a review of literature, the arts, and public affairs

June, 1970

THE CRESSET
COVER AND ABOVE: John Ward. AIRCRAFT LANDINGLIGHTS, April 4, 1970. 
The Chapel of the Resurrection, Valparaiso University, Valparaiso, Indiana. Photographs by John Ward.

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THE CRESSET
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An hour ago, an age ago, I stood at the hulk of Kinsey Hall, the ancient, rickety administration building on my campus. Earlier this morning it was damaged by fire. The music building attached to it is also burnt, but not as seriously. One should not write when he and his subject are still warm. One should rarely step out from behind the "we" given to editors and kings and popes when they seem to speak the mind of a community and for a moment are apparently beyond their own humanity.

But, I cannot be an editor this morning. My intended subject has gone out of my mind altogether. I can only write toward a poem which, as Wallace Stevens said, is one way of ordering the day. It is without doubt writing out of heightened fatigue and feelings and for readers who perfect what they read with understanding.

Nothing at this hour is known of the cause of the fire. It could be accidental, and, some are saying, it could be arson. The fire occurred in the night after some of our students boycotted their classes to protest the slaying of their fellow students at Kent State University and the advance of American soldiers from Vietnam into Cambodia.

The fire adds to the anger, tension, confusion, and ongoing sleeplessness of the campus aroused days before by the events in Kent and Cambodia. Yet, much is even now certain.

The damage to the administration building is neither irreparable nor highest in the minds of those now gathered around it, looking into the hulk, looking into themselves and one another. If the buildings need rebuilding, they are saying, we will do it. If the buildings were damaged by an arsonist, the official investigation underway alone will be able to determine such a fact if it is true.

Even should the cause of the fire never be known, a few years from today there will be little to remind us of its course. Across from Kinsey Hall is a small copse of young trees and fresh spring flowers where our old chapel stood before it was lost in an electrical fire years ago. I have seen the cycles of nature receive the events of history. I know that the loss of buildings can be absorbed.

It is also clear at this early hour that there is so much more than buildings to be built and harder, more painful losses to absorb. At the moment news is pouring in of shakings to the foundations of many campuses across the country. My campus is caught up in national events pressed upon it by international events. A war has come home, and a war against war is meeting it.

Some students are not having business as usual during these days, and some are refusing to do business as usual where they remain in the universities. At least more than a few are refusing to be reared quietly for a society they believe deeply corrupted and then be immolated in it. Some see beneath Kent and Cambodia the great resources of our society being further mobilized and reconciled to everything but the seeking of the solutions to its most pressing problems. And some are fearful, hopeless, desperate.

No campus eruption has only a single, present cause. Beneath the immediate actions many students see as militarily necessary in Cambodia and as militarily understandable tragedies in Kent is a diffuse fear for a society in which such tragic necessities are mounting unnecessarily.

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As I withdraw from hushed conversations to a quiet place, I am still thinking of the young. I see how the disorders of our society have become many personal disorders. It is as breezy as it is obvious to say that acts of violence are intolerable and cannot be condoned. Only a trace of the young would disagree. The majority of protesting students detest the violence of Kent and what they behold with anguish as a senseless Indochinese war in which the young must be violent for a venal regime. It is harder but as obvious to say that some students are growing desperate protesting their own country with its hands around their necks.

In recent years, the years the young know best, the majority in our country with the power to turn it from homicidal and suicidal courses have taken their hands from their ears to lay them upon the throats of those few young who would plead that needful turning.

Some of the young have been driven out of the country. Some have been driven underground. Some have been killed. Some have been destroyed spiritually by manipulation. This destruction of the young is only beginning. The larger society can succeed in the destruction of this minority too. Which is also to say it will lose the future and its own past. We fear the word that is spoken in the whirlwind now, but we shall need to fear the silence more. That is a loss we cannot absorb.

My university is a private university, joined to the church, with all the hope for the future for the larger society that such universities can offer and fulfill every day. I am lucid enough in this hour to know that there may be some in the church and the community who will lay unloving hands on this day to excuse their ongoing giftlessness to our work for them. They will bring nothing new to this day that I have not known every day before this day. I already know where my salary sags and the jobs I have turned down in the last year, even one at twice my pay, without regret. I take my measurements elsewhere, as do my brothers and sisters teaching and administering this university for the church and the community.

For this is the great festival of the Ascension, and at my university one is inescapably drawn into the symbols and liturgies of the Christian faith. Here one takes the meaning of our smouldering ashes up into the meaning of the Resurrection of Christ, the meaning of all there is and will be.

Shortly, in chapel, we shall be reminding one another that he has taken all the captivities of men into captivity, put our deaths to death, and has triumphantly ascended giving His gifts of life to men. Risen and ascended, He need not turn fitfully in any graves, even monuments, we might lay for Him. And He gives us His Spirit to open any graves men dig for one another and for themselves. We shall be lifted in our spirits by His Spirit again for His work in the world.

It is also clear in this hour that the work of my university and all universities, arduous as it is now, will be much harder from this day on. Not only in the days of rage in which we now stand but also in the calm that will come. Indeed, in every day that remains of the days of those who are committed to them near and far. I am told there were once hard times of testing when the American people had nothing to fear but fear itself. I take it on faith there was such hope and happiness possible within living memory. For we may now need to fear the manipulation of our fears into hatreds more than fear itself.

Not only must universities redress any disorder in their own priorities and bring what they do and everything will be all right. It means surety that come weal or woe, life will be fine. It means hope for tomorrow, joy now in what tomorrow will be. The days are happy days, the lines are falling and will fall to me in pleasant places. It's all right to grow old, and in the end it's all right to die.

Given that definition, what is the difference between carrying a rabbit's foot, consulting a seer who studies the clouds, or going to church to pray — if they are all rites to support the assurance, the trust, the joy in tomorrow? None. If the reason for our prayer is such support of trust, then it's a rabbit's foot or a four-leaf

On Second Thought

What does it mean to trust in God? It cannot mean expectation that God will step in with miracle to move men or nature to my advantage. Not even that He will at my request attend to my physical safety. That would be to make myself in my own esteem master, baron, Lord. That would be to single myself out among the three billion as someone special, to set myself apart as worthy in distinction to the rest.

If God be God, then He is the meaning and the motive of all things. If we cannot say that He is all that happens, we must at least say that He is to be defined by all that happens. Then trust in God is confidence that...
what they say into greater agreement, they must urge and expect others who directly affect them to do the same. Universities must live resisting the influences of those who do not stand under the judgments they speak and treasure as the living tradition those who do.

For the present time this means universities must live resisting those who decry violence while carrying on their own. We must live resisting the influences of those who rightly score the senseless violence of the desperate young as mere gestures of impotence and who then push forward the violence of war with senseless appeals to them to prove their manhood and our nationhood.

Universities must live resisting the influences of leaders of church and state who rightly call for prayers for astronauts in their difficulties taking known and probable risks and who have no prayers for themselves and for others to call out as innocent citizens are slain by our own army at home and abroad.

Universities must live resisting the influences of leaders who side against “outside agitators” seeking the Constitutional health of the whole country and who then use their high offices to call for the firing of a president of a private university distinguished for its public service.

Universities must live resisting the influences of the governors of the awesome firepower of the state who publicly welcome a “bloodbath” to remove the symptoms of deep distresses in society.

Universities must live resisting the influences of those who rightly urge the lowering of voices and our coming together and who then raise their own intemperately and traduce moderation into acquiescence.

Universities must live resisting the influences of that peculiar Manichaeanism of the old, full of good years but apparently outliving grace, who put all that is good in themselves and the past and all that is evil in the young and the present.

Universities must live resisting the myriad flights of the young from a violent society or, what is worse, their myriad submersions in it as it is. The latter extreme must be told in no uncertain terms that behaving like what they once deplored makes them what we deplore all the more. And one way universities resist the influences of the few imitating the violence of our society is by strengthening the decent many in every alternative to violence open to them.

Universities must live resisting the influences of the elected demagogue, the undergraduate oversimplifier, the shortcutters among the young and old off the campuses and on them.

On this festival day of the Ascension, we are reminding ourselves of the great triumph in heaven. We shall also need to remind ourselves of the power of that triumph for our resistance on earth of unworlly apocalyptic and worldly accommodation.

For the universities which are not proposing alternatives for society—out of the riches of the long tradition in their custody and with respect for the consciences of all submitting themselves to the reasoned debate of the issues before it—will be false and fatal to themselves. For my university it will also mean disobedience to what the divine love beckons from our heads and hands.

Which brings me back to what love requires in this hour. The printer, of course, wants my copy without further delay. And brothers and sisters may need me elsewhere today than at the printers. And we all must be up to receive the reign of God as it comes in judgment and grace into our web with a troubled world.

By ROBERT J. HOYER

June, 1970
National Security and the Japanese Radical

By ROBERT EPP
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Because the Japan-U.S. security treaty is based on Washington’s China-containment strategy, Japan has become nothing more than a link in America’s anticommunist network. This causes our country to be less rather than more secure, for U.S. bases in Japan—all of which menace China—are potential targets for nuclear retaliation should Sino-American hostilities break out. Thus Japan has no choice but to abjure the treaty. To further the peace ideal proclaimed in our postwar Constitution, we Japanese must also abjure nuclear devices and take a position of unarmed neutrality. Unless Japan commits herself to this ideal, and unless she acts as a sovereign nation which conducts its foreign policy independently of the strategems of the Powers, she will be incapable of assuming moral leadership of the world peace movement. Consequently, Japan must forswear all armaments, ban nuclear weapons from her soil, repudiate power politics, and oppose the Pentagon’s militant anticommunist posture in Asia.¹

The above statement is a composite of typical radical attitudes toward national defense and the U.S.-Japan security treaty which expires in late June, 1970. In order to lend perspective to the thinking of those who support the statement, the following pages will (a) describe two values which dominate the radical’s mind-set or world view and suggest that nationalistic concerns exert an increasing influence on his thought and action; and (b) mention two “catalytic” factors which, in energizing and interacting with his values, exacerbate the radical’s negative attitudes toward the ruling clique in Japan and American policy in Asia. If sufficient perspective emerges, we should see that Japanese radicals, like Shakespeare’s Lear, can “be full of majesty and at the very same time be . . . fools who are] capable of great nobility and great curribleness, great wisdom and great silliness.”²

An Aristocracy of Idealists

The progressive mind-set is dominated by a compulsion to condemn the government party and “all its works,” particularly military agreements with the United States. The compulsion is explained in part by the fact that the conservative Liberal Democratic Party (LDP) has been in power for virtually the entire period since 1945,³ and opposition forces have had neither a chance to rule nor the occasion to test their ideas and theories in the political arena.

For the rest, however, hypercritical radical attitudes are fed directly by the notion that “opposing the government is absolutely de rigueur.”⁴ Conservatives, merely by being conservative, are guilty of the “original sin” of practical self-interest. By contrast, progressives regard themselves above self-interests; they are men who believe they must neither compromise with evil nor suggest positive alternatives to policies “conceived in sin.” The reason radical “outs” refuse to cooperate with the government party, even in developing plans for national defense, is that conservatives base their program on pragmatism rather than idealism. Given these assumptions, it is no wonder Japanese have failed to develop a concept of the loyal opposition political pluralism, or skill in compromise.²

Progressive ideals include the tribal political goals listed in the composite statement: peace, amity with China, national sovereignty, the end of power politics, and unarmed neutrality. The radical believes that the LDP rejects each of these ideals. As proof, he points to Prime Minister Eisaku Sato’s ambiguous statements regarding the possibility of allowing U.S. forces to bring nuclear weapons into Japan. In late November, 1969, following the announcement that Okinawa would revert to Japanese rule by 1972, journalists and intellectuals tried (for what seemed like the “umpteenth time”) to get Sato to promise he would never permit nuclear arms on Japanese soil. The Premier refused again to commit himself. Radicals take his refusal as proof that conservatives are opportunists with neither ideals nor love for peace.

