

**DRAMA'S MOMENT OF TRUTH: DEATH AND THE MAIDEN
AND US/TELL ME LIES ABOUT VIETNAM**

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Abstract. *The paper offers an analysis of two plays sharing a single concern with the tragic mechanism of historical repetition and its causes. Both US, the collaborative dramatic experiment directed by Peter Brook in 1966, and its 1968 cinematic version Tell Me Lies About Vietnam, re-mastered and released in 2012, and Death and the Maiden, Ariel Dorfman's 1990 play about the failure of democracy in the post-Pinochet Chile, rest on the assumption that to adequately address the history of war and holocaust requires more than the disclosure of factual truth. It demands a radical re-examination and alteration of identity – a process involving a kind of re-mythologizing that takes place on the deepest psychic level, the zone of our original core humanness which, buried under the layers of culturally acquired habit of denial, has become impenetrable to truth, and to the reality of the other. The condition, referred to as dis-imagination by the Canadian philosopher Henry Giroux, has traditionally been a challenge to western art, particularly drama: thus, I will argue, the governing purpose of Brook's and Dorfman's plays, is to examine the possibilities open to drama of conquering denial and releasing the kind of sympathetic imagination crucial to the non-hierarchical 'I/Thou' relationship that used to regulate social life in archaic communities, when, according to an increasing number of scientists, biologically scripted empathy and solidarity were the only conceivable strategy of survival.*

Key words: *Dorfman, Brook, history, truth, denial, identity, drama*

1. INTRODUCTORY REMARKS: HISTORICAL REPETITION, DENIAL AND DRAMA

'On the horizon of any human science there is the project of bringing man's consciousness back into its real conditions, of restoring it to the contents and forms that brought it into being, and elude us within it...'

Michel Foucault

A reminder of various officially produced falsehoods surrounding the Vietnam War¹, Clay Claiborne's documentary *Vietnam: The American Holocaust* is most of all valuable for the connection it establishes between Vietnam and the subsequent U.S. wars. Produced in 2008, as the American campaign in Iraq entered its sixth year, it opens with the author's suggestion that the failure of the Americans to fully understand what happened in the Vietnam War condemned them to repeat it in Iraq. More than that, Claiborne is one of those authors who 'dare to compare' the effect of the American intervention in Vietnam to that of the Nazi Holocaust: implied in the title itself, a plea is repeated at the end of the film to reconsider the wider social and cultural context in which the Nazi Holocaust, once believed to have been unique and safely consigned to the history of tragic errors, its painful lesson remembered for ever, was allowed to happen again, in a scenario which except for the perpetrator and the victims, followed basically the same underlying principle of total annihilation.

To effectively address the holocaust though, as well as other forms of persistent violence, involves more than the exposure of falsehoods that mask or justify them: as has been recognized by numerous authors, it would require an in-depth exploration of the archetypal matrix underlying the history of repetition and the way it interacts on the one hand with the political lies fabricated on a daily basis, and on the other, with the constitution of identity in western patriarchal culture. 'A reflexive, scrutinizing attitude towards one's own identity-forming traditions' is, according to Jürgen Habermas, the obligation facing not only the legal successors to the German Reich, but all responsible individuals implicated in the crimes of history (Habermas, 2003, p. 66). Yet if a radical alteration of consciousness hoped for by Habermas or explicitly and urgently demanded by authors such as John Pilger² or Lilian Friedberg,³ is to result from this scrutiny, it must

¹ In the real sequence of the political events leading to the conflict that the film reveals, of special interest is the evidence, first presented in a documentary, that the Tonkin Gulf incident, which served as a justification for LBJ to launch the most massive air raids known in the history of warfare against North Vietnam, had never really happened. The Gulf of Tonkin incident is the name given to what were originally claimed to be two separate confrontations involving North Vietnam and the United States in the waters of the Gulf of Tonkin on 2-4 August 1964. The original American report blamed North Vietnam for both incidents, but this version eventually became very controversial with widespread claims that either one or both incidents were false, and possibly purposeful. After 40 years of controversy the final evidence that there had not been any Vietnamese attack against U.S. ships on the night of 4 August 1964 was provided by the release of a classified analysis by a National Security Agency historian, Robert J. Hanyok, "Skunks, Bogies, Silent Hounds, and the Flying Fish: The Gulf of Tonkin Mystery, 2-4 August 1964", *Cryptologic Quarterly*, Winter 2000/Spring 2001 Edition (Vol. 19, No. 4 / Vol. 20, No. 1), pp. 1-55. It was not made fully public though until October 2005, when the *New York Times* reported Hanyok's conclusion that NSA deliberately distorted intelligence reports passed to policy-makers regarding the Tonkin Gulf incident. The reason for this delay was, according to intelligence officials, the policy-makers' concern that comparisons might be made to intelligence used to justify the Iraq War (Operation Iraqi Freedom) which commenced in 2003.

² In his commentary in the 02/05/17 issue of *The New Statement* and reproduced on the Information Clearing House under the title 'John Pilger finds our children learning lies', where he claims that the result of the mutual reinforcement of lies about Vietnam and the justifying supremacist myth of Manifest Destiny is an amnesia that has long swallowed the truth of its own origins, so that it is now as if the British empire did not happen, there is nothing about the atrocious wars that were models for the successor power, America, in Indonesia, Vietnam, Chile, El Salvador, Nicaragua, to name but a few along modern history's imperial trail of blood of which Iraq is the latest. And now Iran?...How many more innocent people have to die before those who filter the past and the present wake up to their moral responsibility to protect our memory and the lives of human beings?

³ In her 'Dare to Compare: Americanizing the Holocaust', where she insists on using the word 'de-manifestation' instead of 'de-nazification' – the term proposed by the native American scholar C. Ward. The former, Friedberg explains, is a 'more apt designation' for the paradigmatic shift in consciousness, because it allows us 'to place the postulates of Manifest destiny in a proper chronological order': 'de-nazification clearly connotes 'a thing in the past,'

take place on a deepest, mythopoeic psychic level, the zone of our original core humanness which, buried under the layers of culturally acquired pseudo-identities, has become impenetrable to truth, with which, as sociologists and psychologists warn us, an increasing number of seemingly decent people are getting out of touch.⁴ It is this inner disconnection that has recently undermined the traditional belief in the immediately liberating power of truth. 'We always seem to believe that all you have to do is tell the truth', the Canadian philosopher Henry Giroux observes in an interview with Bill Moyers, 'but I'm sorry, it doesn't work that way.' The reason it can no longer be taken for granted, he explains referring to his book *Zombie Politics and Culture in the Age of Casino Capitalism*, goes beyond the strategies of 'organized forgetting of the pasts other than one's own national history,' and involves what he calls 'dis-imagination'— the more deadly practice of eliminating any but instrumental or pragmatist kind of rationality – which, administered systematically in American schools, has produced 'a nation of zombies' (Giroux, 2013).

