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Cover and above: Resurrection Cross Hanging by Valparaiso University art students under the direction of graduate student Karen Scott, batik technique, 1974. Shown as hung during the Easter season in the Chapel of the Resurrection.
What happened to the other key?

It is a thing of wonder and of horror that each year, on the Feast of the Resurrection, thousands upon thousands of Christian congregations hear read to them that marvelous section from St. Paul’s first letter to the Corinthians:

> Your boasting is not good. Do you not know that a little leaven ferments the whole lump of dough? Cleanse out the old leaven that you may be fresh dough, as you really are unleavened. For Christ, our paschal lamb, has been sacrificed. Let us, therefore, celebrate the festival, not with the old leaven, the leaven of malice and evil, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth (5:6-8)

and promptly ignore by indifference or reject as unworkable the very clear apostolic instructions for the church who confesses herself to be apostolic: the exercise of the keys in church discipline.

And then, as if to flaunt the indifference, as if to take the bit in the teeth, great enthuasms are generated for evangelism programs and crusades. Such a program, with its attendant advertising campaigns, was launched by many American churches under the name “Key 73.” There are, of course, ample expressions of the Lord’s gracious will supporting evangelism, even though his will may not be in the style of the Madison Avenue broadside that was originally planned as part of “Key 73.” Furthermore, that will of the Lord is amply reflected in the nature of the church, for missions is nothing else than the one, holy church in motion. Hence, to raise the voice against certain evangelism programs or techniques makes one an easy target for those who, in order to avoid God’s will in the use of the Office of the Keys, surely know that God is in favor of these programs or techniques. As one woman once said to me: “How many people have you converted? Until you have converted as many as ----- ----- has, you had better say nothing.” As if the whole business of the Father were competition for top salesman.

St. Matthew reports a word of Jesus that deserves attention: “Woe to you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for you traverse sea and land to make a single proselyte, and when

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he becomes a proselyte, you make him twice as much a child of hell as yourselves.” Some hard questions must be asked (as The Cresset asked in December 1972, “Evangelism as Salesmanship?”) about the care for the people to whom the Christians speak. Some hard questions must be asked about the context of care in which the speakers and addressees live. But other hard questions pertain to the character of the discipline for discipleship within God’s congregation. If the door is wide open to receive sinners into the congregation, what about the other door, the door that is closed?

Just as little as the abuse of evangelism relieves the Christians from doing it, so little does the abuse of church discipline relieve the congregations from exercising it. To unbuckle the one from the other is to distort both, and it is to train, nurture, and teach the congregation of God to be indifferent. Woe indeed rests on that congregation, for it makes talk about the truth to be a lie, it turns love talk into sentimental drivel that suffocates those who speak it and those upon whom it is showered. Woe, indeed, for it makes the talk about the care for the word of God and the care for people with that word of God to become the juices of cynicism about both claims. The wind which blows along such enthusiasm is not the “in breathed” spirit of God; it is the self-inflation of people blowing on each other with the passion of their own plans and schemes.

The indifference to the practice of church discipline has grown from a spirit of disobedience, from a misunderstanding of the judgment of God, and from a cowardly spirit of fear. But even deeper than that in the pathology of indifference is the spirit of unbelief about the word of God. If you press people hard enough about discipline in the church, you will very likely hear the indifference parade under the pious sounding demurral, “But we are not supposed to judge.” If you work through this point, showing that such a reluctance to judge is a hypocritical evasion of the church’s task to be Christ’s kingdom of sinners who, as his rescuing organism of love of earth, enter under the same judgment as the sinner they seek to rescue, you will hear the crowning judgment on Christ and his apostle’s instructions: it just won’t work. With that, the cat is out of the bag.

The fear, the indifference, the pious sounding disclaimer of not judging root themselves in this mistrust of Christ and what his Spirit does with the word of God.

My heart genuinely leaped for joy when I first heard the announcement on “Key 73.” At last, I thought, synodical and ecclesiastical leadership will begin to give a kind of pastoral leadership that will help the church cease being an object of mockery, and the spirit of indifference will be driven out by genuine care. I must admit, it was almost too much to believe. I could think of nothing the leadership had said (or written) that led me to think they were individually or as a group thinking about the Office of the Keys. The leadership I knew in the Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod talked, sounded, and acted more in the style of the evangelistic crusades than they did as Keepers of the Keys. Nevertheless, I believed and hoped.

I was wrong. When I asked, “What happened to the other key?” I was told that the “Key 73” did not refer to the Office of the Keys but to the name of the motel where the initial planning session was held. I was comforted and frightened by the unsolicited thought: when Christ came into the world to save sinners, there was no room for him in the motel.

The Church with Emphysema

The huffing and the puffing of the churches with their plans, programs, and goals of membership increase are telltale symptoms of the church with a case of emphysema. In place of that Lord breathing on his disciples and saying to them, “Receive the Holy Spirit. If you forgive the sins of any, they are forgiven; if you retain the sins of any, they are retained,” there is the willful design of programs that want to do the one without doing the other. The connective tissue of the church are distended until the much movement of air is a symptom, not of the fullness of the Holy Spirit, but of the breathless sickness of the church.

One can find signs of the sickness in many places. “Key 73” is not the only travesty on the Office of the Keys. One common manifestation expresses itself in the managerial operation of the congregation’s life: the “dead wood” must be “cut out” because the per head assessment by the denominational headquarters raises the cost per congregation. When authentic discipline for discipleship goes, cruel and alien techniques enter.

The apostle Paul anchored the congregation’s discipline in the sacrifice of our Paschal Lamb, Jesus Christ. Discipline is for keeping sinners linked to that sacrifice, to receive the work of the lamb and to live on it. To love the sin is to repudiate the redeemer from sin. The congregation of the Lamb cannot allow such a person to live in such a delusion. The whole congregation must gather in the power and name of the Lord to break the enchantment—as it will be broken in death and in the final judgment.

Discipline is both for doctrine and for life. It is for teaching disciples to know the truth and in the truth to be made free. Life that is such freedom is enslaved to the Paschal Lamb, the one who has cleansed the disciples. Discipline is for disciples to live in that continuing cleansing: purging out the old and living in sincerity and truth.

Another travesty of the Office of the Keys is shifting the center of discipline to something other than the cleansing word of the Paschal Lamb’s cross. Then discipline becomes a matter of enforcing rules (as if the church were a religious, The Cresset
voluntary society or service club), of exerting power as do the children of men, of claiming for human opinions the status of normative doctrine. Hardly any example could be clearer of this kind of shift of center than the series of actions of the Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod, beginning with the adoption of “A Statement,” continuing through the “charges” brought against the faculty of Concordia Seminary in St. Louis, and culminating in the “charges” brought against the president of that seminary. From all those documents one could not, even with effort, detect that the apostolic directions for putting off the old leaven of malice and wickedness and putting on the new leaven of sincerity and truth, is the center of discipline. The doctrine pictured and the “charges” deriving therefrom are not the use of the keys but their abuse.

The church is not an undisciplined mob. The Lord who makes disciples is also the Lord present to discipline his disciples into the freedom of his word. However, nothing will so quickly turn her into an undisciplined mob as the insertion of strange instruments of power and human opinion in order to enforce conformity to those opinions. The bentness of “A Statement” brings forth shoddy and confused charges because it does not discipline the church to live in and to teach the cleansing purification of the Paschal Lamb’s sacrifice. Rather, its doctrines obscure and becloud the doctrine which is for truth and freedom in faith. Such “discipline” will indeed train the church. She will be led to be cynical about doctrine; she will learn to despise confession; she will pant after power with emphysematic blowing, but will not have the breath of life; she will walk in malice and evil, not in sincerity and truth. Such discipline is not of God, nor is it God-like.

The life and purity of the apostolic church is better served by attention to the apostolic word for discipline. The church is not, and cannot be apostolic, by ignoring the use of the apostolic word while making heavy-breathing slogans about that word. The key to the life, mission, and hallowed purity of the church is given in the Office of the Keys. What happened to the other key?

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Canon VI, The First Council of Constantinople, AD 381

Canon VI deals with the problem of contentious and slanderous accusations made against orthodox bishops, “wishing to confuse and overturn ecclesiastical order,” as the Canon says. Certain examinations are to be made of the accusers before their charges are received. First the charges are to be laid before the bishops of the Province; there the charges are to be proved. If the comprovincials are unable to settle the matter the parties must betake themselves to a greater synod of bishops of that diocese, called together for this purpose. “... and they (the accusers) shall not produce their allegations before they have promised in writing to undergo an equal penalty to be exacted from themselves, if, in the course of the examination, they shall be proved to have slandered the accused bishop.” (Adopted probably AD 382)
THE CONFRONTATION IN MARAT-SADE

MARAT-SADE REPRESENTS THE END OF A phase in the development of Peter Weiss as a dramatist. The plays he has written subsequently reveal a playwright who is no longer interested in the stage as a means of self-expression but who demands that it be a tool, a political weapon. In a speech delivered at Princeton University entitled "I Come out of My Hiding Place," he has characterized the change in him that a confrontation with his early work effected. "Instead of protest I (then) had my melancholy and my unhappiness and instead of knowledge I had my metaphysics. Soon my good old symbolism disappeared and, alas, with it the beauty of psychological insights."\(^1\) Considered in this light, Marat-Sade seems to have served the purpose of purging Weiss of his bourgeois and (for the engaged playwright) limited concept of the theater. While carried to success by the dynamism of its staging, Marat-Sade has a deeper stratum of meaning relevant to the artist's existential anguish.

