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THE CRESSET

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Most of us like to imagine time coming to us in containers. A year of time. A decade of time. One of the more imaginative acts we perform is the putting of time in containers and setting them in a row.

These containers in a row let us speak of the old year and a new year, the old decade and a new decade. We know, of course, that there is nothing new about time itself in the container, 1970, or in the container, The Seventies.

Yet we do now go about gladly hoping for ourselves and others a Happy New Year and, in this January of 1970, a Happy New Decade. If it is unlikely that we are hoping for happy new containers, what might we be meaning about time itself?

We most probably mean that we are hoping that we will live time better than we have lived it up until now. What we are likely hoping these days is not that time, that most peculiar dimension of human existence, will change for the better — but that we will.

Americans especially like to think they live in decades. We like to imagine ourselves sealing The Sixties and setting that capsule between The Fifties and The Seventies. And maybe there is some good in thinking in that way. Certainly we could put the cap on The Sixties with feelings for it as one of the more exhausting decades we have ever lived.

Our living filled The Sixties with Desegregation, Demonstration, Protestation, Confrontation, Assassination, Reaction, Retaliation, Escalation, Profanation, Charismation, Vietnamization, Pollution, Exploration, Lunation, Cybernation, Automation.

Radicalization, Pacification, Immolation, Expatriation, Transplantation, Infiltration, Mobilization, Conflagration, Urbanization, Brutalization, Revolution, Polarization, Inflation, Contraception.

Liberation, Starvation, Generation, Decurialization, Aggiornamentation, Amplification, Synesthesia, Alienation, Secularization, Eroticization, Disruption, Meditation, Mystification, Conglomeration.

And much more. It may very well be good to think we are burying the time capsule of The Sixties. We could even hope that it will only ever be opened by aliens to most of it, say, by a posterity which will find much of the living we put into it quite strange.

With what we shall fill the time capsule of The Seventies we cannot say. What are we hoping and resolving these days is that we will so live as to fill it with as many great promises as filled the outset of The Sixties. But with far fewer of the promises delayed, denied, or destroyed. And to live so as to fill it with as many reasons for optimism as filled the outset of The Sixties. But with far fewer reasons for pessimism at its end.

It will take only ten years to know if the problems we have discovered in ourselves in The Sixties are as inevitably insoluble or, worse, insufferable, as they now seem. One hope is that the grimness of the decade we can foresee will be the grounding for a new freedom of thought and action. Since the advent of the atomic age three decades ago, we find that we increasingly have nothing to lose except everything. So let us go ahead.

One of our otherwise jolly colleagues recently returned to campus with a furrowed brow. He had attended a conference of ecologists. The growing consensus of these environmental scientists was that man has about fifty years or less to live on this planet. The grimmest prediction was that man will be finished as a species. The most hopeful prediction was that human life will be brought under conditions that no man now living would wish on his worst enemy let alone his children's children.

Our terricial and genocidal course seemed to some of these scientists irreversibly set. Part of the characteristically optimistic half of the "Two Cultures" was turning pessimistic. Others, the majority, found trace elements of freedom in the urgent present to change course. Putting together what they reasonably knew about our air and water pollution, the thermal and
pesticidal killing of plants and animals on land and stream, the growth of human population matched against forthcoming food supplies of sufficient nutrition, the relative indestructability of certain radioactive and toxic wastes, and other ecological data, they came down with as nearly as terminal a notice as man on earth has had since The Flood. Only this time a deluge in our own effluvia. And our only ark the earth itself.

The populating and technical manipulating of the earth which man has been pleased to enjoy in recent centuries are proving to be in increasing need of restraint. For the more he gets out of the earth for more people, the less he leaves in the earth, at least in usable cycles. In the long run he will have to pay his debts to the earth at a time that may be too late for his survival. The solutions to this problem are not simply technical but, we believe, partly religious.

For Christian man, for example, the debt to be paid the earth is but part of his responsibility, “for the earth is the Lord’s and the fullness thereof.” The Christian man is not merely in ecological arrearages with the earth. He has also been ungrateful for a gift, the grace which is nature.

He is slacking at his care of the creation which groans in waiting upon the coming of redeemed men. He is taking false comfort in the only divine commandment men have kept, “Be fruitful and multiply,” and letting the more rigorous requirements of the law go unexamined for the deeper duties. He is a keeper more like Cain than Christ for his brothers yet unborn. He is sleeping at his watch in the temple earth while desolation is being done to the temple and desecration to the only image of God in it, man himself.

Whatever else he may be by virtue of the imago Dei, man is also nature and not simply in nature. He is not simply spirit on earth. He is bound up with the natural order as a part of it. The catechetical belief that “God has made me and all creatures” is a Christian affirmation of fellowship with nature and of responsibility for the natural order. We believe Christian men will be among the first to take whatever action remains to reverse the course of the earth becoming a silent planet, unfit for the life of man or the praise of God.

Furthermore, we can imagine no other issue which can join more men in common cause than the care of the earth. Christians and men of good will, poor and rich, black and white, consumer and producer, government and private enterprise, young and old — all have the same stake in the fruitfulness of the ground upon which they stand. We have already observed some new coalitions of otherwise unlikely fellow workers to start action on this problem. The active resistance of polluters and the active restoration of vital balances of nature are plain to all but the most mad-eyed among us.

The political and technological solutions must be sought in concert on a problem so vast and many-sided. But it is also a problem for which important partial solutions can be sought in our own neighborhoods and by individual efforts. None of us need wait until that awful day Kenneth Patchen predicts — when the ground gets disgusted enough just to walk away leaving us with nothing more to stand on than what we have so bloody well stood for up to now.

A Ministry to Clergy

Some two hundred and fifty clergymen of the three largest Lutheran Churches in the United States resigned their offices between 1966 and 1968. Statistically, the number of resignations may not be significant. The men who were moved to resign, however, are significant. We have just finished reading a report of some research into the reasons over one hundred of these men gave for their resignations. We recommend that article (Wayne A. R. Monske, “Where Have All the Demitters Gone?”, The Lutheran Forum, November, 1969) to our fellow laymen.

No doubt research of this kind is given the theological reflection it merits by seminary faculties. It is also doubtless given the reflection it merits by those within the churches charged with the pastoral care of pastors. We would now urge our fellow laymen to reflect on that research too. What follows is a starting out upon some reflections on our ministries to our clergymen, and they are only as obvious as they are frequently forgotten.

First, we believe we need to let our clergymen be theologians and—first and foremost—our preachers, teachers, and counselors in the Christian life. Any other task they take up among us, no matter how willing they are to do it, is a task we should be doing. Our clergymen stumble and fall into schizophrenic and bureaucratic lives over our defaults. Often our most grievous defaults.

Negatively this means that we not let them do our works of mercy for the aged, poor, and sick. Our evangelism. Our study of social problems and our political action. Our neighborhood and community services. Our funding, reform, and maintenance of the institutional church. Positively this means that we give our clergymen time and the means for study—reading, viewing, listening, writing, and meditation.

We realize that we are making a very heavy demand of our clergymen, namely that they be the ablest theologians they can be by the sweat of their brows and the grace of God. But that is all we ask. When we get stones instead of bread in their preaching, teaching, and counseling, it is more than likely we have not given them time to grind the grain.
Next, we believe that more laymen need to recognize the fact that men do, and increasingly will, take up several different occupations in their working lifetimes. And clergymen are men. When it is the case that a clergyman is ready to take up some new work, we should offer whatever help we can give him to make his occupational transition. We follow our Christian vocation in a variety of occupations in our lifetimes, and it is no scandal if our pastor should decide to follow his Christian vocation in some other work too. Indeed, when a clergyman should discover that his fundamental work as a theologian and preacher, teacher, and counselor is work he no longer is willing or able to do, he should be encouraged as well as helped to take up other work. Such a change is for our good as well as his own.

Thirdly, we believe we can enable wiser reflections among the young men in our congregations and colleges who are contemplating becoming clergymen. It is as important to help young men search themselves clearly in the light of right expectations before they become clergymen as it is to help those clergymen who are making new choices to resign their offices guiltlessly. Not every Christian young man who is affable, outgoing, idealistic, nurturant, and audible when he speaks is to be encouraged to become a clergyman.

The signs that our young man discerns the Word of God and sustains hard thinking about the world, however, are the signs favorable for his becoming a clergyman. These signs signify the indispensable gifts which laymen will be calling upon him to share in the common life of the church.

From Parson to Person

Next, we believe that we need to let our clergymen do their work of preaching, teaching, and counseling in theological depth at points of greatest stress in our common life. A few of the points of stress are apparent. The disinterest of the young in the church. The demis­common life. A few of the points of stress are apparent. The reform of the roles of the clergy and the laity in theological depth at points of greatest stress in our congregations. And others as new occasions would teach us new duties.

We believe we need to let our clergymen think and speak, grasp the issues and direct us in the crucial junctions of our common life. They can be freed from attention to areas of lesser stress by our undertaking them ourselves.

Fifthly, we believe we need to disabuse ourselves of the expectation that our clergyman will be the example of the Christian life in all things. Such expectations are frightful, impossible demands as well as ways we seek our own ease. Behind every clergyman who has become the center of a personality cult we suspect there is more than a parsonage housing a suffering wife and children provoked to wrath. There are also parishioners who were eager to be the corruptees in such a corruption of the church, laymen who invited their clergyman to limit the example of the Christian life for them to his own personal dimensions.

The day of the clergyman as parson, the representa­tively redeemed man in all things, is over—if ever there was such a day. The daybreak of the pastor as a person depends upon laymen letting him be one. And upon their being persons too.

Lastly, we believe we need to moderate our relations to our clergyman as a professional man with the remembrance that he is our brother. There are good reasons for clergymen to behold themselves as professionals. They undertake specialized studies. They have a special initiation into their work. They may wear special clothing. They speak to one another about their work in specialized terms and maintain standards for one another as colleagues. They have the responsibility for redefining the ordained ministry in changing times. They may even have economic, social, and political interests in common. We do not deplore, but indeed endorse, clergymen as professionals. We also encourage specialties within that profession as a whole.

Yet we would not wish laymen to relate to their clergymen as they might relate to their orthodontists, pediatricians, tax lawyers, or even their automatic transmission mechanics. Such professionals we owe only their fees after they have served some part of ourselves or our property. And providing for our clergyman’s material upkeep is not an unimportant task by any means.

The man who has the care of our souls, however, is also in our soul care. In soul care the question is not simply are we our brother’s keeper. It is rather the question are we our brother’s brother. Doubtless it often requires a pastor’s pastor, a bishop, to minister to clergymen. But there are more times when the ministry to clergymen requires a brother’s brother than laymen yet have appreciated as part of the common priesthood.

We await instruction from our clergymen whether these lay ministries are just the help they do not need. Meanwhile, we have this ministry to them.
Wherever students revolt against the curriculum, the Establishment, or war, they lament that their "society simply does not carry out its promises." As a result, a "whole generation of students is beset with a profound uneasiness" over whether they have a tomorrow and a stake in it. In modern Japan, where rapid industrialization and structural reforms in politics, economics, and education have masked the continuity of a hierarchical tradition, idealistic youth are even more concerned about the future. They are also likely to suffer more intensely than young people in countries with an egalitarian tradition and react more violently to the Establishment.