* * *

Confronting such forms of radical dissociation, considered normal or desirable in patriarchal culture, has been, since the Greek tragedians, western art's ultimate *raison d'être*: Conrad called the condition the lucidity of intelligence and the madness of the soul, and diagnosed it in the eloquent, pathologically greedy and obscenely racist Mr. Kurtz, the best that Europe could offer. J. M. Coetzee, alluding to Hegel's master/slave parable, referred to it as the incurable disease of the master's soul and analyzed it in terms of the moral impenetrability of the two power-obsessed but ultimately existentially defeated ideologues of empire in his *Dusklands*. Yet if their ironic exposures of the self-annihilating contradictions of white man's omnipotence force us ultimately to confront an impasse, revealing a nothingness at the heart of western identity, Peter Brook and Ariel

de-manifestation implies a present, 'manifest' reality, 'a trail of rampant plundering, pillage and mass murder' predating 'the subsequent emergence of theories of *Lebensraumpolitik*' but also outliving them (Friedberg, 2003, 472).

⁴ Indifference to the Other, who is reified, rather than demonized, seems to be the pervasive result of this disconnection in modern bureaucratic societies. Still it is only the latest form of the traditional denial of the Other that has so far constituted the western patriarchal identity: whether indifference, distrust and fear, or scorn and murderous hatred, these all have taken a tragic swerve away from the reciprocal 'I/Thou' relationship which is Martin Buber's term for the kind of bonds that shaped human identity in archaic communities, when inherent, biologically scripted empathy and solidarity were the only conceivable strategy of survival. The creative relationship Buber's phrase designates is also central to the philosophy of Emanuel Levinas. His critique, according to the editors of *Holocaust: Theoretical Readings*, of the European entire philosophical tradition is relevant to the theme of their book, even where it makes no direct reference to holocaust. As an alternative to the philosophy centering on questions of being and knowledge, essentially egocentric and complicit with violence against the 'other,' Levinas developed an alternative philosophy of his own, one that begins with the ethical relation, 'with the subject's necessary response to and responsibility for the other, a relation predicated not on knowledge and active mastery but ignorance and open passivity' (Levi & Rothberg, 2003, p. 230). As I have suggested, Levinas is by no means alone in his aim to reverse the western philosophical tradition's privileging of 'the same' against the 'other': numerous such reversals have been proposed by poets and playwrights since the Greek dramatists, albeit in a poetic language of their own – non-conceptual, metaphorically binding together what is different and other, and thus infinitely better suited to the purpose. What I want to add here, however, is that anthropologists such as Riane Eisler, who provided ample evidence that the alternative modes of relating to the other imagined by poets and philosophers such as Levinas had once been a social reality, have now been joined by neuroscientists, whose latest investigations into the way our brain functions, and particularly the discovery of mirror-neurons and their probable role in the evolution of altruism, seem to confirm that humans are biologically conditioned for empathy: that, contrary to the 'selfish gene' theory, we are 'hard-wired to care and connect.' See (Eisler, 1987) and (Korten, 2008). For discussion of mirror neurons and empathy see (Rizzolatti & Craighero, 2005).

Dorfman join those artists who, as Shakespeare before them, seek a path leading back to being. I use these existential concepts to refer to a drive that Arthur Miller, writing on the eve of the Vietnam war, identified as the secret thrust of all great art – to ‘make life real by conquering denial’ (Miller, 1987, p. 519).

The text was inspired by Miller’s need to understand the Oppenheimer enigma. In his youth, Oppenheimer was a lover of John Donne: was it the poet’s intense moral self-searching, his passionate striving for creative self-transcendence and mystic unity with all life – ‘No man is an island!’ – that spoke to the young scientist’s deepest being, which he subsequently denied or betrayed? Whatever it was, in the middle-aged Oppenheimer, imprisoned in the contradictory, life-destroying consequences of his own awesome achievement, Miller detected a deliberately maintained protective discontinuity and saw it as paradigmatic of ‘a culture of denial’: of the America ‘preparing to fight a war in Vietnam and denying that it was a war,’ and of the masses of people for whom ‘the fabricated escape from the self’ had become a goal of life. Miller’s bomb play (*After the Fall*) embodied these insights: it described the dilemma of science, but failed, in Miller’s own view, to provide the answer to the question that obsessed him – about the possibility of true self-reconnection, a process demanding ‘a surgically painful investigation’ and resulting in a new active responsibility, as opposed to the passive guilt that weakens the need to change our lives.

2. DEMOCRACY’S UNHEALED WOUNDS: DORFMAN’S *DEATH AND THE MAIDEN*

‘Democracy is possible only when
we have all confessed our sins.’

W. H. Auden

This ‘surgically painful investigation’ was undertaken by Peter Brook and his team in his 1966 dramatic experiment called *US*, and in Ariel Dorfman’s 1990 *Death and the Maiden*. Set apart by date and place of their composition, the two plays nevertheless belong to the same global political era and share a single ambition to understand the (trans-historical, transnational) mechanism of denial, and assess ‘the possibilities of true self-reconnection.’ They approach the theme differently though, Dorfman choosing to explore it within the traditional framework of realist drama until the very end of the play when he briefly steps beyond it, Brook deploying multiple experimental techniques associated with Brecht, Boal, and Grotowsky. I will therefore disregard the chronology principle and, leaving the earlier but formally more radical and analytically more demanding *US* for the concluding pages of my argument, first dwell briefly on Dorfman’s more readily accessible piece.