Such idealistic, either-or attitudes toward politics reach back into Confucianism and its stress on the leadership of the elite gentleman-scholar, the chun-tzu. The chun-tzu, never a mere academic but an ideal man, was fully trained in the ways of righteousness.⁶ Internalization of the principles of justice qualified him to stand in judgment of evil, greed, and narrow self-interest, allegedly the chief sins of the pragmatist. Though the moralistic posture assumed against LDP leaders stands on the same ideals to which Confucius devoted himself, Japanese intellectuals thoroughly repudiate Confucianism as a feudal remnant. Their rhetoric is that of Marxism-Leninism, “vintage Harold Laski, London 1926 or thereabouts.”⁷

However well Marxist ideology has served to increase the intellectual’s ability to condemn militarism and its
imperial cosmology, it has failed miserably to decrease his sense of belonging to an aristocracy of idealists. In Japan, the radical's integrity continues to depend not on externals like political accomplishments and concrete programs (the currency of crass and selfish politicians) but on one's quality of commitment. And commitment means having the right ideas stated in the right way in the right journals. The radical feels bound only to badger his reading public — composed primarily of peers, admiring students, and like-minded men accustomed to his pseudo-Marxist and always up-to-date academic jargon — with these "right ideas."

Pacifism in the Pacific

The queen of these ideas is peace. Indeed, because the ultimate end of politics is to realize the dream of world peace, the radical constantly urges his country to assume moral leadership of the peace movement. The immediate problem is to bring the dream to fruition. In the Marxist prescription for realizing ideals, man does not merely stand on tiptoe waiting for the "fullness of time" but must work for the coming of the new age. Despite this prescription, the radical plan of action is less Marxian than Confucian in that it assumes the ethical leadership (as opposed to the physical participation) of an intellectual elite (as opposed to a disciplined proletariat). But Marxism and Confucianism converge at the point the program begins: with fundamental changes in man himself, particularly in his political consciousness. Only when man is changed can one proceed to blueprints for new laws and institutions. But even before humans can be changed the radical must convince people of two facts: that the time is ripe for a revolution in personal values and that creation of a new man must precede both creation of a new society and establishment of peace on earth.

To convince his countrymen, the radical constantly harps on the evils of the status quo, which his conservative opponents seem so ardent to maintain. He bases his criticisms on what is ideally right and just. And of course, peace is that which is most right. Here his idealism melds with pacifism, and he demands an end to America's military presence in East Asia as the initial requirement for peace. This presence is particularly galling to him because the United States ostensibly supports ideals like freedom of expression, agreements instead of arms or threats "as a means of settling international disputes," and peaceful coexistence. None the less, she quickly betrayed each of these ideals when it suited her purposes to do so. She ignored freedom of speech when she conducted a Red Purge in Japan during the late 1940s and early 1950s. She insisted that Japan disarm. She has been waging a "dirty war" against the Vietnamese. To the idealistic pacifist, few evils are greater than hypocrisy. But idealism compels the radical to go beyond urging peace as a mere ideal. Not only is peace an absolute value, but because the Japanese alone have experienced atomic bombing and have an anti-war Constitution, Japan of all nations must bear the moral imperative to lead the world peace movement. One means of attacking the status quo is thus to urge people to accept this imperative and to prod the government to put it into practice.

The radical's logic owes perhaps as much to Confucius as to Kant, Hegel or Marx. Before Japan can assume leadership of the peace movement, she must be totally committed to the pacifist ideal. Total commitment means incarnating the ideal, which means absolute denial of power politics and arms. Obviously, total commitment assumes not only that Japan disarm but that she dissociate herself from militant diplomacy, whether practiced by the communist bloc or America. Dissociation implies making the moral decision to withdraw from Washington's anticommunist treaty network. Hence, following the footsteps of the ancient Chinese chun-tzu, the modern Japanese radical believes that his nation can acquire the right to lead only with the might of righteousness, and that this right — a result of moral rather than material superiority — is won by men armed with ideals, not with IBMs. In an age of overkill, has any dared suggest a bolder means to achieve world peace?

Ironically, the peace Constitution provided by U.S. Occupation forces has lent powerful support to the concepts of unarmed neutrality and pacifism. If we fail to understand this rather obvious fact, we will find it difficult to evaluate the antipathy which Japanese intellectuals harbor against Washington's aggressive policies in Asia. The Preamble to the 1947 "MacArthur Constitution" expresses the pacificist ideal as follows:

We, the Japanese people, desire peace for all time and are deeply conscious of the high ideals controlling human relationship[sic], and we have determined to preserve our security and existence, trusting in the justice and faith of the peace-loving peoples of the world. We desire to occupy an honored place in an international society striving for the preservation of peace, and the banishment of tyranny and slavery, oppression and intolerance for all time from the earth. We recognize that all peoples of the world have the right to live in peace, free from fear and want.

Such rhetoric is more idealistic than anything suggested in the composite statement which opened this essay. And Article 9, rooted in the ideals of the Preamble, provides ample sanction for the radical's stress on unarmed neutrality:

Aspiring sincerely to an international peace based on justice and order, the Japanese people forever renounce war as a sovereign right of the nation and the threat or use of force as a means of settling international disputes.

In order to accomplish the aim of the preceding paragraph, land, sea, and air forces, as well as other war potential, will never be maintained. The right of belligerency of the state will not be recognized.

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There is considerable doubt as to what constitutes “war potential.” Yet American Occupation authorities did not hesitate to order the Japanese government in July, 1950 (shortly after the outbreak of war in Korea), “to establish a para-military force, the National Police Reserve, which . . . in 1954 (became) the present Self Defense Forces . . . .” These forces cost Japan only 0.79% of her gross national product (1.71 billion dollars in 1970), and still their cost ranks them among the top dozen military establishments in the world. The Self Defense Forces Law prevents their dispatch overseas for whatever reason and limits their domestic use to resisting invasion by hostile elements.

The radical is convinced, however, that LDP leaders wish to change this law after revising Article 9 (on which it is based) so that Japan might enter the lists of international power politics. Each American politician or general who demands that Japan rearm and play a more active role in “keeping Asia free from communism” arouses the ire of idealistic radicals, who interpret these demands as attempts to keep Asia open for American economic penetration. To the radical’s way of thinking, rearmament prevents Japan from generating the moral superiority demanded of a nation “trustin the justice and faith of the peace-loving peoples of the world” and “striving for the preservation of peace.”

The Japanized Marx of National Pride

The statement quoted at the outset of this article reflects more than the radical’s strong political idealism and dedication to peace. It reveals a profound desire that Japan become a sovereign nation and act in her own rather than in America’s self interests. The radical joins most of his compatriots in wishing to rip the “made-in-Washington” label from Tokyo’s foreign policy. Since 1960 he has become more and more upset by LDP leaders who, presumably for economic advantage, readily surrender initiative in foreign policy to the Pentagon, thus compromising not only Japan’s national integrity but her opportunity for independent action and leadership of the peace movement.

Rising concern to pursue Japan’s self-interest is, of course, to be expected among conservatives, particularly businessmen involved in economic nationalism. But radical students and intellectuals critical of Marxism advocate with equal fervor that more attention be paid to national interests. Student demands reflect the same solicitude for security and world leadership discernible in the composite statement. That is one reason for their vitriolic attack on leaders among socialist and communist forces in Japan, all of whom they regard as having betrayed national interests. Students claim that progressive leaders have become Establishment, and that the so-called vanguard parties have switched their focus from fomenting revolution to maintaining their personal interests.

Intellectuals critical of Marxism have developed a somewhat similar viewpoint. Among other issues, they criticize Marxism’s attention to abstract theories and stress on universals, the rigid dogmatism of “dialectical theology,” etc. All who wish to Japanize what they regard as an essentially European distortion of Marx’s thought say that in Japan one must rather stress the humanistic ideals, and pay attention to the problems of alienation, which Karl Marx dealt with in his Economic and Philosophical Manuscripts (1844). Exegesis of the remaining Marxist canon should be done in light of that work. In applying these ideals to Japanese society, the proper hermeneutical approach must take into account the excessive impotence Japanese have always felt in the face of institutions and authority, and the fact that Marxism itself has retreated from its original commitment to help common men translate dreams for justice into social action. In a word, there is rising concern to adapt theory and practice to the Japanese scene. That is, incidentally, why radicals in Japan attach great import to China’s revolution and Mao Tse-tung’s attempts to indigenize Marxism-Leninism.

Aside from national pride, what lies at the core of the radical’s insistence on taking the Japanese scene into account is the need to confront traditional attitudes toward authority and the group. Japanese social history over the past three centuries is largely a record of how individuals have been subordinated to the needs of the organism. Japan’s family system, which through the twentieth century has functioned to guarantee that subordination, was officially abolished in 1947. But rights in the Civil Code percolate into day-to-day family life only at a drip-by-drip rate. Intellectuals therefore continue to feel genuine anxiety that the family, or groups based on familial patterns, may continue to submerge the individual.

Paradoxically, intellectuals who compulsively and ritualistically talk of individualism are among the most avid conformers to in-group norms and ideals. Their real dilemma, the need for identity, is accurately reflected in literature, where more than one author pictures “the puny ‘I’ buffeted about by that callous colossus — the family system — which twists its chains about the individual . . . and cuts into him when he struggles for his freedom.” It seems ironic that the pervading tendency in Japan toward vertical orientation turns even “individualistic” intellectuals into pater familias types who talk abstractly of autonomy but operate concretely in terms of polity-centered aims and an elite authoritarianism.

Nationalism expresses itself in the need to assert typically Japanese solutions to domestic and diplomatic problems. On the domestic scene, the radical hopes somehow — he is never sure how and avoids offering specific formulae — to prevent the patriarchal model from permeating and dominating every organization, even those seeking to create “new men” liberated from a vertical orientation. Here is where domestic problems
blend into the diplomatic arena, for the radical is convinced that to make Japan more democratic and to assure Japan a position of world leadership, he has an "obligation to recreate Japanese society." It is a standard pattern in modern Japanese history. Frustrated in gaining individual aims, radicals have usually turned to national aims. Thus the mental and emotional atmosphere of the Japanese radical is nourished in an environment where idealism and pacifism combine with the demand for neutralism as the easiest means by which to validate national superiority.

The Influences of Impotence and Irresponsibility

Idealism, pacifism, and nationalism are three values informing the mind-set of the radical. But since these values are, in a sense, options to which an intellectual may or may not commit himself, we must understand the internal factors or psychological "catalysts" most likely to influence his commitment. We shall consider two such factors which, interacting with and intensifying the values described above, characterize "those subconscious strata which are decisive for thought and action."

The first factor is impotence. The Japanese progressive intellectual is constantly frustrated. On the one hand he has the potential to influence thinking people to adopt his principles. On the other, he has been absolutely powerless, either to change the voting habits of the masses or to influence governmental decisions. True, the radical's impotence in the political realm stems in large part from his self-appointed role as a scathing critic of the "ins," and his extremely negative approach vitiates any contribution to policy making. But the Japanese intellectual is also a victim of national character. He has learned from history that active involvement in government costs his integrity, his academic standards, and his precious critical role. Once ensconced in a government job, men deficient in individuality are incapable of resisting the State or maintaining their ideals. Although they desire power more than anything, few radical intellectuals become involved in government. They know they are not immune to the pressures of Bureaucracy, that Behemoth which consumes mavericks and turns the gadfly into an ass in harness.

Denied the pleasure of seeing his suggestions acted upon, the radical's frustration grows into an overwhelming feeling of powerlessness. This feeling increases as the discrepancy between his vertical impotence (the inability to affect political decisions) and horizontal prestige (the potential to influence public opinion) increases. The chasm is further widened by his phobia for raw political action. For not only is the Japanese radical an inveterate bourgeois, he affects an antipower stance similar to that assumed by the French Left. Or, stated more positively, Japanese progressive intellectuals prefer to define their "action" in terms of writing, teaching, and talking. Hence they are not likely to become involved in active confrontation with the riot police, stand at barricades, or demonstrate against the "tyranny and oppression" they so eloquently denounce in their writings. They are too busy composing essays that justify the necessity of confrontation, barricades, and demonstrations.

The second factor is irresponsibility. Ardent idealism, high-sounding phrases, and a surfeit of academic cant are poor substitutes for a record of success and a feeling of power. The more impotent the radical feels, the more ardent his idealism becomes. Cynics who have only talked about the need for change, but who have neither experienced "the bitterness of success" in political office nor felt obliged to discharge their civic duties in a practical way, cannot be expected to act, talk, or write responsibly.

