The Cresset
A REVIEW OF LITERATURE,
THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

TWENTY CENTS
Vol. XXX, No. 3

JANUARY, 196
The Cresset

O. P. KRETZMANN, Editor
JOHN STRIETELMEIER, Managing Editor
VICTOR F. HOFFMANN, Associate Managing Editor

Departmental Editors

Communications Arts
Fine Arts
General Books
Music
Poetry
Religion Books
Science
Theatre

Consulting Editors

Walter G. Friedrich
Walter A. Hansen
Albert G. Huegli
Adalbert Raphael Kretzmann
Alfred R. Looman
Andrew Schulze
Anne Springsteen
Herbert H. Umbach

IN THE JANUARY CRESSET ---

IN LUCE TUA .................................................... The Editors ..................... 3
AD LIB.: NERVOUS PASSENGERS .................................................... Alfred R. Looman ............. 7
ART, RELIGION, AND THE MARKET PLACE ...................................... Marden J. Clark ............... 8
VERSE: GARAGE ........................................................................... Louise Darcy .................... 13
CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE: LOST WITHOUT GOD ...................... Ruth F. Dickinson ............. 14
THE THEATRE: REPERTORY AND EXPERIMENTATION ....................... Walter Sorell .................... 17
FROM THE CHAPEL: THE VOICE OF THE GOADS .......................... Paul G. Bretscher ............ 18
THE FINE ARTS: THE SURREALISM OF JOAN MIRO .............. Richard H. Brauer ............. 20
MUSIC: POST-QUICKELBERG MUSIC — II ..................................... William F. Eifrig, Jr. ........ 22
BOOKS OF THE MONTH: ALWAYS THE POOR .................................... Victor F. Hoffmann ............. 23
ON SECOND THOUGHT .................................................................... Robert J. Hoyer ............... 25
EDITOR-AT-LARGE: THE WOMAN IN POLITICS .......................... Victor F. Hoffmann ............. 26
THE MASS MEDIA: ON NOW AND THEN ........................................ Don A. Affeldt ..................... 27
THE PILGRIM ................................................................................. O.P. Kretzmann ............... 28

THE CRESSET is published monthly September through June by the Valparaiso University Press, Valparaiso, Indiana, 46383, as a forum for scholarly writing and informed opinion. The views expressed herein are those of the writers and do not necessarily reflect the preponderance of opinion at Valparaiso University or within the editorial board. Second class postage paid at Valparaiso, Indiana. Subscription rates: One year — $2.00; two years — $3.75; three years — $5.50. Single copy 20 cents. Entire contents copyrighted 1966 by the Valparaiso University Press, without whose written permission reproduction in whole or in part and for any purpose whatsoever is expressly forbidden.
Happy New Year

Courtesy demands that we wish our readers a happy new year. Honesty compels us to confess that we don’t expect the wish to come true.

The sad thing is that there really is no such thing as a new year. Time does not come to us in blocks, but in a current, and if its waters have been muddied or polluted upstream we cannot clarify or cleanse them merely by giving them a new name. We are both heir and victim of the past and there is really nothing new in this world except the daily miracle of the love, mercy, and forgiveness of God.

We begin 1967 with a backlog of problems which cry out for solution. For millions in our own country and for billions overseas there is the agonizing problem of finding some meaning in a world which can no longer believe in any Something behind it all; for these the heavens are silent and the gods are dead. There was a time when many of these millions and billions had hoped that a decent, reasonable humanism would provide the answers which religion had either not provided or had failed to make operative. But humanism has turned out to be another name for the afterglow of faith, in the biological sense parasitic on faith and incapable of maintaining a separate existence.

And so we are left with the absurd as the one really intelligent alternative to faith. And we all sense — some of us clearly and some of us only dimly — that the acceptance of the absurdity of life does not offer us either the motive or the power to tackle the problems which, for one reason or another, most of us believe must be met and solved — the problem of international anarchy, the problem of hunger, the problem of physical and mental illness, the problem of crime, the problem of racial hatred, the problem of social disintegration, the problem of re-establishing some sort of generally-accepted value system.

The easy answer is “Back to God!” and there is a whole army of evangelists ready to shout it at the drop of a hat. But easy answers are usually false — or at least inadequate — answers. And, in any case, it is not an answer which is likely to be accepted by any considerable number of people, in our own country or in any other. So it would appear that, for the time being, we must be content with absurdity — those of us who are Christians in the hope that our God will show us meaning on the other side of absurdity, those of us who are not Christian in whatever hope they can muster. Meanwhile, let us not be too judgmental of those who choose to enter the new year under the sweet anesthetic of alcohol.

Happier Days Are Here Again

One of the things the President could — but most certainly won’t — say in his State of the Union address is that the country is in a healthier condition politically than it was before the November elections. The Goldwater debacle of 1964 left us parlously close to a one-party state, with all of its attendant evils of official arrogance, sloth, and corruption. It should be apparent these next two years that we again have a flourishing two-party system. This will be good not only for the country but for both of the major parties.

The Republican party which emerged from the elections is not the tired, testy, negative party that lost the election of 1964. It is a party which can claim credit for having elected the first Negro senator since Reconstruction days; for having spared Arkansas the disgrace of electing one of the worst racial demagogues ever to have presented himself for a governorship; for having captured the governorships of five of the seven most populous states; and for having introduced onto the national stage two remarkable young men who can not be ignored in any future discussions of presidential possibilities: Charles Percy and Mark Hatfield.

And so we are left with the absurd as the one really intelligent alternative to faith. And we all sense — some of us clearly and some of us only dimly — that the acceptance of the absurdity of life does not offer us either the motive or the power to tackle the problems which, for one reason or another, most of us believe must be met and solved — the problem of international anarchy, the problem of hunger, the problem of physical and mental illness, the problem of crime, the problem of racial hatred, the problem of social disintegration, the problem of re-establishing some sort of generally-accepted value system.

The easy answer is “Back to God!” and there is a whole army of evangelists ready to shout it at the drop of a hat. But easy answers are usually false — or at least inadequate — answers. And, in any case, it is not an answer which is likely to be accepted by any considerable number of people, in our own country or in any other. So it would appear that, for the time being, we must be content with absurdity — those of us who are Christians in the hope that our God will show us meaning on the other side of absurdity, those of us who are not Christian in whatever hope they can muster. Meanwhile, let us not be too judgmental of those who choose to enter the new year under the sweet anesthetic of alcohol.

Happier Days Are Here Again

One of the things the President could — but most certainly won’t — say in his State of the Union address is that the country is in a healthier condition politically than it was before the November elections. The Goldwater debacle of 1964 left us parlously close to a one-party state, with all of its attendant evils of official arrogance, sloth, and corruption. It should be apparent these next two years that we again have a flourishing two-party system. This will be good not only for the country but for both of the major parties.

The Republican party which emerged from the elections is not the tired, testy, negative party that lost the election of 1964. It is a party which can claim credit for having elected the first Negro senator since Reconstruction days; for having spared Arkansas the disgrace of electing one of the worst racial demagogues ever to have presented himself for a governorship; for having captured the governorships of five of the seven most populous states; and for having introduced onto the national stage two remarkable young men who can not be ignored in any future discussions of presidential possibilities: Charles Percy and Mark Hatfield.

And so we are left with the absurd as the one really intelligent alternative to faith. And we all sense — some of us clearly and some of us only dimly — that the acceptance of the absurdity of life does not offer us either the motive or the power to tackle the problems which, for one reason or another, most of us believe must be met and solved — the problem of international anarchy, the problem of hunger, the problem of physical and mental illness, the problem of crime, the problem of racial hatred, the problem of social disintegration, the problem of re-establishing some sort of generally-accepted value system.

The easy answer is “Back to God!” and there is a whole army of evangelists ready to shout it at the drop of a hat. But easy answers are usually false — or at least inadequate — answers. And, in any case, it is not an answer which is likely to be accepted by any considerable number of people, in our own country or in any other. So it would appear that, for the time being, we must be content with absurdity — those of us who are Christians in the hope that our God will show us meaning on the other side of absurdity, those of us who are not Christian in whatever hope they can muster. Meanwhile, let us not be too judgmental of those who choose to enter the new year under the sweet anesthetic of alcohol.
geous civil-rights policies of the Johnson administration. But the elections offer no comfort to those who had hoped that the Republican party could be used as an instrument for thwarting the legitimate demands of the Negro.

Neither did any Republican candidate for major office, with the exception of Governor Hatfield, succeed in persuading the voters to repudiate the President's policy in Viet-Nam. If anything, the President can expect stronger congressional support for his war policy in the 90th Congress than he had in the 89th.

It seems fair to conclude that the elections did not indicate any significant swing of public opinion on the two great issues that confront us as a country. As we read them, they were an expression of concern that too much power has become concentrated in the hands of too few people. This is a healthy fear. The great service which the Republican party is now in a position to offer the country is the recommendation of realistic policies which would have the effect of re-establishing a balance between effective government and personal freedom. If the party can offer such recommendations in 1968, it could recapture the White House.

**Starving Church-Related Schools**

The Supreme Court has refused to review a decision of the Maryland Court of Appeals which voided a state program of aid to church-related colleges. The Maryland court had based its ruling on the Supreme Court's own dictum: "To withstand the strictures of the Establishment Clause there must be a secular legislative purpose and a primary effect that neither advances nor inhibits religion."

It would be difficult to quarrel with this dictum. But like most apparently clear statements of principle, the trouble lies in applying it to particular situations. Every religious body in the United States considers some measure of education or indoctrination a part of its total ministry. Roman Catholics and some Lutherans consider the parochial school an essential agency in the Church's ministry of education. Most of the major religious bodies operate or support colleges or universities, some of them for the specific purpose of ensuring the Church a well-educated, theologically-sophisticated laity.

These colleges and universities typically skimp by from year to year on meager appropriations from their supporting denominations and/or on private gifts. In recent years, the Congress has found a way to ease their problem by authorizing programs of assistance for non-religious purposes. The funds thus allocated have, in many cases, spelled the difference between survival and bankruptcy.

The Court's action (or, rather, refusal to act) on the Maryland decision is certain to jeopardize the administration of these programs, for while it was not within the competence of the Maryland court to invalidate Federal programs of assistance there are certain to be suits seeking to enjoin state-paid officials from administering the funds provided by Congressional appropriation. If other states follow the Maryland ruling, the intent of Congress in appropriating these funds could be effectively frustrated and church-related education could be slowly starved to death.

Such a consequence could, we believe, fairly be construed as an inhibition of religion. Given a situation in which private giving must come out of the residue left by apparently insatiable governments at all levels, it is sheer sophistry to insist that church-related education can survive if its advocates believe in it strongly enough to put their money where their mouth is. Most of them are quite willing to do just that, and many have done so generously for a long time. The trouble is that more and more of them are finding that there is no money left after all of the tax-collectors have taken their cut.

**The New German Nationalism**

The human race manages to survive largely because God has given us the blessed ability to forget. Those of us who remember too much too well are doomed to relive, day by day, experiences for which, since they can not be unlived, the best remedy is forgetfulness. This is true not only of all of us as individuals; it is true also of our countries. For if we dredge deeply enough in that great sump called history, we shall sooner or later come up with some grievance which provides apparently adequate grounds to hate or fear each other.

But if we must learn to forget, we must also allow history to teach us and warn us. Perhaps, in the last analysis, men learn only from experience. But we learn so very slowly, and the first lesson that it would seem we should have learned in the twentieth century is one which we seem not only unable but unwilling to learn. Auden stated this lesson as succinctly as we have ever seen it stated in one of his poems: "Those to whom evil is done do evil in return."

These reflections represent our attempt to sort out our reactions to the appearance of a new nationalist party in Germany. We recognize that it would be singularly inappropriate for an American to condemn blatant and even vulgar patriotism. We recognize also that the German, like any decent human being, has not only the right but probably the duty to maintain his own self-respect and sense of worth.

But we remember the rasping voice of Der Fuehrer spewing out his hatred of the Jews. And we remember the troops goose-stepping around the stadium in Nuremberg to the wild cheers of the crowds. And we remember the obscenities of Dachau and Auschwitz. And we remember Warsaw. These are not memories that we nurse like some old injury. They are recollections of events that really happened and that could happen again, given that strange mixture of idealism and nihilism which has been the stuff of German history since at least the Thirty Years' War.
What it comes down to is that we can not bring our- 
self to trust the Germans. This may be more the result 
of a defect in us than in the German people, but there 
it is. We therefore feel some concern when a German 
political party offers the voters a platform that calls for 
the re-assertion of German pride and repudiation of Ger-
man guilt for World War II, even when that party polls 
only seven to nine per cent of the vote. We remember 
when the National Socialists were written off as a little 
gang of nuts. We remember Hindenburg’s unconcealed 
disdain for “that Austrian house painter.” And we re-
member the day when Hindenburg summoned Hitler to 
form a government. That was only thirty-four years 
ago. It takes longer than that to forget what followed.

We’re Agin It

Last year, in a speech at the University of Kentucky, 
President Johnson announced that he would be search-
ing for new ways through which “every young man will 
have the opportunity — and feel the obligation — to 
give at least a few years of his or her life to service of 
others in this nation and this world.” Last May 18, 
Secretary of Defense McNamara, in a speech in Ottawa, 
proposed “asking every young person in the United 
States to give one or two years of service to his country 
— whether in one of the military services, in the Peace 
Corps, or in some volunteer developmental work at home 
or abroad.” On August 19, the President instructed his 
National Advisory Commission on Selective Service to 
come up by this January with an answer to the question: 
“Can we — without harming the national security — es-

This all sounds harmless enough. We have a great 
country and we should all consider it a privilege to have 
the opportunity to serve it. But a part of the greatness 
of this country has been its willingness to rely, except 
in cases of obvious national emergency, upon the volun-
teer services of its citizens. We have always believed 
that the State exists for the sake of the people, not the 
other way around. And we have never assumed that the 
people owed the State any service that was not obviously 
demanded by considerations of public order and national 
security.

