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At the New Year

Twenty-five years ago this month, the military fortunes of the United States had reached such a low ebb that the medical examiners at Fort Benjamin Harrison threw away the book and pronounced us physically (and psychologically!) fit for military service. Three years later, almost to the day—having avenged the infamy of Pearl Harbor and the tragedy of Bataan—we returned to what we hoped would turn out to be a quiet, uneventful life of scholarship and teaching. A merciful Providence, which never allows us to see beyond the present moment, concealed from us the shape of the twenty-two years that actually ensued. And as another year begins, we are grateful that the shape of these coming twelve months is also hidden from us. It is enough to know that at their end, as at their beginning, there is God—whose thoughts are not our thoughts and whose ways are not our ways, but who always, in good days and in bad, gives us more than we can ask or think.

In the keeping of such a God, we can accept, without anxiety, the certainty of change. Slow learner that we are, we have nevertheless learned at least that all of life and history is a process of becoming, in which both birth and death have their necessary roles to play. Apart from the divine love and forgiveness nothing in the universe is normative and unalterable. Nations rise and pass away, friends walk with us a little while and then follow the Voice that calls them away from us, yesterday's unquestioned truth collapses under the weight of new evidence, one revolution has barely run its course before another breaks upon us. Some of us become surly when we are confronted with the unfamiliar and suppose that by refusing to accept it we can preserve that which it threatens. Some of us live in dread of falling behind the pace of change, of being only the second rather than the first to take up the dernier cri. And most of us simply shake our heads and wonder where it will all end.

To be a Christian in our day is to know, in the full assurance of faith, where it will all end; to work with one's full energies and according to the wisdom that God has given him toward the accomplishment of that end; and to be prepared, at any moment, to be overruled by the Lord of life and history. It is to dare to love, even though all love invites the anguish of loss or rejection. It is to dare to act, even though we can not be sure of the consequences of our actions. It is to risk finding the truth, even though the truth may destroy us.

This is easy enough to preach. We hope that this year of grace, 1968, will at last bring us the grace to practice it. And we hope that this same grace may make 1968, for all of our readers, a blessed and joyful new year.

Student Power

We have mixed feelings about the demand, on the part of some students, for a larger voice in the running of our colleges and universities. As members of the academic community, they are surely entitled to all of the privileges and responsibilities that go with that membership. Universities are not, after all, industrial or commercial enterprises with hierarchies of bosses, straw-bosses, and unskilled workers. They are communities within which everybody from the president down to the youngest freshman is simultaneously a teacher and a student. At the same time, universities are necessarily hierarchical in their assignment of particular responsibilities within the community. Only an irrational commitment to a small-minded egalitarianism can yield the conclusion that the learned should take instruction in their special fields of competence from the unlearned. And only a fundamental misreading of the function of a university can allow a student (or faculty member) to substitute pressure for persuasion in seeking to win acceptance for his ideas and convictions.

Students have a right to demand good teaching; they have no right to dictate the conclusions which a scholar has arrived at as a result of careful study. Students have a right to be heard on all matters that affect their common life on the campus; they have no right to impose the demands of a clique upon the whole community. Students have a right to expect that what they are required
to do on campus will have some relevance to reality; they have no right to demand that the university offer some “practical” justification for the contents of its curriculum. Students have a right to dissent from the opinions of their instructors and fellow students; they have no right to drown out the voices of those from whom they dissent. Students have a right to demonstrate peacefully against any abuse or grievance that troubles them; they have no right to riot. Students have a right to hear unpopular minority opinions; they have no right to deny a hearing to those who espouse traditional views. Students have a right to insist that the university take its social responsibility seriously; they have no right to insist that the university become a partisan on social or political issues.

A university is a place where ideas are sifted and submitted to the test of dispassionate, reasoned debate. Out of this quiet, unspectacular process have come, for centuries, the ideas which have changed the “practical” world. Any form of student power which is designed to interrupt or short-circuit this process is damaging both to the university and to the larger society. But student power applied with wisdom and restraint to the correction of those conditions which prevent the university from fulfilling its proper function is good both for the university and for society and should be welcomed as an ally by all of us in the faculty and administration who are trying to maintain the integrity of the university against the anti-intellectual pressures of the terrible simplifiers who have brought our generation to the brink of cosmic catastrophe.

**Moderately Good News**

It is no doubt helpful to our country’s image overseas that two large cities elected Negro mayors last November. It may even be that this evidence that the Negro has a chance to make it in a predominantly white society will cool some of the heat that has been generated by centuries of mistreatment of the Negro in this country. But a careful analysis of the elections in Gary and Cleveland yields as much grounds for pessimism as for optimism and suggests that we still have a long way to go before we arrive at our goal of a multi-racial society.

The disturbing thing about the vote, both in Cleveland and in Gary, was that whites and Negroes alike voted race rather than party. In Gary the local Democratic organization was even supplying white voters with information on how to split their tickets so as to vote for the Republican candidate for mayor. This was, happily, not the case in Cleveland, but even there Mayor Stokes picked up only an estimated ten to fifteen per cent of the white vote.

What complicates the picture, of course, that in both Cleveland and Gary the Republicans offered unusually attractive candidates for the mayoralty. It is therefore difficult to say how much of the Republican vote was anti-Negro and how much was positive support of good men who would very likely have made good mayors.

We must now wait and see, first of all, whether Mr. Hatcher and Mr. Stokes will be allowed to function fully as mayors of their cities, without being boxed in by the party organizations, and, secondly, whether the voters in Gary and Cleveland will be willing to judge them on the basis of their performance rather than on grounds of their race. Both men are on the spot — and they know it. Both men have inherited jobs which could easily frustrate a man who had everything going for him. We wish them well.

**We Second the Motion**

Dr. Paul Ramsey, professor of ethics at Princeton, has entered a caveat which we hope will receive a thoughtful hearing from the Church.

Professor Ramsey is disturbed by the growing tendency of churches and of interconfessional bodies to sound off on every social and political issue with answers which do not take into account the fact that, on many of these issues, good and faithful Christians who wish to be obedient to the Word of God find themselves in honest disagreement. Citing as an example a resolution by the World Council of Churches’ 1966 Geneva Conference on Church and Society declaring the American military presence in Viet Nam unjustifiable, Professor Ramsey observes that “amid the gritty specifics, the crunch of political forces, there are two sides to this and to most world questions to which Christians can with equal sincerity adhere.” He suggests that churches stick to “cultivating the political ethos of a nation and informing the conscience of the statesman, leaving to the conscience of individuals both the task and the freedom to arrive at specific conclusions through untrammeled debate.”

If Professor Ramsey needs a second to his motion, we should be happy to offer it. The Church is entitled to say, “Thus saith the Lord” only when it is speaking a clear Word of God which has been accepted as such by all Christians of all times everywhere. Beyond this clear Word of God lies a vast area of prudential ethics in which Christians as individuals and as groups are not only free but duty-bound to speak according to the wisdom which God has given them — but without claiming the right to bind consciences. Thus, on the issue of race relations, the Church must proclaim the apostolic directive, “Love all men!” and, in the exercise of her teaching office, make it clear that this love is not a mere emotion but faith active in works. The particular nature of the works is, however, a matter for the instructed Christian conscience to work out for itself in the fear and love of God.

The triumphalism which claims for the Church the role of the conscience of the state always ends up making it captive to some sort of establishment. Only the Church which is content to speak only what it has been given to speak is relevant to all men of all times and all conditions. And there will always be those among her children who, having heard the unchanging Word, will know how to apply it to the special circumstances of particular situations.
Who Wants Due Process?

By ALFRED R. LOOMAN

What do TV Westerns, student riots, and police salaries have in common? The answer is they all indicate something about the American attitude toward justice, law, and order. Granted, that is not a very snappy conundrum but it does contain an intriguing thought.

The police encounter more difficulty in getting a raise than almost any group I can think of. It is not only that a raise will swell the city budget and cause an increase in taxes but also the fact that most of us do not care enough about the policeman’s contribution to society. Examples are plentiful which indicate clearly the lack of cooperation of the average citizen with the police. We are not really on the side of law and order, a fact which is clearly demonstrated by the faces of the people in a crowd gathered around a policeman making an arrest on the street. Truly, a policeman’s lot is not a happy one.

And what about the recent student riots? We deplore them, giving as our reason the fact that the students are ignoring the law and disrupting order. If these students are indicating an indifference to or dislike for law and order, they must have learned it from us. The younger generation has a low tolerance for hypocrisy and too often they have heard us piously pronounce on our high regard for law and order and at the same time, show, in many subtle ways, our true lack of interest in it.

Nothing demonstrates our antipathy toward justice, law, and order quite so clearly as our television viewing habits. Among the most popular TV programs are the Westerns and the adventure shows. Mentioning specific Westerns is beside the point since all of their plots are alike. The adventure shows to which I am referring include “I Spy,” “The Man from U.N.C.L.E.,” and “Mission Impossible,” along with a dozen others just like them.

Examine the Westerns as you watch them. The Bad Guy has everything going his way. Either there is no sheriff to catch him, or else the sheriff is unable to bring him in or is unwilling because he is in cahoots with the crook. Along comes the Good Guy who can and does catch the villain though, in the process, the hero will have been forced to beat or kill several persons who were standing in the way. When the hero does catch the villain, he does not make a citizen’s arrest and turn him over to the sheriff to be held for trial so that justice may be done. No, he shoots him on the spot.

The spy and adventure shows follow an identical pattern. The heroes take the law unto themselves and deal with the villains in their own gruesome manner. No one is brought to trial and most of the villains die at the hands of the heroes without any consideration for due process. No one gives any thought to law and order, and I know I have never seen a show in which Mr. Kuryakin or Mr. Solo applied for a Federal warrant in order to make an arrest.

The Perry Mason show, now departed, required both the innocent and the guilty to stand trial, but this was not so much in the cause of justice as it was to provide a vehicle which permitted Mr. Mason to make the District Attorney look like a dolt.

One of the reasons we watch and enjoy these shows, I understand, is that they serve as a catharsis. A catharsis of what? Of our deep down feeling that this is the way justice should be meted out. The process of bringing a man to trial is too lengthy and the guilty just might go free through the services of a sharp lawyer. Apparently we enjoy these shows because the way they handle justice is the way we would like to see it handled.

In other words, we have not progressed significantly from the days of the vigilantes of the Old West and elsewhere. Webster says the vigilantes are a group “organized to suppress and punish crime summarily, as when the processes of law appear inadequate.” That could also serve as the definition of a plot on any TV action show.

For the most part, fortunately, our interest in the vigilante approach to justice is vicarious. When a group of vigilantes goes into action — a group such as the Ku Klux Klan or the Minute Men — we draw back and denounce them as a bunch of nuts.

It is odd that in a country with more lawyers and jurists than probably any country in the world our attitude toward justice, law, and order should be so warped and simplistic. A contributing factor may be the average American’s impatience. Whatever it is we want, we want it now, and the pursuit of justice through normal channels is too time-consuming. I am not at all certain the 14th Amendment to the Constitution could be passed today if approval depended on a popular vote by secret ballot.
The Wasting Away of Europe

By HERBERT L. CARSON
Associate Professor of Humanities
Ferris State College

“Has the church failed mankind, or has mankind failed the church?”

—Eliot, Choruses from “The Rock”

Among the poetic attacks on contemporary society none is more scathing than The Waste Land by the late T.S. Eliot. After almost half a century, a revisit to the land depicted by Eliot reveals that the poem’s critique of modernia is brutally relevant.

T.S. Eliot once described himself as “an Anglo-Catholic in religion, a classicist in literature, and a royalist in politics.” In 1921, this tradition-oriented individual was a convalescent, racked in mind and body, tormented by the ruins about him of post-war Europe, concerned with his own health, and plagued by his servitude as a bank clerk. His poetry had already received attention from avant-garde periodicals. Yet, while resting at Margate then at Lausanne, he undertook to compose a series of poems which he then compiled into a massive work entitled “The Wasteland.” The poem is a magnificent evocation of sensual consciousness. The memory of a culture now declined and destroyed. (This concept is expressed by Eliot in “Burnt Norton,”) incorporated into The Four Quartets, as: “Time present and time past / Are both perhaps present in time future.../ My words echo / Thus, in your mind.”})

The Waste Land’s words are ironic echoes of the high culture of the past. Through such echoes, modern progress, which Eliot terms “vulgarity,” is contrasted with the heightened beauties, savageries, and devotionals of earlier times. Other contrasts are presented in a sequence of lyrically narrative scenes and lines that culminate in the sensation of spiritual impotence.