The surface activity or chaos of Marat-Sade concerns, as Weiss explains in a postscript, "the conflict between an individualism taken to the extreme and the idea of a political and social revolution" (my italics).\(^2\) Significantly, the protagonist representing rampant individualism is a playwright; he is, furthermore, in the throes of justifying his existence as a writer. The choice of de Sade and the play-within-a-play device, Weiss proposes, was related to the fact that de Sade's "plays give expression to his final endeavor to achieve contact with mankind."\(^3\)

Shut away in an asylum, more as an eccentric than as a madman, de Sade has responded by shutting out the world. "My life is my phantasy," he tells his opponent Marat, the writer committed to political action.\(^4\) In the endeavor to break out of his self-insulation\(^5\) de Sade calls upon Corday, a quasi-Joan of Arc, the totally engaged individual, to scourge him. But under the blows of the whip he still declares: "I only look on/ without interfering/ observing" (p. 72).

This self-indulgent attitude becomes the principle which the two protagonists in Marat-Sade debate. In fact, the play proceeds on the assumption that de Sade has written his reconstruction of recent history in order, in some way, to be in touch with a relentless activist, a dedicated revolutionary; even entombed in a bathtub, the cool water of which alleviates the itching and burning of his irritated skin, manifestation of his commitment's intensity, Marat wages a war of polemics. The argument and counter-argument, with which de Sade and Marat confront one another, provide the suspense in a play devoid of plot.

In each case, his initial appearance symbolizes the character's motivation. Marat is seated in his tub, writing feverishly; his companion Simonne begs him to spare himself ("Stop writing, Jean Paul/ Nothing good will come of it," p. 26). Opposite him on the stage, the playwright de Sade has his back to the audience (p. 17) and refuses to respond when he is addressed. He participates in the action only when there is an opportunity to confront Marat. Their first exchange occurs in a scene entitled "Conversation about Life and Death." Here de Sade acts as the author's amanuensis and intones a speech of justification for his having isolated himself on the pretext of achieving aesthetic detachment. "Every death . . . ," he explains, "goes under in the total indifference of nature. Only we give our life (its) value" (p. 35).

To this presentation of the case for the artist as aesthete, Marat, who writes to effect social change, answers, "What you call the indifference of nature is your own apathy" (p. 38).

Their discussion continues through the interruptions which give the play its dramatic tension, its visual and oral vivacity—the lunatic mob's vocal assault upon Marat, importuning him to pursue the revolution to its end in an asylum, more as an eccentric than as a madman, de Sade has responded by shutting out the world. "My life is my phantasy," he tells his opponent Marat, the writer committed to political action. In the endeavor to break out of his self-insulation de Sade calls upon Corday, a quasi-Joan of Arc, the totally engaged individual, to scourge him. But under the blows of the whip he still declares: "I only look on/ without interfering/ observing" (p. 72).

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3. Ibid., p. 141.
4. Ibid., p. 48. Further page references are to this edition and are given in the text.
5. Weiss confesses to feelings of guilt for his sheltered existence as half-Jew in Hitler's Germany and for his fortuitous escape to the safety of Sweden.

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Death is the topic which Peter Weiss treats beneath the surface of the play, Marat-Sade. The pursuit and assassination of Marat is his underlying theme. As Weiss points out, de Sade has written a play about a man pursued by death. What fascinates de Sade about Marat in his cold-water coffin is not the political implications of the impending assassination alone; Marat becomes in this historical guise the writer confronting ultimate futility, the possibility that artistic endeavor is transitory and meaningless, and he also becomes man, naked in the cold wind of truth—that he is born to die. The innate nihilism of this view of existence would necessarily have been impressed upon Weiss, once he had decided to write a play about the French Revolution, by the model most accessible and most important to writers in German, Buechner's Dantons Tod (The Death of Danton). Buechner's Danton is a doomed revolutionary with a personal commitment to life's meaninglessness. His execution comes about in Buechner's play not principally through political machinations but through the enervation of his will to live.

Weiss's development of the theme of death in Marat-Sade has an effect on its structure. It does not move ahead toward a climax but proceeds on the basis of repetition. This element of recurrence usually has a threefold aspect. Thus, in its historical dimension, Marat-Sade concerns three times: 1793, the year of the assassination, 1808, the year of the play's presentation at Charenton, and 1964, the year of Marat-Sade's premiere. By juxtaposing these occasions, Weiss lets the suspicion accrue that the same political situation prevailed each time and that revolution, assassination, and technology have produced no remedy for the social ills of mankind.

Another obvious tripartite division occurs as a result of historical accident; Corday called three times at Marat's residence, being twice turned away. Weiss also presents three scenes of Corday at Marat's door before the key scene of the murder (and de Sade must restrain the already psychologically confused actress playing Corday). These determine the basic rhythm of the play: other episodes, the dialogues between Marat and de Sade, between Corday and Duperret, between the inmate-actors and the onstage audience, are arranged so that they occur and recur in a relationship to Corday's three visits. The rhythm thus established reverberates on the level of the play's deeper meaning. Whenever

bloody end; the outbursts of the revolutionary priest Roux, insisting upon the communization of government; the almost obscene and yet non-existent love affair between Corday and Duperret, delaying only momentarily the assassination.

Despite all this movement impinging on his consciousness and despite its message appealing to his conscience, de Sade remains immobile. "There are never any other truths to be found than the transitory truths of our personal experience," he insists (p. 45). Marat negates all his arguments with the blunt statement that he is not concerned with peccadillos, vagaries of an overly sensitive individual, but with principles. But the epilogue depicts de Sade as withdrawn as ever, even though Corday surrenders her dagger to him in a gesture perhaps symbolizing a call to action. De Sade makes a final determination of the purpose of his play, insisting upon its passive function as principally a dispute. He sums up: "It was our intent in these dialogues to try out (various) antitheses. . . . And so you see me in my present state/ with the question still left open." This indecisiveness has been singled out by several critics as Marat-Sade's glaring fault; one, Guenther Ruehle, writing in the influential Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung, contends: "Only flight to within one's self remains. . . . He (Weiss) abandons his audience. . . . That is the great weakness of this versatile play. He doesn't answer (the essential question): How is life meaningful?"

FOR DE SADE, HOWEVER, THE PLAGUE OF the uncommitted writer represents an aspect of an insoluble problem. On another level, Marat-Sade deals with de Sade's confrontation with man's mortality. The topic which Peter Weiss treats beneath the surface is death. Marat-Sade's baroque title emphasizes Weiss's chief concern and indicates his personal involvement; the pursuit and assassination of Marat is his underlying theme. De Sade, Weiss points out, has written a play about a man pursued by death. What fascinates de Sade about Marat in his cold-water coffin is not the political implications of the impending assassination alone; Marat becomes in this historical guise the writer confronting ultimate futility, the possibility that artistic endeavor is transitory and meaningless, and he also becomes man, naked in the cold wind of truth—that he is born to die. The innate nihilism of this view of existence would necessarily have been impressed upon Weiss, once he had decided to write a play about the French Revolution, by the model most accessible and most important to writers in German, Buechner's Dantons Tod (The Death of Danton). Buechner's Danton is a doomed revolutionary with a personal commitment to life's meaninglessness. His execution comes about in Buechner's play not principally through political machinations but through the enervation of his will to live.

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6. In his postscript to the play Weiss identifies Roux as Marat's alter ego (p. 143), who points the way that Marat uncomprehendingly pursues: "[Marat's] inclinations lead in a direct line to Marxism" (p. 142).
7. This part of the epilogue has been omitted in several productions, including Brook's; see the footnote. p. 134.
8. Quoted in Ueber Peter Weiss, p. 61.

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Corday appears, the commentator strikes the stage three times with his staff. 9

Since Corday is already represented by a somnambulist, the sound of the three taps, together with the Corday theme music on her every appearance, engenders a sense of unreality, of enchantment, as if the character coming into view were not a person but a dream or nightmare figure. She is the angel of death. Simonne is helpless in guarding her ward against its intrusion. Leader and people alike who make up the revolution can only find solace, in the face of death, in their cry for general copulation.

The morbidity of the character is associated by Weiss on the ideological level of the play with bourgeois idealism; Corday drives herself to attain her goal—the death of Marat—by modeling herself after Joan of Arc and Judith. Her altruism in and of itself is—as she is—beautiful. But its effect is deadly. Corday’s act and others like it, so the play suggests, achieve only personal satisfaction; the social injustices which they are meant to eradicate remain undiminished.