We think that it would be a great thing if our young 
people should come forward with an offer to give a year 
or two of their lives to the service of others in this nation 
and this world. But we want the offer to be voluntary. 
We want no “encouragement” (i.e., pressure) from the 
government, no “asking” which would be, in effect, an 
order. We think it important to defend the traditional 
American assumption that the individual citizen is bet-
ter qualified than anyone else to dispose wisely and re-

er conspicuously. The military draft is, at least in theory, 
an emergency measure which most of us hope to see dis-
pensed with one of these days. The flagrant unfairness 
of the present draft procedures can be remedied by such 
relatively simple means as setting more realistic stan-
dards of acceptability and plugging those loopholes which 
allow clever young men to avoid military service. But 

The Controversial Bishop

Bishop James A. Pike has an unfortunate way of speak-
ing flippancy about matters that are of profound serious-
ness to his fellow-Christians. If one allows for this ten-
dency and for the further fact that he appears to have a 
legal rather than a theological mind one is in a better 
position to examine the questions which he has raised 
about certain fundamental doctrines of the Christian 
faith. One may even conclude that these questions are 
neither naive nor irrelevant.

All of Christian theology is, in the last analysis, an 
attempt to restate in each generation the faith once and 
for all delivered to the saints in the prophetic and apostolic 
testimony. The Reformation principle, “sola Scriptu-
ra,” rules out the canonization of any confessional or 
even credal statement which is not firmly based in the 
Scriptures. Even logical deductions from the Scrip-
tures can not be allowed the status of conscience-bind-
ing authority if other, equally logical deductions are 
possible. One does not, of course, lightly dismiss the 
consensus of the Church or the opinions of its great 
teachers. But neither does one deny the possibility that 
the Spirit might in our own day lead us to new under-
standings of the Truth, understandings which could even 
conceivably force us to abandon old and venerable for-

It must further be recognized that the great doctrinal 
formulations of the past may become unintelligible or 
actually misleading as they are translated from one 
language to another, one culture to another, one world 
view to another. The fathers at Nicaea knew quite pre-
cisely what they were trying to say when they said that 
Jesus Christ was of one ousios with the father. When 
this was translated into the Latin substantia, some of 
that precision was lost. And when we today confess that 
our Lord Jesus Christ is of “one substance with the Fath-
er,” it is very possible that we are making an assertion 
which, in the light of our understanding of it, would at 
least amuse and probably outrage the men who framed 
our Creed. For when we use the word substance, we 
import into it some implications of stuff or matter, thus 
denying our Lord’s own words, “God is spirit.”

It is, of course, possible that Bishop Pike is a heretic.
who is preaching some new gospel which is not the Gospel. He has expressed a willingness to be tried by the properly constituted authorities of his church. It is no credit to his church that it is unwilling to put him on trial because of concern about what such a trial would do to the "image" of the church. And it is no credit to those in his church and in other churches that, in the absence of such a trial, they have pronounced judgment upon him without hearing him out. We hope that his church will reconsider and give him the opportunity to clear himself, if that is possible, or to convict himself if, as a matter of fact, his views are as heretical as they sound to a layman.

Is He Ready for It?

We note, with some misgivings, that President Johnson has accepted election as an elder of his church.

No one who is acquainted with the President's personality will deny that he has a reasonably thick skin, despite a volatile personality which sometimes leads one to a contrary conclusion. No one will deny either that he has proved himself tough, sure-footed, and effective in his long public career as a Senator, as Vice-President, and as President. But secular politics is one thing and ecclesiastical politics is quite another thing. The question that haunts one is: "Is he ready for the rough and tumble of ecclesiastical politics?"

In the secular realm, there is a certain code of ethics which protects a man from the worst forms of character-assassination. In the heat of a closely-contested campaign, it is possible that a candidate will so far lose his cool as to charge his opponent with being a liar, a cheat, and an advocate of vivisection, but ordinarily one has to contend with no worse charges than that he is a grafter and a wife-beater. These lumps one can become accustomed to after a while. One can even learn to enjoy the good-humored exchange of epithets and develop a certain expertise of his own.

But in ecclesiastical politics the object is not to defeat but to destroy the opposition. Back in the glorious days of the Church's youth, it was not unheard-of for advocates of a particular theological position to insinuate a woman of ill fame into the household of the local bishop (if he happened to be of the opposite party) and then raise a great hullabaloo about the bishop's personal morality. This is no longer done because it has been discovered that the same suspicions can be aroused by circulating rumors about the clergy, without going to the expense of hiring a whore to give substance to them.

Besides, in most churches today an evil and ungodly life is considered considerably less damning than doctrinal aberration and this has had its effects on the tactics of political churchmanship. A man is more likely to be destroyed by suspicions of unsoundness on the doctrine of the descent into hell than by clear evidence that he is proud or slothful or avaricious or lustful or glutinous or wrathful or envious. And the fact that a man has grown hoary-headed in the service of the Church, at salaries comparable to those of senior bank tellers, affords no sure defense against the charge that he was in it for what he could get out of it.

Perhaps Elder Johnson knew all of this when he accepted election. If so, he is to be admired. But if he didn't know it, he should be told. This we have tried to do.

The Abolition of Childhood

Mention the word "materialism" and most people think immediately of an idolatry of money and the things that money will buy. It is natural that they should do so, for it was not too long ago, even in the United States, that money, and the ability to spend it conspicuously, was the symbol of success. This is no longer the case. In an affluent society money is no longer scarce enough to serve as an adequate status symbol. So we have had to adopt new symbols. One of these is education or, at least, degrees.

As a result, the kind of parent who once feared that his son would end up in a blue-collar job now fears that the boy won't make it to the Ph.D. And so there are demands for an earlier school-beginning age and for "enriched programs" (a euphemism for more work) and for the abolition of summer vacations, all with an eye to discouraging children from "wasting time" on such "profitless" activities as playing with toy soldiers, playing games, watching bugs, collecting things, reading adventure stories, coursing around town, and the like.

The result of this, to borrow a recent comment by Methodist Bishop Hazen G. Werner, is to "wipe out the years of natural activity of early childhood and push children into adulthood like unripened fruit on the market."

We need to be reminded that children are not little adults. Little girls are not merely immature women and little boys are not miniature men. Childhood has its own validity, its own reason for being, its own proper interests and pleasures which are not directly related to the proper interests and pleasures of adulthood. We are all willing to grant without argument that an adult ought not to behave like a child. Why should we not be equally willing to grant that a child ought not to be expected to behave like an adult?

On a college campus, one keeps coming across these victims of the abolition of childhood. Some of them are pretty tragic cases. Many of them never had time, when they were children, to learn the a's of friendship and by the time they get to college it is almost too late to learn. Many of them, especially the girls, have already spent so many years in the social rat-race that even a dull marriage looks like a haven of escape from it. Many of the boys would be much happier working in a garage, if it were not for parental pressures to get that degree. Inevitably, there are crackups. Occasionally the pressures pile up to the point where the only way out seems to be suicide.

And all for what? Who wins? Or, more to the point, who loses?
Since the advent of the jets, flight has become so smooth and air travel has become so commonplace that one forgets there may be those aboard who have travelled by air infrequently and who find this means of transportation a little frightening. When the DC3 was monarch of the airways this was more understandable since that plane could not get above the weather and the ride was considerably bumpier than it is today. In addition, those were the days when many still felt if the Lord had wanted us to fly He would have given us wings.

On a very smooth flight a short while ago, I was reminded that some found air travel frightening because of a seat-mate who definitely wanted out although at that point we were flying at 30,000 feet. On my next flight I looked for those experiences in air travel that might make a person nervous, the type of occurrence that might be overlooked by a more regular traveller.

It was not too difficult to spot causes for alarm in the take-off and landing. However, I also became aware of what a soothing effect the stewardesses and the pilot have on nervous travellers. What the pilot says, for example, and the manner in which he says it over the P.A. system makes a difference, and I would not be surprised if the airlines drill their pilots in speaking in such a manner that the voice contains the right amount of calmness combined with a note of confidence.

In relatively short flights, say from Chicago to New York, the pilot says very little these days, merely coming on once altitude is reached to announce the time of arrival and the weather. Formerly pilots had more to say and more time to say it and seemed to enjoy pointing out the cities below and one or another of the Great Lakes, but nowadays there is little time for incidental announcements.

The tone of the pilot’s voice can make a difference, too. When the voice and the news are right, one can see the nervous traveller relax. And it is not difficult to spot the nervous passenger because he will be sitting bolt upright in his chair staring glassily forward. What the pilot says is also important, for if he should announce we can expect minor turbulence over Cleveland the most honeyed voice will not win out over nerves.

But there were a number of other things I noted that contribute to a passenger’s nervousness. Most jets load at the nose, which requires passengers to walk past the galley. The food is aboard by that time and is kept warm in electric heaters. These heaters give off a slight burning smell and I can imagine each person passing by is convinced he is the only one who knows the plane is afire, and from then on lives in hope the pilot will discover it before take-off.

By law the stewardesses are required to demonstrate the use of an oxygen mask and point out the escape hatches before the flight begins, and while most passengers ignore this demonstration, having heard it so often, the new traveller drinks in every word. It can hardly be called reassuring information. Then when he leans forward to pick up the non-magazine, which most airlines put out and which is located in the pocket of the seat directly ahead, what does he find but a special bag, for use in case of air sickness? Again, this is hard on one’s confidence.

During the flight not much happens that could be considered frightening, but if the “Fasten Seat Belt” sign should blink on mysteriously part way there and no announcement from the pilot is forthcoming, some passengers are likely to conclude the news is too scary to announce.

It is in landing that I’ve noticed a great deal of stiffening up among the passengers. First comes the clunking sound as the landing gear is locked in place. This is, and should be considered, a reassuring sound, but if one doesn’t know what the sound is about, he is likely to hold the opinion that the bottom of the plane has just dropped off. Then, when the plane touches down, if one is not expecting the changing roar as the engines are reversed to reduce speed, he may feel the plane has run into a covey of gooney birds on the Wake Island runway.

I must admit there are times when most everyone aboard feels a little uneasy. This occurs in bad weather when planes are stacked up over an airport waiting for the weather to break before landing. While slowly circling through the clouds, fully aware that dozens of other planes are doing the same thing, the most seasoned traveller is going to experience some apprehension. If you are one of those who are not affected by such conditions, please let me know your secret by dropping me a card addressed to “Nervous Passenger,” since the only encouraging thought I have at those times is that the pilot wants to get down as badly as I do.
Art, Religion, and the Market Place

By MARDEN J. CLARK
Brigham Young University

Art and religion share a common end and a common enemy. The common end is the enrichment of the life of the spirit; the common enemy is the market place. Contemplating this common end and this common enemy, I find it hard sometimes to understand the fundamental distrust with which art and religion view each other. Unless it be jealousy as to which should defeat the common enemy or supply the common end.

That the end, or at least the highest end, of religion is the enrichment of the life of the spirit I take as axiomatic, though, unhappily, religion has not always sought this end. Too often it has sought intimidation of the spirit, in the process belittling both the spirit and the body that houses it. Too often it has sought only its own self-aggrandizement, in the process belittling both itself and its Source. Too often it has sought only efficiency of organization and power through organization, in the process denying the dignity and value of what it was trying to organize. But I aim here at another false end of religion.

That the highest end of art is the enrichment of the life of the spirit may not be quite so axiomatic, though I think it should be. But in a world of art still in the process of emerging from the depths of naturalistic pessimism, and emerging, it sometimes seems, only into the more disturbing depths of certain kinds of existentialism—in such a world art too must often seem to have lost its concern for the life of the spirit. And I suppose it often has—or at least individual artists have.

Though it may have trod rather gingerly in certain boggy areas, art has generally proclaimed as its Source. Too often it has sought only efficiency of organization and power through organization, in the process denying the dignity and value of what it was trying to organize. But I aim here at another false end of religion.

That the enemy of religion is the market place we have already one, then surely most of what we have accepted as great art, or even nearly great, must have its relevance to the life of the spirit. We have no trouble seeing the relevance in The Divine Comedy or Paradise Lost, in the Sistine Chapel or The Last Supper, or in Bach's Magnificat or Handel's Messiah. We may have some trouble seeing it in The Iliad or Oedipus Rex or King Lear or Moby Dick or War and Peace or in the Venus de Milo or the Laocoon, or in Beethoven's Fifth or the Brandenburg Concertos.

But what about those awesom studies in human degeneration, Medea and Macbeth, or that sly argument intended to convince his "coy mistress," or that just-as-sslly epic commentary on a too costly lock of hair? What about Gulliver's Travels or Tom Jones or Tristram Shandy or Madame Bovary? What about Goya's Capricios or Hogarth's group. The Harlot's Progress? What about Tristan or Tschaichovsky's Piano Concerto? Or, to move out a little further, what about that wry satirical questioning of values, Vanity Fair, or all those profoundly questioning novels of Thomas Hardy and Theodore Dreiser and Joseph Conrad? What about the disturbing nightmarish watches of Salvador Dali or those split foreheads and fragmented torsos of Picasso? What about the terror of Berg's opera Wozzeck or of Schoenberg's Pierrot Lunaire? Or, to get back to my own backyard, what about The Hollow Men and The Waste Land, A Farewell to Arms and "The Killers," The Sound and the Fury and Sanctuary, Ulysses and Finnegans Wake, "The Metamorphosis" and The Castle, Remembrance of Things Past or The Magic Mountain or The Stranger?

