency, artificially created to cover up the dictatorship's

terrorism, Radrigán's use of metaphor in this play to reveal the Chilean reality under General Pinochet's rule appears rather inefficient, almost too obvious and transparent. A brave endeavour, at any rate!

Isabel Exiled into Isabel

Isabel is a woman of any age beyond forty. She always carries a burlap bag in which she keeps her belongings. She has a "home," she says, but she

> hates to feel locked up all day. . . . You know, I like being in the middle of life: seeing houses, people, dogs, trees, birds, all the things that tell you that you are not dead, even if your own heart has fallen into a bottomless pit where there is no light.

A good start for a more complete description of the single character in Isabel Exiled into Isabel. The play is about the loneliness of this forlorn woman who "goes out and walks around and around." The storyline is very simple: she has found an interlocutor to whom she will talk throughout the play -- a garbage can. She tells her inanimate partner the story of her life, of how she grew up under the loving care of her parents, and of how she met the man who is now missing and whom she misses so much. A few interrelated anecdotes help in providing a very moving

characterization. Nothing much happens here, save for a couple of times when she stands up and asks unseen passers-by for a cigarette, which is systematically denied. However, the playwright creates a lively world in and around Isabel, this woman who in spite of being all alone has managed to keep her dignity intact and has also been faithful to the memory of her beloved ones, of her father and then of Aliro, her friend. She loves chatting and this is what she has been trying to do all these years with no success. The fact that she has been deserted by everybody, by the ones who abandoned her when she was a child, because of sheer lack of means to sustain her, as it is often done in Third World countries, or by the ones who disappeared from her life when she was older, as Aliro and her brother did, has left her with only her own despairing self and her memories. As for the present, there isn't much possibility; it's dark, solitary, cheerless. The future is also bleak, despite the fight she puts up to brighten it up as much as she can by day-dreaming, by building illusions that unfortunately will never crystalize. However, she looks at life in a rather particular way:

> I don't know why these things of the past give you so much trouble. I guess that it's OK for the bad things that have happened to you, but the strange thing is that the nice, the good things that have happened to you are the ones that

> give you more trouble . . . this heavy sadness over your shoulders.

Why does Radrigán, the dramatist, make her say this and feel so desolate? Is all this to be understood as the drama of a lonely woman who chose to be poor and bereft? Let us remember that Radrigán through his work has proved that he is not interested in philosophizing about man's distress in the abstract of human vacuum. He is determined to expose the tragic reality of a people subjected to implacable repression, which because of the classist conditioning of a society becomes even harsher upon the poor. Again, Radrigán resorts to his metaphoric style, which is a form of self-censorship that he is not willing to acknowledge. He is after some kind of positive effect on his audiences in the form of a reminder to keep alive the awareness of the situation and, hopefully, to derive some effective action from it. In doing so, he has dramatized the behaviour of certain people in the scope of their social circumstances during the last few years in Chile. Isabel is one of them.

Isabel speaks of freedom, or of the loss of it, rather, when she reminisces, "It's those things when you were young and beautiful, when one day a man kissed you in the park, when you had a mother and a father and when everybody talked to you." The good old, happy days when there was hope and confidence and solidarity among the

people. But now, her father is gone, nor is Aliro likely to show up ever again. The thread that holds her to reality is getting thinner and it will snap loose at any moment unless, of course, Isabel finds her missing ones or, perhaps, just someone willing to talk with her. Loneliness is made less miserable when you manage to communicate with others. Most certainly, she is not the kind of person who will call friends over the telephone like any idle lady does. She fails once and again to start a relationship, brief as it may be: "They are afraid that I may ask them to give me something." So her loneliness becomes sharply felt because what she longs for, and with more anguish as time passes, is human company. Ever since her father left her sitting in the market, a scene reminiscent of Buñuel's Mexican movie, The Damned Ones, she has been dutifully waiting for him: "If you ever get lost, wait for me sitting right here. Don't start walking around, that would make things worse. Sit down and wait for me." Her loneliness and this sense of loss are constant reminders of those days when she was looked after, when there was love in her life.

> I don't know where I lost him, I don't remember. . . . But sometimes, when I go out to walk around, I sit for one or two hours anywhere I find myself, just to see if he comes back to fetch me. . . . But he has not appeared, either. I bet he is not going to appear, he got lost, too.

A reference to the lover who has also vanished from her reality, for she now lives on fantasies and bitter memories. Aliro, her friend, disappeared because he used to break the bones of the little birds that they sold so as to make them last less time and thus oblige his clients to buy new ones. She couldn't tolerate that and she informed the police; they arrested him and put him in jail and nobody now knows his whereabouts, or whether he is dead or alive. Wouldn't this charge be a little too unjustified to make a man disappear for good? Doesn't it sound paradoxical that the executioners and torturers of thousands of students and workers, teachers and artists, could dispose so vindictively of a silly man who has tortured these birds into a short-termed death? Under such a regime, if the metaphor has reached the reader, any suspicion becomes sufficient evidence or irrefutable proof of subversion or wrong-doing against the fatherland. Any similar excuse must have been used to handle Isabel's father's disappearance as well, and that of thousands around her. "Because it's not just one person that one misses." Radrigán's metaphor is beginning to work. There are many missing persons in a country dominated by an inhuman ideology, as it happened in Nazi Germany, in Brazil, in Uruguay, and in Argentina; as it happens in Paraguay and South Africa and Chile today. His metaphor centers around the despair of solitude, loneliness, and hopelessness.

The many who are so helplessly looking for someone with whom to talk have also disappeared from each other and keep wandering around knowing that it is dangerous to talk to strangers, an induced form of self-censorship derived from the psychological terrorism implanted by the regime.

Whenever he finds the opportunity, Radrigán will touch on any topic that can serve to expose the evils of the situation. For example, when Isabel is speaking of her "home,"

> We were so well down there, but they came up with this idea of putting up a big skyscraper with lots of "delux" apartments for the nice people . . . the people with the money. . . . Nobody paid any attention to us and they brought big machines to knock down everything,

Radrigán is describing the effects, also called "social cost," of the regime's economic model as applied by its U.S. advisors from Chicago. In The Guest, Sara also refers, although less metaphorically, to the impact of the "economic miracle" of General Pinochet upon the Chilean working-class people. Isabel regularly goes to the farmers' market to fight at the garbage piles with many others over the least spoilt fruits and vegetables, as she may also become the occasional helper of a maid at a rich people's party in exchange for leftovers. In Fait Accompli Marta and Emilio have only some weak tea

and a piece of stale bread in the open air; he has also lost his job and can no longer afford a room in which to live. A third character in the same play, Miguel, has practically sold himself out, conscience and all, to a factory owner and speculator. In order to survive, he has made his own folks his enemies and he even kills one to protect the interests of his boss. The social cost that the people have to pay under the dictatorship is so high that basic survival is becoming the real miracle. Not without reason does Isabel address God himself in her own picaresque, well-intentioned way:

> If I was God's wife, I would tell him: "Say, old man, you that handle this business of the miracles, open the eyes of the people down there. They are doing a lot of crazy things with the life you gave them. . . . You see, they handed out the laughter and the money to some, but the others only got the silence and the kicks in their asses. I know that you do not want to have any dealings with them, that you want them to learn by themselves, but they don't learn, you know that. . . . You cannot stay idle up there. . . . If you want them to follow your steps, how come you make them eat garbage and sleep in the parks? You are asking a bit too much, don't you think God? And you are also asking too much from the rich people: they cannot think of you because they are too busy travelling and eating. . . . The problem is a serious one, old man. If you don't produce a miracle soon enough, soon enough, I'm telling you, you and I are going to be more lonely than loneliness itself. . . . And on top of it, they killed his son. . . . Wake up, wake up,

> old man, we are starving down here." (Laughs) The things that one says when there is no one to talk to!

Like all Latin American countries, Chile is by and large a Catholic one. Radrigán is using, then, a well-known background that can avail itself very accurately for an effective message. The Catholic Church has taken a rather progressive attitude in Chile under the military regime; at least, it has taken the lead in relation to human rights. Large numbers of laid-off workers and their families receive food supplies and clothes as charitable donations. At times it also provides the unemployed with minor jobs which help them survive with more dignity. The fact that Isabel speaks this way to God is a reflection of popular thinking and mannerisms. Poverty is still thought of as a design of God to test people's faith and goodness. Isabel is concerned about how much longer it will be until the people start doubting, if they haven't already done so, because, after all, they cannot afford to continue surviving on just possibilities of a better life. No wonder Isabel, who has been playing a real wife, asks God, her almighty husband, to "produce a miracle soon enough," like the proletarian wife would ask her husband to bring bread and milk for their children; that, otherwise, He will also become extremely lonely and deserted by everyone. She urges her lord to wake up because people are starving to

death. At one point, she says that "on top of it all, they killed His son." Who is this son? Jesus Christ? The humble labourer who had started to hope? Or would it be a more abstract one, like freedom, justice, love? Who was or were the killers of this creature? Who is taking people's lives in this country that once was free? Many questions that a metaphor can suggest. Nobody knows, though, if she will ever get a response. That has been left dangling like a bird flying against the wind.

Isabel is isolated as everybody else is alienated from each other. The atmosphere is one of profound sadness, just as if they were all mourning the death of a loved one. Everybody seems to be asking, but nobody has an answer.

> I haven't seen him. They took him to one place and then to another one. I have asked but nobody tells anything. (To audience): I wonder where he is. I wonder where he is. (Saddened) Nobody knows where the people are. . . . What's the matter with everybody? They all look like dead.

There is no need to split hairs in interpreting Isabel's quest. There is an enormous fear, which is gradually being challenged, that has made the people distrust each other. There are far too many informers around: impoverishment and exploitation do not only produce plagues like malnutrition, poor health, illiteracy, delinquency, infantile prostitution, parasites and filth, but also traitors. On

the other hand, it is no mystery that people disappear overnight without reason, and that the government has decided to do away with certain citizens.[1] There is also a suggestion that Radrigán has already hinted at about the apathy and conformity of many.