PARTICULARLY SUSCEPTIBLE TO THE FATAL attractiveness of idealism, Weiss proposes, is the writer. Marat-Sade tells only at second hand the story of a revolution brought to an end by the murder at the hands of a virgin martyr of the only man who understands its true nature; this event is depicted by the play within the play. The drama itself concerns the author of this brief recapitulation of history—de Sade. In this figure Weiss is castigating himself as the man responsible for his early, introverted work by displaying the playwright detached from reality, engaged in demonstrating the beauty of his ideals. (Corday whips him literally.) Even the assassination serves to illustrate de Sade’s blindness to the purposes of art.

The revolution has been for him another occasion for plumbing the depths of his individuality. “And now, Marat,” he says (p. 71 f.), “now I see where it ends, this revolution/ in a destruction of the individual/ in a slow dissolution into uniformity/ in a disintegration of the capacity to form judgments/ in a denial of the self/ in a fatal weakness. . . .” In Marat he sees another writer whose endeavors like his are worthless because the individual and his works are canceled out by death. Watching Marat writing furiously as he sits in his tomb, de Sade cries out: “Give it up, Marat/ you said yourself/ nothing is ever gained by this scribbling/ I, too, gave up my life’s work long ago. . . . It disappeared as all that’s ever been written disappears/ as all that’s ever been thought and planned disappears” (p. 109).

With the pantomiming of the assassination, the play and the play within it end; death has conquered the committed writer and the fear of death has shipwrecked the detached writer on the shoals of his own perceptivity. In actuality, death’s victory is token. In the guise of de Sade, Weiss has confronted death as an individual and frustration as a writer. The results of Weiss’s battle with futility and man’s mortality are not apparent in the work itself; the process of catharsis is its objective. Weiss’s more recent plays are evidence of the reassertion of his creativeness and the choice of commitment (though Marat is dead, he lives on).

It is ironic that none of Weiss’s politically committed plays have been as successful as Marat-Sade; even communist critics are cautious about them. 10 In the meantime, the enthusiasm for and simultaneously the violent rejection of Marat-Sade arise from a political reading of the play, the opinion prevailing that it is socialistic propaganda. Not generally perceived is the fact that its relevance and its appeal or its contentiousness result from an underlying theme, the confrontation between man and his destiny as man.

9. “Trois coups” is a standard curtain raising signal in France.

10. See Lew Ginsburg, “Selbstdarstellung und Selbstentlarvung des Peter Weiss” in Ueber Peter Weiss. The article is followed by Weiss’s mea culpa.
THE DEATH

She tried.
They had fixed her up a room like that
she'd left.

They gave her sun in afternoons
and allowed the fern
brought by a cousin;
the canary, a gift from the son
did not live long..
but still she tried.
The few pictures in her album
were rounded at the edges
from handling--
she combed her long
grey hair, brushed it,
set the favorite comb
and went to bed.

And the first long winter passed
without a mark or sign
to show she'd ever been anywhere but there . . .

then the spring,
and the hot summer--

and when the trees turned yellow in the wood
she closed the door
and sat on the creaking bed . . .

she didn't cry
or move at all,
nor ask for dinner when they came at five--
but only passed one hand across her hair
to make it neat
for anyone who came--

no one did--

an early snow covered nearly all the ground
the day they buried her . . .
the son stood by as forms were offered,
signed,
witnessed . . .

and then they started out
and left the Home she had never known
past trees bare and white--
past people moving slowly on the icy streets
and children's eyes looking up . . .

J. T. LEDBETTER
THE DEBATES HAVE RAGED for so long, that one can imagine the folks at Lascaux and Altamira sitting about arguing the questions as they pondered the magnificent drawings on the ceilings of their caves.

"The drawings are beautiful as they are! It doesn't matter if anyone really knows why we put them there. Let them appreciate them for what they are, not why they are."

"What do you think we should call them? 'Art' might be a good word." "Can't call them 'art!' They perform a useful function. They prepare us physically and spiritually for the hunt. We must call them 'craft!' " "But these drawings certainly perform a higher service than do our throwing rocks and sharp sticks. And besides, they look nicer. I say they should be called 'art.'"

You probably get the idea. There are traps we can fall into as we give names to things or ideas, because the giving of a name sets a frame or limit about that thing . . . and too many boundaries can make the travel between ideas unnecessarily circuitous. In recent times the often artificial distinctions that were made between art and craft have begun to crumble. Our appreciation for a wider range of expression allows us to see a common spirit in the surface of a Hals portrait and the glaze of a Korean pot. It also helps us get at the essence of a great variety of cultures which left us reflections of their spirit and energy in beautifully crafted items of utility.

As one might expect, when the business of the church gets involved in such matters the problems are compounded. With almost fiendish delight, to say nothing of ongoing monotony, pastors, teachers, writers, and artists spend time and type, energy and ink slotting artistic effort into such categories as Christian, religious, spiritual, ecclesiastical, liturgical art . . . or merely craft. Such boundary building by learned men has, in my estimation, contributed to a general fear among congregations as to what is "meet, right, and salutary" in the realm of the use of art in the church-room. The result has been that most congregations, even those with highly talented artists, would prefer to do business with the ecclesiastical art warehouses rather than use the gifts found within them. They seem to sense an unworthiness in their own abilities to provide something "right" for worship. The results are two-fold. First, there is an over-all blandness to the look of church interiors, all of the art having come from the same catalogs. This style was once described as "Early 20th Century American Nothing." Second, there is a notable lack of visual evidence that individual congregations are celebrating those occasions which are special and unique to them. Weddings, deaths, births, anniversaries, ordinations, confirmations are all events involving special significance to a particular congregation unrelated to most of the other congregations around it. One should, it seems, expect to find some unique ways in which these unique occasions are celebrated. This is, quite generally, not the case.

THE CONGREGATION AT Valparaiso University is unique in many ways. It's quite large, and its members all share a similar vocation. They live much of their day in close proximity to one another, and they are, for the most part, young people who will be "members" for only four years or less. The size of the congregation tends to allow some to get disconnected and the task of keeping track of us all is full-time. Our causes for celebration, joyfully and sorrowfully, are similar to those anywhere. And yet, the very act of celebrating our life together in Christ is the reason for our being not just a congregation but a working community. For this reason, it is essential that special events involving individuals in our congregation require special forms in the celebrating of those events.

Kathy Rau was an art major who had graduated from Valpo and, while her husband was finishing his degree program, was teaching art in an elementary school some distance from the school. It was on her way to work at the school one morning that her car went out of control on slick pavement and she and her fellow teacher and travelling companion were killed. There are some predictable responses and they came forth in abundance . . . outpourings of shock and sorrow and concern. Processes of concern and healing went into immediate effect. Yet, for the art department, there needed to be a response that was in keeping with the life we shared with Kathy—a response to the meaning of her life in this place, a feeling put into form and shared.
GIVING FORM TO ITS FUNCTION

A brief meeting with Dan Brockopp, Precentor of the chapel, led us to a special need for the coming Easter season—that of a celebration banner to replace the Lenten purple. Up to this time, the solution was to hang a simple white linen, i.e. Oberammergau, over the chancel cross. We decided to design and execute a rather monumental cross hanging, 14 yards in length, on the theme of the Resurrection, and in commemoration of Kathy's new life. Fourteen medallions, each depicting a traditional symbol of the Resurrection, were designed by fourteen different art students and transferred to the fabric. Considerable research was made to find the most appropriate and "readable" symbols. They included the phoenix, the open tomb, the butterfly, Jonah and the great fish, the lily, the crown and palm branch, and motifs of the triumphant Christ. One medallion, referring to Kathy by name, holds the bursting pomegranate. Since the banner was seamless rather than pieced, the logistics of executing such a work became intricate. This was done under the supervision of another of our department graduates, Karen Scott, who is married to a professor of law and is taking graduate courses in art. Since most of us had no experience with the media we were now working in, it was Karen's task not simply to assist, but to teach. The media was batik.

Batik is a process by which a wax pattern is applied to fabric, the fabric then being dyed with the waxed portion resisting the dye. The wax is then removed leaving the color of the fabric juxtaposed with the color of the dye. Complex patterns can be created by re waxing and re-dying and the result is rich and textural, with the wax, cracked in the process of dying, allowing for a variety of delicate line patterns to play over the fabric's surface. Perhaps the major difficulty in getting involved, in the process was to overcome the fear of learning the new technique. Karen was instrumental in encouraging and prodding us. Ultimately, the job of waxing and dying a piece of fabric, 3 feet wide by 14 yards long, although community oriented in concept and design, had to depend on Karen for execution, while the rest of us for the most part had to watch in amazement and ultimately . . . in joy.

THE BANNER WAS INTENDED to hang over the chancel cross. Yet in putting it there the morning of Easter Vigil it seemed that it continued to focus on the cross when the intention was to celebrate the Resurrection. And so, improvising and creating as we went, we placed the banner over the shoulders of the Christus Victor, it thus becoming the symbol of both the winding sheet and the priestly stole. The total process was born in pain . . . pain from the loss of a good friend. The final result is a call to celebration. And the celebration is for Kathy and her meaning in our midst, it's for us and our life in the life of our resurrected Lord, and it's for Kathy's New Life and ours to come. It's this life that calls on us to continually find new and special forms of praise, using the new and special people God sets from place to place . . . and time to time.
FORGIVENESS OF SINS:
THE LAUGHTER OF VICTORY

ELSBeth A. Loeppert

Surely he has borne our griefs and carried our sorrows; yet we esteemed him stricken, smitten by God, and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; upon him was the chastisement that made us whole, and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord has laid on him the iniquity of us all. He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth; like a lamb that is led to the slaughter, and like a sheep that before its shearsers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth.

