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a review of literature, the arts, and public affairs

THE CRESSET

March, 1972



Wm. M. Mota
5/1/72



COVER: Shiko Munakata (1903-), *Ragora*, 1939, 37 1/2 x 12", woodblock print, from the series, *Ten Great Disciples of Buddha*.

ABOVE: Gallery View, *Japanese Arts Exhibition*, November 1-24, 1971, The Sloan Gallery, Moelling Library, Valparaiso University, Valparaiso, Indiana.

THE CRESSET

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Vol. XXXV, No. 5

- 3 Don A. Affeldt THE SCHOOL OF LIFE
- 4 James A. Halseth THE NATIONAL SECURITY CAMPAIGN
- 5 Alfred R. Looman PROPERTY RITES OF HOME AMERICANUS
- 7 Mark Schwehn THE TENTH PLAGUE
- 10 Elsbeth Loeppert THE PROPHECY OF ULYSSES
- 12 Jan Marie Swanson MONDAY MEDITATION
- 13 Charles Vandersee THE DAY THE EXAM BROKE DOWN
- 14 Robert C. Schultz WHO CAN BELIEVE SUCH FOOLISHNESS?
- 16 Richard Lee AN APOLOGY FOR THE PROTESTANT ETHIC
- 17 Albert R. Trost THE SPOILER
- 18 Robert J. Hoyer ON SECOND THOUGHT
- 19 John Kretzmann POURING OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS
- 20 William F. Eifrig, Jr. THE PAIN OF APPLAUSE
- 21 BOOKS OF THE MONTH
- 24 Robert Kostka NATURE IN JAPANESE ART
- 26 Walter Sorell LET'S HAVE FUN IN THE THEATRE
- 27 John Strietelmeier COMMITTEE ON THE FUTURE
- 28 O. P. Kretzmann THROUGH EUROPE ON SLIPPERS

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Comment on Current Issues

The School of Life

If a student came to you, weary professor, and said, "Teach me about life," what would you do? Being wise in the ways of the world — particularly in the ways of the academy where big-time teaching goes on — you would, or course, begin by writing catalog copy for your school of life. The catalog you write might look something like this:

ART 111. *Topics in the Theory and History of Art*. Cr. 1, 2, 3, or 4. An investigation of selected topics central to major developments and purposes of the visual, auditory, fine and really swell arts, with special attention to Alka-Seltzer and Volvo commercials. Studio fee, \$379.95, unless the student already owns a color TV.

BIOLOGY 41. *Anatomy and Physiology*. Sem. 1. 2 plus 2, Cr. 3. A course in the structure and function of the organs of the human body. Lectures of a mythological sort given in the student's fourth year of life by his parents; lectures of a highly abstract sort given in the student's ninth year of life by his sex-education teacher; lectures of a graphic and concrete sort given in the student's eleventh year by one of his dirty-minded twelve-year-old friends. Laboratory work in due course during the student's teen-age years furnished free under the close supervision of a transient lover.

CHEMISTRY 55. *Physiological Chemistry*. (Also offered as HOME ECONOMICS 65.) The chemistry of proteins, carbohydrates, and fats, and the changes these undergo during processes of digestion and metabolism. Special attention is given the taco, the pizza, the McDonald hamburger, and California mountain red. This is an accelerated introductory course, in the sense that students must run in place during the class sessions on a treadmill which goes faster and faster. No credit is given for this course unless the student loses his health during the semester.

ECONOMICS 282. *Intermediate Macro-Economic Theory*. Sem. 2. Cr. 3. A study of the concepts and analytical techniques which economists employ to bamboozle Presidents and people into believing that they have some knowledge of what makes the economy run. Special attention is given to the arts of invective which can be employed when radical disagreements among economists become public. Prerequisite: an oath of secrecy concerning the content of the course.

EDUCATION 194. *Educational Measurement*. Cr. 3. A course designed to demonstrate that significant learning cannot be measured, but that techniques abound for

quantifying the assimilation of the trivia which constitute the bulk of formal instruction.

ENGLISH 107. *The Romantic Movement*. Sem. 1. Cr. 0. A study of the romantic movements of Elizabeth Taylor, Jacqueline Onassis, and Racquel Welch. For remedial students, the romantic movements of Martha Mitchell are given the attention they deserve. Readings include *Love Story* and *True Confessions*. This course may not be counted toward a major or minor in English nor toward anything else.

GEOGRAPHY 72. *Regional Planning*. A study of the techniques of achieving racial balance in schools without resorting to busing, while preserving separation of races wherever possible. (This course has never been offered, due to the contradiction of its subject matter.)

GOVERNMENT 65. *International Relations I*. Sem. 1. Cr. 3. The fundamentals of international politics and international organization. (This course is cross-listed in the time-schedule with PHYSICAL EDUCATION 78, *Game Plans: Offensive*, and SPEECH AND DRAMA 192, *Interminable Negotiations While Fighting Interminably*.)

HISTORY 14. *United States History I*. Sem. 1. Cr. 2. A study of the various aspects of American civilization from the time the Indians domesticated the dog to the 1951 National League Pennant Race.

HISTORY 15. *United States History II*. Sem. 2. Cr. 2. A study of various aspects of American civilization from the 1951 National League Pennant Race to the present, with emphasis on the proportion of the earth's resources gobbled up by each American man, woman, and child against a background of social and cultural tensions.

MATHEMATICS 180. *Applied Mathematics*. Sem. 2. Cr. 3. Elements of income-tax fudging. Prerequisite: a sworn statement agreeing that 31% of all monies saved be kicked back to the instructor.

PHILOSOPHY 211. *The Metaphysics and Ethics of Eric Hoffer and the Hard Hat School*. Sem. 1. Cr. 6. A study of the conceptual frameworks possible within the confines of a hard hat and the ethical parameters of citizens wrapped in the flag.

PSYCHOLOGY 156. *Preparation for Therapy*. Guidance in the skills of accumulating enough capital for the student to be able to afford the luxury of obtaining professional guidance in figuring out why he wanted to accumulate so much capital. Prerequisite: enough experience in life to render the taking of this course, and all other courses described in this catalog, unnecessary.

In Luce Tua II

The National Security Campaign

As Presidential elections approach each four years, American voters heed the strength of incumbency. Whether it is unwise to "change horses at midstream" or not, and if any of our recent incumbents should have been allowed "to finish the job" or not, only one sitting president in this century has been turned out of office by the voters after a single term. Such voting habits have done much to define the character and powers of the presidency itself.

The electoral advantage of presidential incumbency has shaped the office which presidential scholar Clinton Rossiter called "the matrix of dictatorship." Rossiter's description of the office surely fits the facts of presidential history in its 20th century incarnations. Yet, liberals fearful of the evolution of presidential power have had their apprehensions assuaged by the identification of strong executive leadership with the significant national reform movements, led, for the most part, by willful Democratic presidents.

Heightened concern over the direction of American foreign policy in the mid-sixties with the Indo-Chinese conflict as the focal point raised anew questions of executive power. Eugene McCarthy hinted from time to time that a less vigorous chief executive would be better for the country. Lyndon Johnson's insistence that he would not "wrap himself in the flag" to secure his re-election temporarily delayed serious consideration of the capacity of an incumbent president to bid for re-election within the context, indeed as the most significant aspect of, the nation's security interests. (It might be noted that President Johnson's ability to shape a national security campaign seemed dubious by late 1967 or 1968, whatever his inclinations.)

In any case, as the election of 1972 approaches there can be no doubt that the capacity of an incumbent president to link his own political future to national security will be demonstrated to all but the most benighted.

Richard Nixon has emerged from the Summer of 1971 as one of the most surprising politicians. With consummate skill, he has maneuvered around, preempted, or manipulated away the issues raised by his opposition that might have defeated him. Many have respected his political skill, but few could have predicted his willingness to take the risks of the past few months. True, the process is a potentially costly one; the rash of foreign policy initiatives in particular have left him heavily mortgaged to the Russians, Chinese, and most dangerously the North Vietnamese who have amply demonstrated their disregard for big power "realities."

But he may have seen such risks as the single most reliable route back to the White House in 1972.

One suspects that the President is so successful against his Democratic opponents at this moment because he is playing an essentially different game or at least one in which he has interpreted the stakes to be much higher. The National Security campaign rests on the assumption that the incumbent's power must be used to gain re-election or the nation's future health and safety will be jeopardized. Thus, the President has begun to emphasize the dependence of "a full generation of peace" upon his foreign policy initiatives.

So the question becomes, what of the initiatives? After the Russian visit, a SALT talk preliminary agreement with the expectation or suggestion of further agreements in the four years ahead? Upon completion of the Peking meetings, a pledge to continue talks, exchanges, and possible recognition with the implication of future peaceful and mutual guarantees in Asia and the Pacific? A zero to five weekly American casualty rate in Vietnam and continued Vietnamization? Will the Pompidou, Trudeau, Heath, Sato, Brandt, and other meetings in the immediate weeks ahead suggest a concert of action with friendly nations and suggest to the American electorate yet again the importance of presidential continuity?

All of this is sufficiently vague to make all but impossible serious discussion and debate about the American world role in the 1970's, or the balance of the century, or the militarization of the society, or defense appropriations, or even the re-establishment of humane national priorities. How can such specific issues be discussed with any precision in the midst of such sheer volume of presidential diplomatic activity. A national dialog requires that two opposing views be advanced and Richard Nixon is in effect asking that Americans vote not on any particular issue or even on the success of any particular initiative but on the national security itself. So who's going to vote against the nation's security?

On the domestic scene the campaign follows a similar line. Referring to Phase II of the President's New Economic Policy (NEP), Treasury Secretary Connally regularly reminds his listeners, "it's just got to work. There is no alternative for this nation's economy." Since most of the Democratic candidates favored wage-price controls before Richard Nixon announced them as national policy, is there anyone who wants to run against the national economy. Again, there are specific objections to the details of the program, but the administration as guardian of the nation's economic health insists there is "no alternative." Naturally, the NEP must get

Guest Comment on Current Issues

results but since administration defense of the controls themselves has been equivocal it is not suggested how effectively the policy initiative must work and there remains the possibility of new initiatives before election day. (For example, discussions regarding alternative methods to increase productivity are taking place in a variety of settings.)

Whatever the success of Phase Two, the questions raised by Senator Fred Harris and others about redistribution of power and income will likely not be debated. Nor will George Meany's objections fundamentally alter the issue in the public mind to which Richard Nixon speaks. The President does not defend a specific policy against the policy alternatives of anyone; instead he defends the dignity of the presidency itself against the rudeness and discourtesy of labor leaders grown too powerful. Again the issue is the future health and stability of the nation, in this instance its economic underpinnings. So who's against that!

How then can the Presidential National Security Campaign be countered? Not easily! One relatively obvious, though perhaps excessively cautious, approach is the one apparently adopted by Senator Edmund Muskie who has been speaking a great deal about the politics of trust. Muskie's approach is in fact one which calls into question, albeit in a subtle way, the credibility of Richard Nixon, the Man. Because of the current widespread distrust of politicians generally, and lingering but persistent suspicions of Richard Nixon in particular, the Muskie strategy seems a good one. And yet the credibility of *any* man in public life can be called into question especially in the rambunctious and partisan atmosphere of a presidential campaign. Muskie will be similarly challenged and it remains doubtful the election could be turned on such an issue.

Another opposition approach is to simply ignore the national security campaign and to organize traditional Democratic party support while competing for national security credentials with the incumbent. One would expect such a campaign to grow from a Jackson or Humphrey candidacy though it is doubtful such a Democratic party effort would be more successful than it was in 1968, when a Democrat held the presidency, and the party did not face a national security campaign as defined.

A third opposition alternative is in effect a counter-escalation strategy. Such a strategy would be aimed precisely at the presumed authoritarian tendencies of the present administration and would call continual attention to the national security campaign itself. The campaign would have to challenge the definition of

national security and would raise specific issues and recommend economic and political action across national party lines designed to force, through national crisis if necessary, debate on such a definition. The difficulty with an aggressive campaign of that type is that it almost presumes a unified and clearly articulated opposition. Such an opposition most certainly could not form prior to the nominating conventions, and given the plural constituency of the Democratic party would require great skill if it were to build and hold a majority coalition through the campaign.

In any event, such an alternative or one like it may be pursued in the Primary season by Senator George McGovern, and John Lindsay among other candidates. Should such an effort be accompanied by a second "Tet offensive," a truly action-oriented response from portions of organized labor, or similar crisis-provoking incidents, the President's National Security Campaign may crumble.

However, the presidency as an office does represent "the matrix of dictatorship," and the electoral influence of presidential incumbency is an important dimension of the office. Thus, it is useful to remember that the American political process also contains a great number and variety of democratic possibilities. One suspects those possibilities will easily survive the coming election. Even more earnestly one hopes they will be made to work effectively in Campaign 1972.

By JAMES A. HALSETH
Assistant Professor of History
Pacific Lutheran University
Tacoma, Washington

The Property Rites of Homo Americanus

The person who put those time bombs in safety deposit boxes in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco banks did so, because, he wrote "The movement in America would be better to kidnap property (rather than persons) and offer it in exchange for the freedom of our people." While we deplore his tactics, we must give him credit for understanding the attitude toward property currently prevalent in America.

Perhaps he had read the results of that national poll taken last summer which indicated the majority of Americans thought "law and order" were primarily for the protection, not of human life and well being, but for the protection of property.

A friend once remarked that many who sing, with gusto, those lines in the fourth stanza of "A Mighty Fortress"

"And take they our life,
Goods, fame, child and wife,
Let these all be gone. . ."

are guilty of hypocrisy, because, judging by their actions they would give up fame, child, and wife, with regret to be sure, but would put up a terrific struggle if someone tried to take their goods.

Without a doubt we have become obsessed with the ownership of goods or property, to the point we have made little gods of them and what we own now owns us. Few of us are completely immune from this irrational attitude. I think you will agree, if someone accidentally steps on our toes, we will graciously accept his apology, but woe to him who accidentally dents our fender.