Well—yes—I have loaded my catalogue. I haven't quite gone all the way out. But then I'm not trying to defend Tropic of Cancer. And I have, of course, set up an impossible task to defend in any detail even those I have listed. But that isn't really my game anyway. The defense would probably start with what I've called "those awesome studies in human degeneration," Medea and Macbeth. For with both I suspect I'd have nearly everyone on my side. The point here: what we see degenerating in both is precisely that human spirit which it is the end of art and religion to enrich. But degeneration is the wrong word. Only if we think of its root can we approach the sense I want. For both are studies, really, in generation, but in generation seeking after the wrong things, in generation gone horribly awry. In some such direction, I say, would the defense move for most of the rest. Degeneration probably fits the hollow men and some of those sterile, meaningless creatures caught in the waste land of their own making. But it hardly fits the total sense of The Waste Land with its powerful supporting movement based on the Grail legend and its promise implicit in the ending. It surely fits Jason Compson and, though not with nearly enough force, that horrible tin-faced Popeye, but not again the total movement or implication of either The Sound and the Fury or even Sanctuary, especially as those implications get worked out in Requiem for a Nun. But these are problems for a different paper.

The Hostile Market Place

That the enemy of religion is the market place we have on high authority: in that whip falling on the money changers; in those soft but ringing words that echo from a hundred passages of the gospels—"For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world...?" "Seek ye first the kingdom of God...?" "Ye cannot serve both God and Mammon...?". in the wrath that hurled the first tablet of stone to destruction at the sight of the golden...
calf. Surely we must sense more than the usual significance that the calf was gold, gold as the essence of the market place but also gold as the demonic incarnation of all things of the spirit made flesh and then worshiped, gold, in modern terms, as the positivistic proof that God is — and can be — only our own creation. As you can recognize, I here consciously, and a little bit unfairly, both limit and extend the meaning of “market place.” I limit it to exclude the legitimate function of supplying and distributing human needs. With this function I have no quarrel. I quarrel only with the exploitation of those needs, or of religion and art. I extend the meaning to include materialism in all of its various manifestations — the money changers, the emphasis on things and gadgets, the belief in a totally materialistic universe in philosophy or economics or history (Marxist economics and history) or religion. Against all these religion stands opposed.

And so, I think, does art. But here I must tread gingerly. For many great works of art have come out of philosophical beliefs in materialism, mechanism, naturalistic determination. I do not want to give up a *Tess of the D’Urbervilles* or *A Shropshire Lad*. But these, like much great art, have sprung not from the belief itself but from intense wrestling with the problems posed by the belief: the insult to human dignity — to the human spirit — posed by the evidence that finally pictured man as caught in a mechanistic universe both outside and inside himself, in both his physical and his social and economic environment, in both his physiology and his psychology. Yes, even the workings of the human mind posited as a matter of the balance between positive and negative charges of electricity. We can hardly wonder that the artist should wrestle.

But that the most persistent enemy of art is the market place I can document simply by reference to the running battle art has fought through history. I do not want to over-simplify here. More than that battle is involved in most of the works I refer to. But the battle is there too. Medea horrifies us with her terrible jealousy and revenge. But in some ways Jason horrifies us even worse with his dull market-place justification: By marrying the king’s daughter, he can secure his position in the kingdom! Dante reserves one of the choice spots in his Inferno for his usurers who make sterile money breed. And he himself gets his vision of the Light that is God only after purging himself of everything that could be associated with the market place — and of much besides. Chaucer’s Miller who well knew how to “tollen thryce” and his Friar who could tell the state of a man’s soul by the size of his gift, these and many more dramatize the battle. Macbeth’s ambition is for power, position. But both involve the market. And all the way from the casket scene and Shylock to the grasping brother of Prospero, Shakespeare explores the problem. Note especially the kingdom divided which sets off the action in *Lear*. Milton’s Christ must resist both bread and the kingdoms. And so it goes, to reach a kind of climax with the romantics. The errant son of Wordsworth’s Michael never returns from the market place. The mystic experience above Tintern Abbey can come only with the denial of all market-place concerns. Whitman may try to reconcile *every* thing in his “I”, but his mystic experience is a union of body and soul, not body and market place. *Walden* is one long denial of the market place and one long hymn to the life of the spirit. Mark Twain’s sharp satire aimed about as often at the market place at any other one thing — though he himself was obviously attracted to the market and almost ruined himself in it. Huck Finn finds that Miss Watson’s market-place version of prayer won’t really give a body anything he wants — won’t even supply a fishing outfit complete. Note the cupidity that, along with self-righteousness and mere negative innocence, corrupted — and saved — Hadleyburg. Or note the delightfully devastating “Letter from the Recording Angel” in which Twain satirizes the cupidity of Livy’s uncle. Even James, so often considered above such considerations, looks sharply at the market place over and over again: in that almost literal market place run by Mrs. Medwin, in which social position and talent are bartered for money; in the using of his Lady by Madame Merle and Osmond; in the “values” of Woollett, Massachusetts, juxtaposed against those of the Paris that Lambert Strether is supposed to rescue Chad from; and so forth.

The attack continues, perhaps even with increasing sharpness, into the twentieth century, from Ezra Pound’s polemics against usury to Eliot’s *Prufrock* caught in his sophisticated but meaningless social market place, from Sinclair Lewis’s satiric denunciations of Main Street and Babbity to Faulkner’s *Popeye* and Flem Snopes, who between them embody practically everything Faulkner sees as evil about the market place: its cold self-seeking, its mechanistic, inhuman sterility, its vicious depthless quality “like stamped tin”; from the attacks against the modern abstract impersonality of finance banking in Steinbeck or Robert Penn Warren to, even, the revolt of the beatniks against convention and materialism; from Thomas Mann’s satire of the medical market place in *Magic Mountain* to Sartre’s insistence on the inner self as the only reality.

**Mutual Enemies**

But if art and religion share a common end and a common enemy, they also share a mutual distrust — of each other. True, each may use the materials and techniques of the other, but each looks with suspicious eye at the other. Not in Dante, not in Milton, not even in Swift or Doctor Johnson. But beginning perhaps in the romantic identification of nature or the inner self with God, our poets have been increasingly suspicious of organized religion — though still insisting on the validity, even the supremacy, of inner religion. And organized religion has generally responded as we would expect: by counter-attack. The artist is apt to consider the man
of religion narrow, authoritarian, self-righteous, prudish, positive, or just mystic. The man of religion is apt to consider the artist dangerous, irresponsible, impractical, hypersensitive, immoral, or just mystic. For documentation here I am going to trust to common experience. I need hardly point further than the kind of undeclared hostility we all sometimes sense between various departments in our universities. Yes, the dichotomy between art and religion exists. It exists in America. It exists in our churches. It exists on our university campuses.

I am uncomfortable with the dichotomy. I am more uncomfortable, though, with what I sense as an almost wholesale sell-out in both camps to the enemy. Neither art nor religion but the market place is winning, and this in spite of the highly publicized revival of interest and activity in both art and religion. Both are making their peace with Mammon.

I need only point to the vast popularity of the Norman Vincent Peale brand of religion to indicate what I mean by the sell-out of religion. Peale abetted by those worthies in the world of journalism, Life, Time, and The Reader's Digest. I can see a great deal of meaning in the "partnership with God" concept until the Bible becomes a how-to-do-it manual and prayer a part of the pitch to sell vacuum cleaners or bonds. Then Madison Avenue and Wall Street have taken over Trinity Church — and the sell-out is complete. And the result makes Sinclair Lewis's world of business-become-religion and religion-turned-business seem pure and undefiled.

And what about art? In spite of our lip service to it and in spite of many very fine creative achievements I fear art, too, has sold out. In one of the great historical ironies, Treasures of art have become also treasures of the market place. Not, mind you, that the market place has gone esthetic, but that it has discovered art treasures as one of the highest paying and safest of all investments — except where thieves break in and steal. I comment on this not to deplore. It does give hope that the recognition of the artist may someday approach that of even the movie queen or the home run king. But not, I fear, until the artist is safely dead. I comment to take the fact as symbol for the market-place control, via Hollywood or Madison Avenue or TV, of so much of the country's artistic talent. I need say no more of this.

The market place has been able to purchase far too much of both art and religion. And where it has been able to purchase both at once — that is, where both exactly meet in the market place — then Michelangelo's David becomes a gimmick to command fantastic prices for larger burial plots with a better view of the city, and the Ten Commandments become the basis for super-colossals that make us think we have been participating in religious art when we have only been witnessing orgies. Surely both can look toward a higher destiny.

Partly, I fancy, the market place has succeeded so well in its exploitation of art and religion just because of the mistrust with which art and religion have come to view each other. And here I do deplore. I deplore the results, far-reaching and deep as they seem to me. Just as Utah is now reaping the fruits of former Governor Lee's market-place approach to education, the world at large is reaping the fruits of market-place religion and market-place art, and yes, of the divorce between religion and art. This may be loading things too heavily. Perhaps no amount of mutual trust and support, perhaps not even the strictest denial of the market place by both religion and art, could have prevented the present division of the world into two armed camps. But surely at least part of the cause lies in market-place approaches to world politics, at least part in the positivistic philosophy that one side shouts as a "barbaric yawp from the rooftops of the world" and that the other side publicly denies and may not even consciously understand as its own.

Common Ground

Regardless, while I am aware of at least some valid reasons for the mutual mistrust, I feel certain of the much greater validity in reasons for a mutual trust and support between art and religion, and for their mutual distrust of the common enemy. That enemy is brash, brassy, subtle and seductive — and convinced of its own righteousness. It can seduce, if it were possible, even the very elect. It can shout to the world, "Think big," or whisper to each of us, "Come, eat, and know." It can tell our young business majors, "The secret of all selling is to learn to love people, really love people; then you can sell unlimited amounts of bonds." It can tell all of us, "Pay your alms and offerings; they are the best insurance policy you can buy." It will require the combined effort of art and religion to defeat.

They should make that effort. For art is essentially religious. And religion is itself an art in the highest sense, or perhaps a combination of all arts. And each can know more of itself, its own deepest nature, through the other. Religion an art? Well, no. Not the kind that concentrates on statistics and awards. Not, I believe — and in spite of the titles that pour out of the Reverend Peale's Marble Collegiate Church — not the kind that seeks to make God a business partner. But let no one tell me that to love God with all one's being and one's neighbor as oneself, to live the life implied in "The Good Samaritan," to understand the miracle of the Word made Flesh, to make the word as we have it flesh in our own lives, to know and make viable in our lives the paradox of the denial of self that only can save — let no one tell me that these involve no, require no art. Nearly all of us, I suspect, can testify to the sense of artistic and religious identity involved in our deepest religious experiences — and more so to our own sense of failure in both to experience no more deeply than we do. If my original assertion will stand, that the common end is the enrichment of the life of the spirit, then that common end proclaims a relationship if not of identity, then at least of fraternity. The support that religion has always found in symbol, in ritual, in music and painting and sculpture
and liturgy defines that fraternity, as does the inspiration that artists have always found in religious event and meditation.

Art is religious? No, again, not often the market place variety, though it often has religious subject matter, often thinks itself religious. Again I'm thinking of the life of the spirit: no enrichment, no art. I may be playing a bit loosely again with meanings. But in a very real sense, even the simplest kind of imagist poem or of harmony or of design in color has its relevance to the spirit:

So much depends
 upon
  a red wheel
  barrow

glazed with rain
 water

beside the white
 chickens.
— William Carlos Williams

But I need not depend too heavily on what is perhaps a tenuous relationship, not with so much of our great art explicitly religious. It is hardly mere accident that so many of our greatest works have grown from conscious celebration of religious event or concept or truth. Hardly mere accident that so many others have grown from the profoundest kind of wrestling with problems posed by religion. Hardly mere accident that the western world's two great ages of drama grew, independently, out of religious ritual. And whether we consider tragedy as the highest expression of religious yearnings or as religious paradox we can hardly deny that great tragedy speaks to our deepest religious senses.

Art an Aid to Religious Experience

Or, to look at it differently, if art can help religion defeat the common enemy it can also help to deepen and strengthen our religious experience. Here the relationship becomes very complex. I am ready to argue that the depth of any experience, artistic or religious, depends largely on the depth of our awareness. Quantity alone can bring depth to neither water nor experience. Both need focus, control, a container. Yes, prayer, my friends from the College of Religion will say. But not only prayer, I must insist, fundamental though that is. At our best, and using every resource available to us, our experience is able to encompass only a fraction of total experience, to plumb deep enough only to suggest the greater depths. Any resource that can help deepen and broaden that experience we should be grateful for. We should contemplate the "Sistine Madonna" or "The Last Supper." We should listen to Handel and Bach. We should read The Divine Comedy and Paradise Lost. With their explicitly religious subject matter they can deepen our own religious experience. We read The Brothers Karamazov, especially "The Grand Inquisitor" section, and "free agency" means something different — and more — than it had meant. We read it along with Paradise Regained and our understanding, our response to the temptations of Christ broadens and deepens. No longer just "the world, the flesh, and the devil," they become the subtle and profound appeals to all that was best and deepest in His nature, to the very God in Him. We trace Raskolnikov's crime — and the punishment that begins even before the crime — through the windings of his consciousness, we see both crime and punishment become the agents of an eventual salvation, and the concept of "opposition in all things" grows richer and more profound. We live with Wordsworth or Whitman through the emotion of a mystic experience, and we recognize qualities that not even prophetic descriptions of the experience have caught.