Actually, what can men who have been made "conscious of (their) elite status and social responsibility" since student days do but insulate themselves from that which they cannot change? By either ignoring reality or suggesting preposterous alternatives to it, the radical manages to concoct his own definition of what is real, all the while bristling with caustic malevolence toward any who dare suggest that politics is the "art of the possible." To the idealist, pragmatic politics are ipso facto immoral politics. Retreat into idealism, accelerated by inability to influence government policies, forces the radical further and further from the very reality he aspires to change. As a consequence, the more he retreats from reality, the less likelihood remains that he might change it. And the greater his frustration at not changing it, the more irresponsible his rhetoric becomes. Thus do feelings of impotence prevent development of a sense of responsibility and at the same time, interact with the radical's values in such a way as to intensify his commitment to idealism and pacifism.

This pattern of interaction is one reason why a Don Quixote flavor seems to permeate the academic community in Japan. The radical has apparently become so accustomed to political emasculation that he no longer questions his indulgence in the fantasy that jousting with every windmill constitutes a genuine contribution to the well-being of his nation. Infected with Walter Mitty-like dreams of power, and believing that one day he can doff his Clark Kent identity and become Superman, the Japanese radical is not aware that he is more a "superfluous hero" than a potential Messiah. While he finds his society much too much to cope with, he nevertheless insists on being remembered as a pure idealist: a man who at least dreams the right dreams and tilts with the right windmills.
with the man in the street, or why—in determining to remain an intellectual aristocrat—he is no match for the conservative’s hard-headed, practical, readily-comprehended, and eminently successful approach.

What Is Left for Japanese Radicals

If we understand only this much of the radical’s psychology, we will know why he is not likely to adjust to compromises or listen to reasoned arguments not based on his principles. Not only is he a fervent and dedicated meliorist, he is an “abstract revolutionary”—abstract because the only revolutionary activity he participates in is spilling the blood of his pen or fighting at the barricades of editorial deadlines. As long as he adheres to his ideals, and as long as his ideals make him feel impotent, the Japanese radical, young or old, will continue to revile the ruling LDP clique, American presence in Japan, and the Pentagon’s China-containment strategy. During the coming decade we may in fact count on steady pressure to force the Japanese government to dissociate itself from America’s anticommunist collective security arrangements. Radical pressures are more likely to increase than decrease because Japan will be assuming leadership in Asia, albeit via the pragmatic conservative route of continued economic growth under protection of the U. S. nuclear umbrella and with only small-scale military expenditures.

By now it should be obvious that no number of Nixon-Sato communiques (like the one on Okinawa) could really “pull the sensitive rug of sovereignty out from under” anti-American elements in Japan, as one hopeful editorial writer put it. There is no reason to hope that people with the mind-set herein described will display less animosity toward America’s presence in Japan or her policy in Asia simply because of the announcement that Okinawa will be returned to Japanese rule. We cannot anticipate a positive evaluation of what radicals take to be a compromise based on military and economic expediency dictated by the national interests of the United States. We must keep in mind a simple fact. The credo of the man who worships at the altar of idealism and pacifism assumes that having the right principles fully discharges his political responsibility and entitles him to vilify any who ascribe to different principles.

In the long run, it may not be unreasonable to look for a relative mellowing of the radical’s posture provided the LDP is forced to share power with the socialists and provided Japan maintains sufficient political stability and economic growth to prevent extremists from having their day. Though in some ways these conditions may seem self-contradictory, it would be to the advantage of our government to work actively to achieve them both. In the short run, however, radicals will continue attacking LDP and American policies as long as conditions giving rise to attacks remain unchanged. And, as we might well imagine, it will be extremely difficult to change that which is deeply rooted in Japanese social structure, in culturally-conditioned roles expected of the intellectual, in a yet-to-be developed sense of political responsibility among Japanese of whatever persuasion, and in the radical’s profound commitment to idealism and pacifism.

It seems, therefore, that only the uninformed would hope that a minor political decision made in Washington might have major repercussions on endemic cultural problems in Japan, or that compromises made within the balance-of-power defense assumptions of Pentagon militarists might in any way induce Japanese radicals to alter their posture or attenuate their opposition. Nothing short of fundamental changes in primary conservative attitudes and principles could possibly make a significant impact on the progressive forces’ hostility to the U.S.-Japan security treaty and American activities in East Asia. The mere fact that these forces realize that they are unable at this point in history to change the course of affairs increases not only the tenacity of their noble idealism but the totality of their curried “oppositionism.”

Like King Lear, Japanese radicals fearlessly negotiate the continuum between selfless majesty and self-righteous foolishness, thereby depriving their country of a consensus on the vital issue of national security. Lacking a consensus on defense, Japan’s vulnerability ironically precludes her withdrawal from the protection which America’s nuclear umbrella affords.

FOOTNOTES

3. The single exception is the nine-month reign of socialist Tetsu Katayama’s Cabinet from May 24, 1947, to March 10, 1948.
From the Chapel

Down, Up Ahead, and On Our Side

By PAUL T. HEYNE

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"My Experience of God" is not at all a good title for what I shall say, because I am not aware of ever having had an experience of God. I have the same kind of trouble experiencing God that a fish must have experiencing water. If God, as St. Paul once suggested, quoting the Greek poet Epimenides, is the One in whom we live and move and have our being, then it ought to be extremely difficult to experience Him. What you experience continuously and pervasively, you do not experience. That is, you're not aware of it. Like the hat on your head if you always wear a hat. Or like your own body, which you don't seem to experience at all (until you get an ache somewhere). You just aren't aware of your eyes when you're seeing.

So I can't really talk about my experience of God, because to do so I would have to talk about everything. And I haven't been given that much time. Instead I shall talk about my concept of God, in the manner, I am afraid, of most professors, who when asked to discuss something specific, drift irresistibly off into concepts. But I don't mean to retreat to professorial abstractions. My concept of God refers to the way I think about Him, and talk about Him on those rare occasions when someone makes the request, or I find myself compelled to mention Him.

Now the first thing that is very clear to me is that all of our thinking and talking about God is symbol-

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ic. Because God is in fact nothing less than the One in whom all things live and move and have their being. God just is not like anything else. And if He is not like anything else, we cannot conceive of Him. And we surely cannot talk about Him. Not in the ordinary, literal way that we talk about other matters. I can talk about a collie because I have seen collies and have also seen many things that were not collies. A collie is about so high and so long, and lots of the things we daily experience have length and height; so you and I both know what I mean. I might even be able to point to a collie, or point to a beagle and explain how a collie differs.

But I cannot do this with God. I cannot point to Him, put Him in a class with other things we've all known, or indicate His measurements. I have no choice but to think in symbols and to talk of God symbolically. Because my language about God is all symbolic doesn't mean that God isn't real. It means that God is the most real thing, that reality is so much a part of Him that I cannot back away far enough to describe Him. That's why I am compelled to use symbols or metaphorical language in talking about God.

As we all are. Though we don't always recognize it as clearly as we should. We sometimes pretend that our language about God is to be understood literally. But it's always and necessarily symbolic. Father, Triune, Creator. All these are symbols. They are attempts to use what we have experienced in the ordinary way to point toward a reality that eludes literal description.

What symbols mean a great deal to me? Let me tell you about a few.

God is not up. He's down. Not up in the sky somewhere; over the rainbow; beyond the blue horizon. But the foundation, the ground of everything; Hé is where we stand. We are rooted in Him. That is the way I am compelled to think of God.

It may make a difference whether we think of God as up or down. If He is up, then He seems to be far away. Someone with whom we can barely get in contact. Someone who hides from us most of the time and only shows Himself if we look through a sufficiently powerful telescope. Or point our telescope in precisely the right direction.

If He is down, then He is a God at hand and not far off. A very present Help in time of trouble (and also in each moment of joy). Before we call, He has answered. If He is down, then it makes sense to say that in Him we live and move and have our being. Then to stand and argue about whether God exists is to stand and argue about whether we're standing and arguing.

But metaphors should not be taken literally. And above all I am not criticizing those who find the up metaphor meaningful.

**Metaphors, Metaphysics, and the Heard Meanings of Messages**

There is a second metaphor toward which I find myself strongly drawn. In some ways it contradicts the first one. But not really. Symbols don't conflict so much as they complement. They cooperate when they're working properly. They add more. One symbol fills in what another symbol neglects. The second one is harder to state. Let me put it this way.

God is not back there. He is up ahead. What do I mean by that?

We have gotten into the habit of thinking about God as the One who started it all, gave it the big push, way back when. God is the First Cause. But when I think of Him as the Causer, the One in the past, He tends to take on for me the dimensions of the Grand Puppet Master. The One who wrote the whole script so that everything which happens works out the way it does because of the original blueprints. On this view we all take on the appearance of puppets. Nothing we do really makes a difference. And surely it makes no difference whatsoever to God. He is the Unmoved Mover. The Cause who is Himself totally unaffected.

I cannot think of Him in that way. He is rather the One up ahead. The Companion in the lead. The Lure, the Goal, the Reason why rather than the Cause. The One who attracts us but does not push us. Who opens up possibilities but does not force us to choose. God is indeed affected by what we become. Because He is up ahead He absorbs what we are. He indeed suffers for our sins. He is the One who takes into Himself what we become and thereby provides the courage to go on becoming, to keep growing, moving, evolving, transforming the world rather than conforming to what already is.

One more symbol. God is grace. An old-fashioned symbol. A very Biblical symbol. Even a highly Lutheran symbol. But again not one that is really lived with, I think; not even by old-fashioned Biblical Lutherans.

We think of God as the Judge. The Keeper of the books. The One to whom we must give account. The Maker of the rules. The Taskmaster.

But it seems to me that He demands nothing that He does not first provide. His word to us is strength. Forgiveness. Don't fret it. He roots for us more enthusiastically that we are able to root for ourselves. He is more on our side than we are.

We do not make it because we have toed the mark. Or struggled valiantly. Or done our best. Every good accomplishment contains as an integral part of itself an unspoken word of thanksgiving for the power out of which it grew, in which it is rooted.

When we think differently, and behave as if this were not so, our very paralysis and floundering proves that it is so. When God is regarded as the One who
demands instead of the One who provides, it is our own anxious self which inevitably turns out to be the demander, and the demands which we impose upon ourselves seem much more intimately related to our neurotic needs than to the noble purposes which we claim to be serving.

For God is grace. And He is hidden from us unless we are looking for Him in the grace which we receive.

But is all of this evangelical? Or is it merely metaphysical? It is metaphysical, without a doubt. And the Gospel is not a system of metaphysics, just as a system of metaphysics cannot do the work of the Gospel.

Yet the Gospel is never proclaimed except to people who have some metaphysical system, some set of presuppositions or reasoned conclusions about the ways things are and the way they relate. The Gospel is an announcement concerning the work of God on our behalf. But it will unavoidably be interpreted by each hearer in the light of the presuppositions which he entertains concerning the nature of God and the world.

I am not trying to suggest that everyone must get his metaphysics straight before he can hear the Gospel. That would be an unrealistic and even presumptuous demand. I am not even sure that a person ever formulates a metaphysics without drawing upon some revelatory word. In my own case I am quite certain this has not occurred. The symbols which I find most meaningful became meaningful for me in experience, and a very large portion of that experience was shaped by the Christian Gospel.

What occurs, I think, is that we experience a continuing dialectic among all the elements of our experience, so that how we view the world is in part a response to the revelatory word we have heard. But what we actually hear, how that word is interpreted by those who have ears to hear, is conditioned by our view of the world.

I have come increasingly to wonder about just what is heard from our pulpits today. Not about what is said. About what is heard. About the understanding or insight that finally reaches the soul after traditional words have passed through the filters of everyday twentieth-century-urban-industrial-technological metaphysics. I have wondered what we mean by God, and whether what we typically presuppose about God is consistent with our own experience. I have increasingly come to doubt that it is compatible with the dominant Biblical metaphors concerning God.

If all of this strikes you as too low key for an occasion to speak about "My Experience of God," I apologize. I cannot even compose a peroration so that the proper note could at least be struck in conclusion. Perhaps you will pardon these words on the ground that this kind of discourse may be allowed an occasional hearing.