I had once thought this obsession was a legacy of the Depression days, that the sons of those men who had lost their homes, their goods, and their automobiles were now clinging to their property in the hope that history would not repeat itself. But this attitude in America goes back a lot farther than the '30s. In colonial America, for example, a man with money or property who committed a certain offense was fined, while a poor man committing the same offense ended up in jail. Mere ownership of property was sufficient to put one man above another.

What is the source for this strange feeling for goods? Certainly it was nothing we got from the Old Testament, because the children of Israel looked on property as something which they held in trust for God. And the lesson in the New Testament is that one has goods in order to share them with those in need. I suspect it was not until John Locke came along and informed us that property was a "natural right" did we find a philosophy that, with a little corrupting, we could clutch to our hearts.

When property is in the form of land, it breeds a particularly virulent strain of obsession. There is something about owning land — you can see it, walk on it, run the soil through your fingers — that really gets to a man. I must admit I experienced some degree of euphoria when I purchased my first piece of land a number of years ago.

As soon as that property was mine, I began to savor such phrases as "territorial imperative," "eminent domain," and other terms I had not bothered with before because they were so peculiarly tied up with the

ownership of land. Then I remembered the old movies about the ante bellum South and how plantation owners toured the cotton fields on Tennessee walking horses. I was carried away to the point that I suggested to my wife we should probably get such a horse so I could take a turn about the property each sunset. She pointed out that since we only owned a quarter of an acre, the ride would be extremely short, and further, there was not enough land for both a house and a stable. So much for that dream of glory.

Our attitude toward ownership of land is slightly more understandable. With the exception of the American Indians, we are all descendants of immigrants, and most of us are of European ancestry. Now if you ask anyone about his ancestry, invariably he will tell you his forbears were from the nobility, the wealthy, or the intelligentsia. No one ever admits he came from a long line of serfs or peasants.

And, of course, most of us did. For every member of the European nobility, the wealthy class, or the highly educated who came over to this country, thousands of peasants and serfs made the trip. Further, I never heard of any mass exodus of the upperclasses from Europe to America and I doubt there was, for if you have it made, why leave? Ergo, most of our immigrating ancestors were peasants.

If this be true, it is not difficult to imagine one of our ancestors tilling the soil for an absentee landlord or for the folks in the big house up on the hill, and dreaming of some day owning a hectare of land all his own on which to plant cabbage. Since this is one of the few dreams he could dream that had any hope, albeit remote, of becoming a reality, it would be a particularly strong dream and one that would be carried through to his descendants for many generations.

But whatever our reasons for this strange lust for property, if they are not changed — and, fortunately, the younger generation offers hope here — we will continue to divide the country by making decisions that are social or political in nature on the basis of property and its protection, which is really saying to make certain that the have nots never have.

By ALFRED R. LOOMAN
Dean of Student Services
Valparaiso University
Valparaiso, Indiana

The Tenth Plague

By MARK SCHWEHN
Graduate Student in History and Humanities
Stanford University
Stanford, California

Three months ago the United States government officially recognized cancer as a national menace of vast proportions. The accompanying Congressional appropriation for cancer research was both welcome and inevitable. Inevitable too was the tiresome and distressing martial rhetoric with which our country launches so many governmental projects. Several Congressmen were quick to declare "war on cancer."

Indeed cancer has become the most fearful scourge of American life. Though war, automobile accidents, and heart disease are just as lethal, none of them strikes such terror in the hearts of Americans. People do manage to discuss warfare, highway fatalities, and cardiovascular ailments, but they only whisper reverently or joke nervously about cancer. The sound of the word "cancer" is itself repulsive, pronounced, as it usually is, with an uneasy emphasis upon the two sinister-sounding c's. Once mention cancer, and discussion either hastily adjourns or conversation dissipates amongst a flurry of funereal murmurs.

Why this pervasive, almost palpable dread? For one thing, cancer is an especially insidious disease. Our own bodies seem to betray us. Mysteriously and without warning, some of our cells are transformed, and then some ghastly growth spreads, heedless and propulsive, throughout the organism. The cancer lurks within us, often inconspicuous, until it is too late for any effective remedy.

Americans have never been inclined to take treacherous and expansionary foes lightly. Twenty years ago we struggled against Communism, an enemy which seemed unusually implacable at the time. Our anti-Communist efforts were two-fold. First, we sought to discover and expose alleged Communist conspirators in our own society. Secondly, we endeavored to check the spread of Communism abroad through military containment and the Marshall Plan. "Detection and Containment": the formula for combatting Communism in the 1950's now serves us as a *modus operandi* against cancer. There is, it must be said, a substantial difference between ideology and biology. Still, it is revealing that our words are often so similar for our operations against two distinct "enemies within," both of them expansionary in some way or another, both of them deeply disturbing to the American people.

Each of these national endeavors has had certain neurotic overtones. The anti-Communism of the early 1950's verged on paranoia, and from time to time since then, hysterical anti-Communism has discredited more measured and sensible efforts to counter genuine in-

ternal threats to American security. Similarly, anti-cancer has issued in a kind of national hypochondria. Doctors often complain that patients either shun medical diagnosis altogether, for fear that they might have cancer, or conclude, at the slightest sign of bodily dysfunction, that cancer is the source of their malady.

More than any other disease, cancer has received graphic, sometimes morbid publicity. The *Reader's Digest*, that index of American fixations, has faithfully printed about one cancer story per issue since 1960. Interestingly enough, the *Digest* has shown an equally alarmist obsession with Communism in all its forms. Other periodicals seem less preoccupied with Communism, but articles on cancer abound. Newspapers continually report, perhaps wishfully, "decisive breakthroughs" in cancer research. Both *Newsweek* and *Life* have recently featured the problem of cancer in the United States, and television networks have begun to recognize and exploit the apparent dramatic appeal of first-person cancer narratives.

Death Asks If There Was Life After Birth

Biographical studies of cancer victims have become so prevalent that they constitute something of a literary convention. In retrospect, John Gunther's eulogistic *Death Be Not Proud* appears to have been the pioneer cancer narrative. Gunther managed to control the account of his remarkable son's battle with brain cancer, so that it was at times both touching and inspirational. But most other cancer stories, especially those regularly featured in the *Reader's Digest*, tend to be mawkish and unnecessarily dreary.

Nevertheless, the general phenomenon of cancer narratives can be instructive, if one concentrates upon the basic dramatic scheme which most of them follow. The pattern is roughly this: a physician informs a patient that he has incurable cancer and that, as a consequence, he has some finite period of time to live; the patient fights nobly against the prognosis, but usually as a kind of hedge, he prepares himself for death; finally, after considerable suffering, the patient expires, invariably courageous to the end.

Note that the subjects of cancer narratives initially regard their doctors' judgments as unassailable. Patients may outlive their physicians' prognoses, but such happy eventualities count as singular and aberrant triumphs of the human spirit, not as evidence against the doctors' original estimations. Indeed, our culture places extraordinary faith in the predictive powers of

science. A considerable number of Americans have apparently come to construe medicine's ability to offer relatively accurate forecasts of life expectancy as a kind of occult spiritual power over life and death.

Doctors are customarily modest about the extent of their own knowledge and powers; hence, they remain genuinely perplexed as to why some of their patients should deliberately avoid medical diagnosis. The patients themselves might very well deny that their doctors exercise control over death itself. Yet when such patients shun medical consultation for fear that they might have cancer, they act as though their own deaths are at least partially contingent upon the doctor's own words about their condition. In so confusing a doctor's capacity to predict death with a divine capacity to bring it about through the spoken word, some Americans have come full circle. Instead of anthropomorphizing the Deity, they have deified the human.

While a cancer narrative always begins with a spell-binding scientific verdict and usually closes with a sentimental death scene, the patient's life in the interim accounts for the dramatic effect of the story. We are especially drawn to the subject's preparations for death, for in making ready for his death, the subject is forced to seek the meaning of his life. Some subjects become stoical, others take solace in a series of bizarre pieties, still others remain unshaken throughout, grounded in a profound religious faith. Often we are reminded of Ernest Hemingway's chilling dictum in *A Farewell To Arms*:

If people bring so much courage to this world the world has to kill them to break them, so of course it kills them. The world breaks every one and afterward many are strong at the broken places. But those that will not break it kills. It kills the very good and the very gentle and the very brave impartially.

Whatever the strategy by which the hero of a cancer narrative finally makes his own separate and often mangled peace with the world, we are only convinced that we would not care to be faced with a similar exigency. We doubt that we could summon the resources to cope with a prolonged death. Granted, the heroes of cancer stories always manage somehow, but therein lies the growing national fascination with them.

Perhaps our deep revulsion at the thought of a protracted death is the basic source of the prevailing cancer dread. Americans have come increasingly to loathe terminal illnesses and to regard sudden death as a great boon by comparison. Many of us do not really believe in the possibility of our own passing. One American author has opined that the last look upon a man's face when he has been mortally wounded or fatally stricken is not one of pain or alarm but one of utter incredulity. We detest cancer, because we quail at the prospect of an extended and serious contemplation of our own death.

Given such present aversions, one supposes that the fear of a prolonged death is both natural and universal,

that men at all times and in all places have been equally terrified by its prospects, despising it more than all other possible fates. Thomas Hobbes thought otherwise, however. Writing in the seventeenth century, Hobbes argued that man's basic fear, the force that impelled him to seek a rational politics, was the fear of a violent and *untimely* death. Admittedly, Hobbes was speaking of man in the state of nature, and the state of nature was for Hobbes a logical construct, not an anthropological reality. Still, Hobbes abstracted the state of nature from observations of his own contemporary society, and it is quite probable that seventeenth-century Englishmen feared sudden death more than they did a protracted demise. Furthermore, man's alleged dread of his own untimely death remained something of an axiom in moral and political theory through all of the eighteenth and most of the nineteenth centuries.

The Imprint of our Lives upon our Bodies

One can only speculate about what accounts for this relatively recent rearrangement of our antipathies. Perhaps we have become gradually inured to the prospect of instant annihilation, living as we do in a thermonuclear age. Having grown accustomed to the palpable reality of the sword of Damocles, its suspension over our heads no longer troubles us. It is also possible that the former aversion to an untimely death was but a function of an even greater horror. In an Age of Faith, dying suddenly meant forfeiture of any last-minute opportunity to provide for one's immortal soul.

Conversely, in an increasingly secular age, when eternal damnation no longer looms as a convincing threat to many, a swift death seems less and less ominous. Finding both comfort and meaning in the promise of an afterlife, man once feared an untimely death that might discover him unprepared to enjoy eternal bliss. Compelled to seek his total consolation in the meaning of his present life, modern man is unprepared to endure a prolonged death. He thus discovers comfort in the prospect of a sudden passing which would spare him both his search for meaning and his possible indignation in not finding it.

Our fear of a prolonged death, our fascination with cancer stories, our adoration of medical science, and our instinctive aversion to perfidious and expansionary foes: these aspects of American life serve to describe or explain the current cancer crisis among us. Unfortunately, the cancer menace may prove even more unnerving than we have heretofore imagined. Cancer symptomatology contains a hint of moral preachment. There are seven cancer danger signals designed to alert us to possible malignant corruption of our bodies. One recalls somewhat ruefully that there were at one time seven deadly sins.

Behind the danger signals lies the hideous reality of

cancer: unrestrained, unpredictable, and perilous growth within the human organism. The problem of curing cancer is the problem of how to check the rampant spread of malignancies without at the same time destroying the host which nourishes them. Consider the most urgent questions before America today. How can we de-escalate the Vietnam War without upsetting the economy? How can we control population without forever impairing human reproductive processes? How can we stop pollution without thwarting industrial production? How can we halt inflation without creating unemployment? How can we arrest crime itself without threatening liberty? How can we limit consumption without ruining a system predicated upon increasing levels of spending? In brief, how can we check growth without imperilling a social organism whose very life seems based upon the principle of growth. Indeed, there is more than just a hint of moral instruction in such urgent analogues.

To contemplate cancer is to fathom a monstrous parable. But imagine that there is some causal connection between the cancers within us and the cancers without. Suppose that we carry the imprint of our society in our very cells, registered upon the DNA molecules, inscribed somehow in the cipher of our selves. Supposing that through some awesome agency our social deformities have at last become biological. Charles Darwin argued that within species survival was partially a function of adaptability to the environment. Suppose that within the human species some adapt too well and assume the very form of the environment that they themselves have created. Instead of surviving, they die of cancer.

When the Cure is Worse than the Disease

One shrinks from such a prospect, yet the idea has a certain insistent and terrifying plausibility. The noxious exhalations of our rapidly growing industry are often the inhalations which nurture cancerous tumors in the lungs of man. The human organism cannot indefinitely endure the burgeoning artificial food and drug industry without chemical abrasion and distortion of the species. Consider the automobile, that metallic corpuscle which courses through the concrete arteries of the industrial body politic. Its emissions foul the human bloodstream producing either rapid death from asphyxiation or a slower death from cancer. Spastic and unrestrained growth in the macrocosm of man's design mysteriously yields a grim metastasis within the human organism. Perhaps our technological figuring has at last *dis-figured* our biologies.

Intimations of disaster through "progress" date from the Age of Reason itself and are familiar to the modern intelligence. In the midst of Enlightenment optimism, Jean-Jacques Rousseau filed a powerful dissent. In his

Discourse on the Sciences and the Arts and subsequently in the *Discourse on the Origin of Inequality*, he offered a profound critique of culture and society. Man, Rousseau argued, was born free and perfect, yet he aspired to progress. Man's perfectibility, his natural impulse toward and capacity for progress, was his most distinctive faculty. Yet man's cultural creations — his art, his science, his politics, and his morality — were at once his highest achievements and the sources of his alienation.

Here was the paradoxical germ which flowered during the nineteenth century into such diverse fruits as the dialectics of Hegel and Marx, the Romantic Movement, and American Transcendentalism. One hears a faint echo of Rousseau in Emerson's celebrated lament that "things are in the saddle and ride mankind." Twentieth-century lamentations about what man has made of man proliferate everywhere. Many contemporary jeremiads against technology close by offering remedies which seem worse than the disease they propose to cure. We are usually given one of two extreme alternatives: either retreat into a romantic primitivism or settle for a coldly rational totalitarianism.