Progressive youth resent the fact that Japanese culture is deficient in a tradition of respect for the individual. But they rarely see that, as sons of their culture, they are equally deficient. Readiness to blame institutions and systems for their own and society's problems substantiates that deficiency. But youth's intensely negative reaction to the industrial milieu — the environment blamed for their anxiety and feelings of frustration — is tantamount to rejecting modern society. Yet students regard themselves as modern men. Their opposition to modernity thus amounts to a contradiction. Though they would replace the status quo with Utopia, it is often difficult to know whether their ideal society represents an entirely new order beyond contradictions or reversal to a time before them.

In Japan's educational arena we see a particularly lucid example of institutional contradictions. The ideal of postwar pedagogy is to "aim at the full development of personality, striving for the rearing of...people...who shall love truth and justice." Some students complain that these high-sounding abstractions are imitations of American educational theory, others that reality in Japan should conform to these pious ideals. In either case, young people constantly point to the considerable gap that exists between principles and practice. Perhaps we can say student protest springs from the contradictions created by that gap.

If we investigate the morphology of the gap between reality and ideal, we see that youth have become sensitive to tension between what is and what ought to be. True, Japanese young men face neither the draft nor the possibility of dying for "democracy" in distant places like Vietnam, but an increasing number are extremely anxious about the future nevertheless. An understanding of student protest in Japan must begin at this point. To appreciate why freshmen are susceptible to activist organizers, we shall examine several social and institutional factors which make "young people feel hopelessly dislocated in the face of rapid and undigested historical change." Though these factors contribute to the considerable anxiety, alienation, and anger exhibited by the general student population in Japan, the following discussion speaks primarily about the five to ten percent who are activists.

**The Vertical Orient**

The orientation of Japanese society contributes to student dislocation and alienation. Social structure in Japan is basically hierarchical, i.e., vertical. In a vertical society, position or status is delineated by concrete relations between superior and inferior rather than by the abstract legal rhetoric of equality. People in a vertical society are anxious to satisfy those above them and to maintain their position over those below them. Obviously, Japan's conservative government and business interests are dedicated to preserving the hierarchical status quo and values which endorse their power. Politically and economically powerless, the activist feels he has no alternative in the face of such power but to destroy what exists. He would move beyond the status-ladder syndrome of his society toward the principle urged in the preamble to Japan's 1947 Constitution: the people must strive "for the preservation of peace, and the banishment of tyranny and slavery, oppression and intolerance for all time from the earth."7

Despite the noble ring of Constitutional preambles, however, the truth is that Japanese have never been allowed "to contend freely under equal conditions or to be successful on their own merits. The reality in Japan...is a rigid class structure characterized by premodern interpersonal relations." Part of the reason for the tenacity of these premodern values is the "family consciousness" that permeates the society. Virtually every clique or free association in Japan, whether formed by intellectuals or day laborers, takes on the nature of a closed group within which human relationships assume fictive familial forms. In a word, contemporary Japanese
live in a patriarchal, vertically-oriented society in which duty is implicit — notwithstanding that Japan's modern laws assume an egalitarian, horizon tally-oriented society in which rights are guaranteed.

Students lament the contradiction, yet they cannot escape being Japanese. The groups they form are remarkably traditional from the viewpoint of interpersonal relations: they attenuate intragroup rivalries and restrict free individual action as conformity to polity norms takes precedence over independence. Or, rather, individualistic assertions in Japan appear as expressions on behalf of the group or manifest themselves in cries for the independence of every student over and against the authorities. Of all classes in Japan, perhaps it is true that college students suffer most from the lag separating ideals and social reality. After all, they have been well indoctrinated in Western traditions of individuality, contractual relations, and respect for ability and freedom. They are accordingly more upset than average Japanese by demands to conform.

Another characteristic of a vertical society is emphasis on conformity and on adjusting thought and action to the rhythms of the organism. In Japan, physical and linguistic homogeneity influence the mental climate that allows social expectations to exert a powerful influence on what people do and desire. Ideas of what constitutes happiness become as uniform as they are conditioned by hierarchical orientations. Happiness is often described as successful elevation to a position of status in the hierarchical pyramid. Once in such a position, the expectation is that a man will be a leader, though in Japanese society people do not necessarily expect leadership — even by the intelligentsia — to originate or create.

Japanese are expected to be other-directed people moved by the anxiety to conform.9 The route to status is clearly defined in the Japanese educational world, and millions attempt to adapt to it. They wish they, or at least their children, might graduate from a prestigious university and rise to leading positions in the society. Unfortunately, however, there are a mere handful of such schools, beginning with Tokyo University and Kyoto University. A bachelor's degree from either university and rise to leading positions in the society. Thirty percent of presidents of large firms and 30% of the highest bureaucratic posts are held by Todai graduates.18 In 1967, 20% of Japan's Dietmen and nineteen of the forty-four members of the power elite in the conservative government (Liberal Democratic party were Todai men.20 Additionally, 30% of lecturers and professors at the 369 four-year colleges in Japan (1967) graduated from Todai. It is worth en-
such prizes. But the very worthwhileness of the effort makes one stop to ponder. Why would students with a ticket to the proverbial pot of gold at the end of the rainbow jeopardize a promising future as a Todai graduate by participating in a violent anti-Establishment strike and demanding not only that their society but that their university be completely revamped? 21

One reason is the terrific disappointment of higher education. Disillusionment sets in soon after entering college. Qualifying exams are given in late winter. The new school year starts in April. After about a month of euphoria, the student discovers that he neither compete with his peers in college, because competition is frowned upon, nor make a contribution to his society, because students are expected to “study” (voting age is 20). The entering freshman feels life is meaningless. He feels cheated. Then, when he begins to question his motives for wanting to go to college, he experiences deep though vague reservations concerning his existence and the significance of his ascetic apprenticeship to the exam system. By mid-May, he is in a frightful psychological state and reacts violently to life at the university. 22

At the moment of the so-called May crisis, hundreds of freshmen become candidates for student protest and/or suicide. Quite “conscious of [their] elite status and social responsibility,” 23 freshmen anticipate close relations and meaningful discussions with their mentors. But professors, busy trying to eke out a living and make payments on their color TV sets, are more interested in research than in students. Instead of the Utopia they imagined, freshmen discover that universities are “dehumanized educational factories impersonally churning out fodder for the economic bureaucracy.” 24 Part of their dehumanization is that Test Hell has created a kind of person who thinks only of himself and is uninterested in others, 25 not a desirable quality for leaders in a democratic society.

Japanese radical students do not react to the orientation of their society in a creative way. They are therefore not likely to become either leaders or followers. Thus they eschew the Japan Communist Party with its dogmatism and strict discipline. Although one might think that students would conversely prize independent activity, they are Japanese, and one sociologist reminds us that Japanese lack a “spirit of independence... [and] cannot follow the dictates of conscience if to do so might isolate them from the majority.” 26

The Uneasiness of Japaneseness

What, then, are students to do when confronted with cultural reality and the meaningfulness of their existence? They know that their culture has serious distortions and that their society has dehumanized them. They feel all the more resentful when they discover that they lack practical training in both the “spirit of independence” and individual action based on commitment to “the dictates of conscience.” Small wonder that many freshmen are easily mobilized to take action against the Establishment. Small wonder, too, that their opposition lacks a concrete program of reform. Youth rails against the “system” — that shadowy and enigmatic enemy whom they oppose — with slogans, idealism, violence, and with demands (though no blueprints) for a new society. There is no doubt that students sincerely desire to get at “the heart of problems, [and] lay bare vital issues... [but] they lack... [the] scholarship and experience” necessary to the task. 27 And the system is responsible for that, too.

Inability to react positively to the vertical society is, in part, a function of having been conditioned by social expectations and cultural norms. Activists believe that they can escape the grip of these norms only by total and absolute resistance. It follows that the end result is often anarchistic negation of everything. Masochism becomes the sole “weapon” against the impregnable fortress of cultural mores. In a sense, many radical students object to the traditional Japaneseness which they believe prevents their nation from becoming a world leader and which keeps them personally from realizing their essential humanity.

The student’s impotence and frustration are verified by his irrational attacks against both abstractions like the Establishment and in-the-flesh entities like university presidents. Lashing out in violence against “the authorities” is a typical reaction of the weak in Japanese history. During the Tokugawa period (1603-1868), for example, peasants frequently rioted when their frustrations and impotence became intolerable. With kerchiefs over their faces and sticks in their hands, the farmers struck out blindly against an avaricious money lender or an unjust landlord. Student riots seem remarkably similar, at least on the surface. Of course, students are open to new ideas, as a proper intellectual should be, but they reflect Tokugawa peasant psychology and exhibit traditional Japanese “inflexibility and parochialism concerning social relationships.” 28 They are not yet the truly modern men they aspire to be.

One bitter irony of their protest is that the distortions which college students deplore in their society are the very contradictions which most characterize their personality. But of course young people cannot stop being Japanese or refuse to internalize the social values against which they so ardently revolt. Moreover, institutional reforms in education during the Occupation exacerbate the problems which affect students and society. Mass education, which has produced the single-track system necessary to offer everyone a college education, has also created Test Hell. And, under the influence of mass society, the new system nurtures “a type of man who does not want to give reasons or to be right, but simply shows himself resolved to impose his opinions. This is the new thing (in a mass society); the
right not to be reasonable, the "reason of unreason.""^9

Mass education and mass society cooperate effectively to erode the student's ability to operate outside traditional values. The assumption is that all young people will attend college. The system allows few alternatives. But the increasing rush to continue education beyond high school — in 1968, 20% of the college-age population in Japan was enrolled in an institution of higher learning — both intensifies the Test Hell phenomenon and waters down the value of the bachelor's degree. Parents make matters worse by ambivalent expectations. On the one hand they inherit the prewar notion that college graduation is tantamount to membership in the elite; on the other, they accept the postwar ideal of mass education and believe that every child should have college training. Since only a few can enter the ruling elite, students become victims of the contradictions inherent in parental and social expectations. Torn between the demand to obtain entrance to the elite by possessing a bachelor's degree, and the hard reality that the B.A. has become an inflated currency, the student feels boxed in and paralyzed. His single alternative is to aim for a "prestigious" university. But unless he is exceptionally gifted, that aim merely intensifies his frustration.

Business Interests in the Curriculum and Constitution

Creative confrontation with Japanese society is also prevented by the kind of influence which business experts on the content of secondary and higher education. Apparently, industrialists and businessmen in other countries also tend to influence the educational process; for instance, an Englishman complains that colleges in Great Britain are being induced to produce "a crucial and marketable commodity — labour power"91 rather than creative individuals. In Japan, such influence further erodes the worth of a B.A. by making it little more than a certificate of eligibility for a good job. It is no longer a passport to membership in the elite as it was before 1945. In the wake of this development is the trend among students to believe that a "good job" means surrendering ideals and conforming to the standards of the organization. Activists fear that pressures from the business world will shape them into organization men even before they join the organization, and so they prefer to cast their lot with the revolutionary elite — at least while they are freshmen and sophomores — and dedicate themselves to destroying the social order that gives conservatives such power.