As the author explains his intention in the Afterword, *Death and the Maiden* was to reflect the dilemmas surrounding Chile’s ‘uneasy transition to democracy’, with Pinochet still in command of the armed forces and his supporters still occupying significant areas of power – a threatening force, particularly if attempts were made to punish the human rights violation of the outgoing regime. The play was to embody the author’s own doubts concerning the partial solution to which the new government resorted – the Rettig Commission, which would investigate the crimes that had ended in death or disappearance, but would neither name the perpetrators nor judge them. The truth of the terror, up till then known only in a private, fragmented fashion, would receive public recognition, and be established as official history, but justice would not be done and the traumatic experiences of thousands of survivors would

not be even addressed. While Dorfman claims in his comment that this was a step toward healing a sick country, the play itself demonstrates his belief that it is insufficient, and that it is not by hiding the damage that repetition is avoided. Among all the questions the play was to confront, the most pertinent – ‘how can those who tortured and those who were tortured coexist in the same land?’ – concerns not only justice and punishment, but the higher Shakespearean ethics of repentance, forgiveness and regeneration; beyond formal confession of the crime, the need to mourn it, before it can be consigned to the past without the risk of repeating it, and new life released.

The plot involves Gerardo Escobar, a member of the Investigating Commission, his wife Paulina, a victim of torture at the hands of Pinochet's men, and Roberto Miranda, in whom Paulina recognizes one of her torturers. She cannot be sure though since she was blindfolded when subjected to the sadistic interrogations – including repeated rape combined with sexual experiments with electricity, devised by a Nietzsche-loving doctor to satisfy his scientific curiosity as well as his perverted misogynist fantasies of domination, all enacted to the accompanying sound of his favorite piece, Schubert's *Death and the Maiden*. When, after a chance meeting due to a road accident, Gerardo brings a certain doctor Miranda to their home, the sound of his voice, his body odor, his paraphrase of Nietzsche's hateful remarks about women, a Schubert tape in his car – all convince Paulina that she is facing the chief cause of the pain she suffered in the past, reinforcing her desire, not so much for retribution, as for a redress of moral balance in the present. The only way to achieve this is the personal confession of guilt, that which will be ‘tactfully’ omitted in the Commission's solution, but on which Paulina insists as the sole condition of sparing Miranda's life. Compromise, on the other hand, is her husband's choice, not only in his official capacity as a Rettig Commissioner, but in this private crisis too. Anxious not so much about the possibility of Miranda's innocence, on which the latter keeps insisting, as that of the damage the departure from the official course might cause to his own promising political career, oblivious at the same time of the pain his wife endured in prison rather than betray him and the cause they both fought for, and equally of the principle of truth underlying her ultimatum, he decides to betray *her*, and the truth for which his Commission officially stands. To help her captive escape, he persuades Paulina to disclose the details of her time in prison she has always refused to share with him, so that he could dictate to doctor Miranda the confession that would save his life. Anticipating deception, however, Paulina has inserted inaccuracies in her story, which the doctor, seized with panic, unthinkingly corrects, thus proving beyond doubt his identity and his guilt. The pretense that the confession is false – which was his last hope should Paulina go back on her word and, overwhelmed with accumulated rage, seek outlet in revenge – is no longer possible. Yet the confession is not true either. It *is* false, after all, in so far as it has been written to be denied: it is itself a form of denial, a way for Molina to save his life while preserving a self-protective distance from his crime and its victim. This is what dooms him – nearly. Aiming a gun at the doctor, Paulina is careful to explain that she is not taking revenge for what he confessed he had done, but for what he withheld in his confession:

But I'm not going to kill you because you are guilty, Doctor, but because you haven't repented at all. I can only forgive someone who really repents, who stands up amongst those he has wronged and says, I did this, I did it, and I'll never do it again (Dorfman, 1991, 65).

As Paulina, gun in hand, starts to count down the ten seconds she has granted him to tell the truth, they freeze in a tableau recalling an image central to the argument of Jean Amery's text ‘Resentments’. Taken from the 1980 publication *At the Mind's Limits*:

Contemplation by a Survivor on Auschwitz and Its Realities, ‘Resentments’ argues compellingly against what the author perceived as the world’s too speedy and effortless reconciliation with Germany. Contrary to the general pressure to consign the memory of the Holocaust to the past, Amery stood by what his critics called ‘his resentment.’ Refusing to explain it away as a ‘concentration camp syndrome’, i.e., a result of mental damage, he saw his alleged ‘warped’ state as ‘a form of human condition that morally as well as historically was of a higher order than that of healthy straightness’ (Amery, 2003, p. 40). To cheaply and lazily forgive and forget, he goes on to explain, is immoral: in doing so the individual submits himself to the social and biological time-sense – to the physiological process of wound-healing which has also become part of the social conception of reality. The moral person, on the contrary, revolts against biological healing that time brings, and instead of a ‘what-happened-happened’ attitude demands the annulment of time by nailing the criminal to his deed. The motive of this moral turning-back of the clock is not ultimately revenge, but the need to join the criminal to his victim as a fellow human being. This need springs from the very nature of the experience of the persecution, which, as Amery concluded after much mind searching, is, at the very bottom, that of extreme loneliness. The single moment when he experienced a temporary release from the feeling of abandonment that had persisted for years after the war was when his former torturer faced the firing squad – for in that short moment, Amery claims, the SS man Weis was swept into the truth of his atrocity: his crimes, hitherto rendered unreal by the conscience-obliterating norm system of the Fuhrer and his Reich, became for him a moral reality: ‘The anti-man had once again become a fellow man.’(p. 42)⁵

In the filmed version of *Death and the Maiden*, Dorfman’s ‘anti-man’ too becomes once again a ‘fellow man’: facing Paulina’s gun, the Doctor collapses and convulsed with the truth he finally accepts, weeps cathartic tears of terror and pity⁶. In the original play however the outcome remains uncertain. At ‘nine’ Miranda has not yet yielded, and is pleading not merely for his life but, disingenuous to the end, for the final end of violence. As Paulina finds she has not it in herself to pull the trigger, and in a way of self-exhortation utters her last words in the play – ‘Why does it always have to be people like me who have to make concessions when something has to be conceded... Well, not this time! What do we lose by killing one of them? What do we lose?’ – the two freeze in their positions, and the lights begin slowly to fade. As the last movement of Mozart’s *Dissonant Quartet* is heard, Paulina and Miranda are covered with a giant mirror which descends abruptly to break the naturalist illusion of the ‘fourth wall’ and force the members