In a sense, Eliot’s references to traditional works of literature are an ironic way of proving a point. The reader who fails at least to sense the paraphrase or reference is proving one of Eliot’s main theses: Tradition is dead; culture has decayed. William Butler Yeats, however, said that Eliot “wrings the past dry and pours the juice down the throats of those who are either too busy, or too creative to read as much as he does.” Perhaps Yeats is right. Nevertheless, the paraphrases and references in The Waste Land evoke in the sensitive reader a realization that culture has declined.

The decline of culture is symbolized in the ageless theme of fertility and impotence, the vegetative concept. Every culture, no matter how primitive, has had a basic theme that can be termed “vegetative.” Eliot knew Miss Weston’s study of the Grail legends in From Ritual to Romance. He also had read Sir James Frazer’s Golden Bough (“especially the two volumes, Adonis, Attis, Osiris” — Eliot). Miss Weston was herself indebted to The Golden Bough. From Ritual to Romance gave Eliot “not only the title, but the plan and a good deal of the incidental symbolism” in his poem.

The vegetative theme found in the most primitive and the most sophisticated cultures deals in one form or another with impotence and fertility, or death and resurrection, or decay and growth, or imprisonment and freedom, or some variant based on the cyclical nature of the four seasons. Even in modern times,
major religions have been influenced by the primitive vegetative theme. These religions still have a major spring festival, usually in March or April, and the spring festival is based on some concept that can be related to the cyclical theme of vegetation.

Thus, Eliot starts his poem with the oddly inverted line “April is the cruellest month...” reminiscent of Chaucer’s “When that Aprille with his shoures soote” and of Browning’s “Oh, to be in England/Now that April’s there.” The spring festival continues through the five sections, concluding with thunderous madness and the final words: “Shantih shantih shantih.” A formal expression used to conclude Upanishads (Hindu prayers), shantih translates roughly as “The Peace which surpasseth understanding.” Yet the last lines have suggested neither peace nor understanding, but the voice of the thunder and the madness of an inferior Hamlet (the Hieronymo of Thomas Kyd’s Spanish Tragedy).

The contrasts in the poem are as striking and vivid as the vegetative theme when one observes that theme in nature. From the budding green that promises the first leaf, through the glorious vernal hues of summer, to the brilliance of the declining autumn leaves, and the final barrenness of winter’s cold, the seasons impress themselves upon man’s mind and memory as a striking natural phenomenon of death and resurrection. In The Waste Land, however, Eliot implies no resurrection.

Fertility and Impotence

The obvious contrast within the poem, a contrast made clear by the title and by Eliot’s acknowledged indebtedness to Miss Weston and to Frazer, is between fertility and impotence. The one is dynamic; the other is listless. The opening lines immediately tell us that the earth itself is impotent, for that cruellest month (which is ordinarily one of the months of holy vegetative re-birth) is merely

...breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain.

The earth’s meagre growth is sluggish and resentful, for

Winter kept us warm, covering
Earth in forgetful snow, feeding
A little life with dried tubers.

These seven lines of lyrical lassitude lead us to a woman. (According to George L. K. Morris, the woman may be based on the Countess Marie Larish, who vividly portrayed royalty in her book My Past. The Countess, a confidante of the Austrian empress, was famous for her beauty. She was the liaison, perhaps unwillingly, between Archduke Rudolph and Maria Vetsera, whose deaths at Mayerling have been the subject of both romantic and realistic speculation.) The jaded woman of Eliot’s poem, sated with all that life can offer and still unfulfilled, remembering how, “In the mountains, there you feel free,” tells of her sterile existence in this wasted land: “I read, much of the night, and go south in the winter.” She remembers the glorious freedom of her girlhood, a freedom which contrasts with the evocation in the same stanza of Hamlet’s sorrowfully insane Ophelia, “They called me the hyacinth girl,” a reminder of dead youth.

The second section paraphrases Enobarbus’s description in Shakespeare’s Antony and Cleopatra of the first meeting between the militant Roman and the cunning Egyptian. Shakespeare’s Enobarbus is carried beyond his usual rough and soldierly ways into lyrical expression by the memory of that first opulence which brought into view the reigning beauty of ancient Egypt. He says,

The barge she sat in, like a burnish’d throne
Burn’d on the water...

Of the elegant and magnificent display, the soldier makes a pageant. Of the woman, he makes an eternally youthful beauty.

“Age cannot wither nor custom stale,
The infinite variety of her beauty.”

Eliot depicts for us the faded beauty:

The Chair she sat in, like a burnished throne.
Glowed on the marble...

Every unguent, powder, and liquid — every magical cosmetic — is there in stoppered vials to keep fresh and young and beautiful the finite charms of the aged and haggard woman, who when she speaks has the shrill voice of decadent and neurotic aristocracy: “My nerves are bad tonight, yes, bad. Stay with me.” A nervous and uncertain woman is combing out her hair and complaining to a mute companion, asking him about the noise and receiving no answer. In his own mind the companion speaks, but to the woman’s frayed head he says not a word. Could this be perhaps the abortive Hamlet, the J. Alfred Prufrock who

...should have been a pair of ragged claws
Scuttling across the floors of silent seas;

Prufrock who dares not speak and “disturb the universe”? Whoever the companion is in The Waste Land, he stands mute, unable to express the simplest concept; whereas the rough Enobarbus was to become a poet in recalling the triumphant entry into Antony’s life of the vivacious Cleopatra. Eliot’s modern Cleopatra brushes her hair:

...spread out in fiery points

Glowed into words, then would be savagely still. She relies on cosmetology, trying to eke beauty out of a dead body, while her corpse-like companion recalls the decaying corpse of Shakespeare’s Tempest: “Those are pearls that were his eyes.” Whether the companion is Prufrock, or Enobarbus, or even Antony himself, he is as motionless and as dumb as the pitiful Philomela whose tragic metamorphosis is dis-
played above the "antique mantel" in the room of the jaded woman.

Cleopatra and Antony knew nothing of cosmetology; theirs was cosmos, the all-in-all of fully encompassing love and passion. The modern aristocrat, sitting on a chair in nervous and decaying apprehension, is incapable of any passion save that of the unease caused by wind under a door, while her lover's voice is forever still and no word of either praise or comfort is heard.

Less sterile (in a literal sense) is the woman who is introduced after the companion's final mute despair. Descending into a British pub, and warned repeatedly that the final hour is at hand (a concept reminiscent of the message in Edward Fitzgerald's Omar quatrains), that the last refreshing liquid must be quickly quaffed, Eliot describes the commonplace epitome of vulgarity in all her exalted self-glory. This woman's nasal tones and rushed, high-pitched words, her vulgarisms, her sly innuendoes, her reference to childish bearing and to pills that abort, are the stuff of love and fertility that produces a degenerate race that carries progressively into lower and more vulgar depths the grand passions of those lovers whose world was "well lost." Throughout the whining strains of this fertile and decadent modern woman, the warning continues: "HURRY UP PLEASE ITS TIME." Hurry, Hurry, for time will soon be ended. And when the pub is closed, when the TIME at last has arrived and gone, then it's the "Ta ta" and the giggling, and the slurring, and the remembrance of Ophelia's broken heart and wearied mind: "Good night, ladies, good night, sweet ladies, good night, good night." Only the beast retains her fertility and she brings forth nought but beasts and beastliness. The rest is sterile.

Decayed Women and Men

There are other women in Eliot's poem, earthy but not earth goddesses, sensual in their behavior and pallid in their attitudes. One young lady is invited:

To luncheon at the Cannon Street Hotel
Followed by a weekend at the Metropole.

A similar individual is the young typist whose ennui is as insufferable as that of the Marie who spends half the night reading and winters in the south. This young typist welcomes into her careless flat the carbuncular young clerk.

One of the law on whom assurance sits
As a silk hat on a Bradford millionaire.
She accepts with indifference his advances and,
His vanity requires no response.
And makes a welcome of indifference.

Alone in her flat, after the young man has bestowed the final, casual kiss and groped his way down the unlit stairs,
She turns and looks a moment in the glass,
Hardly aware of her departed lover;

Her brain allows one half-formed thought to pass:
"Well now that's done: And I'm glad it's over."

When lovely woman stoops to folly and
Paces about her room again, alone,
She smoothes her hair with automatic hand,
And puts a record on the gramophone.

These lines are a comic contrast to the stern moralities of an earlier age, as exemplified by the song from Oliver Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield:

When lovely woman stoops to folly
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is — to die.

The times, the morals, and the mores have changed.

Evoking more of a memory of the past and more of a pitiful reaction is the account of casual passion in a canoe. This incident follows the wail of the Rhine Daughters (or, in The Waste Land, the Thames daughters) who bemoan the loss of their guarded gold. The symbolism here hardly needs to be explained. The world lacks glory and glitter because the Thames daughters betrayed their trust. The canoe incident, sordid as the rubbish-strewn river itself ("Oed' und leer das meer," "Desolate and empty the sea"); Eliot's echo of Wagner's Tristan und Isolde), recalls a more powerful and more pitiful event.

"Trams and dusty trees.
Highbury bore me. Richmond and Kew
Undid me. By Richmond I raised my knees
Supine on the floor of the narrow canoe."

This casual encounter in a canoe, which ends with the weeping young man promising "a new start" and the girl herself expecting nothing, her people humble — "The broken fingernails of dirty hands" — recalls Dante encounter with La Pia in The Purgatorio. Eliot has echoed La Pia's sad lines as she bespeaks the cruel brutality of her lusty and bestial husband:

Remember me, who as La Pia,
Sienna made me, Maremma undid me.
Dante's beautiful woman, no longer desired by her husband, had been condemned to death. Born in Siena, the neglected wife was banished by her husband to the fever-swamps of Maremma where she perished from the foul atmosphere. Now La Pia has been metamorphosed by modern vulgarity into a woman who loses her treasure on the barren Thames. The women of Eliot's poem are decayed as the parched land itself.

The men often offer no more to us in the way of either faith or hope. There is the Smyrna merchant, Mr. Eugenides, with his weekend at the Metropole, and the carbuncular young clerk whose demands include indifference, and the weepy paddler whose canoe
romance fills him with remorse. More strong and lusty, even in his brief appearance, is Eliot's major depiction of modern man, Sweeney.

The name itself deserves comment. Sweeney is the name of a legendary Irish king. This folk-hero was cursed by a saint for refusing to donate land for a church. His insane wanderings, told in "The Frenzy of Sweeney," adumbrate the witless peripatetics in Shakespeare's Lear. The name Sweeney not only recalls a man who failed his church; it also evokes reeling fumes of brutal drunkenness and sly ignorance. The name is also reminiscent of the Anglo-Saxon term "swine." As a word, in its combination of sounds and syllables, "Sweeney" can be one of the harshest and ugliest in the English language, completely lacking any grace or mellifluous quality. Sustaining and nasalizing the E's produce an ugly noise: SWEEEEENEEDEE (like the hog-calling "Soo-e" sound). Here is the man of broad shoulders and brute desires, the epitome of the human race's progress; gross and callous bestiality.

This is the Sweeney of "Sweeney Erect," whose animal appetites bring forth the "ladies of the corridor" to "deprecate the lack of taste" while Mrs. Turner intimates it does the house no sort of good. This is also the soul despoiler who in "Sweeney Among the Nightingales" lies under "the stiff dishonoured shroud." This is the swine in "Mr. Eliot's Sunday Morning Service" whose bathtub is filled with unholy waters. This is "Apeneck Sweeney" who in Sweeney Agonistes makes a mockery of the tragic agony of Milton's Samson Agonistes. "Agon" means contest, fight, or dispute. The word "agonistes" refers literally to a contestant in athletic games. In Milton's work, Samson contests are merely against the strength of sustaining pillars but also against the forces of evil. Sweeney in the fragmentary "Aristophanic Melodrama," as Eliot calls the unfinished dramatic poems of Sweeney Agonistes, is an Orestian figure, but the furies that beset him have lost their potency and are merely his playthings and toys: the outlets of a crude figure who has no contest with either conscience or concupiscence.