ISAIAH 53:4-7

For to this you have been called, because Christ also suffered for you, leaving you an example, that you should follow in his steps. He committed no sin; no guile was found on his lips. When he was reviled, he did not revile in return; when he suffered, he did not threaten; but he trusted to him who judges justly. He himself bore our sins in his body on the tree, that we might die to sin and live to righteousness. By his wounds you have been healed. For you were straying like sheep, but have now returned to the Shepherd and Guardian of your souls.

I PETER 2:21-25

Elsbeth Loeppert is Assistant Professor of English at Valparaiso University. She received her BA (1960) and her MA (1963) from Northwestern University. On the day this address was delivered in the Chapel of the Resurrection at Valparaiso University, the congregation read Psalm 103.
BOTH THE OLD TESTAMENT AND EPISTLE readings for today focus our attention on the suffering and sacrifice of Jesus Christ.

It wasn’t until a few years ago, when I heard the chains clank and watched the noose jerk still about the necks of the two delinquents at the end of Capote’s *In Cold Blood,* that the full impact of the crucifixion struck me. The deliberateness of it all: the deliberateness of the pacing, the deliberateness of the executers—and the two men *In Cold Blood* were at least delinquents—some justice in that. Christ was an innocent, a lamb brought to slaughter. (Bloody business all of it—disgusting really—and at moments frightening.)

And yet this is the event that the Apostle Peter not only calls our attention to in the twenty-first verse, he interprets that event:

*For even hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow in his steps.*

The event is itself frightening; the prospect that we might be brought to a similar test, terrifying; but the apparent imperative to go and do likewise, absurd. Does the apostle mean that we *should* go and be hanged? It is romantic if not cliched to think so:

To spread ourselves before the heavens that society’s vultures can gnaw at our liver every day. Byron would have approved. The very thought titilates our pride.

To bear our cross one more day by co-existing with our neighbors across the hall. Pastor would approve. The very act nurtures our self-righteousness. As though such thoughts and actions could compare with Christ at Golgotha.

Does the Apostle mean that we *should* go and be hanged? Let’s look at the text once again:

*(He who is our example) did no sin . . . When he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously.*

“But—but he committed himself to him that judged righteously.” Peter shifts our attention from what Christ did and who he was onto in whom Christ trusted. That is the example, then, which we are to follow? Christ, in the face of tests, committed himself to God; we should commit ourselves to God. That certainly seems to be a more likely imperative.

But—we are the sheep who have gone astray. As though we could come to the Father as Christ did, who did no sin. As though we could come in all our pettiness before the Judge. No again! There is an ultimate barrier; we are not Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who was wounded for mankind’s transgressions. We in our wayward pettiness cannot approach the Judge as he.

*WE CANNOT APPROACH AS HE DID; WE CAN* because he did. The light that melts the chains of our darkness, that’s news. The ultimate pole to vault us over the ultimate barrier is Jesus Christ. Such a master for straying sheep: One, “who his own self bore our sins in his own body on the tree that we being dead to sins should live unto righteousness.” We can approach the Judge. He who is our example is also our mediator. We, like Christ, because of Christ, can commit ourselves to him who judges righteously. The Father’s gift to us, His Son—forgiveness won. Our gift to him—trust. Commitment is as simple as trusting.

But of course! We’ve been acquainted with all that since our chrstening.—As simple as standing straight at confirmation, as easy as floating in a swimming pool—all you have to do is lie adrift. Life is no chlorinated, heated pool! Commitment, maybe, is as simple as staying afloat at sea, a sea of self-centeredness, which waters pound to drown our faith. He who is our example . . . committed himself even in the face of cruel torture. He trusted.

Few of us will meet a trial like Golgotha. We’ll face no torture and pain like that in the immediate future. But we do face trials. Tests! What common tests call us daily to renew our commitment? . . . The excuses of our unfaith: our ill humors, our indifference, our priorities of time, our knowledge, or sophistication, or cosmopolitanism! Each of us can fill the specifics in for himself. You know the waves which threaten you. Threatened by suffering, He trusted; threatened by indifference, do we?

*TODAY HAS BEEN SET ASIDE TO COMMEMORATE the life and death of William Shakespeare. He was a master artist of the comic vision—both light and dark. He understood how the illusions of men’s folly could be dispelled by men’s love and forgiveness, how the illusions of men’s sin can be dispelled by God’s love and forgiveness. Compare Twelfth Night and Measure for Measure.* One expresses the strength which through men brings victory over folly in this world; the other expresses the strength which through God keeps men from despair over the sin in this world. Viola masquerades as Cesario; the Duke as a friar—masquerades by which societies can be healed. At the end of the plays the illusion of the masquerade is dispelled and order is restored.

The Christian vision is a comic vision. The illusion—of darkness, of folly’s triumph, of sin’s victory—is dispelled by God’s victory in Jesus Christ. The lamb which was slaughtered is a Good Shepherd who brings us home. Our illusion that we must suffer for salvation, struggle for salvation, is dispelled by the peace won at Calvary. Illusions of disgust and fear dispelled with trust and thanksgiving.

April, 1974

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The Journey into Self:

Charles Williams's The Place of the Lion

"The reader who delights in the prose romances of J. R. R. Tolkien and C. S. Lewis will find himself on familiar ground once he enters Williams's mythopoetic world."

CHARLES WILLIAMS'S SEVEN NOVELS continue to attract critical attention and justifiably so. For the fictions seem likely to stand as the best work of this talented and prolific writer. The novels characteristically reveal a structure ordered by Williams's principles of Christian decorum and a texture composed of philosophical and psychological insights, borrowings from traditional stores of symbolism and esoterica, and strong infusions of the bizarre and the "supernatural." The reader who delights in the prose romances of J. R. R. Tolkien and C. S. Lewis will find himself on familiar ground once he enters Williams's mythopoetic world. It is a measure of Williams's artistry that he was able to shape such richness into works of coherence and imaginative vigor.

In this essay I shall discuss in detail a major episode in Williams's fourth novel, The Place of the Lion (1931). That episode involves the psychological and spiritual transformation of the heroine, Damaris Tighe, from a sterile and debilitating egoism and intellectualism to the threshold of maturity and wholeness. Damaris's evolution constitutes one of the two controlling patterns of the novel. The other pattern principally involves the angelology of Dionysius the Areopagite and the breaking loose of the spiritual energies from their normative role in the angelic hierarchy. At the center of this strand is the hero of the novel, Anthony Durrant. Young Durrant emerges as the archetypal restorer of order; the climactic restoration occurs as the young man (whose typology includes St. Anthony and the Adam) achieves the symbolic "naming" of the earthly beasts and, by extension, their angelic correlates. And as Adam must have his Eve, so Anthony Durrant must have his Damaris—but a Damaris chastened and wise, committed to the values of Christian womanhood. Williams's interest in marriage as a mode of "exchange" and mutuality functions suggestively in the presentation of the young lovers.

Damaris has sought escape from reality

1. Williams's seven novels are as follows: Shadows of Ecstasy (the first to be written, but not published until 1933); War in Heaven, 1930; Many Dimensions, 1931; The Place of the Lion, 1931; The Greater Trumps, 1932; Descent into Hell, 1937; and All Hallows' Eve, 1945. For recent discussion of these fictions, see: Gunnar Urang, Shadows of Heaven: Religion and Fantasy in the Writing of C. S. Lewis, Charles Williams, and J. R. R. Tolkien (Philadelphia: United Church Press, 1971); and Clinton W. Trowbridge, "The Beatricean Character in the Novels of Charles Williams," Sewanee Review (Summer 1971), pp. 335-343.

2. See, for example, Mary McDermott Shideler, The Theology of Romantic Love: A Study in the Writings of Charles Williams (Grand Rapids: Eerdmans, 1962), pp. 204-209.
by insulating herself in scholarly studies of Abelard and other thinkers; her work has been largely sterile and pedantic, unenriched by the insight that wisdom entails a full human commitment to the ideas one proclaims. The young woman has repressed her deeper psychic potentials in favor of a shallow, largely ego-driven way of existence. In chapter eleven, entitled “The Conversion of Damaris Tighe,” the tensions are brought to a climactic release; Damaris’s psychological defenses are violated in order that she may attain illumination and freedom from her self-imprisonment.

THE ACTION BEGINS AS DAMARIS suddenly notices a “heavy blackness” which blocks the sunlight from her window and room. The blocking recalls Anthony’s struggle against the darkness and the lion (archetypal strength) which threatened to devour the sun; it also suggests that Damaris’s struggle is to be within the psyche itself. Her room or study has been the chief locus of her mental and spiritual activity. Importantly, one finds that the symbolism of room includes implications of “individuality” and “private thoughts”; the window may symbolize “the possibility of understanding and of passing through to the eternal and beyond” as well as consciousness.