⁵ That this particular instance of justice did not suffice, Amery points out, is not due to any perversity on his part. What he pleads for is the collective externalization and actualization of the past that the overpowered and those who overpowered them have in common. This certainly does not mean a revenge that would be proportionate to what was suffered. The ‘settlement in the field of historical practice’, would be achieved if resentment would be permitted to remain alive in the one camp, holding its finger raised, and, induced by it, self-mistrust in the other. Instead of speedily and enthusiastically affiliating with the new Europe, built largely on Hitler’s own plan, and at the same time disowning Hitler’s years as a past that was nothing but an operational mishap of German history in which broad masses of people had no part, Germany, Amery insists, must claim those twelve years as its negation of the world and its own self, as its own negative possession. To do so, it must remember that it was not the Germans who did away with the dominion of baseness. To admit it now, when in the current game of power it no longer appears to be a vital necessity, to join, now that they have been long rehabilitated by time, the former victims in a desire that time be turned back, and that history become moral, would be for Germans to finally eradicate the ignominy. (44)

⁶ The use of Aristotelian terms, appropriate here, does not imply an agreement with his conception of catharsis as a repose after the purging of unclean (socially subversive) impulses. For a critique of Aristotelian theatre see (Boal, 2008, p. 1–40).

of the audience to look at themselves. The ironies of the last scene, in a foyer during an interval of a Schubert concert, involve Gerardo commenting proudly on 'the process of healing' successfully initiated by his Commission, and Paulina's sudden glimpse of what in the phantasmagoric light could be the real Miranda or an illusion in her head, but has the effect of a sudden painful reminder of the wound left to fester unseen under a thick film of pretense. The sense of secret disease and corruption continues as the second part of the Schubert concert begins with *Death and the Maiden* and Paulina and Miranda face each other from a distance, while 'the music plays and plays and plays.'

The equally effective stage metaphor of the penultimate scene, where the focus shifts from the still unrepentant Miranda to the audience, adds further significance to the end of the play. Beyond the obvious point about the new 'democracies' in Chile and elsewhere, built on unrepented sins, under the instruction of old oppressors eager to conceal new forms of the continuing oppression, the device of the mirror facing the audience conveys the crucial insight that even if the torturers and executioners on this world's stage persist in their denial and disconnection, it is the onlookers' inner condition that will ultimately matter. It is the comfortable passivity, the scene seems to be saying, the 'dis-imagination' preventing the spectators from becoming what A. Boal, following Brecht, called spect-actors (Boal, 2008: 108135) that must be addressed in new, compelling ways by the contemporary dramatist.

3. BEYOND THE DOCUMENTARY: REKINDLING EMPATHETIC IMAGINATION IN *US*

The only hope, or else despair
Lies in the choice of pyre or pyre –
To be redeemed from fire by fire'.

T. S. Eliot

To devise the techniques that would achieve this transformation in the audience was the avowed purpose of Peter Brook's dramatic experiment in the 1966 RSC production of *US* at Aldwych. As the ambiguous title suggests, the play was not merely about the US involvement in Vietnam, but about *us* – that is, the English audiences' noninvolvement in what most of them knew was happening there, but what most of them, including those progressive left-wingers who said they cared, failed to be genuinely concerned about. The denial the play addresses is brought out too by the refrain in one of the songs that gave the film made a year later its name: 'Tell me lies about Vietnam' is not altogether an ironic comment targeted at the propagandist distortions of facts, but conveys a real desire on the part of the audiences to evade the kind of knowledge that might lead to painful restoration of numbed feelings. To convey this kind of knowledge, Brook felt he had to go beyond the documentary. As he explained in 1968, he and his troop were not interested in the Theatre of Fact, but in a theatre of confrontation. Among the contradictions to be confronted the chief was the following: how can anyone claim to care about Vietnam, when to hold together the horror of the war and the normal life he is leading through one single day would result in unbearable tension. This tragic inner disconnection was to be attacked on various levels and by various techniques, until at the very end all pretenses and playacting were dropped, and actors and audiences together paused at 'the moment of truth', 'when they and Vietnam were looking one another in the face' (Brook, 1968a, pp. 9–10).

The play cannot be properly described even as semi-documentary: nor as simply consisting of two acts, one of which aims at the objective view of the What and How of Vietnam, while the other turns to the subjective WHY. It is true that Act I is based mostly on documents – media coverage of the progress of the war, interviews with world statesmen, journalists just back from Saigon, or the US troops on the front, letters to LBJ by American citizens, Vietnam history and legends, statistics, etc. – while in Act II the focus shifts inwards; yet both are part of a sustained collaborative effort to forge a dramatic language that would go beyond the deadened responses to the newsreels: it was to recover the truth lost in the wilderness of contradictory talk shows, false interpretations, and even documentary shots of napalm raids and churned bodies, which had their own way of neutralizing the horror they represented. Thus Brechtian techniques used particularly in Act I, had the ‘alienating’ effect only in so far as they distanced the viewers from the already distancing techniques of TV with their appeal to ‘the unspoken pleasure that most spectators have watching images of mass destruction’ (Mackenzie, 2009).⁷ Offering a clear vision that Brecht insisted on, they are not contradictory, but complementary to the use made in Act II, of the highly empathic mental-physical-emotional approach to acting of J. Grotowsky, who spent ten days with the actors subjecting them to a series of shocking confrontations of their own tricks and subterfuges, their own desire for cruelty, but also of their own vast and untapped resources (Kustow, 1968, p. 132). Brook himself commented on the false dichotomy of the two approaches and his own need for eclecticism in *The Shifting Point*:

The actor’s task is infinitely more complex than that of the newsreader. The way opens when he sees that presence is not opposed to distance. Distance is a commitment to total meaning: presence is a total commitment to the living moment; the two go together. For this reason the most eclectic use of rehearsal exercises...is most valuable providing none of them is considered a method. What they can do is increase the actor’s concern – in body and in spirit – for what the play is asking. If the actor truly feels this question to be his own he is unavoidably caught in a need to share it: in a need for an audience. Out of this need for a link with an audience comes an equally strong need for absolute clarity. (Brook, 1987:66)

The final result, (tentatively speaking, for there was nothing finished or final about the play!) was a performance lacking any conventional plot, characters or unambiguously verbalized solution or message. Instead it was a collage of self-contained Happening-based