Insidious pressures exerted on the educative process by conservative businessmen affect mainly students. More reprehensible is the fact that the same men who would mold curricula to fit their needs feel no hesitation about jeopardizing the nation's opportunity to lead the world peace movement. If industrialists control the curriculum, students reason, they will find it easy to muffle opposition to constitutional revision. At issue is the great fear, generally shared by intellectuals, that conservatives will stoop to any stratagem to revise Article IX, the antiwar provision in the 1947 Constitution. Once revised, activists fear that Japan will lose her moral superiority over larger though armed nations and be unable to contribute to world peace, a major goal of the student movement. Furthermore, should Japan increase her armed forces to the point where she could participate in the "immoral and outmoded" ideology of power politics, in imitation of the United States and other world powers, she will give up her chance to influence by positive example both disarmament conferences and bans on nuclear weapons. Radical students also fear resurgence of Japanese militarism. Intensifying the pressures and challenges which immobilize the idealistic radical is the ironic fact that, in a world of increased specialization, mass education tends to make specialization meaningless. The complaint is that everyone is given the same tasteless fare, a general education. But this discriminates against ambitious and bright students willing to make any sacrifice in order to qualify for elite status.33

Together, or in various combinations, the factors described above aggravate student frustration. These factors also help explain why some two hundred colleges and universities — more than half the four-year institutions in Japan — have suffered major student disturbances over the past two or three years. Youth's great anxiety and restlessness have become focused on the "system" and Japanese social structure, the "bogeymen" who rob young people of their creative urge and constrain their thought and action. It costs many students more than five pounds of flesh to negotiate the straits of Test Hell and reach the harbor of a "good" university.34 Their reward? Increased anxiety for their own and their nation's future, and the discovery that, in the process, they have surrendered both their integrity and their humanity.

The final indignity is that the entrance exam system has hindered mastery of basic intellectual skills. Students have not learned to deal objectively, logically, and meaningfully with problems. They have not acquired the art of considered, organized, and rational expression. Nor can they synthesize and analyze information. They have been trained only to deal with isolated shreds of information. And when, after their considerable sacrifice, they are also denied the pleasure of confronting society and being stimulated by dialogue with their teachers, it is too much.35 Freshmen, suddenly liberated from the compulsion to prepare for the entrance exams, have time on their hands to ponder the meaning of life. But they have not been provided with tools for the task. Nor does the college provide them. It is not necessary to be a Marxist in order to resent the "system," or to explode with indignation against the
inhumanity of Test Hell. And to what end? Was it for nothing? No wonder freshmen and sophomores become seriously disoriented and neurotic, or that they eagerly look for causes, for ways to sacrifice themselves. Even if the only way to do so is suicide.

**Embourgeoisment and Rebellion**

Social and institutional factors combine to harass youth and motivate their violent protest against the Establishment. Students assail even the Japan Communist Party for surrendering to bourgeois values and thus having forfeited the right to be the vanguard of social change. Through political activities, resistance and protest, radical students hope to avoid "embourgeoisment" and escape being influenced by the selfish interests of capitalist society.

Indeed, student protest in Japan is quite politically motivated, even when the issue is ostensibly tuition hikes, musty lectures, control of the student union, absentee faculty, etc. Local, parochial issues are capable of generating immediate response. But that is only the beginning. Activists try to focus student resentment on the larger scene, particularly on the peace problem and the U.S. - Japan Security Treaty. Built-up frustrations and the prior knowledge that success is unlikely turn many protestors into fanatics who believe violence the only possible way to make an impression. After all, their "activities have had little impact on national affairs since the 1960 treaty crisis," and even when they completely failed to change "the tide of the conservative government's foreign policy." What have they to lose? Student leadership at the moment would like to taste success during the coming 1970 treaty crisis, however, though they know it is by no means likely that they can change government policy.

Students desire radical revision of the social structure through renewal of the human material which provides its components. Failing that, they believe Japan will remain a "phony democracy" which, though superficially a successful competitor in the modern industrial world, forces the little man to pay dearly for the big man's achievements. Activists say that international prestige has been won at the expense of human values and increased alienation. And they regard attack on authority as the necessary first step in personal renewal. After all, since the key value in a vertical society is obedience to those at the apex of the status hierarchy, the first step must be to defy authority.

The innocent observer may find student protest in contemporary Japan a bit hopeless or farcical or appalling. Yet protest has a positive dimension. Despite the circus-like atmosphere and the fantasy world Japanese students have created, despite the way they humiliate professors and administrative officials in kangaroo courts and during forced "mass bargaining" sessions, and despite wanton destruction of irreplaceable research materials and school property, there is hope that the struggle to develop new patterns of thought and action will ultimately succeed. Where society restricts the right to think and act primarily to those near the top of the status hierarchy, it is refreshing to see nontraditional (as well as traditional) paradigms of hostility to the status quo. Perhaps it is inevitable that the early phase of opposition to old patterns is characterized by violence. Centuries of tradition, reluctant to bow out gracefully, require the nudge of revolutionary fervor — something youth possesses in great abundance.

I think there is every reason to hope that student protest may eventually effect sweeping changes in Japan's educational and university systems. More important, the antitransitional aspects of the protest may harbingering a new era, one in which people of all ages will insist on overcoming whatever dehumanizes and depersonalizes, whatever keeps them from being truly human.

Many Japanese youth have developed a fresh self-consciousness. They are beginning to see themselves as agents of change. Now that they have had a taste of being part of the "world village" they know what it means to use mass protest and mass violence to generate on the mass media instantaneous awareness of their cause. It is impossible to take these experiences from them.

Oppressed by a cultural emphasis on conformity and homogeneity, the Japanese student finds it especially difficult to take a critical look at traditional values or to consider alternatives to the status quo. It is much more difficult to get his elders to do so. Japan has already become a great industrial power, however, and now stands on the threshold of leadership in Asia and the world.

To lead assumes the ability to consider alternatives and face criticism. In that students function as critics to force the ruling elite to reconsider policy decisions, their activities are in a sense politically valuable. Of course, a valid assessment can only be made in retrospect, but at the moment we can say that Japanese students have added another R to the "three R's": revolting. The rest of the twentieth century will obligate Japanese to decide between making fundamental reforms and allowing their universities to make revolution a standard course for freshmen and sophomores.

### Footnotes

**Abbreviations used:** CSM, Christian Science Monitor; JMB, Japan Missionary Bulletin; JQ, Japan Quarterly; and JPSJ, Journal of Social and Political Ideas in Japan.


I take off my clothes and stretch my arms wide. The rain, falling over my skin, surrounds each pore and drowns it, so cool that I am happy to feel my hot breath fail. I live my life a thousand times over, within me. A wind stirs the leaves, so cool that I am happy to feel my hot breath fail. I take off my clothes and stretch my arms wide. I live my life a thousand times over, within me. A wind stirs the leaves, so cool that I am happy to feel my hot breath fail.
Another Dickens Come To Judgment

By ABIGAIL ANN HAMBLEN

No one, not even the most casual reader, needs to be told that Charles Dickens (in the persons of his characters) once established a whole dictionary of household words. Present-day students who have never read David Copperfield know that Uriah Heep is as much a symbol of hypocritical meekness as Sinclair Lewis' George Babbitt is of blatant, idiot materialism. A few who know only vaguely that Old Curiosity Shop is a once-popular novel have heard of the eager crowd waiting at the Boston wharf for the ship bringing the installment that will tell whether or not Little Nell has died. (It is said the captain actually sailed in with the flag at half-mast to signify that the child's pure spirit had gone to its eternal home.) Further, one is forever coming upon references to Quilp, to Fagin, to Pickwick, to Scrooge, to Weller, to Mrs. Gummidge, to Tiny Tim and a host of others. And then there is Oliver!, the musical based on one of the more pathetic romances with an insouciance that would have perhaps dismayed the author.

Generations fed their emotions and their imaginations on his fiction. And, even, more important, because of him the social consciousness of an era was greatly deepened. One cannot gauge the importance of Charles Dickens in the furthering of prison reform, in child labor laws, in the establishment of nursing as a profession. In the almost endless flood of his invention, of his warm vitality, of his vivid rendering of every emotion conceivable, his stern censure of human wrong-doings can easily be lost.

This censure is very stern. For all the jocularity that fills his pages, for all the melting sweetness of sentimentality in which he too often indulges, Dickens is grimly aware of the wrongs inflicted by human beings on one another. And he bends all of his considerable representational talent toward the amelioration of misery.

Just a century ago in a preface to a new edition of Oliver Twist, he says, "I have yet to learn that a lesson of the purest good may not be drawn from the vilest evil." Discussing readers who object to immoralities in fiction, readers who insist that crime and criminals be made colorful and glamorous, he says sternly, "I have no desire to make proselytes among such people. I have no respect for their opinion, good or bad; do not covet their approval; and do not write for their amusement."

The note of independence is rather strikingly repeated in his great granddaughter, also a novelist. Monica Dickens, married to an American and living in New England, is as determinedly an individualist as her illustrious ancestor was. One has only to read her convulsing bit of autobiography, One Pair of Hands (1939), to know that here is a self-reliant personality that is afraid of nothing, and in addition is frighteningly perceptive.

Dickens might have been surprised that a girl brought up in comfort should "go out to service" just for fun. But he would have understood the sheer richness of her observations. And he would have liked Compton MacKenzie's words in the introduction: "This great gift of objective enjoyment, whether it be of pleasure or of pain, whether it be of other people's absurdity or of one's own, is to my mind the best gift that fortune can bestow upon the novelist. . .I feel agreeably optimistic about her future."

One Pair of Hands, amusing as it is (and being a maid in every sort of establishment from that of a homosexual bachelor to a peer's country house is conducive to a great deal of amusement), ends on a serious note. Miss Dickens' helter-skelter experiences, her drudgery, her endurance of everything from left-over kidney pie sans kidneys, to insults, to attempted blackmail—all these could not down the Dickens conscience. When she finally gives up domestic service and goes back to her ordinary life, she says, "I broke out in no uncertain way in a search for the fun that I had missed for so long. With the strident cacophony of gaiety I tried to drown the cold little voice inside me which soon began to mutter disparaging remarks." "Isn't all this just leading back to the same point of boredom from which you tried to escape before? And when you get there, it seemed to say, 'then—what?'"

Following this we see her lecturing on the plight of servants—their many trials, their overwork, their low pay. No more than her great grandfather could she ignore the social underdog. And no more than he could she shut her eyes to the colorful, the odd, the intriguing, the endless pageantry of human life. For she, too, is a born story-teller, and must cast her ideas, as well as her observations, into dramatic form.

Her novels are many, and by means of them she is, as Charles Dickens was, a judge of an era, putting the imprint of her approval and disapproval on contemporary life. One finds it of interest to see in what ways she seems to resemble the older writer, in what ways she is different.
The salient quality of all Monica Dickens' work is zest. Places and people—especially people—are presented with a vividness that amounts to gusto, and her great grandfather, whatever his faults, was assuredly not lacking in that. The reader senses immediately that Miss Dickens shares his great delight in life—particularly English life, because they are both, of course, British. Both look keenly at everything that comes their way, look, and draw conclusions.

Compare, for instance, Charles Dickens' description of the curiosity shop with his great granddaughter's picture of the dining room in which one of her heroines is entertained.

