June, 1969

THE CRESSET

a review of literature, the arts, and public affairs
THE CRESSSET
June, 1969
Vol. XXXII, No. 8

ALBERT G. HUEGLI, Editor
O. P. KRETZMANN, Editor Emeritus
JOHN STRIEBELMEIER, Managing Editor
RICHARD LEE, Assistant Managing Editor
WILBUR H. HUTCHINS, Business Manager

Consulting Editors
Walter G. Friedrich, Victor F. Hoffmann
A. R. Kretzmann, Alfred R. Looman
Donald C. Mundinger, Norman E. Nagel
Andrew Schulze, Anne Springsteen
Herbert H. Umbach

Departmental Editors
Richard H. W. Brauer, Visual Arts
Don A. Affeldt, Mass Communications
Leslie M. Zoss, Science; Walter Sorell, Theatre
Carl F. Galow, Sports; Walter G. Sanders, Poetry
Richard P. Baepler, Religion Books
Kenneth F. Korby, General Books
William F. Eifrig, Jr., Music

3 The Editors IN LUCE TUA
7 Alfred R. Looman RETROSPECTUS
8 George H. Thomson GOLDING'S GOD-DARKNESS AND GOD-LIGHT
13 Thomas W. Klewin THE MILITARY AS AN EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTION
17 Robert McGovern FIREFLIES
18 Dale A. Johnson WORDS AND THE WORD
19 H. Samuel Hamod THREE YEAR OLD GIRL AND DOLL
20 Robert J. Hoyer ON SECOND THOUGHT
20 BOOKS OF THE MONTH
21 Victor F. Hoffmann A DEPARTING NOTE
22 William F. Eifrig, Jr. HEARD THAT SONG BEFORE?
23 Walter Sorell FROM THIS SEASON'S CULTURAL JUNGLE
24 Richard H. W. Brauer INTERMEDIA
26 Don A. Affeldt ON OBSCENITY
27 O. P. Kretzmann SEHNSUCHT


THE CRESSSET is published monthly September through June by the Valparaiso University Press, Valparaiso, Indiana 46383. as a forum for scholarly writing and informed opinion. The views expressed herein are those of the writers and do not necessarily reflect the preponderance of opinion at Valparaiso University or within the editorial board. Second class postage paid at Valparaiso, Indiana. Subscription rates: One year — $2.00; two years — $3.75; three years — $5.50. Single copy 20 cents. Entire contents copyrighted 1969 by the Valparaiso University Press, without whose written permission reproduction in whole or in part and for any purpose whatsoever is expressly forbidden.
Recessional

April was indeed the cruelest month this year for the captains and the kings. Le Grande Charles tried to bully his countrymen once too often into a vote of personal confidence, and lost. The Russians finally had to admit that Dubcek could neither be bought nor intimidated, so they had to fire him. We got our nose bloodied by a fourth-rate power and reacted with a restraint which our President would, judging by his campaign speeches, have considered disgraceful as recently as six months ago. Even the British came a small cropper when they found themselves in the embarrassing position of having to send troops onto a couple of Caribbean islands to put down some disturbances which, in the great days of Empire, would have been considered little more than bar-room brawls.

The meek, it would appear, are inheriting the earth — not the meek whom our Lord called blessed but the meek whom Henry A. Wallace had in mind when he said that the twentieth century would be the century of the common man. Now we shall have to see what they can do about it. We have never completely bought the Carlylean “great man” theory of history and we are fully aware of the mess the great powers have made of international affairs. And yet it seems to us that there lies within greatness, whether it be personal or national, a potential (both for good and evil) which is simply not there in third-rate men and fourth-rate powers. It was Churchill who saved England in the war, Adenauer who put Germany back on its feet, DeGasperi who rebuilt Italy, DeGaulle who pulled France back from the brink of chaos. And the long intervals of peace which mankind still remembers gratefully are the Pax Romana and the Pax Britannica.

If this sounds like elitist thinking, so be it. There may be — indeed there probably are — good pragmatic reasons for pretending that all men are equal and that the collective judgment of a committee of mediocrities is more to be trusted than the intuition of a single geni-us. And in an age of nuclear weapons it may be necessary for super-powers to turn the other cheek to the insults of pseudo-states rather than risk disturbing the precarious balance of terror which is all that presently prevents mankind from destroying itself. But in the long run the human spirit demands something better. The captains and the kings may destroy us, but is that any worse fate than being bored to death by the men in grey flannel suits?

They chanted “Adieu, DeGaulle” the night Mon General lost the referendum. Some of us were wondering, “Bienvenu whom?” Many rejoiced to see the far-flug Royal Navy melt away not so many years ago. But what instrument of international order has appeared to replace it? It is the century of the common man, no doubt. But the still unanswered question is: Will he survive it?

Tax Reform

We have never heard anyone deny the urgent need of reform of the hodgepodge of national, state, and local tax laws. President Nixon is not, therefore, going to get any argument on the need for reform. The arguments, and they are going to be heated ones, will come when he makes specific recommendations for reform. He will discover, if he has not already discovered it, that every alleged inequity in the present laws is a concession to some interest powerful enough to get it written into law in the first place and probably strong enough to block its exclusion from any new tax legislation. And not all of these interests are minority interests. The Texas oil millionaires are no more jealous of their depletion allowance than the ordinary citizen is of his exemption for interest on his home mortgage. And so a really thoroughgoing reform of the tax laws is going to involve some goring of everybody’s ox, a prospect which no politician can face without considerable and altogether understandable trepidation.

Let us ask some very direct questions to illustrate
the point. Just what is the rationale for the $600.00 exemp-
tion for dependents? Obviously, all of us who have de-
pendents are all for it, but how do we justify claiming
it? In effect, it is a fertility bonus. In its own small way,
it is a way of encouraging further increases in a popu-
lation which is already growing at an explosive rate.
Would there not, in the circumstances, be at least some jus-
ification for penalizing large families?

Or take the exemptions for contributions to charita-
table causes. Again, we happen to be all for it. But how
do we justify it? A good case could be made for the de-
sirability of encouraging private benovolence as a way
of minimizing public responsibility for the poor, the
hungry, and the needy. But contributions to church-
es and church-related institutions should, under a strict
reading of the First Amendment, be ineligible for the
exemption benefit.

Hardest of all to justify — at least, so it seems to us
— is the deduction of interest. The original purpose
of this decision was to encourage borrowing at a time
when we were troubled by deflation. Now we are in the
anomalous position of continuing to encourage bor-
rowing through the tax structure while we are trying
to discourage it through manipulations of the prime
interest rate.

We are not saying that these exemptions should be
eliminated. We are saying only that they are examples
of the way our tax laws have "just growed." What is need-
ed obviously is a radical rethinking of the basic prin-
ciples upon which these laws are constructed. It will
be a brave President indeed who ventures to take on
such a task.

**The Roots of Unrest**

Even to begin to understand the roots of the rebel-
ions which have rupted on campus after campus these
past few years one must either be a student or be cap-
able of putting himself into the place of the student.

One can start with the sheer matter of numbers. We
can remember our state university when it was a quiet,
friendly, remarkably intimate little community of some
three thousand students. This year its enrollment is
in the neighborhood of forty thousand. At that figure
it can hardly be any kind of real community at all, much
less a "university family." It is more like a huge educa-
tional factory — impersonal, bureaucratic, computer-
ized, no longer alma mater but an efficiently run cor-
poration.

One could go on to the matter of housing. On almost
every college campus today there are superficially im-
pressive, government-financed new dormitories, all
of which look, inside and outside, like hospitals. The
government people who had to approve the loan ap-
llications for these dormitories were not about to squan-
der the taxpayer's dollar on "frills," by which they meant
any departure from strictly functional design. One
need not fault their intentions. It is enough to record,
as a matter of fact, that life in these antiseptic "living
units" is enough to drive their inmates narkers. Thin
walls, unmoveable furniture, lack of any surface on
which to hang a picture, miles of tile corridors, the whole
institutional environment makes the student yearn
for just a little privacy, just a little messiness. Given
the choice, students all over the country are moving
into off-campus apartments (often in dingy old houses)
or into the few pre-war dormitories that still survive
in a desperate attempt to escape from these spanking
new brick and glass people-warrens.

Then, especially at the great universities with their
large graduate schools, there has been the flight of the
professor from the classroom. Young Smith comes up
starry-eyed to Berkeley or Harvard or wherever it may
be, expecting to study under Hammerschmidt, the big-
gest name in economics. But Hammerschmidt's teach-
ing load is one seminar per semester, senior level, open
to fifteen students by invitation. And even that semin-
ar meets only when Hammerschmidt is between trips
The pale young chap whom Smith actually encounters
in the classroom is a teaching assistant, working on his
Ph.D. and ill-equipped by training, temperament, or
experience to teach.

And there is no way out. It's get the A.B. or pump gas.
Ease up for a while and the grade point average drops
below the magic figure required to maintain a scholar-
ship. Complain, and the complaint gets lost or deliber-
ately pigeon-holed in the labyrinth of the administra-
tive structure. Drop out a semester, and there is Gen-
eral Hershey lurking behind a corner to whisk you off
to a war which you consider an obscenity.

So the cauldron seethes, and every once in a while
it erupts. When it does erupt, the blame is usually fixed
on Dr. Spock, permissive parents, radical agitators,
disgruntled junior faculty members, or the mass media.

But these are not the real villains. Indeed, it would
be hard to single out any particular group for blame.
The point that we seem to be missing is that people be-
have humanely in humane environments, and at this
moment we do not have such an environment, either
on most campuses or in the larger society. What we are
seeing on our campuses is our society in microcosm.
And what is happening on the campus today is what
will be happening throughout our land unless we turn
our attention quickly and seriously to the urgent prob-
lem of making this land a land in which people can live
as human beings in decent, humane communities.

**Grounding the Drunk Driver**

With the coming of summer, more and more of us
will be taking to the open road. A considerable num-
ber of us really have no business being out there, par-
ticularly as operators of motor vehicles. Some of us are
senile, some are nearly blind, some have deep-seated
aggressive impulses which we work off behind the wheel,
and a very large number of us (some estimates places it as high as twenty per cent) are, at any given time, drunk or at least under the influence of alcohol. The shocking statistics on highway fatalities reflect these disabilities.

It is very difficult to set up and enforce even reasonably minimal standards for drivers' licenses. But Great Britain has experimented successfully with a device for scaring the drunk driver off the road. This is the breathalyzer, a simple device which permits the police to make an on-the-spot check of the extent to which a suspected drunk driver may actually be under the influence of alcohol. Since the breathalyzer has been put into use in Great Britain there has been a marked decline in fatal traffic accidents on British roads.

It may be objected that the breathalyzer represents another invasion of such little privacy as we have left and there is some validity to the objection. But we would personally be willing to make this sacrifice for the sake of some reasonable assurance that drunk drivers are not permitted to range our highways freely. And we would like that assurance reasonably soon.

**The Conglomerate**

If a couple of nearly-bankrupt railroad systems attempt to merge in the hope of achieving operating economies which will allow the combined system to make a profit, the anti-trust division of the Justice Department will cast a suspicious and probably disapproving eye on the proposal — as, indeed, it is required to do under laws enacted in the early part of this century when clever and often unscrupulous men were creating powerful economic fiefdoms called trusts. Theodore Roosevelt inveighed loudly and at large against the trusts and ever since his day it has been an article of faith in this country that the merger of two companies which were formerly competitors in the same field is a threat not only to economic freedom but to political freedom as well.

But if some clever and perhaps unscrupulous man were able to acquire control of the Penn Central Railroad system, American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the United States Steel Company, Pan American World Airlines, and the First National City Bank of New York he would not, it appears, be breaking any law. The holding company through which he controlled these huge enterprises would not be a trust but the core of a synergistic company or conglomerate. And there is nothing illegal about a conglomerate.