⁷ Writing further about the way Brook’s play and film address the question of voyeurism, complicity, political commitment and imagination, Mackenzie quotes Michael Ignatieff’s statement that ‘War affords the pleasure of the spectacle, with the added thrill that it is real for someone, but not happily for the spectator’, but immediately contests its apparent status of a general truth, pointing to TV techniques themselves which tend to create the kind of spectator the ideology they serve requires. In fact, he points to ‘Vietnam...as the beginning of this technological distancing, paradoxically taking place at the same time when television images of the war in South East Asia seemed their most ‘real.’’ The growing callousness on the part of the western audiences is best exemplified in their failure to recognize in the Palestinians’ dancing celebration of the Twin Tower attack, an act they denounced as callous and barbarous, their own fascination with the bombing of Baghdad during Gulf War I, which, according to Mackenzie, amounted to the same kind of distanced spectatorship which disregarded death in a celebration of military power’. Whether the two reactions were exactly the same is questionable (I don’t think they were!), but he is certainly right to suggest in the end that ‘perhaps that is why the silence, and the imagination not of the filmmakers but of the audience, plays such an important role at the conclusion of both *Us* and *Tell me Lies...*’ (Mackenzie, 2009). It is also of interest that Brook recorded in *The Shifting point* how alarmingly pleasurable to the actors were the improvisations of torture, brutality, and violence he had asked them to do in rehearsals (Brook, 1987).

scenes, or tableaux, performed by actors in their everyday rehearsal clothes, and trained to shape shift among a variety of roles, styles and attitudes, all punctuated by songs on which the poet Adrian Mitchel and the composer Richard Peaslee had collaborated. In fact, in the language Brook's group had forged, Mitchell's lyrics, with their ironic exposures and revealing parodies of official hypocrisies, but above all their implicit Blakean faith in the restoring potential of imagination, were the most effective verbal means of communication: but its message was equally a matter of non-verbal visual images, whose flow, accentuated by the songs, Brook said was to work on the audience, 'like acupuncture, . . . to find the precise spot on the tensed muscle that will cause it to relax' (quoted in Kustow, 1968, p. 135).

It would be impossible to paraphrase all the images, or comment on the telling ways they are juxtaposed to one another or to the songs, but tracing a few major motifs might indicate the total experience of the play. The central image was suggested to Brook by video coverage of a Vietnamese Buddhist monk setting himself on fire in Saigon, in protest against the war. What, Brook asked, could drive a man to such an action? How could we begin to understand the totality of his commitment? To examine our own responses to Vietnam was, he felt, the greatest need of the times, and burning then became the central recurring metaphor against which they were defined and faced: it associated, and contrasted, napalm flames and charred bodies of Vietnamese victims, with the flames of self-immolation, and the inner burning of total involvement that Brook worked to ignite in his actors, the sparks hopefully catching the audience.

The play opens with a song about a caterpillar, Icarus Schmicarus, projecting in the cynical instruction against its potential transformation into a butterfly, the entire cultural conception of moral shrinkage, dis-imagination and non-involvement as the most desirable spiritual condition.

If you never spend your money
 You'll always have some cash,
 If you stay cool and never burn,
 You'll never turn to ash...
 If you crawl along the ground,
 At least you'll never crash.
 So why, why, why?
 What made you think you could fly, fly, fly? ⁸

In sharp contrast to this recommended, cool non-commitment, Saigon is evoked as the only city in the world where they burn people. One of the actors explains that there have been so many assassinations, people are afraid to raise their voices, so 'when we burn ourselves, it is the only way we can speak'. He is then doused in petrol, a match is struck and he burns, as others stare in silence. The opening lines of 'To Whom It May Concern' intone the play's theme:

I was run by truth one day
 Ever since the accident I've walked this way.
 So stick my legs in plaster
 Tell me lies about Vietnam.

Fragments of this song about lies will recur throughout the play, its irony embracing not only the protest against deception, but also the public's need to be deceived. At this

⁸ All quotations from the play are from (Brook, 1968b, pp. 31-131; 154-184).

critical point it may suggest the viewers' self-protective will to ignorance, momentarily asserted against the accusing sight of an ultimate self-sacrifice, but immediately contradicted by a long sequence representing the History of Vietnam.

It is visualized in a series of tableaux performed on a moving truck, each announced in Vietnamese and representing a phase in the country's past from its mythic origin through a great wheel of invasion, oppression, rebellion, renewed invasion and resistance. Following upon the mime of Ho-Shi Minh's August revolution of 1945, which united the people in a triumph against fascist, colonial and feudal oppression (and in scornful disregard of the Vietnamese Declaration of Independence in September 1945, worded to echo that of the USA in 1776, with phrases 'unalienable rights,' 'Life', 'Liberty', and 'pursuit of Happiness' meant to assert, for those not yet convinced, the universal application of these ideals), there is the shameful, British engineered re-instatement of the French power. The Second War of Liberation and the victory at Dienbienphu drives the French out once again, but brings the Americans in. The betrayal is staged in a scene, inspired by *Happening*, of an actor's naked body impersonating Vietnam being painted in two different colors. The image of a writhing tortured Vietnam, leaving his marks on a sheet of paper, which is then torn apart, is the most powerful visual statement of the injustice and savagery of the country's forced division. We hear the statistics about 12 000 people killed by mistake during the Land Reforms in North Vietnam, and also about 400 000 tortured and 100 000 killed under Dinh Diem's regime in South Vietnam; about the 'infiltration' there of the subversive elements from the north, and the American prompt action in defense of 'the Free World... from the Communist aggression.' From that point on to the escalation of the war in 1966 (justified, as subsequently documented in Claibourne's film, by a falsification of the Tonkin Gulf incident), when the number of American troops increased from 65 000 to 300 000 in 18 months, and the indirect threat of nuclear devastation against China with which Act One closes, the official points of view are reworked by Brechtian alienating techniques to reveal, behind the glibness of diplomatic rhetoric, the underlying contradiction of using napalm to save democracy for South Vietnam even if that should require the sacrifice of its entire population. 'Zapping the Cong', a song based on a US officer's talk to his men, and a pilot's report of the 'delights of zapping', reveals the archetypal male and racial hatred as one of the ingredients of the mess called 'Defense of the Free World,'

From coast to coast
 Got them crawling for shelter
 Got them burning like toast...
 Zapping the cong
 Back where they belong.
 Hide your yellow asses
 When you hear my song...
 Be spreading my jelly
 With a happy song
 Cause I'm screwing all Asia,
 When I'm zapping the cong.

while all pretense to charity is unmasked as cruel irony in a song 'Make and Break' about the aggressor's Jekyll-and-Hide policy of crippling innocent peasants and then providing artificial limbs:

Fill all the area with whirling metal
 Five thousand razor blades are slashing like rain
 Mister Hyde has a buddy called Jekyll
 Picks up the pieces and puts them together again...
 We want to be humane, but we're only human
 We maim by night
 We heal by day.