Music

**Let Him Who Would Be Greatest...**

By WILLIAM F. EIFRIG, JR.

Discussions about church music today perhaps find an audience only among those few musicians with pretensions to literacy. The layman prefers to have his music on Sundays without argument. Let the organist get on with the hymn without explanations or instructions. The agnostic puzzles over the energy expended on a topic irrelevant to the Now Generation and on the peripheries of modern artistic thought. Even the musicians seem to weary of the debates over the correct usages of the Amen and the right time to cantata. They frequently are discovered in the battle carrying the banners more out of a sense of professional obligation than of conviction.

The mail this past academic year to the music editor of The Cresset would bear out such an assertion. There was not one letter of response to the series of guest columns which addressed itself to matters of music in the church. We could posit the existence of a silent majority of churchmen, but it is a shaky hypothesis.

It would be a mistake to fault the articles for lack of ideas or importance. Each writer presented the fruits of his experience seriously and deliberately. They were voices worth hearing. A study of other journals taking up the concerns of music in the service of the church leads to the same conclusion. More and more professional church musicians publish material that is worthwhile, of sound intellectual quality, and apropos, but the professionals are read by other professionals and what discussion there is seems prejudiced and the conclusions foregone. It is professionalism that must be held responsible for the general indifference toward discussions of ecclesiastical music.

There was a time when the musician in a church, though he may have been ignorant of much history and literature, knew with affection the power of music upon the human spirit and the values of the appropriate hymn tune or choral anthem. The repertoire of the choir was limited and the favorite hymns of the congregation of one sort only, but music worked in that church as a powerful force in its life.

The reaction against all things Romantic after the
First World War — that self-conscious attempt at the re-creation of self — taught us that sentiment had led us into excesses in church music also. The great accomplishments of musicological research opened treasuries of musical literature. We became concerned with historical objectivity and determined value in church music according to approved lists of repertoire. An appeal was made to return to the music of some bygone age and the church would be reinvigorated.

**Seeing**

*Complacencies of the peignoir, and late*
*Coffee and oranges in a sunny chair,*
*And the green freedom of a cockatoo*
*Upon a rug mingle to dissipate*
*The holy hush of ancient sacrifice.*

She dreams a little....

S: It goes on like that for 120 lines. I counted them. I know we’re not supposed to ask this question, but why are we reading it?
T: Why aren’t you supposed to ask?
S: Well, because it’s probably a really famous poem, and all that.
T: Some intelligent people say it’s the greatest poem of the twentieth century.
S: It may be a great poem, but I don’t even see what’s going on when I read it.
T: What do your roommates think of it?
S: They don’t know what the hell is going on either.
T: How about your parents?
S: They never heard of Wallace Stevens in their life. Or Janis Joplin either. Or Harvey Cox.
T: They don’t object to you knowing about them?
S: My mother thinks that studying poetry takes some of the rough edges off of you, and my father thinks that in the religion department we study about God. He sells insurance, but he still thinks religion is a good thing.
T: What happens when you explain what you really do?
S: Well, we don’t talk about it very often, maybe because half the time I actually don’t know what the hell I really am doing. I don’t really see this poem, to be honest. I mean, some people say it’s the greatest, but there’s just this woman sitting there dreaming.
T: Not as interesting as Janis Joplin up there on stage singing and moving around and getting you all excited?
S: No comparison. Look at the date on that poem: 1915.
T: That was before McLuhan.
S: I’ve heard of him. I tried to explain to my parents about writing being obsolete and all that. That’s what I mean about Janis Joplin. She’s really there, and not putting you on with all of this abstract argument and these long words. Look at the rest of this poem: catastrophe, sepulchre, elations, chimera, serafin, ambiguous undulations. I can’t even pronounce some of those things.
T: Why doesn’t a poet just say what he means, without being fancy about it?
S: That’s my point. That’s really what I think I’m trying to say. But I thought you would think I was just being anti-intellectual.
T: Why doesn’t Janis Joplin just come out and say it, instead of singing, you know? Why doesn’t she just come down in the audience and pick out somebody and say, hey, I want to go to bed with you?
S: Oh, come on. I mean, it’s a performance. She’s giving a performance. People are paying to see her sing and gyrate around up there.
T: She’s really sincere, and at the same time she’s performing? Can you have it both ways?
S: Well, I think you do, now that you put it that way. I mean, she’s being honest and singing about how she feels, but at the same time she’s paid to put on an hour-and-a-half performance.
T: That’s about the usual length of a rock concert?
S: Well, you could add a 20-minute intermission. And she’ll come back and do one, maybe two, encores. All these concerts have a pretty definite format—Sly and the Family Stone, The Band, and so forth. You should know—I’ve seen you at some of those.
T: What about this poem?
S: Format, you mean? I guess it does. I noticed that those 120 lines divide up pretty neatly. He even numbers the stanzas one through eight. No rhyme though, I noticed.
T: The lines all look about the same length, though.
S: She SAYS, "But IN con TENT ment I still FEEL The NEED of SOME im PER ish A ble BLISS."

The Cresset
morrow electronic "worship experiences." Those who labored to inculcate dependence upon musical style in ordering music in the church are appalled to find their students choosing norms radically different from those preferred earlier.

The remarkable vitality of musical amateurism in the church today is in large measure the expression of congregational impatience with the tyranny of the professional musician. And, my colleagues, if your expert words elicit no response, it may be that professional preoccupation with styles and forms and philosophy and theory made you appear as an instructor rather than a servant.

The amateur must, of course, be taught that it is wrong to knowingly offer blemished gifts at the altar; the professional, however, will teach only when he is willing to sacrifice his knowledge and skill in the service of God and His people.

By CHARLES VANDERSEE

S: Well, I was just thinking. You know, when she goes on to talk about paradise, which would be this kind of "imperishable bliss" that she wants—well, you know, that is really not too farfetched.

T: You must be reading something besides Harvey Cox in your religion class.

S: No, I mean really. These scientists at about Christmas time last year were talking in the newspaper about how we only have about thirty years left before we all die of pollution. It starts you thinking about what's left—I mean, is there any sort of paradise afterward, since we've already screwed up the whole earth?

T: What does this woman think?

S: I didn't get to the end. Is she really thinking about that? I mean, I just wouldn't have expected that she was going to talk about that. I mean, I just wouldn't have expected that she was going very far into that.

T: She has this tremendous vocabulary, you said. Maybe she also knows how to think.

S: It would follow, wouldn't it? But I saw those pigeons at the end and didn't think that was very promising.

T: I think you might be interested in the end.

S: This could be. You figure it might be worth going back to?

T: Well, I don't know. He was just an insurance man, Stevens was.

S: Wallace Stevens, who wrote this poem?

T: He was vice-president of a Hartford insurance firm. I said that in class the other day.

S: I just can't believe it. That's really weird. He uses all those words and thinks about paradise, and at the same time runs an insurance company. I may definitely go back to that poem. My dad might even be interested in that.

T: Well, you could try it. It sounds like it relates to a lot of things that are on your mind, or maybe even a lot of people's minds. I notice that pretty often about poems.

June, 1970
In Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, Antony is tragically caught between the two opposing worlds of Rome and Egypt. The world of Rome, symbolized in the figure of Octavius Caesar, is a world of honor, duty, politics, war, and traditionally accepted values. The world of Egypt, symbolized by Cleopatra, is a world of love, passion, idleness, pleasure, and indulgence. These worlds are so different, so contrary, so antipodal, that affirmation of the values in one world cancels out the values in the other. Love/war, duty/idleness, honor/indulgence are at opposite poles. For both Octavius and Cleopatra this poses no problem: each is totally and unswervingly committed to his own world. Clearly seen throughout the play, this is forcefully demonstrated in Act V when Octavius' duplicity is pitted against Cleopatra's duplicity.*

Antony, however, is split in his commitments. At one moment he is all for the world of Egypt; at the next, he is all for the world of Rome. His whole being, his very identity is torn between these two equally valid yet inseparably irreconcilable world views. It is precisely this double vision which Lionel Trilling in his book *The Liberal Imagination* defines as the essence of tragedy:

Yet it would seem that a true knowledge of society comprehends the reality of the social forces it presumes to study and is aware of contradictions and consequences; it knows that sometimes society offers an opposition of motives in which the antagonists are in such a balance of authority and appeal that a man who so wholly perceives them as to embody them in his very being cannot choose between them and is therefore destroyed. This is known as tragedy. ¹

Antony, fully comprehending the opposite worlds of Rome and Egypt, struggling with the deliquescent vision of reality before him, loses all sense of identity and is tragically destroyed.

The first scene of the play provides us with two views of Antony. Either he is, as Philo says, "transformed/Into a strumpet's fool" (I. i. 12-13)¹ or as Antony himself says of his love for Cleopatra, "We stand up peerless" (I. i. 40). In this first scene, Antony is totally committed to the world of Egypt. Intoxicated in his romantic love for Cleopatra, he has the transcendent vision of reality which allows him to say,

> Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space, Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike Feeds beast as man. The nobleness of life Is to do thus (I. i. 33-37).

Yet, in the very next scene, after Enobarbus revealingly mistakes the Queen for Antony, Antony, with equal commitment to the world of Rome, realizes,

> These strong Egyptian fetters I must break Or lose myself in dotage.

I must from this enchanting queen break off:

Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know, My idleness doth hatch (I. ii. 129-131).

Just as he recognizes that the business his wife has opened up in Rome cannot endure his absence, so too does Enobarbus remind him "the business you have broached here/cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode" (I. ii. 175-177). Antony is in "such a balance of authority and appeal" that his very identity contradicts itself; he becomes Antony and not Antony at one and the same time. Philo says of him: "sometimes, when he is not Antony/He comes too short of that great property/Which still should go with Antony" (I. i. 57-59). After Antony loses the first sea battle by following Cleopatra in withdrawal, Canidius comments, "Had our general/Been what he knew himself [that is, had he been his true self — and he knew what that was], it had gone well" (III. x. 25-26). When Cleopatra asks if Antony or she was in fault for that defeat, Enobarbus responds, "Antony only, that would make his will/Lord of his reason" (III. xiii. 4-5). Even to Cleopatra, Antony is not whole: "Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,/The other way's a Mars" (II. v. 105). Such an internal rift, with one side warring against the other side, is ultimately destructive. Significantly, Antony is destroyed by Antony:

> Antony
Not Caesar's valor hath o'erthrown Antony, But Antony's hath triumphed on itself. Cleopatra. So it should be, that none but Antony Should conquer Antony, but woe 'tis so (IV. xv. 14-17)! ¹

In this play, perhaps more so than in any other, Shakespeare has demonstrated a vision of reality that not only contains but is indeed defined by ambiguity, ambivalence, and paradox. Discussing this deliquescent quality in the reality behind the play, John F. Danby in his article on *Antony and Cleopatra* notes: "Opposites are juxtaposed, mingled, married; then from the very union which seems to promise strength dissolution flows." Every major character is depicted within contraries. Cleopatra will make "defect perfection/And, breathless, pow'r breathe forth" (II. ii. 231-232); she will be in mirth if Antony is sad, and sudden sick if he is
happy. As Octavius cries for Antony after he is dead, Agrippa comments, "And strange it is/That nature must compel us to lament/Our most persisted deeds" (V. i. 27-30).

Octavia, like "the swan's down feather/That stands upon the swell at the full tide/And neither way inclines" (III. ii. 48-50), is torn between her love for her brother, Octavius, and her love for her husband, Antony, Enobarbus dies because he had betrayed Antony whom he loves. When Menas suggests that Pompey slaughter the triumvirs while they are abroad his galley, he responds, "Being done unknown/I should have found it afterwards well done./But must condemn it now" (II. vii. 80-82). Even the populace, "Like to a vagabond flag up on the stream/Go to and back, lackeying the varying tide./To rot itself with motion" (I. iv. 45-47).

Force Entangles Itself with Strength

None but Antony, however, encompasses the depth and expanse of these contraries. Through figurative language, Antony becomes a gigantic symbol of all men in their struggle to cope with deliquescent reality. Caesar says of Antony, "You shall find there/A man who is th’abstract of all faults/That all men follow" (I. iv. 8-10). Even Antony, while addressing his troops, expresses the wish that "I could be made so many men/And all of you clapped up together in/An Antony, that I might do you service" (IV. ii. 16-18). To Cleopatra, Antony is a colossus figuratively striding the two worlds of Rome and Egypt:

His legs bestrid the ocean: his reared arm
Crested the world: his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder (V. ii. 82-86).