Cultural critics from Rousseau to Marcuse have differed about the nature of the dialectical relationship which presumably obtains between man and his labors. Some have said that the connection is fundamentally logical, others that it is material, still others that it is psychological or spiritual in some sense or another. No one has yet supposed that there might be some biological relationship between man and his creations, yet our present analysis of the cancer menace suggests just such a possibility.

If our own worst fears about cancer prove to be correct, we can scarcely avoid joining other critics in a counsel of despair. But perhaps there is yet some small refuge in mythology. For we have seen in our own time the fiery hail storms which fell upon Hiroshima and Nagasaki; ecological imbalances producing hordes of swarming insects or an excess of fishes which accumulate in piles upon our shores (the millions of Alewives which washed up from Lake Michigan to expire on the beaches could just as easily have been frogs); the fouling of our waters; and clouds of dusty brown industrial waste which can blot out the sun for days.

And now we have cancer, the plague whose nature we ourselves have seemingly ordained. Long ago a Pharaoh's intransigence in the face of similar tribulations ravaged all of Egypt. Unless we the people turn from our own crazed conviction that spastic growth is a condition for life, unless we somehow curb the voracious appetite which seeks to feed the gigantic maw that is twentieth-century America, this last and most desperate plague may never pass from this our land.

The Prophecy of Ulysses

By ELSBETH LOEPPERT
Graduate Student in English
Carnegie-Mellon University
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Thomas Merton concludes a short article on the Circe chapter of James Joyce's *Ulysses* with the following afterword:

Rereading the Night Town episode and reflecting on the various developments in the Church and world that have occurred since my last reading thirty years ago, I am profoundly impressed by its almost prophetic character: this is certainly the most contemporary section of *Ulysses* — and one of the most moving.¹

I have puzzled for several weeks with the implications of Thomas Merton's statement. What specifically is the "prophetic character" of Stephen's and Bloom's experiences in this chapter? Stanley Sultan, the critic whom I have found most helpful in an analysis of the chapter, suggests an answer to me, for example, which seems unlikely to be Merton's meaning. Sultan summarizes:

Bloom has routed the nun and Bello, restored himself to manhood, but has not resolved the root problem of his estranged wife and non-existent son. Stephen has submitted to God's dominion, ceased his futile and wracking defiance, but has not resolved the root problem of his misunderstanding [about the nature of God] and consequent bitterness.²

Bloom's estrangement from his wife, Molly, and Stephen's misconception of the nature of God are certainly prophetic of our time. Sultan also contends, however, that Stephen has resolved his struggle against God; and he implies that Bloom, having been restored to his manhood, will be reconciled with Molly.³ As far as I have worked out an interpretation of the novel, I have been able to discover no such reconciliations. The lack of such reconciliations, I propose, is also prophetic of our time. Let us take a closer look at this chapter, which Thomas Merton has claimed to be prophetic, and then turn briefly to consider the chapter in light of the last chapters of the novel.

The action of the chapter is a trial. The setting for that trial is the brothel district of Dublin, midnight. Joyce's opening descriptions of the brothel district are pictures of squalor and grotesques:

... A form sprawled against a dustbin and muffled by its arm and hat moves, groans, grinding growling teeth, and snores again. On a step a gnome totting among a rubbistip crouches to shoulder a sack of rags and bones. A crone standing by with a smoky oil lamp rams the last bottle in the maw of his sack. He heaves his booty, tugs askew his peaked cap and hobbles off mutely. The crone makes back for her lair swaying her lamp. ... A plate crashes; a woman screams; a child wails. Oaths of a man roar, mutter, cease. Figures wander, lurk, peer from warrens. In a room lit by a candle stuck in a bottleneck a slut combs out the tatts from the hair of a scrofulous child. Cissy Caffrey's voice, still young, sings shrill from a lane. (422-423/429-430)

This setting into which Joyce plunges Stephen and Bloom is of a world in which morality has been suspended. It is a world similar to the Brocken of Goethe's *Walpurgis Night* scene and to Circe's den in Homer's epic.⁴

Joyce, Goethe, and Homer use a world of suspended morality to test the virtue of their central characters.

The technique by which Joyce develops the tests of Stephen and Bloom is, he says, the "hallucination."⁵ Stanley Sultan clarifies the nature of this technique in his discussion of daymares and fantasies:

The fantasies of Bloom and Stephen are daydreams and, as such, admit and transmute elements of reality. (Hallucination. . . is inaccurate, for a hallucination is totally a product of imagination.) . . . [These] fantasies are literary artifacts, not case reports. They are artistic representations rather than precise records of psychological phenomena; and as such, they can include things. . . that Bloom and Stephen cannot possibly know.⁶

Bloom's and Stephen's daydreams are what psychologists call daymares, nightmares experienced while awake, the nightmare being defined as a dream motivated by anxiety — guilt, fear, and apprehension are its ingredients.⁷

Somewhere in the masquerade of Stephen's and Bloom's fantasies, in their reproach by those fantasies, or in their final response to those fantasies lies the key to Merton's notion of prophecy; for the fantasies are the vehicle by which Joyce tests the moral strength of his two characters.

Let us turn, then, to the daymares of Stephen and Bloom. The greater part of the Circe chapter is taken up with the six masochistic daymares of Bloom.⁸ In each of the first five Bloom is emasculated with increasing intensity. The sixth is the denouement in which Bloom's thoughts return to home and Molly. Stanley Sultan summarizes the sequence:

The first of these six is the fantasy in which [Bloom's] parents invoke his familial responsibility, and Molly his connubial; and then . . . Bridie Kelly, Gerty, and Mrs. Breen appear in rapid succession to represent his Carnal Concupiscence. The second. . . develops from Mary Driscoll, the maid, to Martha, to the three imperious but also truly indignant women, to the trial of the privately guilty but publicly persecuted Bloom. . . The third presents the career of the public Bloom, ending in his immolation. In it "Dr. Mulligan" and "Mr. Dixon" defend him on the grounds that he is "bisexually abnormal," "the new womanly man," and finally, "about to have a baby"; and the fourth, precipitated by the opportunity for masculine sexuality offered by Zoe, elaborates the point made by the ostensible defense witnesses. The fifth, Bloom's climactic psychological experience, presents the transformation and domination of him by "Bello," . . . who is the blatant Circe of the correspondence with Book X of the *Odyssey*. It also presents the consequence of that transformation, and prepares for the sixth, which sums up Bloom's situation.⁹

The situation to which Sultan is referring is "Bloom's inadequate manliness."¹⁰ In the last fantasy Bloom imagines the events which have taken place between Molly and her paramour, Boylan. Bloom fantasizes that he has helped Boylan by servilely providing a hatrack with his horns for Boylan's hat and that he has relished watching Boylan and Molly's intercourse through the key-

hole in the bedroom door. As Sultan acknowledges,¹¹ there is certainly no reform in this sixth fantasy; there is reproach.

However, Sultan seems to me to be unsupportably optimistic when he also contends that Bloom, at the end of these fantasies, "emerges from the brothel not simply 'a man again,' but the man he has not been in all those years."¹² Certainly Bloom does dispel Bello's charm and does vow that he will return to Molly, and does suffer the reproach of his last fantasy; but he does not "emerge from the brothel. . . the man he has not been in all those years," unless we mean by that, that self-knowledge, — the conscious admission of one's weaknesses — is a sufficient criterion of manliness.

The Defiance of God and Old Gummy Granny

Stephen, too, experiences a climactic revelation through his daymares in the Circe chapter. Although his daymares, too, result in his reproach, they, too, provide no sign of regeneration. Stephen experiences two major fantasies: The first is his vision of his mother rising up out of the floor after his frenzied solo dance in Bella Cohen's parlor; it ends when he strikes out at the lamp with his ashplant, shattering the lamp chimney, in defiance of his mother's petition that the Lord have mercy upon him (567/582). Stanley Sultan says of this fantasy that,

This is the point at which Stephen's psychological struggle and the natural action of the chapter reach a joint climax, which is also the major climax of the novel.¹³

It is the major climax of the novel because it is the climax of Stephen's rebellion against God and his mother. It parallels the fifth fantasy of Bloom in which Bloom becomes Bello's victim.

The second of Stephen's fantasies takes place out in the street after Stephen has rushed out from the brothel and he meets the two Redcoats, Private Carr and Private Compton. The daymare which he experiences is a black mass in which Father Malachi-O'Flynn is celebrant. The sacrificial victim is Mrs. Purefy, a symbol of Irish motherhood and of the lifestream. Stephen's daymare of a black mass disintegrates into one of Old Gummy Granny, another symbol of Mother Ireland. Stephen rejects Old Gummy Granny as he did his mother; and the fantasy ends when Private Carr strikes Stephen to the ground with his billy club. Stanley Sultan is helpful, again, with our interpretation of the fantasies:

Stephen's defiance of God took him to Bella Cohen's parlor, for his setting out for night town at the end of the last chapter [Oxen of the Sun] was a clear flouting of the divine injunction against "Carnal Concupiscence."¹⁴

Sultan continues,

Carr's blow is only the final confirmation of that which he recognizes before it strikes — the absolute futility of trying to defy God when he is one of His creatures living an existence willed by Him in this His world. He has told himself all day that it was so; and in nighttown God has demonstrated the fact to him.¹⁵

Sultan acknowledges that Stephen evidences no reform.

God is still a "corpse-chewer" God for Stephen. At least, Sultan contends, Stephen "has made his salvation possible."¹⁶ Stephen has, perhaps, made his salvation possible. But where in Stephen's semi-conscious mutterings after his fall from Carr's blow at the end of the chapter is there evidence of his submission to "God's dominion," and where is there evidence that he has "ceased his futile and wracking defiance"?¹⁷

In their daymares, Bloom confronts and conquers his fears of impotency, Stephen strikes out against the threats of home, country, and religion to his poetic career. Both suffer dramatic reproaches for their perversity. In the chapters which follow the Circe episode neither Bloom nor Stephen seems to be reborn. Bloom returns to Molly, but it is not with the drama of Odysseus slaughtering the suitors in Ithaca. After fumigating the house with incense (the odor from which causes him to drift back into his past, not forward to his reunion with Molly), he slips into bed, kisses Molly's rump (one more masochistic gesture), and after a feeble attempt at conversation with her, curls up at her feet in bed. Nor is there evidence that Molly would reaccept Bloom in her long interior monolog. In fact, to the contrary, she, like Bertha in Joyce's *Exiles* and Gretta in "The Dead" and Bloom (when he smelled the incense) drifts into a memory of an impassioned past and not a vision of the future.

Likewise the remaining episodes with Stephen in the novel. Stephen's boredom with Bloom's belabored babbling and his refusal of Bloom's invitation to spend the night at 7 Eccles Street are simply a reinforcement of the estrangement of minds that has been theirs throughout the book. Nor is there evidence that the homeless Stephen will, like Goethe's Faust, build or have hopes of building the great new commonwealth. It is Bloom, ironically enough, who envisions the great new Bloomusalem. Stephen, like Gabriel in "The Dead," experiences self-knowledge and reproach but no evident regeneration.

The passages which Sultan points to as evidence of Stephen's regeneration¹⁸ can be easily interpreted another way. Stephen doubled up on the pavement beneath Bloom mutters, "Who? Black panther vampire?" His words link Bloom to Haines' nightmare of God, Bloom to the bloodsucking vampire which is a symbol of Ireland's submission to English rule; and his use of the word *vampire* links the reader to Stephen's abortive attempts at writing poetry. All three are links which imply Stephen's continued spiritual impotency; and as he turns away from Bloom's gate on Eccles Street in the Ithaca chapter, he seems to wander off into exile.

The Circe chapter, then, is a climactic restatement of Bloom's and Stephen's impotency. The fruit of their trials is the painful knowledge of that impotency.

A major question must be entertained, however, before I can return to the puzzle of Merton's prophecy. What about the Christ images of the chapter in which rebirth is implicit? And what of the consubstantiation

of Bloom and Stephen in the Ithaca chapter? The Christ images are Joyce's; and as such, they are evidence of his "artistic representation," as Sultan calls it in his discussion of daymares.¹⁹ Joyce has built these images up throughout the novel. The irony of Bloom's vision of his son, Rudy, as he watches over Stephen at the end of the Circe chapter is that Stephen is not Bloom's son; and as we have seen, Stephen does not accept Bloom as a father.

An Epiphany in Imprisoning Impotency

In the emblem Stoom and Blephen (798/682) there is possibly an epiphany for the reader (if epiphanies are possible in reading such ornate chapters!). Joyce is not reinforcing the reconciliation of Bloom and Stephen, of father and son, or of Father and Son. He is rather showing us the interdependence of Stephen and Bloom. Each is an aspect of the nature of Christ — Bloom the flesh, Stephen the spirit. Both Stephen and Bloom suffer temptation and martyrdom. In so far, they are like Christ. There, however, the analogy between their suffering and Christ's suffering ends, and therein is the irony. Each has suffered the painful knowledge of his humanity — of his imprisoning impotence; Christ too, suffered the painful knowledge of His humanity but that knowledge was knowledge of his liberating divinity — of His ultimate power.

Finally, I return to the problem posed by Thomas Merton's statement that the Circe chapter was a prophecy of our times. The prophecy is not that of a struggle against the forces of evil and a reconciliation with the good which empowers men to action. It is rather the knowledge of an affliction the cure for which lies out of reach in the immediate present. Archibald MacLeish in an address to alumni at Yale University said of our times:

One way of accounting for our present sense of nightmare. . . "is to say that the *knowledge* of the fact has somehow or other come loose

from the *feel* of the fact, and that it is now possible, for the first time in human history, to *know* as a mind what you cannot comprehend as a man." 20

Stephen and Bloom *know* their impotency, and they *feel* the pain of that impotency. Both, by the end of the Circe chapter know the cure of their impotency but neither can comprehend that cure as a man. I propose that one interpretation we might make of Merton's statement is that Joyce prophesies MacLeish's nightmare from which it seems we'll never awake. Is the three-masted schooner a symbol of God's abandonment of Stephen and Bloom? And are the symbols of regeneration in the novel to be assumed an ironic inversion? The first chapter of Acts provides an escape from that conclusion:

It is not for you to know the times of the seasons, which the Father hath put in his own power. But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you.²¹

May the reader extrapolate from Stephen and Bloom for himself.