The Escalation song finally dismisses all doubletalk of good intentions, frankly referring all the hypocrisy and the cruelty it tries in vain to mask back to an overpowering myth of Manifest Destiny:

We know what we are doing it for
 We know what we are doing
 We ought to know for
 We've done it before
 Out of the way
 Or you know what we do
 Out of the way
 Or we'll do it to you.

The threat is meant for China, whose political and social alternative to this oppressive tradition is mirrored in the preceding passage based on a pamphlet by a Chinese leader Lin Piao, who prophesied the victory of the Third World War ('the country') against the industrialized rich white world ('the cities'). Thus the Chinese popular resistance is seen as part of a world-wide tradition of revolt against oppression so unflinchingly embodied in the Vietnam people's history, which is then voiced once again in a lyric sung against the Escalation song by the other half of the company. It is called the 'Leech' and was first used in the play to comment on the NLF's heroic resistance against the classes and nations (landlords, the French, and now the USA) that have sucked the country's life blood for centuries. The cacophony produced by the two songs sung together may be the auditory image of the bewilderment most of the misinformed would experience on facing for the first time the two conflicting visions, and is soon interrupted, first by the concluding stanza of 'To Whom It May Concern', with its ironic plea for the kind of perception management that would blur all understanding and prevent expression:

You put your bombers in, you put your conscience out.
 You take the human being and you twist it all about.
 So scrub my skin with women
 Chain my tongue with whisky,
 Stuff my nose with garlic,
 Coat my eyes with butter,
 Fill my ears with silver,
 Stick my legs with plaster,
 Tell me lies about Vietnam.

A fragment from 'Icarus Schmicarus' follows, with its warning against burning and its scornful conclusion 'What made you think you could fly? Fly? Fly?'

Yet the songs that opened the play are now repeated to the audience hopefully made more critical of themselves by what they have witnessed in the meantime, more prepared to make a fresh effort of facing their own need for ignorance and where it comes from. For

instances of burning and ‘flying’ midway through Act I have been a powerful reminder that concern and revolt, though increasingly rare, are more original, or congenial to human nature, than indifference and consent. This oppositional tradition is evoked by the lyric called ‘Moon over Minnesota.’ It is based on a real story about a certain Barry Bondhus, found guilty and sentenced to 18 months’ imprisonment and fined \$2500 for obstructing the functioning of the local draft. His trouble with authorities began when he refused to comply with their exclusionary racist version of identity and on a form they gave him filled out his place of birth as ‘earth’ and his race as ‘human.’ The long, wonderful lyric gives due space to the background that nourished such creative independence: it tells of Barry’s sensible, loving father, Mr. Bondhus of Big Lake Minnesota, who didn’t buy his ten sons guns, because he ‘didn’t want them to die, or kill’ and who, when asked to ‘let the Army have a son/ Just one/For a start.../Downright/Forthright/ Wouldn’t send his quota’. The game of tag ends when the son the Army demands wanders into the draft board office of his own accord and ‘Opens half a dozen files/Packed full/Stacked full/With miles and miles/Piles of government documents/About all the young men due to go far’ and

Dumps in...
 Two full buckets of human excrement,
 Stinking
 Bondhus thinking
 Excrement – Nothing personal
 Against the President –
 It sounds as wild
 As the action of a sewer-
 Realist child,
 But the draft board files
 Are all defiled.

The lyric ends placing Barry, the boy who could fly, amid the American tradition of Blakean mental fighters:

Walt Whitman
 Charlie Parker
 Clarence Darrow
 Tom Pain
 Ben Shahn
 William Burrows
 Alan Ginsberg,
 Woody Guthrie
 James Baldwin
 Joseph Heller
 Dr. Benjamin Spock
 Mark Twain
 Yes, all the beautiful prophets of America
 Write across the Minnesota sky
 Look, look at Barry Bondhus –
 That boy can fly.

In a contrary, tragic mood, this alternative conception of identity is evoked in the Memorial service scene dedicated to Norman Morrison. Morrison, a thirty-two-year old Quaker, happily married and a father of two children, burned himself to death on the

steps of the Pentagon building in solidarity with the burnt-up children of a Vietnamese village razed to the ground in a napalm raid. The event is staged in a way that distances the audience from the already distancing assumption of the madness of such an act. An actor first mimes pouring petrol on himself from an American jerry can, and then burning – his mouth staring open, hands clutching at his eyes, as the rest of the company surrounding him in a semi-circle watch in silence. Then a voice from a loudspeaker repeats part of the Memorial service transcript describing Morrison's as a radical, to whom love was an imperative, a force he wanted to see his society transformed by. Although it has become a trite concept that grown men are embarrassed to speak about, love, the voice asserts, 'is a radical idea, perhaps the most truly radical idea of the human race. For most of us a pinprick at the end of our finger is far more real than people being bombed in a nameless jungle. But Norman imagined, identified totally.' In the archaic societies investigated by the contemporary anthropologists, this total identification was synonymous with sanity; in a society

where it is normal to drop bombs on human targets, ...where it is normal to give war toys for Christmas, where it is normal to have twelve and half time overkill capacity, Norman Morrison was not normal. He said 'Let it stop. Let us personally witness against this kind of normality. Let us be abnormal, in the sense in which Jesus and Gandhi were abnormal!'

The Morrison episode looks back to the image of the Saigon Buddhist's self-immolation and provides transition to Act II, dominated by a controversy involving two British people (played by Glenda Jackson and Mark Jones), who define the two extremes containing a spectrum of those (few) who do feel deeply about Vietnam. Like Norman in Washington, the Londoner Mark finds the only proper expression of his revolt is to set himself on fire. He begins to mime his intention as if in counter point to the first full version of 'To Whom It May Concern' which opens Act II ('I was run over by truth one day/Ever since the accident I've walked this way./So stick my legs in plaster/Tell me lies about Vietnam, etc.), and to the lie served obligingly in 'A Rose Of Saigon', a song about the American love for South Vietnam in the name of which a photograph shows an NLF fighter executed while talking unquenchably into the barrels of the firing squad. As Mark screws off the lid of an English petrol can, a letter at his side, he is stopped by Glenda's counter argument, one in a series, about the unreasonableness of a suicide that would change nothing in a world indifferent to distant suffering: 'If we cared', she says, 'we could jam the runways, paralyze London. One ticket collector striking for an extra shilling can bring a whole terminus to a standstill, and for world peace we can't even block a minor road for one hour.' Except for some such smug, guilt-appeasing response as sending in another charity check, his act would be just another irrelevant horror. In Mark's reply to Glenda's corrosively realistic arguments, barely articulate as it is, a voice is heard again asking us to reimagine being differently. He first asserts his unilateral faith in humanity – 'I have to believe we are not quite worthless. That there is someone...somewhere'; the belief is related to his refusal to 'be moved by reason.' For

the Pentagon is reason...This is a reasonable war. It is the first intellectuals' war. It is run by statisticians, physicists, economists, historians, psychiatrists, experts on anything, theorists from everywhere. The professors are advisors to the president. Even the atrocities can be justified by logic.