I should hate to give up many of the experiences in art that have deepened my experiences with religion. I should hate to give up that mighty fourteen-line cry of Milton to God that He avenge His "slaughtered saints" in Piedmont, or that softer response to the blindness that has robbed him of "that one Talent which is death to hide." I'd hate to give up those meditations of Donne that tell me "no man is an island" (Note, by the way, what the market place did to this when it cheapened "I am involved in mankind" to "We need one another.") I'd hate to give up that wonderful comparison of Christ to a windhover or the earlier cry that assures the Lord that He is indeed just, but asks, "Wert thou my enemy, O thou my friend, / How wouldst thou worse, I wonder, than thou dost / Defeat, thwart me?" and ends, "Mine, O thou lord of life, send my roots rain." I'd hate to give up the Four Quartets with their remarkably complex combination of meditation, lyricism, and symbolic development that culminate in a symbolic vision of beatitude. I want to share those final lines even at the risk of mystifying those unfamiliar with the rest of the poems. Remember that they culminate lines of meaning that have been developing throughout Eliot's poetry and that they draw together and resolve all the complexly interwoven themes, symbols, images that, in a close analogy to the musical form which gave the poems their collective name, have developed in thematic repetition and variation to this finale. The poet has come to the old Chapel at Little Gidding "to kneel / Where prayer has been valid." I must include the lovely lines that introduce the finale.

On a winter's afternoon, in a secluded chapel
History is now and England.
With the drawing of this Love and the voice of this
Calling
We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.
Through the unknown, remembered gate
When the last of earth left to discover
Is that which was the beginning;
At the source of the longest river
The voice of the hidden waterfall
And the children in the apple-tree
Not known, because not looked for
But heard, half-heard, in the stillness
Between two waves of the sea.
Quick now, here, now, always —
A condition of complete simplicity
(Costing not less than everything)
And all shall be well and
All manner of thing shall be well
When the tongues of flame are in-folded
Into the crowned knot of fire
And the fire and the rose are one.

Eliot insists — and I think it safe to insist with him —
that he is not trying to convert anyone, but trying to show
how it feels to believe in a certain way. I would not, I
say, want to give up my experience with him. Finally,
to descend with what I hope will not
too great a thud,
I'd hate to give up at least the writing of the simple lit­
tle lyric which helped me define for myself the meaning
of grace:

She forgave
And now I know how sun
Can ever break the bonds of cloud.

She forgave —
And now I know how seed
Can break the shell of crust and earth.

She forgave —
And now I know how babe
Can push its way through pelvic bone to life.

She forgave —
And now I know how grave
Can hold naught else but dust of earth.

She forgave —
And now I sense the depth
And breadth and hope and light of Grace.

But such poems are almost explicitly religious. With­
out belittling the religious man's struggle, I think it safe
to assume that the artist struggles harder than most to
remain true to the complexities of experience. As a re­sult,
he may not give us easy answers. He may not give
us answers at all.

He is more likely to give us difficult questions. Or he
may send a Captain Ahab around all the oceans seeking,
to destroy, a certain white whale which embodies all
evil or brute force or malice "that lies at the lees of
things." He may finally give us a morally ordered uni­
verse — as I think Shakespeare does. But in the twen­
tieth century he may give us only the disintegration,
the distortion, that he senses in that universe. But our
very awareness of that disintegration or distortion must
prelude the search back toward order — if we have lost
it. The vicarious experience of the tragedy of being
captured in an amoral or inimical, mechanistic universe
that a Hardy or Dreiser gives can surely deepen our sense
of gratitude, if nothing more, for our own awareness of
meaning. It ought, among many other things, also to
depthen our compassion, just as creating the novels sure­
ly did for both Hardy and Dreiser. We may feel uncom­
fortable with Kafka's K. as we search for a way to com­
 municate with the castle. But both our understanding
of the complexities of our relationship with Deity and
our compassion for K. in his hopeless, mad, humorous
quest — both must deepen. And after we watch the piles
of documents get thrown around the room in the mayor's
office or hear of those stacks of papers that come crash­
ing to the floor of Sordini's office as he works through
them up in the castle at feverish rate, we may find our­selves a little less willing to be judged out of the books —
too often, I fear, a market-place concept of judgment.

But again I'm out where the footing may not be quite
firm. I want to retreat — or advance — to perhaps my
safest position, to where art and religion exactly meet,
to where literature and scripture are one: to those brief
but mighty parables, to the psalms, to the Book of Job.
All three taught us long ago that religion cannot be a
market-place venture. All three combine the finest in
both religion and art. All three enrich the spirit. Job's
mighty NO hurled at the market-place accusation that
he need only repent and God's mighty rhetoric hurled
back at Job from the whirlwind — both assure us that
it is possible to serve God for naught. Both assure us of
depths beyond our own experience. And both assure
us of the supreme value of the life of the spirit. Job,
God assures him, has spoken more truly of God than
have the comforters.

Proposals for a Merger

Such assurances make me want peace between art and
religion. I am ready to proffer the olive branch. Not,
however, to the market-place. The money-changers
defile the temple of art just as they defile the temple of
religion. I want to suggest more than just peace. To
borrow a metaphor from the market-place, I want to
suggest a merger— or more accurately a re-merger. If
my analysis of the distrust of art and religion has been
accurate, then in a large measure we ourselves are at
fault, we as lovers, as students, as creators, as profes­sors of art. We have accepted too easily our role on the
defensive. We have fallen too comfortably into the posi­tion of snipers, satisfied to keep to cover except when
the field can be obviously ours.

The Cresset
The first goal of my suggested merger is the rescue of both art and religion from the market place. Neither is at home there. Neither should be at home there. But the defeat of the market place is not enough. Such a defeat, at least in our personal lives, must precede both religious and artistic depth. What we must work for is the positive enrichment that both art and religion can provide — work for it in both our personal and our public lives, in both our studying and teaching, and in our own efforts at creativity.

I must hasten to assure that all this is not a plea for didacticism in art — or not mere didacticism. The more I ponder this problem the more I feel that mere didacticism is foredoomed to failure. Art here takes its own revenge. For to teach meaningfully art must validate its lesson in both our emotions and our intellect. And this the merely didactic in art can do only at the lowest level. Nor am I suggesting Matthew Arnold's substitution of Culture or Art for religion or the refuge of art in religion that T. S. Eliot has too often been accused of seeking (I hope those lines from Eliot suggest how wrong this view is). Nor, finally, do I want Shelley's apotheosis of the poet. Merger implies the pooling of resources, not the swallowing of one by the other.

We can expect no easy victory. But I find real comfort in the widespread interest in art and creative effort in our universities. I find comfort in a perhaps naive faith that the ferment of seeking, yearning and striving for what is of good report will not stop with mere market place art. I find final comfort in the power of good art, like the power of truth and of good religion, to emerge, to stand by itself, to withstand time and people and even the market place.

The time, I say, has come for a re-merger of art and religion. Each goes its way alone at peril to itself but at peril to the other, too. But I say it wrongly. Each cannot go its way alone. For whether the man of religion likes it or not he needs and uses the resources of art to arrive at, to define, and to communicate his deepest insights. And whether the artist likes it or not his deepest insights ring with religious overtones — if they are not explicitly religious. For those deepest insights of both spring from what Philip Wheelwright calls "the original and essentially unchangeable conditions of human insight and human blessedness."

The longer I live in both worlds, the more convinced I become that the spirit must feed in depth and height, not merely breadth; must seek its enrichment in those nether parts of the soul where only the venturesome artist or spiritual man seeks, or in those airy heights which may require an even more venturesome and spiritual man to reach: the heights of that vision of pure lights which Dante reaches, or of those muted, lovely scenes of rebirth which Shakespeare dramatizes in the final plays, or of that similarly lovely scene in which, after "natural tears they drop'd, but wiped them soon," Adam and Eve wind their way toward a new life, or of those ethereal notes of the "Pastoral Symphony" by which Handel defines in the Messiah the peace of the morning of birth — or of that even more ethereal moment in which Christ pronounces the single name "Mary" to her who has thought Him the gardener, a single word at once annunciation and benediction, at once defining both himself and her, at once defining both an old and a new and utterly ineffable relation between them and between Him and all mankind.

In such moments as these the market place is left absolutely behind. In such moments the spirit feeds in both height and depth. Such moments proclaim the enrichment of the life of the spirit as a supreme value. In such moments the eye of the spirit proclaims the identity of art and religion as ministers to the life of the spirit.

---

GARAGE

It used to be a barn.
Here Matt kept his high steppers
That raced across the ice in winter
And in the golden fall toured all the fairs
For miles around
The little door
Through which they pitched the hay
Is never opened now.
But I remember how they forked it up
Upon a steaming summer afternoon.
When I walk by, I still can smell
The scent of hay and horse
Above the fumes of gasoline:
And where the oil has left a slick,
I seem to see the proud hooves stamping,
Eager to be off and running,
Drawing the sulky to another victory
Of ribbons tacked upon the wall;
And Matt saying,
"I'll let you hold the reins.
You like horses, don't you, kid?"

— Louise Darcy
Contemporary Literature: Lost Without God

By RUTH F. DICKINSON

If the notion is true, and I think that it is, that the common world we inhabit, the common kinds of experiences we live through, the common concerns of our existence are reflected in our contemporary literature, then perhaps by examining some of these novels, dramas, and poems we can diagnose man's spiritual condition and the world's. There are many good Christian pastors who will say in some expurgated fashion that Samuel Beckett, Edward Albee, and James Joyce are not fit reading for Christians; that Faulkner, James Baldwin, and J.D. Salinger write filth; that Kerouac, Ginsberg, and Leroi Jones are smearing pages with excrement. Nevertheless, these authors speak to us deeply, powerfully, even personally, about our lives in today's world. They seem to be saying, I think, something that should be of vital interest to us precisely because we are Christians, because we do care about the world, because we do want to affirm our faith in the love of Christ. What is it then that modern literature, that is, the literature written since 1920, is telling us about man's condition, the condition of the church, and finally the need for truth and the search for God?

First, the world they picture is a disordered one, inhabited by men alienated, dishonest, disassociated from each other. The individual is living in his own world, isolated, estranged, on a separate continent of his own. There is profound social and political dislocation, in megalopolitan urban communities or decaying rural areas, and there is also an impersonality and uprootedness from the soil, from the family. Man, in searching for the mystery of being, now chooses his own principles, his own values because he no longer trusts the conventional givers; the family, the church, the state are no longer to be trusted. Yossarian, the hero in Joseph Heller's striking novel about war titled Catch-22, is willing to discuss the kind of morality a friend offers because, "unlike Yossarian's mother, father, sister, brother, aunt, uncle-in-law, teacher, spiritual leader, legislator, neighbor and newspaper," his friend had never lied about anything crucial before.

Kafka's heroes too inhabit a nightmarish world where noone, no institution is to be trusted. His heroes, further, have no true sense of identity; the social order in which Joseph K. lives in The Trial doesn't even allow him the dignity of a last name. Kafka tells us of Gregor Samsa, in "Metamorphosis," who wakes up one morning to find himself transformed into a huge, ugly bug, separated from his family and community not only by the psychological strangeness of his insect life but also by the literal hard ugly shell that is his new body. Faulkner tells us about Joe Christmas, the mulatto in Light in August, that "there was something definitely rootless about him, as though no town or city was his, no street, no walls, no square of earth his home." And Baldwin tells us in Another Country of Eric, who is afraid to return to New York because of the despair, disorder, the at once isolated existence but also communal existence with phonies. Rufus commits suicide in that other country because he is unable to break out of his sense of isolation and estrangement. For him, loss of existence is far less overwhelming than the loss of civilization, personality, humaneness. The violent language of Baldwin's exacerbated cry does not detract us except momentarily from his painful vision of a segment of our contemporary social life.

Further, man feels a frequently unfocused but nevertheless intense guilt. Kafka's K. for example feels in The Trial that he deserves to be punished, that the trial, which never gets underway, is really deserved, except that he never knows what it is that causes the guilt. Camus' Clamence in The Fall knows himself to be guilty of living a lie, of being hypocritical and phony. Eric in Another Country feels guilty about his homosexuality, yet he recognizes the hypocrisy of the normal marriage of two of his friends. The world these people inhabit is truly a disordered one. Faulkner's South is decadent, trying to maintain a traditional show of virtue. Baldwin's New York is filled with pimps, lecherous literary agents, lying artists, dope-addicted, racially prejudiced musicians. Sartre's Parisians consume quarts of wine, reject familial ties, and engage in endless ideological discussions in tawdry nightclubs. In J.D. Salinger's Catcher in the Rye, Holden Caulfield rejects American prep school teachers, their wives, and his fellow students. About one of them he says: "It was one of the worst schools I ever went to. It was full of phonies." He further explains that the faculty members as well as the students seem false, perverted by the images they are forced to present. All three characters — Holden, Clamence, Rufus — are discouraged in life by the rampant hypocrisy; they rage against the general emotional atrophy and lack of sensitivity in other people because these qualities lead them to be unavailable, for human beings touch each other only when they are honest and willing to speak the truth about themselves. Holden tells Phoebe that he wants to be the "catcher in the rye," from the line in the folk song "if a body catch a body / Coming through the rye." Perhaps he wants to be able to reach across the chasms that divide us and catch people before they run off to hide in their acres of camouflaging rye.

Now we ask: but doesn't the church offer an answer to these lost, unhappy souls?