FOOTNOTES

1. Thomas Merton, "Correspondence," *Sewanee Review*, LXXVI (1968), 694.
2. Stanley Sultan, *The Argument of Ulysses* (Ohio State University Press, 1964), p. 355.
3. *Ibid.*
4. Cf. Stuart Gilbert, *James Joyce's Ulysses* (New York, 1955), pp. 313-348.
5. Gilbert, p. 313.
6. Sultan, p. 306.
7. *Ibid.*, p. 307.
8. Cf. Stanley Sultan's comparisons between Bloom and the hero of *Venus of Furs*, *op. cit.*, pp. 323ff.
9. Sultan, p. 317.
10. *Ibid.*, p. 318.
11. *Ibid.*, p. 330.
12. *Ibid.*
13. Sultan, p. 337.
14. Sultan, p. 334.
15. *Ibid.*, pp. 344-345.
16. *Ibid.*, p. 345.
17. Cf. p. 1 above.
18. Sultan, pp. 344-345.
19. Cf. footnotes 6, 7.
20. Quoted by Maynard Mack, "To See It Feelingly," *PMLA*, LXXXVI (1971), 373.
21. Authorized Version, vv. 7-8.

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Monday Meditation

All of this anxious waiting
 for the kettle to blow
 As if the instant cup
 of the frozen dried granules
 Unfrozen would warm
 anything.

Nor will my sour neighbor
 smile — unless to force
 Me into another corner
 nor will her wretched kid
 Stay home for once —
 for once!

Nor will my children
 fail to beg for three different things
 just as the phone rings or two
 Evangelists appear at the door
 or both.

And while this cup steams
 I may dream of a time
 Past, of course, when
 Solitude was possible
 And ideals persisted —
 now really!

JAN MARIE SWANSON



The Day the Exam Broke Down

Of course literature can mislead you.

From great novels you can pick up useful notions about how to live life and ten major pitfalls to avoid (December's column carried some comments along this line), but you can also be snared and trapped by the smooth plausibilities of a great writer.

That's what I realized once again on the final exam. (You wondered what exams were good for? My God, the things teachers learn from them!)

This was a course misnamed "Major American Writers." It left out Emerson, Whitman, Melville, Mark Twain, Emily Dickinson, Robert Benchley, Stephen Crane, Hemingway, and Fitzgerald, in favor of concentration on four novelists who are very much interested in the influence of the past on the present, the idea of "community," and the nature of individual freedom: Hawthorne, Henry James, Faulkner, and Saul Bellow.

Faulkner is the guy who made the trouble. His stories take place in Mississippi, a mythical state in an equally mythical country improbably and fatuously named "The United States." He writes mainly about misfits.

There is Joe Christmas, for example, who runs all over the country worrying himself to death about whether he has Negro blood in him or not. And Joanna Burden, whose ancestors were abolitionists, living out on the edge of the town of Jefferson in a kind of uppity isolation. And Lena Grove, unmarried, who is not quite sure how it happened that she is going to have a baby. And the Rev. Gail Hightower (notice these ridiculous names), who got kicked out of his church 25 years ago but refuses to move out of town.

Not to mention (in other stories) Emily Grierson, a fat, surly recluse with an old corpse in the guest room; Ike McCaslin, who argues that Genesis opposes private property and therefore gives away his nice farm (ah, hermeneutics); and Thomas Sutpen, something of a Joe Kennedy of the 1830s, who can't think of anything but building the biggest house in the territory and raising a big impressive family.

Try to organize a Kiwanis chapter or a friendly unit of Job's Daughters out of this crew, Faulkner seems to be saying. Most of them wrapped up in themselves, out of touch with other people and with what passes for reality.

So, remembering that Faulkner once, in an unguarded moment in a press conference, weary of solemn queries, reduced to clichés, anxious just to get on a horse and go hunting, had allowed as how the whole duty of the

writer is to deal with "the human dilemma," I questioned them on the exam as to what they figured that meant.

They were pretty definite on the answer, most of them. The human dilemma is man searching for his "role," his "place" in society, his "niche" in life and not being able to find the damned thing. Can't find it, and can't be content with what you've got and the people you're with. The solution to the dilemma evidently being Dale Carnegie, a mythical figure about on a par with Joe Kennedy and the corpse in Emily's room so far as cosmic usefulness is concerned.

A perfectly static view of man, in short. Find your place and stick to it, and don't be so confounded persnickety. They couldn't have asked for better proof — "they" in this case being the radicals in my profession, if teaching English can be called a profession. Because this is what they have been saying all along: that the study of literary classics — the "laying on of culture" — is inherently an inhumane, limiting, and often destructive enterprise (a pretty serious indictment to lay on a branch of the humanities).

Great books, that is, are always about human frustrations and man's inability to do anything about his circumstances. That is what they have against them and why it is so damaging to adolescents to be indoctrinated into this kind of Doomesville.

What they might add but don't is that it's also fiercely un-American. Imagine telling Patrick Henry to sit down and shut up and find a nice cobwebby country law practice and a jug of applejack in Rappahannock County. Or giving John Adams lessons in minimizing those abrasive and alienating outbursts of his in the direction of Whitehall and Downing Street.

So for any teachers in the audience I have this exam question that is simultaneously and at once un-radical, un-American, and un-humane, definitely marked down to a discount price. It has about every negative quality you would want, unique in being distasteful to about every point on the pedagogical and political spectrums. I'll put a definite price on it as soon as I can find out what term papers and research reports are selling for these days in the better markets.

I suppose I should also confess the one transcending defect that towers above all the others mentioned. Namely, that the numbing inanity of the answers it provoked made the responses to all the rest of the questions on the exam look positively brilliant. And that, as we all know, is the dangerous opening wedge to something.

Who Can Believe Such Foolishness?

By ROBERT C. SCHULTZ
Professor of Theology
Valparaiso University
Valparaiso, Indiana

Any meditation on the events of Holy Week that does more than tell the story of Jesus Christ and him crucified is by its very nature subject to certain basic limitations: the good news of the forgiveness of sins by the grace of God is beyond reason. Reason cannot invent it nor can it prove it. On the contrary, it must always seem highly unreasonable that God loves as we never love: that God loves the unlovable and that he has nothing to gain from them by loving them.

Similarly, contemplating the events of Holy Week reminds us that what is beyond and contrary to our reason is also beyond and contrary to our imagination. The texts for our meditation make that painfully clear. The gospel that cannot be rationalized comes in the form of a story that cannot be imagined. And our imaginative attempts to describe what it means that Christ died for our sins and was raised for our justification always express less than the full reality of God's saving work.

If Holy Week meditations are to have value, this limitation of our imagination must be deliberately accepted and struggled with. And as God gives grace, our imagination will be stretched here and there to fit the reality of God at work in Christ. And we — like Jacob with his dislocated hip — may also depart with the blessing of God as well as our painfully stretched and even ruptured imagination.

It is beyond imagination that Christ died for our sins. How he carries my grief and bears my sorrow is beyond comprehension. I know of no one who has done anything like that. I would not propose to do it for others. And I am quite suspicious of the claims that various holy people and saints have done it for other people. I know too well that I have too much to bear for myself to have the energy or resources to really bear anything for any one else. And I am inclined to think that all those saints and holy people were really bearing their own sorrows too and not someone else's.

That's my imagination — and it leaves little room for imagining what our Lord actually did. I cannot imagine that he had no pain or suffering or grief or death of his own to bear so that he could carry mine. Such a man would surely be beyond comprehension — even more so if he would voluntarily and deliberately choose to take my place. I have learned to be very suspicious of people who tell me that they are giving me something for nothing, even of the salesman who tells me he's helping me save money by giving me a good deal at his expense. And if I had known Jesus, I would have been as suspicious of him as his enemies and as uncomprehending as

his disciples. And yet I trust in him — not because of but in spite of my imagination.

One of the images about Jesus which has proved helpful to many Christians pictures all the sin and grief and sorrow of all men collected together as a massive burden to be borne by Jesus. Each of us can then see his own personal contribution to that burden and know himself to be involved in the work of Holy Week.

Such a massive burden is, of course, one pictured in our imaginations. And at one point at least, it seems to me that it does not really stretch to fit reality: it requires that sin and death, grief and sorrow be abstracted from persons. But sin and grief and sorrow have no reality except in relationship to specific persons. Take my sins away from me and they are no longer mine. Take my sorrows away from me and they do not exist as far as I am concerned. Yet that is really not what I as a Christian experience. They remain with me, painfully and powerfully.

Perhaps there is another way. Suppose for the moment that there is no more sin and death, no more grief and sorrow than any person can experience. I myself experience all that there is to experience. Sin and death, grief and sorrow are neither increased in quality or in quantity by the simultaneous experience of many people. There is no more suffering in a great city hospital

Who has believed what we have heard?

And to whom has the arm of the Lord been revealed?

For he grew up before him like a young plant
and like a root out of dry ground;

he had no form or comeliness

that we should look at him,

and no beauty that we should desire him.

He was despised and rejected by men;

a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief;

and as one from whom men hide their faces
he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

Surely he has born our griefs

and carried our sorrows;

yet we esteemed him stricken,

smitten by God and afflicted.

But he was wounded for our transgressions,

he was bruised for our iniquities;

upon him was the chastisement

that made us whole,

and with his stripes we are healed.

Isaiah 53:1-5

For the word of
is folly to those
but to us who
it is the power
When I came
I did not come
the testimony
For I decided
except Jesus C
And I was with
and in much fe
and my speech
were not in pla
but in demons
that your faith
but in the pow

than in a small child experiencing cruelty and rejection and death. And the death of one man is every bit as much grief and sorrow as the death of thousands in a disaster.

Sometimes it is helpful to imagine sin and death, grief and sorrow in this way. If that is the reality, then I can know what it means for Jesus to experience all the sin and death, all the grief and sorrow in the whole world. In one lifetime, one person could experience all there is of these things.

That I can imagine. But it is still beyond my imagination that Jesus bears *my* sin and death, *my* grief and sorrow — although it is helpful to be able to see that he, in a single, normal lifetime bears all there is for you or for me to bear. I bear it and am defeated in my death. Jesus bears it and dies as I do — but he triumphs in his death. It is that triumph I cannot imagine.

It is equally hard to imagine that he does all this *for me*. I have experienced nothing like that. Nor can I imagine the bond that would join him to me and me to him in such a way that my sin and death, grief and sorrow become his. I am compelled to trust in him but it is beyond my imagination that there is any other bond that holds us together except the compelling power of his love which evokes my trust.

But even when I feel myself to trust, I find it all profoundly disturbing. I cannot imagine him bearing sin and death, grief and sorrow while he knows that he does not deserve it. For me, the certainty that I am guilty and deserve whatever I receive from the hand of God is a help in some of life's most difficult moments. Who could possibly endure suffering with the certainty that he has not deserved it. Even to think of the possibility shakes my comfortable little construction of reality. God only

knows what might happen in this world if that kind of thing were really a possibility. Fortunately, though I may occasionally be unjustly treated by men, I am in no danger of receiving something from God that I have not deserved — unless the gospel happens to be true.

That indeed is the heart of the matter. I have no capacity to reason out or imagine the good news that God promises and gives what I do not deserve. That openness of the gospel threatens all the securities with which I so comfortably surround myself. The law affirms them — and I can understand the law and imagine how it works, but this gospel is beyond me.

"Surely he has borne our griefs and carried our sorrows; yet we esteemed him stricken, smitten by God, and afflicted." The prophet speaks true, yet it is so much simpler to imagine the suffering servant bearing his own sin and death, grief and sorrow — not mine, his own. It is so much easier to imagine that he dies as I do — for myself. It is so understandable that he is "stricken, smitten of God and afflicted" until someone adds — but not for himself. I have no trouble accepting that he and I — and you too — share in the common tragic fate of all men and are smitten of God. It is simply unimaginable that he shares this fate with us and transforms it.

So, as I contemplate the events of Holy Week, I once again find that I cannot by my own reason or imagination believe in Jesus Christ my Lord or come to him. This coming to faith is the work of the Holy Spirit who calls me by the gospel, in the same way that he calls, gathers and enlightens the whole Christian church.

But how much simpler it would all be if there were some guarantee that God in Christ is to be trusted! And it regularly happens in the church that some of us — now some, now others — find this narrow fulcrum of the gospel too narrow a support. And in our anxiety, we try to expand it. One thing or another is added to guarantee that this is really "for me" and thus make the gospel believable — good works, the infallible teaching office of the church, a collection of inerrant books, a canon guaranteed by the full authority of the church, double predestination, conciliar decrees and synodical resolutions.

Sooner or later all such guarantees unmask themselves as basically legalistic — devices that help us avoid the tension between faith and our imagination. Law after all is so much more understandable, reasonable, imaginable, believable. It is guaranteed by our common experience.

All of us are tempted by such gospel-expansionism that offers us more than "Jesus Christ and him crucified" as the object of faith. Such temptations may come even during Holy Week. When they do, there is no more helpful corrective than the contemplation of the cross and the renewed experience that we cannot understand or even imagine the work of Christ by our own reason and strength.

We cannot make the gospel more believable by anything we add to it.

While we were yet helpless, at the right time Christ died for the ungodly. Why, one will hardly die for a righteous man — though perhaps for a good man, one will dare even to die. But God shows his love for us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us.

Romans 5:6-8

perishing,
aved
thren,
ing to you
lofty words or wisdom.
othing among you
him crucified.
eakness
mbling;
essage
rds of wisdom
the Spirit and power,
rest in the wisdom of men
thians 1:18 and 2:1-5

An Apology for the Protestant Ethic

By RICHARD LEE

The Honorable Richard M. Nixon
The White House
1600 Pennsylvania Avenue
Washington, D. C.