One might well ask, of course, whether the conglomerate is not, at least in potential, as great a threat to whatever is left of our free, competitive economic system as the trust was in its day. We suspect that it is. The point at issue in either case seems to be the danger of an undue concentration of economic power in the hands of too few people. And while the counter-argument that synergism promotes efficiency of operation resulting in lower prices undoubtedly has its merits, we long ago decided as a people that the inefficiencies of competition are to be preferred above the efficiency of monopoly, both in the economic and the political spheres of our national life.

The dangers of concentrating economic power in the hands of the owners and managers of great conglomerates is aggravated by the close connection between industry and the defense establishment at this time. A study made recently by the Boston Globe reveals the disturbing fact that the top one hundred defense contractors in this country include all of the nation's biggest corporations. These large corporations, in turn, are closely tied to the great banks. And all of this together constitutes the military-industrial complex about whose power over national policy many responsible and conservative observers are expressing growing concern.

In a society such as ours, concentrated economic power has inescapable political connotations. The conglomerate seems to us as much of a threat as the trust ever was. We would encourage the administration and Congress to move quickly and effectively to limit its power, before it is too late.

**Reflections on an Honest Man**

Not too many years ago, Jim Pike had it made. He was a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, resident in the pleasant city of San Francisco. If he had any theological doubts, he could have kept them to himself, as did many a mired agnostic before him. If he was unhappy in his domestic life, he could have kept up the appearances expected of a high-ranking churchman; divorce is not, after all, the only solution to that kind of problem. If he was troubled by misgivings about the relevance of the institutional church to the world around it, he could have rationalized his misgivings, as others have done, by resorting to a theology of other-worldliness which measures the purity of the church by the degree of its disengagement from the affairs of this world.

But Pike, whatever his many faults may be, is an honest man. We have long doubted that he had the mind of a theologian, and it is obvious that he lacked the personal qualities required of a bishop. But his honesty is refreshing, however large a component of naivete it may contain. And we respect him for following the dictates of his conscience, even though by doing so he has now forsaken the church and drifted off into what, for lack of a kinder word, we can only call superstition.

We would like to think that we have not yet heard the end of the Jim Pike story, and we suspect that we have not. The leadings of God are mysterious indeed, and often as not they take men through dry and barren places. But the grace by which He saves us is the grace that He gives us to follow Him. And while mere human honesty can lead us astray, nothing less than the most rigid honesty would seem to meet the conditions set...
by God Himself in the words from which we have so often taken comfort in our own doubts: “If with all your hearts ye truly seek me, ye shall ever surely find me.”

Meanwhile, as we commend an apparent prodigal son to the love and guidance of a merciful Father, how is it with us “older brothers” who are tempted to take pride in the fact that we have never felt any inclination to leave the security and comfort of home? Are we in or on the hands of God? And what of the churches that we have not forsaken? Are they, indeed, as they profess to be, houses of God or not? Perhaps, as we believe in a gracious God, we should not worry too much about the condition of Jim Pike’s soul. We might perhaps more profitably occupy ourselves in working out our own salvation with fear and trembling.

**Toward Denver - IX**

We have tried, over the course of the past nine months, to suggest that there are matters other than the question of pulpit and altar fellowship with the American Lutheran Church which should engage the attention of the delegates to this year’s convention of The Lutheran Church – Missouri Synod when they meet in Denver this month. There are divisions within our own membership that are at least as deep as any which separate us from brethren in other denominations. We are near the point of losing what has long been one of the chief sources of the Church’s strength, its parochial schools. We have not listened carefully to what our young people are trying to tell us about their needs and the needs of the world in which they are growing up. We have not for a long time re-examined the theory and structure of our present patterns of training for professional service in the church. We continue to disenfranchise the women of the church and we withhold the Sacrament of the Altar from children who, in our culture, are considered old enough to make decisions which at least imply that they have reached a certain age of discretion.

We could have mentioned an even wider range of problems to which the church might profitably address itself in the few days when it will be assembled to clear its thinking and plot its strategy for the next biennium. What, for instance, does it mean to be a church in an apostate age? What ministries of healing and reconciliation need greater emphasis in an age when men’s hearts are failing them for fear? What moral counsel does the church have to offer to an age which considers the mores of the past either irrelevant or hypocritical? How can the church, in penitence and humility, reclaim the black man for the Christ whom it has for centuries used as an ethnic symbol? How much of the church’s limited means should go into brick and mortar when we seem unable to respond with anything more than an occasional gesture to the flesh and blood needs of the hungry, the poor, and the oppressed?

But, of course, the prime issue at Denver will be fellowship with the ALC. So far as we are concerned, this matter was settled two years ago in New York when Synod rejoiced to find that the basis for pulpit and altar fellowship with the ALC exists. Nothing that we have heard or read since that time persuades us that Synod was premature or mistaken in its rejoicing in New York. We therefore declare our personal fellowship with our brethren in the ALC. And we hope that our brethren gathered in Denver will see fit to join us in this act of gratitude to the Holy Spirit from whom, as we believe, we have received this gift of unity.

**“The Day Thou Gavest...”**

At my insistent request, Dr. Huegli has relieved me of the managing editorship of *The Cresset* effective with this issue.

I must confess that I write this farewell editorial with a mixture of relief and pain. Despite the pressure of deadlines, the inescapable drudgery of editing, and the anxieties that any responsible person must experience when he undertakes to comment on affairs which even the wisest among us only dimly understand, these twenty years and five months have been a gift of God for which I am grateful. Whether they have been spent profitably in the service of the world and the Church others must judge. They have certainly been spent in the company of colleagues and friends whose understanding and support have divided every care and doubled every joy.

I am especially grateful for having had the privilege of working under the direction of two generous and sympathetic editors, Dr. O.P. Kretzmann and Dr. Albert G. Huegli. Intellectually and spiritually, Dr. Kretzmann was a surrogate father to me, as he has been to a whole generation of my contemporaries. I can not imagine that I could have served any other man so long and so willingly.

My indebtedness to the faithful columnists and writers who have worked with me through so many of these years is obvious. What can hardly be so obvious is the debt I owe to those great figures of the Forties — most of them now with their Lord — who had the vision to create and give a distinctive character to *The Cresset*. Recalling those days and looking at the bright, young crop of writers we have gathered in recent years, I feel the full poignancy of Ogden Nash’s lines: “How many I loved were not yet dead, how many I love were not yet born.”

And now “the day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,” earlier than I might have wished, but happier than I could have hoped. There is little that I have said that I would wish to unsay, but there is much yet to be said and I have no doubt that our God who does not leave himself without witnesses has chosen the right man to say it. To that man, Dr. Richard Lee, my best wishes and the assurance of whatever help I can give him in the years to come when *The Cresset*, or something like it, will be even more needed than it has been in the past.

John Strietelmeier
Ad Lib.

By ALFRED R. LOOMAN

Retrospectus

Back in September, 1953, or 160 Ad Lib. columns ago, I was sufficiently naive to believe that writing a column on a monthly basis would be a breeze, particularly since the managing editor had assured me I could write on any subject I felt like writing. Presumably, under this directive, I could, as I said back in 1953, fail to turn in a column if I did not feel like writing about anything.

I can assure you there have been many months when I did not feel like writing but I never got out of submitting a column as I had so innocently expected. Editors have an aversion to putting out a magazine with a blank page. It is one thing to write on a regular basis when one can anticipate a certain amount of free time for writing; it is another, however, to write when one is engaged in a full time occupation, an occupation that seems to consist of nothing but a series of meetings, particularly at deadline time.

A professional writer, something my readers know I am not, can force himself to put word after word on paper until he has completed his assignment. For us amateurs it does not work that way. I have been spending large amounts of time each month staring at the blank sheet in my typewriter waiting for inspiration to strike from somewhere. These pious plans to write several columns in advance during the summer when time is more free remained pious plans, and I cannot recall ever having turned in copy before the deadline.

A professional writer can write on anything, whether or not he is interested in it. I never could. Whatever I wrote had to be something I was interested in, at least at the time I wrote it. Perhaps that is one reason I did not write on the subjects suggested to me by readers, since those topics interested them and not me.

Since this is my last column, I should mention some of the topics I had planned to cover in the months ahead. Whether I would have written on these subjects eventually, I don't know, but I did have them in mind. My reason for listing them now is not to let you know what you will miss but what you are being spared.

Two months ago I promised (or threatened) that I would give you an account of the second time I missed the ship, an incident which occurred 25 years ago come October. Our ship sailed and I was stranded ashore in Marseilles on the day that convivial French city was liberated. And there I stayed, an innocent sailor, for a whole week of liberation celebrations before another ship picked us up. As in the case of my missing the ship in England a few months before that, it was not my fault and I never spent time in the brig, though I noticed the Executive Officer always managed to catch the same liberty boat I did thereafter.

Then I wanted to write something more on our resistance to change, this time as it related to our reluctance to accept the metric system, the only sensible system of weights and measures, and one which almost everyone else in the world uses. I also wanted to look at the advantages and problems of a 13-month calendar which would permit a more even distribution of days in each month. The only argument against it I have heard came from a farmer who, when asked about the possibility of a 13-month year, said he was against it since he had barely enough fodder to feed his cattle in a 12-month year.

Since I have been jogging for over a year, I planned a dissertation on that subject and it would have been rather dull reading since there is nothing worse than reading something written by a zealot. During last year's presidential campaign I was going to write on ghost writers for politicians and would have gotten around to it some time. And, looking over some old notes, I saw one that asked a question which presumably I was going to cover in 1500 words. The question on the note was "Whatever happened to Jap Rose soap?"

As you will note elsewhere in this issue, the Editor-at-Large, the Managing Editor, and I are retiring from The Cresset scene. We are not being forced out or fired but rather we are taking advantage of this change in editors to do what each of us has wanted to do for a number of years, and that is to get out from under a monthly deadline.

While it is inconceivable at the moment, we may miss not writing a column every month and we will miss the pleasant professional relationship we have enjoyed.

Contrary to what I have said so far, I must admit it has also been a pleasure to write this column over the last 16 years. I felt as if I were sharing something with you and it was a way of ridding myself of pet peeves. Your comments from time to time made the writing easier. If I have one major complaint, however, it was meeting some of you readers for the first time and having you recognize me from the photograph above or one of its predecessors, none of which I considered to be very flattering.
William Golding:
Between God-Darkness and God-Light

By GEORGE H. THOMSON

But though I admire the Greeks I am not one of them...yet my link with the Egyptians is deep and sure. I do not believe them either wise or foolish. I am, in fact, an Ancient Egyptian, with all their unreason, spiritual pragmatism and capacity for ambiguous belief.

As an Ancient Egyptian, Golding manifests qualities which confuse and challenge the reader of his novels. These qualities may be reduced to three in number: his commitment to the unmediated flux of existence with its unreason and ambiguity; his denial of the orthodoxies of science, materialism, and statistical inquiry; and his celebration of spiritual values. It is this third point I wish to take up. And in fairness to the reader, I wish him to see Golding's own assertion of his "spiritual pragmatism and capacity for ambiguous belief." His assertion will confirm the main emphasis of my essay and at the same time instill a right degree of faith that the bridge exists, even if we have not the wit to discover it.

Next, the essays collected in The Hot Gates. Most of these, being occasional pieces, are cleverly constructed by-products of Golding the student, the teacher, and the lecturer. But three of them, all autobiographical in nature, are fiercely imaginative products of Golding the novelist. "Billy the Kid" recreates bully Billy Golding's first days at school and his first lesson in getting along with the world. "The Ladder and the Tree" describes his childhood home with its tree where he climbed away from his parents and yet not quite away; he must return to them to learn his second lesson in getting along with the world. "Egypt from My Inside" pictures the author as a child haunting the British Museum in pursuit of things Egyptian. All three recount moments of intense awareness, vividly remembered and breathlessly alive. What is more important, each relives a moment when the child confronts something outside himself, something larger than himself which makes an in calculable and only partly comprehended demand that cannot be set aside or denied.