And the answer is No. . . at least, to most contemporary authors the traditional church itself is superficial, trite, providing only pat cliched answers unrelated to man's crying emptiness. Or traditional Christianity seems to them to be too aesthetic, too other-worldly; or that the church insists upon denying the worth of the imagina-
tion, the passions, the body, the senses. Modern literature does not reveal a church carrying on a vital and strong dialogue about its shape and purpose within itself, but rather a church hardened to any voices except those of wealth, prestige, power, or worse, pettiness and triviality. Those books which are distinctly ecclesiastical in orientation are largely sentimentalized; for example James Street's *The Gauntlet* and Turnbull's *The Gown of Glory* affect platitudes and pious moralisms. More importantly and relevantly, though, we have to look at attacks in literature which is more powerfully and artistically written. We're all familiar with Sinclair Lewis's attacks in *Elmer Gantry*, the scathing report on the emotionalism and the insincerity of fundamentalist sects. And the Baptist Church in *Main Street*, whose minister is a narrow, shallow, generally foolish man, preaching on generally irrelevant topics, such as prohibition and socialism. Within this so-called redeemed community is in reality an unredeemed one, gossipy, scandalous, usually ignorant. Then there is Babbitt, who half-heartedly returns to religion after an extra-marital affair. Babbitt drops by the office of his minister to confess, but the minister's eyes "glisten" as he probes for Babbitt's sins. Then, when the minister suggests that they pray together, Babbitt notices the man looking at his watch as he nears the finish of his smug, ingratiating prayer. Lewis's works are not alone; there are other works which denounce the church and ministers too. Graham Greene, in *A Burnt Out Case*, indicates that his hero has become disenchanted with traditional religious piety. *Catch-22*’s chaplain is under strict orders by his commanding officer to pray only for a tight flight formation — nothing disturbing about men's sins or souls, please, and the vacillating chaplain agrees. Churches are not theologically oriented, but sociologically; they are community centers, possessing everything "but a bar," as Lewis says: nurseries, kitchens, gyms, clubs for young marrieds, older couples, widows; a library even of poorly written, emotionalized books. Philip Larkin's poem, "Church Going," is also concerned with the general atrophy of churches. He says that he stops at a church, reflects that it wasn't worth the visit, and then wonders what will become of the buildings when they are completely avoided as places of worship. His tone is somewhat optimistic: perhaps, the poet suggests, people in another age will return to the churches in order to search out the quality of faith they once embodied.

There is, however, a compelling picture of a true church, a Negro church, in Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury*. It is a primitive, rough-hewn, weathered building, and the preacher for the day, a visitor from St. Louis, is undersized, has a small monkey-like black face, and is dressed in a shabby alpaca coat. Here is the passage and part of the sermon:

"Brethren and sistern," the preacher said again. He removed his arm and he began to walk back and forth before the desk, his hands clasped behind him, a meagre figure, hunched over upon itself, like that of one long immured in striving with the implacable earth. "I got the recollection and the blood of the Lamb!" He tramped steadily back and forth beneath the twisted paper and the Christmas bell, hunched, his hands clasped behind him. He was like a worn, small rock whelmed by the successive waves of his voice. With his body he seemed to feed the voice that, succubus like, had fleshe its teeth in him. And the congregation seemed to watch with its own eyes while the voice consumed him, until he was nothing and they were nothing and there was not even a voice, but instead their hearts were speaking to one another in chanting measures beyond the need for words, so that when he came to rest against the reading desk, his monkey face lifted and his whole attitude that of a serene, tortured crucifix that transcended its shabbiness and insignificance and made it of no moment, a long, moaning expulsion of breath rose from them, and a woman's single soprano: "yes, Jesus!"

Slowly, the preacher slips into the Negro dialect:

"O blind sinner! Breddren, I tells you; sistuhn, I says to you, when de Lawd did turn His mighty face, say, Ain't gwine overload heaven! I can see de widowed God shet His do'; I sees de whelin' flood roll between, I sees de darkness en de death everlastin'; upon de generations. Den, lo! Breddren! Yes, Breddren! Whut I see: Whut I see, O sinner? I sees de resurrection en de light; see de meek Jesus sayin' dey kilt Me dat ye shall live again; I died dat dem what sees en believes shall never die, Breddren, O breddren! I sees de doom crack en hears de golden horns shouting down de glory, en de arisen dead whut got de blood en de ricklickshun of de Lamb!"

That whole sermon is an earthily simple retelling of the Gospel, and Faulkner seems to be saying that here is the True Church, and it, like Dilsey, the Negro woman in his story, will prevail.

Roman Catholic and Orthodox priests and parishes are not spared either in modern literature. James Joyce in *Ulysses*, Silone in *Bread and Wine*, Kazantzakis in *A Greek Passion Story* picture for us the corruption, the antiderical clerics, although there are also genuinely devout priests. Nevertheless, the traditional clergy and church, whatever denomination and nationality, both Protestant and Catholic, American, British, European, are not truly administering to man's spiritual needs.

Modern literature then seems to be saying that man in alone, estranged from others, ridden by guilt, but waiting for some redemption. And the traditional church does not offer solutions nor answers for these conditions. The search for God, for a meaningful purposeful life seems to consist of waiting — it is an age of vigil. This quest is exemplified in the poems of W.H. Auden, T.S. Eliot, or Gray Barr, and Peter Davison. The waiting is
best shown in Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*. As Vladimir and Estragon, the two hoboes, wait, they talk about their lives, the shapeless head of the broken fragments of their lives. At the end of the play, they are still waiting for God, or Godot, who never arrives. Here is a wordless cry for help. In Joseph Heller's novel *Catch-22* we read passages too indicating the need for love, the search for God.

Yossarian quickened his pace to get away, almost ran. The night was filled with horrors, and he thought he knew how Christ must have felt as he walked through the world, like a psychiatrist through a ward full of nuts, like a victim through a prison full of thieves. What a welcome sight a leper must have been! . . . He came upon an altercation on the next block between a civilian Italian with books and a slew of civilian policemen with armlocks and clubs. The screaming, struggling civilian was a dark man with a face white as flour from fear . . . "Help!" he shrieked shrilly in a voice strangling in his own emotion, and the policemen carried him to the open doors in the rear of the ambulance and threw him inside. "Police, help, police!" The doors were shut and bolted, and the ambulance races away. There was a humorless irony in the ludicrous panic of the man screaming for help to the police while policemen were all around him. Yossarian smiled wryly at the futile and ridiculous cry for aid, then saw with a start that the words were ambiguous, realized with alarm that they were not, perhaps, intended as a call for police but as a heroic warning from the grave by a doomed friend to everyone who was not a policeman with a club and a gun . . . "Help! Police!" the man had cried, and he could have been shouting of danger.

Brother Antoninus in a poem entitled "A Siege of Silence" echoes the cry, the need for God: ". . . God? What storms of the dredged deep your absence lets . . . / God, God of the paradisal heart I wait!" T.S. Eliot's "East Coker" from the *Four Quartets* exemplifies not the cry as much as the quiet resigned patient waiting:

...wait without hope
For hope would be hope for the wrong thing; wait without love
For love would be love of the wrong thing; there is yet faith
But the faith and the love and the hope are all in the waiting.

What are we to make of all this? Are these expressions of despair to be ignored by us who are Christians? Shall we simply say, as one elderly librarian did at a university library when I was looking for a book by Freud, that Freud and the others write dirty books and we should not sully our hands with them? I think not. Could it be, rather, that God is using the reality of art to force the church into a re-examination of its shape and purpose? Sometimes our Christian habits of mind and heart seem to inhibit if not cripple our resourcefulness so that we are not able to communicate with the secular art forms of our age, but the poets do speak to us, and allow us to possess more fully our enduring humanity. We must learn to respond in equally powerful and stimulating imagery. What Christianity does say about reality consists essentially in the declaration that we live in a spiritually responsive universe and that we are concerned about the entire community, not only the well-christianized locale. In the very depth of these authors' confusion there is still expressed a sense of the ultimate meaning of existence upon the basis of which he still lives; in the very seriousness of their sense of separation from God there is expressed a profound intuition of His presence. What then is said in the New Testament must be significant for our existence and for the poets', in terms of what it means for us and for them. We must live the life of the dialogue, of communion with other men. Perhaps, with God's help, we too can become "catchers in the rye."

As the individual member of the Church addresses himself to the task of love, it will be one of the most significant and primary parts of his witness to recognize the areas of need close to home and to remedy the blind spots and apathy which the world within and without the church has fastened upon him. In this growth lies the most potent field for effective witness. The needy world reacts with double hostility to a church which fosters the same blindness to need which the world itself has; and there are many such churches. By the same token it will react with special recognition to a professing Christian who has succeeded in surmounting the handicaps of the flesh which are common to church groups and who without prejudice or hindrance seeks the welfare of his neighbor.

Undoubtedly, it is unfair to compare one repertory theater with another, particularly if one has the advantage of having been around for about six or more years and the other has tried to establish itself during last season. But the public cares little about the need for preparatory time, about esthetic creeds, experimental approaches and difficulties stemming from Herbert Blau's and Jules Irving's adjustment to the highly competitive cultural climate in New York. In many ways their leadership of the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center improved a great deal since last season and especially in the choice of the new members of the ensemble. And yet Jules Irving's staging of Ben Jonson's "The Alchemist" showed — despite some zest and period flavor — a lack of coherence and a dearth of imagination. The speech patterns varied and even such a good actor as George Voscovec failed to bring off the famous passage of Sir Epicure Mammon. Too much hope rested on gimmicks and bits of overdone humor while the verbal beauty of the play was butchered.

Ellis Rabb's A.P.A.-Phoenix repertory group has revived two of its former successes so far. It is wonderful to see this 18th century wickedness unfold with a disarming casualness in Mr. Rabb's staging with himself as Joseph Surface — all charm and understanding for the frailties of man —, with Helen Hayes giving brilliance to Mrs. Candour and with the inimitable Rosemary Harris as an enticing Lady Teazle. Rabb's company proves the durability of this remarkable play which possesses a delightful twang with a drop of syrup in it.

Illusion is a bitter necessity and truth a great question mark. "Right You Are" if you think you are, Pirandello said and demonstrated it in an evening-long extravaganza in which he makes his point during the first twenty minutes. The rest of the play paraphrases the author's concept that truth is only the truth as you see it, while, at the same time, he satirizes the sick curiosity of a gossipy upper-class society in a provincial Italian city. The relativity of all reality, as this play condenses it into a small slice of a dubious life, received an immaculate production which helped the audience forget the thinness of the plot.

A new school of playwriting, which has come into existence during the last few years, is the so-called "open theater," created by Joseph Chaikin, in which dramatist, director, and actors seemingly work together to find a new way of dramatic expression. Even musicians and painters may participate in this creative process. The basic idea behind all this is to make the play an event (in the sense of a dramatically heightened happening), structuring that event from the inside out to the words. Essentially, it is improvisational theater that grows into a definite form. The dramatist no longer sits at home waiting for Melpomene or Thalia to kiss him and to let her guide his hands to the right keys on the typewriter. The word is peripheral. A movement, a situation turns into an idea. Somebody tells of an incident. Accident, chance, extraneous elements become decisive. The creative process is one motivated and directed by experiences, shared, communicated, improvised.

Jean-Claude van Itallie's "America Hurrah" is one of the results of this new kind of theater. Subtitled as "3 Views of the U.S.A.", it is a montage — influences of film technique are obvious throughout — or, you may also say, three different approaches to problems that trouble thinking men in these United States. Unemployed persons are tortured by smiling and masked images of living questionnaires. Scene dissolves into a street scene, marionettes, again living masks move and speak and out of movement emerges the cacophony of our time and dissolves into a cocktail party at which all actors, completely immobile, watch a girl tell of a horrible accident she has experienced until we slowly realize that she is the dead girl of the accident who came to apologize for being late at the party. A one-act masterpiece of stagecraft.

The second view takes place in a TV studio. Three monitors' humdrum existence is superimposed on the inane programs of TV which reel off while the live action unfolds. Although unnecessarily long, this one-act play shows a perfect blending of two different worlds and media. Yet, the gulf between reality and a synthetic world of make-believe becomes clear when one of the monitors almost chokes to death, having swallowed a chicken bone, while a phony chanteuse blares her sweet goodnights into the living rooms of the nation, caught in its captive boredom.

Third view: a motel, homey, respectable. Two actors, disguised as oversize grotesque puppets, enter. They come to stay overnight in this atmosphere of a ready-made, gadget-kind cosiness. They strip to their flesh-tinted, papier-mache bodies and then begin to destroy methodically the room and to write scatologic images on walls and doors. The physical destructive fury is meant to be a mental strip-tease, Made in U.S.A.. None of the three playlets is didactic or a biting satire. The "J'Accuse" is viciously hidden behind an observant mind and a matter-of-fact presentation of the case in question.
It hurts you to kick against the goads. — Acts 26:14

When St. Paul told King Agrippa of his conversion, he reported hearing a voice say in Hebrew, “Saul, Saul, why do you persecute me? It hurts you to kick against the goads.”

The language suggests an oxcart, whose driver pricks the ox with a long rod to turn him in a new direction. Saul, the ox, had apparently been hurting for some time. Though the goading continued and the pain increased, he attributed it to the devil and regarded his persistence in the old way as a service to God. But the driver was equally determined to turn this ox, and to goad him until he ceased fighting his master. Saul’s conversion occurred when he discovered who was driving the oxcart, and that the risen Jesus who called him by name could not possibly be identified with the devil, but only with God. The reversal was total. The path he now pursued exactly contradicted the old one to which he had been so fervently committed.