This is what she does everyday: go out, walk around, look for food, ask questions, remember, forget, hope. A cigarette that she has treasured and that she lights in order to continue talking to the garbage can bears a trademark, "Liberty," a reference which does not call for comments of any kind. We know that Isabel is not free, that she is confined to her pathetic self in her rundown room and everywhere she goes. She obtains no answer whenever she tries to talk with someone:

> When I finished explaining this to the old man, he turned around very mad. . . . He looked at me with his big, crazy eyes, and told me . . . "I'm not talking to you. I'm talking to myself." Talking alone! All by himself! Can you imagine?

And she continues addressing the garbage can. "Didn't I tell you that people are turning crazy every day, little by little?" And then she adds:

> Nobody wants to realize. . . . Like in everything, if there is no cure for this illness, we are all going to end up looking into the empty space (<u>to audience</u>) and we are going to say: How could we have allowed this to happen? How could we?

What is the meaning of this vague question? It may be too late now to ask this question after so many years of dictatorship, and yet one might think that the playwright has done so in order to produce some positive reactions as to what can be done today. As in his metaphors, he is not calling for immediate action, for subversion: he is just making people react. The fact that they have become alienated from each other, as he believes, that they have been held incommunicado in their own individual or family cells within the larger prison that their entire country has become, does not necessarily mean that everything is lost. There must be some hope somewhere; if the audience understands, Radrigán would like to believe, then, there will be hope.

Standing all by herself, Isabel has swiftly withdrawn into herself due to the events of her life. "There is nothing left now. . . . Only silence . . . and darkness." Radrigán does not seem satisfied with his rather keen handling of metaphors, powerful as they may sound, for he wants even more. He wants everyone to respond to the closing appeal made so dramatically by Isabel: "Please, speak to me. Speak to me, please."

Fait Accompli

This story takes place in an empty lot in the outskirts of a city. There is a pervading bleakness surrounding everything. A makeshift clothes-line set up for a blouse, a skirt, a sweater, and a pair of stockings only adds to this desolation but, at the same time, leads us to the characters of the play, who will in turn fill this raw space with life. Emilio, an unemployed worker, has saved Marta from drowning in the river the previous night. They didn't know each other, so most of the plot will be devoted to getting to know each other the best they can. They are very different and yet they share a basic sense of solidarity that seems to be a common occurrence among the dispossessed of the world. A third character, Aurelio, a rather deranged person, shows up for a few minutes, playing a part which is in some ways reminiscent of García Marquez' magical realism. He is dressed in rags and has strings of empty food cans hanging all over his body; he bangs them so as to know what they will foretell through their noise. Miguel, also a working-class person, is a kind of catalyst; he will precipitate the events without being totally consumed in the process. The spot where all the dramatic action takes place is part of a piece of land that belongs to Miguel's boss, an individual constantly referred to whom not even his employee has ever met. But

he is powerful enough to create the incident that will bring the story to an end, not before its characters in their interaction have shown, in a metaphorical way, their views on reality. Marta and Emilio are not supposed to even stop over at his place, which is barren and boundless like the moon's surface, because, as Miguel explains to them, this is "private property," and he has the responsibility of keeping it clear from trespassers. To some extent, he is a kind of turncoat, obliged to act in a role similar to that of an informer. It is no paradox to realize that the owner of this vacant lot does not really need it for any special purpose in the immediate future, so Miguel's argument for evicting them becomes even more grotesquely tenuous. However, a conflict of such an absurd nature is unlikely to take shape if there is no clash of wills or a solid configuration of strong disagreement. After all, Miguel is only demanding that they move out just a little further on across the invisible line that supposedly separates this property from the next one. What actually triggers the conflict is something apparently less tangible. The opposing forces, represented by Emilio and Miguel, who are not expected to antagonize from a class point of view, will come to a final confrontation over the question of personal pride and dignity.

In organizing his materials to tackle this theme, Radrigán has created characters whom he knows very well.

They all belong to the same socio-economic background, and they are pushed by different external motivations and under similar tragic circumstances. Let us first see who these people are and in doing so we shall get to know how they have been affected by the new political conditions prevailing in the country.

At first one could think that Marta has tried to commit suicide by jumping into the water, but there is also a lingering doubt pointing at the possibility of an accident. Soon we learn that neither supposition is correct, because, in fact, she was thrown into the river by two sinister individuals who had just kidnapped a man and were carrying him in a bag after assaulting him. She is still afraid of opening up her mouth to complete her story, but she now trusts Emilio so she tells him that she was wandering about that place when she saw this crime and that these men had dragged her into a car and driven her to the river. They needed to get rid of her because she was a witness to what they were doing to this man who was still alive on the floor of their car. The victim is not likely to see a new day. He will become one more disappeared person. That is the way it is. Marta, in her political naiveté, does not realize what Emilio sees as the real implication of this event. She is not so scared any longer because Emilio impresses her as a good man, and this gives her a certain sense of security. "Nobody had

done anything for me. People always avoid you. . . . And you, you looked after me and my wet clothes. . . . Thanks." However shaken she may be, she still likes life, "but unfortunately, life doesn't like me. It hates me!" She feels that way because she has been left alone by everybody, including Mario, her lover. It seems that her fate is to go on living, so she complies with it by showing a certain joyful optimism in her behaviour. Conversely, Emilio is more thoughtful and realistic. "Life likes me but I don't like it," and he also believes that they are not in the middle of life, but "just by the side of it." There is an attitude of disillusionment in him, perhaps a sense of loss now that the people's participation is no longer needed. Perhaps also his sadness over the loss of his family. His wife and their children left him, which appears to be a common situation among the poor, the unemployed. Emilio seems to believe now that "things are so strange when there is nothing to live for. . . . There is nothing, either, to die for." He is bitter and sounds defeated: "And also this other thing: if we bother them so much, it's up to them to finish what they started." He doesn't name "them," but we all know that this is again a reference to the military rulers of his country. Most likely, it implies the killing of many workers like himself who dared to challenge the legitimacy of a self-imposed government. He is now unemployed and reduced

to poverty.

> Marta: Where do you live?
> Emilio: Where they permit me. . . .
> Marta: Where were you before all this happened?
> Emilio: I thought I was a person.

When was he in a position to think that he was a person? By now the reader of Radrigán's plays does not have to make too much of an effort to understand what he is actually saying, for to be a person, metaphorically, means that there is a sense of participation in everyone, that there is hope because you are creating it. If one follows the metaphor, it means that you are not persecuted, that you have a steady job, and that the workers are still a united and happy family. Emilio's tendency to brood over existence does not prevent him from making witty comments that are quite hilarious, which makes his character much more human and rich:

> Marta: How did you manage to get me here so far from the river?
> Emilio: I carried you on my shoulders.
> Marta: Did I have all my clothes on?
> Emilio: Of course. You didn't bring them in a suitcase. I removed them. If I saved you from drowning, I wouldn't let you die from pneumonia. . . . Put them on. . . .
> Marta I haven't got a house. Ever since Mario left me, I've been by myself.
> Emilio: Is that why you wanted to wash your clothes with you inside?

Aurelio, this strange man who carries around, attached to his body, his empty food cans, approaches them

very directly:

> Aurelio (abruptly): What are you doing here?
> Marta: Here? (Shrugs) Nothing, naturally.
> Aurelio: How did you get here?
> Emilio: She came swimming and I came more or less from where you got here. Why?

Emilio uses an oblique language which only suggests in a rather hilarious way. When Marta asks Aurelio if he is a fortune-teller, he answers using concrete words that somehow bring forth a quaint image because he speaks in a surrealist way, as if he had transcended life itself. "There is no fortune, madam. There are men, rivers, stars, flowers, winds, knives. . . . Everything has a name and a destiny." When Emilio tells him that he is raving a bit, Aurelio shakes his cans, listens and looks at them with much compassion:

> Everything you have left can go into one fist or into one cry. . . . Empty cans and a cry rattle inside you. . . . They remain there, they are part of you. . . . The old dream of the quiet place, the internal river that cannot flood the world remains there and it becomes part of you.

Marta says, "I don't understand anything!" but Emilio seems to find some sense in Aurelio's poetry as he goes on: "The water. . . . The broken bones against the sky. . . . The black waters of death. The night is coming. . . . I must be leaving." Now he wants Merrybell, as he has just named

him, to tell them about the signals that he has read in the sound of his empty cans, and Aurelio, overwhelmed, like Beckett's Lucky, starts his monologue about life and death, which is similar to the foreshadowing wails of Greek tragedy:

> This man is reaching the stature of death. . . . The winds of injustice are blowing again. . . . Until when? Why? They rattle and rattle. What are they looking for? Until when? Where are the wheat and the bread? What happened to the cosmic bliss of having a child? Was the sweat that sweated all in vain? So much death, so much nothingness! . . . I will never again enter our city. . . . I will never be able to reenter our city. . . . She is coming all dressed up in white and with smiles on her lips. Death comes smiling. Naturally, what falls is reborn, purified. God, at last you have made up your mind to conserve the dignity of man. Is it death? It is just here. . . . I've got to go and see. Yes, I've got to go and see!

What he says and the way he says it make his lines full of suggestive power, full of premonitions and nightmarish hopes. When he acknowledges God's will to protect the dignity of man, he wants to make sure and goes out to search for the final truth. Waiting has been so long and reality so harsh that Aurelio is drawn into an eerie world to witness the freedom of man. An irony that bears political overtones and that only a man like Aurelio can afford to convey through Radrigán's dramaturgy. That, we believe, is Aurelio's significance in Fait Accompli.