My dear Mr. President:

You don't know me, but we happen to share the same country and Christian faith. I am sure you agree that is a great deal of goodness for two men to hold in common.

We, of course, differ in our jobs and, it pains me to say, we apparently differ in our views on the Protestant ethic. That is my concern for you in this letter.

I teach school among nearly four thousand teenagers, and I sometimes vacation among as many septuagenarians. I thought you might like to share the small shaft of light on your view of work which I glimpsed when I recently stepped from the one ghetto to the other.

As you know, with the exception of Congressional committee chairmen, we have a strange new middle American custom of segregating the aged from the rest of us in our society. Two of my very favorite septuagenarians, for example, are my saintly father and mother; and they have been living it up in several retirement centers in Florida for the past decade. At this writing I have escaped my wintry Indiana ghetto among the young in college for a few warm days among the retired in their ghetto.

In many ways I find the two ghettos very like each other. Your Vice-President (God forbid, ever our President) surely spake sooth when he saith, "If you've seen one ghetto, you've seen them all." The greatest sameness is that the ghettoed youth and the ghettoed aged are outside the "working world" of the rest of us. Neither adds more than a tittle to the GNP, the IRS, or even the GOP.

You and I are happily in the "working world," in some part earning the money to support both ghettos gladly. In fact, as a college professor it is part of my very job to delay the day the young enter the job market as long as possible. (Some of my graduates tell me that you — in your own job in your own way — are delaying the day they take jobs still further.) The young in turn hope to hasten the day you and I retire so there will be jobs for them.

In short, one of the goals of our otherwise aimless society seems to be to shorten the number of years any of us serves in the "working world." At the same time it must be able to support more and more young citizens during an increasing number of years in school and an increasing number of retired citizens, too. It is an impressive achievement of our society that it has gone as far down that road as it has gone.

You, however, have moved me to think more deeply about the meaning of work — on my vacation among the retired away from the young — precisely because you apparently think so little of it. Yesterday I shuffled across the shuffleboard court to the "senior citizen center" to watch some TV. There you were on the news signing your "Workfare" bill, requiring adult welfare recipients to sign up for job training in order to receive their checks. Since HEW had recently testified to the Senate that the incidence of welfare fraud is about four-tenths of one percent and the number of employable men on welfare is similarly low, perhaps 126,000, you and I know your "Workfare" bill was largely a symbolic act.

I have no objection to symbolic acts in principle; it all depends upon what they symbolize. Therefore, what was more incredible to me was your homily to heighten the ceremony.

"No task, no labor, no work
is without dignity and meaning
that enables an individual
to feed and clothe and shelter himself
and provide for his family."

The news announcer then editorialized that you had given another moving testimony to the Protestant ethic. I have heard you speak about work in the same way before and claim the same ethic for yourself, once in memory of your grandmother and great grandmother who were famous Protestant lady preachers back in the Midwest.

I am writing to you, sir, to say that, for all your skills and several virtues, you are full of peas in your preaching on this point. To reduce the dignity and meaning of work to the supplying of our animal needs is to depart from the Protestant ethic about as far as one can go.

I think you would have been much instructed in this matter had you watched the retired watching the rest of the evening of TV. There was no one playing professional football on TV that night, but everyone was working on at least equally honest jobs. I counted one show about doctors, two about policemen, one about lawyers, and a late movie about a President and his analyst. None of the dignity or meaning of the work done, including the Presidency, seemed to be in what any of the workers were able to put on their tables or their backs. I shall let you wonder why there were no TV shows about the work of migrant lettuce pickers, dishwashers, charwomen, miners, assembly line workers, tenant farmers, or even computer programmers.

I readily concede there are a variety of views on work in both the Protestantism and the American civil religion which you and I share. The views range in their

extremes from work as the primal curse upon man's sin to work as the means of proving one's election to salvation. But in no case can the Protestant ethic conceive of the meaning of work merely in terms of survival, nor is it meant to ideologize slavishness or labor which is essentially inhumane.

I hasten to say I have no objection to preaching presidents and I welcome you to rise to the best of them in the tradition of your party and our country. Theodore Roosevelt, for example, would have found your merging of the Presidency with the power of TV a "bully pulpit" beyond his wildest dreams. That is particularly why I make this modest defense of the Protestant ethic to you, for you have immense powers to debase it in your preaching on your way to re-election.

I share with you your moral revulsion for the illusions about work bred by an over-heated economy. Some even credit your economic policies, including the present recession, for such domestic tranquility as we have enjoyed during your administration. In my view, you have now overplayed that hand. Americans more preoccupied with survival than the quality of their lives do not achieve domestic tranquility but spiritual torpor. What is missing in our society in part is what you seem to miss at the very heart of the Protestant ethic.

You see, Mr. President, the heart of that ethic is not survival, nor occupational therapy against the temptations of the devil, nor even riches or winning games —

but a divine mystery. *The activities of men may actually participate in the activity of God in the creation, cleansing, and consummation of the world.* That activity, by the way, includes the activities of the young and old whose work does not earn a dime.

I know the heart of the Protestant ethic is an immense mystery and hard for pragmatists to fathom. I surely wouldn't expect you to make it into a political program even if it could be. All I expect is that you do not betray the divine promise in the Protestant ethic in your preaching and twist it into a servile work ethic or a mere survival ethic.

Ordinarily I would not have troubled you with this letter from one Christian citizen to another, but some things are sacred and are sacrificed to political expediency at a great cost of spirit. Since you do not take your chances under the Word of God like the rest of us in church, preferring kept preachers in the East Room of our White House, I thought you would welcome some more brotherly concern for your soul. And since you use the TV medium for one-way messages to us, preferring to avoid press conferences where there might be some citizen communication, I knew of no other way to get through to you with some help you need which is beyond politics.

Peace and Joy,
Richard Lee

Political Affairs

The "Spoiler"

By ALBERT R. TROST

George Wallace is back and as determined as ever to influence the outcome of the 1972 presidential election. In fact, he is combining the electoral appeals he made in the last two presidential elections. As in 1964, he is entering several primaries to embarrass other Democrats. He also seems intent upon following his strategy of 1968 by running as a candidate of a third party in November. He obviously does not expect to win the nomination by the first course, and it is as unlikely that he will win the election in November. The important question is what will be the effects of his candidacy.

The most obvious effect of the Wallace candidacy will be its boost for the candidacy of Richard Nixon. As in 1968, the Governor will hurt the Democrats. He can do his damage to them in two ways this year.

Campaigning as a Democrat in primaries in Florida on March 14, Tennessee on May 4, and North Carolina on May 2, Wallace should do very well. He collected over 28% of the vote in the general election in these states in 1968 and came within a few percentage points of winning Tennessee. Polls in Florida now indicate that he may even be able to win in an eight-man race.

The major casualties in these primaries will be moderates like Senators Jackson and Muskie. If Wallace can make these moderates look bad, it may convince the Democratic party that they will lose their Southern conservative vote to either Wallace or Nixon or both in the general election. The more liberal candidates like Lindsay and McGovern, or possibly Humphrey might then seem more appealing. These latter candidates would go further toward satisfying the black, youth, and ideological wings of the party. They would, however, have much less chance of winning, since centrist voters would move to Nixon. Studies of the 1968 election show that there are not many votes for the Democrats to pick up on the left.

As in 1968, Wallace will probably take the states in the deep South. In other southern states he will probably be in close competition with President Nixon. Wallace could even win states like South Carolina and Tennessee from Nixon. This would make the electoral votes much closer than in 1968, especially if the Democrats could win in northern states like Illinois and Ohio. President Nixon won these states in 1968. However, it is in these northern states where Governor

Wallace most hurts the Democrats. He siphons-off 10% or more of the vote which would probably go to the Democrats.

Traditional Democratic voters in the cities and suburbs, especially white men in blue-collar occupations sublimate the economic issues which call them to the Democrats, and vote instead on the basis of "social issues" like law and order. In Ohio in 1968, Governor Wallace won 11.8% of the vote, allowing Nixon to win with 45.2%. In Illinois, Wallace pulled 8.5%, giving the state to Nixon with 47.1%. Public opinion polls which project a three-way race in November again show Wallace with about 12% of the nationwide vote, with Muskie as the Democratic candidate.

Wallace will have several factors going for him in 1972 which are supposed to increase his appeal outside of the South. The American Independent Party wants to have its convention in Toledo, Ohio, outside of the South. This is calculated to cut down on Wallace's image as a regional candidate. The 1968 convention of the third-party was in Alabama.

It also appears to be the case that the American Independent Party is more organized at the local level in the North. It contested more offices in 1970 than in 1968. The party is forced to organize carefully in most states outside of the South in order to get enough names on petitions to assure the Governor a place on the November election ballot. While none of these factors seem enough to push Wallace anywhere near an electoral victory in November, they do seem strong enough to repeat 1968 and deny victory to the Democrats.

A second effect of Wallace's candidacy which is as likely this year as in 1968 is the placing of the election

of the President in the House of Representatives. Despite much talk about the possibility in 1968 and seeming unanimity about the desirability of electoral college reform, nothing has been done. Constitutional crisis or blackmail by Wallace is still possible if no candidate wins 50% of the electoral college vote.

A third effect, also much talked about in 1968, is most ominous in its long-run implications. That is the growing polarization in national politics. After the turmoil of the 1968 Democratic convention polarization was talked about as a phenomenon of the left. It was the young dissenter and the urban black who were then viewed as uncompromising. However, it is the larger and more lasting numbers at the pole on the right side of the political spectrum who are now most uncompromising.

Wallace is back again, advocating the same extreme positions. If his movement picks up the minority in the right-wing of the Republican Party which is presently supporting Congressman John Ashbrook as a challenge to President Nixon's China policy and his wage and price controls, the ideological ingredients in Wallace's candidacy might be broadened beyond the race issue. The ideological right-wing in the United States has been without a party home and have had to content themselves with influencing the Republicans. Linking-up with the Wallace movement would reinforce the extremism of both.

Wallace will not win the Presidency, but one can be sure that he and his supporters will find many consolations in his candidacy. The rest of the country may not be so fortunate.

On Second Thought

By ROBERT J. HOYER

Since I work in an educational office, I'm supposed to be concerned about educational methodology. Our office is Christian education and we are most concerned about the methodology of learning Christian truth. An anomaly arises in our discussion: though we support inductive discovery and freedom as educational methodology in every other subject, in religion we are constrained to insist on the transmission of absolute truth. We can permit students to discover the law of gravity, but we must tell them that the Bible is inspired.

I wonder how many realize that when we insist on that we are saying the exact opposite of what we intend to say. We are saying that there is objective truth in the sciences and the humanities, but there is none in religion. We are confident that the free searcher in science will discover truths that coincide with our beliefs and convictions, because they are there. But we are afraid that the free searcher in religion — in the Bible — will

find truths contrary to our beliefs and convictions, so we deny him his freedom. We are afraid that the things we believe are not there for him to find. We indoctrinate him, binding him to our subjective opinion as though that were the only truth there is. That is what we say to him with our authoritarian teaching.

Our children detect the duplicity. They know that what we say is only what *we* say. That's not bad, because having detected it they take for themselves the freedom we have refused to give, and they do find the Word. What rends the heart is that, having detected the duplicity and survived it, some of them go on as students of Christian education and theologians to study the methods of denying Christian freedom to those whom they in turn will teach. Any impartial observer of the process will easily conclude that we are more concerned with maintaining our own confessional authority than we are with teaching Christian truth.

Pouring Oil on Troubled Waters

By JOHN KRETZMANN

I lunched the other day with a genial old gentleman who serves Standard Oil of Indiana as both an officer of the corporation and as general counsel. My inescapable conclusion: despite dire warnings of a slowdown in the economic growth rate, despite wage and price controls and continuing inflation, despite fluctuations in the stock market and increasing competition from both European and Japanese producers; despite, in fact, any negative factor one could cite, the American corporate "biggie" (genus) is in fine shape indeed, and is feeling its expansionist oats.

The gentleman from Standard Oil was particularly excited about his company's current building project, a mammoth new marble and glass structure now ascending at the northeast corner of Chicago's Loop on the "air rights" acquired from the Illinois Central Railroad.

There is a certain obvious justification for the pride with which Standard Oil so evidently regards its new home. In its dimensions, appearance and structure, the building, when completed later this year, will be both striking and innovative.

Indeed, its height will reach to more than a fifth of a mile, making it the fourth tallest building in the world, taller by 20 feet than Chicago's current leading heaven-scraper, the John Hancock Center.

(For architecture students and collectors of trivia, the five tallest buildings in the world will be, in descending order: the Sears, Roebuck Center now also going up in Chicago, the World Trade Center (New York), the Empire State Building (New York), the new Standard Oil Building, and the John Hancock Center. It might be noted that inveterate Chicago-boosters are now countering their "second city" complex with the knowledge that both The Tallest and three of the five tallest heaven-scrappers will soon overlook Daley-land.)

Structurally, the new Standard Oil giant will embody a number of innovations. With the use of a new crane and scoop arrangement which digs long, narrow trenches, the contractor was able to sink the foundation walls without first excavating a huge hole, making it necessary to dig only within the foundation area itself, and eliminating the usual need for back-filling. The building also utilizes a new tubular method of construction which does away with the necessity to hang the "curtain wall" around the frame.

Inside, the design includes the relatively new notion of double elevator shafts, cutting down considerably on the amount of interior space consumed by the con-

veyances. The four corners of the building are "cut-in" in an indented fashion, a notion which was sold to Standard Oil's board of directors with the argument that such a design would eliminate among executives the push and scramble for prestigious corner offices. The exterior of the building will be glass and off-white marble, the latter being in the form of huge slabs imported from northern Italy. One will enter the building by way of a sunken plaza built around three waterfalls flowing into a reflecting pool.