Hence the only truly oppositional act would be ‘the one that goes beyond reason, and beyond words’.

Mark’s position is in deep accord with the views of the authors referred to earlier, primarily Giroux’s and Coetzee’s, that any effective transformation would require a dismantling of the entire paradigm of pragmatic rationality that has usurped empathetic imagination in both western politics and daily life. That is why the dream sequence consisting of a number of salvation or escape fantasies that act as a backdrop to Mark/Glenda dialogue sound strange and implausible in comparison. Although most of them are irrational (Timothy Leary’s rhapsody on the LSD mystical expansion of consciousness, an Andy Warhol-like pot-smoking character’s flight from the non-world of consciousness into the broad, hedonistic sanctuary of ecstasy and hope, or even an invitation from the Buddha’s Fire Sermon to ‘live happily and free from ailing among the ailing, free from care among the anxious’), they all center egotistically on the self, and like those other, scientific dreams of the new ‘brave new worlds’ purged of emotion, lack the crucial element – concern for the other. The elimination of empathy is the reason why they all fall short of a meaningful alternative. Hence, imaginative as they are, these solipsistic fantasies of escape do not negate but reconfirm the condition of moral disimagination, as the avant-garde version of the conventional forms of unconcern. Glenda evokes the regressive process as it unfolds in a British middle-class environment: she describes it as the gradual loss of spontaneous need for justice, until poor and happy teenage lovers of *Brothers Karamazov*, Mahler’s music and human beings end up fashionably leftist, bourgeois, dressed-up theatre-goers, afraid of words ‘good’ and ‘bad’ and using instead a non-committal ‘interesting’, and so easily embarrassed by any natural feeling that they put it in inverted comas or say it with a funny voice. Their comfortable, shrunken lives become a concrete image of that whole concept of ‘orderly society’ the apologist of the American point of view in the play says is being currently defended in Vietnam, but also in the entire 2000 years of killing innocent people, as part of power struggles that, he insists, are the essence of civilized history. There will be hence no end to war, as Glenda concludes in despair in her final passionate speech, for as long as there are these civilized, burnt-out people who secretly want it, there will be a Vietnam burning:

So you end the war in Vietnam. Where’s the next one? Thailand Chile, Alabama? The things that will be needed are all-ready in some carefully camouflaged quartermaster’s store. The wire, the rope, the gas, the cardboard boxes they use for coffins in emergencies... Every man whose spirit is dying, wants it to go on, because that sort of dying is better when everyone else dies with you. Everyone longing for the Day of Judgment – wants it to go on. Everyone who wants it to be changed, and can’t change – wants it to go on. It doesn’t matter that the world will be ash – if your life is ash, you want it to go on. And why it will get worse.

In fact, getting worse she believes would be the only way to things getting any better. The difference between Mark’s vision and hers is not absolute though. Mark sees this ‘orderly society’ as a make-believe world, rendered as tiny and unreal by its perverted logic as a children’s toy, which one puts away without any sadness – but is convinced apparently that such a radical exit as setting himself on fire would restore it for ‘someone...somewhere’ to its real and alarming life proportions. Glenda’s equally radical vision is of setting ‘the orderly world’ itself on fire: of seeing it ‘happen here’, of seeing in

an English house, among the floral chintzes and school blazers...a fugitive say hide me – and know...which of my nice, well-meaning acquaintances would collaborate, which would betray, which would talk first under torture – and which would become torturer ...'; of seeing 'an English dog playing on an English lawn with part of a burned hand...of a gas grenade go off in an English flower show, and nice English ladies crawling in each other's sick.

If it is revolution that Glenda is invoking, the 'bringing down of the whole house we live in, the whole of language', it will not happen unless the old consciousness collapse in a cleansing fire of collective terror, and 'pity, like a new born babe' emerge out of the ruins. Mark seeks to release pity too, but relying on the power of his personal example to mediate the inner transformation. Glenda is convinced, on the other hand, that nothing short of facing their own imminent death – like Dorfman's Miranda at Paulina's gun point in the film version of the play, or Amery's Weiss facing the firing squad – might stir back into life the sense of solidarity millions of years of evolution perfected for human survival, and a few thousand years of history have obliterated, and turn British anti-men and anti-women back into fellow human beings.

Thus the complaint voiced after the first night performance by some critics and playwrights (Charles Marowitz and Arnold Wesker are examples) that *US* failed to offer a solution to the Vietnam war, or indeed a sustained viewpoint, is unfounded or beside the point Brook was trying to make. After a welter of contradictory and initially confusing viewpoints and images, the alternatives crystalize and are presented to the audience: an actor announces that they might well be living in a time, 'foretold many years ago,' of ultimate choice: 'I call Heaven and Earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing; therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live.' In terms of the play's chief metaphor, the choice is between different kinds of burning, and is reminiscent of Eliot's Four Quartets:

The only hope, or else despair
Lies in the choice of pyre or pyre –
To be redeemed from fire by fire.

It is conveyed in a concluding richly symbolic image, fusing all the meanings of burning (from fiery commitment to the burnt offering of self-immolation and the holocaust flames scorching Vietnam), but also of flying, that have been suggested so far in the play: a box is opened to release several white butterflies which fly towards the audience. An actor pulls out a lighter from his pocket, lights it, takes out another butterfly – Vietnam, but also Icarus Schmicarus, Barry Bondhus, and the spectators themselves – and holds it in the flame. As it stops burning, the actors freeze, and confront the audience in silence.