Yet, in "The Fragment of an Agon" section of Sweeney Agonistes, there is no contention. Sweeney reigns supreme in the world of prostitution; he dominates those who would dominate him. This carnal figure has no superiors and no peers. Life to him is a simple matter of what is, not what has been, might be, should have been, or might yet be: just what is:

Death or life or life or death
Death is life and life is death
I gotta use words when I talk to you
But if you understand or if you don't
That's nothing to me and nothing to you
We all gotta do what we gotta do
We're gonna sit here and drink this booze
We're gonna stay and we're gonna go
And somebody's got to pay the rent

Doris (who had been the rescuing angel of "Sweeney Erect," bringing "sal volatile / And a glass of brandy neat") says "I know who." To this Sweeney retorts, "But that's nothing to me and nothing to you."

Here is no Orestes struggling mightily to escape the pursuing furies and mounting the Areopagus for money. Here is no Samson struggling against chains and pillars to crush the evil tempters. Sweeney is neither involved in an agon with another man nor is he beset by an agon within. He is merely the brutal representative of modern progress, with no care for yesterday or for tomorrow.

In The Waste Land, Sweeney strides for just a moment onto the scene, an arrogant and monstrously inhuman individual with neither fear nor pain, merely a derelict, amidst the modern sounds of "horns and motors." amidst the cacophony... which shall bring Sweeney to Mrs. Porter in the spring, O the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter And on her daughter They wash their feet in soda water Et a ces voix d'enfants, chantant dans la coupole. Sweeney appears only for this moment in The Waste Land and provides the contrast between his animality and the purity of Parsifal. "And O the voices of the children singing in the choir-loft" is taken from Verlaine's Parsifal. This reference evokes other aspects of impotence and fertility. Only Parsifal is eventually to heal the Fisher-King (a character who will be discussed later). Parsifal is also a reminder of another questing knight, Sir Galahad, whose purity successfully brought him to find the Holy Grail with its sacred drops of blood from Jesus, the grail brought away from Calvary by Joseph of Arimathea.

The reminder is that the knights who seek purity in order to achieve their quest must undergo the tortures of a dark cycle spent in an enchanted, evil, and deserted church. This is the "Chapel Perilous," meant not for worship of the good but rather for devotionals to evil. In such a chapel, there are "voices singing out of empty cisterns and exhausted wells." Yet the knight in all his purity enters this dark place of evil and hears not the shrill cries of the decadent and arid devils but instead imagines momentarily, even here in the Chapel Perilous, that above him in the choir loft the innocent purity of children's voices can be heard chanting praise to God. Such is the lost purity, the unblemished 'scutcheons of Parsifal and Galahad, as compared to the apenecked impiety of Sweeney.

The sensual and sexual symbolism of The Waste Land is almost too obvious to merit explication. Nevertheless, comment upon the grand passions of earlier times versus the automatic animalism of modern times must be clarified, in relation to the themes already briefly contrasted of dynamism versus ennui. The theme of sexuality is intended by Eliot to imply spiritual impotence.

Sexual encounters of the past are continually evoked:
the grand passion of Antony and Cleopatra; the cruelty of Tereus, the mute patience of Philomela, and the loyal love of Procne; the mad broken-heartedness of Ophelia; the deceitful chess game in Middleton's Women Beware Women as related to the innocent purity of Ferdinand and Miranda in The Tempest; and the repentant passion of the Rhine daughters.

Contrasted to these are the stiff and automatic or uneasy and neurotic sexual encounters of the jaded women of today — be they ensclosed in a burnished chair, sprawled on a litter-filled divan, or awkwardly deflowered in a precarious canoe. This comparison of listless emotions with the dynamic passions of older Europe in growth has spiritual as well as sexual overtones: the grand passions are depleted. Only brutal desires and animal indifference are left.

Prophets and Peddlers

Modern mysticism is as impotent as the men and women, as depleted as the emotions, as jaded as the passions of contemporary times. Men no longer see the visions of old. All is dark. The prophets are dead, and man wanders blindly led only by quacks, phony clairvoyants, and the "hooded hordes" who seeing no salvation themselves cannot lead us to our redemption.

In The Waste Land, the chief exponent of modern clairvoyance is Madame Sosotris, a peddler of fortunes, charms, and nostrums, but badly in need of a nostrum herself, for she

Had a bad cold, nevertheless
Is known to be the wisest woman in Europe,
With a wicked pack of cards.

With her cards, the mystical Tarot Deck now used for fortune telling, she sees much: "the lady of situations," "the one-eyed merchant," "the drowned Phoenician Sailor," and she warns: "Fear death by water."

Contrasted with Madame Sosotris are echoes of prophets, seers, and demigods of conviction: the "Son of man," Ezekiel, whose weird prophecies and visions foretold the doom awaiting the erring Hebrews; the Buddha in whose fire sermon the wise man is warned to have "disgust for the things of the senses; and being divested of desire for things of the senses... (to remove) from his heart the cause of suffering," St. Augustine's statement, "To Carthage then I came," which in the Confessions continues with the description of how the "cauldron of unholy loves sang all about mine ears," is also evoked. Augustine recalls that the Lord saved him from his own sensual desires. Eliot merges the mystical concepts of redemption from both East and West in the lines:

O Lord Thou pluckest me out
O Lord Thou pluckest

Burning

This is not, Eliot tells us, an accidental culmination but rather a purposeful combining of two ascetic views.

What Eliot has done is to merge not only views but individuals. Eliot says in a note, "Just as the one-eyed merchant, the seller of currants, melts into the Phoenician Sailor (Phlebas), and the latter is not wholly distinct from Ferdinand Prince of Naples, so all the women are one woman, and the two sexes meet in Tiresias.

What Tiresias sees, in fact, is the substance of the poem."

Tiresias, described by Eliot as "A mere spectator and not indeed a character," appears in the scene between the typist and the carbuncular clerk:

At the violet hour, when the eyes and back
Turn upward from the desk, when the human engine waits
Like a taxi throbbing waiting,
I Tiresias, though blind, throbbing between two lives,

Old man with wrinkled female breasts, can see...

Eliot comments that his view of Tiresias is inspired by Ovid's Metamorphoses. In this work, Ovid describes the torment of a hermaphroditic Tiresias, "throbbing between two lives." According to Ovid, Tiresias strode through the woods one day and there saw two snakes copulating. In a hasty fit of indignation, he dared interrupt a natural function by throwing his staff at the intertwined reptiles. For this arrogance, he was metamorphosed into a woman and lived as a female for several years until, again strolling in the woods, he again saw two snakes copulating. Whether because of hybris arrogance or through wisdom, the female Tiresias threw the staff again and was reformed into his masculine shape.

Because Tiresias knew the best of both possible worlds, he was called upon by Jupiter and Juno as the only reliable source to settle a quarrel between them about who enjoys conjugal love the most, the man or the woman. Tiresias's answer was: "The woman." Juno became enraged and struck him blind. Jupiter, unable to undo what another immortal had done, gave Tiresias two gifts as recompense for his unjustified punishment by Juno: one, Tiresias received second sight (the ability to commune with the gods and to foretell the future); and two, Tiresias received longevity (and Tiresias is an important seer almost from the time Thebes was founded through the time of its destruction by the Epigone, the after-born).

In this blind prophet who sees all, Eliot merges both man and woman. Tiresias wearily depicts for us the tired encounter between the typist and her unwhole­some clerk. But Tiresias, wandering through the maze of a wasted world, is not the horoscope-hawking Madame Sosotris. He is a true and full-fledged seer, who need not warn, "One must be so careful these days." No police, no laws, no irate citizens will plague this blind prophet. He sees so much more than the puny humans who think they have wisdom. His aged form has known all and will know all.
Wisdom and Witlessness

There can be no growth in a waste land. A desert lacks water, and plants must be watered. Lilacs cannot breed out of dead land, nor can dull roots stir without spring rain. In this wasting away of Europe, no drop of water can be found. The impotence is matched by the aridity of the land.

In this dead land lives the Fisher King. The ruler of a once fruitful and dynamic kingdom, the Fisher King was wounded in the genitals. When he became impotent, so did the lands and waters over which he ruled. The lands yielded no fruits and the waters no fish until his rescue (possibly by Parsifal — the Per­civale of the Arthurian legends). To be rescued, the Fisher King must be visited by a purified and holy knight who will touch with his lance the wounded genitals, cure them, revive the king's fertility, and thus restore growth to the land and life to the sea.

In *The Waste Land*, the Fisher King combines with the other characters into an inactive and impotent creature. Evocations of Shakespeare's *Tempest* merge the Fisher King with Prospero, the ruler of an enchant­ed isle. Prospero as the Fisher King sits by the “Sweet Thames,” already despoiled, and describes his plight:

A rat crept softly through the vegetation
Dragging its slimy belly on the bank
While I was fishing in the dull canal
On a winter evening behind the gashouse
Musing on the king my brother's wreck
And on the king my father's death before him.

Behind, Prospero hears the sounds of “horns and mo­tors” that carry Sweeney to Mrs. Porter, who with her daughter pours out carbonated beverage to cleanse their feet, while all about them the land lies bare and wasted.

Waste, barrenness, the absence of sustaining and inspiriting water — these describe the essence of the mystical Part V, “What the Thunder Said.” This final section of the poem begins with three distinct units: (1) the journey of the disciples of Jesus to Emmaus; (2) the purification of the brave knight through his disciplined hours spent in the dark Chapel Perilous; and (3) the voice of the thunder itself with its message of renunciation: of possession, emotion, and passion.

The first unit of Part V, despite distant reverber­ations of thunder, is a description of a dry and bar­ren land, wrecked by its waterless condition. The land is the Holy Land, and Jesus has been crucified upon Calvary. Two of his disciples set out upon the road to Emmaus, “the sandy road.” The dejected followers of Jesus, bereft of their teacher, believe that there is one among them who cannot be counted. Indeed, there is, for the spirit of Jesus is with them but cannot be materially quantified. This journey is described in words of dry despair:

*Here is no water but only rock*

Rock and no water and the sandy road

...mountains of rock without water
If there were water we should stop and drink

...Sweat is dry and feet are in the sand
If there were only water amongst the rock

...There is not even solitude in the mountains
But red sullen faces sneer and snarl
From doors of mudcracked houses

And no rock
If there were rock
And also water
And water
A spring
A pool among the rock
If there were the sound of water only

But there is no water
The disciples, although infused with Jesus's spirit, can only see the dead land about them. (Compare the description to that in Eliot's “Journey of the Magi.”)

Eliot has the barren journey of the disciples become a transition into a mad vision of “hooded hordes” swar­ming from Eastern Europe, corrupting all that is in their way. This passage was inspired by Herman Hesse's *Blick ins Chaos* (“A Glimpse into Chaos”). In this chaos, everything “bursts in the violet air.” The “fall­ing towers” of cities proclaim their ultimate destruction by the “cracked earth.” From Jerusalem to Lon­don, the great centers of civilization all are charac­terized as “unreal.”

From such a mad vision, Eliot then transports the reader to the Chapel Perilous, that place of evil where the questing knight takes refuge and is subjected to temptations. To complete his quest — either for the Grail or for the Fisher King — the knight must retain his purity. In such chapels, the holy taper which glows as a symbol of spiritual enlightenment is extinguished by a black hånd (the arm of evil), and the knight must retain inner enlightenment in the blackened unholiness of the Chapel Perilous. At last, after the cock crows to proclaim the dawn, there is distant thunder and a flash of lightning. The third section of Part V “What the Thunder Said,” begins.

From the lowing skies speaks the thunder: “Da.” The message is ignored, and the poem moves to its bleak conclusion:

*I sat upon the shore*
Fishing, with the arid plain behind me
Shall I at least set my lands in order?
London Bridge is falling down falling down falling down

*Poi s'ascose nel foco che gli affina*

*Quando fiam uti chelidon — O swallow swallow*

*Le Prince d'Aquitaine a la tour abolie*

These fragments I have shored against my ruins

January 1968
Why then Ile fit you. Hieronymo’s mad againe.
Shantih shantih shantih
In the unfertile land, with only fragmentary memories in his decaying mind, the impotent king hopelessly awaits the rescuer. Where, in a world so vulgar and corrupt, can a pure knight of old be found? In the Fisher King’s senile mind fragments alone remain. “Poi s’acose nel foco che gli affina” (“He hid himself then in the fire which refines them” — Dante, Purgatorio.) This line is reminiscent of the purging concept expressed in Buddha’s fire sermon. Dante’s reference is to a purgation of those lusts which beset mankind.