The internal conflict within Antony is projected a thousandfold, "as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns on a screen," and we see in the great sea battles between two halves of the world Antony struggling with two halves of himself. His internal world is wrought to a colossal scale, and the ambiguities and paradoxes in which he finds himself penetratingly involve all mankind. After losing the first sea battle by following Cleopatra, Scarus says, "I never saw an action of such shame/Experience, manhood, honor, ne'er before/Did violate so itself" (III. x. 21-23). Antony, dejected at his dishonorable defeat, at his losing "half the bulk o' th' world" (III. xi. 64), can in one breath say to Cleopatra, "O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt?" (III. xi. 51), and in the next, "Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates/All that is won and lost" (III. xi. 89-90). Resolutely asserting his identity before the second battle — "But since my lord/Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra" (III. xiii. 186-187) — Antony is almost victorious. Significantly, however, Caesar plants Antony's traitors in the front, so that "Antony may seem to spend his fury/Upon himself" (IV. v. 8-10). Though near victory in this second battle — "We have beat them to their beds" (IV. viii. 18-19) — Cleopatra's second withdrawal makes Antony lose the whole world. In his rage, Antony says, "All is lost!"

This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me:

Triple-turned whore! 'Tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee (IV. xii. 9-15).

Antony, now at war with both the world of Rome and the world of Egypt, now at war with both halves of himself, is completely drained of any concept of self. Spiritless, he says to Eros:

here I am Antony,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the Queen —
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine,
Which, whilst it was mine, had annexed unto't
A million moe, now lost—she Eros, has
Packed cards with Caesar, and false-played my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros, there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves (IV. xiv. 13-22).

Helplessly entangled within this web of deliquescent reality, Antony sees "Now all labor/Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles/Itself with strength" (IV. xiv. 47-49).

Antony's inept suicide brings us full circle to the questions raised in the beginning of the play: is he a fool or is he peerless? Are his words after falling on his sword, "How? Not dead? Not dead?" (IV. xiv. 103) pathetic or bathetic? Is his long drawn out (and even drawn up the monument) death scene noble or ignoble?

These questions are not easy to answer, for both views evanescently present themselves within the play. Yet, through Shakespeare's magnificent art, through his genuine presentation of the total complexity of all that is Antony, through his Olympian figures of speech in which all men are involved in Antony, I feel we have to see Antony, like Oedipus before him, caught in the web of himself, in the web of circumstance, in the web of fate. We think of Pompey's statement, "Well, I know not/What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face./But in my bosom shall she never come/To make my heart her vassal" (II. vi. 53-56), and we feel he is talking about Antony. We think of Enobarbus' statement, "I see men's judgments are/A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward/Do draw the inward quality after them/To suffer all alike" (III. xiii. 31-34), and we are reluctant to condemn.

Footnotes

1. Lionel Trilling, The Liberal Imagination (Garden City, N. Y., 1953), pp. 76-77
3. Trilling, p. 77.

June, 1970
The question has been asked so many times with regard to South Vietnam that one wonders whether anyone will notice it when applied to Cambodia. Nevertheless, even in the face of the boredom and apathy with which most will greet the question, it should be asked. “Why are we in Cambodia?”

Immediately, important moral and legal arguments come to mind. These are now being raised, particularly on campuses and among some members of the Foreign Relations Committee of the United States Senate. However, in the executive branch and especially in the State Department and among some academic specialists in international politics the debate is carried forward in terms of American national interest defined in terms of power. This latter approach is known as “realism” and is represented by such men as George Kennan and Hans Morgenthau among specialists in international politics. The public decision-makers, McNamara, Rusk, Rogers, Laird, and Kissinger also finally rest their justifications of policy on “realist” grounds.

It was in “realist” terms that President Nixon rationalized his decision to move into Cambodia in his speech of April 30, 1970. He said that we are moving into that country to protect American troops in South Vietnam from an enemy which has enjoyed a privileged sanctuary in Cambodia. Our purpose is to remove that sanctuary. This decision can also be criticized in a similar “realist” vein. The escalation into new territory may finally bring the Chinese into the war which would constitute an increased danger to American troops. However, at the very limited scale of involvement that Nixon announced, one can assume that his intelligence information indicated that the action would not provoke the Chinese and would hurt the war effort of the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong. Therefore, in the short-run, the preservation of American power in South Vietnam, if one accepts that goal, was served by the involvement of several thousand American troops in Cambodia.

Another “realist” consideration has been brought in by some of the President’s supporters, although it lacks official confirmation. The point made is that America’s credibility is at stake in Cambodia. It is maintained that secret pledges have been made to the enemy that his sanctuary in Cambodia will not be directly challenged if the viability of the Cambodian nation-state is not attacked by the North Vietnamese. The recently installed pro-Western government is now clearly under attack by these forces, and the United States must respond by attacking the enemy’s sanctuary along the border. If the United States does not respond, it will no longer be believed. Power is directly related to a nation’s intention to use its capabilities in the “realist” calculus. In view of this credibility consideration, “realism” again dictates American intervention in Cambodia at the scale announced by the President.

The temptation that faces American policy-makers is that this same “realism” might justify a larger involvement in Cambodia, perhaps intervention to directly protect the present Cambodian government. If prestige is a component of power, then the change of leadership which took place in Cambodia on March 18, 1970, might be interpreted as an increase in power for the United States and therefore something to be preserved. Prince Sihanouk was the most powerful figure in Cambodia since 1955. Since 1960 his nominal position has been Head of State, but this disguised his real power. He described his foreign policy position as “neutralist,” but this must be qualified by his highly unpredictable stands on specific issues. His most stable position was anti-Vietnamese and anti-Thai which usually meant that his position was anti-U.S. Although he had a difficult time with a domestic Communist movement, his neutralism often favored the position of Communist China.

The new leaders of Cambodia, General Lon Nol and Prince Sirik Matek, came to power in a coup while Prince Sihanouk was in Europe for medical treatment in March. They promised a continuation of neutralism, but were soon engaged in a more open warfare with the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong who were in their country. They have now appealed to non-Communist states for military aid and at this writing no longer maintain diplomatic relations with the Communist states. They are negotiating the resumption of normal ties with Thailand and South Vietnam. All of this adds up to a more Western-oriented government.

The gain for the United States is only illusory however, because of the very marginal hold the present leaders have on power. Their position would be about the same even if they were not threatened by the North Vietnamese. Their hold on power is based on the support of most of the 40,000-man Cambodian army, an army which is trained in engineering skills above fighting skills. Most of the peasantry seems to support the charismatic Prince Sihanouk who has said he will soon be back on Cambodian soil to overturn the present leaders. Desertion of enlisted men in the army to Si-
hanouk is also a possibility. Without intervention by an outside power on the side of the present leaders, an overthrow seems almost certain.

As we have found in Vietnam, legitimate leadership in a developing state is a very rare commodity. It requires the development of institutions which are capable of mobilizing the masses on the side of the government. The development of political parties is one way to accomplish this mobilization, a charismatic following is another, ideology is still another. Over five years of large-scale American involvement in Vietnam does not seem to have created these conditions. The “Vietnamization” of the war is simply turning over the reins of power to a reinforced military in Vietnam. Institutions with legitimacy are still to be created. There is no reason to believe that American involvement in Cambodia, against Sihanouk, could accomplish any more.

From the perspective of the “realist,” considering the costs of American involvement on behalf of the present Cambodian government, there can be no increment to American power from such an enterprise.

**Books of the Month**

**Putting on Christ in the Age of the Put-On**


This is a book I’d like to like, because Kuhns, who is the director of the Institute for Environmental Response, an educational “research and development” enterprise, has here said some things that need to be said to churchmen who are concerned about the state of media affairs in the church. (Or is it the state of church affairs in the media?) He suggests, for example, that the attempt to counter Sunday evening’s Bonanza with Sunday morning’s Lamp unto my Feet (and the rest of the “God’s Ghetto” programming) is an exercise in frustration. And more importantly, he maintains that the major task confronting the church today is to help people “become critical of the processes involved in the acceptance of images and moral explanations promoted by the media.” The church’s efforts must move toward “enabling people to break outside the entertainment milieu to recognize its shape and processes as an environment” (p. 162).

It’s a book I’d like to like also because Kuhns does a compelling analysis of some of today’s leading television programs; in fact, his analysis of ritual elements in Mission: Impossible and Laugh-In, to say nothing of television’s commercials, is nearly brilliant. One begins to believe that freedom from media manipulation depends upon one’s ability to engage in that kind of discerning criticism. In this area, too, critical thinking is required if one is to avoid ideological enslavement.

However, these admittedly important contributions to churchly analysis of the media are marred by the book’s 168 pages of frequently obfuscatory prose, of question-begging argumentation, and of just plain sloppy dictation and editing. Malinowski’s first name is not both Bronislaw (p. 34) and Branislaw (p. 83); Theodor Gasper (p. 36) and Theodor Gaster (p. 72) are not both authors of a book called Thespis; and the ecumenical rapprochement is dealt a blow of no mean proportion when Herder & Herder’s editors let slip the suggestion that “Martin Luther had to step outside the church to acknowledge the constraints of the religious milieu in the fifteenth century.” (Scholars have been stressing the merits of the young Luther. I know, but Kuhns is the first author who makes the Luther of the Turnerlebnis a teenager!)

Kuhns’ thesis, which in this case is also his assumption, is that the broadcast media (particularly television) have assumed the role and function of religion, complete with sanctuaries, high priests, myths, rituals, moral control, and magic. As a result, the church must “get with it,” quit trying to fight entertainment with religion, join the “Playtheology” movement, and then perhaps, just perhaps, survive.

But survive as what? Kuhns’ big hang-up seems to be the church’s worship. For the first and obviously major implication he wishes to draw is that ancient liturgical formulae and rituals must be replaced by new ones which acknowledge the fact that entertainment has replaced religion. The church must “become a theater, an environment for moving images and mobile, visual statement of the content of proclamation, which itself must become non-verbal, or at least more than verbal.” Therefore, says Kuhns, cut down the size of the group, set up three or four projectors, move the people around in dance or pantomime, remove the presiding priest, and above all do something about those horribly outdated symbols of bread and wine. To be sure, the latter are not “hopeless as liturgical symbols,” but “to keep the sacrifice and meal alive, the bread and wine need context—symbols drawn from contemporary experience;” and that context is to be provided on those projection screens, reflecting shots of starving children, napalmed villages, and racial strife. We may have no more sacramental unity, he admits, but at least we’ll salvage a little togetherness.

But what if I happen to move with my back to the screen at the wrong time?

The Old Folly

The publishers managed to get a blurb from the high priest of play-theology. Harvey Cox, who writes on the dust jacket: “William Kuhns . . . writes with consummate clarity about issues with which we will be dealing in theology of culture for some time.”

As for clarity, dear reader, we leave you with this sample: “Finally, however, it is the personality characteristics which come over the air that define the total personality of the political figure for the viewers. This was Lyndon Johnson’s greatest shibboleth: privately he can be charming and likable” (p. 114). Oh, yes, we must point out that in 168 pages of prose the author has indulged in the use of dashes, those punctuation marks for imprecise thinkers, on at least 373 occasions. And, as for Cox’ view of the future, we shall no doubt be dealing with these matters for some time, at least until someone puts both knowledge of the media and competence in theology together.

Still needed is a work which can view the media with something more critical than breathless enthusiasm, yet without seeing a planned and hidden meaning in what is admittedly mass entertainment. And that must be coupled with a kind of theological astuteness which can tell the difference between multi-media fun and games and the worship of the body of Christ, between new versions of the old idolatries and the Christian faith. In Kuhns’ analysis, the new fantasy of the entertainment media is still the old folly of replacing God with man as the center of worship.

DAVID TRUEMPER

June, 1970
The Ecological Exclusionists East of Eden


The author is a Presbyterian minister, but in addition to theology he demonstrates knowledge of basic ecology. In this relative­ly brief volume (162 pages) Mr. Elder examines in general terms man's traditional attitude toward nature, the theological basis for this attitude, and how this attitude relates to man's currently understood ecological role.