Damaris at first ascribes the strange disturbance to something innocuous and wholly “external” to her—“she glanced half round to see what dark cloud had suddenly filled the sky” (129)—but her thought of a merely natural cause is mistaken. She is quickly disabused of such a notion, for “there was a terrific beak protruding through the open window into the room, there was the most appalling body she had ever conceived possible; there were two huge flapping wings; there were two horrible red eyes” (129). And further: “Its eyes held her; its wings moved, as if uncertainly opening; its whole repulsive body shook and stirred; its beak—not three yards distant—jerked at her, as if the thing were stabbing; then it opened. She had a vision of great teeth; incapable of thought, she stumbled backward against the table, and remained fixed” (129). The hideous wings obtrude into the room until “She couldn’t in the foetid darkness which was spreading round her see which was room and which was horror” (129). The last quotation serves especially well to indicate that setting and psyche have become correlates of the same reality.

The description of the winged creature—a pterodactyl—is clearly erotic; Damaris as frigid and repressed woman fears that she will be “stabbed” by the “terrific beak,” for example. Her recoil from the huge teeth suggests association of the sexual with male aggression and hostility (Cirlot, 313-14). At one level the action implies that repressed libidinal forces are strong enough to overwhelm the defenses of the ego. Damaris’s action of climbing onto her desk is similarly suggestive: the desk has served as the instrument of her studious denial of flesh and eros, and now for the first time it is in disarray.

Ironically, the young woman puts her body where her mind has for so long been in control.

Damaris next perceives that she must somehow escape from her room—the present rigid contours of her psyche—and she manages to reach the landing. But the landing is also unsafe, for the creature lurks above it. Such a situation is psychologically inevitable inasmuch as the landing is at the same “upper” level of the house (the psyche in its larger frame of reference) as her room, hence cannot provide the depth needed for healing. A “fall” is necessary for Damaris’s rise into wholeness, one may say here. At the bottom of the stairs Damaris encounters her father and turns to him for protection—in vain. Mr. Tighe’s reaction is merely that of placid detachment” (131). The man’s disembodied contemplation of archetypal beauty

(symbolized in the butterfly) makes him blind to his daughter’s anguish; he wishes only to “ascend” to his room in order to indulge a Platonic rapture. As much as his daughter, Mr Tighe is cut off from the fecundity, challenge, and compromises of the earth and the temporal. In her suffering Damaris cannot understand that her father’s rejection of her is for the best; her psychological and spiritual growth would be stunted were she to find repose in Mr. Tighe’s aestheticism and withdrawal; Damaris must move beyond the paternal image into the fullness of her own identity.

At the next stage of symbolic action Damaris finds herself on a surface “half floor and half bog, squelch green spreading under her in patches, which widened and joined themselves, and she was being held by them as she moved” (131). Sartre’s evocations of the viscous and the amorphous come to mind. By this stage Damaris’s “house” is undergoing profound transformation: “She looked up and saw the shape of the walls and ceiling, but now spectral and growing fainter against a wide open space, a vast plain stretching emptily away to where at the horizon a heavy and inflamed sky sank to meet it. The house was no more than a shadowy diagram; all the solidity had vanished, and a mere arrangement of lines showed against the wild background” (131-32).

Damaris has not understood the boundless and mysterious nature of the psyche; prior to her “conversion” she had lived almost entirely in the shallows of her being. What her hyperactive ego had led her to think of as the “real self” is now to be recognized for what it was—an abstraction. Her thinly schematic notion of identity gives way to an immersion in the amorphous, sucking bog. Symbolic accruals enrich the implications again: “the countryside—landscapes of all kinds—is the mundane manifestation of a dynamic complex which in origin was non-spatial”; and the plain may symbolize “the process of disintegration” (Cirlot, 169-72). As well, the gleam of water which Damaris sees may be taken to symbolize her rebirth and psychic voyaging (Cirlot, 345-47). The young woman’s imprisonment in a false and life-denying rationalism begins to give way as the depths of her being assert themselves.

ALTHOUGH DAMARIS HAS BY THIS stage entered deeply into herself, she is not yet able to purge herself of the pterodactyl. As the creature circles above her, she perceives a figure walking rapidly in her direction: “It was—it was Peter Abelard himself, Abelard, mature, but still filled with youth because of the high intensity of his philosophical passion, and he was singing as he came” (132). For a moment the wasteland of Damaris’s spirit achieves a glimpse of wholeness: knowledge embodied in being, the flesh profoundly at one with itself. Abelard appears to Damaris as a vision of promise, perhaps as a Gawain bringing health. But as she attempts to reach the figure, “there fell the ominous shadow of the pterodactyl!” (133).

Damaris’s voice (the instrument of spirit) turns into a mere noise; and as Abelard emerges from beneath the creature’s shadow, he appears to have the face of a “vile corpse” croaking out the concepts of scholastic thought. Unable to flee, Damaris collapses beneath the pterodactyl.

The action taking place in the “now” of the heroine’s vision is a manifestation of her sterile and deathly abuse of knowledge over the years. Damaris manages to call out the first syllable of Anthony’s name, however, and this cry likely symbolizes the remnant of her spiritual-psychological vitality not yet forfeited to the deathly. And then the creature prepares to “violate” the young woman: “the wings lifted and again caught her. She was on her face on the marshy ground, and she was being forced over. As well as she could she hid herself, but it was all in vain” (133). The consummation of the creature’s act here would likely mean the ruin beyond recall of Damaris’s psychic health. Her psyche must be profoundly transformed but not threatened irrevocably. Williams’s handling of suspense in this highly charged symbolic episode is impressive indeed; the reader makes the necessary suspension of disbelief as elements of the “real” and “unreal,” the natural and supernatural come into play. Anthony’s “rescue” of Damaris is similarly important and well handled.

At one level “Anthony” is wisdom and intelligence correctly balanced and employed against the fallen, post-Edenic world of the action. At another level he is the power of eros within Damaris struggling successfully to “save” the organism from itself, as it were. That Anthony’s arrival is erotically charged, Williams leaves no doubt: “There was nothing round her but a hideous and vile corruption, nothing, nothing except a vibration that went rhythmically through her, as if—almost from somewhere within her—a horse
Williams's handling of suspense in the highly charged, symbolic episode of the attack on Damaris, and her rescue, is impressive indeed. The reader makes the necessary suspension of disbelief as elements of the "real" and " unreal," the natural and supernatural come into play.

was galloping" (133). The steed may symbolize "the animal in man, that is... the force of the instincts" (Cirlot, 297). The reader may well be reminded of Juliet's appeal to the "fiery-footed steeds" at this point.

The rhythmic power of Anthony's presence is crucial—for he must evince a vitality and energy unlike and greater than the fostering egoism of his beloved. Damaris opens her eyes to find Anthony beside her, and the change is quickly apparent: the sky is now "lovely in a summer sunset" in contrast to its earlier "inflamed" quality. And then the great eagle descends to perch on Anthony's shoulder as the lovers are united for the time without further threat from the pterodactyl. With Anthony's assistance Damaris's psychic voyaging has ended temporarily; she has been granted the chance to come to terms with her psyche and thus to become whole. Appropriately, one of the symbolic dimensions of the eagle is that of spiritual balance and poise.

MUCH OF THE RICHNESS OF THE journey into self is to be attributed to Williams's use of Jungian insight. The episode taken as a whole suggests the "shape" of dialectical interplay of persona, shadow, and anima, for example. In Jungian terms the "self" is the locus of interaction and is defined as "the total personality which, though present, cannot be fully known." Thus the pterodactyl symbolizes Damaris's shadow, the dark and powerful side of the self which she cannot acknowledge or come easily to terms with. Anthony perceives something of the nature of the shadow and is therefore able to provide therapy for Damaris—something she cannot do for herself by the nature of the forces involved. The young woman's initial condition reflects an inflation of ego to the point where it has in effect assimilated the larger self. Jung comments that once this occurs, "The world of consciousness must now be levelled down in favor of the reality of the unconscious." And, "room must be made for the dream at the expense of the world of consciousness." This transformation is essential "because otherwise one will never attain that median degree of modesty which is essential for the maintenance of a balanced state." Thus Damaris's ultimate psychic health requires the upsurge of shadow seen in the pterodactyl; she must undergo profound experience of her larger self in all its mystery and non-cognitive dimensionality.

It is equally important that the psychic equilibrium not be damaged the other way; Damaris must engage the shadow lest it overwhelm and destroy her ability to function as a human being in a social context. Jung comments: "It must be reckoned a psychic catastrophe when the ego is assimilated by the self. The image of wholeness then remains in the unconscious, so that on the one hand it shares the anarchic nature of the unconscious and on the other finds itself in the psychologically relative spacetime continuum that is characteristic of the unconscious as such." The final stage of the psychic drama—the "rescue"—fits the Jungian conception as Anthony in the role of animus returns Damaris to stability.