It is a revealing story, a classic instance of how hard God has to work at His own people and church when He wants to turn them into a direction which they think contradicts God’s very purpose and nature, yes, even His own Word. For the church like the ox tends to know only the straight ahead. It derives its sense of the straight ahead from the tradition of the fathers in which it immediately stands, and supports its judgment by quotations from God’s own Word. The church equates “where I am now headed” with God’s own straight ahead, and passionately ascribes any goading toward reversal of direction to the evil. The more painful and persistent the goading, the more stubborn the ox.

There is a divine straight ahead, of course, a continuity and single-mindedness of purpose that pervades and controls all history, an unwavering eternal will that enfolds not only the church but all peoples. God’s will is salvation. He wants the world to know Him, and to come to rest in Him the Father, to receive all good from Him and take refuge in Him in all distress, to love Him with a whole heart and serve the neighbor without computing consequences, to enter into that life and kingdom which robs death of its sting and waits for the resurrection. The Bible proclaims that will of God throughout, but especially in the history of the Son of God who did not swerve from the will of His Father, not even when the way led through darkness and death, “who was put to death for our trespasses and raised for our justification.” (Rom. 4:25)

It is precarious, however, to assume that the way we as God’s people are traveling at any moment conforms inevitably to the straight ahead of God-Himself. Saul’s story conveys the warning. He stood at the end of a long and sacred tradition of Judaism. His tradition included the memory of the goads by which God had in the past turned His people into a new direction, the painful loss of land, holy city, and temple in the Babylonian exile. Saul was heir to the determination of Ezra that the returned captives must learn from their past, and never again forsake the identity and promise that was theirs under God’s holy Law. Saul waited patiently for the final Day, when God would establish His reign on Zion, overthrow all evil that oppressed His people, and crown His righteous saints with eternal authority and glory. This was the way Saul was defending when he added his “Amen” to the crucifixion of Jesus, and then with unwavering consistency followed through by persecuting His disciples in the determination to wipe out the church.

But the goads were saying, “Turn!”

The goads were saying, “Let go this fanatical defense of Jerusalem and the temple! Surrender this desperate self-consciousness about genealogies, and circumcision, and obedience to the Law! Give up this notion that the words of Law written in your Bible have the same kind of eternal validity as the God who once spoke them!”

“Perhaps Jesus was right,” the goads were saying. “Perhaps what you are hanging on to is an old garment beyond patching, a dried and empty wineskin incapable of holding new wine!”

“Perhaps His disciples are right,” the goads were saying, “when they sing and rejoice even under persecution, because God is with them!”

“But if God is with them, He is not with you, Saul,” the goads were saying, “even though you insist He must be! Are you so sure that you will be in on the kingdom when it comes? Are you sure that your murderous wrath has the favor of God? Is this what it means to obey the Lord your God, to love Him with your whole heart and your neighbor as yourself?”

“What of this Jesus?” the goads were asking. “You call him so lightly a sinner, a heretic, one possessed of the devil. But are you really rid of Him? When He received sinners and healed the sick, was this of the devil? When He walked to Jerusalem alone, without arms, like Daniel to the den of lions, and when He called the rulers of Ju-
Judaism is big enough? Today you run to Damascus. Often hard for us to see it that way. It seems rather that only a dozen new places. And how do you know this fire is of goads hurt.

Where will you run tomorrow? With every stamp of your angry foot the flame scatters and flares up in a dozen new places. And how do you know this fire is of the devil? What if it should be the fire of the Spirit of the living God?

“But you keep telling yourself that He is dead, that He did not rise,” the goads were saying. “Aren’t your reasons the product of your own stubbornness? You yourself profess to believe in the resurrection of the saints and sons of God. What if He is ‘the Son of the living God’ as His disciples confess Him to be? Do you think your stubborn arguments can hold Him in the grave? And what happens then to the sonship in which you so proudly boast, you and your brothers in Judaism who claim to be the children and servants of God, and yet have killed God’s beloved Son?” That’s what the goads were saying, even as Saul kicked against them. And the goads hurt.

“Saul, Saul,” the voice spoke from the seat of the oxcart. “If you cannot even kill my Church, do you think you can keep me dead?” It was very simple, and wonderful. When Saul’s blinded eyes opened at his baptism in Damascus three days later, they looked out on a new world. The straight and unswerving way of God was right through the cross and resurrection of Jesus, His only Son. The bonds and barriers of the Law and of Judaism were shattered. An overwhelming stream of divine mercy flowed from the cross, like living waters, to sinners and the Gentiles. The stream cleansed Saul, and healed him. The pain of the goads lay behind. Ahead lay a new life of freedom and suffering service, filled with the joy and power of his Lord.

The Lord goads those whom He loves. Though His purpose is always to get us on God’s straight ahead, it is often hard for us to see it that way. It seems rather that the goads are prodding us toward the way of darkness, and that to yield would mean the loss of everything we have treasured. We are sure the new direction is of the devil, and we respond by kicking.

Though the crisis may be an individual matter, it is likely to have implications beyond the individual. Saul, for example, epitomized Pharisaic Judaism. The whole problem of Israel as God’s people was wrapped up in his private experience. His conversion pointed to a possibility for His whole nation.

Today, too, the goading which individuals experience may epitomize the torment of the church as a whole. The pricks are many. There is pain as the world passes the church by in condescending contempt. There is pain as a wave of humanistic liberalism boasts of its energetic activity in performing acts of love and justice which the church has both failed to perform and even resisted. There is pain in the internal dissensions of the church, the tendency toward a polarization of views so diverse and contradictory that no ground seems to remain even for sympathetic conversation. There is pain in the fear of the influence of historical-critical methodology in Bible study, its newness, its subjectivity, and at some points its disconcerting findings. There is pain in an age of naturalism which sees no place for the supernatural, an age of materialism which despises any promise or comfort that does not add up to more money.

It is all very painful because the future looks dark and foreboding. Fear may induce paralysis on the one hand, or frenzied activity on the other. It appears that the faith itself is threatened with dissolution. Saul’s kind of solution has much appeal, to cling firmly to the old and familiar path, and to root out or at least isolate the infection.

The analogy limps, as usual. Saul’s problem was not exactly ours, nor are we entering a post “New Testament” era. Yet at one point the analogy seems clear and comforting. The Lord Jesus is still the driver of the oxcart, and the goading is from Him. If that is so, a change of direction is not necessarily heresy. It may well be a renewal of life, and power, and salvation. At the very least Jesus invites us to stop kicking, to stop assuming responsibilities and burdens too great for us. Perhaps He is inviting us to consent to be blind for a while, as we proceed toward Damascus. Faith does not always mean action. It also means to be quiet, to watch and wait and listen and pray, to cling patiently to one another, bearing one another’s burdens and sharing one another’s gifts. As the Lord wills it, the scales will fall from our eyes too, and we shall be told more clearly what we are to do.

The Collect for the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul

O God, who, through the preaching of the blessed Apostle, Saint Paul, hast caused the light of the Gospel to shine throughout the world: Grant, we beseech Thee, that we, having his wonderful conversion in remembrance, may show forth our thankfulness unto Thee for the same, by following the holy doctrine which he taught; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.
The Surrealism of Joan Miro

By RICHARD H. BRAUER

"At Varengeville-sur-Mer, in 1939, began a new stage in my work... It was about the time when the war broke out. I felt a deep desire to escape. I closed myself within myself purposely. The night, music, and the stars began to play a major role in suggesting my paintings... I would set out with no preconceived idea. A few forms suggested here would call for other forms elsewhere to balance them. These in turn demanded others..." — Joan Miro

"Only if we recognize that symbols reflect a more complete reality than can be encompassed in the rational concepts of consciousness can we appreciate the full value of man's power to create symbols."

Erich Neumann

The Spanish painter, Joan Miro (1893), was one of the key contributors to the development of abstract surrealist painting, a development which came into being during the period between the two world wars. Up to that time Miro's personal artistic development had led him from a highly detailed realistic art, through the intensely emotional color and form exaggerations of the Fauve Expressionists, to the more dispassionate, angular, abstract structuring of the Cubists. Yet, in 1923, Miro felt he had reached an impasse.

None of the styles had allowed him to feel a wholeness of expression; none seemed to give him an adequate outlet for his imagination, for the expression of the psychic tensions of his inner life of drives, impulses, intuitions, and what psychology calls the archetypal patterns of the subconscious mind. In this Miro was not alone. The need for a greater awareness and recognition of the subconscious world was felt by many painters and poets of the early 20's, and in 1924 the First Surrealist Manifesto was published.

Surrealism gave Miro the psychological freedom he needed. Often using large, sometimes mural-size canvases, Miro explored the expression of the inner life and intuitions. He developed these expressions from, among other things, the suggestibility of random, automatic drawing, and the chance effects of free play with materials. As he worked, these expressions generally developed into compositions of abstract organic forms in open background space.

Although rather small in size, THE BEAUTIFUL BIRD REVEALS THE UNKNOWN TO A PAIR OF LOVERS is a good example of Miro's mature style. It is from a twenty-three painting series called CONSTELLATIONS. As he says in the quotation above, he begins with no preconceived idea. Although this quotation does not mention it, the first thing he does is to prepare the background. The paper is moistened and the surface is patiently rubbed, scumbled, and smoothed with warm and cool grey colors into many subtle variations of tone and texture that are vaguely dreamy and cloudy. The ground has become a field which helps suggest subject and placement of forms.

When one looks at this finished picture, the first impression is that of an overall, joyous or playful vibration of flat, black amoeba spots, stars, crescents, and circles, all of them with slight irregularities, although each carefully, tidily executed. The pattern reminds me of the shifting shadows cast by the moon or park light through the foliage of trees.

The silhouettes seem to float about haphazardly. Yet, on closer inspection the larger ones seem to group themselves into rough horizontals starting at the very bottom, then about a third of the way up, and again at the very top. Also, the modified "figure-eights" and "dumbbells" are placed in a surprisingly consistent vertical and horizontal scheme. The shapes do not seem to be lined up deliberately. Yet, almost by accident there is order.

The lines in the picture are barely over the threshold of our awareness. Again, at first they do not seem to have much order. Yet in following some of the lazily looping filaments one can see that, for the moment at least, they have connected some of these freely floating spots, so outlining larger, slightly more complex, organic shapes. These shapes sometimes overlap, and loosely combine with each other to create the figure of the man on the left, the woman on the right holding the snake above the man, and the bird at the top right, directly above the head of the woman. The features that best identify the figures are not so much their overall outline as the character given some of the spots inside the outline. The eyes are readily identifiable, although in this painting the front view of the woman's breasts look like eyes. Proportions are drastically distorted; all kinds of metamorphosis is possible. Erotic symbolism and a somewhat fierceome brutality is hidden behind generalized decorative forms such as the pointed black and red oval between the two breasts which stands for the female sex organ.

The world in this vision is depicted as a unified whole in which the reproductive earth, as represented by the female, seems to participate in the light of the constellations. The stars, the animals, and man transparently interplay in a loosely unified rhythm in which everything seems to be able to change into everything else.

It is in this coincidence of order and accident in the making of the picture and in the final results that the picture is surrealistic. It is the contradiction between the flat abstraction of the forms on the one hand, and the fantastic representation of figures on the other that also makes the picture surrealistic. The surrealist point of view very simply seems to be the view that the truest experience of life is in those instances when both accident (chance) and order (destiny) seem to coincide.
In the ferment of religious thought today, the musician is faced with conflicting claims for the usefulness and propriety in the Church of a great diversity of musical styles and forms. Ever since Geoffrey Beaumont's *Folk Mass* of 1955, the Church has built tentative bridges between music that is sacred and that which is secular. The Beaumont Mass sets the liturgy authorized for use in the Church of England in a popular style; the *Kyrie* is marked to be played in a "Beguine Tempo." Patrick Appleford, one of a group of English church musicians to follow Beaumont's lead, sets the *Agnus dei* as a "Slow Rock — smoothly and a little awed." Heinz Werner Zimmermann has borrowed the pizzicato bass of Saturday night's jazz combo for Sunday morning's service.

In support of these experiments, history is cited. The use of secular song tunes in Mass settings by fifteenth-century composers is meant to be precedent. The fact that many Lutheran hymn tunes are the same as those for secular texts is thought to validate contemporary mixtures of style.

It is a fact of history that musicians of the early Renaissance, in their desire to create large musical forms, unified the several parts of the Mass by basing each upon a single *cantus firmus*. The new aesthetic sought to create highly integrated musical structures in which every part depended upon the others and all derived from a single idea. A melodic fragment or a whole tune might serve such a generating function. The *cantus firmus*, usually found in long notes in the tenor part, might be a Gregorian chant, the melody of a liturgical motet, or a tune used in singing a popular ballad.

The medieval traditions of aristocratic song, established in the music of the *troubadours*, *trouvers*, and *Minnesingers* of earlier years, continued in the *Meistersinger* guilds flourishing in every important fifteenth-century German town. The members of these guilds preserved the poetry and music of their predecessors and also created new texts and tunes. The freedom of invention which went into the making of these songs was, however, severely curtailed by many established rules. Wagner's opera presents accurately a *Meistersinger* contest in which appointed judges note the degree to which a song meets the regulations. It is these well-crafted tunes that make up the body of popular song from which Luther selected the melodies for new chorale-texts.

When applied to musical compositions, the sacred-secular distinction differs with the historical period. Before the sixteenth century, the distinction is made on the basis of the subject matter of texts; after the introduction of modern musical thought the distinction has reference to the emotions evoked and the purposeful use of music to affect the listener. It is Samuel Quickelberg, among others, who calls our attention to this fact of history. The enthusiasm he records in his commentary on a sixteenth-century manuscript for the novelty of music which is expressive marks an aesthetic "continental divide" in the history of Western art. On this side of the divide the musician must decide whether the emotional states implied and induced by a work are appropriate in a sacred context or a secular. Those on the other side more easily judged the merits of a piece by determining the quality of its crafting.