Such childhood experiences evoke a pattern of expectation, a pattern of unwanted and unlooked for intervention, the need for which is unthought of until it is given. In his first novel Golding still restricts this pattern to the child. Instead of Billy the Kid, tough and alienated, it is Ralph, rolling in the sand and crying for mercy. And instead of a teacher it is a naval officer who saves the day. But the intervention has the same quality of a thing unexpected and given.

The Hunted and the Hunters

Most readers have felt the peculiar ambivalence of the last scene in Lord of the Flies. The naval officer appears on the one hand as a deus ex machina of Eupipedean proportions and, on the other, as a hunter in his own right, only bigger and better organized than the boys. The distinction is between the event (the coming of the officer) which is miraculously unlooked for and the agent (the character of the officer) which confirms the dark knowledge in Ralph's heart. In
assessing the ending, we should keep in mind the presence of Simon as prophet and Christ figure who is marvelously transformed in death. This fact, conjoined with Golding's autobiographical essays and his later novels *Free Fall* and *The Spire*, confirms what we might otherwise hesitate to assert, that the *deus ex machina* implies a pattern of incalculable and miraculous expectation.

The pattern is no more than hinted at, for the main emphasis is on the darkness of the heart. The same is true of the two following novels. All three express man's tragic condition and his inability to save himself. The key to their interpretation is darkness. How is the darkness in the heart of Ralph to be explained? What is the nature of the darkness surrounding the lake's shining water in the last chapter of *The Inheritors*? And why is God's lightning black in *Pincher Martin*?

The answer to all these questions is explicit in Golding's comment about *Pincher Martin*: "The cellar in *Pincher Martin* represents more than childhood terrors; a whole philosophy in fact — suggesting that God is the thing we turn away from into life, and therefore we hate and fear him and make a darkness there. Yes, very confused but surely legitimately confused because at that depth these aren't ideas as much as feelings. Pincher is running away all the time, always was running, from the moment he had a persona and could say 'I.'” Two points are emphatic here: "God is the thing we turn away from into life," and the turning away is experienced as feeling and is imaged as darkness. In Golding's novels this phenomenon is made articulate for the first time in *Free Fall*. The articulation follows from Sammy's attainment of freedom and vision, from his seeing the prison-camp world transmuted in glory.

But when the eyes of Sammy were turned in on myself with that same stripped and dead objectivity, what they saw was not beautiful but fearsome. Dying, after all, then was not one tenth complete — for must not complete death be to get out of the way of that shining, singing cosmos and let it shine and sing? And here was a point, a single point which was my own interior identity, without shape or size but only position. Yet this position... created shapes. These shapes could be likened to nothing but the most loathsome substances that man knows of, or perhaps the most loathsome and abject creatures, continuously created, radiating swiftly out and disappearing from my sight; and this was the human nature I found inhabiting the centre of my own awareness. The light that showed up this point and these creatures came from the newly perceived world in all its glory. (p. 190)

To turn away from God into life makes a darkness. The darkness, engendered by hate and fear, hides God. For the one who has turned away the darkness is God. That is why for Pincher Martin God's lightning is black. Running or turning away, he makes a darkness of God and can feel his presence only as blackness.

The blackness, being God, is both within and without. It is the cellar of Pincher Martin's being and the universe robbed of its glory.

**Inner Darkness and Outer Darkness**

To turn away from God into life is to assert the persona that says "I". The persona, Sammy Mountjoy's interior identity, casts a shadow. But unlike the universal God-darkness which takes its character from the Being it denies, this shadow is individual. For Sammy's interior identity, being a psychological point or position, projects its own unique and loathsome shapes of darkness outward along the radii of a globe. This globe is Sammy's mind which contains the universe subjectively apprehended and flooded with the dark shapes projected onto it. Only after he apprehends the universe objectively, through God-recognition and the death of some part of his persona, can the light of the universe flow in to illuminate the ugly distortions emitted by "I".

These two kinds of darkness are precisely rendered in *Pincher Martin*: "There was at the centre of all the pictures and pains and voices a fact like a bar of steel, a thing — that which was so nakedly the centre of everything that it could not even examine itself. In the darkness of the skull, it existed, a darker dark, self-existent and indestructible" (p. 45). This darker dark is the obscured *Scintillans Dei* — a point Golding makes elsewhere in commenting on Pincher Martin's situation:

... to achieve salvation, individuality — the persona, must be destroyed. But suppose the man is nothing but greed? His original spirit, God-given, the *Scintillans Dei*, is hopelessly obscured by his thirst for separate individual life? What can he do at death but refuse to be destroyed? Inhabit a world he invents from half-remembered scraps of physical life, a rock which is nothing but the memory of an aching tooth-ache? To a man desperately greedy for life, tooth-ache is preferable to extinction, and that is the terrible secret of purgatory, it is all the world that the God-resisting soul cannot give up.4 The God-spark of Pincher Martin's being is obscured by the hate and fear of his turning away from God. His original spirit, like an indestructible bar of steel, becomes the darker dark; a thing existing at the center of the dark skull and at the center of the darkened universe. For the skull contains the universe, reduced to the subjective mold of Pincher's interior identity of "I". The skull contains all the world that the God-resisting soul cannot give up.

Here Golding portrays the theological sin of pride, both its nature and its consequences. Pincher Martin turns away from the macrocosmic source of freedom and being, denies the microcosmic center of his own nature and, with an overriding arrogance, asserts the supremacy of "I". In its essentials, this portrayal of pride is orthodox. But remember, Golding wants to represent not a
theological concept but the actual quality of living, the feeling and sensation of Pincher Martin's prideful condition. He wants to show, to make visible, how pride stains the white radiance of the universe and blackens the center of being.

The act of resisting God and turning towards the world is not to be avoided. Hence it is in our nature to fall through pride, it is the consequence of our self-conscious individual life. When Golding says that we suffer from an appalling ignorance of our own nature he means that we evade the essential paradox of self-conscious being: the instrument of our uniqueness is the instrument of our doom. Pincher Martin expresses this paradox in its most naked terms. The heroic struggle of his I-saying consciousness and the wholly degraded nature of his existence are but sides making up the single equation of his being. Pincher Martin is not, as some have suggested, heroic and degraded but heroically degraded. He is heroic in that the asserted "I" contends with the God-being of his own nature.

Frank Kermode, in a passage which may fairly represent Golding's best critics, writes: "The price of human consciousness, of technical and linguistic power, is guilt." The intellectual superiority which gives victory to homo sapiens in The Inheritors is "precisely measured by the cruelty and guilt invented in the process." This seems to me too intellectual a construction of Golding's text. Guilt is not invented. Like Milton's concept of Sin, it springs full-blown from the prideful head. Turning away from God into life is pride is guilt is cruelty. This chain equation is what the discursive mind is driven to in expressing identity. But the intuitive and artistic mind expresses identity in the one and indivisible image of Pincher Martin: Self-Pincher-prideful-Martin-conscious man.

**Barriers to Communication**

How then is man to be redeemed, how saved from his tragic dilemma? The answer — by grace. But the terms in which the answer can be given are attended by a special difficulty.

Golding avoids the contemporary because it takes the eye away from essentials. Yet in Free Fall he has made an exception because he wanted to explore and clarify the difficulty of communication, a theme Sammy immediately takes up in the first chapter: "I may communicate in part; and that surely is better than utter blind and dumb. . . . Not that I aspire to complete coherence. Our mistake is to confuse our limitations with the bounds of possibility. . . ." (p. 9). The barriers to communication are accentuated for contemporary man by a ruthless bifurcation of science and values. The rational world of temporal cause and effect is real; the world of spirit and value is real; yet separated they lose their reality. And when they meet, as they do in Sammy Mountjoy, there is no bridge between them (pp. 211, 244, 253). But supposing there was a bridge, how could it be communicated to the bifurcated modern mind?

Free Fall does not end on this note of separation. The final scene connects with and completes the story of Sammy's release from his cell; it asks the reader "to look at the whole book again with different eyes." The words are those of Ian Gregor and Mark Kinkead-Weekes, who continue:

Sammy has left out of the whole shuffle and coil of his search the one vital incident which alone can complete it and make it meaningful, as an account of the facts of human experience. His memory now gives it back to him, and we leave him puzzling over its meaning. But to us the meaning should be clear. In the agony of his self-knowledge he cried out for help, and the cell door opened. He found himself facing not the Judge he expected, but Pity. . . . He heard a voice say "In Hara", go forth in freedom from the cell of yourself. He was asked "Have you heard?" which we ought to be able to interpret "Have you heard that you are freed, forgiven?" Is it not a greater mystery than the "Sphinx's riddle" of the nature of man, that the Sammy-Mountjoy-in-man can be forgiven? He offers his tragic duality and receives an incredible gift. It is the miraculous operation of grace abounding that alone can fuse Sammy's split world and offer forgiveness, though he cannot see the fusion or accept the grace. Yet its evidence is there and the whole purpose of the book is, precisely, to point to it. 

This analysis has commanded respect but not consent. (And indeed the authors themselves have "rectanted" in their recent book.) Even readers (among them Frank Kermode) who feel Golding has bridged the gap as an artist cannot permit themselves to go beyond Sammy's vision. Like him, they cannot see the fusion or accept the grace. Possibly they are right. Possibly Golding is saying that human limitation, exacerbated by contemporary antimonies, will admit of no further certitude. Yet does not the very ability to make such a judgment imply that Golding and the reader can see or apprehend more than Sammy? I think it does and am confirmed in this view by Golding's emphasis on the theme of communication.

Golding is saying: Here is Sammy Mountjoy, a thoroughly modern man, neither innocent like Johnny Spragge (or "the people" of The Inheritors) nor wicked like Philip Arnold (or Pincher Martin) but divided and guilty, who in his darkest moment cries for help and receives as a miraculous gift the light of heaven. Yet even he, knowing grace, cannot comprehend it or fully accept it. How then am I to communicate to the reader, who is equally modern, the nature and quality of heaven's saving gift?

Golding's answer is an invitation to see beyond the here and now of Sammy's experience. Whether that invitation takes us quite as far as Gregor and Kinkead-Weekes suggest may be doubted. In Free Fall Golding
implies not one but two difficulties: the limitations of communication and the limitations of his own understanding and vision. His invitation is extended to himself as well as to us, for the lived reality and the pattern of truth are difficult to grasp. His vision takes us beyond Sammy, but only a little way beyond.

Beleaguered Grace

In the first three novels, pride is shown to persist, unredeemed by the gift of heaven's light; in Free Fall the light of redemption comes at last; in The Spire heaven's light is present from the beginning, but the human capacity to receive it is bedevilled by instability and pride. Grace, we are made to see, is no one-way ticket, first-class, to salvation.

From the opening page Dean Jocelin is commanded by an obsessive vision. Late in the novel we learn that his vision had its origin in a true influx of grace. In that long-ago moment he had seen the cathedral "as an image of living praying man." He was made one with the saintly and wise builders.

"I was initiated into their secret language, so plain, so visible for all men who can see, to see. . . . A new movement of my heart seemed to be building the church in me, walls, pinnacles, sloping roof, with a complete naturalness and inevitability of consent; so that in my newfound humility and newfound knowledge, a fountain burst up from me, up, out, through, up with flame and light, up through a notspace... an implacable, unstoppable, glorious fountain of the spirit... and at the top, if top is the word, some mode, some gift that brought no pride of having. My body lay on the soft stones, changed in a moment, the twinkling of an eye, resurrected from daily life. The vision left me at last; and the memory of it, which I savoured as manna, shaped itself to the spire, fitted into a shape, the centre of the book, the crown, the ultimate prayer!" (pp. 192-193)

From this vision springs the incredibly tall and beautiful spire, Jocelin's spire of prayer. But the price of its realization is murder, adultery, connivance, and ruthless exploitation. As Jocelin lies ill and dying and the dark angel of his guilt and pain is about to strike him, he cries: "My spire pierced every stage, from the bottom to the top!" (p. 198) Here is the root of the matter. Pride has utterly infected what was seen once in the gift of heaven's light.