In order of appearance, Miguel comes next. He is fortunate to be still employed, although he has got to do two jobs for one miserable wage. On might think that he still has a third job, a hard one, perhaps more strenuous than the other two because it consists of forgetting about his dignity, which is nothing but the acceptance of the loss of his identity as a man. No wonder he will feel so uncomfortable in the presence of Marta and Emilio, especially the latter who, as he eventually learns, is capable of fighting for his principles to the finish. The fact that he has not lost his job yet makes Miguel act in a way which is arrogant and humiliating, particularly on account of the power that it represents. After all, a large percentage of the working population is suffering the evils of unemployment.[1] So Miguel is privileged and is placed in such a position that his own stability depends on how zealously he regards his duties. Furthermore, the nature of his contract is so binding in relation to loyalty that he exceeds the operational margin that he has been allowed by blindly going out of his way to protect his boss's interests. That is precisely why Miguel has been watching every move of

---

[1] According to figures reached by the Academia d Humanismo Cristiano de Chile (Academy of Christian Humanism of Chile), from Santiago, and quoted in Cauce, 8-14 October 1985, p. 35, the unemployment rate in the capital city amounts to 25%. This, the report adds, does not include young people for whom the unemployment rate fluctuates between 58% and 70%.

Marta and Emilio for a long time before approaching them to ask them to move out of the premises. Emilio dislikes him from the beginning: "I don't like people who carry weapons, nor those who arrive uninvited." Variations on the same theme? Would Miguel stand for the soldiers who carry out orders to persecute, imprison, and kill their own people if they deem it necessary? Who are the ones who have arrived uninvited? Radrigán has already suggested a very plausible answer in his play The Guest, when writing, "They always end up bringing violence along." Marta tends to act as a mediator and tells Emilio that he cannot challenge everybody, to which he answers:

> I don't challenge anybody. It didn't depend on me that somebody loved me, nor that they gave me work or a place to live; but it does depend on me not to let anyone violate my rights.

That is the man whom Miguel, soldier, turncoat, opportunist, victim, will have to confront in the end. Yes, because he is, as it can be easily appreciated, a victim of a system that has neglected the large majorities altogether. He is not happy. On the contrary: he is constantly harrassed by ideas of uncertainty and instability, by his own fears and, what is worse, by those terrible pangs of guilt and remorse over the past that he no longer knows who his enemies are, that he no longer knows where he belongs because there is no more love or solidarity in his life.

The situation in which Miguel is presented seems to be an extreme one and yet it has become rather recurrent today. In the fulfillment of his duties he has to protect the private property of his boss, which, translated into one specific reality, is only an empty piece of land that will eventually become marketable on account of the economic model that favours speculation and monopoly. But the fact that a couple has stopped to rest for a while and light a fire to have some tea will not in the least become an inconvenience for any financial enterprises related to this property. So Miguel, in his lamentable confusion, is arguing for the principle of private ownership and is acting as a watchdog for the powerful. Emilio sees things differently, in a more consistent way: "The truth is that we didn't know that the world was private property, that's why we were born. If somebody had taken the trouble of warning us . . ." His own convictions have made him infinitely stronger, and this is an important point that Radrigán intends to make. Because Miguel's contradictions are so flagrant that unless he realizes things otherwise, which seems unlikely, they will continue to corrode his life until he is totally destroyed.

Another character who is only referred to is Miguel's wife, who is very sick and about to die. When Miguel lets himself go for a little while and accepts to have tea with Marta and Emilio, he speaks about her by showing an

evolution of his feelings from the very compassionate to the harshest. He feels that his wife has become a little too oppressive for his life. However, she is a handy excuse for justifying his boss as a generous person, because he has promised Miguel that as soon as both of them complete a certain amount of work, the boss will include Miguel's wife in a social security program that will eventually enable her to be admitted in a hospital. He has finally "understood" that profit comes first. A metaphoric reminder of Pinochet's Chicago miracle.

There are two abstract elements used by Radrigán in this play that reveal a dramatic fragment of the Chilean reality under Pinochet: the constant movement in the background, not far from the "home" of Marta and Emilio, of hundreds of men and women, young and old, who come from nowhere and are going nowhere, without talking, without laughing, without gesturing, as if they were dead.

> Marta: Who are they?
> Emilio: They may be anything, but whatever or whoever they are, they know their way, they have chosen that road, and some day, by marching and marching, they will have to get somewhere. Perhaps that's the way it should be; perhaps there is no other goal than the one that you can set for yourself.
> Marta: But they don't pay attention to anybody.
> Emilio: I like them. I'm beginning to like them.

Who are these people marching towards eternity? What does

this ghostly procession represent in the dramatist's metaphor?

> Emilio: They don't ask.
> Marta: They keep walking.
> Emilio: I like them.
> Marta: They scare me. They scare me and they make me sad, too. They look lonely, tired.
> Miguel: They don't frighten me. . . . And I don't get sad, either. They are like a threat, they make me lose my temper. He doesn't like them either.
> Emilio: Who?
> Miguel: My boss.

From the very beginning of the play there are references to these specters:

> Emilio: No, I don't know who they are, either. Where they are going. . . .
> Marta: I don't like it. I am scared. Something bad may have happened.
> Emilio: You don't know what happened? . . . They don't look scared.
> Marta: They don't look happy, either.
> Emilio: Don't ask for the impossible. If anyone was happy around her, they would arrest him on charges of insanity.

The curiosity of the audience is duly aroused and the playwright allows himself to leave the abode of his impressive metaphor to enter his down-to-earth comment on the naked reality of a country subjected to tyrany. And he does this repeatedly:

> Emilio: I asked one of them where they are going at this very moment, but he just went on. That is, he looked at me as if I was really stupid or as if I was just pretending to be.

Through this sustained metaphor, Radrigán presents his truth about Chile, the Philippines, the Republic of South Africa, Haiti, and all the countries that are ruled by repressive governments, where freedom is still only a dream of the people. Emilio says, "Perhaps they got tired of running and of getting frightened." Who are they? "Corpses? Unemployed workers? Homeless creatures?" Emilio wonders. Whoever they are, they seem to symbolize all the missing ones, dead or alive. This constant stream permeating everything will stop and reach its destination only when the people in the theatre come to understand who they really are.

The next element that is intermittently perceived against an almost mute background is the alarm of the sirens -- police-cruisers, fire-trucks, and ambulances. Radrigán uses this noisy background as a reminder of the frightening atmosphere of violence and repression that has spread out all over his country.

This study of characters and atmospheres has provided us with a very effective picture of the reality presented in all of Radrigán's plays, particularly in the specific ones that we have discussed for this paper. Fait Accompli, however, still has much potential to add to this picture. This statement does not necessarily imply that the first three plays that were reviewed in the presentation lacked more suggestions of a substantial nature; on

the contrary. While being metaphors of ample resonance, they offer a more concise thematic delimitation. Fait Accompli, on the other hand, while treating a very specific theme, that of man's dignity, touches on a variety of pertinent subthemes that cannot be overlooked in a study of this nature. Its protagonist, for example, goes through an evolution ranging from an almost cynical sense of failure and defeat to a decisive sense of resistance. This change is made manifest through several interventions that show his noble nature and his constant questioning of a reality that he cannot accept.

> Emilio: At the beginning we were all equal . . . and we were heading in the same direction.
> Miguel: What direction?
> Emilio: I don't know. We are a fait accompli, we didn't have anything to do with ourselves. We were cheated and they told us: "You are here, go there. . . ." But they didn't tell us why they had created us, either. They told us what we had to do there where they sent us, which we didn't know. . . . The only sure thing that there was was that we had to die.

While Marta and Miguel, his audience for these thoughts, keep wondering if he is a little out of his mind, Emilio continues thinking aloud:

> It's clearer every day. It's easy to die, we are made for that. But it's mighty difficult to be born because you are not born when you come out of your mother's womb: you are born when you are capable of living. . . . And if you want to live, you have to break through the barriers of the world.

In other words, the underlying idea of this "fait accompli," as he sees it, should be totally rejected and this, of course, can be achieved through an active exposure to reality and a confirmed decision to learn how to be capable of living. This implies much courage for it all depends on you. No wonder Juan Radrigán, the dramatist, stands almost by himself in his attempt to do a different kind of theatre from that presented by several other groups and individuals, most of which is distinctly based on humorous charades about current politics. To all appearances, Radrigán has drawn this character as his personal spokesman and makes him speak his mind whenever he sees fit to make a point on any issue of interest to him. One example is when Emilio says, "The only bread that placates all hungers is justice . . . and it's really hard to find."

There is no need for metaphor here: his heart is hurting too much. Emilio, as we have seen, is different from the others. Perhaps it was the apparition of the Merrybell-man that inspired him to express himself with so much sarcasm.

> Marta: Yeah. Things are the same all over. Why do they persecute us?
> Emilio: Because they are building a better world.
> Marta: For whom?
> Emilio: For us, of course.

This humour tends to disappear towards the end in spite of

the fact that he is less somber and less skeptical now. What constitutes the spinal cord of this play is Emilio's concern about dignity:

> You can be kicked; your door can be knocked down, and you can go on breathing. But if they knock down the door of your dignity, you cannot go on breathing, you become an entity or even worse, you become a human leftover. . . . Dignity can save you from becoming a beast. . . . And whatever the cost may be, that's the only important thing.

Miguel is by now ready to unleash the beast that he has been made to be. Emilio is no longer hesitant, he knows that man is fully born when he is capable of living. And this should not, or course, be taken literally, as we have already learnt. In practically all of his plays, Radrigán makes very pointed references to God and man's beliefs. In Isabel Exiled into Isabel he makes the protagonist create a hypothetical situation in which she plays God's wife, a very down-to-earth, nagging wife. In a well-intentioned monologue, she scolds her "husband," and urges Him to do something about "the gifts that he has handed out to men down there." In Fait Accompli, Emilio also uses this kind of reference while talking with Miguel:

> Emilio: Persecuted and yet with no enemies. We are all insane. . . . People missing, lost somewhere between heaven and earth! Hunger! Loneliness! Fear! Do you know

what I would tell God if I bumped into him? I would just tell him: "Say, pal, don't do to anyone what you would not like that they do to you." Just that!

Miguel: You are full of resentment! You don't believe in anything.

Emilio: You are wrong! I believe that one has to believe in something, man. The bad luck is that there is nothing to believe in!