Significantly Damaris first turned to her father for aid but was rejected by him; this development makes Anthony's function as animus more compelling; he fills the gap in Damaris's psychic patterning, as it were. Jung sees the animus as a "psychopomp, a mediator between the conscious and the unconscious and a personification of the latter. Just as the anima becomes, through integra-

tion, the Eros of consciousness, so the animus becomes a Logos; and in the same way that the anima gives relationship and relatedness to a man's consciousness, the animus gives woman's consciousness a capacity for reflection, deliberation, and self-knowledge." Anthony's role acquires immense significance in these terms; indeed, his presence in the symbolic dialectic is indispensable. With the winning of her psychic liberation, Damaris becomes the worthy embodiment of her lover's anima-projection; and both figures become free to participate in mutuality and responsiveness.

Damaris's journey into psychic wholeness marks a crucial point in the action of The Place of the Lion. And Williams builds on the episode so as to secure the maximum significance for the role of his heroine. For Damaris must yet put her new-found maturity and poise to the test: she must enter the arena to battle for the very life of the young man whom she had earlier betrayed, Quentin Sabot. In another of the major symbolic episodes of the novel Damaris, now loving and compassionate, joins the symbolic lamb (the Agnus Dei) in the meadow to protect Quentin from the ravening power of the circling lion. Without her earlier "conversion" such an action would be impossible for her. And then with the epical "naming" of the beasts by Anthony-Adam in the final chapter, the full pattern is established: the Christian vision depends both upon man's loving submission and his assumption of responsibility for himself and others. Man must affirm both "the mercy which hid in matter" and the "austere Godhead" (190-191). The levels of meaning operative in Damaris's psychic and spiritual development evidence the richness of Charles Williams's writing at its best. Few of this writer's fictive surfaces are merely neutral; most reveal a dialectical interplay of meanings which repays careful reading with the finely sprung pleasure of all good art.  

An Excursion to London

IT WAS PROBABLY A GOOD idea to see the Edvard Munch exhibit at the Hayward Gallery in London before seeing anything else. I recalled the Norwegian landscape and people for whom nature is not only spelled with a capital N, but who seem strangely dependent on their innate relationship to their nature. What about the glaciers reaching down to the sea in their fjords, the immense forests, the vast stretches of unpopulated land, the midnight sun, the simplicity of the people with their built-in and casually hidden sadness? All these phenomena and the overpowering presence of nature are facts dramatically reflected in the works of their painters and poets. There are a thousand and one causes, reasons, and rationalizations for the sensation of cosmic solitude which creates a desperate need for expression.

Munch was a great painter and even more impressive in his lithographs and woodcuts. He liked to repeat a few images with emotional fury. His themes are almost literary, interspersed with philosophy, but what he is compelled to express is highly emotional. Oscillating between two conflicting feelings (which

Baudelaire also noted in his diary), the horror and ecstasy of life, he could permeate the expression of his misery and pessimism with a colorful lyric lilt. He could make his despair sing as no one else could.

Munch best explained himself when he said:

My art has been a confession. I came dying into the world. Sickness, insanity and death were the black angels watching over my cradle, and they have kept me company throughout my life. . . . At an early age I came to understand the miseries and dangers both of life on earth and of the afterlife—the eternal torment in hell that awaited the children of sin. . . . The fear of life has been with me ever since I can remember, yet I have a feeling that it is a necessity to me, just like illness. Without them I should have been like a rudderless ship.

The strong belief of this artist gives his work an uplifting quality. He depicts nature with intensity as an indifferent witness to the agonies and the feeling of lostness of the human creature. The anguish in man's cry (probably his most famous painting), lonely night scenes, the questioning solitude of three girls, the wondering and almost empty look of a sick child, temptation and terror of the merciless laws of love were his themes. It is mainly the dark side of life he painted, regardless of the apparently stable, upright, sound society by which he was surrounded. They are the inner tortures of man with which he had (and we all have) to live. Lucky the man, who can withdraw deep within in order to rise and express himself with a hallowed feeling of fury, talking to the Creator with his creations of colorful questions and pained statements of dramatic power!

*I * * *

I HAVE ALWAYS HAD A weakness for David Mercer's plays. What causes such favoritism? I suppose it is the proverbial congenial chord that he strikes in me. When asked by any interviewer the routine question of what kind of play I would like to have written myself, I might have been tempted to say, "David Mercer's plays, even though I know that none of them is without flaws." Asked now after having seen his latest play, I might still say the same, but exclude the Duck Song, now premi ered by the Royal Shakespeare Company.

In an interview in Theatre Quarterly Mr. Mercer made three statements pertinent to his new play. First: "I'm really moving away from the whole area of political solutions and the character and nature of social events and social change. Hopefully the world which is created . . .

Secondly: "I'm searching in a more painful way than ever to create an invented world. . . ."

Thirdly: "I think death is something I've got to deal with now."
Duck Song seemed to me a baffling, confusing, and confused play whose final meaning eluded me. Perhaps because it is "a universe of its own," with the characters running away with the play. As far as I am concerned he did not yet move far enough from the political scene since there are Marxist and, above all, anti-American undertones which clearly come to the fore in the heavy symbolist tohuwabohu of the action or non-action. It is surely an "invented world" because the play's stark realism is rather unrealistic. I think he dealt with death all right, and mainly as a transitory phenomenon or something one has to overlook or pooh-pooh, since the characters shot dead with the arrows of a Red Indian serenely ignore their death, or those strangled get up as if nothing had happened to them.

The scene is an upper-class household in England. There is an artist who conveniently falls asleep, ignoring the world for which he has harsh words. His brother is a safe player with Socialist leanings. The brother's daughter is a nice creature with great uncertainties about life; and his divorced wife, sophisticated, dynamic, full of the joy of life, the visible symbol of which is a Red Indian to whom she has attached herself.

As in Shaw's Heartbreak House a catastrophe occurs and calls for a reaction of those assembled on stage. The Indian seemed to have worked miracles. This earthquake-like catastrophe left the apartment without a piece of furniture. If, symbolically, Mercer wanted to show that this well-to-do society will always emerge unruled from any catastrophe, then he succeeded in making this point overly clear. If the Indian is a stand-in for the avenger and a creature—in his proximity to nature endowed with extrasensory perception and powers—then this came across all right. But everything else got lost in fancy stage tricks and messages like this: "We are at the limits of civilization and cannot see into the future." Walking slowly home along The Strand I thought that Mercer went wrong with this play, however right this one, rather hollow sounding, statement may be.

MOST THEATER LOVERS will remember Peter Nichols' excellent play, A Day in the Death of Joe Egg and, for a few fine moments, Forget Me-Not-Lane. His latest product Chez Nous runs pretty smoothly but without any stimulating ideas. He calls it a domestic comedy, in fact, it is very close to a routine boulevard comedy. A fashionable doctor wrote a best-seller. Having falsely advertised it as a book on sex and its consequences, he withdrew to a chic hideaway somewhere in France because his wife had a baby that actually is her fourteen-year-old daughter's produce. The play is hardly about "Who is the father?" During the very first few minutes they are visited by their best friends who had stayed with them the year before. It is of course their best friend, played by Albert Finney. No doubt, he would be the man to do such a thing.

Although the first act is teasing us about this question, we are diverted to some extent by the marital difficulties of both couples. The part that follows is an endless back-and-forth between the two couples who would like to run away with whom? Pleasantly they continue to air their grievances. In between the baby's father makes his claims heard and talks himself into a proud frenzy of fatherhood. But, as behooves a well-made boulevard play, it ends with a last-minute victory for morality when the adulterer's wife comes on stage, clad only in a white sheet. Since the baby's grandfather wanted to elope with her, the tantalizing question is for whom the white sheet will open. Of course, it is for the adulterer who gratefully accepts his wife's reawakened sexual instincts and forgets his desire to be called "daddy" by his illegitimate child.

I had two thoughts on leaving the theater. To avoid such conventional unhappy-happy ending, the fourteen-year-old daughter could have shown up with a boy friend, both claiming the baby. My other thought: Was this trip to the Globe necessary? For Peter Nichols and the box office, no doubt. The play is such a pleasant nothingness that I expect the Globe to be occupied by it for a couple of years. As an afterthought: Is it now fashionable to caricature Americans on the British stage? If so, Peter Nichols succeeded in doing so with a couple interviewing the famous doctor. If the adulterer's wife had shown her native beauty not only to her husband but also to us, the audience, it might have been charming and certainly less called-for and vulgar than the scene with the young American couple.

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IT IS AMAZING HOW THE bourgeois world, loosely called Establishment, enjoys being teased by exposure, protest against itself, and demystification, by showing the cracks in its edifice and listening to the sound of its cracking. Among the radical British playwrights is Trevor Griffiths. Impressed by the rebellion of the students in 1968 he brings this year of a still-born revolution back to us with a meeting of all kinds of intellectual radicals in a discussion of Marxist or other doctrines.