In a series of brilliant images, the last part of the novel explores the battleground of pride and grace. In each instance, grace and light are fearfully, desperately, joyfully triumphant. First, there is the image of the spire as phallic symbol.

"Sex thrust me strongly to choose and know" (p. 226). The words belong to Sammy Mountjoy whose fall from freedom coincides almost exactly with his achievement of manhood (at the end of chapter XII). Not that sex is in itself evil; but it works as a powerful agent in turning Sammy into life and hence away from God. It energizes his pride-bent persona. In like manner Jocelin's spire, already the image of his pride, is given new impetus by his response to Pangall's wife whose bewitching and enslaving power is imaged in the massed swirl of her red hair.

Yet that is not the whole truth, for in the background is the idea of individual relations. At the last Jocelin thinks: "If I could go back, I would take God as lying between people and to be found there. But now witchcraft hides Him" (p. 220). If the energizing power of love were rightly directed it would create a bridge between two individuals rather than creating worldly spires that say "I". The difficulty is that a man's life would entail more than one bridge. Jocelin says: "There ought to be some mode of life where all love is good, where one love can't compete with another but adds to it" (p. 214). However intricate these complications may be, Golding clearly asserts in Free Fall the central place of individual relations. In Sammy Mountjoy's vision of the true order of things, he understands that it is sustained by "a kind of vital morality, not the relationship of a man to remote posterity nor even to a social system, but the relationship of individual man to individual man — once an irrelevance but now seen to be the forge in which all change, all value, all life is beaten out into a good or a bad shape" (p. 189).

In focusing on the pridefully isolated individual, Golding has thus far treated only in an oblique way the theme of man-to-man and man-to-woman relationship. He may well treat it more fully in the future. Eloisa and Abelard would be a fascinating possibility. (In Golding's most recent novel The Pyramid, most of the personal relationships are marked by failure or non-fulfillment. With reference to the main subject of the present essay, The Pyramid does not appear to open any new vistas. It describes a non-religious world, comic in its vanity and frivolity, wretched in its frustrations and gross abnormalities of experience. It may be a fallen world but nothing in the point of view justifies such a religious conception. I do not on that account think the argument of this essay is weakened, but in the long run the total picture is bound to be more complicated than the one presented here. A further difficulty remains to haunt the critic. Golding has admitted writing several novels before Lord of the Flies. Who is to know when material from these, suitably reworked, may not appear — to confound those who would find a pattern of development? But even treated obliquely the theme of human relationship is important, especially for an understanding of the later novels. Jocelin's obsession with Goody Pangall turns him away from God, fortifies his pride, violates his duty to Pangall, and conflicts with his love for Roger Mason. It enslaves him to the witchcraft of red hair and is yet, surprisingly, suddenly, a source of vision. As death approaches, Jocelin encounters lowest truth and highest insight: "He looked up experimentally to see if at this late hour the
witchcraft had left him; and there was a tangle of hair, blazing among the stars; and the great club of his spire lifted toward it. That's all, he thought, that's the explanation if I had time: and he made a word for Father Adam. 'Berenice' (p. 221).

The Church as the Image of Man

The combined image of phallic spire and massed red hair, admitting of both a sinful and a saintly interpretation, institutes a polarity of meaning. A like polarity of pride and grace is expressed more openly in the self-contrasting image of plant-and-trees. Jocelin notes that the building of the spire was witnessed by the growth of something else, something pervasive and unintended: “Growth of a plant with strange flowers and fruit, complex, twining, engulfing, destroying, strangling” (p. 194). A little later we read: “Only something so deep, it must lie close to the root of the plant, made him cry out... My spire pierced every stage, from the bottom to the top!” (pp. 197-198). This exotic and consuming growth of pride is set over against the vision of the appletree, freely and miraculously given: “It was there beyond the wall, bursting up with cloud and scatter, laying hold of the earth and the air, a fountain, a marvel, an appletree...” (p. 205). As Jocelin dies, his inmost experience is a struggling and shouting “to leave behind the words of magic and incomprehension — It's like the appletree!”

The controlling metaphor of the novel is the church as the image of man, or more precisely as the image of man’s mind. There is nothing “out there” except it correspond to an “in here.” And so Jocelin says to the master builder: “What's a man's mind Roger? Is it the whole building, cellarage and all?” (p. 213). The cellarage of The Spire is a place of quicksand and seething mud, of decaying flesh and rats. Like Pincher Martin’s cellar it is the root darkness a man makes in turning away from God. On his deathbed Jocelin has a horrifying sight of all people as naked creatures covered with thin brown parchment. He thinks: “How proud their hope of hell is. There is no innocent work.” (p. 222). For all work is a turning away from God into life.

That is the dark side of the metaphor. It is not final. Once the church as image of man is seen, Jocelin's apprehension of the nospace calling for a spire is a just apprehension. And his being likened at death to “a building about to fall” is a just comparison. The church and the spire do not fall, and Jocelin does not fall. Having once received the gift of heaven's light and having for long unmercifully abused it, he is again at the last a receiver of the miraculous gift. So great is the gift that it expresses itself through his own aspiring and evil work. He sees what he has built, the still and silent spire, “rushing upward to some point at the sky's end, and with a silent cry... The substance was one thing, that broke all the way to infinity in cascades of exultation that nothing could trammel.”

Man suffers from an appalling ignorance of his own nature and of his own situation in the universe. Even at best, given the gift of grace, life is agonizing and mysterious, a thing of terror and joy. How are pride and grace to be understood? Certainly not as theological abstractions. They are conditions of our existence and Golding's aim is at the last as it was at the first, to convey what it feels like and thinks like to live in the condition of pride and the condition of grace.

The portrayal of the lived quality of experience, the rejection of contemporary values as irrelevant, and the insistence on another reality in the face of which one is reduced to child-like ignorance: these are the difficulties the reader encounters in Golding’s work. They are beautifully reflected in the essay, “Egypt from My Inside.” Golding, the child in the British Museum, is gazing at the carved and painted face of the mumiform sarcophagus. He cannot meet its eyes, for they stare over his head. He raises himself on a chair.

I am at eye-level with the awful, the pure face before its judges; but it does not see me... Those formalized black and white oblongs focus where parallel lines meet. They outstare infinity in eternity. The wood is rounded as in life, but not my life, insecure, vulnerable. It dwells with a darkness that is its light. It will not look at me, so frightened yet desperate, I try to force the eyes into mine; but know that if the eyes focused or I could understand the focus, I should know what it knows: and I should be dead... It will be observed that I do not understand these transactions; which is as much as to say that though I can describe the quality of living I do not understand the nature of this being alive. We are near the heart of my Egypt. It is to be at once alive and dead; to suggest mysteries with no solution, to mix the strange, the gruesome and the beautiful....

NOTES

2. Golding was replying to John Peter's claim that the spire image was confusing. His reply is included in a postscript to Peter's essay as reprinted in William Nelson, ed. William Golding's Lord of the Flies: A Source Book (New York, 1965) p. 24.
3. All page references in the text are to the Faber paperback editions, except The Spire where references are to the Faber hardcover edition.
6. "The Strange Case of Mr. Golding and his Critics," The Twentieth Century, CLXVII (1960), 129.
The Modern Military
As a Social and Educational Institution

By THOMAS W. KLEWIN

Preface

This is not intended to be a totally uncritical view of the military, observed through rose-hued glasses by a chaplain enamored of military life. It is a limited picture of the social and educational revolution which has transpired within the past 15 years in the military.

The structure of the military has allowed it successfully to implement social and educational programs far beyond those of the civilian community. Yet it is this very aspect — the regulations and the enforcement of group conformity in wide areas of work and daily living — which proves to be a main deterrent to making a military career out of a limited initial enlistment or commitment.

The military does restrict an individual and frequently proves frustrating to those accustomed to vast measures of personal freedom. Included in the restrictions are those of choosing where a family wishes to live, whom they are to have for neighbors, and the school to which they wish to send their children. Yet this is what makes for total integrated living within the military structure.

Those who do adapt, however, become a part of a totally integrated way of life at work and in off-duty living, served by an ecumenical type ministry and a cosmopolitan way of life.

The article in one of Boston's daily papers spelled out the startling changes in the military in bold black print: "PENTAGON TURNS HANDS TO SHAPING CITIZENS". The subheading merely amplified the thesis in slightly smaller type: "Titans of War Prove Genius Helping Young Men to Richer Lives".

To the uninitiated in the mysterious ways of the modern military, which includes the vast majority of the American population including veterans of World War II and Korea, a thesis such as this must have a strange ring. And for those unalterably opposed to the military in any shape or form, particularly as it pertains to the compulsory drafting of individuals who have no intention of making the military a career, it might even suggest propagandists for the industrial-military complex are engaging in a massive attempt at collective brainwashing.

Yet the basic supposition of the news' article is a fact of life — the modern military machine is deeply involved in social, educational, ecclesiastical, and environmental experiments, many of which are related to the critical areas of our modern American society.

To compare the modern military to anything even vaguely resembling the Army in "From Here to Eternity", the "Naked and the Dead", or any other more recent novel, stageplay, or film, is equivalent to drawing a parallel between the little red school house on the prairie to the modern diversified multi-university.

Today Uncle Sam's vast and lethal military establishment has become a combination teacher, counselor, social integrator, and class leveler for the thousands entering into service each year to fulfill their minimum military commitment.

For the professional or career military man, it's become a unique way of life both for himself and his family. It's a different life because the military has created a controlled environment in which many of the problems now being faced by the civilian community are governed by regulations and enforced by military discipline. Strangely, this enforcement has receded into the background and what is enforced has become an accepted pattern for living. Consequently the military is advanced far beyond its surroundings in such aspects as integration, equal opportunity, educational possibilities, and ecumenicity.

What prompted the news article in the Boston paper were the two latest in a long series of educational programs promoted by the military.

"Project 100,000" and "Project Transition", the two newest educational programs, are a step beyond what the military has always done — provided educational opportunities for those in uniform. These two have reached out directly into the pattern of non-military life in an attempt to use the military to alleviate one of the crying needs of our society — the disadvantaged American male, unskilled, under-educated, and potentially a drop-out from our increasingly skilled work force. Both are sponsored by the Department of Defense and cross all service lines.

"Project 100,000" seeks to salvage 100,000 men each year who, because of mental, educational, or physical deficiencies, normally would be rejected for military service. Many of these are to come from the hardcore unemployed or under-employed.

A set of statistics showed that up to 1968 approximately 600,000 of the 1,800,000 youths reaching draft age annually have been turned away from induction cen-
ters because they didn't meet minimum armed forces qualifications standards.

"Project 100,000" was designed to take that many men under the "new standards" concept and give them special training to enable them to function as a meaningful part of the military and hopefully, in the future, as a part of American society. Standards were relaxed to accept these men, and special training methods were devised to prepare them to compete with those who had no difficulty meeting the rigid standards of the military.

The typical volunteer under "Project 100,000" is 21 years old. Some 37% are Negro, 43% are high school graduates with no skills, 14% have a reading level below the fourth grade, about 90% were totally unemployed, and 25% were underemployed making less than $60 a week. The Army in a special study limited to the men they had in their program discovered the average reading level of the "new standards" men was grade 6.

Like its counterpart — the industrial community, the modern military places a high premium on intelligence, aptitude, skills, and education. The modern military has become a complicated and sophisticated machine put together as any industrial complex is with computers, automation techniques, complicated instruments and machinery requiring special training and skills to use and repair. So the individual unable to fit into the military complex would also find it difficult to secure employment in industry.

But the military discovered these men can be trained if they've volunteered for the program. Approximately 96% of the "new standards" men completed basic training as compared to a 98% rate for all others. About 10% required remedial training to complete their basic requirements vs. the 4% who normally need assistance to finish basic training.