Little Nell's grandfather's shop looks like this: "The place through which he made his way at leisure, was one of those receptacles for old and curious things which seem to crouch in odd corners of this town, and to hide their musty treasures from the public eye in jealousy and distrust. There were suites of mail, standing like ghosts in armor, here and there; fantastic carvings brought from monkish cloisters; rusty weapons of various kinds; distorted figures in china, and wood, and iron, and ivory; tapestry and strange furniture that might have been designed in dreams. The haggard aspect of the little old man was wonderfully suited to the place...."

Here is Monica Dickens: "In the little dining room, stuffed full of furniture, books, old magazines, and curly china ornaments, Mrs. Benberg charged the air like a dynamo. Everything except Mr. Benberg was abundant, like herself. The food was bounteous, overflowing the dishes and plates on to which she piled it. Thick slices of bread tumbled off the board, and the crammed fruit dish spilled grapes and nuts on to the table cloth. The monstrous, overgrown plants, which stood in every corner, were bursting out of their pots with the energy they drew from Mrs. Benberg through the watering can." (The Angel In the Corner)

Both writers love London. They do not have to say so; it shines out from all their descriptions. Their love is deep and unsentimental, the love of artists to whom the constantly shifting variations of life give continual delight. And nowhere can they find so much color, so much good and so much evil as in the great, dirty, bustling—and glorious—city they have known from their infancy.

When we come to the discussion of characterization, we find what is perhaps the strongest likeness between these two writers. The jacket for Angel In the Corner is correct when it announces that "like her great grandfather, Charles Dickens, Monica Dickens has a talent for minor characters as well as the principals." At times "talent" seems almost too pale a word to describe the penetrating observation, the deep understanding of people, all kinds of people, which both Dickenses show.

And if this observation and understanding extends to bizarre personalities, even to grotesques—who will protest? No one can accuse either of writing a dull story!

Dickens' grotesques are perhaps (with a very few exceptions) the best known of all his characters. Fagin, Miss Havisham, the dwarf hairdresser in David Copperfield—the list is endless. Quilp alone is enough to haunt a nightmare: he is a dwarf, with head and face "large enough for the body of a giant." His eyes are "restless, sly, and cunning," his complexion "one of that kind which never looks clean or wholesome." He wears a "ghastly smile" which shows the "few discolored fangs" still in his mouth, and gives him "the aspect of a panting dog." His clothing is filthy, his hands coarse and dirty, with long crooked yellow fingernails.

The Comparable Grotesques

But Miss Dickens can match the older writer's flair for picturesque repulsiveness. Observe Zona Davenport, the thirty-year-old Hippie-like daughter of a refined gentleman in The Heart of London. "Her hair and her skin smelt and her clothes smelt, all for the same reason. They were not washed often enough. Her hair hung to her shoulders, unkempt; not casually windblown, but limp andstruggling into her eyes, like the floor mop of a British Railways cleaner dumped at random on her scalp. She wore a pair of greasy black jeans, ending tightly in the middle of her hairy calf and creased into hard folds behind the knee, a torn brown sweater like a feed sack and a man's jacket with the sleeves hanging loose. Sometimes she wore sandals. Today her long flat feet were bare, the toenails bruised and broken. Her face was sullen and heavy; sallow, with thick lips and pale unfriendly eyes."

The same novel contains the wedding scene in the "Social Centre"—surely directly reminiscent of the first Dickens. The bride, radiant with happiness, is crippled: "Below her bright cotton dress she was wearing built-up boots, her feet turned out at impossible angles, like a mutilated doll." The bridegroom, pleasant and smiling, is deaf and dumb. The bride explains that they had met at the Outlook Club, a social group for handicapped people—"though it's more like a marriage bureau than a club. This is the third marriage we've had this year."

Oliver Twist has moments of almost unbearable ugliness. Fagin's machinations and Bill Sikes' horrifying brutality are classic. But Monica Dickens can show degradation and sheer dreadfulness as vividly as her famous ancestor can.

Angel In the Corner tells of the sad marriage of
a sensitive, intelligent girl who is unaccountably drawn to a man who is almost psychopathic. The two at first often have moments of happiness (sexually they are in joyous accord.) But as time goes on the reader sees Joe deteriorating, shifting from instability to neurosis—a grotesque, in the end. One scene illustrates their relationship. Partly drunk, morose, he is “infuriated by her refusal to be discouraged with him.”

“Why are you so damned long-suffering?” he flung at her. ‘Why don’t you pack up and get out of here? You don’t belong here. Why don’t you go back where you belong?’

“I don’t belong anywhere but here,’ she said. He called her a bloody liar, and as if he were trying to make her a liar by treating her like one, he hit out at her and left her.”

Perhaps one of the most gruesome scenes in all literature is Sikes’ murder of Nancy. Who can forget how, in the very midst of the girl’s pleas, the man beats his pistol “twice with all the force he could summon, upon the up-turned face that almost touched his own”? The figure of the kneeling girl, blinded by blood flowing over her face, is one for nightmares. “The murderer, staggering backward to the wall, and shutting out the sight with his hand, seized a heavy club and struck her down.”

But Monica Dickens, aided by modern knowledge of psychology, can more than match the Sikes crime. For in The Heart of London she shows us Arthur Sears, the pervert who fears actual relations with women, thinking of the sex act as “immolation.” (He always imagines a woman suffocating him.) The outlet for his desires is telephoning obscenities to girls whose telephone numbers he manages to acquire. He finally kills a drunken young prostitute who picks him up and takes him to an old condemned house. (Shortly before, reminiscent of Bill Sikes’ treatment of his dog, Arthur cuts the throat of an innocent cat, the beloved pet of a lonely elderly woman.)

The scene showing the murder must be quoted in full to demonstrate the almost startling similarity to the Oliver Twist scene, a similarity not of the actual events, but of the effect invoked. After he has sexual relations with the girl, Arthur takes out his knife: “He plunged it awkwardly into her throat, exalted to find how strong he was as she struggled and he held her with one hand. There was a cupboard in the wall at the side of the range, and he pushed her body into it, kneels to lolling head, and shoved against the door until he could fasten the bolt. Then he went down the way they had come in, and put his hands into the broken basin in the wash house. No water came from the tap, but he made the motions of washing, shook his hands as if they were wet, and went out into the deserted mews and away up the hill towards the railway station.” The police finally trace the murder to him from the bite marks on the girl.

The Lovable Eccentrics

The foregoing does not make very pleasant reading, and if that sort of scene made up the bulk of Monica Dickens’ work, she would find her readers only among feverish devotees of sensationalism. Fortunately, her talent, so like that of her great grandfather, for bizarre characters, embraces cheerful, wholly lovable eccentrics as well as those that are dark and sinister. He gives us Miss Betsey Trotwood and Mr. Micawber in David Copperfield; Mr. Grimwig appears in Oliver Twist, threatening to eat his head; Dick Swiveller is the delight of Old Curiosity Shop. These are only the beginning of a long list.

In Man Overboard Miss Dickens describes Geneva Hogg: “At seventy-two she was stripped down to her driving mechanism of restless energy, with a cracked laugh and an opinion about anything that came up, especially when she knew nothing about it.

“Slightly raffish in appearance, with her sparse ginger hair twisted into airedale curls, and a liking for big, shiny handbags and jewelry which clanked when she walked; she was no one’s idea of a cosy grandmother.” Yet both her son-in-law and her little granddaughter love her deeply.

Angel In the Corner has the wonderful, ebullient, open-hearted Mrs. Benberg, who, large and expansi

ve, has hair that is “wild, like a frayed rop,” and clothes “strange and disordered, as if she had put her hands into drawers with her eyes closed, and put on whatever came out in a dark room.”

And finally, in common with Charles Dickens, his great granddaughter shows a very real appreciation of decency and honor. Both writers have created characters the reader likes to recall—“squares,” if you like, people who do not fight the “Establishment” (though at times they may enliven it!) No one forgets Tommy Traddles, for instance, nor David Copperfield, himself. Everyone is pleased that Mr. Brownlow finally adopts Oliver Twist, and that Mrs. Maylie lives nearby. And we remember what the Garland family and the Nubbleses contribute to Old Curiosity Shop.

Monica Dickens can match these. In The Heart of London alone she shows Grace Peel, Colin MacKenzie, and Geoffrey Savage, all dedicated teachers in the frightful conditions of a slum school. Father Mack tries to minister to the slum dwellers. The four Barrow children struggle to maintain a home for each other after their parents die. Frankie Bott sturdily retains his sunny temperament and his decency in spite of shockingly uncongenial home life.

Virginia Martin, the central figure of Angel in the Corner, shows an unwavering strength of character, a shining constancy in her relationship with her cad of a husband. And she feels a sense of duty toward those who need help—witness her efforts to further
the love affair of her crippled servant, Lennie, and his Nancy. Lennie, too, is an example of innate goodness and courage; how eagerly, (if ineffectually) he tries to shield Virginia from her husband's rage! One could easily multiply these examples. Perhaps it is enough to say that Miss Dickens, no less than her famous ancestor, is awake to both good and evil in human character.

The Sentimental Pessimist and the Realistic Optimist

When we have catalogued similarities between these two writers as carefully as possible, we are left with some very great differences. Charles Dickens, as even his most devoted admirers will admit, is decidedly sentimental. His approach to any kind of virtue has a mawkishness very disturbing to the modern reader. His great granddaughter would never have been guilty of such a passage as the following in Oliver Twist: "The memories which peaceful country scenes call up, are not of this world, nor of its thoughts and hopes. Their gentle influence may teach us how to weave fresh garlands for the graves of those we love: may purify our thoughts, and bear down before it old enmity and hatred; but beneath all this, there lingers, in the least reflective mind, a vague and half-formed consciousness of having held such feelings long before, in some remote distant time, which calls up solemn thoughts of distant times to come, and bends down pride and worldliness beneath it."

Though Monica Dickens has a tender feeling for people and their loves, she would laugh at the love scenes between Harry and Rose Maylie. Rose's noble renunciation of Harry because her name has a "shadow" across it seems simply silly beside the passion shown by Virginia Martin toward Joe.

When it comes to children, Dickens is, of course, almost ridiculously idealistic. "I love these little people," observes the narrator of Old Curiosity Shop, "and it is not a slight thing when they, who are so fresh from God, love us." And one is frequently disturbed by the Dickens scenes showing children being abused, disturbed because of an uneasy feeling that the writer is unconsciously and masochistically enjoying a vicarious torture.

Miss Dickens, on the other hand, shows a real understanding of boys and girls. Her teachers in The Heart of London have no nonsense about the "little people being fresh from God," and so rather special. Indeed, the way their pupils behave might lead one to believe that they had sprung from another source. But they long to help them, and deliberately accept unbelievable conditions in order to do so.

No, the younger Dickens is generally free of sentimentality. Relaxed, she is capable of laughing at the world, and at herself. Her style is brisk and controlled, and she inserts no homilies on love or faith or rectitude.

In spite of the fact that both these novelists have an eager, fruitful interest in life and people, and that both deplore "evil" and exalt "good," their differences go deep, stemming from fundamental traits. The reader may be only vaguely conscious of these traits, but close observation shows them plainly. They make the difference between an idealistic pessimist and a realist with a streak of optimism.