Eventual plans for the rest of the 83-acre Illinois Central air rights area call for a couple of other office buildings and a series of upper-middle to upper income apartment houses. All in all, what the Standard Oil gentleman called "the world's most valuable piece of undeveloped real estate" will soon become, again in the view of Standard Oil, "one of the world's most promising and prestigious urban developments."

So there it is: size and beauty and utility and technical innovation all wrapped up into one giant monument to the keystone and bellwether of our civilization, Standard Oil.

But was it a laudable sense of courtesy, a realistic sense of futility, or simply a groggy sense of three luncheon martinis which prevented me from asking a few tough questions of the gentleman from Standard Oil?

"Granted," we might have begun, "that it's a bit inconvenient for you to have your 5700 Chicago employees scattered about the Loop in 12 different locations, but was that the real reason for your decision to build? Is it too great an imaginative leap to attribute to large corporations those same evil motives that bedevil us mere humans? Motives like avarice, pride, even idolatry?"

"And let us concede," we might have continued, "that your executives and the rest of your white-collar work force will derive great pleasure from their marvelous new surroundings (though even for some executives there must be a point at which luxury becomes redundant); conceding that point, sir, do you believe that this magnificent new building is really what your management team needs and wants? If you were to ask your people at Standard Oil, in confidential, individual interviews, 'Now what do you, Joe Exec, really want and need from Standard Oil?', do you think that many would answer, 'A great new building of marble and glass, the fourth highest in the world?' If you had asked the public, your customers, the same question, what would they have answered?"

"And finally," we might have asked the gentleman from Standard Oil, "granting that this is indeed a 'prestigious' urban development, do you honestly believe that it is also a 'promising' one?"

"To whom among city dwellers is this 'promise' of yours held out? To middle and lower income people, caught in, among other traps, a terrible housing squeeze? To the people of the city who are clamoring for more schools and park space? Or is the 'promise' held out only to your executives, suburbanites all?"

"How promising is it that your corporation, along with others which are taxed at an inequitably low rate to begin with, continues to wrench gross underassessments from public officials? How promising that your precious marble has begun the process of irreversibly

decimating a beautiful mountain range? Or that millions will be spent providing your new site with the best in public transportation from the suburbs while large areas of the city go begging for a bus that runs on time?"

No, I am afraid that it might have taken at least one more martini for me to get up the gumption to tell the gentleman from Standard Oil exactly what I thought of his magnificent new building. "Sir," I might finally have said, rising indignantly to my full height, "you are perpetrating an outrageous and immoral obscenity upon us all, and we, the people of Chicago, resent it mightily!"

The uncomprehending laughter of the gentleman from Standard Oil would have, I suspect, brought me quickly back down to earth.

Music

The Pain of Applause

By WILLIAM F. EIFRIG, JR.

Occasionally I find myself in the midst of a concert wondering at the foolishness of my position. My neighbors seem oblivious to the foolishness of their positions. We have contented ourselves with the discomfort of mass seating, the rising temperature of the hall, and the forced companionship of persons with whom we would ordinarily not associate.

Now, in our several positions, we exert ourselves mightily to remain silently attentive to ephemeral sounds. To one insensitive to the joys of listening it must appear ludicrous indeed — this very civilized activity.

At a recent Julian Bream concert I wondered not only at the position of the audience but also at the effect upon the audience of his playing. Bream is, of course, the paragon of those who play lutes and guitars. When my ears sense any fault of intonation or rhythm, I charge my ears with the error and not Bream. Not that Bream's art is always what he would have it be; he is very much the spontaneous musician. His thoroughly convincing performances, however, will not permit a note out of tune or an unintentional hesitation to fault the musical experience. What Bream does on a lute or a guitar is right.

It was to this character of his performance, of course, that his audience responded with noisy acclamation. They raised the concert hall equivalents of the ancient cries of "Hail the victor!" and "Long live the king!" In the crowd there were many who probably had come to see how it was done to return to their own instruments to emulate him as best they could.

The vigorous applause and delighted outcries, how-

ever, seemed so disproportionate when they followed each piece, bursting in upon the quiet music so gently laid upon our ears. The noise made by seven hundred pairs of hands (with an occasional throat added in) was grotesque when placed beside the intimate and introspective sounds of the lute and guitar.

One moment we experienced the music in a world of miniature dimensions, of soft to softer sounds of slightest nuance. The next moment we drowned in the obliterating flood of massed noise. The import of the music seemed not to call for such a response. These were not lengthy symphonies in which the composer wrestled with weighty matters or in which the drama of conflict and triumph excited the jubilant response of liberated listeners. These were small dances or contrapuntal artifices or undemonstrative improvisations. Perhaps the most appropriate responses to them would have been quiet sighs of contentment.

I cannot complain of the hall's acoustics. I heard clearly even the softest sounds. Still it seemed that the audience should have been about one-hundred in number and the hall one-quarter its size. To hear Julian Bream play in a Castilian court or an Elizabethan hall is an imagined pleasure that appeals to my covetous senses. "But," you say, and very rightly, "we live now — and if we had lived then most of us would never have come near the house of the rich man or the royal palace." I am beaten and retire to ponder the strange results of the meeting of art and market.

All the same, it seems very silly to respond to music with noise — and to the softest, most intimate music with the roar of a crowd.

Your God is Too White

WALKER'S APPEAL IN FOUR ARTICLES and AN ADDRESS TO THE SLAVES OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. By David Walker and Henry Highland Garnet. New York: Arno Press, 1969. 96 pp.

NOTES ON CHRISTIAN RACISM. By Donald Holtrop. Grand Rapids, Michigan: William B. Eerdmans, 1969. 46 pp.

YOUR GOD IS TOO WHITE. By Ronald Behm and Columbus Salley. Downer's Grove, Illinois: Inter-Varsity Press, 1970. 114 pp.

"... It is as if doom had been pronounced upon America one hundred and forty years ago because of her horrendous inhumanity, and the prophecy is still to be fulfilled." "Walker's Appeal" was received as a threat of destruction by the slave holders of the 19th century. The proof that the institution of slavery was threatened by this Boston clothier's writings is shown by his "Appeal" being banned in the South; by increased legislation to restrict the education of slaves; by some Georgians who offered one thousand dollars for Walker's body and ten times that amount if delivered alive; by Georgia's governor, who requested the mayor of Boston to suppress Walker's writings; and by the mayor of Savannah, who asked the mayor of Boston to have David Walker arrested.

Published in 1829, *Walker's Appeal in Four Articles* put into print what Walker had often spoken in public appearances. Less than two years later the articles were in their third printing. Born of a free black mother and slave father in North Carolina, he found it impossible to live "in the bloody land" and after traveling throughout the nation he became a permanent resident of Boston in 1825.

"Appeal" as a title is much too passive for the message of Walker. Today the title would have to be changed to "Demand." Such an observation tells more about the change in times than it does about the difference in message. He lived in a time when the Abolitionist Movement was gaining momentum. His appeal to the advocates of slavery was that they see in history and in what was happening in their nation, as he had discovered for himself, how inhumane the treatment of blacks was; that Sodom and Gomorrah, the Scribes and Pharisees, and even the Antediluvians would be justified in their condemnation of American Christians. His demand of the slave holders and any who promoted the wretched system was simply "Stop it!" His appeal to the slaves was that their ignorance, the misuse of Christianity, and the promotions of deportation-immigration plans come to

an abrupt end. His demand of fellow blacks: "Strike for your lives and liberties," for their condition could not become any worse, and death in the cause of freedom is to be preferred to the miseries of being treated as brutes.

Black militancy and Black Power ideologies are as old as white domination and suppression. The evidence of suppression of blacks for those who desire to see and hear, gives an authentic sound to "Walker's Appeal" for this day and age. The Civil War was not the destruction prophesied. It did not remove the demonic inhumanity which must be rooted out from the nation. The threat of destruction still hangs over the nation.

Fourteen years after the publication of "Walker's Appeal," a national Negro convention was held in Buffalo. Such conventions were held periodically beginning in 1830. (Three quarters of a century later one such convention gave birth to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.) Henry Garnet was a speaker at the 1843 convention. He later became minister of Shilo Presbyterian Church, New York City, and still later was appointed by President Garfield to be U.S. consul general to Liberia.

His speech reiterated the words of Walker, appealing directly to the slaves: "... from this moment cease to labor for tyrants who will not remunerate you. . . You cannot be more oppressed than you have been — you cannot suffer greater cruelties than you have already." He called for the adoption of the motto "Resistance!" The convention voted 19 to 18 to reject the endorsement of Garnet's presentation. Voting on the side of the majority was a young run-away slave, Frederick Douglass, who was later to agree with both Walker and Garnet and become an equally militant spokesman for freedom and justice.

The Black Man's Burden

"... It is as if the forces of destruction are hard at work to keep the threat of doom from being heard and heeded and thereby making the prediction of a catastrophe a reality." Don Holtrop has written his own "Screwtape Letters" to show the deceptive and demonic nature of the horrendous inhumanity in the nation and within Christianity. "Notes on Christian Racism," reportedly found in a vacant lot with charred edges, is a collection of letters from Haitian to the demon Chenchait and his agents.

The letters furnish us a catalogue of those teachings and practices in Christianity which have made it possible for the evil of racism to continue to go undetected:

the church branded abolitionists as godless radicals;

Scripture has been used to justify "some of history's most delicious evil" — inequality, injustice and segregation;

democracy and patriotism are confused with the language of religion;

resourcefulness and hard work are praised, and with prosperity comes pride — thus the conclusion that a man's poverty means he is bad;

glorification of property has come with preoccupation with competitive accumulation of goods, making goods and goodness undistinguishable, and thus the destruction of property becomes the most heinous crime;

Talk of injustice has been frequent, but learning of one's own participation in injustice seldom occurs;

disputes among Christians cause some of the most articulate social and religious critics to drop out of the church;

pursuit of equality is not the business of the church;

emotional outbursts of white Christians brought about by fantasies and fears often end with God being indicted for creating black people;

the burden for solutions has been placed upon blacks, and some willingly carry the load;

blacks are kept off balance by the apparent show of piety and good will by whites, in the face of their unconscious racism and indifference.

But the letters also contain warnings to the subversive agents concerning those few within the churches who have become serious in their attempts to eliminate racism:

capitalize on the self-righteousness of those who begin to act to awaken others;

make the most of fears and conflict so that religion will remain separate from actual life in voting, education, housing, spending, and employment;

hypocrisy and fear is the most delightful concoction;

beware of any group which asks the question: "Did this act work for, or against, love and justice?;"

"racism of indifference" is just as devastating as the "racism of hatred;"

above all else Christian dollars and Christian votes must remain in the control of the evil forces;

push historic white separatism and if coalitions must develop, white and black separatists could do much to subjugate a community of segregated people.

"... it is as if Americans have been tricked by history so successfully that the mere lack of truth continues to contribute to the inevitable destruction." Two Chicago ministers, Columbus Salley, a black, and Ronald Behm, white, have co-authored a book which seeks to place the necessary truth of both past and present into perspective, seeking to avoid the inevitable doom of American Christianity and the American nation.

Historical studies leave no doubt about the collusion of Christianity with the institution of American slavery, with sustained segregation since the Civil War period, and with the process of ghettoization. Such accurate history, as researched by Kenneth Stamp, David Reimers, J. Oliver Buswell, W.E.B. DuBois, Herbert Aptheker, Louis Knowles and Kenneth Prewitt and others, shows how Christianity was and is known as "white christianity" by those who wish to be faithful to their own humanity and the will of God.

When someone repudiates "christianity," it ought to call into question the validity of the understanding of Christianity.

When the repudiation of white christianity comes from those who take the will of God seriously and who claim to be Christian, then the truth may become evident. Salley and Behm make it perfectly clear that it was the failure of Christianity to listen to the voices seeking to cleanse the Church of its white superiority which has brought great harm to the cause of Christ. It has contributed to the rise and importance of the Nation of Islam and

its leader, the Honorable Elijah Mohammad, who was forced to seek a new identification with God outside Christianity, being absolutely certain that the demonic nature of Christianity could never be changed. For Malcolm X there was no doubt that Christianity was the white man's religion being used to suppress and enslave people of color.

These are but individuals and/or small group expressions of what many blacks have felt about white christianity. Voices of many have been and are being raised against the hypocrisy of the church. These are the men who, in the style of Jesus Christ, said their "No!" to the evil they saw, experienced, and knew in their own bodies and minds.

There have been and continue to be signals which communicate hypocrisy and racism to blacks: increasing subtleties of deliberate and unconscious white supremacy; continued use of Scripture which violates Jesus' "love God and man;" white violence perpetrated against blacks; white exodus from neighborhoods and churches. These and similar words and actions communicate to blacks the necessity of responses to affirm their humanity. Black Power has become such an affirmation and Black Theology has become the "terms of agreement" with any religion as stipulated by blacks. "Black people by their rejection of Christianity are by that very act manifesting a search for the fulfillment of their spiritual needs."

Chapter seven, "What the White Christian Must Do With His Church" remarkably resembles the positive of what Hailall suggests in his strategy for keeping the status quo. "Walker's Appeal" (if the word "slavery" is

changed to "segregation" or "white superiority"), although over 140 years old, can also be of value in answering the question of what the white Christian must do with his Church. Beyond that, it answers the question of what must be done in this nation. But if there is doubt and that deliberately evasive question arises: "What do they want anyway?" or "When will the appeals, demands, demonstrations, etc. end?" the answer of Garnet addressing the U.S. House of Representatives in 1856 may serve as an answer:

When all unjust and heavy burdens shall be removed from every man in the land. When all invidious and proscriptive distinction shall be blotted out from our laws. When emancipation shall be followed by enfranchisement, and all men holding allegiance to the government shall enjoy every right of American citizenship. When our brave and gallant soldiers shall have justice done unto them. When the army and navy, and in every legitimate and honorable occupation, promotion shall smile upon merit without the slightest regard to the complexion of a man's face. When there shall be no more class-legislation, and no more trouble concerning the black man and his rights, than there is in regard to other American citizens. When, in every respect, he shall be equal before the law, and shall be left to make his own way in the social walks of life.