The intent of the author is to influence the reader to renounce the concept of the dominating nature in preference to living in harmony with nature. In an effort to clearly draw a comparison between what has been man's exploitative relationship with nature and the forced awareness of man's true relationship, two terms are introduced: inclusionists and exclusionists. The "inclusion­ists" view all life as a whole to be understood as greater than the sum of the parts with man as one of the parts. Although the inclusionists acknowledge the obvious human intellect and cultural accomplishments, they appreciate that man is not above nature but only one of many important aspects of nature. This basic philosophy and its ramifications is in contrast to the "exclusionists" who believe that man transcends nature. The latter school of thought holds that a sharp separation exists between man and his environment. This belief suggests an anthropocentric, man-centered, emphasis. In order to develop the variations on the exclusionists theory, Mr. Elder incorporates thoughts of Teilhard de Chardin, Herbert Richard­son, and Harvey Cox. It is soon obvious, however, that the author sides with the inclusion­ist doctrine, and that he has enormous respect for the Christian ecologist, Loren Eiseley.

Once the philosophies have been character­ized and the necessary comparisons made, the author examines biblical support for both the inclusionist and exclusionist viewpoints. Essentially the question discussed by the book is: "Is man so little lower than the angels that the natural order is to be a secondary consideration at best, or is he the dust and therefore inextricably tied to the rest of creation?"

Some of the support assembled by the author includes a discussion of Genesis; in par­ticular, two accounts of creation are examined. One version (Genesis 2:4) appears to emphasize man's dominance of nature; the other (Gen. 1:1-2:3), while affirming man's dominion also implies a commission not to diminish or destroy what has been previously pronounced good. The author builds a case in favor of the latter inter­pretation which is compatible with the inclusionist viewpoint. The exclusionist view of the natural world has traditionally derived support from biblical statements as found in Psalms 8: "Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of they hands; thou hast put all things under his feet." Too often the psalmist is invo­ked consciously or not as an excuse for despoiling.

The idea of dirtying one's nest and then moving on has been ingrained in Americans. moving on has been ingrained in Americans and only recently has the fallaciousness of this reasoning been grudgingly realized by the general public. The primary value of the book is that it summons biblical and the­ological evidence against the idea that man is above nature and can disobey natural law with impunity.

Mr. Elder also discusses what he discerns to be present and future trends. One of the trends he envisions is an emergence of modern asceticism in Western society which embraces restraint, an emphasis upon quality existence, and reverence for life. Another observation of Mr. Elder was that all other social institutions have abdicated responsibility for the teaching of value orientation except the church. As a moral teacher, the author feels that the church will be increas­ingly more instrumental in shifting society from its anthropocentric focus to a theocen­tric emphasis, thereby contributing to the ascetic movement.

At this point in his thesis the author be­came overly enthusiastic about the Church's influence in contemporary society in the United States, much less the planet. In my opinion the author's idealism and optimis­tic expectations clash with human nature and modern cynicism. Seemingly the man­in-the-street is more often motivated by a search for security, and social action arises more from imminent disaster than from modern asceticism.

The major criticism that I have about his publication is that since the scientific community and most informed readers have long accepted the inclusionist viewpoint, the carefully constructed opposing argu­ments of the exclusionists seem forced at times. Nevertheless, fellow inclusionists may appreciate the assembled evidence which supports their philosophy, and recalcitrant exclusionists might be moved to renounce their apparent heresy.

FREDERICK R. MEYER

Unsermons to a World Enraged by Love


John Fry is something else—something else than just another racially sensitive per­son. Something else than just another socially-oriented clergyman. John Fry is something else.

Well, he is John Fry—unique gift to our time. He has a life for his community and a prophet's message for anyone who will listen.

Like most prophets John Fry has won the cold shoulder, the sharp rebuke, and the hostile action of people who dislike his message and of course, do not like him.

The community he loves unabashedly and unrestrainedly is Woodlawn on Chica­go's southside; not the buildings and brok­en glass and litter, but the people, most of whom are black.

He has many pulpits. Some of his message filters through newspapers, TV and radio reports. And sometimes the message that finally reaches the eye and ear is a bit garbled and distorted. But the words from the pulpit of First Presbyterian Church where John Fry is pastor are unmistakably clear.

The presence of national issues has forced a reconsideration of the whole matter of greatness. A big church which makes a mighty witness is great by the new terms of greatness, as is the little church which hangs in there, even if a spider now and again can be discerned crawling around on a pew. The new terms of greatness come from action in response to these issues, not because of brilliant preaching.

On a Sunday morning a relatively small number of people come to the huge, once majestic but now somewhat tired old church building. They listen; occasionally chuck­le; are deeply moved. They are given a real message, but they have experienced a frustra­tion at realizing that such rich fare is served to so few. It is not surprising that several mem­bers of the congregation decided to put some of "John Fry's best" into a book.

In characteristic Fry style, he insists that they be called "unermons." and that the proceeds from the sale be diverted into the church's ministry. The book is intriguing. The man is intriguing.

When I finished the book I felt compelled to hear the man preach. On that Sunday I did not see any Blackstone Rangers, even though it is the championing of these young
Jane, 1970

Fry's word of contempt for Caesar's perversion of authority, serving the privileged and abusing the poor, is brisk and forthright. He thrashes the idolatry of the church with the ardor of Amos fuming at Israel. And yet he graciously cajoles and summons God's people to faithful discipleship.

"...what was revealed in the Chicago riots... The Church was not identified at all with the black poor and their momentary incendiarism but with white power and its regular... incendiarism, which it calls law and order."

"The Fire' may indeed come 'next time;' if it does it will have been brought on by the moral cowardice of white and Christian America, both unwilling and unable to make public acknowledgement of its guilt."

"There was no jubilation that the blind beggar could see in his own home town. There was an investigation, a hearing, an inquiry by authorities." "On the surface the so-called status quo looks most invincible. But underneath in the hearts of people we see that it is held together with Scotch tape, safety pins, and paper paste."

"...children perish one by one at times and in places of horribly immediate circumstance. I call you to it, to the infinitely important and revolutionary task of raising strong, forthright, healthy children, in the failing of which nothing else you might do would matter. Amen." "We shed separating masks in order to share humanity, in order to live in the same space with others, in order to have the same growing up to do toward the model of our poor King Jesus."

"The most dangerous thing you can do is love. The world isn't ready for it... the world is enraged by love. So grow up and watch out."

For those who know John Fry only through the pages of the Chicago Tribune, or through the reports of the notorious McClellan hearing, we suggest another look at this man. He is deserving of a second, thoughtful look, and of our profound respect.

St. Paul in Philippians 2:20 talks about the kind of person we see in John Fry. Welcome him in the Lord with great joy! You should hold men like him in highest honor, for his loyalty to Christ brought him very near death—he risked his life to do for me in person what distance prevented you all from doing.

KARL E. LUTZE

The Interaction of Adolescents and Authorities


Empirical studies of police-juvenile relationships are hard to come by. In this study of 10,000 students in 10 Michigan cities and over 300 police officers from the same state, Donald H. Bouma, however, has published a wealth of data on the subject. Examining the nature of the police in the community, youth attitudes toward police and law enforcement, parochial student attitudes toward the police, teachers and law enforcement, the perceptions of inner city youth concerning police officers and the problem of rioting, the author suggests many steps which might be taken to lessen the hostility between adolescents and enforcement officials.

His volume recognizes the contradictory charges of coddling of criminals and police brutality and how these contradictions reflect the problem of modern urban life. "Sociologists," Bouma suggests, "have often observed when the mores are strong, you don't need laws; but when the mores are weak, laws don't work very well." (p. 21)

Included among his data are the findings that a large majority of students think the police are "pretty nice guys," but fewer than half of the black students agree; that only 8 percent of all students and 3 percent of black students would be willing to engage in a law enforcement career; that race is the most important single factor associated with this difference in attitude toward the police; that in nearly every sphere of educational activity students thought school personnel to be less fair than the police; that parochial school students were consistently more positive in their awareness of police role and police fairness than public school students; that a greater show of force to control riots was rejected by two-thirds of the officers questioned; that the police revealed strong racist ideas; and that inner-city youth were not nearly as negative toward police as the police believed them to be.

Any solution to the problem of police and community antagonism, Bouma contends, will ultimately depend upon improving the quality of their interaction rather than identifying them in stereotyped terms. Certainly, police departments should make immediate moves to eliminate the use of emotional epithets which degrade the juvenile person. Highly prejudiced police should be reassigned to non-critical jobs. Citizen complaints should receive appropriate and honest investigation. High school age boys should be encouraged to participate in police cadet programs and to make police work their career.

Police must be better trained in the future to meet the needs that the new urban community demands. While this may become a reality through the increased professionalization of law enforcement, professionalism should not stand in the way of the officers' humanity. Only then may law enforcement begin to realize its promise for maintenance of stability and for stimulating the public to a willingness to uphold the validity of valid laws.

The main value of this volume is that it identifies the nature of the urban social control problem in terms of two often-conflicting forces—the juvenile and the police. Inasmuch as the crime problem is primarily one of their social interaction, anyone seeking to understand the place of religion in society should be aware of this volume.

RICHARD D. KNUDTEN
Educating the Future Bubbling Up through the Present


That we live in an age of electronic mass communication is obvious. Theorists and critics have inconsistently praised and damned the development of mass communications and transistorized existence. While these debates persist, the media continue to project standardized, somewhat hollow images of life. Only a few have drawn defensible conclusions as to the effects of this exploding data transmission and second-hand experiences upon the recipients. Still fewer have begun to appropriate these conclusions to specific cultural circumstances and the growth of young people.

Ross Snyder is professor of religious education at Chicago Theological Seminary and one of today's most influential Christian educators. His perceptions are syntheses of divergent exposures to theology, media, and the needs of young people. His approach to religious education, as outlined in this volume, is fresh, exciting, and essentially human. Snyder outlines opportunities for young people to participate in the creation of a world culture-and thereby to "culture" themselves with personally-significant experiences, understandings, and commitments. In so doing, he challenges the questionable tradition of educating children about "religious things."

Snyder's analysis and design rest on three organizing ideas about human interaction and youth culture: mode of communication, the lived moment, and corporate human-ness.

The first of these is a concise rehearsal of McLuhan's hypotheses, with particular comparisons to the manner in which religious institutions have often operated—namely, the careful processing of intellectualized experiences into emasculated print. Snyder undertakes the task of synthesizing available modes of communication, utilizing the strengths of each, while eliminating or minimizing their particular limitations.

The second of the organizing ideas is a strong argument for sensitive orientations to the future and a judgment on attempts to instruct youth with decaying formulas and traditions. Additionally, this second premise is a clue to Snyder's active theology. ("The nature of youth is future bubbling up through the present. Such also is the nature of Christian existence." p. 28)

The third basic concept from which Snyder develops his engaging strategies is the understanding of human life as, essentially, a corporate phenomenon. ("We become persons only with the aid of the culture available to us." p. 35) Culture grows out of the shared relationships and experiences of human beings—persons in the process of becoming. Young people need serious opportunities to undertake these personal and corporate enterprises in order to create viable, important understandings and share commitments in their experienced world.

After outlining his generic understandings and resulting strategies, Snyder develops six arenas of "the lived moment" to dramatize desirable characteristics of adequate cultural settings for youth. All six are treated in separate chapters and are followed in a subsequent section with corresponding "resource" chapters which provide illustrations and substantive ideas for the implementation of these concepts and experiences. Each of the images characterizes responses to the initial organizing ideas noted above and is aimed at facilitating the construction of honest and real resources with which young people can actualize themselves with others in an emerging world culture. They appreciate the young person's emerging identity and the realities of his interdependence with others and the complex environment.

Many churchmen will not be comfortable with the theology explicit in this volume. Snyder propels the syntheses of crucial ideas toward implementation with persons. He integrates the concepts of McLuhan, Buber, Bonhoeffer, and others as he expresses formulations and initiates proposals. In so doing, he commits himself beyond the point of rehearsing denominational rhetoric.