The military also learned these disadvantaged young men possessed greater potential and desire than anticipated. Given the opportunity to acquire some special type of training, most accepted the chance to become skilled in a military specialty. About 85% of the "new standards" men completed advanced training vs. a 95% rate for all others.

Those unable to keep up with their fellow trainees for either physical or mental reasons are transferred into special training companies where their deficiencies can be remedied. The majority of the physical problems come from those either overweight and understrength, or from those lacking the stamina to keep a rigid schedule. Many of the physical disadvantaged are from the ghetto and rural poverty areas where an inadequate diet coupled with an absence of an adequate physical education program have disadvantaged them.

Educational deficiencies are met by sending the men to remedial classes where they are taught the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic. Technical courses are currently being revised to enable the "new standards" men to acquire skills useful both to the military and industrial community.

About one-third of the "new standards" men are assigned combat jobs. More than 20% become electrical-mechanical equipment repairmen, and another 10% become administrative specialists and clerks. A few of the more skilled, roughly 3%, become electronic equipment repairmen along with those who have completed a high school or technical institute course designed for the electronic age.

The report by Congress on this project summarizes the social impact of this program. It concluded with this paragraph:

"The high rate of success of the program is an indication that the inadequacies for which these men have previously been disqualified are environmental rather than innate. In the service they are gaining pride and self-confidence and are getting valuable experience. They have learned that 'they can make it' in American society."

Project Transition

The other new educational project is called "Project Transition" designed to give the man with no saleable skill something to take with him as he returns to civilian life after his military commitment is completed.

A survey discovered about 40% (280,000) of the 700,000 veterans discharged in 1967 left with no marketable skills — either through a lack of education, no civilian trade, or a combination of both. Much of the planning behind "Project Transition" is designed to meet the needs of the Negro who comes from a disadvantaged civilian life. Former Defense Secretary McNamara stated:

"We are going to give the returning Negro veteran, particularly the one who without help might be compelled to drift back into the stagnation of the urban ghetto, an opportunity for valuable training and satisfying employment." All men with six months left in the military are offered an opportunity to participate in the program. Priority is given those without any skills and who served in a combat position.

Next come the men who entered the military without a civilian related skill and learned none in the military. Third are those who require more training to meet industry's needs, and finally those with a skill or trade acquired prior to entering service, are offered the opportunity to update their training before returning to civilian life.

The program uses Labor Department statistics in encouraging and directing the men into skills most in demand in the civilian labor market. Private industry and government agencies are participating in the program, particularly the various metropolitan police departments, the Post Office, United Parcel Service, Humble Oil and others.

A second function of "Project Transition" is to reawaken
in those about to be discharged a desire to acquire more skills and knowledge to compete in the civilian job market.

In reality the military is underwriting the training of young men for the specific purpose of fitting them into society as individuals capable of securing for themselves and their families an adequate standard of living.

These two programs may be new, but the emphasis on education as a continuing life process isn't. The modern military establishment places a high premium on education of all kinds and types — academic, technical, general. Every military installation possesses an education office designed to encourage and assist military personnel in their educational pursuits.

For the high school drop-out, the military offers the best opportunity to acquire a high school diploma. Special education classes are conducted on a high school level, both in class rooms and by correspondence, to enable the drop-out to pass a high school equivalency examination and obtain a diploma. The military perhaps salvages more drop-outs each year than any other institution in America.

Most installations have some agreement with a neighboring university whereby college courses are taught on the installation by the faculty of the university. Overseas, universities such as Maryland and California send professors to offer courses on every level, including post-graduate.

This kind of a program has a two-prong outreach. It's geared to reach the young GI who couldn't afford the cost of a college education and decided to fulfill his military commitment immediately after graduation or shortly thereafter. The military assumes two-thirds of the tuition; most courses for 3 credits will cost the GI no more than $20. Many young men who were unable to attend college on their own have seized the opportunity while in uniform to begin their college work.

Because the courses are geared on a 5 term level, it's possible for an ambitious young man to acquire anywhere from 15 to 30 hours in a year.

College Drop-Ins

For the young man who was unable to attend college because his grades in high school weren't sufficiently competitive with the "bright burners", the evening classes offer him an opportunity to enter college and establish a grade structure good enough for transfer to some university upon completion of his military obligation. For those who never realized the value of a college diploma, this is a golden opportunity for a second chance to acquire the diploma which says an individual has completed college.

An increasing number of married men in their late twenties and thirties are also participating in this evening on-base college program. Many will retire after 20 years in the military between the ages of 37-45 and they realize the value of a college diploma as they enter the civilian job market.

In a sense the military is touching a portion of the American male population left largely untouched by the highly competitive and expensive world of the college and university. For the man with a family the military offers a chance to attend college while holding down a job and at almost no financial sacrifice from the family.

Industry has long recognized the value of the military's technical education. The three papers published primarily for military personnel, The Air Force Times, Army Times, and Navy Times, carry pages of job opportunities with civilian corporations for those with technical skills acquired in the military. For the young male adult with native skills, intelligence, and desire, the military can offer what any technical institute does in a two year course of instruction — at no expense for the GI. Again, for the man from a lower income family the military is the easiest way to obtain a technical skill of marketable value in industry.

For those in the supervisory or management level, the same is also true. The military has incorporated management techniques which are on a par with any industry. Men in these fields are trained at management schools by the finest brains the military can hire from the college and industrial world. The senior officers from the rank of Major on up are professional while the senior Non-Coms are skilled supervisors.

Regardless of his field — management, technical, administrative, or service — every man in uniform is constantly being trained and retrained to keep him current and relevant in relationship to what is transpiring in his own field or specialty.

If the military has kept pace with its civilian counterpart in the matter of education, technical training, and job knowledge, it has progressed far beyond the civilian community in the matter of total integration, civil rights, equality of opportunity, and open housing. While the military cannot control what transpires in the communities surrounding a military installation, it can control what takes place within the confines of the military community both on and off the job.

The military integrated in 1948 when President Truman abolished all discrimination in the Armed forces. In the ensuing twenty years the military has hammered out the fine points until total integration has become a way of life for the military man and his family — if the family resides on a military installation.

The Department of Defense has a special department headed by a Negro, Mr. Bennett, whose sole function is to enhance and increase the role the Negro has in the military establishment. Included in this area is the recruitment of Negro students for the academics, an increasingly difficult job with the competition being offered by the prestige universities who are also opening their doors for the first time to the bright young students from minority groups.

June 1969
Mr. Bennett's department is also charged with the responsibility of enhancing the quality of the minority groups already in service by securing for them spaces in the prestige schools of the military — such as War College, Industrial and Management Schools, and graduate training at various universities around the country in the highly technical fields.

As a result of this an increasing number and percentage of Negroes are rising to positions of responsibility within the military structure. The final results of this emphasis won't be seen for another few years, until the younger Negro officer has had the opportunity to capitalize on his promotional opportunities to reach command level.

It is in the Non-Commissioned Officers ranks where the opportunity afforded minority groups, the Negro in particular, is in greatest evidence. An increasing number of NCOs are Negro, and they have assumed responsibilities over many in the enlisted ranks with no regard to color.

The military offers the Negro a chance to use his skills and advance without being hindered by his color, or receiving special consideration because of who he is. He feels the military affords him an opportunity to rise on his own merits and capabilities without any mention of the color of his skin. He is, in short, accepted because of his ability and self-improvement efforts.

**Integrated Battlefields**

A notable change has taken place in the past 15 years in regard to official complaints concerning discrimination in promotions and assumption of positions of responsibility within the NCO ranks. Increasingly fewer complaints, both official and to the chaplain, are being registered concerning alleged discrimination in promotions and assignments into positions of responsibility and supervisory control. It is an indication that integration has reached into the very fiber of the military and has become a fact of life not only on the battlefields where color is subjected in the struggle for survival, but also in the more mundane day to day workings of the military establishment.

The Viet Nam war is the first in which white and Negro troops have trained and fought shoulder to shoulder, responsible for the same duties, answerable for the same errors. One by-product of the war in Viet Nam has been the respect the Negro has earned from his white comrades. It is only when both return to civilian life that the rapport may disintegrate into what it has been and still is in the majority of areas in the United States.

Housing for married personnel is assigned by rank and date of rank, not by color. Consequently there is no *de facto* segregation in military housing brought about by economic factors or the subtle pressures of non-acceptance of those whose color is a different shade. Again, this forced morality has become a normal part of life for those who choose to make the military a career.

Because housing is desegregated, schools also are, as are all other aspects of life including chapel services, social affairs, and recreational facilities and programs. The children have become conditioned to integrated schooling, and the strange irony arises that when a military family is compelled to live off-post because of limited housing accommodations on post, the first overwhelming impression the children receive is the absence of Negro pupils in their schools.

The government has taken a further step and begun to exert pressures on communities where discrimination in housing places an undue hardship on non-white military families. The Department of Defense has used this weapon in areas such as the suburban areas of Washington, D.C. and elsewhere.

Very little mixed dating has resulted from the integrated schools and housing on military installations. The vast majority of integrated marriages take place overseas between Negro men and foreign nationals. The military has taken their problems into consideration and assigned them to areas outside the deep South where their presence off-station would offer undue hardship on such couples. The majority of those men who do contract a mixed marriage make the military a career, recognizing that within the military structure there will be little discrimination practiced against them or their children.

Dating, socializing, particularly among the single personnel, and deep friendships are still formed largely along color lines. But this now becomes a matter of choice and preference for the individual and his family. Occasionally discrimination will arise among military personnel off-base particularly in regard to bars and nightclubs and to whom they are restricted.

The military has discovered integration allows individuals to meet on equal terms at work, school, in the home and at social events without interfering with that same person's right to select his friends as he desires.

Perhaps the most dramatic instances of the effects of integration in the military can be found in the medical and spiritual care offered by the doctors and chaplains in uniform. Today it is the rare white female who will protest when a Negro doctor performs a female examination or delivers her child. Equally rare is the protest by a chapel member because a Negro chaplain occupies the pulpit and dispenses communion. The decrease in the repercussions in both of these areas over the past 15 years is beyond all expectations.

**An Ecumenical Army**

The other profound experiment in the military is the sense of ecumenicity among both the chaplains and their parishioners. The military chaplaincy has developed a remarkable oneness with an equally broad tolerance of divergence regarding matters of worship, ser-
mons, and approaches to the essential nature of the work of the church.

More than anything else it is a spirit of acceptance of another individual's beliefs and worship practices which transcend all denominational loyalties.

There is a spirit of cooperation between the major faith groups, Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish which acknowledges differences, understands them, encourages them, and yet draws a common bond of togetherness between the groups. Competition is non-existent except in isolated instances, and yet there is a mutual respect for the work of making Protestants or Catholics out of individuals.

The military has discovered not everyone can be served by one liturgy, one creed, one type of sermon, or one approach to the basic nature and purpose of religion. Consequently denominational groups are encouraged to conduct denominational services within the broad framework of the total chapel program.

Perhaps more than anything else, the military congregation recognizes the uniqueness of a worship experience as it meets the needs of one individual or a group of persons of like persuasion. The multiple ministry of clergymen of varying backgrounds, personal preferences as to the nature of the ministry, preaching, and pastoral work allows the military chapel to minister to people across the broad spectrum of religious beliefs from the fundamentalist to the "God-is-dead" religious radical.

Basic to all this is the spirit and atmosphere created that makes worship in a chapel so different. It allows individuals to serve in the chapel organizations as ushers, choir members, and Sunday School teachers, without regard to color or rank.

At the same time the military ministry has recognized that many individuals can only be served in a denominational setting and encourages those who cannot participate meaningfully in a common worship service to seek one which has meaning for them in the civilian community. If there is a fundamental weakness in the ecumenical movement it is at this point — that it fails to recognize the varied religious feelings of people which can only find expression in a distinctive worship and church atmosphere.