“Quando fiam uti chelidon” (“When shall I be like the swallow” — Pervigilium Veneris. “The Vigil of Venus,” anonymous). This fragment recalls the brutality of Tereus and the loyal sisters Procne and Philomela. In the Latin poem, Philomela’s spring song is a pretty refrain and not a complaint against barbarism.

“Le Prince d’Aquitaine a la tour abolie” (“The Prince of Aquitaine in the ruined tower”) is from Gerard de Nerval’s sonnet “El Desdichado,” Spanish for the destitute one — “unfortunate or wretched.” The ruined tower symbolizes the cracking of civilization and of tradition.

With these few fragments, (and “fragments” may well describe the entire poem, which could be considered a long string of freely associated impressions and memories), the Fisher King sits disconsolately beside the dead waters. Behind him is the “arid plain.” His mind has become as barren as the wastes he rules. A few flitting lines in his mind, and the memory that once again Hieronymo can be mad, leads to the thunder’s message of “Give, Sympathize, Control.”

How ironic, in this statement of despair, isolation, and madness — in a moment of no understanding and of peace which is as false as it is hopeless — that the formalistic ending is used: “the peace that surpasseth understanding,” “Shantih.” This conclusion of the Hindu Upanishad is pantheistic, seeing in nature all of God’s work and glories. But in The Waste Land nature is depicted as dead, unvegetative, impotent. Eliot implies that faith is dead.

Almost half a century later we revisit the land of waste, reread the gloomy and scathing attack that equates modern culture and all its progress with a vulgarly blatant impotence. In vain we look for hope. There is no suggestion of resurgence, reawakening, renaissance. There is a quiet moment of simple beauty, perhaps (“The pleasant whining of a mandoline”), but no promise of a better future. Eliot wrote: “Our age is an age of moderate virtue / And of moderate vice” (Choruses from “The Rock”). The high culture and grand savagery of the past are dead. The futility and impotence of modern life will remain, always.

Possibly Eliot is merely what W. B. Yeats called him: “An interesting symptom of a sick and melancholy age.” In reading and analyzing The Waste Land, the question must be asked: “What relevance to our times has this critical cry of an ill man? Is the sickness of the 1920’s still the disease of today?”

Is Europe — and Western culture for that matter — doomed? Is there no hope beyond that which sees history as an inevitable movement from the Phoenician sailor to the first Elizabeth to the “city of big shoulders” to the detonation of Communist China’s first atomic bomb? Are we to succumb to a Spenglerian philosophy of history, accepting with Spengler as well as with Eliot “The Decline of the West”?

Perhaps one finds no promise in the arid wastes and the spiritual impotence depicted in Eliot’s poem of an aborted vegetative cycle. But what about the world since 1922? What about the wasted rubble of Europe in 1945? Are those only windowed coffins which now rise above the rubble? Is all this merely the husky semblance of virility? Must the conclusion be that there is a wasting away of Europe?

Perhaps the glories of the Parthenon are only shattered fragments. Perhaps the high-rising coffins with their endless expanses of glass to be cleaned are not the seat of holy wisdom found in the Hagia Sophia of Istanbul or the dynamic beauty and delicacy of Chartres. Nevertheless, as we look on the broken monuments to ancient epochs, as well as on the stark stones sticking up into the modern skies, perhaps we can feel with John Keats what that poet of sensations felt when he first looked upon the Elgin Marbles. Instead of the wasting away of Europe, can we not hope to see at least “the shadow of a magnitude”?

Because of the press of other business, Dr. Kretzmann was unable to do his “Pilgrim” for this issue. The editors hope that things will soon ease up a bit for him and that his column will once again appear in its accustomed place.
In recent months there has been a spate of published materials concerning the recrudescence of national socialism and the opening of many old wounds. The wreck of Ludwig Erhard's control and the twin events of a newly established coalition government headed by Kurt Kiesinger coupled with local gains by a regional political party in Bavaria (NPD) conspired to sti1 up the commotion which received wide attention in the international press. These clamoring voices in their reactions ranged from "not surprised" to outright shock.

Some months ago a national publication devoted considerable paragraphs to the tragedy at Auschwitz and the trails then being held in Frankfurt. No doubt was left in the imagination as to the depths to which humanity had sunk and could still sink. The evidence appears incontrovertible that camps such as Auschwitz, Dachau, Belsen, Sachsenhausen, and Mauthausen did in fact exist.

The Eichman trial at Jerusalem and the attempts by the West German government to prosecute those responsible for the death camps has also served to fuel interest in those years of European limbo. Although not as well publicized, efforts on behalf of the German people through the Federal Republic to restore property and provide some restitution for the victims continues to the present day. Such plays as "The Deputy" and "Anne Frank," along with innumerable books, contribute to the interest of this period.

Leading national figures in West Germany have addressed themselves to the moral responsibility that devolves on the German people to bind the brokenness of German-Jewish relations. The elder statesman of German political life, Konrad Adenauer, toward this end made a sojourn to Israel for the expressed purpose of restoring and strengthening ties between the two nations. Last spring when Sepp Dietrich, a controversial figure in the former Wehrmacht, was buried, a sum of money received for his obituary column by a Stuttgart newspaper was given to a Jewish fund. All of this of course is symptomatic of an uneasiness in German-Jewish relationships.

A number of observers have discussed the Jewish-German tragic symbiosis of the current century. Unfortunately, emphasis, possibly with an eye for larger subscriptions, has been focused on the morbid, appalling aspects of this history rather than on the deeper lessons and wider implications of such suffering. This, of course, is not to imply that the reality of concentration camp suffering is to be mentally exonerated or ignored. Rather, that the evil of the concentration camp be viewed as a total problem symbiotically with the larger problem of the existence of evil in history itself.

Individuals who have lived through such anguish would undoubtedly not write as those who have heard or read of these horrors. Yet, a note of finality would certainly be lacking in a circumscribed analysis of the manifestation of evil in a particular epoch of history. The pages of history are bloodstained records of man's inhumanity to man. In lesser or greater amounts this inhumanity has gone on in many areas for too long a time. Whether this be the vengeful acts of a Ghengiz Khan, Timur-lane, Hitler, or Stalin, the problem of evil is essentially the same. This can't be viewed exclusively as a Stalinistic or Hitleristic form of demonology. This then would imply the termination of that "evil" when the tyrant was no longer on the scene. The evil of brokenness and imperfection lingers on, asserting itself in a Viet Nam, a Cicero, a South Africa, and Middletown, USA.

The subtle rationalizations of the pseudo-intellectual or the pompous protestations of the half-educated in response to the manifestation of evil does not mitigate the evil but perpetuates the evil by asking the wrong questions and acting from false motives. The only way that the tragedy of Auschwitz can be put in proper perspective is by placing it in a religio-theological and ethical reference. Sociology, psychology, history, and political considerations must find their subordinate places in such a scheme.

A student of modern German history must eventually come to grips with the concentration camp question. By the same token no sensitive student of Russian, English, or American history can ignore the collectivization of the Kulaks, the Enclosure Acts, or the dropping of the atomic bomb in the evaluation of their respective discipline.

Auschwitz was the product of perverted brains who thought they were doing right. The brutal deportation of the Russian peasant and the sociological strangulation of the English cotter were justified in the name of inevitable progress. The dropping of the nuclear device on two Japanese cities is still shrouded in controversy. In this light, evidence available from the backward glance of two decades strongly suggests other alternatives could have been used to induce the Japanese to surrender. This is another good example of the cloudy effects that
immediacy imposes on the decision makers. One observer describes a general who was closely identified with the war time "bomb" project as becoming "uneasy" because the war appeared to be coming to a rapid conclusion. The obvious implication is that the device would not have an actual "live" target in which its effects could be evaluated.

Without a spiritual frame of reference, individuals who justify actions on expediency or Machiavellian motives all run the risk of acting amorally or devoid of moral responsibility. For those of us who teach, an academic analogy would be apropos. The professor who takes delight in ferreting out the cracks and leaks in his students' point of view without revealing his own foundations establishes himself as a vicious betrayer of a privileged position of trust and responsibility. The professor who somehow projects the image of one "who has access to extra-mundane forces" for his insights and frustrates the budding aspirations of his students is transmitting the same faulty logic which the notorious SS chief Himmler used to instruct his underlings to commit their mayhem.

Unfortunately, the tendency in too many places is to avoid moral responsibility. Scapegoating, or whatever other psychological devices may be commonly in vogue, is utilized to shun the essential confrontation that a man must have. This disjointed, fragmentary approach can enter the historian's interpretation as well as the politician's pragmatism or the rebellion of students.

The essential confrontation that a man must have should be directed toward the "big" questions of God-man-destiny-evil. All of these questions zero in on Auschwitz. Unless these can be answered satisfactorily the Auschwitz of the forties or any other time can never be answered satisfactorily.

Some writers attribute the excesses of the Third Reich to authoritarian traits inherent in the German character. Others see the failure and frustration of the Weimar Republic as setting the stage. Another observer relates the reformation period as a leading agency in the German outlook under Hitler. Militarism, nihilism, mysticism, conservativism, and provincialism all enter into the puzzling equation of the German enigma. How does one explain a tradition or spirit which creates on one hand a Kant, Schiller, or Goethe and on the other produce a Himmler, Heydrich, or Hess?

Yet, all of these things become abstractions. It is difficult to pin down any single factor of those listed. The little people, the sons, brothers, fathers, and others caught up in such a crisis are the real witnesses to the awfulness of power gone mad.

In the uninhibited use of power human beings can be reduced to animal existences. Power at Auschwitz had its roots in ideology. The power of a modern industrial society, if unrestrained in its casting aside of proper values, could lead to similar dehumanizing processes. The power to enslave is always present when the unbridled application of dehumanization power is present.

Extremist hate groups of either right or left constitute the same human material which could push Auschwitz buttons here in this nation.

Anti-Semitism is not new to this century. The virulence of Anti-Semitism has been a concomitant of Western Civilization. The witnesses to this jump from the pages of the past: the pogroms of Czarist Russia, the medieval discriminations, and the Spanish attitudes of the fifteenth century. Hostility toward the Negro, the Irish, and other minority groups prevailed and still does in American history. The fact is that a strange scale of values causes hate to be parceled out according to expediency. One doesn't hate because one is a Negro, Jew, or German. One hates because values have somewhere been perversely justified. It then becomes wrong if one doesn't hate! In that upside down world it becomes morally reprehensible if one doesn't follow this demonic code.

A system, a culture, or a civilization must then be challenged for its essential values. An individual who is caught up in a value orientation which seeks moral justification for its decisions based on some vague form of enlightened or progressive humanism alone will sooner or later fall prey to chaos and ruin.

The written record is replete with these lessons. Those of us who are privileged to teach must see both the promise and peril of human potential with and without its proper harness. Will this generation learn different?

I am tired of always treating the results and never getting at the cause. If I could run everything in the world I would still have the kind of compensatory education we are talking about now, but I would have a priority. I would have some compensatory education for the fat cat, overprivileged white guys who live in the suburbs and run everything in the city and mess it up. I would see about educating them so they could quit messing these things up, instead of trying to treat the results of their destruction. I think that if we could do this, then maybe there would be a way to reverse this terrible trend that we have now."

On Second Thought

By ROBERT J. HOYER

The claim that God is dead is a problem of the transcendent. In our secular world we experience the absence of a transcendent God. There is no room for Him. In the customary usage of language there is no other God, for what is not transcendent cannot be God. Whatever it is that we have meant by God is dead, includes the loss of transcendence.

The problem can’t be solved by assertion. We abandoned with our childhood the silly pattern of argument that runs endlessly: “He is ... He isn’t ... He is ... He isn’t.” We have certainly abandoned the childish tendency to fear and hate those who say He is, when we say He isn’t!

Perhaps we should look again at the concept of transcendence. The God who declared Himself through the prophets of Israel and the events they interpreted was not transcendent. He acted through the rain and the rocks and the armies of the nations. He spoke through this man and that. Because He was so immanent, His people were forced to speak of Him as transcendent, for rocks and rain and armies cannot reasonably be worshiped. In their dilemma the prophets had no way to say “He is” except to say “He is transcendent.”