Emilio is mad at God, but he believes in him. It's only that God has forgotten the ones who need his protection the most, people like themselves. When he says that there is nothing to believe in, he is somehow contradicting himself, which makes him still more believable as a human being. "One needs to believe in something," he stresses, because he believed in a political project that would liberate everybody. He was happy believing in that, and he worked a lot to attain it. He is now frustrated and upset by what is happening. He doesn't seem to know that there are many others who are also mad and that, in spite of it, are organizing themselves to end their servitude. He has withdrawn from the world, from the struggle and he is now fighting his own spiritual unrest. He wants to know the sacrosanct truth, the truth that the Merrybell-man has found in his ravings through the sound of his empty food cans. In his rather metaphysical musings, Emilio continues fumbling for an answer to his terrible sense of defeat. His entire existence has reached tragic dimensions, and his progression as a character runs parallel

to his desperate search. They will perhaps meet at a certain point, the most meaningful point reached by him in his entire life. There will be a fraction of an instant for that luminous reconciliation between both.

While Miguel sputters out all sorts of lame excuses to justify his bondage, Emilio's ongoing search brings him ever increasing clarity. He has now made up his mind about Miguel's entreaties to move out of the private property of his boss. His renewed beliefs have become beautiful again and he no longer feels defeated.

> I've had to say yes far too many times. I've had to say "yes" even when I've wanted to say "no." It's been too many times that I've had to choose to be nobody. No, my friend. . . . I am not moving from here.

CONCLUSION

The playwright's impulse and natural gifts will not be enough under repressive conditions to accomplish his major task of gaining a much-needed space for dissident action. He will have to reinforce his creative powers by utilizing the most sophisticated techniques to implement his artistic expression. He is aware that the transmission of libertarian ideas implies risks similar to or worse than being caught in possession of what police language describes as dangerous weapons in a country where law and order constitute the only philosophy of its rulers. In consequence, the dramatist knows that an overtly political, pamphlet-like statement will be of no use. Artists would rather drop any idea of the sort; they feel much more comfortable handling the inner layers of their creations. Thus, he will find himself resorting to metaphoric solutions in his urge to reach the people and tell them the truth that has been taken away by the government. In doing so, the dramatist enhances the semantic relevance of his message. He will have to deploy his stylistic tools with that extra care that some authors refer to as "a strenuous and even dangerous manipulation of the mind."[1] This is the hardest part of his labour,

---

[1]Danilo Kis, "Censorship and Self-Censorship," The

but it has been his own decision, a responsibility that he cannot avoid. Self-censorship can be painful and humiliating because the writer has a self-appointed censor who is his double, "a double who leans over his shoulder and interferes with the text in statu nascendi, keeping him from making any ideological misstep."[1] By the same token, it can also become an exciting challenge for the artist whose commitment is political as well as aesthetic. It is true that censorship is a most disgraceful imposition, and yet the first battle to be fought is not to try to dismantle it but to find ways to circumvent it and gain first a political space from which other liberating strategies may develop later on.

This appears to be the stand taken by most of the playwrights mentioned and particularly the ones discussed in this study. Their use of the "small-print" style has enabled them to say as much as possible in spite of official restrictions. For them it has been an act of solidarity, a call for action, a voice of encouragement. Sartre in Nazi-occupied France, Fugard in white-supremacist South Africa, and Radrigán in privatized Chile all found themselves confronted with their urge as men and

---

New York Times Book Review, 3 November 1985, p. 39.

[1]Ibid.

as artists to do something about the evils of oppression. They knew that the time had come for them to act and attempt to get their message across. Their suggestive style became even more powerful through the participation of directors who developed concepts that would function accordingly. So, in the case of Sartre's The Flies, Charles Dullin, its director and producer, followed his own theatrical intuition to bring forth austerity in the play's setting and create what he called the totalité vivante, which came out of playing the situations and not the words. In spite of his excellent production, which stressed the tragic element, the play saw no more than fifty performances, but Sartre had gained a valuable experience for future works. The Flies, though, became one of the first dramatic works done with a political purpose in response to an urgent need to communicate with the people of France and give them a message of freedom. In spite of the minutely coordinated machine of repression that the Nazis and their local collaborators had assembled, Sartre managed to conceal his ideas and pass them on to his compatriots. It was up to them now to react and get rid of their neutralizing apathy and guilty feelings. Someone in the theatre would hopefully understand the message and feel the need to act upon it.

Again, in an indirect style, Fugard also sent out his message. He managed to address himself to the

"stultifying reality of South Africa today," because he wanted to remove at least "some of the ignominy of oblivion." Although at one point he practiced a "poor theatre," which was meant to give acting all the priority over other aspects of the production, as it happened with The Island, very soon he opted for a more comprehensive realistic approach in his later plays. The Island, precisely, meant for its author a "powerful act of insurrection," and this he achieved by using his own natural metaphors and the ones contrived for the censors and the oppressed ones. But, in verbalizing his outrage over the flagrant injustice of the Apartheid system, he has been able to also reach a variety of individuals in many corners of the world.

The Chilean playwright, Juan Radrigán, has not gained the resonance that his South African colleague enjoys because he comes from a remote country in the Third World and he writes in the Spanish language. The fact that I chose to devote a significant number of pages to his work may be taken as an attempt to introduce Radrigán to North American readers and audiences. He deserves much attention, not only because he has become a theatrical phenomenon in his own country, in spite of a most severe repression imposed by its armed forces, but because his works have made him the best and most prolific playwright in the Spanish-speaking world today. He started writing in

1979 at the age of forty-one. He felt the compulsion to do so as a response to what the military have been doing in Chile since 1973. He says that he is not seeking the revolution of the masses. "I hate rock-slinging. What I want is that everyone become restless and that everyone do some thinking."[1] His theatre is realistic and perhaps the poorest of all not only because the settings have to reflect the reality of social marginals, but also, and sadly, because he doesn't have the money for rent, salaries, advertising, and so forth. He has his own company, "El Telón," and its members are like a family. His reaction to the occupation of Chile by its own armed forces has taken the form of a defense of man's dignity. This has become his constant theme.

> To exist involves a kind of pride, a mystery about having something. . . . The fact that we exist allows us to have certain rights on this earth, starting by the right to occupy a space. That is dignity. To realize that.[2]

Human rights are no longer protected by the law in his country. The majority of the population has been

---

[1]Rosario Guzmán, "Si hubiera estudiado, sería analítico y demagogo," (If I had studied, I would be analytical and a demagogue), El Mercurio (Santiago, Chile), 24 December 1982, p. 6.

[2]Ibid.

brutally affected by official repression. Everyone of his characters has become a metaphoric representation of his or her reality. Marta in Fait Accompli starts believing that the empty lot, where they have lit a fire to dry up her clothes after she was saved from drowning by Emilio and to drink some hot tea, will be their home. The only problem is that this is private property. She realizes this during the argument that they have with Miguel, the landlord's watchman. Emilio goes a bit further and decides to be more literal and occupy this space because he believes more than ever that it is his right to do so. Miguel lacks the moral courage to understand this because of his own confusion, one that evolves very rapidly into a criminal obfuscation. This is one example of Radrigán's own convictions.

Without realizing it, Radrigán uses a very similar setting to that used by Fugard in his plays on repression in South Africa, especially in The Island, which in itself is a prison within a prison, desolate and remote. In Fait Accompli one cannot expect a brighter environment. The couple's home has become unbearable and suffocating in The Guest. There are no flowers in it anymore. Their happiness has been taken away by the unwanted guest. Pato García in For No Apparent Reason has returned to the oppressive surroundings that once were livelier. The spot that Isabel has chosen for her act cannot be more ghastly

and solitary: there is only a garbage can for her to talk to and, in the background, the muffled sound of the distant city. It is as if all these characters were talking by themselves or with each other within the confines of prison walls.

The use of dark, unattractive colours might be a misleading sign to many, particularly to those who in considerable numbers expect a certain variety from the visual point of view. Perhaps Radrigán is only trying to emphasize a reality that cannot be disguised through the use of a whole battery of technical effects to provide it with nicer sounds and colours. Besides, it is important to bear in mind that Radrigán's plays from a dramatic and theatrical point of view place much of their importance on the words, for they have been written by a poet-playwright. The "living totality" that Dullin created out of playing the situations and not the words in Sartre's The Flies, in Radrigán's works will come out of playing the words. The literary factor will prevail and good acting will take care of the rest; that seems to be Radrigán's demand from his troupes.

Through the bitterness of his characters who appear to have been too roughed-up by the relentless reality of political and economic repression, Radrigán's own frustrations demand more action and less discussion from everyone. In this sense, he may sound a bit too moralistic

precisely because of his insistence on recuperating individual dignity, or at least a sense of it, and act promptly to also recuperate everybody's freedom. All his characters are one way or another victims of the Chilean dictatorship of General Pinochet, and yet he has managed to delineate them within the context of their day-to-day problems through the semantic veil of poetry.

Sara in The Guest has lost her confidence and has practically forgotten all the goodness that the past implies, while Pedro, who has been struggling not to give up, hesitantly conforms to their pathetic reality. Pato García in For No Apparent Reason shows that he has learnt, although rather late, that love and respect are possible. He is confused about the new reality and only acts by intuition, which to Radrigán is a gross misconception of personal dignity. Isabel, ostracized by everybody everywhere, haggard and careworn, will die one night of loneliness and nostalgia. Marta, to whom the Merrybell-man has assured a long life, will remain unchanged, only asking herself what "they" have done to us. Her concern about being seen naked is perhaps her only expression of dignity. She does not seem capable, though, of living the way Emilio has told her. Miguel can no longer afford to think of dignity; he is motivated by fear and ignorance. The little power bestowed on him has made him act with total arrogance and brutality. The Merrybell-man, Aurelio,

is like a half-living extension of the eternal marchers and will either join them definitely or roam about as a constant reminder of a lost freedom. Emilio has done what Pedro didn't dare to do: he has achieved the state of no longer feeling defeated. That is his victory -- and Radrigán's.