One is a little surprised at first to realize that Charles Dickens, for all his almost nauseating sentimentality, the "happy ever after" of his "good people" and the justifiable punishments of his bad, may actually be a pessimist at heart. But does he truly believe in the ultimate triumph of good? Could the creator of Bill Sikes and Daniel Quilp and Uriah Heep actually believe that such sterling characters and Mr. Brownlow and Betsy Trotwood and the Garlands and Christopher Nubbles could prevail? At times, is not the reader aware of a kind of desperate wrenching of plot and coincidence and circumstance in order to make everything come out even?

As for Monica Dickens, her books certainly end on the up stroke. But as they do so, they frequently leave the reader wondering. At the end of The Nightingales Are Singing, for instance, Christine confesses her adultery to her husband, and learns he's known it all along—and has forgiven her. Together, they face the future. But we are left to guess just how easy that future will be. And yet, Miss Dickens seems to say, people have great strength, great resiliency. Many can work out their difficulties—maybe not perfectly, but after a fashion. And we mustn't pity them too much, for they often (not always) have a good time doing so. Unlike her ancestor, she does not believe in leaving her characters to the enjoyment of an undisturbed earthly Paradise.

The disparity in outlook may be the result partly of a difference in temperament, partly of a difference in the eras in which the two writers lived. Dickens' readers desired a happy issue of all problems in their fiction; novels undoubtedly were to them even more a means of escape than they are to us. We today are sadder, if not wiser. We do not admit the possibility, in serious fiction, of total escape from the complexities of life.

No one, of course, has the final answer as to what makes an artist, or as to what influences him. Heredity and environment are, after all the studies are in, still mysterious in their working. Charles Dickens and his great granddaughter share much, even as they differ much. We can only accept each on individual merit, acknowledging that their personal judgments on the world about them have enriched us.
From the Chapel

Hunger for Life

BY KENNETH F. KORBY
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"This is the work of God, that you believe in him whom he has sent." So they said to him, "Then what sign do you do, that we may see, and believe you? What work do you perform? Our fathers ate the manna in the wilderness; as it is written, 'He gave them bread from heaven to eat.'" Jesus then said to them, "Truly, truly, I say to you, it was not Moses who gave you the bread from heaven, and gives life to the world." They said to him, "Lord, give us this bread always." Jesus said to them, "I am the bread of life; he who comes to me shall not hunger, and he who believes in me shall never thirst." St. John 6:30-35 (RSV).

Yes indeed, we want to live! Even our despair and, at times, our wanting to die express our hunger for life—a life that is not marred and threatened, not always on the verge of starvation and extinction. Least of all can we bear the intolerable prospect of our boredom being perpetuated endlessly. It isn't even death that bothers us, for death may be understood as something better. We could hope that what is sad here and has reduced life to less than we want will not follow us into death. But it's the dying itself that is frightening—and at all costs must be avoided.

It's the dying: the losing before receiving, the letting go before getting back, the abandonment before rescue, the alienation before reunion. About the death, as cemetery event, we may deceive ourselves. It may not be so bad, especially since we do not know that much about it. Possibly (we think) the pain and loneliness, the isolation and boredom we have known here will not follow us into death. But it's getting into death—into what many imagine to be a kind of freedom in nothingness that kills us.

We want to live! And already the state of affairs has deteriorated when this will to live is reduced to nothing more than our biological, instinctual push to remain animated. Really, wanting to live is vastly more than that. Wanting to LIVE always includes a qualitative assertion; it carries a value load. We want to BE! That wanting to live includes enough space for us to move, to have freedom; it is wanting to grow, to expand, to produce, all of which includes but surely goes beyond merely reproducing.

We want to live! So badly do we want to live that we will kill ourselves holding on to and fighting for that which gives us the life or the promise of the life we crave. Our capacity to deceive ourselves is immense in that we will cling to things and people who eventually harm us and precipitate death. Nevertheless, we cling to them. Herein is revealed our hunger to live—if not long, then qualitatively the way we think life is worth living.

The presence of the hunger and thirst for life are no proof that we shall eat and drink. Hunger does not cause food to be at hand. There is food in the world, too, and many people, unfortunately, starve to death. But our hunger is a sign that there is food. Our hunger for life can cause us to labor and work for the food that perishes to seek and seize the food which is itself part of death. It is like eating sawdust for bread; one dies of malnutrition while having a full stomach. Life is not necessarily nourished by that which we seize with the aim of nourishing life.

One of Jesus' strange tasks is to tear us away from malnutrition of the spirit, from ersatz foods, and to give us the food that nourishes life from heaven. That is, the perfect life. That food endures. Its energy beats death down to death.

The life that Jesus gives is like life: it is given, not self-made. To be alive in that life is like being made alive: we receive it. "This is the work of God, that you believe in him whom He sent." To believe is to receive. Believing is receiving. Hence, Jesus talks about God as Father, for "Father" is the one from whom our life comes. To be a child of that Father does not refer to being childish, as an attitude toward ourselves. It refers to that relationship in which our life is received and lived from God.

That life comes down from heaven and gives life to the world. "From heaven" is not from a "celestial upstairs." "From heaven" characterizes that life as perfect and full, durable and lively, divine in the heart of man.

Three alternatives lie before us: (1) We can say, "Jesus talk? Irrelevant! I'm not hungry! My life is full, satisfied. No unintended longings." Or (2) we can say, "That food is not for me; I am my own cook, my own provider. I have neither time for nor interest in that nutrition. I have better food." Or (3) we can cry out, "God, I'm hungry. Lord give us this bread always!" To that cry He answers, "I am it. To receive Me, to eat and drink, is to satisfy the hunger with full nutrition and to quench the burning thirst with living liquid, full of joy."

Indeed, we want to live. We hunger. To our hunger Jesus offers Himself as our "eat and drink." As close as the food we eat comes to us—becoming the very stuff of our life—so close does He come to live in us.

The Cresset
Another year and another decade have gone the way of all time. The theatre which should mirror its time has added little to its unsteady glory in the last few months.

Jerzy Grotowski, with his personalized ritualistic theatre, has set many to wondering — the few who could see all of his three recent productions and those who have read or heard about them — whether Grotowski tolled the end of the literary theatre or its new beginning. After all, we know little about the actual productions of the commedia dell'arte except from a few contemporary descriptions and Jacques Callot's visual images. We know more about them through Moliere, Gozzi and Goldonia, who crowned their improvisational theatre by giving it a new or renewed literary form. Such thoughts bring new hope to the beginning of another decade. Beyond all non-communicative communication in the theatre the word may survive.

What Grotowski has achieved is to create confidence in what he does and in the continuation of live theatre in our time. We may not necessarily agree with him, but we must admit that he has artistic integrity and creates productions of polished perfection. What he shapes on stage is one form of theatre in which the theatrical elements, such as movement and sound, are predominant. He clearly separates the concept of drama as a literary form from theatre as theatrical form. (Grotowski: "Faced with literature we can take up one of two positions: Either we can illustrate the text through the interpretation of the actors...in that case the result is not theatre and the only living element in such a performance is the literature. Or, we can virtually ignore the text...reducing it to nothingness.")

I strongly believe that his achievements will mainly be responsible for rousing dramatists and directors from their comfort of routine work and reorient their endeavors. The dramatist as a literary figure will have to redouble his efforts to give the live theatre a new meaning. He is already frighteningly aware of his two formidable competitors, the art movies and the mass media. He cannot help but give a new, poetic, universally valid dimension and direction to the theatre. He must visualize what he has to say as a theatrical totality with movement and music and create an intense experience of a lyric theatre reflecting the tragicomic face of our time.

The director can learn a great deal from Grotowski. He must learn to give the physical image of the actor a new awareness, he must seek to find the right sensuous feeling that movement can convey. The realization of how powerful the actor's movement on stage can be is not new in our modern age. The Russian stage directors of the twenties, Tairoff and Meyerhold, knew it and knew how to create visual stage images of a haunting quality. It was Meyerhold who said: "Words are the design upon the outline of movement. We must put the body back." And Stanislavsky had said before him: "Art is a product of imagination. The actor must feel the challenge to action physically as well as intellectually..."

Grotowski refers to his theatre as theatre of poverty, and Eric Bentley — in an article in The New York Times — rightly corrected "poor" to "essential" theatre. Bareness is not essence; the essential is rich in its symbolic and allusive power. "Less," expressed artistically, is always "more." Imaginative lighting can easily replace the most impressively realistic set. Music, particularly accompanied by the flow of human bodies, can move mountains of meaning. The stage images in the seventies will have to rely more and more on the visual and aural impact as much as on verbal expression.

The potential audience of the seventies has gone through many cataclysmic experiences, it has learned to see and hear more intensely; it demands to be immersed in a total experience with all its senses desiring to be aroused and soothed. Most misunderstandings of stage directors result from having received the message without having really listened to it or without being able to translate what they know should be done into an artistic stage image.

All this becomes obvious when we see, for instance, the Richard Schechner Makbeth production of his Performance Group. This production shows how the concepts of ritual and primitivism can be misinterpreted and how the desperate wish to find a novel way to present a well-known classic ends in confusion. Schechner tries to find a simple, visual and physical way to prove that longing for power leads to the point where man devours man. But when the actors intimated how they bite bits of flesh from one another's shoulders and thighs, then again the literalness proves that Grotowski's message was misunderstood. Movement must have poetic power in order to convey a heightened meaning. To cut the language down to nothing is not yet non-literary, non-verbal theatre.
It is a travesty of the original and of the imaginative projection of what could be a new approach.

Arthur Kopit’s *Indians* is a good example of how a loosely conceived play with a built-in circus show can be glorified into a theatrical production which works hard on itself to overcome the weakness of the script. Kopit’s heart is in the right place; he shows white man’s guilt, but the play remains burlesque and showy without dramatizing the conflict. Julie Arenal’s choreography is far more illuminating and makes its points faster than Arthur Kopit. This Broadway production proves what a director of Gene Frankel’s stature can do. His direction may point to what we may expect in the seventies. But the plays to make the full realization of such a theatre possible have not yet been written. But maybe they are in the writing—for all we know.

**Music**

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**Cosmic Music**

**By THEODORE HOELTY-NICKEL**

The name Nickel needs no introduction to regular readers of *The Cresset*. He is the champion of the cause of good music in the Lutheran churches of America. His church music seminars are the schools in which most leaders of church music have been matured. He speaks with words of experience and in the tone of a prophet.

God created the world for man. The cosmos was placed by the Creator at the disposal of man, His completion of creation. Then man chose to alter these relations of God, man, and cosmos. The world remained man’s home, but now he could know it in one of two ways only. Either the world is the place for man’s redemption or it is the testimony to man’s fall and damnation.

Werner Elert notes that Matthias Claudius and Goethe see the same moon. But, while one is led to thoughts of God, the other thinks of death and hopeless longing. Goethe makes the cosmos an egocentric one, thereby disturbing the relations of God’s creation. The man of God knows the cosmos as God’s. Renewed by the Spirit he sees with enlightened eyes and receives with gratitude the immeasurably rich treasures of creation. The true praise of God, which is true theology, makes creation a testimony to God.