But God once spoke through a Man unique in love. The Man proclaimed among us the immanent God: God in Him and He in us. We who use a transcendent God to subdue the weak and prove our own glory cannot abide the Word of immanence. We crucified Him. God among us died at our hands. But Jesus rose from the dead and in Him God is truly transcendent. He who was All in all took on Himself individuation and transcended the many. In Jesus Christ He is transcendent Lord. His disciples formulated their primary creed. Over against men who spoke of God they cried: “Jesus Christ is Lord!” Transcendence is no longer power of purity, but love steadfast even to death.

Jesus Christ is transcendent Lord. He is, and was, ans will be, and we cannot lose Him in immanence. We no longer need to speak of Him as transcendent, because His transcendence is manifest. Transcendent, He is among us and in us. He Himself has given us the way to speak about God. He ascended and the work of God among men is given to the Spirit, God in the church. In the church God convinces men of righteousness and of sin and of judgment. The church is the Body of Christ, the dwelling of the Spirit of God. This doctrine of the final immanence of God poses no idolatrous danger to our thinking. We cannot think of ourselves as God, nor worship the church, so long as we know that Jesus Christ is transcendent Lord.

The Skaters

The skaters on crystal pools gracefully skimming,
Sliding, so drifting as scarcely to touch;
It was touch and go always, whirl, dip, and away.
How lovely those lithe and lyrical girls!
How meetly fleet their fluent mates!
How gaily they went; it was filmy and fine,
All silvery sparkle, a bauble of sight:
Light of foot, light of heart, and of handsome head.

And the figures they cut were as charming to see
As the figures that cut them;
Such undulate etchings in sinuous spirals,
Altogether a misty elaborate maze:
Delightful ambiguous surface impressions.

And had the ice held, I could show them to you.
But it didn’t. It rapidly wilted away as it will
In a ruinous thaw. And the beautiful skaters—
Distracted, beguiled, absorbed, unaware,
Were let down. Such ethereal beings,
So buoyant and soaring across the frail surface:
One could hardly believe they would sink so fast.

—Ray Mizer
God, the Creation of Faith

By NORMAN E. NAGEL
Preceptor of Westfield House
Cambridge (England)

Thou shalt have no other gods before me. That is: Thou shalt have me alone as thy God. What is the force of this, and how is it to be understood? What does it mean to have a God? or, what is God? Answer: A god means that from which we expect all good and that to which we take refuge in every need, so that to have a God is nothing else than to trust and believe him from the heart; as I have often said that the confidence and faith of the heart make both God and an idol. If your faith and trust be right, then is your God also true; and, on the other hand, if your trust be false and wrong, then you have not the true God; for these two belong together, faith and God. That now, I say, upon which you set your heart and put your trust is properly your God.

Whoever trusts and boasts that he possesses great skill, prudence, power, favour, friendship, and honour has also a god, but not the true and only God. This appears again when you notice how presumptuous, secure and proud people are because of their possessions, and how wretched they are when these no longer exist or are withdrawn. Therefore I repeat that the chief explanation of this point is that to have a God is to have something in which the heart entirely trusts.

-The Large Catechism, The First Commandment

There seems to be, then, no shortage of gods. Quite a few of them could die, and there would still be plenty left. The vexing question remains whether any of them will do. This question seems to give us a seat at a horse auction. We come with our specifications and buy the nag we fancy most. This is the way of those who first set up their specifications according to which they will judge between the numerous available gods. Luther mentions the heathen who prize power and dominion and so go for Jupiter. Others bent on riches, happiness or pleasure and a life of ease go for Hercules, Mercury, or Venus. Now Luther does not enter upon the argument as to the relative merits of gods, Jupiter, Hercules, Mercury, Venus, or as we would say more prosaically, power, riches, happiness, pleasure, or life of ease. He does not have a list of specifications according to which we can judge between the gods and show the folly of the heathen in worshipping Jupiter or Mammon. To do this would be to be involved in the same folly. He adduces the heathen in support of the point that "to have a god means to trust and believe." "A god means that from which we expect all good and to which we take refuge in every need." That from which we ultimately trust to receive is our god. Receiving is believing, is faith. The folly of the heathen is less in their serving an untrue god than in their untrue faith. They did not truly believe their gods, expect to receive from them. They seek by their efforts to make claims on their gods and so earn their reward. It is this denial of simply receiving, this denial of faith, which first of all makes an idol into and idol. An idol is something you can make claims on and whose performance you can specify. "As you believe so is your god." However, when your believing, your faith, is not true, not receiving, then is your god untrue, an idol.

Only that god is true from whom you receive everything. When faith is true god is true. Hence Luther can make the shocking statement that faith creates god.

He often makes such heroic statements which shock us and seem so ill defended against misinterpretation. In fact, in their very radicalness lies the ultimate deterrent against the most sinister misinterpretation of all, in this case that of making God into an idol. When we are shocked by Luther's statement that faith creates god it is perhaps because we suppose that we have a more exalted idea of God and more humble idea of ourselves. God to be worthy of the name must be the self-subsistent, independent, exalted far above us, the sum of the infinite attributes, a god that can only be pointed to. Here it seems is a theology as far removed as possible from being converted into anthropology a la Feuerbach and his latter days disciples. And yet if we look more closely at this exalted god we find that he is in fact defined according to human terms, specifications, and expectations. He can only be said to be self-subsistent and independent in relation to us. The infinite attributes are abstractions, negative human statements, and yet when they are applied to God it is supposed that we have transcended human categories and said something fit for God. When a man supposes that he has transcended human categories he departs from what he has been made, talks with a divine competence, makes god an object of his description, and ascribes independence to himself. And this in the name of God's honour and his own humility.

Not so Luther. He knows himself to be made a man. He is a creature, captive to his humanity, pressed hard upon by all manner of claims and obligations. He has no reach beyond the human reach, no other alternatives than being a man or a man wrecked. He has need. Help
must come from elsewhere. It must come for he cannot go elsewhere, beyond his humanity. There is no necessity that it should come. He is in no position to lay down what a god must do and he certainly cannot swing himself up to assert how a god must be in himself. He can only take what comes.

Luther takes what comes, he receives, he believes. The one from whom he takes it is God. God gives, man receives. Luther has no list of specifications according to which he can judge God and his performance, and decide whether God qualifies to be God. God is beyond his competence, and whatever conclusions can be drawn from looking around are not at all encouraging.

Luther looked around, he was caught. In a desperate moment when he came within an inch of death on the highway he swore to become a monk. He carried through. If there is an answer, he must find it. He went where a man might best hope to find it. He put his life in the question.

The biographical reference is important for it is the human reference. The God question involves the man who puts it. The God question is not put by any man who insists on dictating the answer. There is then no question. When the question is put, everything is at risk. Luther did not enter the monastery to have discussion about God. His question was what could he expect to receive from God. He believed God, he believed that he must receive from God. His fears were what that might be.

We have no record of his being in thrall to the god of the philosophers. Aristotle's god was not long in dying. When Luther faced the justice of God, he bowed and took it. The counterpart to God's retributive righteousness is humble submission, which was the faith of the young Luther. God and faith went together. When Calvary's uniqueness came home to him he received it. God and faith went together. The counterpart to the gracious giver God in Christ is the vital, courageous, joyous faith of God's forgiven and quickened child.

This is what happened in the life of Luther. There was no calling of the plays. He took what came. As God so his faith. When God was true his faith was true. When in Christ he knew the gracious forgiving vitalizing Saviour and Giver God, then he knew what faith was: receiving astonishing gifts. Faith then had no dimension other than that of the gifts received, and since the gifts could be summarized as Christ, faith and God are virtually interchangeable. To extol faith is then to extol the gracious God and his gifts. Then it is possible to make the shocking reversal. "God creates faith" can then also become "faith creates God," and this statement is then the bulwark against ever making God other than he is, against ever making an idol, that is one from whom you do not receive, one whom you wish to determine, one with whom you negotiate and from whom you claim rewards on the basis of yourself and your efforts. Only faith receives God as he graciously is, for only faith receives. Here God is God, and man is at the receiving end.

So we would get it all backwards if we supposed that Luther with his heroic statement, "faith creates God," was lending his support to those who think of God as a human projection. The human projection gods, gods that are human powers or wish fulfillments raised to the nth degree, whether they be Jupiter, the abstractions of man unlimited, the god away high above or deep down within, Venus or Mammon, they are all produced and not received. They leave man in the determining center. When any such god dies we should dance at the funeral. They do die for none of them can stand the strain of sustaining the role of God. There is only one who can do that, the one that dies on the cross and rose again. Such a God is unproducible, uninterchangeable, unique; he can only be received. Life with God is life by faith alone.

When we would help an idolater we do not say, "My God is better than your god." We begin with the god he has and push him really to believe in his god, so that his god will have to take the full strain of being a god. The stronger his faith the stronger his god will have to be, and sooner or later his god will crack under the strain, and the sooner the better or he may later go under with his not fully believed god. The primary trouble with idolaters is their little faith. They most often hedge their bets with polytheism. We have to help them to monothemism, drive them through their muddle of gods to identify their god, and then help them to believe that god so that they may come mercifully soon to the crack-up of their god, and move on from that idol. We must not shrink, if we love them, from the death of that god — it is a fearful thing for a man when his god dies — for if we stop short of that, impatient for a quick score, all that will be achieved will be the renaming of an idol.

"If with all your heart ye truly seek me, ye shall ever surely find me. Thus saith our God."

In reality, today the theologian has nothing to say to the world, because there are no 'laymen' in our churches; because, on the one hand, there is the minister, who does not know the situation in the world, and on the other hand, there are 'laymen,' who are very careful to keep their faith and their life in different compartments, or who try to escape from this dilemma by concentrating on ethics.

— Jacques Ellul, The Presence of the Kingdom (Seabury Press), p. 19
It Is Still The Great Theme That Matters

By WALTER SORELL

When you will read this column a new year will have started with old and new hopes, with the wish to forget what is better buried in the debris of yesterday's hopes. It has been a rich, though not totally blessed, period on Broadway that prepared for the Christmas business. Some shows did not make it. "The Trial of Lee Harvey Oswald," an evil contrivance on the stage, was quickly ended, together with "The Ninety-Day Mistress," which at least deserves honorable mention for having been the dullest comedy of the decade. The generation gap plagued many dramatists, and its last victim, the skillful Peter Ustinov, also barked up the wrong tree in his partly witty but so-what-play, "Halfway Up the Tree."

A great deal could be said about O'Neill's last play, "More Stately Mansions," produced against the will of the author, who thought he had destroyed his manuscript; also about Edward Albee's "Everything in the Garden," which was supposed to have been an adaptation of a play by the late British dramatist Giles Cooper and which was adapted until "there was hardly a word left of the original," as Mr. Albee admitted. Since this statement is not quite correct and the play is still essentially Mr. Cooper's I would rather leave the discussion of this play for a time when I can deal with the problem of adaptation in more detail.

It is enjoyable to report that The Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center started its program of more or less experimental plays in its smaller auditorium, The Forum. It presented two new one-act plays by Mayo Simon, "Walking to Waldheim" and "Happiness." Both are poetic milieu studies in vignette form and prove that the author has a fine ear for dialogue and a good feeling for situations. The characters are well conceived. That it nevertheless turned out to be a slight theater experience has to do with the themes chosen. However fresh the material may have seemed to Mr. Mayo, dealing with the little life so important to us and the cruel death so inevitable, it had been explored dramatically by Thornton Wilder's "Christmas Dinner" and by his "The Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden." The Forum cries out for more daring thoughts.

One feels very curious and apprehensive about a contemporary Russian playwright, and most people were pleasantly surprised. It was almost a great theme well presented which Aleksei Arbuzov attacked in "The Promise." It deals with the relationship of three young people who are caught in a room in Leningrad while it was bombarded in 1942. A poet, an engineer, and a girl who wants to become a great doctor are in love with each other, a new and fascinating triangle. The girl chooses the poet, the weaker man, who needs her more than the strong bridge-builder. After seventeen years the great promise of their lives remains unfulfilled. She has become a supervisor in a hospital, the great bridge is still waiting to be built, the poet writes second-rate poetry. There is a dramaturgic letdown at the end which the girl's sudden change from one man to the other does not overcome. The play does not fill the atmosphere with the necessary poetic urgency to make it memorable.