Radrigán has also objected to the idea that he has resorted to self-censorship like other theatre creators who take pains to refrain from falling into any overt references to the military authorities by creating secret codes under a coat of good, healthy humour. However, in an entirely epistolary conversation with me he speaks of his characters "always standing in front of the blind face of nothingness, with their hourless watch and their morning kept in a bag."[1] The poet is everywhere in his life. It's his raw material which will take in his plays a paradoxically metaphoric sharper shape. The occasional literalness of certain situations in his dramas seem to come out of his anger at having to comply with a humiliating self-censorship, but very soon he returns to his poetic sources and his carefully-contrived metaphors. The guest who has taken over the once happy home is still there. He does not want to move out either by reason or by force. "Will someone

---

[1]Juan Radrigán, personal letter, 27 May 1984.

tell us what you did to get used to him?" asks Radrigán in a metaphoric way.

The experience of Sartre and Fugard reinforces the idea that somehow the artist is above the common man, for he has accepted his human condition with special propriety and, consequently, he takes up responsibilities that very few others can carry out. This was the case with Sartre during those dreadful years after the defeat of the French by the Nazi troups: there was a kind of an intellectual numbness and everything appeared to have stopped, except for the predicted opportunists seeking positions near the victors. Sartre could not wait any longer. He felt that he had to do something promptly. The effects of Nazi and Vichy fear-mongering had been devastating for the French people's morale. The flies that had invaded the kingdom had to be brushed off. Fugard, on the other hand, had grown up within the Apartheid environment. He had been exposed to a systematic education that had conditioned every white youngster into blind racism. When he started realizing the monstrous reality of Apartheid, he made up his mind and chose to put his literary avocation to work, developing it around this great cause of freedom in South Africa. Not without reason, Fugard has become one of the greatest playwrights in the English language today.

As for Radrigán, he also decided to make of theatre his own act of insurrection. Someone, somewhere, had told

him that theatre was the only form of expression that had been spared from censorship, which has proven itself ambiguously true to fact, and he began writing plays about the harsh reality imposed upon the people of Chile. He says that he was lucky to have "gathered courage" to take his first play to a director that he had been referred to. Ever since, he has not stopped writing and having his plays produced and performed by his own group. They have shown their work throughout Chile and they have been invited to several countries in Latin America and Europe. Six of his plays have been done in Montreal. An interesting point is that, unlike Sartre's The Flies or his other plays, unlike Fugard's plays or those written by critical playwrights in Chile, Radrigán's works are shown in slum districts, shantytowns, schools, and wherever a rundown theatre is made available to them. Also, that Radrigán, unlike his contemporaries in Santiago, has not indulged in accepting television contracts that would eventually make him write plays to order. This medium is run by the government and many talented dramatists and actors critical of Pinochet have somehow compromised their ideals to write or play in incredibly popular soap-operas. Radrigán says that he does not want to take any part in furthering people's alienation. His plays are favorably reviewed by the official media for their poetic quality, but, although hard to believe, the reviews say nothing of the reality

that his plays suggest.

Finally, it should be stated that the conditions of repression in Sartre's France, Fugard's South Africa, and Radrigán's Chile appear very similar since in the three cases there is a totalitarian ideology that prevails through practices based on injustice and exploitation of the majority. None of these regimes has brought social improvement, including economic well-being and political participation. These regimes function in terms of absolute power, thus imposing policies by the force of arms. Their central motivation is racial and economic supremacy in the first two instances and, in the case of Chile, that of securing for a dictator all the political and economic power that he needs to provide foreign enterprises the facilities to exploit the country's natural resources at the lowest cost and with maximum profit. The ideology proclaimed by its ruler is nothing but a grotesque mixture of capitalism, national socialism, local nationalism, and democracy, all combined in a formula which is called anti-communism, formula that is very popular among such individuals as President Marcos, President Duvalier, President Stroessner, and many army generals in underdeveloped countries. They all imply repression because they are basically unjust; they couldn't care less about the social cost of their ambitions. That can be dealt with, as it happened in Sartre's Nazi-occupied France, or as it happens today in

South Africa and Chile, or as it also happens in the Philippines, Haiti, Paraguay, etc., by fear-mongering, arrests, torture, rapes, hunger, misery, disappearance of persons, massacres, and the like. In the three cases that we have studied, the curfews of the mind and of the body become the complementary weapons of their rulers.

Sartre, Fugard and Radrigán also share literary qualities. The three of them became playwrights under the force of political circumstances; they also use the metaphoric style. Everything in their plays is a double entendre, their characters standing for someone else, their perceptions, their dialogue, their situations and the setting around which they unfold their lives. By using extended metaphors in The Flies, The Island, and The Guest, for example, or incidental ones, as in all the plays that have been discussed in this work, they have made a considerable contribution to the creation of a new space from which the struggle for freedom will continue to take shape. In doing so, these playwrights have registered their presence in the hall of fame of world theatre.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Primary Sources

Adams, John Gibbons. Without Precedent: The Story of the Death of McCarthyism. New York: W.W. Norton, 1983.

Aeschylus. Prometheus Bound. Translated by Paul Elmer More. New York: Random House, 1938.

---------. The Orésteia. Translated by Robert Ragles. Introductory essay, notes and glossary by W.B. Stanford. New York: Bantam Books, 1977.

Aristotle. Poetics. Translated with an introduction and notes by Gerald F. Else. Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1967.

Aron, Robert. The Vichy Regime 1940-1944. In collaboration with Georgette Elegey. Boston: Beacon, 1969.

Aslan, Odette. L'Art du théâtre. Paris: Editions Seghers, 1963.

Beardsley, Monroe C. Aesthetics: Problems in the Philosophy of Criticism. New York: Hartcourt, Brace and World, 1958.

Beckett, Samuel. Waiting for Godot. New York: Grove Press, 1954.

Benavente, David. Tres Marías y una Rosa. In Teatro Chileno de la Crisis Institucional 1973-1980. Santiago, Chile: CENECA, 1982.

Biko, Steve. Black Consciousness in South Africa. Edited by Millard Arnold. New York: Random House, 1978.

----------. I Write what I Like. Edited by A. Stubbs. Nairobi: Heinemann, 1978.

Birns, Laurence, ed. The End of Chilean Democracy. New York: Seabury Press, 1974.

Blau, Herbert. The Impossible Theatre: A Manifesto. New York: Collier, 1965.

Boal, Augusto. Teatro del Oprimido 1: Teoría y Práctica. Translated from the French by François Maspero. Mexico: Editorial Nueva Imagen, 1980.

----------. Teatro del Oprimido 2: Ejercicios para Actores y no Actores. Translated from the French by Graciela Schmilchuk. Mexico: Editorial Nueva Imagen, 1980.

----------. Torquemada. In Teatro Latinoamericano de Agitación. Havana: Casa de las Américas, 1972.

Bradby, David, and Louis James and Bernard Sharratt, eds. Performance and Politics in Popular Drama. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1980.

Branch, Taylor, and Eugene M. Propper. Labyrinth. New York: The Viking Press, 1982.

Bravo-Elizondo, Pedro. El Teatro Hispanoamericano de Crítica Social. Madrid: Colección Nova Scholar, 1975.

----------. El Teatro Documental Latinoamericano. Mexico: Universidad Nacional Autónoma, 1982.

Brecht, Bertolt. Parables for the Theatre. Middlesex: Penguin Books, 1973.

----------. The Measures Taken and other Lehrstücke. Translated by Carl R. Mueller, Ralph Manheim and Wolfgang Sauerlander. London: Methuen, 1977.

----------. The Resistible Rise of Arthur Ui. Translated by Ralph Manheim. London: Eyre Methuen, 1976.

Brustein, Robert. The Theatre of Revolt. Boston: Little, Brown and Co., 1964.

----------. The Third Theatre. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1970.

Buenaventura, Enrique. El Teatro de Enrique Buenaventura. With an introduction by Carlos José Reyes. Bogota: Instituto Colombiano de Cultura, 1977.

Bunting, Brian. The Rise of the South African Reich. Middlesex: Penguin Books, 1964.

Buñuel, Luis. Mi Ultimo Suspiro: Memorias. Mexico: Plaza y Janes Editores, 1982.

Carballido, Emilio. Teatro Joven de México. México: Editores Mexicanos Unidos, 1982.

Cassidy, Sheila. Audacity to Believe. Glasgow: Collins, 1977.

Cervantes, Miguel de. La Comedia del Cerco de Numancia. In Teatro Completo, vol. I. Notes by Agustin Blanquez. Barcelona: Obras Maestras, 1966.

Chavkin, Samuel. The Murder of Chile. New York: Everest House Publishers, 1982.

Danse, Fernando. El Mapa de la Extrema Riqueza. Santiago, Chile: Editorial Aconcagua, 1979.

Debray, Régis. The Chilean Revolution: Conversations with Allende. New York: Vintage Books, 1971.

De Vega, Lope. Fuenteovejuna. In Anthology of Lope de Vega's Plays. Mexico: Editorial Porrúa, 1973.

Di Girólamo, Claudio, and ICTUS. Cuántos Años Tiene un Día? In Teatro Chileno de la Crisis Institucional 1973-1980. Santiago, Chile: CENECA, 1982.

Dinges, John, and Saul Landau. Assassination on Embassy Row. New York: Pantheon Books, 1980.

Dort, Bernard. Théâtre public: Essais de critique. Paris: Editions du Seuil, 1967.

Dullin, Charles. Ce sont les dieux qu'il nous faut: Pratique du théâtre. Paris: Gallimard, 1969.

Euripides. Trojan Women. In Ten Plays. Translated by Moses Hadas and John McLean, with an introduction by Moses Hadas. Toronto: Bantam, 1984.

Fennario, David. Balconville. Vancouver: Talonbooks, 1980.

----------. Nothing to Lose. Vancouver: Talonbooks, 1977.

----------. On the Job. Vancouver: Talonbooks, 1976.

Fo, Dario. Accidental Death of an Anarchist. Adapted by Gavin Richards. London: Pluto Press, 1980.

Freire, Paulo. Education for Political Consciousness. New York: Seabury Press, 1973.

----------. Pedagogy of the Oppressed. Translated by Myra Bergman Ramos. New York: Herder and Herder, 1970.

Friedman, Milton. Capitalism and Freedom: Problems and Prospects. Edited by Richard T. Selden. Charlottesville: University of Virginia Press, 1975.

----------. Essays in Positive Economics. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1953.