The order of this creation requires the dedicated application of reason and senses, talents given to man, to the task at hand. Music in public worship or in everyday life is valuable in the praise of God. It is a continuing discipline set before the redeemed man to use the talent of music in perfect accord with the true theology. All created things join in the doxology of the heavens that declare the glory of God.

It was one of the blessings of the Reformation that the appreciation of the beauties of the world and the enjoyment of its manifold treasures were no longer considered the signs of men walking the broad road to destruction. After the Reformer saw the heaven of grace opened to him in the *sola graia* of Scripture, his eyes were opened to the beauty of things great and small in this world. Thus he could sing his simple song with a heart great and free.

In the history of the Church there have been periods in which God’s creation was held suspect. Men sought to flee the world for fear the lusts of the flesh would trap him. “Love not the world” was applied to the whole cosmos when it was meant only as an admonition to that side of the cosmos that refused the Gospel. The cosmos wherein God has established His kingdom among men cannot serve any purpose but to sing the praise of the Creator. He who created the rhythm of night and day, He who established the mathematics of Genesis’ hexameron and the octaves of weeks, He who is the origin of the song of the stars—He cannot be dishonored by any other of His creation, only by man. In music and song the believer learns over and over again the use of the musical talent to give glory to God.

Even in the sacrifice of music to God, who gives it, we may turn its beauty to evil. Calvin was not altogether wrong when he said that music might be the tool of the devil. The gifts of God can become a curse to the man who uses them improperly. But God intends that man live within the orders of creation and by the gifts to men. Luther was more right than Calvin when he recognized music as a means to glorify God and drive away evil.

We live either in the Kingdom of Grace or under the Law and its condemnation. The most beautiful art can cause a pain as of a *Heimweh* for the world that once was perfect. To the Christian this *Heimweh* has its promise in the Gospel of our Lord, who makes all things new. In the heart of one not knowing Christ the *Heimweh* or *Weltschmerz* can only be sublimated in *Weltlust* or resignation. The poet sings of the last rose with hopeless longing or with a vision of the glory belonging to the lilies of the field.

Believers of all time have applied music to the praise of God and have used the rules and methods of the arts as tools in the service of the Creator. Where music and theology are united there is immersion into the miraculous, so that in the combination of Word and Tone the statement of Faith flashes forth. Dedo Mueller puts it aptly: the music of the church offers the possibility “to express at the same time that holiness which is beyond all concepts and the *logos* character of the revelation of God in Christ.”

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The Cresset
See-ing

By CHARLES VANDERSEE

Four About Poetry

SEEING

Seeing that bushy trees
always spread capacious shadows
and that plastic always is plastic,
we constrict, therefore, our selves.

Even in poems.
Why should I not be
the man in the painting,
Blue Boy reflecting on you
Or figure in a painting
unpainted or even unconceived?

I see a yellow towel,
a telescoping antenna,
and a biscuit.
Has one of these ever spoken
to you,
in one of those poems
you never read?

I know of a woman, for example,
who watches television
with the sound off.
But while she is watching
she is in the kitchen ironing,
where she cannot see it.

We are not talking here in metaphor
or symbols,
and the we is not we
but I.
I can see you do not understand.

READER LAMENTS

This poem is as dense as teak.
The title does not match the verse.
The boulders rest, the water drained;
the driven snow defies the pane.
In the end is no beginning;
time, a thistle, carries its curse.

Lines have lain for Euclid plain.
Light at noon descends the valley.
Microcalculus has come
with white coat to compute the strain.
Wipers on the freeway wipe;
the sullied mind remains undone.

AFTER THE PAST

Was this the end of poetry?

Walking from windows
no longer produced an inch of black type
or a dark sermon.
She, of several, who lived and died alone,
her clothes all faded to skim milk,
slightly wrinkled and ridged by the sun in summer —
the newspaper did not know her middle name
and had no researcher, so omitted her.

Had it died before her,
with the dusty neighbors
and the coal air that used to push in
through the ancient window?

Twelve songs
were chiseled into the mountain.
We do not know by whom,
but in several of the better museums,
which now range over hundreds of city blocks,
speculation continues, feebly,
over aluminum tea.

LETTER

Dear Poem,

Silence was better.
Your sky should have been here
yesterday. The sound of your moss
is too soft. Terror when you walked
with the blowing horn crackled
more like tin. Need — you failed
us at the four o’clock need
and the Friday. What we need now
is ice for the drinks. Wings —
yes, and (frankly) they look stupid.
Seduction is something else,
but you will have to work at it.

If this is the time of your life,
well, then, no Aladdin we,
or you. Figure it out. Bonne chance.

Yours, etc.
The last time the Republican Party was in the White House, 1952-1960, they did not pay much attention to the subject of a more permanent tenure in Washington. Eisenhower's victory had been that of a popular candidate, and not the victory of the Republican Party, a specific set of policies, or an ideological tendency. Because the appeal was nothing more permanent than Eisenhower, when he could not run again, the Democratic Party put back together its electoral majority and even won with a Catholic candidate. The Democratic electoral majority was built upon the oft-cited "New Deal coalition," the working class, ethnic and racial minorities and the South. It was primarily the desertion of the last element, the South, that allowed the Republicans to recapture the White House in 1968.

It is very important to note that the Republicans did not win the South in 1968. In what was the largest defection of voters from a national political party in modern American history, a "negative landslide," the Democrats lost the South primarily to George Wallace. As in 1952 and 1956, 1968 was a year in which the Republicans gained power in spite of their party's electoral accomplishments. They added little to their electoral coalition of suburban and rural America. They gained some Irish and Italian voters in New York City and other Middle Atlantic states. They picked up voters in some Democratic states because of local political figures (such as Strom Thurmond in South Carolina). Again, if one were to make predictions on the basis of the 1968 election, a short Republican tenure was in sight.

It now appears that the Republicans are making plans for a longer stay. The public appeals of the Nixon administration in general, and the public utterances of Vice-President Spiro Agnew and Attorney-General John N. Mitchell in particular, indicate an attempt is under way to construct an electoral majority, adding the South to the suburban-rural areas. The appeal is so far confined to identifying the enemy: crime in the streets, network newscasters, the New York Times and the liberal press, the intellectuals, and the Viet Nam war dissenters.

The appeals have been largely symbolic, and there are few realized policies. Exceptions have been the "go-slow" directive on Southern school desegregation and the energetic prosecution of some of the more violent dissenters by federal authorities. These appeals and policies carry little risk in alienating any of the partners in the Republican coalition. They do take advantage of the fact that farmers, suburbantes and Southerners have fears and complaints which they feel powerless to alleviate. Agnew and Mitchell have served to affirm that the sources of problems are indeed outside these groups and located in the ghettos, the ivory towers, the media, the campuses, and a mis-guided Supreme Court.

It seems impossible to put together a permanent electoral coalition on the strength of attacks on domestic opponents and stop-gap policies which also are largely symbolic. Policies directed at solving the problems which plague not only the partners in the Republican coalition, but the city dwellers as well are required. Inflation, the Viet Nam conflict, crime, poverty, and discrimination lie at the roots of the discontent.

What is ominous in the response of the Nixon administration to these problems is not the few positive policies thus far, but the nature of these policies when they do come. For instance, crime in the streets could be cut by attacking poverty and discrimination in the city. It can also be cut by a massive police response to repress the crime and violence. The latter course has been hinted at by the Attorney-General. He has criticized the Miranda decision of 1966 which outlawed the use of any confession unless the defendant had been advised of his right to silence and to a lawyer. His response to the recent President's Commission on Violence's opinion that poverty was at the bottom of city crime was that poverty is not an excuse for crime. He added an attack on sociologists and social psychologists that made such a claim.

In other words, there are policies which would both attack the country's major problems and cement a majority coalition for the Republicans. However, these would be policies that would hurt minorities and individuals and their rights. The "Southern strategy" or movement to the right is a viable path to a more permanent Republican majority. Its cost is the qualification of democracy, understood as both majority will and minority rights.
“Dad,” said Number Two Son one night while we were sitting in the family room swapping lies about this and that, “did it ever occur to you that since Nixon made Veterans’ Day a day for putting down the peace demonstrators we have a national holiday for every one of the Seven Deadly Sins?” (The boy had been reading the Purgatorio. That’s how he knew about the Seven Deadly Sins.)

Well, as a matter of fact it hadn’t occurred to me, but now that he mentioned it I could see what he meant. For years we have been needing a national holiday to celebrate Wrath. Now Nixon has given us one and the list is complete — one holiday for every deadly sin, one deadly sin for every holiday. I told the boy that I would swipe his idea and write a column about it.

Veterans’ Day, as I have said, is now our official celebration of Wrath. I wear my peace symbol to show that I am adamantly opposed to the policies of the administration and our mayor issues a proclamation encouraging everybody to fly the flag to show our support of the President and there it is for all the world to see: a nation bitterly divided down the middle and unable to talk rationally any more about the problems that plague us.

Veterans’ Day is followed in a little less than a month by Thanksgiving, no longer a day of praise even to the Unknown God of American Shintoism but an exercise in Gluttony. (I say this more by way of confession than criticism, for I too have returned to the fleshpots of Egypt and found them more desirable than the manna of the wilderness.) And then comes Christmas.

And what does Christmas celebrate? The veriest child, casting his greedy little eyes over the toy section of the winter Sears catalogue, gives us the answer to that one. Christmas is, in our day, the high festival of Avarice. Even as you read these words, there are husbands and wives throughout the Christian West who are still not speaking to each other because the expected largesse did not materialize last Christmas. And there are merchants who are examining this year’s ads to see how they can be souped up for even greater pulling power when “the holidays” roll around again next year.

Comes then New Year’s Eve. Fortified by booze and by a dim awareness that old time is swiftly fleeting, full many a tired old goat fancies himself a vigorous young ram and gropingly tries to prove it. More often than not, the attempt aborts. But the sin remains. In Lust he slips across the line from the old year to the new, only to discover what man is continually discovering and never remembers — that Saturnalia is always followed by the Dies Irae. One shudders to think of the number of hung-over males for whom the first sounds of this new year were the strident notes of an angry wife: “Well, Casanova! And what did you and Jennifer find to talk about all that time you were out on the sun porch?"

The deep midwinter brings no surcease from the daily grind. But as the first shy crocuses break through the sun-warmed earth Envy rises like sap in the hearts of millions to whom the Feast of the Resurrection of Our Lord is the day of the Easter Parade. This is the day of the Easter bonnet that will knock their eyes out and attract the newspaper photographers who cluster about the steps of the churches, having previously ascertained from the yellow pages where the churches are. And this is the day when thrifty husbands discover that Hell doth indeed hold a greater fury than a woman scorned. It holds the fury of a woman whose Easter finery was something less fine than that of her fellows.

Memorial Day. Once it was a day for decorating the graves of those by whose deaths we live. Now it is the great festival of Sloth — the unshaven face, the drooping dressing gown, the day off from work that we hate for leisure that we do not know how to use. Let us all give one great stifled yawn for Memorial Day.

And, finally, the glorious Fourth. The orator down on the courthouse lawn will point with Pride to the glory of our nation, a glory in which we have no right to participate unless we are willing to accept our share of its shame. But this is no day for admitting shame. It is the Festival of Pride, wherein we are glad and rejoice.