Until that is done there will continue to be fear and anger, fantasies and revenge, guilt and shame — doom — still hanging over this nation and the church within it.

KARL THIELE

The Belligerent Supernaturalist

GOD IN THE DOCK. By C. S. Lewis (Eerdmans, 1970). 346 pages, \$6.95.

If anything could make the relatively early death of C. S. Lewis in 1963 less lamentable, it is the fact that his literary executor, Walter Hooper, has gone carefully and lovingly through his friend's unpublished letters and papers and collected them for us in several small books, of which this is the latest and largest. It is also in many ways the most revealing of a Lewis of whom we get only occasional glimpses in his other published works — the roistering controversialist, the temperamental conservative, the scholar eminent among his professional peers, the man of academe, the aggrieved citizen grumbling about the ineffectiveness of local government.

A professor has been defined as "a man who thinks otherwise." Lewis was a professor. And the particular charm of his writings, even for one who may not share his religious or theological views, is that when practically everybody was agreed on some new distortion of Christian doctrine or practice, such as the

ordination of women or the abolition of capital punishment, Lewis thought otherwise — and said so with that combination of Victorian courtesy and English academic arrogance which his friends find delightful and his critics maddening.

God in the Dock is a collection of forty-eight essays and letters written over a twenty-four year period and, most of them, published here for the first time in book form. The first two groups of essays are primarily theological, the first including those in which the primary topic is miracles, the second dealing with a variety of theological concerns including, as the title suggests, the contemporary idea that God is somehow "in the dock" (on trial) and is bound to offer some defense for His being. The third group deals with ethical questions. The fourth is a short collection of letters.

The first three groups are, obviously, the meat of the book, and strong meat they are for a generation that has grown up on theological Spam. Lewis is, almost belligerently, a supernaturalist. For him, "the Christian story

is precisely the story of one grand miracle, the Christian assertion being that what is beyond all space and time, which is uncreated, eternal, came into nature, into human nature, descended into His own universe, and rose again, bringing nature up with Him." And having swallowed (by the grace of God) that miraculous camel, he is not about to strain out the gnats of particular allegedly miraculous events in the ministry of our Lord or His prophets and apostles.

Lewis is also orthodox. He accepts the authority of Scripture and of tradition and the confessional statements of his own communion. In a delightful chapter on "Christian Apologetics" (about which more later) he bluntly tells his audience of Anglican priests and youth leaders that "wherever you draw the lines, bounding lines must exist, beyond which your doctrine will cease either to be Anglican or to be Christian: and I suggest also that the lines come a great deal sooner than many modern priests think. I think it is your duty to fix the lines clearly in your own minds: and if you wish to go beyond them you

must change your profession. This is your duty not specially as Christians or as priests but as honest men."

Later in this same essay he says: "We are to defend Christianity itself — the faith preached by the Apostles, attested by the Martyrs, embodied in the Creeds, expounded by the Fathers. This must be clearly distinguished from the whole of what any one of us may think about God and Man. Each of us has his own individual emphasis: each holds, in addition to the Faith, many opinions which seem to him to be consistent with it and true and important. And so perhaps they are. But as apologists (sc. preachers) it is not our business to defend *them*. We are defending Christianity: not 'my religion'."

And Lewis must surely have been one of the most learned men of our time, despite his protestations of being a kind of dinosaur left over from an earlier age. It is the very massiveness of his intellect and learning that makes him the sort of person no intellectual can lightly dismiss. Since Lewis lived and died, it is impossible for anyone to dismiss Christianity as "a lot of nonsense that no thinking person could possibly swallow." Lewis swallowed it, and purely as a *thinker* he can hold his own with the best that this remarkably fecund century has to offer. The essays delivered to the Oxford Socratic Club indicate not only that Lewis was at home with the serious professional philosopher but that he was taken seriously by colleagues who had the credentials of philosophical competence.

But, most remarkably of all, Lewis was a writer who could make the most abstract ideas, the most ponderous point of theology, come alive and dance. Deep down, there was the kind of seriousness one would expect in a man who saw in every man he met an immortal being headed either for heaven or hell. And it is perhaps only this kind of seriousness which can produce the kind of humor that makes Lewis such a delight to read. One is reminded of David dancing before the Ark of the Covenant. And Lewis, like David, does not lack critics who consider it unseemly to offer God one of the few specifically human gifts we know about, the capacity for humor.

In the essay on "Christian Apologetics" to which I have already referred, Lewis lists a number of words which his clerical listeners use regularly, but in a sense "not understood of the people." To take just a few of them:

"CATHOLIC means Papistical."

"CHRISTIAN. Has come to include almost no idea of *belief*. Usually a vague term of approval. The question 'What do you call a Christian?' has been asked of me again and again. The answer they *wish* to receive is 'A Christian is a decent chap who's unselfish, etc.'"

"DOGMA. Used by the people only in a bad sense to mean 'unproved assertion delivered in an arrogant manner.'"

"MORALITY means chastity."

Or take these icy lines which Lewis wrote in response to an article by Bishop J.A.T. (Honest to God) Robinson entitled "Our Image of God Must Go":

Thus, though sometimes puzzled, I am not shocked by his article. His heart, though perhaps in some danger of bigotry, is in the right place. If he has failed to communicate why the things he is saying move him so deeply as they obviously do, this may be primarily a literary failure. If I were briefed to defend his position I should say "The images of the Earth-Mother have hitherto been spiritually inferior to those of the Sky-Father, but, perhaps, it is now time to readmit some of their elements." I shouldn't believe it very strongly, but some sort of case could be made out.

Lewis, it seems to me, is always at his best when he tackles those very questions which most of us find it best to ignore or, if confronted with them, too readily relegate to the area of "mysteries which we were never meant to understand." It must be confessed that even Lewis does not always have a satisfactory answer to these questions, but it is the mark of a man of faith that he faces up to even those questions which he knows he cannot face down.

Vivisection and Capital Punishment

I have always felt that Lewis' most conspicuous failure along this line in his attempt to come to terms with the problem of animal even Lewis does not always have a satisfactory answer in his *The Problem of Pain*. This problem dealt with again in this collection, and it still eludes explanation. But significantly it is cast in the form of an inquiry by C.E.M. Joad, Head of the Department of Philosophy at the University of London, who late in life became a Christian, and a reply by Lewis. There may be examples of non-Christian intellectuals being equally concerned about suffering of sub-human creation — I am sure there must be — but I am not aware of them. This same concern for the welfare of those to whom God has made us gods is evident in an essay on "Vivisection" which will immediately earn Lewis from some quarters the epithet "nut," but which needs to be read by everyone whose professional duties require him to take a life.

It is perhaps the greatest achievement of any writer that he is able to put into words the unspeakable feelings of his readers or their un verbalized apprehensions of great truths. One who shares Lewis' faith will find himself time after time nodding assent to what is really a strongly held conviction of his own, which Lewis manages to say just right. Take, for instance, the following section from the essay on "Dangers of National Repentance":

England is not a natural agent, but a civil society. When we speak of England's actions we mean the actions of the British Government. The young man who is called upon to repent of England's foreign policy is really being called upon to repent the acts of his neighbors; for a Foreign

Secretary or a Cabinet Minister is certainly a neighbor. And repentance presupposes condemnation. The first and fatal charm of national repentance is, therefore, the encouragement it gives us to turn from the bitter task of repenting our own sins to the congenial one of bewailing — but, first, of denouncing — the conduct of others.

The section of ethical essays come on strong with an essay on "Bulverism" or, "The Foundation of 20th Century Thought," and goes from strength to strength. Bulverism, for those to whom, like myself, it is a new term, takes its name from its imaginary inventor, Ezekiel Bulver, "whose destiny was determined at the age of five when he heard his mother say to his father — who had been maintaining that two sides of a triangle were together greater than the third — 'Oh you say that *because you are a man*.'" "At that moment," Lewis quotes Bulver as saying, "there flashed across my opening mind the great truth that refutation is no necessary part of argument. Assume that your opponent is wrong, and then explain his error, and the world will be at your feet. Attempt to prove that he is wrong or (worse still) try to find out whether he is wrong or right, and the national dynamism of our age will thrust you to the wall." And that, says Lewis, "is how Bulver became one of the makers of the Twentieth Century."

In which century there has been a growing consensus, also among Christian people, that capital punishment is difficult if not impossible to defend on any grounds that could be described as humanitarian or Christian. Lewis stands outside this consensus. Lewis justifies capital punishment on the grounds of desert which, of course, is a familiar argument, but even more so on the grounds that an allegedly humane theory of "treatment" can lead to tyrannical excesses such as, for instance, the compulsory treatment of people like himself who happen to be suffering from the "neurosis" of religion. His line of argument does, indeed, give one pause — but not, at least in the case of this reviewer, to the point of agreement. And perhaps Lewis would have been less willing to defend capital punishment had its victims been processed through the politics-ridden American judicial system rather than the (relatively) incorruptible English courts.

We are still, especially in our churches, so near a Christian past that we can afford — or think we can — to diddle with heresies as old as that of Cain and as new as today's best seller. It happened that, immediately after I had finished this collection of Lewis's, I received Dr. Jaroslav Pelikan's splendid first volume of his history of Christian doctrine. I will lay a quid to a sixpence that Lewis will outlast his contemporary theological innovators — because he stands in the great tradition of which Dr. Pelikan writes so well and which in our day, as for two millennia in the past, has been the breath of the Creator Spiritus in His Church.

JOHN STRIETELMEIER

Nature in Japanese Art

RICHARD H. W. BRAUER

By ROBERT KOSTKA *The Spirit has no form
yet that which moves
and transforms the form* Wang Wei
is the Spirit. (ca. 415-443 A.D.)

During the hundred and twenty years that Japanese art has been known to Americans, it has continued to disturb, annoy, and fascinate us. Art historians have been aware of the subtle range and complexity of Japanese art for about ninety years, but most of us tend to see only a little bit of it at any one time.

Americans are often like the blind men touching the elephant in the Buddhist parable. One touches the tail and knows the elephant is like a rope, another touches its ear and knows it is like a banana leaf, and so on. Americans have similarly approached Japanese art, taking parts for the whole of it. Of course the art of Japan is more than any one facet, and Japan has one of the most varied traditions of art in the world.

When Victorian bric-a-brac was in fashion we were interested in the "gorgeous style" of Japanese brocades, highly decorated porcelains, and paper lanterns suitable for any fete. Before World War II our sense of superiority convinced us that there was hardly any art at all in Japan, or if there were it resembled the trinkets sold in the dime store. After the war our own spiritual barrenness led us to look at Japanese art more searchingly, and we discovered the strong spirituality and naturalness of an art we had previously ignored.

To this day Japan fosters the traditional arts in a fairly pure form on the one hand, and on the other hand adapts foreign arts in ways to make them its own. The import of the motion picture and the skyscraper, for example, was received in a very special Japanese translation.

As traditional Japanese architecture once helped to inform the work of Frank Lloyd Wright and the Prairie School, Japanese architects today are influencing new forms for the twenty-first century around the world. Imitating the forms of growth in nature, the Metabolic school of architecture, under Japanese influence, is designing megastructures to house thousands in one expanding and changing building.

Taking forms and materials from nature is the heart of Japanese art. The religious art of Shinto uses natural images — rocks, trees, mountains, even the winds. Buddhist art, too — and especially Zen — similarly explores nature as a way to religious enlightenment. The *Do* or "ways" are *Shodo*, the way of flowers (flower arranging); *Kado*, the way of calligraphy; *Gado*, the way of painting; *Judo* the way of force (using force against itself); and *Jindo*, the way of humanness (philosophy).

Each "way" leads from one to the other and into life itself.

Japanese art has therefore a strong ecological dimension. It stresses harmony with nature and does not set itself in opposition to nature or try to "control" nature. Much Japanese art stresses the "naturalness" of its materials, especially in wood and earthenware. The manner of discovery of the inner nature of materials in Japanese art has much in common with the Bauhaus, but without the machine.

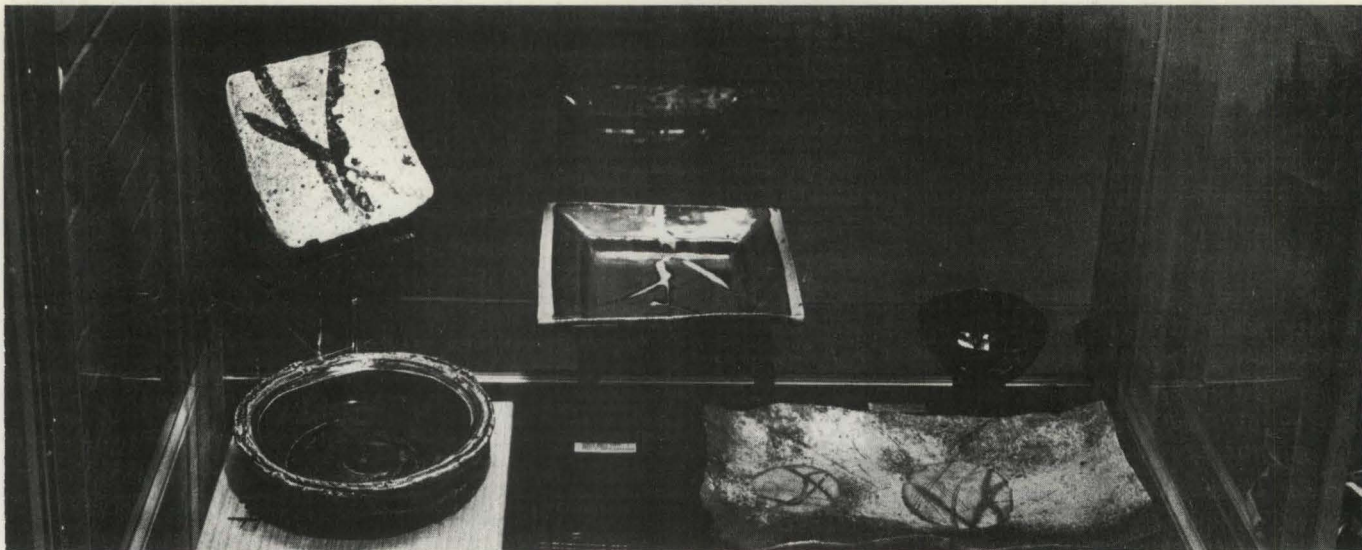
The "naturalness" can be seen in Bizen pottery, especially in its unglazed earthen surfaces colored only by fire. The designs for these ceramic works are obtained in natural ways too. Straw is placed on ceramic dishes while they are molten in the kiln. The ash residues of the burnt straw produce both subtle surface textures and a coloration resembling lava. The colors, textures, and designs are the natural result of earth and straw meeting fire.