The military chaplaincy is primarily a ministry to young persons — those under 40. Most family men have completed their 20 years by 40 or a few years on either side of that magic age. More than any other ministry it is a ministry to young people across the broad spectrum of society — from the college graduate (which most officers are) to the high school graduate and among many of the non-career, the non-graduate. The chaplaincy has become an experimental ministry to young individuals living in transient conditions, highly mobile, and cosmopolitan from travels across the United States and many foreign countries across the face of the globe.

The new military is composed of career individuals who've lived under varying conditions in the major areas of the United States, placed in parts of the country with little resemblance to the one in which they were born or raised. Overseas travel and tours in foreign countries have made many of them extremely knowledgeable and catholic both in their tastes and attitudes. They have, in reality, become a new breed, the antithesis of the caricature so often portrayed in movie and novel of a narrow-minded, arrogant, intolerant, small-minded individual.

The homes of those who've spent any time overseas reflect the new breed of military man — a man acquainted with the world and what is transpiring in it.

It is a new military that has developed over the past 15 years — educationally, socially, and in every other aspect. Because the military man lives under a system which makes it possible to enforce social ethics, and because so many young men are exposed to it with such regularity — the military has been able to pioneer in education among the undereducated and in integrated schooling, as well as in other areas of moral ethics.

The man in uniform learns on his first day it's not his function to question military policy. His job is to do his duty to the best of his ability. If part of his duty is functioning in an integrated situation, if a portion of his service is to become better educated and more highly trained — then this is what he will do.

This kind of an atmosphere has allowed the Department of Defense to become increasingly involved in shaping a different kind of society.

---

**Fireflies**

When dark comes, they tease the night
With bits of light that won’t hold still.
Their flash is bright, but darkened trees
Must set them off — they don’t stop night.

Now and then one traces a line
With a few cold clear flashes,
But soon I lose the line it drew.

I’ve been told that if I tear
Their wings and put them in a bottle,
They’ll glow for me — but flash no more.

You, my pet, my firefly,
Have flashed to me, but my dark is cold;
Your light suggests, but doesn’t hold.

Be a better firefly
And come inside to flash to me
And glow, for I’ll not tear your wings.

ROBERT McGOVERN
As the rain and the snow come down from heaven, and return not thither but water the earth, making it bring forth and sprout, giving seed to the sower and bread to the eater, so shall my word be that goes forth from my mouth; it shall not return to me empty, but it shall accomplish that which I purpose, and prosper in the thing for which I sent it.

*Isaiah 55:10-11*

It's that time of year, when Eliza Doolittle's lines from *My Fair Lady* echo particularly our own sentiments:

> Words, words, words, I'm so sick of words; I hear words all day through, first from him, now from you...

Her conclusion was, "If you're in love, show me."

The malaise of our situation, in part at least, stems from some thirty-odd weeks of academic words. We digest volumes of words in books, volumes more in lectures, still more in discussions formal and informal; if that were not enough, we are asked to perform via words, to add our own to the volumes that we are required to understand. To be talked at, called on, cajoled, exhorted, illumined, or threatened, is not something that can be endured interminably. One needs some time to get away, some time to let it all sink in.

But when we leave, where do we go and what do we do? To sit in front of the television set without pangs of conscience? To lie on the beach with our trusty transistoris? Usually, to more words. For the communications game is upon us, and McLuhanesque authorities write more words to tell us that it is the medium that is the message. It is clearly not just the academic that is subject to the malaise of wordiness. Talk is cheap — words are trivialities — and so we tune out. It's the easiest way.

Apart from the problem of obtaining understandable and appropriate categories for theological expression in our day (a task which is a perennial one), the present crisis of preaching can be seen in some of these terms. Wordiness in preaching may just as quickly dull the message as illumine it. Perhaps that is why one hears the "Oh, I've heard *all that* before" sentiments that increase during the year. Perhaps that is why one can feel increasingly more hesitant about engaging in this very activity as the year wears on. Such a situation is not only a problem for preachers, however, for wordiness in many contexts may dull whatever one has to say. And in a communications age the church as a whole is confronted with a rather basic issue: just what do we have to communicate? Is there still a message to relate, to ourselves and to others? Do we have anything worth saying in this place at this time that can be meaningfully added to the mass of words that daily confront us from all sides? The church, as others have, has tended to talk but not to listen; isolation from a wider audience is one result of this — mindless words are often added to the scene, but words that are devoid of content or reality.

But one cannot dispense with words, of course, except in certain monasteries. The real questions are, which ones? and to what end? It is interesting to see how often God's action is described as a word. "Thus says the Lord," the prophets contend: "And the word of the Lord came to Jeremiah"; or, "So shall my word be that goes forth from my mouth." "The word," as used here, begins with God; it is a word that communicates with men, that addresses them in their need; it is a word which tells the truth in the most significant way; and it is a word that not only shows forth in present deed but also provides the conditions for a meaningful future. It is not only the prophets' claim that whatever happens is due to God, but further that God himself has a claim on these people and is calling them to attention. God is working to refashion things. He is taking a people who are self-satisfied and confronting them with judgment, a people who are complacent and calling to reality, a people who are in trouble and offering them hope. Those who hear and pass on this word are not simply receiving and giving more information, but are caught up in a new understanding of themselves and their place in the world. The word itself is an event of meaning, a communication that re-forms lives to the reality of God's presence among men and to the significance of this presence for one's own life among others.

Is this so far beyond our grasp, when amidst the wordiness of our daily round so many are seeking for just one truly authentic word? It is a curious irony that in the midst of great advances in this communications age, we are experiencing such a phenomenal breakdown in communications. Through our series of communications satellites we are able to know almost instantaneously what is happening in virtually every part of the world, and we have the technical skill to converse between
earth and the moon; yet we seem to know very little about communicating with one another. Communication between black and white is increasingly difficult, largely because the words we have used were not authentic; the white society has regularly said one thing, but done another. Likewise, communication between generations seems more difficult than before, particularly when each side chooses only to inform and does not correspondingly seek to be informed.

We need to recognize that the language we use as a means for communicating and as a basis for community may frequently not communicate and may fracture whatever common life we have together. Is the word which is dependable unimportant here? “So shall my word be...it shall not return to me empty.” It is said that some girls can be seduced if the fellow says, “I love you,” so great is the need for a faithful word, even at the great risk that it is without substance. Can the word that communicates genuineness and an awareness of self be helpful here? “So shall my word be...it shall accomplish that which I purpose.” Some of our commonly used words and expressions won’t wash any more, like the line, “I’m not prejudiced, but...” Why won’t they wash? Because they are finally being exposed as inauthentic, since they are not followed by appropriate action. Is it possible that the word which addresses all human situations in both judgment and grace might so shape our own words that we may learn the difficult process of relating to others with taste and sensitivity? “So shall my word be...it shall prosper in the thing for which I sent it.”

We could, then, watch our language — so that as Eliza Doolittle wanted, our words may be genuine and may communicate truth and be followed by sensitive acts. One way might be to be quiet, to listen to a word from another. There is, certainly, always the possibility of distortion, as one can choose to ignore, suppress, or re-direct those words that call into question his particular understanding of himself or his world; there is risk as well as promise involved when words become encounters and not simply sounds. But who is to say that every message must be verbalized? Besides the relatively few words that we seem to have from Jesus we also have a very important characterization, that he went about doing.

At the end of Ingmar Bergman’s film, Through a Glass Darkly, which deals with the failures of communication, there is a hopeful note, a moment of contact: “Father spoke to me,” says the boy. That is, of course, what we say of the Word — that in it God has spoken, that it points two ways, to substance and to promise, to gift and to life, to the possibility of our being caught up in it. The communication is the word of judgment and hope, of mercy and love. “So shall my word be,” wrote the prophet about God; on this the New Testament gives its special follow-up, to its own time and to ours, “And the Word became flesh and dwelt among us.”

---

Three Year Old Girl and Doll

On a Picture of Poverty in Appalachia

With jelly on her face
That yet easily laughs in a giggle,
And a three year old hand
Poking the plump belly of the dry rag doll,

She does not yet know of rickets,
Bowed and bony legs,
The swelling in her belly,

Nor of Professors of Economics
Who know of the FULL ECONOMY
And the beautifully curved GNP.
Rather, economics is a word,
Motor boats and bicycles belong to catalogues,
And meat is a very happy surprise.

And the matter of this poem is of no concern,
For her giggle is that of one to a funny friend,

From the jellied face
Of one three year old girl
Who has not yet learned
To envy her doll.

H. SAMUEL HAMOD

June 1969
On Second Thought

By ROBERT J. HOYER

When they asked him about time and its nature, St. Augustine had a marvelous comment. He said, "Si non rogas, intellego."

There is a kind of thing you know in ways that do not fit into propositions and paragraphs. There are knowings which are non-linear. The more you say about some subjects, the further you get from them. All the ultimate truths we know tend to escape the description of our knowing. "If you do not ask me, I know."

Negative sentences fit. We can say what an ultimate truth is not when we cannot say what it is. The prophets demonstrate that negative theology has meaning. Words will not describe what God is, but they will point out what God is not.

One such ultimate truth which has lately become the definitive trait of Lutheran theology is the distinction between Law and Gospel. We can say a few meaningful things about it, but the law of diminishing returns begins to operate very early. Then the more we say about it the further we get from knowledge. The truth we want to know is hidden in a hairy bush of words, drawn and quartered on the rack of intellect. The distinction between Law and Gospel is not the kind of thing you know in words. If you do not ask me, I know.

The distinction is there. It's very real and absolutely important. We do really know it. If you don't ask us. The difference between Law and Gospel is a Person, an Event. We know it like a friend, a wife. We name the Name and tell the story of Jesus Christ, and we say, "That's it." We point to some of the thousands who follow in His train, and we say, "Like that." Even our negative statements become personal and eventful. We could say, "You have failed to distinguish correctly between the Law and the Gospel," but it means more when we say, "You have killed the Prince of Peace."

The distinction is referred to in nearly all of the issues that hold Lutherans in tension with other communions. The red tape that binds us is linear obsession. Perhaps if we start saying Yes to people instead of to commission reports, we may know better what we are doing. Perhaps if we start saying No to events instead of to sentences in a book we may see more clearly the oneness that God has given us. It is true that there can be no unity without doctrinal agreement. But when the teaching and the knowing on which we are to agree are non-linear, there does not seem to be much reason to strive for linear agreements.

Yet it is the knowing that counts. "Deeds, not creeds" is a somewhat foolish principle. Agreement in practice is not more important than agreement in doctrine. We need to know together, but what we need to know is not lines of words on paper. We need to know one another, and together know Christ, and together say, "Like that."

Si non rogas, intellegemus. We have already spent too much time asking.

Book of the Month

As vacation approaches, resort areas prepare for the onslaught and travel bureaus spread their lures; there is at the same time a movement afoot to ensure the school children of America. The strategists are little known but are nevertheless quietly and determinedly planning their programs. Having once been an active member of this loosely knit organization, I can speak with some knowledge of its operating methods.

I remember the Johnny Appleseed Club we joined in the summer. A nice old character, just picturesque enough to be admirably adaptable to propaganda purposes, and firmly implanted in Hoosier folklore. A shapely young poplar was sacrificed to the "game" and denuded of leaves. Girl Scouts cut millions, billions, and trillions of green construction paper leaves, (apologies to Wanda Gag and her cats) and almost millions of red apples. You guessed it, a Summer Reading Program! For each title read a child placed a leaf on the tree, a specified number entitled him to an apple on which he wrote the name of the school he attended. At the close of the summer the apples were "harvested" and a plaque awarded to the winning school. Such a program is exciting and long remembered, but — and here is the rub — it is doubtful if the seeds of propaganda it was meant to instill really take root. Seven picture books a day cannot leave a very lasting impression. One can get too much even of a good thing, too much to absorb fully and to the greatest benefit. Worst of all, such programs never reach the children who most need them — the poor readers and those who just don't like to read. If they try, they are so soon outdistanced they give up defeated and discouraged.