If by the end of the play the silence of concern had replaced the initial silence of indifference, Peter Brook explained in the rehearsals, it would have accomplished its purpose. But whether this happened, whether the spark caught and the spectators burnt with the degree of compassionate involvement Brook had hoped for, remains uncertain. As it happened, a lady did leap on stage to prevent the burning of the butterfly (which nobody knew was made of paper), and cried out 'You see, you can do something!', but the silence with which the rest of the audience regarded the actors was described later in a review as that of electrified hostility. Brook was not surprised, nor was he discouraged by the particularly strong animosity of the American public aroused by the film version of the play in 1968. The self-censorship there, Brook recorded later,

seemed to prevent people not so much from saying things as from hearing them. The great debate leads nowhere, persuasion does not persuade. Despite all the newspapers and the paperbacks one is struck by how little wish there is to be informed. The streets of Saigon arrive on television but their horrors do not penetrate. 'This is more indecent than concentration camps', said Murray Campton, 'Because this time everyone sees it, everyone knows'. Everyone. It seems to me he is not speaking only about Americans. (Brook, 1968c, 211)

By the time Pilger, in his 2002 comment, drew attention to the lies still taught in American schools about the Vietnam war, and Claiborne to its connection with the subsequent wars the U.S. has waged since with similar false excuses, Brook's play and film had been virtually forgotten,⁹ while the obscene force of arms and the cynicism in the international politics, combined with the public's self-censorship he saw perfected in the late 1960's, have contaminated and subverted, as Dorfman's play about the post-Pinochet Chile exemplifies, the entire project of so-called 'democratic transition' in the greatest part of the Third World. What then has Brook's play accomplished?

If the question, addressed to Brook after the performance, and also during the rehearsals, implied that the play had done, or would do, nothing to put an end to the war, Brook was right to dismiss it as falsely pitched and doing everybody a disservice: to expect solutions from art which it cannot put in practice, is to seek an alibi for a relapse into impotence and indifference. Like utopia, art must not be discredited because its visions may never come true, or never remain immune to corruption if they do. Art, like utopia, is about renewing the process of life by maintaining its tensions even when, and especially when, the forces of denial seem overwhelming. If the Aldwych middle-class audiences leaving at the end were not crushed, Brook explained, they were still moved, angered or shocked out of the usual attitude of not caring and not worrying. To his actors, anxious about the absence in their performance of something more positive, Brook replied that 'that something was there all the time...in the life, the degree of burning that you brought to the play' (Quoted in Kustow, 1968, p.150). If it didn't start a revolution at the time, the probability that 'one person out of a thousand might act differently because of what they experienced in the theatre that night' makes all the difference. The fact that the re-mastered version of the film was premiered at the Venice 2012 Film Festival, receiving a special mention of the Jury and the Luis Bunuel prize, like the fact too that the American campaign in Vietnam had eventually to be terminated largely under the pressure of the

⁹ Scott Mackenzie observes that *Tell Me Lies*, goes far beyond Brechtian strategies employed by other self-reflective films of the sixties, yet is largely forgotten today, (in 2009), never discussed within the cannon of British cinema, and rarely examined as an early Vietnam film. Moreover, it was also elided from the pantheon of celebrated Brechtian films, and precisely in the early seventies, when journals such as *Screen* and *New Left Review* were championing the radical possibilities of Brechtian aesthetics. The reason for the film's problems was its attacks on the United States. While other films emerging from the continent with similar aesthetic choices but without Brook's scathing indictment of the war were lauded, Brook's *Tell Me Lies* was savagely reviewed, as dishonest 'communist propaganda,' and 'bad taste amounting to obscenity.' In fact, as Mackenzie points out, one only needs to look at the 'War on Terror', the US 'you are with us or against us' stance or the utter absurdity of Freedom Fries to see how 'this forgotten, neglected film clearly resonates with our present condition'. (Mackenzie, 2009: 54-62) Eventually however, the film was re-mastered and the restored version premiered in 2012 at the 69th Venice Film Festival, while the theatrical release in France took place on 10 October in the same year. The restoration of *Tell Me Lies* was carried out by the two foundations at the Technicolor laboratory in Los Angeles under the leadership of Tom Burton. Peter Brook supervised the entire project. The foundations chose to accompany the release of *Tell Me Lies*, with the publication of a book of interviews: "Peter Brook and Vietnam: Tell Me Lies" which became available from book-stores on 31 August 2012.

protests the US government found increasingly difficult to contain, speak perhaps to that difference. It is hence no unrealistic Quixotry if, like Mark in the play, for whom there is no other choice but to persist against all odds in his compassionate faith in the humanity of 'someone ... somewhere,' Brook, as any genuinely concerned artist nowadays, feels he has no choice but to identify, clarify, or stir up the antagonisms and frictions which burn, through the accumulating layers of indifference, delusion and denial, the way back to the race's erstwhile humanness – for otherwise it might be finally extinguished.

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**DRAMSKI TRENUTAK ISTINE:
SMRT I DEVOJKA I US/ PRIČAJ MI LAŽI O VIJETNAMU**

U radu se problematizuje pretpostavka da se tragični mehanizam istorijskog ponavljanja može pripisati isključivo 'gustoj tkanici laži' koja prikriva zločine prošlosti, te da činjenična istina neće imati onaj oslobađajući učinak koji smo navikli od nje da očekujemo ukoliko se duboko ukorenjeno otuđenje od drugog na kome počiva zapadni identitet ne prepozna i ne problematizuje. Suočavanje sa takvim radikalnim unutrašnjim disocijacijama, normalnim i poželjnim u patrijarhalnoj kulturi, suštinska je uloga njene umetnosti, stoga se u okviru komparativne analize kojom su obuhvaćeni drama Smrt i Devojka, Ariela Dorfmana, i US/Pričaj mi laži o Vijetnamu, pozorišni i filmski eksperiment u režiji Pitera Bruka, razmatraju mogućnosti kojima raspolaže drama u sukobu ne samo sa pseudo-istinama o demokratskoj tranziciji u post-pinočeovskom Čileu i Južnom Vijetnamu, već prevashodno sa pseudo-identitetima sa kojima su lažne verzije istorije u dubokom dosluhu: fokus u oba komada je usmeren na mehanizme poricanja kojim se publika brani od onog što je Martin Buber nazvao JA/TI (umesto uobičajenog JA/TO) odnos prema drugome, koji je, kako sve veći broj naučnika smatra, drugi naziv za biološki zapisanu, kroz evoluciju usavršavanu, ali u našoj kulturi zaboravljenu ili obezvređenu, jedinu delotvornu strategiju ljudskog opstanka.

Ključne reči: Bruk, Dorfman, istorija, istina, poricanje, identitet, drama