The secular tune, "The Armed Man," carried in the fifteenth century no implications of secular emotions. It is, rather, a melody having about it attractive features of intervallic relationships, rhythmic design, and harmonic structure: the initial ascending fourth and the recurrent descending fifth that set the tonality firmly; the varied rhythmic groupings of the triple meter; and the satisfying *da capo* form. These are the generative ideas and the informing themes for Mass settings by Dufay, Ockeghem, and others. That these features originally provided the musical structure for a popular song is coincidental, not suggestive.

Luther selected tunes from a variety of sources for his new texts not because they possessed dramatic qualities but because they were well-made tunes having an essentially musical beauty to them. In a preface to a hymnal of 1542, he explains that the collection contains some songs of which "the melodies are precious. It would be a pity to let them perish. The texts and the words, however, are non-Christian and absurd. Therefore, we have unclothcd these idolatrous, lifeless, and foolish texts and divested them of their beautiful music. We have put this music on the living and holy Word of God." It is not an offense against good taste, then, but evidence of good judgment that Hans Leo Hassler's fine melody for the love song "*Mein Gmueth ist mir verwirret*" provided the tune for the chorale "*Hertzlich tut mich verlangen*" and later became the cherished "*O Sacred Head Now Wounded*."

The bridging of sacred and secular cultures is certainly a worthy concern of today's Church (for a provocative report on one aspect of this, see: *Downbeat*, October 6, 1966, "*Minister to Jazz*"), but the churchman of today must cite historical precedents with care. Music since Samuel Quickelberg's day is not the same art it had been before.
Always the Poor

Through the years we have heard about the poor. Through the ages we have talked about the poor. As a matter of fact, as early as Plato: “Wealth and poverty are both evils. The one is parent of luxury and indolence, the other of meanness and indolence, and both of discontent.”

As early as the Old and New Testaments where Leviticus admonished: “And if thy brother be waxen poor, and fallen in decay with thee, then thou shalt relieve him.” Where Psalm 41 blessed: “Blessed is he that considereth the poor.” Where Galatians 2 told us to remember: “Only they would that we should remember the poor.”

Through the ages we have been told that there would always be the poor: “For the poor shall never cease out of the land.” (Deuteronomy 15) Deuteronomy was re-echoed by Matthew 26: “For ye have the poor always with you.”

But, no matter what, the talk always implied doing something about the poor, especially the talk in the Christian Scriptures. Deuteronomy 15 also says: “Therefore I command thee, saying, thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to the poor, and to the needy, in thy land.” In Acts 6, the apostles, concerned about the poor and the daily ministration to the widows that were being neglected, appointed seven men to the office of the deacons to execute and administrate such concerns.

In our country, the immovable Statue of Liberty suggests to all of us that we extend an open hand to the poor: “Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses longing to be free.” And like the man on the stage said: “They took us up on it!”

Through the years many people have tried to do something about the poor and the tired in our land. Attempting to aid the poor in America has often been pictured as a matter of morality. The American Christian will argue: Even as Christ has loved me and given himself for me, even so I love and give myself for others, especially for the poor, the sick, the maimed, and the halt. The conscience-stricken insist that if we have it as good as we do indeed have it in America we ought to be handing largesse over to those who do not have it so good.

Lately many people see aid to the poor as a strategy for the maintenance of society. We need the poor as consumers to keep our economic society afloat. In addition, the poor might embarrass us with riots and demonstrations.

So any way you look at it, we could argue, we ought to be helping the poor.

And who helps the poor?

At one time churches figured to be the major poor relief agencies. At times society has simply permitted the poor to beg, to be tramps and vagrants, living off nearly anyone they were able to “con” into charity. Now and then, in however sputtering fashion, political systems have tried to gather at least some resources together in organized attacks on poverty. But lately the governments in some countries of the world have entered the war on poverty with concerted and concentrated efforts, with fanfare and flourish.

In spite of all that, however, the poor are still with us. In spite of all that, most of us still do not pay very much attention to the tired, the poor, the huddled masses.

Through the ages we seem to have been shadow-boxing the problems of the poor.

In the most respectable circles I am still hearing the old arguments against helping the poor and the needy. The poor apparently are still poor because of themselves. If the poor really wanted to, they could still lift themselves by their bootstraps. Besides, the matter of the poor is all in the Lord’s hands. Whom He loveth, you know, He chasteneth. And besides again, we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God. And there simply is nothing like the clincher: If God had wanted the poor to be wealthy, He would have made them wealthy. How lucky the plight of the poor, and the tired, and the huddled masses!

Most of the readers of The Cresset as well as its editors are still hearing about the poor, talking about the poor, are still welcoming the poor, and still shadow-boxing the plight of the poor. In spite of our low salaries, most of us, readers and editors alike, are still not living the lives of the poor. We may talk about how we lived in the ghettoes of German Liberalism; we may talk about the depressions of the rural plains and the sidewalks of New York over which we pursued our individual vagaries; we may refer to the families of the preachers from which we came; we may refer to all of these as the depressed and blighted areas of our lives — but we never were really poor.

We have never really lived the lives of the poor, psychologically and economically beaten down with no hope of mounting Horatio Alger’s road from rags to riches. We had books to read and schools to attend, teachers that were decent and competent, and we had the cultural aspirations of the middle class to pursue. We were poor perhaps in a middle class sort of way with our status and style patterns frayed a little at the edges, but we were never poverty-stricken.

And where have you and I helped the poor? We have written our small checks or have manipulated the money of others donated to welfare funds to help the poor. We have helped run recreation programs at community centers. Yet none of this goes far enough.

Have we ever tried to re-direct or rehabilitate a depressed family? Just where have we been involved at a sacrifice to ourselves, at a maximum of cost to ourselves?

More significant, perhaps, is the anomaly of poverty in an affluent society. We are still shadow-boxing.

In 1964, Ben H. Bagdikian took up this very issue in his book In The Midst Of Plenty: The Poor In America (Boston: Beacon Press, $4.50) A much-quoted statement of the late President Kennedy sets the tone of Bagdikian’s book: “Poverty in the midst of plenty is a paradox that must not go unchallenged.”

Bagdikian did some of the basic research for this book for articles published in The Saturday Evening Post. No newcomer, therefore, to many of our readers, he has also worked for the Providence (R.I.) Journal, has been a Guggenheim Foundation fellow, and has also received the George Foster Peabody award.

This book is really built around case studies, actual vignettes of all kinds of poor in our land with all of the implications referred to above, the poor we could see and understand if we really wanted to. It is a long parade: refugees from the South, American Indians whose culture we intruding immigrants destroyed, Skid Row derelicts, foreign immigrants, migratory labor, transients from Mexico, rural losers, the old and the lonely, the young and the lonely, and all those who are poor because they desire more and have cultural aspirations.

These are the poor in the richest America we have ever known. “How can that be?” you ask: “I don’t see any poor.” And that is the point: you would see them if you only tried. Caught up in an affluent society, we see, hear, taste, touch, and feel no evil, no poverty. Perhaps we do not have our psychological antennae out for the poor. Poverty is out of sight, writes Bagdikian, and consequently out of mind. One-sixth of our population lives below minimal levels of health, housing, food, and education and we have really not noticed, much less understood. We do not really see the obvious hardship cases: the senile who are dumped into hospital beds by apathetic children, the mentally retarded whom we confront with “what can we do for them anyway,” the alcoholic whom we really ignore with “it’s sure too bad that he let this happen to him.”

There are worse things we refuse to see: the twelve million children in the families of the poor. Certainly, insists Bagdikian, these children “are the hostages of poverty.” They represent a future multiplication of misery. They have inherited a bleak hopelessly outlook which for most of them has already poisoned the education that could save them.” At an early age despair and futility are written into...
their lives. At least, if we are not interested in the adult poor, we could rescue the young poor. Why should we visit the sins and the predicaments of the fathers upon succeeding generations? The trouble, Bagdikian keeps implying, is that we do not see them and we refuse to look for them. I have been intrigued by another book in the general area of poverty, *Faces of Poverty* by Arthur Simon (St. Louis: Concordia Publishing House, $3.75).

I have been intrigued by the simple matter of going to a book written by a friend. That is almost nihil obstat enough for me.

An additional seal of approval was placed upon the book in the form of a foreword by William Stringfellow, whom I like both as a person and as a writer.

In their own quiet ways both Simon and Stringfellow belong to America's angry young men. As Christians they are not satisfied with being pilgrims, simply waiting for the advent of the Kingdom. As pilgrims they know that there is work to be done in the here and the now.

To whom is this book written? Stringfellow sets the tone here by reference to I Timothy 6, 17-19: "Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not highminded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; That they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; Laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life." To whom is this book written? To the rich, to the affluent, to the haughty, to the educated — to you and me — to the members of America's middle class parishes and communities.

The focus of the book is really in this statement: "I have written a book on poverty, not because I can pretend to be an expert, but because I have the frustrating impression that for most Americans poverty is remote and impersonal."

Agreeing by and large with Bagdikian, Simon asserts that Americans lose sight of the poverty of individuals because they usually see poverty as a massive problem communicated to them in gross statistics. Like Bagdikian and Stringfellow, Simon insists, moreover, that the affluent never get around to seeing the poor. Americans in general seem never to see and understand the ramifications of poverty.

Simon apparently wants quite badly to make the point that the poverty of individual persons should not be lost in impersonal statistics and should not be hidden by affluence.

He makes another point quite clearly: this is not a social science book. It makes no real attempt to demonstrate the recurrent behavior of the poor with statistics, probability propositions, charts, and graphs. His book is not held in by important abstractions, impersonal conclusions, and anonymous data. Like Bagdikian's book, the full meaning of poverty in its rich human dimensions, however tragic and depressing, is presented by means of case studies, personal stories of poverty and fear.

Stringfellow, as is his custom, rings the changes on just this aspect of the book: "Pastor Simon dissects this book that he possesses expertise about poverty. I suppose that may be technically true: he is a clergyman, not a bureaucrat in the Labor Department or a social worker or, as far as I am aware, politically ambitious." It is indeed a pastor's book, by a pastor and for pastors.

Here again Stringfellow's remarks extend the plan of the book: "he is an authentic pastor in a Christian sense who cares for his people. His people are not just his parishioners, but the human beings he encounters daily, for whom he happens to be given opportunity and responsibility. Those he serves may be anyone and everybody, and his life as servant means that he could freely die for them, for any one of them, as a servant in Christ."

Yet there are enough statistics in the book to tell us that poverty is a massive problem: "just about one out of every five" is poor. That statistic is simple, direct, but excruciating. If you figure 3,130 dollars as the poverty line (and Simon does), that figure includes nine million families and thirty million people. Include, in addition, five million people not attached to families with incomes below fifteen hundred dollars and you add another five million. That seems poverty massive enough to suit me.

More significant, asserts Simon, is the following statistical interpretation: "In America today the gap between incomes of $3,000 and $6,000 a year is more startling than the gap between incomes of $6,000 and $60,000." By the time a person reaches six thousand he can think of security, steady housing, stable occupations, psychological stability, wholesome diets, education for children, magazines, and books to read. The reader may answer to this: but the poor of today are better off than the poor of yesterday. The difference for the poor of today, however, seems obvious to me as it does to Simon: 1) the Horatio Alger story does not seem to work; 2) the poor of today do not have much potential to reach for the upper mobility ladder; 3) the poor of today have no place to go but down; 4) "The poor today are not in such a favorable position. They are the ones who were left behind when everyone else advanced"; 5) consequently the poor of today are forced to live in a world of their own with no doors to the outside, living in their own kind of segregation.

You and I, members of the middle class isolationism, do not see much of this and are suspicious of the poor, as our arguments about them indicate. The middle class and the affluent have made the poor a society of rejects by indifference and apathy, have refused to stop, look, listen, and to help. This is the constant refrain running through Bagdikian and Simon.

Simon asserts in one way or another that most of us do not really understand the psych-
alone. Their story follows you. It is an old story.

VICTOR F. HOFFMANN

WORTH NOTING

Ernest Hemingway: A Critical Essay

By Nathan A. Scott, Jr. (William B. Eerdmans Publishing Company. 85p paperbound)

This booklet is one of the first six of a new series called Contemporary Writers in Christian Perspective, edited by Roderick Jellema. At present available are likewise: Charles Williams, by Mary McDermott Shideler; Flannery O'Connor, by Robert Drake; T.S. Eliot, by Neville Braybrooke; Peter DeVries, by Roderick Jellema; and John Updike, by Wesley Kort. The 48-page pamphlet plan promises an additional six such studies annually, to provide readers with a better understanding of a given writer's work as seen in Christian perspective, a better understanding of Christianity because it has been significantly related to the writer's vision, and a better understanding of human existence because of the interplay between these two.

Economically stapled together, these concentrated pages of literary criticism may become lost on a bookshelf — simply because there is no book-spine title then visible (the natural dilemma of our modern vogue of pamphleteering). Generalization, moreover, does occur on account of compression; instead, literary analysis in depth ought to bring in countless and specific details more frequently in discussing so intricate an area of emphasis. Even so, CWCP has made an auspicious beginning in the task of interpreting both the contemporaneity and the hopefulness of these modern writers thus honored; and the designated critics acknowledge that many of their statements have earlier been amplified elsewhere. The respective Selected Bibliography, editorially organized, is deserving of special mention.

