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Censorship of anything, at any time, in any place, on whatever pretense, has always been and always will be the last cowardly resort of the boob and the bigot.

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If a person is to get at the meaning of life, he must learn to like the facts about himself - ugly as they may seem to his sentimental vanity - before he can lay hold on the truth behind the facts; and the truth is never ugly.

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For what, at bottom, is the new psychological insight into human cause and effect but a study in masks, an exercise in unmasking?

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DOGMA FOR THE NEW MASKED DRAMA:

One's outer life passes in a solitude haunted by the masks of others; one's inner life passes in a solitude hounded by the masks of oneself

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I mean the one true theatre, the age-old theatre, the theatre of the Greeks and Elizabethans, a theatre that could dare to boast - without committing a farcical sacrilege - that it is a legitimate descendant of the first theatre that sprang, by virtue of man's imaginative interpretation of life, out of his worship of Dionysos. I mean a theatre returned to its highest and sole significant function as a Temple where the religion of a poetical interpretation and symbolical celebration of life is communicated to human beings, starved in spirit by their soul-stifling daily struggle to exist as masks among the masks of the living!

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*Eugene O'Neill*