And so back to Veterans' Day. And another Year of Our Lord has come and gone.
Books of the Month

Secular Ecumenism for the Seventies


"Ecumenism has had it." Those interested in the renewal of the church are concerned about the growing feeling that efforts toward Christian unity have become passe and will have little relevance to the world of the 1970's. That concern is clearly reflected in this revised and expanded edition of Robert McAfee Brown's book, originally published only two years ago.

As a sensitively drawn map of the overall terrain of the Catholic-Protestant dialogue, this book has been widely used in the past two years. It is basically a concise history of the Protestant and Roman roads, built and traversed primarily during the last few decades, leading to the unanticipated surge of Christian unity brought about by Vatican II and the World Council of Churches' assemblies in the 1960's.

But what is especially significant about this revised edition is the new tone of the book, reflecting the changing attitude toward the ecumenical movement today. One kind of ecumenism is out of date. Brown suggests: that ecumenism primarily concerned with "churchly" matters. The ecumenical revolution now taking place is one which turns people from inner concern to outer concerns, from exclusive involvement with the Christian neighbor to inclusive involvement with the "worldly" neighbor. To an increasing extent, Brown now feels that the ecumenical revolution has begun to overlap with the world revolution, seen especially in phenomena such as the rise of black power, the emergence of the third world, and the growing protest against the Vietnam war.

To the degree that "the world must write the agenda for the church," the world is making us aware that our own ecumenical revolution must be shaped in such a way as to be responsive to the revolution of dispossessed peoples everywhere.

While most of the material from the 1967 edition is kept, Brown's new concern with world revolution leads to some important changes and additions. A pessimistic note replaces the former optimism felt in the wake of Vatican II with respect to Catholic renewal. The stiffening Vatican resistance to change, climaxing in the encyclical on birth control in 1968, has led to a mood of uncertainty about the possibility of continued growth of Christian unity within the institutional churches. But Brown does see possible long-range benefits from this apparent barrier: the widespread Catholic dissent from the pope's stand may help non-Catholics recognize that papal authority is not an insurmountable barrier to Christian unity.

Brown sees the ecumenical dialogue going in new directions today. No longer is the Catholic vs. Protestant stance fruitful; rather, more efforts must be made to expand the dialogue circle to Jews, to adherents of other religions, and to Marxists and other "non-believers." Brown discusses the dialogue with the Jews rather extensively, invoking a distinction between "ecumenism" and "conversion" to make the point that "conversion" is not the proper stance of the Christian toward the Jew, however proper it may be to the rest of mankind." But his sketch of the new dialogue with adherents of other religions and with non-believers is quite disappointing: dialogue with people of other religions is covered in ten lines, and the Marxist dialogue receives only slightly more attention! Brown makes no attempt to clarify the question of speaking about "dialogue" with non-believers while understanding "conversion" to be the proper stance of the Christian toward the non-Christian. One would have expected Brown's concern for the world revolution of today to lead him to a more thorough treatment of this crucial aspect of the new ecumenism.

Brown's major expansion of the book in the new edition has to do with what he calls "secular ecumenism," and he devotes this section mainly to an interpretation of decisions about the church's role in the world made in three major ecumenical meetings of 1968: the Zagorsk consultation, the Beirut conference, and the Uppsala assembly. He shows rather convincingly that the institutional churches, both Protestant and Catholic, have irrevocably set themselves for the 1970's in the direction of beginning simultaneously the repair of the two scandals of our time: the scandal of a suffering humanity and the scandal of a divided church.

The value of Brown's book still lies mainly in the historical survey of the roads leading to the present measure of Christian unity. But Brown has done a great service by making it clear that, from now on, ecumenism will have to be based on a concern for Christian unity for the purpose of more faithful and effective service to mankind.

THEODORE M. LUDWIG

Worth Noting


A book like this could only have been written by a man whose range of scholarly competence is matched by the breadth of his human sympathies. If the readers of this journal do not yet know this author, they will find in this volume a splendid introduction to the man and his mind.

Dr. Sandmel is a Reform Jew whose major field of scholarly work has been the New Testament. This set of lectures, expanded for publication, takes a look at the first century, not for purposes of partisan polemic, but rather to call attention to important areas of research that elude historical certainty. That elusiveness may be traced, first of all, to the stubborn fact that we do not possess more, and more detailed, documentation for this important century. Then too, our current studies suffer from the scholars' disease, the itch for precision, that too easily results in over-precise scratching. But above all, there is the well-nigh insurmountable obstacle of the scholar's own biography and bias. That Dr. Sandmel so frankly confesses his own while yet making generous judgments on first-century Christianity is not only a tribute to his own large spirit, but also a call to Christians to reciprocate with the more balanced and sober evaluations of first century Judaism born of scholarly humility.

This is certainly not to say that his scholarly judgements will everywhere meet with full agreement. Yet even where alternative conclusions may be drawn, they will have been measurably enriched by the suggestive insights that bring so many exclamation marks to the margin of the reader's pages. So, for example, to see a midrashic element in the Gospel pericopes would not inevitably lead to dissolving them in that literary genre. But this is not the place for debate. It is rather the place to record appreciation for an able contribution to the growing thirst for better Jewish-Christian understanding.

WALTER E. KELLER

The Cresset
THE COLLECTED WORKS OF BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25TH CENTURY


This big, beautiful collectors' item, "records the unique story of how a comic strip became an inspiration to youth." So the editor introduces this collection, reproducing the strips from 7 January 1929 to the end of the strip in 1967. To these 363 pages are appended "Other Worlds of Buck Rogers," the script of the first Buck Rogers Radio Broadcast, 7 November 1932, diagrams of space craft and a map of the planet Venus.

The editor's "Preface" traces the shaping of that inspiration of youth: the boundless opportunities of a scientific rather than superstitious knowledge. The situation of an oppressed America in the 25th century is met by a reconstruction of the learning and experimenting that would lead to its liberation. Traced also are the bare outlines of the seminal role of Philip Nowlan's stories, "Armageddon 2419 A.D." and "The Airlords of Han," the operational idea of John Flint Dille to get the story into the National Newspaper Syndicate of America columns service; and the illustration work of Dick (Lt. Richard) Calkins.

Nowlan and Calkins' "Buck Rogers: An Autobiography," written in 1932, is included in the Collection. Twelve chapters, episodes in the Buck Rogers' expositions are reproduced, in black and white, and in color.

And then, how shall one who has Ray Bradbury at the top of his list of Science Fiction authors, comment on the Bradbury article "Buck Rogers in Apollo Year I?" I start gibbering when I try to talk about Bradbury's work! But let (especially!) the people of academia and others who read to have fantasy stretched and imagination kindled, give heed to his words on romance and creativity. Read him and be caught in his "time machine," where he indeed evokes the wonders of educating a mind and life to fly in a fantasy that is more real and more possible than the cramped and cramped world of jargon which choke imagination and life with it. He will help you feel the awesome place of the comic strip in a world now so very commonplace to you that we lose our orientation by having lost the connections with the pace of change since 1929.

KENNETH F. KORBY

A Film Review

HIGH SCHOOL, Directed by Fred Wise­man. Distributed by OSTI (264 Third Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts).

"Every teacher has bad moments and any director can select shots of these times and claim to have an objective film." With this comment, made within moments after viewing Fred Wiseman's High School, a guidance counselor lightly dismissed the significance of the 80 minute experience he had just been through.

High School is a documentary about life in a modern middle-class public secondary school. It is truly a documentary in that it neither makes use of professional actors nor of a narrator who might sonorously flood the viewer with his own interpretations. Mr. Wiseman has even resisted the temptation to include the hallmark of too many contemporary films, a dubbed-in folk guitar. The film consists of a series of short vignettes of high school teachers in action. These episodes cannot be dismissed as "bad moments." This reviewer has seen variations of the episodes occur with high frequency in high schools all over the country.

High School does, in one sense, portray an unrealistic image of today's schools. The film is interesting. It moves. Schools are dull. Time stagnates. Mr. Wiseman does hint at the boredom of formal education, but of course could not communicate this fully to the viewer without jeopardizing the success of his film. Someday a film maker should shoot a full 50 minutes of a single classroom lecture. Most of the audience would probably walk out. A privilege not granted to students.

Although High School is an interesting film, there is no laughter. You could laugh at the English teacher tediously plowing through a reading of Casey at the Bat. Her students are too kind to do so. You could laugh at the balding male teacher as he plays a policeman's role in checking hall passes and chasing students away from the pay phone in the hall. His students don't laugh (at least not in front of him) because he has too much power. Several of the teachers, such as the home economics teacher demonstrating how not to walk, attempt to be funny and you could laugh with them. You could, until you realize that the few students who are laughing are laughing at them, not with them. These teachers are pleading, "Watch me. Watch me." Few teenagers respect a clown.

The most pathetic clown is the gynecologist performing in front of hundreds of boys in the auditorium. His presentation is primarily braggadocio about vaginas he has examined. If this is an example of enlightened sex education, then perhaps the critics are not completely groundless in their attacks.

Other examples of sex education are equally disturbing. The female addressing the auditorium of girls enlightened them with the statement, "You don't pop pills in your mouth like candy." It is doubtful that she changed anyone's behavior with the questionable analogy that just as you have to control your urge to eat sweets because of danger of pimples, you have to learn to control your sexual urges. It is also doubtful that the gynecologist changed any of the boys' behavior with the puzzling truisim, "Virginity is a state of mind." or with the specious data showing a straight-line relationship between frequency of premarital intercourse and divorce rate. Much to the credit of the students, it appeared that many of them had tuned out both of these "authorities."

The film gave this reviewer an unsettling feeling about the inconsistent treatment accorded to the students. In several episodes students were browbeaten and treated as if they were expected unquestionably to obey all directives from teachers. One administrative official told a student that regardless of the reasonableness of a teacher's command, the student must take these orders to show that he is a man. On the other hand, another student was castigated for her apparently harmless "messing around" because she ought to know how to make her own judgments about right and wrong behavior. When is a teenager supposed to act as a reasoning human being and when is he supposed to blindly follow orders? Being a high school student must be a very confusing task.

The treatment given these students makes one wonder at what point it is assumed that children change from objects into human beings. The incident of the overweight girl who was required to stand on a stage while the home economics teacher pointed out to the class how "the girl with the boy problems" should design her clothes and the incident of the mother and principal discussing the personality weaknesses of a young lady while she sat embarrassedly by, leads one to infer that educators believe that teenagers are not yet human beings.

How will you react to High School? Will you react to High School? You will depend on your prior mind set. You will almost certainly have some reaction. Let us hope it is not the reaction of a university student preparing to teach in a high school who said, "The trouble with that school is that the teachers are not strict enough. If they had more discipline, they wouldn't have problems." Is such an incomprehensible interpretation some indication that he will develop into the type of administrator shown in High School: a weak man that fulfills his need for power by subjugating young people? Is there hope for the future?