And that is exactly what Michel de Ghelderode's "Pantagleize" has from the first to the last moment: the greatness of fulfilled theatricality. Pantagleize is a Chaplinesque figure in disguise of a man who is a poet at heart and an innocent bystander complaining about his lack of destiny and unwittingly becoming the hero of a doomed revolution. He proves the point that we don't live but are being lived by unknown forces, that we are not what we try to be but what an inexplicable fate (read: environment) decides for us.

Ghelderode called it "A Farce to Make You Sad," because the sadness overcomes you after you have thoroughly enjoyed the satire of man's total stupidity and the senselessness of right and left, of conservatives and revolutionaries. In 1929 Ghelderode wrote this exemplary play of the absurd against the disintegration of our mechanized world from which the dreams are banished, in which the dreamers are crucified so that the world can surrender to the scientific nightmare of our time.

John Houseman and Ellis Rabb staged this play with great flair for an only apparently improvised wit and with virtuoso style for the A.P.A. Repertory Company. Mr. Rabb made the figure of Pantagleize unforgettable. He made the man come alive "who has kept the treasure of his childhood in his heart, and who passes through catastrophes in all artlessness," as Ghelderode described him. "He is bound to Parsifal by purity, and to Don Quixote by courage and holy madness. And if he dies, it is because, particularly in our time, the Innocents must be slaughtered: that has been the law since the time of Jesus. Amen!..."
Which Epiphany in 1968?

By JAMES W. ALBERS
Instructor in Theology
Valparaiso University

Arise, shine; for your light has come, and the glory of the Lord has risen upon you. For behold, darkness shall cover the earth, and thick darkness the peoples; but the Lord will arise upon you, and his glory will be seen upon you. And nations shall come to your light, and kings to the brightness of your rising.

Lift up your eyes round about, and see; they all gather together, they come to you; your sons shall come from far, and your daughters shall be carried in the arms. Then you shall see and be radiant, your heart shall thrill and rejoice; because the abundance of the sea shall be turned to you, the wealth of the nations shall come to you. A multitude of camels shall cover you, the young camels of Midian and Ephah; all those from Sheba shall come. They shall bring gold and frankincense, and shall proclaim the praise of the Lord.

—Isaiah 60:1-6

The celebration of Epiphany in the contemporary church is usually anemic. When Epiphany rolls around on the sixth of January, the twelfth day of Christmas — not including the forty days before Christmas — most of us feel that our capacity for celebration has been stretched to the limit. By then we are usually quite content to go about our daily tasks with as much routine as can be imposed and at day’s end quietly and gladly take our rest. To be blunt, Epiphany usually finds us with an emotional, physical, economic, and spiritual hangover. One could almost invent a term for it: “the Epiphany syndrome.”

The history of Epiphany is interesting and varied. In the tradition familiar to most of us, Epiphany commemorates the coming of the Wise Men, and in practice has marked the last effort at celebrating Christmas. Actually the coming of the Magi was not even celebrated until the fourth century, when Christmas for the first time also began to observe the birth of Jesus in an attempt to counter the annual pagan celebrations of the Birth of the Unconquered Sun. Previously, Epiphany had been observed in the Eastern Church as the celebration of the baptism of Jesus. Christians instituted this celebration because on January 6 pagans, in Egypt particularly, greeted the return of the sun and the rebirth of life on the earth. A special feature of these celebrations was the ascription of special miraculous powers to the Nile River on the eve of January sixth. All this prompted Christians to celebrate the miracle which transpired in the waters of the Jordan, when Jesus made his appearance, or “epiphany”, to Israel at his baptism, and which marked for them the return of light and life to the world.

What does all this have to do with Epiphany, 1968? It suggests that there are two ways of looking at Epiphany. The Magi suggest the triumphal spirit of the church in the fourth century, while the Baptism of Jesus suggests the motif of service. The triumphalism of the Magi may have been fitting for a church which had endured almost three centuries of persecution and had finally proved unconquerable. After all, the light of the Son had met the forces of darkness and had won. Well could these Christians remember the few years prior, when Romans dragged their fathers and brothers in the dust of streets and arenas, extinguished the lights on their altars, burned their Scriptures, and attempted the systematic extermination of their leaders. Now the Light had triumphed! The Emperor Constantine, himself, was a Christian. The gold of the Empire which had paid the executioners was now being used to build churches and shrines. Incense which had burned on the imperial altars in homage to the Genius of Rome was now being offered in prayer and thanksgiving to the true God. No wonder they chose to associate Epiphany with the coming of distant nobility for worship of the Unconquered Son, rather than with the baptism of Jesus. No wonder that Christians of the fourth century selected the triumphal passage of Isaiah 60:1-6 to be read on Epiphany. For them what Isaiah had spoken had come to pass:

the Lord will rise upon you...
And nations shall come to your light, and kings to the brightness of your rising...
Then you shall see and be radiant, your heart shall thrill and rejoice...
the wealth of nations shall come to you...
they shall bring gold and frankincense, and shall proclaim the praise of the Lord.

The fourth century could well be an age for kings, gold, frankincense, and triumphalism; the church had triumphed.

Alas, this is the twentieth century, and the church of the twentieth century finds it difficult to share in that triumph. The Holy Roman Empire gave up the ghost...
of pretense a century and a half ago, and many feel that we are now living in the post-Constantinian age. Secularization is the leitmotif of the twentieth century and that spells, according to many, the beginning of the "post-Christian era". Whether there ever was such a majestic period in history that it deserves the label of "Christian era" is highly doubtful, but it is certainly true that the church today simply doesn't feel very triumphant.

Ours does not seem to be an age for the genuine celebration of anything. There are so few victories, and they are frequently not the kind which are neat and clean, the kind that are really worth celebrating. Instead, Isaiah's clouds of "darkness, thick darkness" seem to be covering the peoples. Soot, smog, and inverted air-masses threaten to smother those who sit in the darkness of urban dungeons. Under cover of darkness the war in Vietnam festers. Broods of people sit in the shadow of death cast over them by impending starvation. Who really feels like celebrating when there are so many people with darkness, thick darkness, in the depths of their personalities, where violence smolders and waits to be stoked into eruption? Even the ecumenical movement, for all of its positive signs, sometimes appears to be little more than the huddling together of frightened and fearful Christians, who draw a little closer for a bit of pretense a century and a half ago, and many feel that we are now living in the post-Constantinian age. Secularization is the leitmotif of the twentieth century and that spells, according to many, the beginning of the "post-Christian era". Whether there ever was such a majestic period in history that it deserves the label of "Christian era" is highly doubtful, but it is certainly true that the church today simply doesn't feel very triumphant.

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If this is neither the time of year nor the era of church history for triumphalism, what is it a time for? There is another way of observing Epiphany, a way which many feel catches the message which God is trying to speak to the Church in the twentieth century. That other way is baptism. While the earliest Epiphany celebrations emphasized only the glory in Jesus' baptism, it is quite evident that Jesus' baptism meant quite the opposite to him at the time. He understood his baptism as his ordination to live as the servant of God as described in Isaiah. This meant that he would share fully in the lives of God's people. He would agonize with them in their sicknesses and diseases; he would open the eyes of the blind, the ears of the deaf, and the mouths of the dumb. He would offer God's forgiveness even to those who had despised it. He would be persecuted and beaten and scornfully treated for the simple reason that he was doing the will of his Father. He would be faithful in His work even to the point of death, even to the point of feeling that God had abandoned Him in the crucial hour. That is what Jesus' baptism meant; that is what it meant to become God's beloved son. But death is not the end of the matter.

Isaiah sees an old woman sitting in ashes, also forsaken and alone. Her children are gone. She sits in darkness. Then, unbelievably, she is told to rise because she will become radiant; her children are returning. Isaiah was offering hope to Israel at the time of the Exile. His comfort was that God had not utterly forsaken Israel, that through her suffering she was actually making it possible for nations to see God's glory. Through faithfulness and suffering God was achieving his goal. So it was with Jesus. There could be no resurrection without death. There can be no triumph without the grimness of battle.

Here, perhaps, is the clue for the church in January, 1968, and perhaps for many years to come. God is now calling us to be baptized into Jesus' baptism. This is an age for picking up the cross, not laying it down. It is an age for finding ends of wars, for solving the problems that cause wars, for finding more efficient ways of distributing our wealth and medical skills, for helping those who sit in darkness to stand with dignity, for struggling to find new insights into the nature of existence and into the nature of the life in Christ.

Which Epiphany in 1968—triumphalism or baptism? Perhaps these are not valid alternatives. Certainly there must be baptism unto death, but baptism carries with it the reality of triumph. Baptism into Christ means we have already passed through death into life. Therefore the old woman, the Church, can rise from ashes and be a mother, but she must be a twentieth century mother. She cannot merely be concerned about her own family but must go outside the household to share her joy and love with others if she is going to find fulfillment. As she goes about these tasks she does so with an inner triumphalism, the triumphalism of faith. For she knows that she is the body of Christ, that she is loved and will not be forsaken. Hers is the triumphalism that comes with the conviction that all things are being drawn together in Christ, both in heaven and in earth (Eph. 1:10). Hers is a triumphalism that is willing to endure discomfort for the sake of future fulfillment. William Temple, a late archbishop of Canterbury, once said that it may very well be that the world will last long enough for us to be called the early Christians. If he was at all correct, might it not be that God is trying to make martyrs out of us, thereby bringing new triumphs? Could it be that we will be responsible for the rejoicing of future generations of Christians? Could it be that we ourselves will someday rejoice in our own present sufferings? Such news is too wonderful!

Which Epiphany in 1968—triumphalism or baptism? Let it be the triumphalism that comes with baptism into the death and life of Christ. If that be the case, we ought to be able to hear our Heavenly Father saying to us, "This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased," and that ought to be worth a family celebration—even in the bleakness of January.
My column has been written this month in the aftermath of some academic encounters that are the professorial equivalent of battle experience. A journal, some committee meetings, course prospectuses, contemplation of the recording industry, a set of examinations, and a television series have locked themselves in conflict of the mind that will settle for no less than honorable peace. And if my tone is that of a war-weary veteran, it must be recognized that the fighting has been affected by the gray skies of a dull Indiana autumn.

The journal of the Music Educators National Conference recently used up most of its pages in reporting a splendid meeting held the summer of 1967 in the lovely environs of Tanglewood in the Berkshires of Massachusetts. There assembled with much ado and even more a splendid meeting held the summer of 1967 in the lovely Music

education is a big business. More people are today engaged in teaching and in learning about music than the singing-masters of colonial America or the Lowell Masons of the last century would have thought possible.

A teacher's time today is divided — about equally, it would seem — between instruction and administration. Hardly has he concluded an hour with his colleagues trying to establish the minimal equipment requirements to be begged in next year's departmental budget than he must get back to the application for governmental research funds to develop new teaching programs which are expected to increase his teaching efficiency and effectiveness. Then there are requests for descriptions of courses to be taught next semester. How can the subject material be fit into the calendar? What aspects of the study are critical and must be stressed? When is the best moment to cajole the student into grasping the concept?

Attempt to picture a moment of time in the music departments of all the schools in this country. Has ever before so much care gone into and concern been given to the teaching act? Were teachers ever so weighted with the responsibility of doing a good job? The mail includes almost daily some announcement of new recordings. The wealth of musical literature that has been available at modest cost to any and all is incredible. Not only the best of Verdi but also his early operatic ventures. Not only the familiar three "Bs" but also Brunetti, Busnois, and Berio. The oldest playable organ, an eighteenth-century forte-piano, and an electronic synthesizer. More astounding than the catalogue, however, are the sales statistics. The most humble of collections now contains more music than the wealthiest amateur of a few generations ago could have afforded to hear. One assumes that the average audience today is more sophisticated because of the resources and energy expended in educating them than their predecessors who depended on the parlor piano, one or two concerts a year, and a local "professor of music."

Because our university sent a team to compete on TV's College Bowl I found myself some months ago involved in coaching our candidates for the intellectual scrimmage in matters musical. My dismay at their ignorance of some essential facts of music was tempered by the realization that other teams were even more ill-equipped. The best minds from American schools consistently failed to demonstrate musical knowledge of more than an elementary nature while successfully dealing with the most difficult questions in history, chemistry, and economics.

Over a recent weekend I occupied myself with examinations given to students in introductory music courses. The bubble burst; my dreams of an improved breed of musically educated man vanished in the daylight of reality. Obviously our educational machinery is not wholly efficient and we must again turn our pedagogical energies to the task of ridding minds of their ignorance.