Fugard, Athol. Boesman and Lena and Other Plays. London: Oxford University Press, 1973.

----------. Master Harold and the Boys. New York: Penguin, 1984.

----------, and John Kani and Winston Ntshona. Sizwe Bansi is Dead and The Island. New York: Viking Press, 1973.

García Lorca, Federico. El Público y Comedia Sin Título. Edited with an introduction by R. Martinez Nadal and M. Lafrangue. Barcelona: Editorial Seix Barral, 1978.

Gassner, John, and Bernard F. Dukore, eds. A Treasury of the Theatre: From Ibsen to Robert Lowell, vol. 2. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1970.

Grass, Gunther. The Plebeians Rehearse the Uprising. With Introductory Address by Gunther Grass. Translated by Ralph Manheim. 1966.

Griffith, Robert. The Politics of Fear: Joseph R. McCarthy. Rochelle Park, N.J.: Hayden Books, 1970.

Harris, William H., and Judith S. Levey. The New Columbia Encyclopedia. New York: Columbia University Press, 1975.

Hauser, Thomas. The Execution of Charles Horman: An American Sacrifice. New York: Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, 1978.

Havel, Václav. The Memorandum. Translated from the Czech by Vera Blackwell and with an introduction by Tom Stoppard. New York: Grove Press, 1967.

Hermenegildo, Alfredo. La "Numancia" de Cervantes. Madrid: Sociedad Española de Librería, 1976.

Hurtado, Maria de la Luz, and Hernán Vidal and Carlos Ochsenius. Teatro Chileno de la Crisis Institucional 1973-1980. Santiago, Chile: CENECA - Universidad de Minnesota, 1982.

Innes, Duncan. Anglo-Americans and the Rise of Modern South Africa. New York: Monthly Review Press, 1984.

Johnson, Dale L. The Chilean Road to Socialism. New York: Anchor Books, 1973.

Kern, Edith, ed. Sartre: A Collection of Critical Essays. Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, 1962.

Kinsbrunner, Jay. Chile: A Historical Interpretation. New York: Harper and Row, 1973.

Labin, Suzanne. Chile: The Crime of Resistance. Richmond, Surrey: Foreign Affairs Publications, 1982.

Mandela, Nelson. No Easy Way to Freedom. Foreword by Ruth First. Nairobi: Heinemann, 1965.

----------. We Accuse. London: An African National Congress of South Africa Publication, 1965.

Mandela, Winnie. Part of my Soul. Middlesex: Penguin, 1985.

Marchetti, Victor, and John D. Marks. The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence. New York: Dell Publishing, 1975.

Margolis, Joseph, ed. Philosophy Looks at the Arts: Contemporary Readings in Aesthetics. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1962.

Marras, Sergio. Macías: Ensayo General sobre el Poder y la Gloria. Santiago, Chile: Las Ediciones del Ornitorrinco, 1984.

Meza, Gustavo. El Ultimo Tren. In Teatro Chileno de la Crisis Institucional 1973-1980. Santiago, Chile: CENECA, 1982.

Miller, Arthur. Collected Plays. New York: Viking Press, 1957.

Moodie, T. Dunbar. The Rise of Afrikanerdom. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1975.

Mooij, J.J.A. A Study of Metaphor. Amsterdam: North-Holland Publishing Co., 1976.

Moorehead, Alan. The Russian Revolution. New York: Harper and Row, 1958.

Morris, William, ed., The Heritage Illustrated Dictionary of the English Language. Boston and New York: American Heritage Publishing Co. and Haughton Mifflin Co., 1975.

Myers, Desaix B. U.S. Business in South Africa: The Economic, Political, and Moral Issues. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1980.

New York Public Library, eds. Censorship: 500 Years of Conflict. New York: New York Public Library, 1984.

Odets, Clifford. Six Plays of Clifford Odets. With an introduction by Harold Clurman. New York: Grove Press, 1979.

Oliver, Clinton F., and Stephanie Sills, eds. Contemporary Black Drama. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1971.

Osborne, John. Look Back in Anger. London: Faber and Faber, 1973.

Oshinsky, David M. A Conspiracy so Immense: The World of Joe McCarthy. New York: Free Press, 1983.

Osorio, Raúl. Los Payasos de la Esperanza. Collective Creation. Santiago, Chile: Escuela de Teatro, Universidad Católica de Chile, 1978.

Paton, Alan. The Long View. Edited by Edward Callan. London: Pall Mall Press, 1968.

Paxton, Robert O. Vichy France: Old Guard and New Order: 1940-1944. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1972.

Politzer, Patricia. Miedo en Chile. Santiago, Chile: Ediciones Chile y América, 1985.

Pomeroy, William J. Apartheid Axis: The United States of America and South Africa. New York: International Publishers, 1971.

Poster, Mark. Existential Marxism in Post-War France: From Sartre to Althusser. Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1977.

Radrigán, Juan. Hechos Consumados. A collection of four plays with a foreword by Juan Radrigán. Santiago, Chile: Ediciones Minga, 1982.

----------. Teatro de Juan Radrigán: 11 Obras. Santiago, Chile: CENECA - Universidad de Minnesota, 1984.

Richards, Caroline. Sweet Country. New York: Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, 1979.

Rubin, Leslie. This is Apartheid. With a foreword by Alan Paton. London: Victor Gollancz, 1960.

Sábato, Ernesto, ed. Nunca Más: Comisión Nacional sobre la Desaparición de Personas. Buenos Aires: Editorial Universitaria de Buenos Aires, 1984.

Sánchez, Luis Rafael. La Pasión Según Antígona Pérez. San Juan, Puerto Rico: Ediciones Lugar, 1970.

Sapir, J. David, and J. Christopher Crocker. The Social Use of Metaphor: Essay on the Anthropology of Rhetoric. Pennsylvania: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1974.

Sartre, Jean-Paul. Between Existentialism and Marxism. Translated from the French by John Mathews. London: N.L.B., 1974.

----------. L'Existentialisme est un humanisme. Paris: Nagel, 1952.

----------. Huis clos et Les mouches. Paris: Gallimard, 1974.

----------. Nausea. Translated from the French by Lloyd Alexander. New York: New Directions, 1969.

----------. The Philosophy of Existentialism. Edited with a foreword by Wade Baskin. New York: Philosophical Library, 1965.

----------. Sartre on Theatre. Translated from the French by Frank Jellinek. Documents assembled, edited, introduced, and annotated by Michel Contat and Michel Rybalka. New York: Pantheon Books, 1976.

Seidman, Ann Willcox. South Africa and U.S. Multinational Corporations. Westport, Conn.: L. Hill, 1977.

Sophocles. Antigone. In The Theban Plays. Translated by E.F. Watling. Baltimore: Penguin Books, 1964.

Soto, Juan J., ed. Discursos de Salvador Allende. Hávana: Editorial de Ciencias Sociales, 1975.

Stoppard, Tom. Every Good Boy Deserves Favour and Professional Foul. London: Faber and Faber, 1978.

Terry, Megan. Viet Rock and Three Other Plays. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1966.

Timerman, Jacobo. Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1981.

Tiongson, Lito. The Deathless Life of Juan de la Cruz. Translated and adapted for the Western Theatre by Ninotchka Rosca. New York: Ninotchka Rosca, 1982.

U.N. Protection of Human Rights in Chile. New York: United Nations, 1975.

U.S. Senate. Hearing Before the Subcommittee to Investigate Problems Connected with Refugees and Escapees of the Committee on the Judiciary of the United States Senate. Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1974.

----------. Refugee and Humanitarian Problems in Chile, Part II. A working document of the Judiciary Committee of the United States Senate. Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1974.

Vadell, Jaime. Bienaventurados los Pobres. Collective Creation. Santiago, Chile: CENECA, 1978.

Vandenbroucke, Russell. Truths the Hands Can Touch: The Theatre of Athol Fugard. New York: Theatre Communications Group, 1985.

Van Itallie, Jean-Claude. America Hurrah. New York: Coward-McCann, 1966.

Vitales, Luis. Interpretación de la Historia de Chile. Barcelona: Editorial Fontana, 1980.

Wesker, Arnold. The Wesker Trilogy. Middlesex: Penguin Books, 1977.

Willet, John. Brecht on Theatre: The Development of an Aesthetic. Edited and translated from the German by John Willet. New York: Hill and Wang, 1964.

----------. The Theatre of Erwin Piscator: Half a Century of Politics in the Theatre. London: Methuen, 1978.

Secondary Sources

Abel, Lionel. Metatheatre. New York: Hill and Wang, 1953.

Aguirre, Isidora. Los que Van Quedando en el Camino. Santiago, Chile: Imprenta Mueller, 1970.

Albee, Edward. Two Plays by Edward Albee: The American Dream and The Zoo Story. New York: Signet Books, 1959.

Allende, Salvador. La Conspiración contra Chile. Buenos Aires: Editorial Corregidor, 1974.

Amnesty International. Report 1981. London: Amnesty International Publications, 1981.

----------. Report 1983. London: Amnesty International Publications, 1983.

Antonel, David, ed. Les complots de la C.I.A. Montreal: Editions du Jour, 1976.

Arcila R., Gonzalo. Nuevo Teatro en Colombia: Actividad Creadora y Politica Cultural. Bogota: Ediciones CEIS, 1983.

Arrabal, Fernando. And They Put Handcuffs on the Flowers. New York: Grove Press, 1973.

----------. Guernica. Paris: Christian Bourgeois, 1975.

Benediky, Michael, and George E. Wellworth, editors and translators. Modern French Theatre. New York: E.P. Dutton, 1966.

Bentley, Eric. The Playwright as Thinker. New York: Meridian, 1955.

----------. The Dramatic Event. Boston: Beacon Press, 1954.

Block, Haskell M., and Robert B. Shedd, eds. Masters of the Modern Drama. New York: Random House, 1962.

Boal, Augusto. El Tío Patilludo. Mexico: Ediciones los Chidos del Cleta, 1974.

---. Revolución en América del Sur. Mexico: Ediciones los Chidos del Cleta, 1974.

---. Técnicas Latinoamericanas de Teatro Popular. Mexico: Editorial Nueva Imagen, 1982.