LEONARD KOCHENDORFER

January 1970
Particularity and the New Cool

BY AUDREY A. USHENKO

The development of a new, more directly visual convention of representation which began with the landscape artists of the second half of the eighteenth century was bound up inextricably with the contemporaneously emergent nature Romanticism. Many factors (such as scientific discoveries, post-Lockian philosophy, embryonic behavioristic psychology and physiology) led to a new approach in man's ceaseless attempt to come to grips with reality and to a new faith in intuitive conviction. The "Augustan" celebration of reason, a logical enough reaction to the mechanistic discoveries of the seventeenth century, had been undermined by the further development of empirical sciences and, in philosophy and the arts, by a determined exploration of the human mind. Coleridge (who coined the word "psychology") was pre-occupied with intuitive intelligence and unconscious thought.

Throughout the nineteenth century, thinkers speculated on the nature of "poetic" intuition, and their ideas proliferated in our own century, spawning such diverse progeny as Kandinsky's concept of the spiritual, Yates' "mythology", Jung's collective unconscious, and the Freudians' fascination with dreams. The eighteenth century "Augustans" had replaced their predecessors' serene communal faith with their own plans for a civilized enlightened world, wherein natural man was to be transfigured by reason. As this possibility receded, the "romantic" retreat of the individual into himself became a natural escape from a hostile environment. Thus emerged the sometimes shallow and melodramatic, sometimes intense and almost sinister obsession of the full blown romantic with the recesses of his own identity. It was also during the Romantic period that myriad sects and movements appeared with an emphasis on personal revelation, some within a framework of orthodox theology, some, in forms of spiritualism.

In the midst of these developments, placid nature romantics like the English landscapists, the Nazarenes, and the Barbizon painters seem at first to be reactionaries diverging from the mainstream into a monk-like retreat. But nature romanticism was in fact another manifestation of the prevalent individualism. The individual, set adrift, attempted cognizance of a higher reality by developing his own perceptions. Awareness was the "state of grace" in which the individual was receptive to revelation, an awareness arrived at through an intense, almost hallucinatory contemplation of particular aspects of nature. Blake expressed it as the effort "...to see eternity in a grain of sand."

As in literature, the pre-occupation with particularity continued in the graphic arts throughout the nineteenth century. The Pre-Raphaelites attempted the use of meticulous detail to make divine subjects immediate to the observer. Unfortunately, a primarily literal impulse loses its power as it loses its freshness. Their mode of representing nature had already degenerated into a schematic convention.

That this same pitfall confronts twentieth century artists who attempt a literal approach to nature is apparent when one looks at the work of painters like Wyeth or Vinceny, but there are other contemporary artists working with more vital modes of representation. Many painters are developing a fresh approach which might be called representation by analogy. George Cohen clarified this idea for me in speaking about forms which, while not corresponding to any specific real-world object, yet read in total as a "landscape of the mind." This involvement with a special context, relating to, but not mirroring, the real world, provides a way of grasping the particular by analogy. In this, perhaps, more than in any single stylistic refinement, lies the peculiar quality of contemporary representational art.

This quality is not in itself sufficient to make an exciting work of art. Many artists seek to emancipate themselves from past styles and attitudes by adapting a "cool" position of deliberate detachment. This detachment might be stated as follows: to present a particular scene or object without generalization, commentary, or implication. As Sidney Tillim put it, this art "...seeks out but refrains from glorifying overtly inglorious subject matter..." If the context is not to be a shadow of real-world beauty, its significance must come from the producer's mind. Contemplative realism is a further manifestation of the inward turning of the modern mind. As such, it has not yet developed fully, and its possibilities have not been fully worked out.

They are nonetheless relevant. In our chaotic and fragmented times, it would be difficult to re-define a structure of faith and reason acceptable to all. But through the exploration of an internal landscape, a private microcosm, the individual can perhaps find an alternative path to a higher reality and can communicate his experience.

1. This is not the only historical instance of this state of mind. It can be seen in work of the Northern Renaissance, and in our own times one might cite the attempt to increase awareness of the particular by the use of drugs as analogous.
Wayne Thiebaud, Delicatessen Counter, 1961. Oil on canvas, 2 x 3'.
Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Aichele.

Lennart Anderson, Still Life with Egg Box and Dried Artichoke. Oil on canvas, 13 x 16". James Graham Gallery.


January 1970
The President can take care of himself. No amount of “kicking Nixon around” on the part of the Press can do him in. A president is responsible for himself, and he has no one but himself to blame if he blows it.

This is because a President has incredible power. The Press cannot begin to top it. The Press is subservient. It is no match for the President. All it has on its side is the truth, sometimes. And if this is enough to defeat a President, then that is because the President is to blame for what is true. No President can outmaneuver the truth. It is the one reality in this world of seeming, and it will out.

So much for the generalities. In particular: Agnew’s recent attack on the news media is a ploy, designed to further whatever mysterious strategy is guiding the Nixon administration. It may be a part of the much discussed Southern Strategy. It may be yet another effort to galvanize the Silent Majority to take up arms against the sorts of critters Mrs. Mitchell looks for under her bed. Whatever the larger conception behind the deed, Agnew’s remarks furthered his recent vigorous efforts to polarize the country. The Nixon objective: Divide and conquer (because there will be more people of voting age on your side than on the other side).

How cynical. How damaging. How needless. Is it inconceivable these days that a President could retain and garner support by doing what’s right? Have we come to the point where Presidents must contrive military actions, and stake their futures on them, in order to sustain themselves? How appalling.

Presidents don’t need to resort to such immoral and costly expedients to retain their hold on the American people. They need merely make judicious use of their immense powers. Which brings us back to the media.

The October moratorium was building up. The media had begun to realize that a major political event was in the offing. Nixon saw this too. So, in advance of the Oct. 15 day of protest, Nixon announced that on Nov. 3 he would give a major address on the war. The Moratorium went off on schedule. But it had been defused. Out mind was set on what Nixon would say on Nov. 3. He spoke, while the nation listened.

It was a disheartening, disturbing speech. It was utterly genuine. It showed Nixon’s thinking. It set the terms for the debate to come. It was a turning point in the saga of America’s involvement in the internal affairs of a Southeast Asian nation. It stated American policy in clear terms. It revealed Nixon’s assessment of what is necessary to preserve himself and his party. Only time will tell whether this assessment was shrewd or stupid.

Nixon thinks that only by gradual withdrawal and the pretense of Vietnamization can the American people stomach what is in fact an American defeat. So he geared his speech to this policy. He attacked “precipitate withdrawal,” he told us that South Vietnam would soon be able to defend itself. He pleaded for support of his policy; he called for repudiation of any alternatives to his policy. He asked the American people to oppose those who would end the war now. Because he thinks that only by doing this can he insure his own survival. It is a calculated bet.

The Press saw this. They confessed the obvious: Nixon’s vaunted plan to end the war was a hoax. He has no plan. He will get the Americans out of Vietnam, eventually, because that is politically necessary. But the war will continue, and Nixon doesn’t care. What matters to him is his own survival. The Press saw this.

So Nixon had Agnew attack the press. A typical response from an insecure President. He was not sure that the 40,000 pre-arranged telegrams would stampede the Silent Majority to his side. He had to attack those who saw what he was up to.

But this was unnecessary. The President has far more power than even he realizes. His speech had done the trick. No need for overkill. By a simple speech on television Nixon stole the spotlight from perhaps the largest mass political event in our history, two weeks later—the November march on Washington. The President can command the attention and respect of the whole public whenever he wants. He can capitalize on the No. 1 College Football Game of the Year. He can turn virtually anything to his purposes, with a little inventiveness. No need for vituperation. It only shows the Nixon lack-of-class. And this, indeed, may do him in.

These are perilous times. We can hope that the truth will prevail before all is lost. The media will be responsible for revealing the truth—whether about the massacre at Mylai or the progressive failure of the Nixon policy. The President cannot defeat the truth. There are limits to Presidential power. We can only regret that Nixon does not use his powers to address the truth.
The Pilgrim

By O. P. KRETZMANN

"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side"

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Sonnenwende

Few of us, children of the Now and urbanity, give more than passing attention to the day of the year our fathers called Sonnenwende. We mark the passing of time far more attentively on the night of December 31 and the morning of January 1 when we seem to be able to view it with a fusion of nostalgia, repentant or unrepentant, and a vague mounting hope that the New Year will be better than the old. This tearing nearness of nostalgia and hope makes the wassail and the shouting of New Year’s Eve necessary. We cannot bear the pain without it. We must try to outshout the whisper of the passing years. Only in defiant noise can we achieve a Trojan peace. Only with nervous laughter can we try to ignore the ultimate judgment of time: “Dust thou art, and unto dust thou returnest.”

If it were possible, we would try to tie our measuring of the years to the timelessness of the Incarnation and the Resurrection. It would be good and most instructive to measure time by the events that are both in and beyond time. Since this is difficult in our world, I have turned lately to the charm and power of the time-measuring of our distant ancestors. The Sonnenwende marked the breathless moment when the sun seemed to them to be standing still, hesitating before it seemed to turn in the opposite direction. Until Sonnenwende (about December 21), the sun seemed to them to be moving away. The days were short and dark, and icy breath blew over the land. Then at Sonnenwende the sun seemed to them to be nearing again. The days grew longer, obedient to hope, and one could think of spring.

Apparently our fathers took Sonnenwende to mean something massive, planetary, and universal. The movement the sun seemed to them to be making involved the wrenching of their universe. The going down of the sun on Sonnenwende, more clearly on that day than any other day, meant their opportunity to set out on a new path, moving surely toward the longest day. It would seem that this meaning given time could fit into an age when our brothers walk on the moon. For ours is an age when the thought of all of us must become planetary in scope and more relevant to the destiny of a wayside planet fearfully turning around the sun.

With this meaning of time given at Sonnenwende, beginning a few days before the annual remembrance of the Incarnation, could we not come closer to Wordsworth’s vision? The holy time is quiet as a nun

Breathless with adoration, the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquility;
The gentleness of hearts broods o’er the sea.
Listen! The mighty Being is awake
And doth with His eternal motion make
A sound like thunder — everlastingly.

Perhaps 1969 will be known as a year of setting out on a new path. There were riots and wars and much hate and big lies. But there were also men walking in quietness and peace on the moon. Perhaps they were taking the first step toward seeing the farther reaches of the universe as God has always seen them — vast, mysterious, beckoning men to stretch their finitude a little farther but never leaving the limitation of His creation. Man found some new ground to walk on; but it is still ground, and he must walk when and where his machines stop. Perhaps this is the greatest achievement of 1969, a turning toward a cosmic humility which may move man to kneel again, even in the dust of the moon far from earth and his old home.

For there is another and greater “Sonnenwende” of the soul which is not tied to time and is the essence of eternity. Another, deeper turning toward humility and hope. The words of Blake make up an epitaph for 1969 from all of us still here on earth.

I rest not from my great task!
To open the Eternal Worlds, to open the immortal Eyes
Of Man inwards into the Worlds of Thought: into eternity.
O Saviour pour upon me Thy Spirit of meekness and love!
Annihilate the Selfhood in me: be Thou all my life!
Guide Thou my hand, which trembles exceedingly upon The Rock of Ages!

In our time—in 1970—we tremble much, and our first and final hope is that we tremble with at least one hand upon the Rock of Ages.
Audrey A. Ushenko
STILL LIFE, 1969
Oil on canvas, 3 x 4'.