I would like to advocate a quite different approach and one in which parents can share with mutual enjoyment. Why not plan your own family's summer reading program? Suggestions for such a family plan may be found in Let's Read Together: Books for Family Enjoyment, prepared by the American Library Association.

If you plan a Canadian trip to New Mexico, the long summer vacation seemed endless, a bountiful gift of time: to drift, to read, to think "the long, long thoughts". Let us give back a bit of this unhurried leisure to our children, a little oasis in time to refresh and replenish inner resources, in a way which only good reading can do.

SYLVIA SWARNER

The Cresset
Editor-At-Large

By VICTOR F. HOFFMANN

A Departing Note

After twenty years at Valparaiso University (1947-1967), and after two years of reflection on my vocation while working in the Milwaukee civil rights movement, I have decided to leave Valparaiso University. I have accepted a dual appointment at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee to the directorship of the Institute of Human Relations and to an associate professorship in the department of social and philosophical foundations in the university’s School of Education.

Obviously, this move on my part will also sever my official connections with The Cresset.

By way of retrospection, I must honestly say, I did not look upon Valparaiso University at any time as an abiding city in spite of my twenty year pilgrimage. Nor do I look upon the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee as an abiding city. For wandering men for whom the trumpet sounds on the other side, there are on this side many times and many places. Paradoxically enough, the pilgrim who has been writing this column is looking, looking, for that one place where he does abide forever and forever.

Sometimes the wanderer cannot tell the difference between pushing Sisyphus’ rock up the hill in life’s round of futility or wrestling with Jacob’s God.

Twenty years at one place, however, constitute a lot of abiding. Those twenty years are written deeply and indelibly into my personality. Over the long haul they were happy and eventful years, strenuous and viable. During these years I lived closely and intimately with some people to whom I owe a great deal. I hope now that the life I now live elsewhere will be a monument of gratitude to them. I ask a rich measure of forgiveness from people I have injured during these years, particularly from my quasi-enemies who felt that my interest in empirical studies had prostituted the social sciences. Yet, from the standpoint of my own psychologically vested interests in my ideas and in the manner according to which I think the social sciences or a university must be conducted, I do not think that I was always wrong.

One thing is certain: I was happy to be a part of the Kretzmann years at Valparaiso University.

Another thing is certain: I was happy to be a part of the Strietelmeier years with The Cresset.

With some pride, I keep saying to myself, John Strietelmeier and The Cresset placed me into a long line of saints, some of whom taught me with varying degrees of success and enthusiasm in the dim, dark days almost beyond recall. Just take a look at a few of these names, important to any history of Lutheranism in the United States: Theodore Graebner, A. R. Kretzmann, O. P. Kretzmann, Coates, Walter Hansen, Dorn, Pelikan, and Anne Hansen. There were and are many others. There will be more.

To Al Huegli and company, and to those who will from this time forth ride herd on The Cresset, I wish all the success in the world — with enough mavericks around and about to keep these two enterprises and adventures honest and forthright.

And on my word of honor, I will always be available for whatever the University and The Cresset want of me. I have not spent twenty years at our small university in a small, somewhat parochial, Hoosier town to be disloyal and to forget. This I say although I know that the wanderer does not go back home very easily. Yet — who knows? The Muse of History plays a lot of tricks on us all.

Time has many stories to tell and to unfold before we are gathered up to the fathers.

But, yet — there is much to make and keep me happy at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee. I am more than pleased to be associated with a university in an urban area that is honestly pursuing its identity as an urban university. In very many respects, the future is with urbanism and I am glad to be a part of it and in Milwaukee. And there are close friends here as well. Like Valparaiso, much of humanity is here: sinners, saints, scholars, social actionists, the smug and the insecure, old babies, contemporary fogeys, the ugly and the beautiful.

Nevertheless, I repeat and emphasize: twenty years of The Cresset and Valparaiso University have been written into my personality and life-style.

As I write thirty to this column and to these years, I want to strike a final note, one of hope. In these days of radical measures and solutions, we must get on with the task of radicalizing hope. The Cresset and Valparaiso University are in particularly good positions to tell students and constituents that man under God will prevail against the forces of destruction and inhumanity.

And so, peace and hope for all saints and sinners the while we long for one another.

June 1969
No historian with an appreciation of the identifying characteristics which mark out one period in the story of man from another would allow that history repeats itself. And yet the student of history often senses that the concerns of one age have occupied the minds of ages before and that the differences which separate are differences of articulation and resolution. Nor can history solve for us the dilemmas of the present. That people, related to us by their humanity and concerned with similar human problems, at some earlier time expressed their concerns in one mode and chose one from among the possible decisions binds us in no way to their language and their conclusions. And yet to know that others have thought similar thoughts lifts the burden of lonely decision-making from contemporary shoulders; to understand the debate of ancient minds may help to clarify the issues before a present generation.

Those concerned for the Church today would do well, for example, to re-experience the life of the Church in the second century. Too removed from the immediacy of the apostolic zeal, realizing that Christ's promised return was not to be speedy, and facing the organizational problems of larger numbers, the Church then found within itself opinions and ideas differing and striving for recognition. For some growth meant secularization and they advocated the ascetic life. For others the rules of order threatened the freedom of the New Testament faith; they eschewed the Old Testament and its God. Still others sought to revive the glow of apostolic fire and cultivated the Spirit, claiming special revelation and independence from history. (The Montanist heresy is the ancient brother of the more extravagant claims for the arts in the Church today.) Out of the age of contention claims for the art emerged a Church more sure of itself. Orthodoxy was not a bad word but the source of confident strength.

In his article "Church Music: Pop or Pro?" (Christianity Today, March 14, 1969), Lowell Beveridge argues that musical art in the service of worship has tended in latter days (since the nineteenth century) to exaggerate the two extremes of its practice to the neglect of the middle. Music in the Church is too often surrendered over to the professional musicians or left to generate spontaneously and without careful cultivation. "Church music today seems to tend toward one or the other of these two extremes, the highly professional or the popular." And then, addressing himself to the latter aspect: "The chief argument for popular music in church is that it can easily be appropriated by the congregation and can help to heighten the sense of spontaneity and joy that often seems lacking in corporate worship. The implication seems to be that if the barrier of musical technique is lowered spontaneous singing will result. But this line of reasoning, if followed to its conclusion, leads to glossolalia."

The last word leaps off the page to suggest a striking parallel between current ecclesiastical musical pop art and equally current "speaking in tongues." Thereupon the word calls up the image of the Church at Corinth whom Paul in his first letter admonishes concerning the use of "tongues." "The man who speaks in a 'tongue' addresses not men but God. . . . But he who preaches the Word of God is using his speech for the building up of the faith of one man, the encouragement of another or the consolation of another. . . . If you have no interpreter then let the speaker with a 'tongue' keep silent in the Church and speak only to himself and God." Can it be that I Corinthians 14 formulates Christian truths by which an earlier age of the Church was able to guide itself in new situations? Paul's instructions, given canonical approval by the early Church, must figure prominently in an understanding of Christian art true enough to guide the artists who must deal with the mixture of the traditional and the untraditional in worship. Mr. Beveridge sets out from that point. "Corporate liturgical worship, whether sung or spoken, requires structure; structure requires technique; and technique requires serious effort: these are the plain facts. The solution lies not in removing barriers of musical technique, but in helping people overcome these barriers in order to enjoy greater freedom and spontaneity. The argument that popular music makes people feel more at ease is incongruous with the basic message of the Gospel, and to defend the use of any device merely because it requires a minimum of effort is irresponsible."

There is yet place in the Communion of Saints for the musical mystic but that place is not in communal worship. The mystical experience has been both a source of vitality and a threat to community. The rule of Christian forbearance is the resolving agent. History shows this to be so...at least this far.
The season is not yet quite over. London promised to send us the much heralded untraditional, un-Renaissance-like Hamlet of Nicol Williamson. One of the older young dramatists, Tennessee Williams, will soon premiere his latest play, and a few more plays will undoubtedly bow before this season will officially come to an end. In looking back on it one can see little that has been unforgettable. In the Matter of J. Robert Oppenheimer, a documentary play of the German Heinar Kipphardt, was an exciting courtroom drama with even more exciting political connotations. Plays with political background were most prominent. Albee's Box and Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-Tung was a whimsical and not quite successful concoction. Robert Shaw's The Man in the Glass Booth, an intellectual thriller, dealt with the question of whether, for instance, Eichmann could have been a Jew and then wanted to glory in his crimes and become a martyr.

The other striking image, although somewhat blurred because of the muchness of sameness, has been the growing and boring licentiousness on stage. It has certainly much to do with the unrest of youth and its protest against a world of transition which is not only dangerous to live in but also phony and absurd in its treacherous contrasts. I am convinced that mankind, always moving along cyclic cataclysms, has become ripe for another major bloodletting.

So far it has not occurred due to the fear of the two giant powers to commit suicide. But man is ready for it. Unwittingly, he seeks emotional vents for the explosive matter inherent in him, and meanwhile the drama takes place on university campuses and on stage.

In the last analysis, The Living Theatre — and everything that followed its trumpet call to turn the stage into an audience-participation-orgy — is a manifestation of the political and socio-cultural chaos of our time. It should be evaluated from this viewpoint, not artistically. Public exposure of one's body is a relevant part of their anarchic game. It is the loudest protest against and negation of our civilization and its institutions, a challenge to the obvious pretenses and disguises of our conventional existence. These rebels call a bluff when undressing to prove that our thoughts are dirtier than their bodies. What they have not grasped, however, is that to appear in the nude on stage is quite acceptable when dramaturgically valid — but not nakedness. Nakedness is the profanity of nudity. Moreover, there are always people who will test the limitations of acceptability.

The twenty-nine-year-old West Indian playwright Lennox Raphael translated his anti-establishment, anti-USA sentiments dramatically into uninhibited sexual aggression on stage in his play Che!, and a man who belongs with the establishment, Kenneth Tynan, critic and director of the National Theatre in London, is about to put together a revue, Oh Calcutta, in which he intends to test the borderlines of permissibility.

The daring and spitting of conventions in the theatre is age-old. It probably received its mod slant by the off-off-Broadway La Mama group which has meanwhile been internationally acclaimed. With the help of foundation money Ellen Stewart's Cafe La Mama moved to new quarters with no less than two stages in the Village. The type of plays is about the same as it has been for many years. There is an atmosphere of casualness and improvisation, whether they offer a musical on the Windsors with a lot of parodies thrown in for good and bad measure, or one of Rochelle Owen's plays right out of the jungle of human misfits, emotionally depraved, intellectually dehydrated, physically deformed. She vomited Beclch onto an off-Broadway stage this season and established her fame with the idealization of man's love for a pig in Futz before that. Now in The Queen of Greece and Homo she aims at the myth of Nordic superiority and mankind's strange attempts at betterment. Instead of dialogues there are grunts and moans and a touch of obscenity here and there.

Most of the dramatic material shown at La Mama is work-in-progress, almost all of it is a blueprint for the director. To write scenarios and not plays is the latest fashion. This is one of the reasons why so much stress lies on movement and gesture in all experimental theatre nowadays. The word is dead, at least the poetic word. This is the sign or stigma of our time. And yet — there is a strange vitality in all that is being done far away from the commercial theatre. We may not like it, but it is there. The young are with it. Of course, they may grow up, for all we know.
There is not enough serious play in life.

I am for the art of conversation between the sidewalk and a blind man's engineering; between creator and performer, performer...1

There are not enough serious play in life. Allan Kaprow

Requirements for John Cage's HPSCHD:

7 Harpsichords
52 Tape Machines
59 Power Amplifiers
59 Loud Speakers
7 Pre-amplifiers
64 Slide Projectors
8 Motion Picture Projectors
631 Pages of Music Manuscript
208 Computer-generated tapes
6,400 Slides
40 Motion Picture Films
1 340 Foot Circular Screen
11 Rectangular Screens

I am for the art of conversation between the sidewalk and a blind man's metal stick. Claes Oldenburg

Reproduced in this issue are photographs of three kinds of intermedia art: assemblage, environments, and happenings. Intermedia art is the crossing of boundaries between painting and sculpture, sculpture and architecture; between art, music, poetry, dance, demonstrations, ritual, drama, movies, and TV; between commercial art and fine art, art and everyday life, art and engineering; between creator and performer, performer and audience, exhibit and concert.