One of the greatest Japanese potters of this century was an amateur, Rosanjin. He was a restaurateur who disliked *all* his dinnerware. He decided to make his own since the "professional" artists were the very potters who were turning out the pottery for mass consumption which he disliked. After studying with the great Shino-ware master, Arakawa, he explored Bizen, Korean, and porcelain pottery, producing great work in many styles. He also studied pottery in Europe and America, but returned to Japan in a year complaining that he couldn't get a decent meal.

Munakata, who has been called an "intangible national treasure" in Japan, started by painting in oils. Despairing of this "unnatural" European style, he returned to his Buddhist origins and studied the directness of the 13th century Buddhist prints. Working in the Hanga manner of directly carving the woodblock, he created prints that come to life in the interaction of his knife in the grain of the wood. The prints themselves seem to be in the process of becoming, growing, a trait of all Zen art.

The stability of nature lies in the fact that natural things are always in a stage of change. Munakata carves his woodblocks with incredible speed, too quickly for his conscious reflection and calculation to be a barrier between the material and the idea. He works in a way to let the Spirit transform the form, to let the Universal emerge in the detail, as it does in nature between the leaf and a drop of dew.

Robert Kostka is a painter, graphic designer, teacher, and a student of Japanese art.



Back row (left to right): Kitaoji Rosanjin (1883-1959), *Square Plate*, Aka-Shino. Shoji Hamada (1894-), *Square Plate*. Uichi Shimizu (1926-), *Tea Bowl*, oil spot glaze.

Front row (left to right): Mineo Kato, *Dorabachi*. Kitaoji Rosanjin, *Chopping Board*, Bizen. The Roger R. Leech Collection.



Back row (left to right): Anonymous, *Zen Daruma* (First Zen Patriarch), 17th century wood carving. Toko Kaneshige, *Flat Bowl*, Bizen, Roger R. Leech Collection. Yoh-Zan Isezaki, *Bizen Vase in the Shape of a Mortar* (for flowers in a tea house), stoneware, about 1965. Shinoda, *Untitled*, calligraphic painting, sumi ink on scroll.

Front row (left to right): Toyo Kaneshige (1896-), *Sake Bottle*, Bizen, Roger R. Leech Collection. Anonymous, *Ink Stone* (two piece). Anonymous, *Raku Tea Bowl*, contemporary. Anonymous, *Square Plate*, Bizen.

Let's At Least Have Fun in the Theatre

By WALTER SORELL

Few ever say they have a fine sense of the tragic, but many pride themselves on having a fine sense of humor. All of which probably goes to show that humor is not easily come by.

My guess is that everyone has a threshold of humor as he has a threshold of pain. Pain and humor cannot be far removed from one another since humor which escapes us can hurt.

I felt some considerable pain while watching Peter Handke's *The Ride Across Lake Constance* at the Forum of the Lincoln Center. I have never met a lion in the desert, but I sat in my seat staring at the actors with the same paralyzed and fascinated feelings I would have in the desert facing a lion. I was disbelieving the unbelievable which was nevertheless very real before me.

Handke continues where Ionesco started from, with a slight Handke twist. In his first play, *The Bald Soprano*, Ionesco wrote the comedy of language by exposing our automatic reactions in an unthinking world and by deflating the daily cliches we live by. He called it *The Bald Soprano* because no bald soprano appears in the play.

Der Rit uber den Bodensee is a proverbial German saying for a situation of great danger in which the person is not aware of the danger until he is out of it. Nobody is riding across a lake in *The Ride Across Lake Constance*, but unlike the rider who collapsed and died after learning he had just crossed a lake of ice scarcely an inch thick, the audience at this play just collapsed into embarrassed laughter or fury for having been taken for a ride.

Handke's non-dialogue is the triumph of the non sequitur. Like Ionesco in his younger years, Handke (who is 29) believes we are automatons. Mr. Elliott, a fine actor, keeps throwing things on the floor for Mr. Hecht, a fine actor, to pick up — for no reason except to prove the point that if he picked up napkins, ashtrays, and cigars before he cannot help doing it again. "Would you hand me a bottle?" E. asks H. "Not this one, the other one, the other one, the other one." He accepts the last bottle with the words: "Would you put it back in its place?"

Incongruities are funny, and we grin politely that E. asked for something without doing the expected with it, namely to pour the liquid from the bottle. Robot H. had to put it back without purpose (isn't that what we do all the time in life?). With slight variations of the objects and subjects (three more fine leading actors are involved), that is all that happens in one hour and forty minutes without intermission. After the play a member of the audience gasped: "You know why there was no intermission? More than half of the people would have left!"

Handke has another Ionescoesque point. Not only the objects we use, but also the words we speak are not controlled by us; they control us instead. The result is childish gibberish, the ecstasy of senselessness put into stage action. The play begins with E. waking from a nap with the words: "As I was saying." Pause. Repetition. Phrases are often picked up by the other actors and repeated by all like a singing chorus. Miss Pointer, a fine actress, comes down a staircase of eight steps (which are there for no real purpose). The two men count the steps for her, omitting step six. She panics, runs back and tries again. The steps were of no interest; she was caught up in the sound of the numbers. How conditioned can you get?

Nonsense, even sugarcoated with symbolism, is hard to take on a childish level for a length of time. On the night I saw this non sequiturnalia I observed a little girl of about five years, seated front row between her parents. She liked most of what was going on. When she got bored she picked her nose. She must have enjoyed seeing grown-ups play the way children would play grown-ups, wanting desperately to prove a point while having a good time.

Not everything called comedy makes you laugh. Not because it is too serious, but because its humor is gagged by its boring gags. That happened to the comedy, *Fun City*. It was as little fun as *Fun City* is. A few days previously I saw Joan Rivers, who wrote and acted in *Fun City*, on television telling about the play. I found her extremely funny. Some comedians need the challenge of improvisation.

And then there is Georges Feydeau, who came via Canada to the Phoenix theatre with one of his innumerable comedies, and not his best: *There's One in Every Marriage*. Feydeau was a master in writing the routine Boulevard comedy, farces with the daring of satire while remaining farces. If beds had not been invented, Feydeau would certainly have had to invent them. The bed is the most crucial prop in his farces, and the variations of events happening in, under, and around the bed are as endless as they are intricate and funny.

Feydeau can repeat comic ideas as Handke does. In Feydeau they become increasingly funnier in the same proportion as they become more and more boring in Handke's plays. Handke wrote another concoction which he called *Insulting the Audience*. And he kept the promise of his title. Feydeau's motto was to entertain the audience. He is dead for more than fifty years and still keeps his promise. I know he is old hat, but still wears well, while Handke is new, brand new, and very wearing.



Committee on the Future

The president of the university where I work has given three of us the assignment of fixing our eyes on the future and recommending to him policies which he can recommend to our internal committees and the Board of Directors. We, in turn, have asked for an appropriation to cover the cost of one crystal ball, Mark I, and a retainer for a gipsy soothsayer. For if there is anything that the future is not, at least to us, it is apparent. The deeper and more intently we stare into it, the less we see of a fog and the more we see of limitless possibilities, all of them tending to cancel each other out and leave us without any certain line of direction.

The big question is, or course, is there going to be any place in that future for the private, church-related college or university? If one extrapolates from past trends, the outlook is fairly bleak. One good church-related school after the other has gone public, often with great reluctance, because it needed funds which the church could not or would not supply and which were obtainable most readily from the federal government — but only if the institution was not fatally flawed by a commitment to God and His Son, Jesus Christ. Our committee has taken note of that fact and has not completely dismissed from its mind the possibility that at some time in the future it may be necessary for our university also to settle for what we consider the second best, the role of an excellent private (but non-church-related) university.

Meanwhile, though, it is still worth trying to serve the church in higher education. Curiously, almost all of the most hopeful developments in contemporary religious thought and practice point to the need for more, rather than less, concentration on the equipping of the laity for roles of testimony and service which have been closed to the clergy or for which the clergy are not professionally trained.

One thinks, for instance, of the whole new and good emphasis on salvation as healing begun in the here and now and perfected in the life of the world to come. For this service of healing, this ministry of reconciliation, it is obvious that the church needs men and women who can minister to all of the illnesses of man and the derangements of his society, not only or primarily for humanitarian reasons but because "the love of Christ constraineth us." The idea of the Christian university

as a community of worship, learning, and service is, it would therefore seem, more valid than ever before.

So far, so good. There is, we are convinced, a place both within the church and within society for a community which is genuinely a university, genuinely Christian, and genuinely a community. But how does this kind of institution operate in the world of, say, 1980?

It may readily be assumed that whatever else 1980 may bring, it will still be a year of conflict. The evil spirits who have tormented humanity through all its history will still be about their destructive business. Some would maintain, therefore, that the university, and particularly the Christian university, must become much more involved — directly involved — in the struggle against racial prejudice, war, poverty, environmental destruction, and nameless new enemies who have yet to disclose themselves. This is the position of my activist friends. And at this stage in our explorations I would still want to hold completely open the possibility that they may be right.

I suspect, though, that this definition of our calling, while it demands a great deal of us, demands less than we have (at least in potential) to offer. God insists, for reasons which I do not pretend to understand, on working in mysterious ways through things which are weak and foolish, yes, and even things which are not, to accomplish His purposes and confound His enemies. It may very well be that by the circuitous route of careful, painstaking thought and research and scholarship the Christian university will find things of great and unique — and presently unknown — value to contribute to the overthrow of her Lord's enemies and the coming of His peaceful kingdom. At least it is a possibility which deserves careful consideration on the general principle that we are always inclined to suppose that we could serve more effectively in some other man's role than in the role to which we have been called.

I do not want to prejudge the matter, but I would suggest that not only my university, but every other university that is seriously concerned with justifying its existence as an institution bearing the name of Christ ought to be asking questions like this. We may — I think that perhaps we will — find that we have better grounds for our existence than have even those often excellent institutions which are maintained by the state.

The Pilgrim

By O. P. KRETZMANN

"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side"
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Through Europe on Slippers

It was no accident of my forgetfulness. . . I had decided to go to Europe and my tight budget left no room for a new pair of shoes. . . So I journeyed back to lands whence my fathers had come with nothing on my feet except a fragile pair of slippers, little enough for Alpine snows or Italian floods. . .

Nor was it a ploy to gain sympathy. . . I cared little for the occasional plaudits of hippies who doubtlessly considered me a strange case of arrested development or a slightly demented representative of an unpredictable generation. . . If I wanted to walk the broken streets of Assisi or Siena in my slippers who was to say me yea or nay? . . Certainly not the barefoot children of Europe in the little towns nor our own unshod children of America abroad. . .

Walking through Europe in slippers was a necessity which turned into a virtue. . . As I embarked for the lands of my ancestors, I knew that for several weeks I would be walking near the great. . . Would not my slippers walk easier over their hearts and let them overlook the many times I had trod roughshod over their works and smashed their images into the ground? . . . There are places on the earth, especially in Europe, where one must tread lightly and reverently lest the past be destroyed. . . There is too much to be remembered which can be missed by a careless heel. . .

And so I walked quietly in places where the dead are sleeping. . . Not only out of my respect for their sleep, but also out of a deep respect for their majority. . . If this vast and silent majority of the dead could speak, what volumes of wisdom they could lift up before me. . . It makes no difference who they were in life. . . In death they are a wise and silent majority to whom the living owe attention and respect. . .

I may not hear them clearly, but their voices are in the rustle and crackle of the frozen bush and the murmuring wind in the falling snow. . . I cannot hear these voices in the noise of the city and among the confused voices of my contemporaries. . . I must go out to the hills and down into the little towns on quiet slippered feet to hear their whispering. . . The wearing of slippers

in Europe became a defense against the present and an observance of the past. . . Yesterday came alive in every monument and one could walk reverently among the statues as if the stones could cry out. . .

But there were other reasons for wearing quiet slippers through Europe. . . From that land our ancestors came, bringing with them some differences of opinion. . . In time the differences were imprisoned on our shores and became largely academic. . . And yet last summer our denomination met in convention and we discovered to our dismay that over the treacherous years some of those differences had grown into vast cleavages of hatred, suspicion, and fear. . . Brothers despised brothers in ways which look strangely out of place in a churchyard in Europe. . .

So I must walk with soft, slippered feet over the dust of our fathers and remember that one generation cannot guarantee the peace of another. . . They could not foretell what we would do with their cloistered arguments, nor could they foresee their theological debates rising into ominously ungodly cries of "crucify him!". . . On I walked in slippered feet over their graves; I had not come to accuse or condemn, but rather to express my new understanding. . . And the slippers on my feet reflected the dress of my mind. . . What was once a solemn judgment, filled with "Father, forgive them" had, over the years and in the bitter cup of experience, become a prayer "Father, forgive us". . .

While walking through Europe in slippers, each step spoke to me of vanished power and forgotten glory. One day I stood at Avignon, the little, dingy French town to which some dissident popes had fled many years ago. . . I could barely remember the original controversy that had driven the popes out of the magnificence of Rome to this outpost on the Rhone. . . The day will come when our sons and their sons will as little remember our controversies too. . . And we shall be as footnotes in a much unread book. . .

There is in this world nothing more silent than the silence of what is past. . . Yet it is a curious, fertile silence because it is full of whispers of a new dawn. . . And on slippered feet it is a silence which carries within it the promise of a better day. . .