Here is a seminal sample from the essay on Hemingway, a summary of his basic "ideas": the sense of the consolatory and redemptive glory of the earth...; then the blackness, the nada, the nothingness, which contradicts the glory, and the consequent necessity... of steeling oneself against chaos through rigorous and austere disciplines of mind and spirit; and, finally, the dream of the possibility of transcendence — through love.

Scott thereupon calls Hemingway a spiritual writer in a special sense, i.e. one whose fiction reveals "the soul's journey in search of God" (p. 40). An appreciative appraisal, good: but where is the "Christian perspective"?

HERBERT H. UMBAKH

On Second Thought

By ROBERT J. HOYER

Here is another one of those accusations which sound true, until you take them apart and examine them: "Those who preach the message of love alone ignore the demand of God, the reality of sin, the awful vision of wrath and judgment. They speak as though man is good, and the world will be saved if only we all smile at one another."

In strict dogmatics, the judgment may be right. There is law, we are judged, we have sinned. But practically — Jesus was a practical man — it is all wrong. There is no demand harsher than that of love.

There are two things in life which destroy all possibility of love, and they are pride and envy. I cannot love a man if I think of him as less than I, as lower on any scale of value. Such "love" is mere pity, condescension, "charity." I cannot love a man if I look up to him, or think of him as better than I, higher on any scale of value. Such "love" is mere wishing, climbing, "ambition." My pride sees other men as worse than I, my envy sees other men as more than I, and both prohibit love. To love, Jesus made Himself of no reputation.

I cannot remove either pride or envy by any decision of my own. No law will ever remove them. They reside not in what I do, but in what I think I am. The Law, directed toward the way I act, will only increase both pride and envy. It sets up a scale of value by which some seem less than I and some seem more. The Law, which demands love, destroys it.

To love, I must be changed — not only in my being, but in the face of other men. I must know myself as something new — not only in the quiet heart of faith, but in the presence of a community. I must die and be reborn — not only as a new creature, but in a new creation. It is not enough to know that I have been redeemed. I must know that we have been redeemed to a life with neither pride nor envy.

There is no way this can be done except through the message of love alone. When the truth finally penetrates my soul that my only validity — the only justification of my existence — is the grace that God has spoken in Jesus Christ, then I can be one with all men. I must throw out all I am and have and count it all as garbage. I must take on all that God gives, the surpassing worth of Jesus Christ. Then only can I love.

There is no love except on the other side of death. We cannot really "smile at one another" until we have been crucified with Christ to live with Him in grace. The Law does not demand enough. Love tells us we must die in order to be alive.

January 1967

25
How does the woman fit into the political system? Women, like men, it is argued from one point of view, need government because human beings are beasts, pure and simple, if left without rule and control. If men were still living in the Garden of Eden, the argument goes, they could get along without government. Man has long ago left the Garden and, as usual, the woman went with him. Since then men and women have been living in sin. Hobbes referred to man in the state of nature (i.e., without government) as being nasty, warlike, brutish, and fearful. Machiavelli certainly did not trust man or woman in all circumstances and felt that power was necessary to keep them in order. In the twentieth century we have certainly not been very optimistic about what people have done with their political systems in the light of wars, bombs, prostitutes, broken homes, drunken mothers, and a parade of sinners that includes women as well as men.

Common sense and just lots of experience tell one that there really is no reason to exclude woman from the pessimistic views of a Christian, Hobbes, Machiavelli, or a twentieth century thinker. The woman fits, all right; she must be controlled. It takes some doing, but that is the way it is.

I am all for woman suffrage, female equality, equal rights for all, and even for women presidents, but not under the impression that they will bring light and salvation to the benighted world of politics. With the noises of a tough political campaign still ringing in my ears, I can remember vividly how politically-oriented women were able to do all the things politically oriented men were doing, and did do them: lie, cheat, manipulate, knife, and gouge. If all men have sinned and come short of the glory of God, this must, it just must, include women, all women.

There is another approach. A second view of government holds that, even if men were good, they would need some kind of system to expedite their relationships with one another. For instance, we would need a traffic control system what with all these good men driving so many cars, bicycles, and motorcycles (though I have not really become accustomed to really good men riding motorcycles; they must beat their wives or something). Good people driving cars require regularized patterns, directions, to keep from getting into one another’s way. An administrative system of some kind would have to be employed in nearly every walk of life to maintain order among good people.

Women, as good as they might be according to this point of view, would still have to be organized. Just ask the master of a harem. Ask the president of a girls’ school. Just ask a minister, just ask him, about his Ladies Aid. Ask and discover that it takes considerable lying to maintain social order.

What about the woman in politics? Just try to exclude her. She will have her day and say and everywhere there are women.

In fact much of political decision-making is carried on with the woman in mind. Look at the laws we pass to protect the male-female relationships in regard to courtship and marriage, domestic relations, rape, battery and assault, divorce, alimony, and child support. At most these laws place the male in a challenging position in a world made for women and everywhere there are women. Once you let all this happen, who is to stop her?

Woman has also become the object by which we test man’s competency to rule. When Adlai Stevenson, a divorced man, ran for the highest office in the land, some people who voted for that other fellow insisted that, if a man is unable to control his woman, he ought not be given the scepter. And people just knew the New Deal could not be a good thing with a president who had a family like that.

Why, the political system is made for her protection. It shines in the reflected light of her glory.

O.K. but do we want her help in the running of the system? It is indeed good to have women around, but must they always run things?

So what’s new? She is running things.

No man is better than his wife and/or secretary.

Woman votes. She polls precincts. She runs for office. She wins — sometimes. She commands a considerable voting bloc. A wise politician runs in her image. She has helped construct the new image for campaigners. And where she is out, she tells him who is in “what about” and “why for.”

Yet we fellows know that it is good to have her around. Without her we would be as nothing. Now, fellows, all together: “There’s sweetness and spice and everything nice about that sweetheart of mine.”
News is not history in the making. Though a history of any given period mentions a good many events which were news to the people of that time, there is an important distinction to be drawn between history and news. The distinction tells us something about history and a good bit about news, but the importance of the distinction lies not so much in conceptual clarification as in adjustment of attitudes and actions.

Drama trades on life and life is filled with drama. Both the telling of history and the presentation of the news are communication arts which apprise us of the drama of life, but they spotlight quite different kinds of drama. The news calls our attention to the action of the moment, often incomplete or not fully known at the time of the telling. News is big, dramatic, insistent, and obvious. History, on the other hand, calls our attention to the action of the past, and when it is definitive history the act and its relations are fully presented in the telling. But because the act is a past event, it rarely appears big, dramatic, or insistent unless the historian can “make the past live again” by skillful use of literary devices. History’s real claim for our attention, therefore, is that it tells us what is importantly true, though often unobviously so before the arrival of the historian on that scene. History furnishes knowledge of the sort that the actors in those dramas would dearly have loved to have, but in the nature of the case could not conceivably have gotten.

I rehearse the obvious because in our day the media, and particularly television, often seem to be seducing us from remembrance of the obvious and into patterns of thought which threaten sound attitudes and, thus, right actions.

The burgeoning publicity given to Robert Kennedy will doubtless have prepared a majority of us to support him for President when he finally decides to grab for the high chair of national power. I am disturbed by this prediction, quite apart from arguments for or against Bobby as President, because I reject the notion that mere repetition makes a statement true — though of course I concede the experimentally supported observation that mere repetition often makes a great many people think that a statement is true. Yes, a lot of us are intrigued by the Kennedy clan — just as a lot of us are intrigued by thecomings and goings of Burton-Taylor or Pope Paul. But the media create and nurture intrigue just as much, as, or more than, they appease it. Each successive item of news about Bobby helps to build in us a sense of the historical inevitability of his accession to the throne. And, barring gross unforeseen developments, he’ll get it.

If enough news, as in the Bobby syndrome, makes history, history is sometimes wrongly made because those who make it are looking too closely at the news. The picture of LBJ carrying the daily popularity poll results in his vest pocket would be laughable if one didn’t suspect that his decisions of today might well be made with an eye to tomorrow’s poll results. While we in general want our President to pay some attention to the will of the people even within the four-year interval of the national ballot, we also want him to direct our foreign policy, for example, with an eye to future goods. Though most of us (according to the polls) now support his Vietnam policy, I doubt that we would have voted for the war, and a good many people doubt that we will one day think that we’re significantly better off because the war was once fought. If that is so, we will one day fault Mr. Johnson for his short-sightedness. In any event, we would eschew the use of present national opinion as the guideline for future national policy.

The infatuation with news, the current impact, at the expense of history, the eventual truth, is particularly evident in President Johnson, but it is by no means a phenomenon to be observed in LBJ alone. It’s very hard for an important person to maintain a historical perspective when he knows that in a matter of minutes he can invoke the powers of the media to speak directly to most of the people in the country, or the world. Electronic media and publishing and distribution miracles have led us to expect to be in on the action when the action is hot. We have become accustomed to rising from our beds and watching astronauts as they descend to the Pacific while we butter our toast. We literally saw Jack Ruby kill Lee Oswald, so is it any wonder that we are reluctant to make do with the inductive logic of the Warren Commission in its report on the other assassination? We got our report — and now we aren’t satisfied with it. And rightly so. The history-makers — the Commission, the autopsy surgeons, the FBI — were caught up in the splashy news dimension when it should have been clear to them — or made clear to them — that they were instant historians. History calls for a thoroughness which news needn’t have; though history can be made it can’t be un-made, as the news can be. The oversights of three years ago are quite possibly irremediable, and it is hard for us to believe that they need have been made in the first place.

The current and the important often diverge. The task of wisdom is to detect the important in the current, as well as to make the important as current as it ought to be.
On Having a Dog

Two months ago in a sudden outburst of charity for the younger generation we bought a dog for Steve, now aged 14. We felt that he needed some companionship (outside of school hours) more appropriate than his aging parents whom he often considers pitifully square.

So we now have "Torch" — whose name I will explain in my posthumous autobiography. (It must wait until then because it will contain references to contemporaries who have barked at, and occasionally bitten me along the way) . . . .

It is hard to describe "Torch" . . . He is a nondescript hound, about ten inches high, haphazardly black and white, but he looks like a disarranged crossword puzzle . . . . One eye is naturally black — which makes it easy for him to get by when he returns from a party with friends late at night. . . . Since he always looks as if he had just been in a fight, it is impossible to tell when he has really been . . . I have made a note of this for my life in an academic community . . . .

"Torch" is either a radical democrat or an anarchist . . . . It is certain that he is no respecter of persons . . . . Last week he, to our dismay, demonstrated that he would just as soon jump all over a bishop as over the janitor . . . . In fact, he looked with profound distaste at the bishop's cross and finally, in a series of frantic jumps, tried to chew it off . . . . The bishop met him head on with a distinctly secular wallop . . . . I have made a note of this for my life in an unecumenical world . . . .

"Torch" is a belly server . . . . He will eat anything, anywhere, anytime . . . . His appetite is gargantuan . . . . It is clear that he is the ultimate product of a process of natural selection . . . . Under it the members of his family with weak stomachs died early and only those with cast-iron guts survived . . . This long and purposeful process has now produced a dog who can swallow a bottle cap, half a magazine, and part of an old shoe with equal enthusiasm . . . . I have made a note of this for the next ecclesiastical controversy . . . .

"Torch" has been a most instructive experience . . . . For example, I have often wondered about the close, almost mystic relationship between a man and his dog . . . . The reason has now become clear . . . . No matter how "low" a man is, the dog is "lower" . . . . The poorest, meanest man can still become a hero — a god — to his dog . . . . In a hostile environment, this can often be tremendously strengthening . . . . When I arrive at the backdoor in late afternoon, weary and worn, others in the household may feel the same way . . . . Only the dog is unchanged . . . . He greets me with the same massive enthusiasm — no matter what I have been up to . . . . He says nothing, but his bark and his wagging tail are momentarily the only flashes of hope and joy in a darkening world . . . . Were you in a fight? Did you lose a battle? . . . . Were you mean and filled with hate? . . . . "Torch" could not care less . . . . You are still the same good friend who left early this morning — and nothing can change that . . . .

Suddenly I remembered George Graham Vest's, "Eulogy on the Dog": "The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness." I have made a note of this for myself . . . . In this matter I should be at least as good as "Torch" . . . .

On a recent October afternoon, still lingeringly warm, "Torch" and I retired to the small tree behind our house . . . . He lay down in the sun, and I shifted my chair to face the lengthening shadows and the setting sun for a backward glance at the waning day . . . . Keeping a wary eye on "Torch" two sparrows joined us for their mute vesper, and a chipmunk beyond the tree clearly felt the momentary absence of danger . . . . "Torch" looked the scene over with an eye that managed to be suspicious and sleepy at the same time . . . .

There we were — the five of us — one chipmunk, two sparrows, one dog and one man — held together by the benediction of the moment . . . . companions in our pleasure over the sinking day and facing together the inevitable night . . . . We — all five of us — represented different levels of life with my place, by divine mystery, probably the most important . . . .

But there was something else here . . . . an alikeness, the destiny of a mortality held in common, a mystic oneness as the day closed and the coming night seemed to give us a strange unity . . . . I heard the voice of the man from Tarsus in the grieving wind: "We know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now" . . . .

Is this what held the five of us together? . . . . a common pain . . . . a shared guilt . . . . greater for me than for them because I am responsible for this loneliness and this separation from heaven . . . . Something happened in a garden long ago which casts its long shadow over the chipmunk, the sparrows, the dog and me . . . . and ever since our groaning and travail have become the undertone of history . . . .