Charlotte Anderson's The American Dream? (reproduced on the front cover) is an example of a collage or assemblage technique. The American flag is painted on a rock and placed upside down in the signal for distress. A photograph of a Hippie family is cut into the shape of a flag and placed as though flying from a black paper flagpole set against a sky of sheet music. Charlotte had read Michael Foster's novel, American Dream and also Edward Albee's 1960 play, The American Dream, and in this collage she seems to be suggesting that the American dream of complete individuality is not dead, as suggested by Albee, but is being reinterpreted in the sensuously open life style of the Hippie.

With some artists the assemblage technique takes on an environmental scale. They create tableau-like settings such as George Segal's Execution, or areas dominated by monuments as in Claes Oldenburg's humorous drawing proposals (reproduced on the back cover). More familiar are the enclosing pavilion displays as at Expo '67 or light shows and events such as John Cage's fantastic HPSCHD. Except when dancing, the beholder/listener becomes thoughtful and meditative in such environments. However, the danger with light shows is their often tyrannical and quickly boring nature. Overwhelming, unchanging sensation shocks for only a short time. Blind feeling brings little insight. Moments of reflection need to combine awareness with feeling.

The environment on Seventh Street included much physical participation and might actually be considered a happening. People in the block along this street were approached about doing a photographic self-documentary. Cameras and tape recorders were distributed and they started taking pictures and capturing sounds of themselves and their neighbors. Then, one September evening, sheets that had been sewn together at the local laundromat were hung across the street at either end of the block. Other sheets were hung along the buildings facing the street. The pictures and sounds that the neighborhood made of itself were projected on all sides of the street. The young people danced to band music and the neighbors of all ages leaned out their windows or came down to the street to talk and watch and celebrate themselves.

The artist who coined the word "Happening" is Allan Kaprow. He studied under John Cage in the late 50's, and out of this experience came his use of people, sound, and movement as added elements of expression to an environment. Since then, Kaprow has come to think of these events as a new art form, a kind of acted out poetry. He programs the events as though he were organizing a parade or a football game. The tasks the participants are to do are so elementary that professional skill is not required. The value is primarily the participant's since there should be no audience, no repeat "performance", and the event should take place in a non-art setting. Using chance as a method Kaprow wants to break up customary relationships, "sharpening the consciousness of the inexplicable."

Fluids was an event programmed to take place in twenty places in and around Los Angeles any time within a three day period (He had hoped this could have been done then all over the country). Participants would meet an ice truck and use 650 ice blocks to build a thirty by ten by eight foot structure. One writer saw the action as a vivid parody of planned obsolescence and at the same time a celebration of the processes of change. I think it might also have been beautiful to look at.

There is a commonality among intermedia art and such other current phenomena as McLuhanism, the Hippies, and brainstorming in their spirit of attentive play, their delight in messy vitality, their desire for authentic encounters between the whole person and his environment. Intermedia art might be thought of as Claes Oldenburg's blind man's stick probing for the surrounding reality.

E. Seventh St. between Avenues C and D, N.Y.


June 1969
On Obscenity

By DON A. AFFELDT

I'm told there's some problem about obscenity. People say that the problem is posed by the growing presence of nudity in the arts, by opaque decisions of the Supreme Court, by greater explicitness in the portrayal of sexual acts in books, movies, drama. Some say a "Flood-tide" of pornography is engulfing the country, threatening to erode the morals of the young. The problem, I'm told, is that no one knows what obscenity is, or that people differ widely in their definitions of obscenity. People can't agree on whether nudity is obscene, on whether the use of taboo words constitutes pornography, on what should and should not be offered for public view or consumption.

Thus does the problem slide in and out of focus. The sketch of the problem just given comprises some noteworthy confusions, however, and it seems worthwhile to set these straight. There may well be a "problem about obscenity"; but the problem stands no hope of solution unless it is given careful statement. And when it is, perhaps the "problem" will emerge as no problem at all, or as a very different problem from the one with which we started.

The first confusion to dispel is the suggestion that the problem of obscenity has essentially to do with nudity. This suggestion is simply false; to show that it is, one need only conceive a case of nudity which is not a case of obscenity, an easy enough matter to do. Nor does obscenity have essentially to do with public nudity; nudity in painting, sculpture, film and theater is clearly not always obscene. Thus there is neither a conceptual nor a factual connection between nudity and obscenity.

If this point is granted — and if it is not, no analysis of obscenity can possibly be correct or illuminating — we are perhaps in a position to see how misleading is the claim that "no one knows what obscenity is". As a matter of fact, most people do know what obscenity is; if they do not, they have but to consult their dictionaries. For the problem of obscenity, whatever it is, is not a problem of definition. This obvious point appears to be obscured in much of the comment on the Supreme Court's rulings in obscenity cases. The Supreme Court is not in the business of making definitions; thus its dictum that an alleged obscene item is suppressible only if it is utterly without redeeming social importance must not be read as a definition of obscenity. What the Supreme Court has done is to establish a test for the suppressibility of that which some persons regard as obscene. Hence it is consistent with its ruling that the Court itself may find something to be obscene while yet refusing to suppress it because of its redeeming importance. Obscenity is not a sufficient condition for suppressibility.

It is perhaps worth noting in this connection that obscenity is never a property of books, films, etc. as such; obscenity is a property of items only insofar as those items are offensive to someone's modesty, sense of decency, or what have you. Thus it appears that no play, picture, book, or gesture has ever been produced which is in itself obscene; for we can always imagine a man whose sensibilities are so hardened that nothing will offend his sense of modesty, if indeed he can be said to have one. (To the obscene, as well as to the pure, all things are pure.) Conceiving of this Man of No Modesty may help us find our peace with the essential relativity of the notion of obscenity. Which is not to say, of course, that men can never agree on the application of the term 'obscene' — for they often do. But even if they didn't, the term 'obscene' would not lose its meaning.

Obscenity is essentially relative to persons; it is also, so it seems to me, essentially relative to time and place. Thus I can conceive of circumstances — not very elaborate ones at that — which would render the most vulgar and salacious stag film non-obscene: if, for example, it is shown to a group of persons each one of whom wanted to see it at that time, and under those circumstances. For I am supposing that the modesty of no member of the group would be offended by the screening; after all, if his modesty had not (perhaps but briefly) left him, he wouldn't be watching the film in the first place. The point of all this is fairly simple: one's sense of modesty is not as inflexible as a steel bar, and what offends it in the morning may not offend it in the evening. If it is a well-developed sense of modesty, it will comprise a keen sense of what is fitting for a certain time and place. So we have a basis for saying that what is perfectly obscene in one context may not be at all obscene in another, even supposing the persons who provide the frame of reference remain the same.

We have said enough, I think, to discover why intelligent laws about obscenity are so hard to construct, given our other concerns with freedom of expression and the like. Obscenity laws seek to fix absolute standards for appropriateness, difficult of achievement. About all the law can do, I should think, is to mark off an age-group for which we have reason to believe that things are always inappropriate — a dubious enough proposition. For the rest of us, we can seek no guardian of our sensibilities in the law. We'll have to protect our sense of modesty by ourselves. And this job appears to be getting harder for some of us; perhaps that's the "problem about obscenity".

The Cresset
Sehnsucht

One of the curious things about life after noon is the slow emergence of certain patterns of behavior for the passing hours and days. . . One of my own is an inevitable hour of wakefulness about four o'clock each morning. . . . No matter at what hour, late or early, the previous day has ended I find my spirit lifting itself into consciousness at the same hour night after night. . . . There may be a little more sleep later but for about an hour I find myself under the blessing of solitude and quiet and reflection. . . all of which should be an essential part of life after noon. . . .

It is a good time to be awake, especially in mid-summer. . . . The sky is turning gray and the spreading elm beyond my window stands clear before the cold accuracy of eyes that are not yet tired by the confusion of the day. . . . The first birds, two mourning doves, a martin and a robin, tentatively announce the bridging of the gap between night and day. . . . Now and then there is a mysterious flock in the elm which wells into a discordant chorus to greet the age-old miracle of day. . . . There is something ritualistic about the whole performance, a part of creation obediently and joyously welcoming the sun, dancing before the Lord, dipping wings as the seraphim are said to do. . . .

And this is the hour when I have most often experienced what I can only describe as “Sehnsucht”. . . . Mr. C. S. Lewis in his autobiography also mentions it. . . . This strange fusion of joy and sorrow and longing. . . . of belonging and not belonging. . . .this (literally) desire to see perfection and wholeness. . . . It is a wish to see and hear, not to be. . . . “Sehnsucht” — the desire to see. . . . It is long now since the Mount of Transfiguration and the Mount of Olives but they still hold what I want to see so many years later at dawn in a little Indiana town. . . . In them is all of life, all its anxiety and joy, its night and day, its questions and answers. . . . Suddenly I remember Ralph Hodgson’s “Song of Honor” which tells a part of it:

“I heard it all, I heard the whole
Harmonious hymn of being roll
Up through the chapel of my soul
And at the altar die.”

To die — but only to live again in a greater way. . . . At this hour, I remember, a few men found a tomb empty and returned to face, finally and triumphantly, the incredulity and inhumanity of men. . . . This is then the real object of one “Sehnsucht”. . . .to see the white garments even now. . . .to see more surely that the world (and men) that have rolled into darkness will roll out of it again. . . .just as my momentary world did this morning. . . .

I have found “Sehnsucht” elsewhere too. . . .in the haunting, falling cadence with which Handel clothes the words of the prophet, “A Man of Sorrows and acquainted with Grief”. . . . It shows that nothing, not even a diamond-bedecked contralto, can rob the descending notes of pain and the sequence of sorrow. . . .the reflection of “Sehnsucht”, a joy and a grief, personal and universal, but not without end. . . . Or I have found it in a few moments in a church in Wisconsin as dusk falls and the last sun comes through the windows. . . . It is Saturday night and I hear the organist enter, laboriously climb the stair and begin the trumpet tones of “Wake, awake, for Night is flying”. . . . Suddenly here was in the little church all the “Sehnsucht” for the end of the vespers twilight of Christendom and the coming of the last dawn. . . .

And so these moments of “Sehnsucht” are good for all of us. . . . They are the soft, clear answers to the questions of the night, so long now and so bitter, and the problems of the day, so great now and so filled with terror. . . . A stranger may live without them, but not a pilgrim. . . . There is always before him the last answer, the purple and gold of the City and the sound of Domesday in the air. . . .the dual treasure of the receding hour of darkness and the slow rising dawn of the day without night. . . .the light into which we have not yet quite come. . . .

I lie quietly as the sky beyond my window turns from gray to blue and the inevitable bruises of the soul seem to heal, the night flies, and my own little acquaintance with grief assumes its true perspective against the majesty of all the years in which He has caused this glory to happen. . . . For a moment I am secluded into peace. . . .the shadow, a hint, a fraction of what is still to come. . . . For suddenly, I know, with a warm contentment, that there will surely be a day when I shall bridge for the last time this chasm, narrow but deep, between the solemnity of the night and the glory of the day. . . . and there will be an angel beyond the window. . . .visible only to God and to me. . . .and a voice, far beyond the stammering of earth, telling me to come home. . . .

June 1969

**Bear, Central Park North, 1965.**
Collection, Alfred Heller.

**Lower East Side: Ironing Board, 1965.**
Collection, Marvin Goodman, Toronto.

**Baked Potato, Grand Armory Plaza, 1965.**
Collection, Edward M. Benesch, Baltimore Museum.