I sit among my exams, the indictments of my teaching, writing this, gentle reader, to assure you of the music teacher's resolution to pursue in the new year the war against musical illiteracy. I began in some despair of the task, but now I remember that student who said, "I'm not sure I understand, but I think I'm beginning to understand!"

It makes some difference.
Last October, to attract attention to a Sloan Gallery exhibition called *Master Prints on Biblical Themes*, two separate three-foot wide bands of silken fabric were hung side by side in the center of the gallery. One was olive green and the other bright red. The combination ran freely from the twelve foot high ceiling down to a loose, gentle fold on the gallery floor. While the colors and scale of this hanging contrasted freshly with the rest of the room, the most arresting feature for me was that the hanging moved. Billowing slowly and irregularly back and forth, the bands almost seemed to breathe. Suddenly I became aware that this interior space was alive with gentle air movements and with small, sudden gusts as people walked by.

Such effects brought to mind again the sense of life that moving things give. Consider the varying rhythms of a snapping flag; swaying, spraying water; and a wheeling gull; or the fascination of a tree full of fluttering leaves, and a fireplace of flickering light. Think also of the harsher stop-and-go actions of the Chicago Sun-Times building last fall. I looked through paper winding frantically, seemingly every which way around spinning rollers and precisely shifting arms and sections of machinery.

Then I turned around and looked farther away at the river below and saw, in complete contrast, the almost imperceptible progress of a low flat barge. Across the river were the double levels and connecting ramps of Wacker Drive filled with cars jostling each other in a kind of “Brownian Movement.” Above and beyond rattled the elevated trains, and shooting up on all sides were sky-scrapers, one of which went six hundred fifty feet up. A muffled din drifted across the river accompanied by a street level obligato of flashing neon.

On a different, and to me, more mysterious scale are the seemingly instantaneous actions of electronic devices and the fantastic speeds of jet and rocket flight. It is true, our world is never still. Perhaps at times we might wish the rhythms were more calm. But when architects drastically reduce movement from our interiors with unchanging artificial light, unvarying temperature and air movement, unbroken wall-to-wall carpeting, and unending soft Muzak, the situation soon becomes monotonously unreal. Someone has even called it an “air-conditioned nightmare.”

As the element of movement is prominent in our lives, there is need for the heightened awareness and clarifying expressive imagery that an art involved with movement can bring. As a matter of fact, much of twentieth century art has in one way or another responded to this need. Witness the founding and flourishing of motion pictures and TV. Certainly also, such major twentieth century movements as Cubism, Futurism, Constructivism, Dadaism, and the recent activity called “Happenings” are much involved with ideas about movement. Lately, in some circles, moving “light” art and kinetic sculpture are being heralded as the next major developments on the art scene, although a closer study reveals that these directions are still very much in the pioneer stage.

The innovator of kinetic sculpture, — sculpture that attempts to make “significant visual statements” with actual movement — is the American, Alexander Calder (b. 1898). In his college days he earned a degree in mechanical engineering. Then in the late twenties and early thirties he lived in Paris creating circus figures out of wire. He mechanized the figures so that he could put on performances for his artist friends. Then, adopting the free-form shapes used by Miro and Arp, and the primary colors used by Mondrian, Calder’s art became very abstract.

In 1932 Calder exhibited his first abstract constructions, some of which were mechanized and hand or motor operated. Marcel Duchamp called the mechanized constructions “mobiles.” The rest Arp called “stables.” The next year Calder exhibited his first free-floating, wind-operated mobiles, and sculpture was put into motion.

In *Red Petals* Calder eliminated the usual sculptural pedestal and combined the stable from with that of the mobile. The shapes of the two parts harmonize beautifully, and, as in most of Calder’s work, the whole is evocative of objects and movements in nature. Within limits set by the design, the varying petal and stem shapes turn and bob, sway and flutter in response to the unpredictable air currents. As in the best of Calder’s work, the effect is clean and clear, a delicately strong, airily poised interplay with the quieter rhythms of nature.

The right setting for such works is more than usually critical. Not only must the background be relatively simple, but the range of air movements must be moderate. In the entrance to the Chicago Arts Club where *Red Petals* is installed, gusts from the door often are too strong and throw the moving parts into temporary disarray. Yet if wind mobiles are installed in places with too little wind, the mobile ends up being pushed and jolted into action by the impatient viewer. Neither installation gives the kind of interplay with gentle air movements for relaxed watching for which the work was made.
Books of the Month

The World As Pike Psi Its

The Rt. Rev. James A. Pike, Bishop of the Episcopal Church, is the most notorious debunker of received doctrine on the American ecclesiastical scene. At various times in his meteoric career he has denied the Virgin Birth, the doctrine of the Trinity, the unquestioned authority of the Bible, the divinity — and the historical existence — of Jesus Christ, the value of Code ethics, and countless other items of belief cherished by many Christians. He received a comeuppance of sorts when his conduct was censured by his fellow bishops assembl ed in council at Wheeling, West Virginia, in October of 1966. Pike met this attack by demanding a formal heresy trial, a request that jarred the bishops into recognition of the unfavorable publicity of such proceedings, regardless of the outcome. A committee was duly appointed to look into the matter, and decision on the trial request was delayed until the next meeting, which took place this past September in Seattle.

That was phase one in Pike's plan of vindication. Phase two involved the writing of two books, one by himself and one by his friends William Stringfellow and Anthony Towne. Stringfellow and Towne, after the manner of third-party observers, called their book The Bishop Pike Affair: Scandals of Conscience and Heresy, Relevance and Solemnity in the Contemporary Church;1 Pike himself capitalized on the "Wheeling Dealing" by changing the title of a book then in gestation from Fewer Beliefs, More Belief to If This Be Heresy.2 Both books had the same publisher and were to be released in the same month, September, just in time to greet the bishops upon their arrival in Seattle.

Phase three in the plan was for Pike himself to hit the road, taking his case to colleges, congregations, and disparate groups around the country. Unfortunately, progress on the book was delayed, so it became necessary for him to complete it while on the road. This made for the unusual situation in which the bishop received $1,000 a day for personal appearances, while spending up to ten hours a day writing on the book. The product of this frantic literary effort is now available, as the world discovered when Bishop Pike appeared on the Tonight show to plug the book upon its publication.

If This Be Heresy is not primarily a defense of Pike's well-publicized views on specific matters of doctrine. It is, rather, a constructive work addressed to three questions: (1) What is it really to be a person? (2) Is death the end? (3) What is the whole universe about? Before answering these questions directly, it is of course necessary for Bishop Pike to set the scene in which they arise. This he does by remarking the decline in denominational allegiance on the part of Christians here and abroad. There has come to be, he thinks, an authority crisis, as a result of which the people don't know what to believe, or on what to base their beliefs. It is not, however, altogether clear whether Pike would claim his full share of the credit for this crisis of confidence. After dismissing the Bible, the creeds, the councils, litanies, confessions of faith, and claims of consensus as inadequate "bases" of faith, Pike lays it down that the proper basis for belief is what he calls the "empirical method," consisting of the four steps (a) examination of relevant data, (b) the drawing of a plausible inference from the data, (c) affirmation of the consequent hypothesis by faith, and (d) action based on this faith-affirmation. He later summarizes the method in a neat formula: "data plus inference equals modest faith-affirmation." This is the recipe Pike uses to concoct answers to his three questions. Before examining the particular data and inferences Pike puts forth, a word of comment on the formula itself is in order.

Claims to the effect that one's religious faith has an empirical base are best greeted with healthy skepticism. One could argue that Pike's phrase "empirical faith" embodies a contradiction, inasmuch as "empirical" commonly characterizes that which is public and knowable by many, whereas "faith," in at least one of its meanings, denotes a mode of acceptance of that which is not, or cannot, be known in the usual ways or for certain. Pike is aware that there is a slip between the cut of his data and the lip of his extrapolations, but he attempts to close the breach by verbal sleight-of-hand, as when he says "We are, by faith, ready to say that personal survival of death is a fact. . . ." (p. 156; italics his). Surely it is strange to say that we affirm facts by faith. Facts don't need to be affirmed; they get by merely being reported. Pike would have done better to offer the formula: reasons plus desire equals affirmation. There is no such beast as an "empirical faith"; if that which is claimed to be an empirical faith really were thoroughly empirical, there would be no need to speak of it as faith — for it would be knowledge. That is not to say, of course, that there may not be better reasons for believing x than for believing y. Most of our beliefs, and hopefully also our religious beliefs, are supported by reasons. Many of these reasons contain items of empirical fact. But we are mistaken if we think that, because the reasons we give for holding our beliefs include statements of fact, what we believe is therefore a fact. Appropriate logical connections are needed between data and conclusions in order for the conclusions to be correctly said to be warranted by the data. That some of the data are empirical fact will not alone certify faith in the conclusion as "empirical faith," at least not in a meaningful sense of that term (if, indeed, there be such).

Pike's claims for the results of his method of arriving at beliefs are strange, but stranger still are the data that Pike selects for consideration. One might have expected that an "empirical faith" of the sort he advocates would emerge from careful analysis of those common elements of experience present to all of mankind. Indeed, Pike begins there, but his analysis rapidly issues in very extraordinary claims, and then altogether departs from the realm of common experience. His answer to the question "What is it really to be a person?" is that personhood is defined in terms of a "transcendent element"; to be a person is to be able to "transcend yourself." It is altogether unclear what is meant by this phrase. Pike first cites Buber's observation that "only man has the capacity to recognize a world against himself," and later notes that only men, of all the animals, ties together past, present, and future. Whether these claims are credible is in itself a matter for discussion; I am inclined to believe that they are not, inasmuch as my dog surely recognizes a world over against himself when he barks at prowlers, and ties past, present, and future together when he terminates his trek to the sofa at the sight of my upraised hand. But later Pike distil lates the concept of self-transcendence by noting that "concept-making and word-making are possible only through human transcendence." Surely language abilities can be described without recourse to such grandiose terminology.

On the basis of the "observed transcendence" (how can this be? If the transcendence can be observed, then there is at least one thing it does not transcend, viz., the observational powers of others) of persons. Pike concludes that persons are more valuable than things, and that each person is uniquely valuable. Hence, an ethics. But one does not need to appeal to a notion so problematic as "human transcendence" in order to justify his conviction that one ought to treat people with more care than one takes with inanimate objects or animals. Obviously humans are not robots or domestic animals. Man is, after all, a tautology sometimes worth remembering. But aside from Pike's overblown justification, the fact of the matter is that his central ethical prescription remains a judgment of values. Pike often remarks that one cannot "derive an 'ought' from an 'is';" yet the discussion of "human transcendence" is precisely calculated to lead one to think that his central norm is not, in fact, a norm at all, but that it is instead an empirical fact. That, as we saw above, is just not true.

The Cresset
Pike goes on to state that the "data" of human transcendence also have an important bearing on the credibility of any phenomena purporting to support an affirmation of the survival of persons beyond death. If there is no transcendence now, Pike claims that there can be no afterlife. "Is death the end?" It is not, Pike says; the existence of parapsychological phenomena attests to life after death. At this point the bishop launches into a discussion of telepathy, clairvoyance, pre- and retro-cognition, psychedelic phenomena, mystical experience, glossolalia, the group unconscious, psychokinesis and telekinesis—all of which involve the "psi," or that which is perceived beyond the ordinary expected limitations. Data from these phenomena "provide extensive base for a view of human psyche which would be consistent with the positive data which point directly to personal survival" (p. 144-5). But what are these positive data? On this crucial point, Bishop Pike provides exactly one case, that of a deceased elderly vicar in England who was contacted by a medium. Though he is at pains to document his observations about the parapsychological phenomena, the case at hand is conspicuously without documentation, and in any event is very, very tenuous support for Pike's claim, noted before, that "personal survival of death is a fact."

But what bears noting here is that this supposedly "empirical faith" of Pike's turns out to be uncommonly indebted to really quite bizarre sorts of "empirical data." Relatively few people have passed the scientific tests designed to document the presence of psi-perception in the subject; thus, even if psi-phenomena are to be taken at fact value, the very most one could conclude is that some people might survive death. Presumably the possession of the "transcendence" factor spoken of above is not sufficient to guarantee life-after-death. Therefore, Pike's conclusion that we will all survive death clearly goes beyond his data—which, it is apparent, have little to do with the most common experiences of mankind. Nevertheless, one is not entitled, as Pike notes, dogmatically to exclude the possibility that mediums may get the message; but that is not to say that at the present time it is plausible to believe in post-mortem communications, much less that such words from beyond establish life-after-death as a fact. Both belief and disbelief are unwarranted when suspension of judgment is called for; this fact is honored in the fallacy of the "argument ad ignorantiam."