His volume cannot be simply read—it must be carefully studied. Snyder's invented expressions ("unindividuated mass man."). "make yourself." "to architect," etc.) are occasionally distracting but are seriously employed. His work is certainly worth wrestling through for those engaged in the tasks of religious education. It is requisite for anyone who would work with young people toward positive development rather than in systematic restatements of packaged thoughts and programmed responses.

Snyder completes an analysis, proposes plausible responses to the needs of young people, but does not detail an orderly outline solving youth programming problems. That is not his intent. His "program" is the encouragement of interaction in honest settings and inventive human contact.

WILLIAM BEILFUSS

Roaming the Outfields of Hopelessness in Hope


It was a strange uneasy feeling that carried me back to the days of the Convention of the Church Architectural Guild of America in San Francisco. Months and months of preparation had brought together exhibits from artists throughout America. Exhibit Chairman had been working on display space quite feverishly. It was, by all counts, a representative collection of what was being produced by earnest and honest artists.

The feeleness of some of the efforts and the apparent iniquities of some of the offerings showed up very sharply. But it was a convention exhibit, and since it represented American and American artists at that moment it served a very useful purpose. Fortunately this was recognized by some of the more moderate and experienced people and the exhibit went on as planned.

Why tell the story now? Perhaps the reason is only because this book, written by this wonderful lady, brings this all to mind. She headed up the committee which wanted to discount the entire exhibit and call it no contest. With peculiar consistency she has once more achieved the same thing in her present book. History could hardly have repeated itself more daringly and with a compounded futility. Any attempt to make these names (Derain, Chagall, Manzu, Picasso, Newman) which she mentions on the cover into a hymn of praise for the faithful of whatever stripe is bound to end up exactly where this book ends up—in a leaden, dead, dull thud on the attic floor.

There will be more books of this nature. The search for new forms will be dignified and blown up out of all proportions simply because of the dire poverty of the whole field of art, particularly religious art. Language used in church to describe the art of our time must be carefully manipulated in order to be able to say that it is "probing and pointing" rather than definitive. Even the choice of the five artists and their work would have to be extremely subjective. Unfortunately the choices are emphasized by contrasting them with cherished forms of art which have their own value and their own sacred character in their own age and time.

The religious symbols of another day are largely symbols of a positive faith which was based on powerful and eloquent statements of the inspired gospels themselves. Derain

The Cresset
comes off best—he seems to have found a way of making space suddenly fill up with shapes that are not vague outlines. The nearness to the strong figures in the Last Supper make you feel that a crisis is impending and that there may be a very explosive question like "Lord, is it I?" hanging in the air.

The Quiet and Urgent Christs

The rest of the book is well worth the time of the thoughtful artist and the mature Christian. Barnett Newman's fourteen Stations of the Cross begun in 1958 give you a feeling of spacelessness and timelessness which is rather strange considering the fact that they are mere lines upon canvas. Everything about them speaks of the rootlessness of faith in modern man. Without history, without tradition, without the clean base of an inspired account, he roams the outfields of hopelessness in the hope that the future may be much more fruitful than the past.

The cruel, hard lines of the Corrida "Crucifixion" by Picasso fit in rather well with his "Man with a Lamb." This is not the "Good Shepherd"—this is the hopeless man holding a struggling lamb. Nothing is relaxed and calm like the pictures we know of the "Good Shepherd" and the lamb content to be held in His arms.

Since they face one another we do well to study the two heads of Christ which appear alongside one another on pages 96 and 97. Everyone can draw his own conclusions from the paintings of the two Spaniards—one confessing acceptance, love, assurance, and quiet. The other is almost too animated, although it does give a sense of urgency to the whole matter of Christ dying for sinners. Let no one belittle the faith of good people who have given an expression of faith in modern form. But by the same token, let no one endorse by making new symbols the old symbols. We can live together with the new very well as long as we have the assurance and the pace of the old masters to balance the spring and the challenge of some works which are almost too brutal and barren to communicate with the people of faith who populate the pews of our churches all over the world.

ADALBERT R. KRETMANN

Worth Noting


In his book, The Hero as Failure, Bernard Schilling attempts to demonstrate that one of Honore de Balzac's most fascinating novels, Illusions Perdues, is a Bildungsroman—even though its hero fails to ascend the ladder of success and commits suicide.

What makes this book so interesting for us is its study of Balzac's anticipation of the twentieth century's "negative hero." Also of interest is the study of his skillfulness in avoiding the black-white technique in presenting such a hero.

Balzac's Comedie Humaine of which the Illusions Perdues is just a small portion, tries to present the aspect of society as a whole after the Napoleonic era rather than psychologically refined portraits of individuals. Lucien Chardon de Rubempre thus becomes what society makes out of him. He strives for wealth and glory and for admission to high society. While he temporarily succeeds, he realizes at last he is little more than the plaything of society.

Although Balzac was not an author like Zola, he laid groundwork for Zola's sharp social criticism. Balzac's work has two faces. One, that of the "doctor of social science" as he sometimes called himself. The other, that of the enthusiastic apologist for the royalist hierarchy and capitalist society. In the development of the character of Lucien Chardon, it is clear that Balzac was a man straddling two eras. He stands between the times, and his characters seem completely politically unaware of them.

A model case is Lucien Chardon. Despite his social ambitions, he fails to succeed not only because of his lack of persistent energy but also because of his want of insight into the political undertow of his time.

Balzac is a most successful apologist for the bourgeois class, a master in the unfolding of its ambiguous and contradictory characters. Despite his clear perception of the capitalist-feudal system's deficiencies, he is in love with it and sees no other protection against revolution than Royalty and Church.

We must ask whether Schilling is right in calling Illusions Perdues a Bildungsroman. Schilling always uses the German word Bildung for what we would translate "education." This meaning can be traced back to the beginning of the species Bildungsroman in Goethe's Wilhelm Meister. A Bildungsroman is a novel in which the hero follows either a predetermined or self-determined way.

Who determines the way? There are two main answers in today's literary criticism to that question. Georg Lukacs says: society. In Lucien Chardon's case it would be the practices of capitalist society which lead him to self-destruction. A form-artistic interpretation would see Lucien's career as a threnody on the decay of a good society in a time when materialistic prosperity begins to substitute for aesthetic ideals. In the realm of Balzac's two thousand characters, upward and downward movements in human development are constantly alternating. Seen from a Balzacian viewpoint, Illusions Perdues is no doubt a Bildungsroman in the reverse of its classical conception. Schilling's profound analysis is convincing, excellently written, and at all times stimulating.

CAROL O. PETERSEN


George Howard Bauer's professed purpose for his study, Sartre and the Artist, is to "examine Sartre's preoccupation, in his novels, plays, and critical essays, with art objects and with the existence of the artist and his creative activity." Often, however, this examination seems to substitute systematization for in-depth study of Sartre's aesthetic.

Perhaps in a way the attempt at systematization of Sartre's views on art is an accomplishment in itself. Bauer points out that Sartre has not published a systematic aesthetic. The first chapter of Bauer's book is devoted to a summary of Sartre's views on art. A major theme in Sartre's ideas is the contrast of the existence of man with the being of a work of art. Bauer illustrates this major theme in Sartre's own works.

First Bauer turns to Sartre's work in the novel and drama, particularly the book La Nausee. Here Bauer's treatment of his subject is pursued intensively and substantiated adequately from the text to illustrate how Sartre's ideas on the artist are revealed in his fiction. The arts of sculpture, the novel, and music are encountered by La Nausée's "hero" Roquentin, and through these encounters Sartre presents his own ideas of art.

The problem of the artist is again described in Sartre's novel Les Chemins de la liberite. Sartre here contrasts the artist with the man of action. Although the novel's approach is different from that of La Nausee, Bauer shows with textual support that Sartre's concern with the artist is again present.

Sartre's dramatic works are handled more cursorily by Bauer, and, consequently, the idea that Sartre used art objects as prime factors in his plays is less convincing. Still, the study of Les Mouches and Huis Clos does provide a different approach to the plays and offers suggestions for new interpretation using the texts in the light of Sartre's aesthetic.

When Bauer turns to Sartre's critical material in the second half of the book, however, the work seems to lose much of its impact. Dividing Sartre's critical writings into those concerned with sculpture, painting, poetry, and music, Bauer does little more than provide a capsule summary of what Sartre has written about various artists. While such short (four to six pages) sections may provide a useful compendium of Sartre's thinking about various artists, the last half of the book sometimes serves to fragment Sartre's ideas rather than unify them.

Professor Bauer would probably have done better to concentrate on a few of Sartre's works rather than to pack so much of his writings into confines too narrow for Sartre's ideas.

KATHY PIEHL
I desire to press in my arms the loveliness which has not yet come into the world.

James Joyce

To find nature herself, all of her likenesses must be shattered.

Meister Eckhart

By rendering the invisible through systems consciousness, we are beginning to accept responsibility for the well-being and continued existence of life upon the earth.

Jack Burnham

A programmed luminous structure floating in Boston Harbor, animating water and sky would welcome the visitors arriving by sea and air and at the same time give the inhabitants of the city a truly twentieth century reminder that in spite of all our man-made wonders, nature, the sea, and sky are still with us.

Gyorgy Kepes

The fascinating flames of a campfire, the brilliant blends of a sunset, the sublime color showers of the aurora borealis, and those equally rare light phenomena, the crystal clear, squeaky clean, sunny June days are deeply satisfying. Sunlight, moonlight, starlight, arc light, fireworks light, incandescent light, fluorescent light, neon light all are alive with elemental visual energy. Clearly light could be a basic, exciting art medium; could be, because light's potentials and promise for art are still waiting to be realized.

Supporting such a view, Jack Burnham, author of Beyond Modern Sculpture, sees the development of twentieth century sculpture as shifting from the creation of unique, isolated objects to the establishment of aesthetic systems which organically interact with the systems of nature and the activities of man. Moving light, with its reflections, refractions, and direct projections, can fuse with and modulate an environment. The art work and the spectator can be in the same space.

In his overview of twentieth century sculpture Burnham finds the first half of the century dominated by two types of sculptural images, vitalist and formalist. Vitalist sculpture, such as works by Arp and Moore, are often simplified, irregular, abstract forms that evoke a sense of mystery and energy. At their best, they seem to embody a transcendent "life force", the Elan Vital as described by the philosopher Henri Bergson. However, formalist sculpture, such as work by Naum Gabo and Max Bill, typically are constructions of geometric forms arrived at through a detached analysis and ordering of three dimensional planes, masses, edges, penetrations, and spaces. The resulting images often allude to the precision and abstract perfections of mathematical science and modern technology.

In the sixties, in what seemed to be the ultimate simplification, formalist artists created works having a radical unity of shape or pattern. This "minimal art" shifted attention from issues of internal part-to-part relationships, to the ambiguities of perceiving an object's overall gestalt and an object's relationship to its surroundings. Out of minimal art has come, among other things, reduced interest in creating unique individual objects, and increased interest in creating qualitative environmental situations of organically interrelating units and systems. Albert Elsen calls this a desire for "a more pervasive formalism." To create such situational images many artists are looking to the medium of light.

Throughout his career Moholy-Nagy was concerned with conducting aesthetic research in the pure ordering of light, space, and movement. In the thirties he painted on clear plastic raised away from a white surface; in the forties he explored the shaping and molding of heated sheets of plexiglas. These materials modulated light by casting shadows, reflecting high lights, and allowing spacial penetration through their transparent surfaces. Bruce Beasley's Apolymon, the world's largest Lucite sculpture, has the irregular, tumultuous, vaguely organic form often found in vitalist sculpture. Reports say that its myriad internal reflections gulp up whatever light is in the environment. One observer said, "They have brought the ocean to Sacramento."

Both Moholy's and Beasley's works are objects that receive and modulate light. In contrast, both Flavin's and LeParc's works are light emitting and establish on different scales, coherent visual systems. LeParc's work is a three foot tall wall relief exhibiting the most liquid, mercurial, cleanly skimming lights I have ever seen. They bounced unpredictably among the arithmetically placed polished arcs. In Chicago, Flavin's fluorescent tubes were brought down from the ceiling and placed at eye level in arithmetical progressions along the wall. Stripped of any extra-art symbols ("spurious insights", though there are iconic overtones), there is nothing to do but look at the light itself. What one sees is the line of light of the standard, commercial fluorescent tube, the light of the reflections on the pan, and on the neighboring wall and floor, and the glowing light of the space in general. When the looking was done, the soft, unified golden atmosphere suggested itself as a marvelous place for contemplation.