Yes, this play, called The Party and produced by the National Theater, is an exciting play of mere discussion, but discussion in which human failures are built-in. John Dexter used projections and mirrors to enliven the scene. A successful television director, in whose plush environment these radical elements of society meet, wonders whether he should support his brother in a capitalist enterprise with 300 pounds. He keeps him waiting until early in the morning after the meeting was over, a meeting which did not shake the world.
But the play shook the theater and its audience which it kept spellbound for more than two hours with talk. Laurence Olivier had a small part in it, but with a long, long speech as a veteran Trotskyite organizer. It is a tour de force the way Olivier builds up to climactic moments only to let his voice fall to the low depth of a cliché from where he works himself up to another climax with a similar cliché. Only Olivier can create such breath-taking phrasing of hollow paragraphs and form them into a sweeping symphony. There is one passage where he talks himself into a fury of social indignation that leaves him trembling and short of total collapse.

The most human and endearing character in the play is a permanently drunk television writer who drinks himself to death because he “can't bear to think of himself as successful in a society he longs to destroy.” He is played by Frank Finlay with such loving care that you can't help identifying with this miserable wretch. And you wonder why the author's sympathies obviously have been with him.

The answer may lie in the play's message to prove the total impotence of the intellectual rebels in the midst of the mainstream's inability to save itself from a cataclysmic debacle which the representatives of both the establishment and rebellion foresee. Symbolically, this is shown in the writer's escape into oblivion with the help of alcohol, as well as through the host's physical impotence as demonstrated in the first scene, a bedroom calamity. The play ends with the host's admission that he has “stopped talking.” Does he no longer believe in himself, in his cause. Or, is it merely disbelief that talking can communicate, bringing neither people nor ideas closer together? His party was certainly a failure. The Party, however, is a great success. When the whole world's a stage, then this play, after all, was very much apropos.

ARTHUR MILLER'S THE Creation and Other Business had its European premiere at the Zurich Schauspielhaus. Miller rewrote some of it,* and Leopold Lindberg, the director, streamlined the play. In doing so, he fortunately removed the cheap jokes which should never have slipped from Miller's pen. When Miller saw his original stage directions as realized stage images, he became aware that they did not work. If God and angels, saints and the devil are put on stage, then it becomes necessary to create a most abstract scenic visualization, something that is a far cry from any potentially traditional concept, such as God appearing in bright light and white or his creation of Adam being realized with Michelangelo's famed gesture. Even such an experienced playwright as Arthur Miller must sometimes learn that the stage realities may defeat one's envisioned picture put on paper. What also seriously disturbed me (I don't know what Arthur Miller thought of it) when I saw the New York production was Eve giving birth to Cain onstage. This was handled much better at the Schauspielhaus, with more tact in regard to a woman's labor and with more reverence for the act of creation.

Lindberg had the idea of having God appear as a sculptor, painter, architect, and physicist, as a kind of original Leonardo, a genius interested in the process of creation rather than in its result, a dreamer, who loves to improvise and to be guided by the whims of his imagination. God's creation is reflected by our own creative ambitions: we give life to man and things without being able to have a say in how man and things should go on functioning from then on. Everything that is given the breath of life and the impetus of its existence is bound to move in the path of its own independent being, Miller seems to say.

 Doubt and not evil is the very first thing that is on Lucifer's mind. It is only later when God “lets him down” and gives him hell, so to speak, that he begins to represent evil.

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Miller underlines Lucifer's attempt to keep man from perpetrating the first murder, because it was in Lucifer's interest to play down man's dependence on God who, in Miller's scheme, needs to be idealized and idolized by man: therefore, good and evil are there in order to keep man in a constant state of uncertainty.

Leopold Lindtberg told his actors to play their parts with the innocent, wondrous look of a child, and with a feeling of bewilderment and surprise about the things that happened to them. This gave the entire production a pleasant lightness. In its revised version the play gained bits of new dimensions here and there in the attempt to reinterpret the beginning of us all. But it still remains the dramaturgically weakest of all Arthur Miller plays. Seen from his personal viewpoint, he probably had to rewrite the Genesis After the Fall; he had to go back to it and ask himself once more how, in the name of God, the Marilyn Monroe story could have happened to him in the first place and what that business of creation was all about.

ARTHUR MILLER SAID THAT he believed in a destiny beyond bread and butter and that for him it existed in creativity. "I think there is something spiritual which can be made to die in the individual as much as in society. And for lack of any better word I call it the spirit of life, the spirit of creativity. This spirit is something holy, and it needs a great effort and a kind of prayer to be kept nourished and alive. Without this spirit we might just as well not be. Life would then be rather uninteresting and exist of a wilful stringing together of objects and chance relationships." But however this may be, Miller has not solved the problem dramaturgically. His play remains a capricious semi-comedy with a few cabaret gags and a sometimes fine and often crude wit that has its fun with its own serious theological discussions. It seems that if it can be done at all, it can't be done the way Arthur Miller went about it.

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THE THEATER IN BASEL IS often more daring in the choice of its plays than the Zuerich Schauspielhaus. Certainly, it is a challenge to the director (Werner Dueggelin) and his actors to put on James Joyce's Exiles, which is not really a play but a series of conversations. If people could clarify situations and relationships through talking to one another, they would never feel exiled. Joyce believes that anyone who has left his country or his own heart must pay heavily for such exile. A writer—Joyce, of course—returns home where his "muse" is waiting for him. But all characters of the play—the writer, his wife, his friend and his "muse"—are exiles from their own selves or are exiled by those who are seemingly close to them.

Sartre once said, hell is other people. The play is little more than a constant duel with words and the idea of relationships; the question of who belongs to whom goes back-and-forth while we realize the totality of aloneness in man, his inability to enjoy his belonging to someone else because he does not even belong to himself. The Exiles is a highly cerebral play, full of the most illogical logic. It is an intellectual fencing about human feelings, especially love. It is a daring thrust endangering a heart, full of skillful repartee. It signals the final resignation of being abandoned, of being alone with one's problem of being alone.

The director tried to create inner tensions made visible through pauses. He had people speak behind the scene; they debated a point with their faces so close to one another that the spectator could feel the hot breath of their hatred, while their passion and longing engulf the other player. One saw man pitted against man, tortured and self-tortured and lost in his lostness. It was all mere dialogue whipped into theatricalized excitement: a gratifying evening with a non-play, in case one likes verbal acrobacy on the trapeze of the human soul.

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THE THEATER ON THE NEU­ marks went all out to give its audience a good time when it revived Francis Beaumont's Famous History of the Knight of the Burning Pestle. The auditorium was turned into a beer hall where one could consume more spirits than anything spiritual. Beaumont's farcical play was turned into a parody of improvised acting. It conveyed the feeling of an improvised improvisation, of a commedia del'arte concept which, in itself, would have been all right if the actors had not fumbled and created the impression of not being trained for such fun. And so the fun was strained. With the exception of one or two actors who mastered the situation of keeping the action on-stage moving with the one in the audience, most of the players looked desperately for guidance on how to use the freedom of being themselves. It was an interesting experiment that showed how far you can go with butchering a classic in free adaptation to give the work contemporary overtones.

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OF GREATER INTEREST WAS the first studio production of the Zuerich Schauspielhaus which presented Ulrich Plenzdorf's The New Sufferings of the Young W., a message play from East Germany dealing with the blue-jeaned youths. The hero, young Edgar Wibeau, is a drop-
out. His parents separated when Edgar was a baby, and his mother wanted to prove that she could bring up a boy without the benefit of paternal guidance. Finally, the boy runs away from home, denying the rights of society on him. He feels crushed by the very society claiming him. He is interested in a bit of music, in a bit of painting. Is he particularly gifted for anything? Society never gives him a chance to prove himself. The little talent he may have is stifled by the superficiality of his teachers. We are shown how he rebels against being forced into the routine life of a socialistic society (which does not seem a bit different from the ways of its capitalistic counterpart). He bungles whatever he touches and at the end when he wants to prove in a playful way (which is his way) that he too can be a useful member of his collective working group, he is killed by experimenting with a gadget he is about to invent. Was it an accident or was it a fulfilled death wish?

Edgar finds a torn copy of Goethe's *The Sufferings of Young Werther*. He often quotes Goethe, and young Edgar's ordeal to cope with life and his love for a young girl, who marries a bore with ambitions, is surprisingly close to Goethe's hero who lived in 1776 and who takes his life. (Goethe's novel caused a wave of suicides and may be considered the very beginning of the romantic era which, in a neo-fashion, is in many ways with us again.)

The play is interesting from a political viewpoint. Is there a blue-jeaned youth in a socialistic society, a failure because he fails to see the blessings of becoming an insignificant cog in the huge wheel of a planned working society? Dramatically, the play is poorly constructed. We see Edgar's troubles in flashbacks only, with a constant overlapping of the realities as seen by the dead youth and the people who tell his story. This gimmick is rather tiring after a while. Yet the play is gripping in parts, and some of its scenes have dramatic power.

The play's major theme lies in the inability of a young individualist within a society of conformists to grasp the meaning of life. Here is a somewhat talented youth whose will to be himself and whose creative spirit is being killed piecemeal in his various developmental stations of life. Perhaps there is neither a capitalistic nor socialistic Lucifer. He knows no creeds and ideologies, only man who is too eager everywhere to do his confusing and dirty job for him.