Even through Pike's talk of "personal transcendence" is problematic in the extreme, his talk of God is heavily informed by that "fact" about persons. His reasoning about God is very simple: (1) There is a universe; "it all hangs together." (2) Hence, there is a "Unus" in the universe, in virtue of which it all hangs together. As Pike puts it, "just as we legitimately infer the more from the observable components which make up a particular person so we can legitimately infer the More from observable components which make up the universal" (p. 185). Logic students call this type of inference the "fallacy of composition," i.e., assuming that what is true of the member of a class is true of the class itself. It is, of course, a matter of dispute whether man himself possesses a generic property which serves to set him apart from the rest of creation as "that different"—much less whether the universe itself possesses the same (or a similar) property. Man has found his taxonomic niche in the genus "animal" ever since the time of Aristotle (and Augustine). Were the Ancients, pagan and Christian alike, to miss in not noting the significance of mind (or spirit), such that they failed to form a genus on the basis of it? But if Pike is content with this classification, what importance are we to attach to his talk of "human transcendence"? Of course, Pike's reason for talk of the specialness of man is informed by his desire to forge an eschatology. He wants to lend credence to his claims about life-after-death by the simple device of meaning-transfer. Man is transcendent, Pike says; but will he "transcend" death? Yes, Pike says; he will transcend death by virtue of his transcendent part. (Now you see it, now you don't.)

However, even if Pike's doctrine of man were credible, there is no reason to suppose that parity of reasoning obtains when the subject is the universe itself. One can, of course, argue that the order of the universe is only apparent; that is, that we see the universe as a true cosmos might be an important fact about us, though a less important fact about the universe itself. Apart from that consideration (which, of course, Pike customarily fails to note; there is a singular lack of place for disconfirming evidence in his "empirical" method), that the universe necessarily contains a Unus is at best a bad etymological joke. Pike's real problem here is his rejection of the old truth that the whole is equal to the sum of its parts. Pike denies this necessary truth because he does not see that "sum" need not mean, say linear arrangement. Just as he sees a "more," in man which cannot be captured in a behavioristic analysis of man (and must therefore be called "transcendent"), so he sees a More in the universe which likewise defies conceptual capture. His difficulty, of course, lies in his paucity of concepts.

Pike's view of God is unquestionably anthropomorphic. What's true of us is true of God; he says; God is characterized by his "eagerness to relate to persons," and his "readiness to reveal" himself. Apparently the bishop has not met as many of the surly and secretive specimens of humanity as have others; nor has he noted that the "transcendent element" in man makes mistakes, is occasionally vain, and sometimes even accuses the Unus's bishops of heresy.

The data which the bishop cites in support of his beliefs are not what would customarily be called empirical facts. The inferences Pike makes from the data are not what would customarily be called warranted conclusions. The beliefs the bishop professes would not be intelligible if subjected to careful scrutiny. Why, then, has he written this book?

Pike wanted, sincerely enough, to lay the groundwork for a faith which would be the response of the whole man to God, and incidentally to remind us of his growing lack of interest in traditional propositions about God. Yet he emerged in this book as considerably less suited to the task of constructive theology than he is equipped for the (sometimes important) job of theological critic. His chief arguments clearly are not valid, and the evidence he offers for his beliefs is very unusual. He denies that authorities are to be believed, yet he cites over 175 works in 282 footnotes in a 197-page book. He is partial to etymological observations, but uses them in defense of strange claims ("very truly believing individual is heretical") (p. 16). He is familiar with principles of rational explanation, yet appeals to Occam's razor to substantiate his view that the best explanation for the banging in the study is the dead vicar's reversion.

Pike's major shortcoming in this book is that he is not an empiricist in the serious sense of that term. His methods give the lie to his methodological claims. This book is a made-to-order collection of hasty conclusions based on insufficient data, written by a man who knows what will sell and how to sell it. The bishop once characterized himself as a brain-picker who traveled the globe probing the best minds in his business. That, it will be noted, is hardly the way an empiricist operates. It is, rather, the style of one who blows with each new wind of doctrine. Better that he be tried for hearsay than for heresy.

Whether Bishop Pike will soon develop a well-argued, tenable set of beliefs is an open question. Meanwhile, the church would do well to let the man retire to Santa Barbara; if people evaluate his arguments on their own bases, they will not be likely to put much faith in what he says.


DON A. AFFELDT
The Incarnated Christian

By VICTOR F. HOFFMANN

Simply and beautifully stated as it is in Philippians 2:7 ("He was born like man") the Incarnation is the Word made flesh. As Christians say and repeat in any number of Scriptural passages and phrases, God took upon Himself the form of man. To put it in colloquial language, God in the person of Christ crawled into the skin of man, into his finite culture, into the history of his sins and shortcomings, and took upon Himself the burdens and tragedies of man.

Something like this is meant when Christians say Christ took up the Cross and headed for the Golgatha Hill of Sacrifice on "the path of obedience to death" (Philippians 2:8). But more is involved. The Christian insists that Christ did not set His Incarnation on a Throne far above us. He did not demand that people come to His Royal Throne. Instead, He humiliated Himself. He emptied Himself and became obedient to man's needs. He rejected the honors and the adulations that were due His divine status.

Instead and rather, the Incarnation came down from the divine Throne and became man among men. And how He walked among men! — along the Via Dolorosa, the road to the Cross, and to the grave. And what a walk it was! — tragedy, tears, sorrow, suffering, death, the cup at the Garden of Gethsemane, spit upon, buffeted about, and the crown of thorns. And the people He met on the road! — the Samaritan woman, the tempting devil, demented persons, lepers, the paralytic, the man with the crippled hand, the widow's son, the distressed disciples on the surging sea, Jairus' daughter, the feeding of the five thousand, the boy with an evil spirit. So lives marched to Jesus and Jesus to them. Jesus responded to them with love and justice, with mercy and judgment, with the hand of blessing and with the razor's edge.

Jesus' life as this Christian sees it was a life of responses to human needs. In His own way, Christ responded to the human predicament, to man's sins, to his real potential for evil, to his finitude, to his contingencies, to all the precarious circumstances of life, and to the specter of death.

In the very sense in which Christians insist Christ conducted His life, the Christian is the Word made flesh. As sorts of Christs to others, Christians take on the forms of others. Under Christ's example, the Christian also wants to crawl into the skins of others. The Christian wants to take on the life-style of others, wants to crawl into their bodies and souls, into their sins and weaknesses. The Christian wants to live the history of others and to understand why his neighbors have come to be what they are. Christians, it seems to me, would want to sit down with their neighbors of whatever background, to eat and drink with them, to be where they are and where they live with their families. This is the Incarnation, the Word made flesh.

Accordingly the incarnated Christian in the United States has a lot of conversation and interaction ahead of him in the next few decades. With the respectable and the outcast. With black and white. With Jew and Gentile. With Greek and barbarian. With liberals and John Birchers. With communists and fascists.

All the while the Christian will be intrigued by what makes these people tick. And most of us know that it is hard to tell. Regardless, I think all of us know that, in emulating the example of Christ, the Christian must walk on their side of the street.

The Christian dares not pass them by.

The Church, the collectivity Christians refer to as the body of Christ, is also the Word made flesh in the community. It must also come down from its high and mighty throne to talk to men about matters spiritual and noble and to walk among men as the Vicar of God here on earth.

The Church can do precisely what Christ did, that is, talk to and walk with the prostitute and the bereaved, the tax collector, the outcasts, the men in high and low places, the men sick unto death — the men possessed of liquor, narcotics, and the bitch-goddess of prosperity.

Perhaps the Church has become too respectable, middle-class, and affluent for this kind of walking-talking ministry. Consequently, I am reminded of some words from the Sacred Literature in Matthew 9 where Christ is speaking: "People who are well do not need a doctor, but only those who are sick. Go out and find out what this Scripture means 'I do not want animal sacrifices but kindness.' For I do not come to call the respectable people, but the outcasts."

And now, who really is the outcast?
The Mass Media

The Pigskin and I

By DON A. AFFELDT

Last year I greeted the January touts of the Super Bowl with disdain, if not disgust. Football, I thought then, was a clever device for bringing together advertisers and consumers, the latter being generally characterized as unable to sustain a non-sports conversation for more than about two minutes. While there were aspects of this apparently mutually agreeable meeting ground which seemed to merit scrutiny and comment, I was pretty much content to let both parties have their fun. After all, even the fanatical football follower presumably knew that the game had changed since it became such big business. Unnecessary time-outs called by the referees, modification of schedules, and the Super Bowl itself are novel gridiron phenomena which are more than contingently connected with the executive suite in Madison Avenue. But then, the fans didn’t expect something for nothing, even if the only price they paid was sitting through still more commercials.

This year I feel differently about football. My mind has changed, and not because I’m currently in residence at a Big-10 school which attaches no little importance to Saturday afternoon news. (I speak of the University of Wisconsin; if you keep up on these things, you will know that the Badgers failed to win a single game this season, the first time that happened since the 1800’s.) What has brought me to a beginning appreciation of this sport is quite easy to determine: the magnificent coverage of football offered by the national television networks.

Television camerawork and sound technology have become impressively sophisticated. Where once television coverage of football consisted in a single camera or perhaps two cameras stationed to afford good overall views of the gridiron, today we see the game through many different lenses. One camera may circle the field in the Goodyear blimp, while two more peer over the two goalposts; add to that a main camera up high near the 50-yard line, another few cameras on ground level by the respective benches, and one or two more positioned who-knows-where and aimed at particular players on a team. Each of these cameras is equipped with a remarkable zoom-lens, capable of great magnification without encountering any focussing difficulties. Then, of course, there are microphones to catch the noise of the crowd and the bands, microphones for the announcers, and even special “telescopic” microphones to eavesdrop on the quarterback’s signals and the crunch and groan of well-placed blocks and tackles. (Telescopic mikes must be used judiciously, of course, lest they pick up sounds best heard only in locker rooms.) All of this information is fed to a bank of monitors where a dextrous, and probably frantic, man turns dials and makes decisions about what the fan at home will see next. And then we should also note that all of the tapes made by these cameras can be instantly replayed, either at regular speed or in slow motion.

With such advantages on the side of the arm-chair spectator, it is small wonder that so far the game’s promoters have been reluctant to allow live television coverage in the immediate geographical vicinity of the weekend gridiron battles. There is, however, good reason to think that such faint-heartedness has no place when it comes to football. Even the professional teams play only about ten home games during the season, and in the case of the Packers, nearly half of those “home” games are played in Milwaukee. That the Bears could not fill little Wrigley Field ten times a year, or that the Packers could not pack Lambeau Field six times a year seems an incredible suggestion. I suspect it will not be long before the businessmen who run the professional teams will realize that they stand to gain, and not to lose, by ending the area blackouts that now irk football fans across the land. For though it is hard to see how sitting in the stands affords a better view of the action than does watching from one’s living room, there are nevertheless certain thrills which come only from being there when your team wins a game, in spite of the cost, travel, cold, and rain you may have to endure in the process.

But I was talking about why I’m being won over to football as a sport worth watching. All of the technical pizzaz the networks bring to bear on the game finally matters if that which is being so elaborately presented justifies the pains taken to present it well. And here I say that football, and especially professional football, is worth the efforts made to televise it spectacularly. It is a spectacular game.

Football has violence, complexity, grace, simplicity, skill, and chance combined in almost exquisite fashion. But that these features are present in the game might well not have been noticed by millions of Americans were it not for the way television has unlocked some of the mysteries of the game. When so many people are on a playing field, and when the action is so far from the spectator (or, formerly, the camera), it is not surprising that much, if not most, of what goes on is missed or not fully savored. But when powerful and strategically placed cameras give you a view of the game which not even coaches on the bench are privy to, the sport takes on altogether different form for the viewer. Television has brought off this minor miracle with me. If you’re not a football convert yet, you might tune in some weekend to see what all the excitement is about.

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SHADOW PATTERNS (Photograph by Harry Wilson)