Bousquet, Jean-Pierre. Las Locas de la Plaza de Mayo. Buenos Aires: Fundación para la Democracia en Argentina, 1984.

Brecht, Bertolt. The Days of the Commune. Translated by Clive Barker and Arno Reinfrank. London: Eyre Methuen, 1955.

---. The Mother. With notes by the author. Translated and with an introduction by Lee Baxandall. New York: Grove Press, 1965.

---. The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagany. Translated by W.H. Auden and Chester Kallman. Boston: David R. Godine, 1976.

Bremton, Howard, and David Hare. Brassneck. London: Eyre Methuen, 1973.

Brook, Peter. The Empty Space. New York: Penguin Books, 1979.

Brotz, Howard. The Politics of South Africa: Democracy and Racial Diversity. London: Oxford University Press, 1977.

Broussard, Louis. American Drama: Contemporary Allegory from Eugene O'Neill to Tennessee Williams. Norman, Oklahoma: University of Oklahoma Press, 1963.

Brow, John Russell, ed. Drama and the Theatre. London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1971.

Brown, Frederick. Theatre and Revolution: The Culture of the French Stage. New York: Viking Press, 1980.

Brown, Kenneth H. The Brig. With an essay on the Living Theatre by Julian Beck. New York: Hill and Wang, 1965.

Brustein, Robert. Revolution as Theatre. New York: Liveright, 1971.

Bullins, Ed, ed. New Plays from the Black Theatre. New York: Bantam Books, 1972.

Carballido, Emilio. Tiempo de Ladrones y La Historia de Chucho el Roto. Mexico: Grijalbo, 1983.

CASA. Teatro Latinoamericano de Agitación. Havana: Casa de las Américas, 1972.

Castro Caycedo, Germán. Colombia Amarga. Bogota: Carlos Valencia Editores, 1976.

Clurman, Harold. On Directing. New York: Macmillan, 1972.

Coe N., Richard. Ionesco: A Study of his Plays. London: Methuen, 1971.

Cohn, Ruby. Currents in Contemporary Drama. Bloomington: University of Indiana Press, 1969.

----------, ed. Four Contemporary French Plays. Introduction by Ruby Cohn. New York: Modern Library, 1967.

Cornevin, Robert. Le théâtre haïtien: Des origines à nos jours. Montreal: L. Leméac, 1973.

Corrigan, Robert W., ed. Masterpieces of the Modern Drama. New York: Collier Books, 1967.

----------, ed. Masterpieces of the Modern Central European Theatre. New York: Collier Books, 1967.

----------, ed. Masterpieces of the Modern Spanish Theatre. New York: Collier Books, 1967.

----------, ed. The New Theatre of Europe. New York: Delta Books, 1968.

Chaikin, Joseph. The Presence of the Actor. Notes on the Open Theatre, disguises, acting, and represssion. New York: Atheneum, 1977.

Davenport, T.R.H. South Africa: A Modern History. London: The Macmillan Press, 1978.

De Rojas, Fernando. La Celestina. Madrid: Alianza Editorial, 1982.

Debray, Régis. Essai sur l'Amérique latine. Paris: Maspero, 1967.

----------. Révolution dans la révolution? Paris: Maspero, 1967.

Del Saz, Agustin. Teatro Social Hispanoamericano. Barcelona: Editorial Labor, 1967.

Dickerson, Mark O., and Thomas Flanagan. An Introduction to Government and Politics. Toronto: Methuen, 1982.

Dorfman, Ariel. Ensayos Quemados en Chile: Inocencia y Neocolonialismo. Buenos Aires: Ediciones de la Flor, 1974.

Dukore, Bernard F., and Daniel G. Gerould, eds. Avant-Garde Drama: Major Plays and Documents Post World War I. New York: Bantam, 1969.

Edgar, David. Ball Boys. London: Pluto Press, 1978.

Ellis-Fermor, Una. The Frontiers of Drama. London: Methuen, 1964.

Esslin, Martin. Brecht: The Man and his Work. Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday Anchor Books, 1961.

----------. The Theatre of the Absurd. Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday Anchor Books, 1961.

Fugard, Athol. People are Living There. London: Oxford University Press, 1970.

Garten, H.F. Modern German Drama. New York: Grove Press, 1962.

Gassner, John, ed. The Yale School of Drama Presents. New York: E.P. Dutton and Co., 1964.

Gatti, Armand. La passion du Général Franco. Paris: Editions du Seuil, 1968.

Gerassi, John. The Great Fear in Latin America. New York: Collier Books, 1973.

Gheerbrant, Alain. La Iglesia Rebelde de América Latina. Mexico: Siglo Veintiuno Editores, 1970.

Gómez O., Galo. Chile de Hoy: Educación, Cultura y Ciencia. Mexico: Casa de Chile en México, 1976.

Graham-White, Anthony. The Drama of South Africa. New York: S. French, 1974.

Gray, Ronald. Brecht, the Dramatist. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1977.

Grotowski, Jerzy. Towards a Poor Theatre. Preface by Walter Brook. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1968.

Guevara, Ernesto Che. Bolivian Diary of Ernesto "Che" Guevara. Introduction by Fidel Castro. Translated from the Spanish by Carlos P. Hansen and Andrew Sinclair. London: Cape, 1968.

----------. Escritos y Discursos. Havana: Ediciones Ciencias Sociales, 1977.

----------. La Planificación Socialista. Lima: Fondo de Cultura Popular, 1973.

Gutierrez, Sonia. Teatro Popular y Cambio Social en América Latina: Panorama de una Experiencia. Costa Rica: Editorial Universitaria Centroamericana, 1979.

Hansberry, Lorrain. A Raisin in the Sun. New York: New American Library, 1966.

Himelstein, Morgan Y. Drama was a Weapon. Westport: Greenwood Press, 1963.

Hyams, Edward. A Dictionary of Modern Revolution. New York: Taplinger Publishing Co., 1973.

Ibarguengoitia, Jorge. El Atentado. Mexico: Editorial Joaquin Mortiz, 1979.

Ionesco, Eugene. Four Plays. Translated by Donald W. Allen. New York: Grove Press, 1938.

Jones, LeRoi. Dutchman and the Slave. New York: Morrow Paperback Editions, 1964.

Kaiser-Lenoir, Claudia. El Grotesco Criollo: Estilo Teatral de una Epoca. Havana: Casa de las Américas, 1977.

Knapp, Bettina L., ed. The Contemporary French Theatre. New York: Avon Publishers, 1973.

La Guma, Alex. Apartheid. New York: International Publishers, 1971.

Lahr, John. Up Against the Fourth Wall. New York: Grove Press, 1970.

Latorre Cabal, Hugo. El Pensamiento Político de Salvador Allende. Mexico: Fondo de Cultura Económica, 1974.

Lawson, John Howard. Theory and Technique of Playwriting. New York: Hill and Wang, 1960.

Lemon, Anthony. Apartheid. Westmead, England: Saxon House, 1976.

Lernoux, Penny. Cry of the People. New York: Doubleday and Co., 1980.

Lesnick, Henry, ed. Guerilla Street Theatre. New York: Avon Publishers, 1973.

Little W., Stuart. Off-Broadway: The Prophetic Theatre. New York: Delta, 1974.

Lowenthal, Abraham L., ed. Armies and Politics in Latin America. New York: Holmes and Meir, 1976.

Lumley, Frederick. New Trends in 20th Century Drama. New York: Oxford University Press, 1972.

Lyday, Leon F., and George W. Woodyard. Dramatists in Revolt: The New Latin American Theatre. Austin: University of Texas Press, 1976.

Mignon, Paul-Louis. Panorama du théâtre au XXe siècle. Paris: Gallimard, 1978.

Monasterios, Rubén. Un Enfoque Crítico del Teatro Venezolano. Caracas: Monte Avila Editores, 1975.

Moore, Sonia. The Stanislavski System: The Professional Training of an Actor. Preface by Sir John Gielgud and foreword by Joshua Logan. New York: Penguin, 1982.

Moosbrugger, Bernhard, and Gladys Weigner. A Voice of the Third World: Dom Helder Camera. New York: Pyramid Publications, 1972.

Neruda, Pablo. Splendor and Death of Joaquín Murieta. Translated by Ben Belitt. New York: Farrar, Strauss and Giroux, 1973.

----------. Selected Poems. Edited by Nathaniel Tarn and translated by Anthony Kerrigan, W.S. Merwin, Alastair Reid and Nathaniel Tarn with an introduction by Jean Franco. Middlesex: Penguin Books, 1975.

Nolutshngu, Sam C. Changing South Africa. New York: Africana Publishing Co., 1982.

Orton, Joe. Loot. London: Methuen, 1971.

Orwell, George. 1984. With an afterword by Eric Fromm. New York: New American Library, 1981.

Paton, Alan. Towards Social Justice. Johannesburg: South African Institute of Race Relations, 1979.

Peacock, Ronald. The Poet in the Theatre. New York: Hill and Wang, 1960.

Petras, James, and Maurice Zeitlin, eds. Latin America: Reform or Revolution? Greenwich, Conn.: Fawcett Publications, 1968.

Piscator, Erwin. Political Theatre. New York: Avon Books, 1978.

Pogolotti, Graziella, and Rine Leal and Rosa Ileana Boudet, eds. Teatro y Revolución. Havana: Editorial Letras Cubanas, 1980.

Poliakoff, Stephen. Strawberry Fields. London: Eyre Methuen, 1981.

----------. The Summer Party. London: Eyre Methuen, 1980.

Pronko, Leonard Vabell. Avant Garde: The Experimental Theatre in France. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1966.

Reimann Weigert, Elizabeth, and Fernando Rivas Sánchez. Chile: Antecedentes para un Análisis. Havana: Editorial de Ciencias Sociales, 1977.

Salemson, Harold J. Conference on Thought Control in the USA. New York: Garland, 1977.

Santander, Felipe. El Extensionista. Havana: Casa de las Américas, 1980.

Sartre, Jean-Paul. Politics and Literature. London: Calder and Bogards, 1973.