The scale of John Ward's work (front and inside cover) approaches an environmental level. It neither takes over or separates itself from the non-art world. Instead it joins it. I asked John why he didn't light up the windows. He said he didn't want to use light to show something else, but to use light to make its own shape, pattern or statement as light. The outdoor work was used to help celebrate a conference.


Bruce Beasley, **APOLYMON**, 1967-1970. 8 1/2' high. 6 1/2 tons lucite acrylic. Photograph by Joanne Leonard.

June, 1970
Next to *The Threepenny Opera*, *The Rise and Fall of Mahagonny* is the culmination of Bertolt Brecht's collaboration with Kurt Weill. *Mahagonny* is an opera, and to produce and promote it as a musical is a mistake; but in a mood of self-deception this was done by Carmen Capalbo. His mounting of *Mahagonny* must be discussed in the context of Brecht's rise and possible fall in our time.

It originally was an operatic cantata consisting of the so-called "Mahagonny Songs" performed at a music festival in 1927. Perhaps it should have remained a cantata. Weill's music is very beautiful and worth preserving, while Brecht's plot and text are painfully banal. As an opera it was first produced in Leipzig in 1930. It was a scandal then, and wherever it was done later the reaction to it was negative. It was said that the bourgeois society at that time disliked being told that you can murder and get away with it when you have enough money and that the only crime for which you are eliminated by society is lack of money.

The basic theme that went into the story is rather beguiling, almost un-Brechtian: the people who buy joy for themselves, eat, drink and whore themselves to death finally find out that what they bought was no joy at all. The freedom they achieved with money was no freedom. It is a deeply religious thought to see man's worldly salvation in the purity of spirit. We cannot buy happiness and peace of mind with coins, the hero says. The final chorus walking around with posters proclaiming the chaos of society and the helplessness of man cries out: "We cannot help ourselves—or you—or any man."

Brecht has become a "holy" name to our literary generation. A virtual cult was created around his personality which was highly ambiguous in literary, ethical and political respects. He was a communist who lived in East Germany—even though more tolerated than loved by his Marxian confreres—with the protection of an Austrian passport and his money in the banks of West of Eden. He never minded picking other writers' brains. His scene designer Kaspar Neher and his composer Kurt Weill contributed more to his epic theatre concept than Brecht and history have cared to record.

As to his most popular success, *The Threepenny Opera*, Weill's score scored higher than Brecht's book. The book is freely based on John Gay's *Beggar's Opera*, and Brecht also freely borrowed Francois Villon's verses. In 1928 when Brecht wrote *The Threepen-

*The Psycherelics of Mahagonny* by Walter Sorell

But with much grass having grown over such negligible facts, those facts which remain are Brecht's pioneering work for a political, didactic, epic theatre. A handful of really good plays belong to that theatre: *Galileo, Mother Courage, The Good Woman of Setzuan*, and perhaps the comedy *Man Is Man*. Brecht also indirectly introduced the concept of a play as being a blueprint only, and some—or actually most—of his plays have that casual tone of the glorified banality of reality. The curse of much modern playwriting, namely to be satisfied with a replica of life in the form of a scenario, goes back to Brecht.

His text for *Mahagonny* is proof enough for my opinion. Four lumberjacks arriving from Alaska decide on founding the city of Mahagonny where gold-diggers and hard-working men can be exploited while buying pleasures. But everyone finds himself restricted by too many "don'ts." When a hurricane threatens Mahagonny, the opera's hero demands the abolition of all restrictions in order to achieve pure happiness through love-making, eating, drinking, fighting and gambling. The hurricane by-passes the city and in the wake of the great awakening there is despair, horror and the electric chair for our hero (Capalbo had him shot) who is acquitted of all crimes, except for being broke. Brecht's weakness for banalities and a dramatic naivety is here too obvious for comfort.

Brecht—before he came to this country—had his own notion of what America was like. It was easy to imagine and create a mythical America in the Germany of the twenties; it is difficult to accept it in America in the seventies. Capalbo had not enough faith in Brecht's script, and rightly so. He jazzed it up psychedelically with Larry Rivers' color projections and Robin Wagner's stage design. Unable to decide on whether to present us with an opera or musical, Capalbo chose a cast of three beautiful male voices of opera stature and two actresses who could not sing and were, moreover, miles removed from what Brecht thought of how an actor should act.

This production of *The Rise and Fall of Mahagonny* showed Brecht's few forties and many weaknesses more than anything else. Perhaps Capalbo has inadvertently, but vitally, contributed to the realization—which, no doubt, will grow in the seventies—that the theatrical way Brecht has shown is as obscure as Brecht's mind and heart were ambiguous.
The Brick Stops There

By DON A. AFFELDT

What is the connection between a brick thrown through a shopkeeper's window and the Indochina war?

Some argue that the connection, whatever it is, cannot be rational. I think that argument is mistaken.

Let us grant, at the outset, that individual acts of violence and destruction are deplorable. They are deplorable because those who suffer the loss involved did nothing to deserve that loss, and those who cause the loss violate crucial social norms by doing what they do. These seem to be the chief reasons for saying that trashing is wrong.

The same considerations might lead one to think that trashing is irrational. For if Shopkeeper Smith has done nothing in particular to deserve a brick through his plate-glass window, what can be the sense of thrashing him? And if one's aim is to further peace in the world, how will lawlessness and violence contribute to that end?

Trashers sometimes deny that their victims are innocent. They see their victims as representatives of "the establishment" and thus on general grounds think them worthy of violent assault. Or they see their victims as guilty of a variety of unrelated offenses, appropriate punishment for which is to be meted out by the trashers themselves, preferably on the occasion of a more noble protest. Neither of these appraisals is even faintly plausible.

The only guise under which trashing becomes rational is to be found by attending to the likely factual consequences of wholesale and indiscriminate destruction. Trashing is rational to the extent that it promotes the destruction of society.

Could any claim be more absurd? Yet it is a sign of the times that civil war seems not only possible but necessary. That civil war is possible needs no great argument; anyone who has read a paper or listened to a news broadcast in the last month must have been impressed by the shocking acts of murder and destruction which have rained on the land since Nixon's decision to invade Cambodia. That civil war is necessary is more shocking still, for it reveals the extent to which our leadership and institutions have failed to respond to both reason and to the will of the majority.

Our national leadership has always counseled the citizens of this nation to "work within the system" to effect change. For half a decade millions of Americans have done just that. Their patience is at an end, and rightly so. For what difference have their protests made? When half a million of them gathered in Washington last fall, the President in his wisdom devoted his attention to a football game. Nero, I'm told, fiddled while Rome burned; see how the level of taste in our leaders has declined through the ages.

Lately Nixon has made a great show of encouraging "dissent." Of course he is also quick to counsel that listening to what people have to say does not involve agreeing with them. Go on with your marches, your rallies, your slogans, he says; just keep it peaceful. Well, why? Partly, no doubt, because Nixon is in favor of peace and tranquility (at least as much as he is against Communism and being the Weak Man in international affairs, etc.). But mainly because peaceful protest can be ignored.

So it is Nixon who has said by his actions that war protesters must take to the streets. It is Nixon who has told the trashers that he will not be moved. It is Nixon who has indicated that nothing short of civil war will deflect him from the course of "orderly withdrawal" that he is so steadfastly pursuing (over an indefinite number of years). The trashers have risen to the challenge. If civil war is what is needed, they say, then civil war it will be.

The logic of trashing, then, is realistic and simple. Rip up enough of the country, inflame the people enough, offer up enough student bodies to the National Guard, and eventually our faithless leaders will be brought to heel. And I don't doubt that this logic tallies exactly with the facts.

This is a shocking state of affairs. Yet it is clear where the responsibility for it lies. The brick which goes through Shopkeeper Smith's plate-glass window must be passed directly to, if not thrown at, the Oval Office.

I am not suggesting that those who trash, or burn Administration Buildings, or battle police and National Guardsmen, are without blame. Far from it. These acts are disgusting and reprehensible. Yet we cannot understand what is going on about us unless we look beyond the arm of the brick-thrower, arsonist, or rioter. When we do look beyond the local villain, what we see is a National villain, a man who will risk the general welfare for misguided ends. This is a man who through stupidity and faithlessness has plunged the country into civil turmoil of epic proportions. It is he who has brought out the trashers; it is he who must pay for them.

June, 1970
I cannot speak to you of the past, for you have rejected it. I cannot speak to you of the future, for as an environmental scientist I see no future either for you or for our earth. So I must perform speak to you of the present.

How does a man live who has neither a past nor a future, neither memories nor hopes? In ancient times there was an answer: “Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die.” An advertisement for a beer brewery has offered us a more contemporary answer: “You only go around once in this world, so grab for all of the gusto you can get.” These are answers which many of your generation have found if not wholly satisfying at least acceptable. If I hear you correctly, many of you are saying that if fiddling is your thing, by all means fiddle away even though Rome may be burning to ashes around you.

By way of parenthesis, I might say that fiddling is at least a more harmless pastime than is spreading gasoline in the way of the advancing flames, as some of you have chosen to do with talk and acts of revolution—the cheap grandstanding of middle-class children who have never experienced the seismic upheavals of a real, honest-to-God revolution. But let us close the parenthesis and return to our original question: How does one live in a troubled time with no light from a rejected past and no hope from an unlikely future?

Some of you — some of the best — have answered: If life is, as it appears to be, altogether absurd, then the way to meet it is on its own terms; to embrace its absurdity and make of it a life style. The only trouble with this answer is that those who give it do not themselves really believe it. Something else always keeps breaking through—something that speaks of duty and manliness, of sympathy for the human condition and of love for those who are caught in it. You are ready to accept absurdity for yourselves, but you are not ready to accept it for the poor and hungry, the black and the young for whose welfare and happiness you have accepted a burden of responsibility unmatched by any previous generation.

Some others of you have answered: If life is, as it appears to be, a game nobody can win, the best way to respond to it is by opting out. But it is obvious that this has not been your choice. For by your very presence here you testify that you have made a choice between life and death, between fighting whatever the battle is and that ultimate desertion which is suicide.

A few of you — and it is regrettable that this institution should be bestowing upon you the quasi-approval of a degree — have decided to meet the present crisis as some men have always responded to crisis: by turning looter. All things else may change, but not the motto of your kind: Look out for Number One! And I cannot say that, in the inexorable justice of the gods, you and your kind will get some merited comeuppance. Crime does, despite the old axiom, pay. It is paying today in the ghetto, in the military-industrial-educational-labor complex, in our scarred environment, in the pornography mills, in the thousand and one places where shrewd men turn a fast buck from the pains and sorrows of our world. But if this is your answer, I offer you not a prediction but a curse: “Your money perish with you!”

Whatever your answer may be, I ask you to do me the courtesy of at least listening to the answer which I, as a member of that rather quaint and certainly vanishing breed known as Christian, propose for your consideration.

I, too, find it impossible to draw any great amount of comfort from the past, and, as I have said, I have serious doubts that mankind has any future to speak of. So I, too, live day by day in the momentary Now. But for me this Now is always “the day Thou gavest.” It comes always as a gift — renewable or non-renewable I cannot know and I do not ask, but a gift nevertheless. And to that gift I feel obliged to respond always in wonder that it should have been given at all and in gratitude for the love that prompted it.

So it is, for me, a very fragile thing — something to be used carefully lest I spoil it. The wonder of it prompts me to worship. The love that gave it prompts me to a gratitude manifest in those common duties of life which, as I believe, are most pleasing to Him Who gave it. I do not know whether, by any effort of mine, I can hold back or deny the coming of night, but I do know that every day, even though it may be my last one, has its joy and fulfillment as it is given to man to know on this side of eternity.

All of which, I know, sounds terribly trite — as, I suppose, one should expect the foolishness of God to sound. But I speak as I speak on excellent authority, the authority of saints, apostles, prophets, and martyrs who have said their day-by-day Yes to each momentary Now ever since man began to call upon the Name of the Lord.

I recommend their answer to you. And I shall pray that you may be given power to accept it.