Shank, Theodore. The Art of Dramatic Art. New York: Delta Books, 1969.

Shaw, Bernard. The Apple Cart: A Political Extravaganza. Middlesex: Penguin Books, 1964.

----------. Major Barbara. Baltimore: Penguin Books, 1956.

Schechner, Richard. Environmental Theatre. New York: Hawthorn Books, 1973.

Smiley, Sam. Playwriting: The Structure of Action. Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, 1971.

Smith, W. Clark, ed. Chief Patterns of World Drama. New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1946.

Solórzano, Carlos. Testimonios Teatrales de México. Mexico: Universidad Nacional Autónoma de México, 1973.

Stanislavski, Constantin. An Actor's Handbook. Edited and translated by Elizabeth Reynolds Hapgood. New York: Theatre Arts Books, 1977.

Stoppard, Tom. Night and Day. New York: Grove Press, 1979.

Taylor, John Russell. Anger and After. London: Methuen, 1971.

----------. Chile after Allende: Prospects for Business in a Changing Market. New York: The Corporation, 1975.

----------. The Writer and Human Rights: In aid of Amnesty International. Toronto: Lester and Orpen Dennys, 1975.

Truyol y Sierra. Los Derechos Humanos: Declaraciones y Convenios Internacionales. Madrid: Editorial Technos, 1975.

Tynan, Kenneth. Curtains. London: Longmans Green, 1962.

UNESCO. Apartheid: Its Effects on Education, Science, Culture and Information. Paris: Unesco, 1967.

Valdés, Hernán. Tejas Verdes: Diario de un Campo de Concentración en Chile. Barcelona: Editorial Ariel, 1974.

Wager, Walter, ed. The Playwrights Speak. With an introduction by Harold Clurman. New York: Delta Books, 1968.

Way, Brian. Development Through Drama. London: Longman, 1970.

Weiss, Peter. La Indagación. Translated by Ernst-Edmund Keyl and Jacobo Muñoz. Havana: Instituto del Libro, 1969.

Wellwarth, George. The Theatre of Protest and Paradox: Developments in the Avant-Garde Drama. New York: New York University Press, 1964.

Weideli, Walter. The Art of Bertolt Brecht. English version by Daniel Russell. New York: New York University Press, 1963.

Articles

Ares, Carlos. "Teatro: La Tragedia Militar: Informe Especial," El Periodista de Buenos Aires, I:17 (5-11 January 1985), 29-33.

Benson, Mary. "Athol Fugard and 'One Little Corner of the World,'" London Magazine, II:2 (February-March 1972), 135-141.

Bissio, Beatriz. "SudAfric: La Crisis del Apartheid," Nueva Sociedad 31/32 (Caracas, July-October 1977), 231-240.

Bravo-Elizondo, Pedro. "El Teatro Chileno en la Década del Setenta," Araucaria de Chile, 13 (Madrid, 1981), 127-155.

Brunner, José Joaquín. "Modelo Cultural y Universitario en el Autoritarismo," Araucaria de Chile, 14 (Madrid, 1981), 87-94.

Buenaventura, Enrique. "La Dramaturgia en el Nuevo Teatro de Colombia," Conjunto, 59 (Havana, January-March 1984), 32-37.

Comas, José. "La Represión en Polonia Origina un Inusitado Incremento de Publicaciones Clandestinas," El País, Madrid, 26 Sept. 1983, 21.

Darnton, Nina. "Tiptoeing around the Censor in Poland," The New York Times, 18 January 1981, 4D and 20D.

De la Campa, Román. "The New Latin American Stage: An Interview with Enrique Buenaventura," Theater, Yale, Fall/Winter 1980, 19-21.

Dorfman, Ariel. "In the Concentration Camps of Chile," Canadian Theatre Review, Spring 1979, 49-66.

Edgar, David. "Ten Years of Political Theatre, 1968-78," Theatre Quarterly, VIII:32 (Winter 1979), 25-33.

Forxley, Ana Maria. "Colaboración para la Democracia: En el 'Teatro del Oprimido' del Brasileño Augusto Boal, los Espectadores se Transforman en Protagonistas," Hoy 372 (Santiago, Chile, 3-9 September 1984), 60-61.

Freedman, Samuel G. "A Dissident Puts Poland on Stage," The New York Times, 12 February 1984, 1H and 4H.

Fugard, Athol. "Orestes Reconstructed: A Letter to an American Friend," Theatre Quarterly, VIII:32 (Winter 1979), 3-6.

García Márquez, Gabriel. "Latin America's Impossible Reality", Harper's, January 1985, 13-16.

Glowacki, Janusz. "Censorship," translated by Jadwiga Kosicka, Modern Drama, XXVII:1 (March 1984), 55-58.

Green, Robert J. "Athol Fugard's Hello and Goodbye," Modern Drama XIII:2 (September 1970), 139-155.

----------. "South Africa's Plague: One View of The Blood Knot," Modern Drama XII:4 (February 1970), 331-345.

Gordimer, Nadine. "Guarding the 'Gates of Paradise,'" The New York Times Magazine, 8 September 1985, 34-39 and 105-108.

----------. "South Africa's Agony," Maclean's, 26 November 1984, 42 and 44.

----------. "The Just Cause," The New York Review, XXXII:17 (7 November 1985), 5-6, 8-10, 12 and 14.

Gussow, Mel. "Profiles: Athol Fugard," The New Yorker, 20 December 1982, 79.

Guzmán, Rosario, "Si hubiera Estudiado, sería Analítico y Demagogo," El Mercurio, Santiago, Chile, 24 December 1982, 6.

Henry III, William A. "Brothers: The Blood Knot by Athol Fugard," Time, 30 September 1985, 75.

Holland, Peter. "Brecht, Bond, Gaskill, and the Practice of Political Theatre," Theatre Quarterly, VIII:30, 24-33.

Hurtado, María de la Luz, and Carlos Ochsenius. "Seminario de Teatro Chileno de la Década del 80," CENECA 11, Santiago, Chile, 1980.

----------, and José Román. "Serie Testimonio: Maneras de Hacer y Pensar del Teatro en el Chile Actual," CENECA 1-4, Santiago, Chile, 1982.

----------, and María Elena Moreno. "El Público del Teatro Independiente," CENECA 25, Santiago, Chile, 1980.

Kaiser-Lenoir, Claudia. "Argentina's Theatre of Collective Creation," Theater, Yale, Fall/Winter 1980, 30-32.

Karrfalt, David H. "The Social Theme in Osborne's Plays," Modern Drama, XIII:1 (May 1970), 78-82.

Lelyveld, Joseph. "'Master Harold' Stuns Johannesburg Audience," The New York Times, 24 March 1983, 38D.

Liehm, A.J. "Theatre in Czechoslovakia," Theatre Quarterly, II:6 (April-June 1972), 72-80.

López Carmona, Juan. "Juan Radrigán, o la Soledad de un Autor de Fondo," Araucaria de Chile 25 (Madrid, 1984), 205-208.

McGrath, John. "The Theory and Practice of Political Theatre," Theatre Quarterly, IX:35 (Autumn 1979), 43-54.

McLaughlin, John J. "Political Allegory in O'Casey's Purple Dust," Modern Drama, XIII:1 (May 1970), 47-53.

Michalski, Jan. "The Active Spectator Takes the Floor: An Interview with Augusto Boal," Theater, Yale, Fall/Winter 1980, 14-18.

Mshengu. "After Soweto: People's Theatre and the Political Struggle in South Africa," Theatre Quarterly IX:33 (Spring 1979), 31-38.

Ochsenius, Carlos. "Expresión Teatral Poblacional 1973-1982," CENECA 43, Santiago, Chile, 1983.

Palombo, Juan Francisco. "La 'Normalización' Fascista del Sistema Educacional Chilena," Araucaria de Chile, 15 (Madrid, 1981), 55-66.

Popkin, Henry. "Theatre in Eastern Europe," Tulane Drama Review, II:3 (Spring 1967), 23-51.

Ramírez, Hernán. "La Universidad: Democracia y Fascismo," Araucaria de Chile 3 (Madrid, 1978), 101-116.

Reyes, Regina. "La Educación General Básica en Chile: El Carácater Manipulador de los Planes y Programas," Araucaria de Chile, 23 (Madrid, 1983), 69-82.

Román, José. "El Ojo Documental de Carlos Saura," APSI, Santiago, Chile, 24 April - 7 May 1984, 29-30.

Ross, Laura. "A Question lof Certainties," The American Theatre, I:5 (September 1984), 4-9.

Schleuter, June. "Politics and Poetry: Peter Handke's They are Dying Out," Modern Drama XXIII (January 1981), 339-345.

Shank, Theodore. "Political Theatre: The San Francisco Mime Troupe," The Drama Review, XVIII:1 (March 1974), 110-117.

Sharim, Nizim. "Quiénes somos? ICTUS y la Creación Colectiva," Tramoya Veracruzana 12 (July-September 1978), 4-13.

Sánchez Latorre, Luis. "Idea de Censura," Pluma y Pincel, 4 (Santiago, Chile, April 1983), 28.

Spitzer, Susan. "Agitprop à la française: The Groupe Octobre, 1932-36," Theatre Quarterly, VIII:30 (Summer 1978), 42-52.

Stoppard, Tom. "Ambushes for an Audience: Towards a High Comedy of Ideas," Theatre Quarterly, IV (May-July 1974), 14.

Torrejón, Marcela. "De la Cesantía Nace el Comercio Callejero," Cauce 43 (Santiago, Chile, 8-14 October 1985), 35.

Subercaseaux, Bernardo. "Notas sobre Autoritarismo y Lectura en Chile," Araucaria de Chile, 29 (Madrid, 1983), 93-110.

United Nations. Report of the Economic and Social Council: "Protection of Human Rights in Chile," United Nations General Assembly, A/10285, 7 October 1975.

Varas, José Miguel. "Juan Radrigán: Teatro de la Dignidad y de la Marginalidad," Araucaria de Chile 31 (Madrid, 1985), 153-163.

Weiss, Judith. "Latin American Theatre Today: An Introduction," Theater, Yale, Fall/Winter 1980, 5.