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**SIDEWALK INCIDENT**

Eight eyes of hate follow me down the street as I trespass an unseen boundary, placing myself a contestant in a game where I know neither rules nor penalty nor object of the moves. Voices join in. Hate uses laughter as its first device to set me up for physical assault:

"Hey, doc! Ain't you afraid that we might beat you up and take your billfold and your bread?"

A player now answers with hate or fear, defiance or defence, a cat to cats:

talon and fang the rusting bars engage resisting and reflecting in its cage.

I hear the voices as I saw the eyes with half attention, too intent upon my own design to let their moves detain me. One grows used to looks of hate and sounds of hate when hate is everywhere, and none can walk with enough care to violate no man's imaginary game preserve.

I reach my car and drive away without becoming further part of their contest; yet I remember and, remembering, I wonder if I could have stilled the hate by speaking as a human to his kind; or would the beast be quiet in his den if all the eyes he saw were eyes of men?

Terence Y. Mullins

April, 1974
To clarify the unacknowledged significance of the arts in peace education, the focus shall be on two assertions: the arts play a significant, if catalytic, role in peace education by affording us opportunities for meditation on the complexities of peace; and, 'the road to social concern leads through the language of the imagination.'

WHEN HE WAS ONCE ASKED, "How does a man know he is healthy?" Henry David Thoreau answered, "When he is not thinking about his health." In a very brief study on The Decline of Wisdom, E.L. Mascall observed that the last thing we expect from a responsible surgeon is that he should think about his responsibility as a surgeon while he is operating on any human being. And in summarizing his recent study on the relationships between thinking and visual images, Rudolph Arnheim concluded: "Art works best when it remains unacknowledged. It observes that shapes and objects and events, by displaying their own nature, can evoke those deeper and simpler powers in which man recognizes himself. It is one of the rewards we learn for thinking by what we see." Arnheim's apparent demurrrer struck me at first as anticlimactic, even unfortunate. After all, he had just spent over three hundred pages regretting that educators have uncritically inherited and perpetuated a split between conceptual thinking and visual perception. Yet Arnheim's basic insight is on target. The arts work best when they are unacknowledged. Unacknowledged, not because they are unimportant nor because they are taken for granted. Rather, because in a healthy and responsible community (or in a sick and irresponsible one for that matter) the arts serve men in special ways. Their unacknowledged presence generates those responses that bring us to higher awareness of what we are and what we might be as human beings.

To clarify this unacknowledged significance of the arts in peace education, I shall focus briefly on two assertions. These assertions deal primarily with the verbal arts because the verbal arts focus especially on the conceptual understandings of peace.

FIRST, THE ARTS PLAY A significant, if catalytic, role in peace education by affording us opportunities for meditation on the complexities of peace. I begin, consequently, at that lofty and precariously dangerous end of the spectrum where

the arts are most vulnerable and open to attack, namely, the arts as detached, the particular domain of the reflective rather than the practical or useful. What I mean to say is what almost all of us take for granted. The arts are not life. Rather, as in literature, which I use as a model because language ties us to both the language of imagination and the real world, the arts provide us with a "simulacrum of reality." As Frank Kermode puts it, literature offers us in narrative form fictional concords, structures in the form of narrative rehearsals which assume beginnings and endings. These maps of being, these charters of reality, while not reality itself, serve men by imaginatively construing for us a world of possibilities. If our real experience of life is a rush to death and the certainty of an ending, if it is a daily struggle to feed, clothe, and provide, then the arts—especially the arts as contemplative arts—offer us the illusion of the arrested motion of life, a momentary stay against both the fragmented chaos and the dull routine of the everyday.

Specifically, the arts as contemplative aesthetic experience may serve the cause of peace education in many ways, but several seem especially pertinent to our inquiry. By providing us with contemplative escapes from space and time, the arts help us to focus on the distinction between life as it is experienced and as it is understood. Moreover, our process of understanding itself becomes felt experience, a probing of interior consciousness. In addition, the reader or viewer learns to develop what Herman Melville in Moby Dick spoke of as "an equal eye." One remembers Ishmael's comment at the end of the chapter on "The Fountain." Ishmael stands outside the action in the novel at this point as spectator, reflecting on the mighty collision he is witnessing between Captain Ahab, a monomaniacal and metaphysical rebel who assaults the apparent malignant evil of the natural universe in the only place he finds it accessible—the great white whale Moby-Dick. The major conflict is a search for the peace which comes from answering the question, "What does it mean to be in our kind of universe?" Ishmael observes: "And so, through all the thick mists of the dim doubts in my mind, divine intuitions now and then shoot, enkindling my fog with a heavenly ray. And for this I thank God; for all have doubts; many deny; but doubts or denials, few along with them, have intuitions. Doubts of all things earthly and intuitions of some things heavenly; this combination makes neither believer nor infidel, but makes a man who regards them both with equal eye." Ishmael's equal eye, which both contains and, at least in an artistic sense, controls the chaos of evil in Ahab, becomes our vicarious equal eye. Or, as Wallace Stevens put it more directly, "A violence from within protects us from a violence without. It is the imagination pressing back against the pressure of reality." With an equal eye we can both hold beliefs and examine them in such a way that while we hold the beliefs, they may be studied without necessarily threatening our commitment. At the same time the meaning and significance of our beliefs may be deepened or even altered through our imaginative experience of the world of "as if." This kind of experience serves the cause of peace education by leading us away from the parochial or the doctrinaire by enlarging our awareness of the possibilities. "The all in each of us responds to the each in all of us," claimed Coleridge. And because this is what happens in the arts we appropriate to individual consciousness precisely that "openness" which becomes the only possible basis for a world community, a world community held together by common beliefs that life is better than death, freedom better than slavery, happiness better than misery, health better than sickness, for all men everywhere without exception.

THE GREAT GAP BETWEEN the order in the work of art or in the mind and the chaos out there in real life frustrates anyone with this particular topic, however. Aside from their clarifying possibilities, the arts, except as propaedeutic to the word or to the action, seem far from the performative response that clarification may or may not engender in the hearer, even in those who are directly involved in peace education. Aesthetics are not ethics. And the distances and consonances between the two are difficult to unravel at best. After the vivid metaphor of the parable of the Good Samaritan, Jesus, assured of his listener's understanding with equal eye, still must say, "Go and do thou likewise." And the listener may have done nothing. But suppose I try to bridge this gap by spinning a few tentative connecting threads by focusing primarily on the Christian arts in a Church-related educational institution. What I propose to develop at this point is really a compressed exegesis of a statement from Northrop Frye, a statement relating to our second major assertion about the role of the arts in peace education: "The road to social concern leads through the language of the imagination." If the arts are not life, that does not mean that they are not related to life. Northrop Frye's observations on "openness" in a culture are related to a more complicated treatment of "myths of concern" and "myths of freedom." These two belief and value clusters affect our understanding of both the problems and possibilities of modern


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man. Albert Camus anticipated this mutual concern of the artist with the human community when he wrote:

There is not one human being who, above a certain elementary level of consciousness, does not exhaust himself in trying to find formulas or attitudes that will give his existence the unity it lacks... It is not sufficient to live, there must be a destiny that does not have to wait for death. It is therefore justifiable to say that man has an idea of a better world than this. But better does not mean different, it means unified. This passion which lifts the mind above the commonplace of a dispersed world, from which it nevertheless cannot free itself, is the passion for unity... What, in fact, is a novel but a universe in which action is endowed with form, where final words are pronounced, where people possess one another completely, and where life assumes the aspect of destiny? The world of the novel is only a rectification of the world we live in, in pursuit of man’s deepest wishes.6

It is especially interesting to note in this instance how literary critics — men like the late Paul Goodman or Irving Howe or Lionel Trilling, to name a few, have turned increasing attention to the social context of the arts. To put briefly what I take to be a common and I suppose obvious concern issuing from the matrix of the differing accents: although our basic experience in the arts may be one of awe and wonder, each of us, insofar as we are citizens, necessarily comes down from the mountain of contemplation and reflection to life on the plain. Or to put it another way, if the initial relationship between the person and the work of art is centripetal, the ultimate consequences of that deeply personal relationship work themselves out between the person and the community centrifugally. The indirect changes brought about in us through our inquiry and interpretation in the arts may lead to direct changes in our behavior in the world and thus to changes in the world. For example, Paul Goodman began as a structuralist in his analysis of literature in his early work. Gradually he moved to positions he took in The New Reformation: Our crisis is one of belief, of the need to care and to love, to be a good citizen, the citizen provisionally defined as one who knows his neighborhood (an interesting word combining both spatial and personal relationships), and who cares for it. Another example is Lionel Trilling’s essay on The Role of the Mind in the Modern World. Although much of Trilling’s analysis is sobering, even distressing, he looks back to the children of aristocrats in the Renaissance as models for our young people today. Just as those young people took upon themselves personal interest and responsibility for problems in the commonwealth, so our young people still are offered the possibilities for using arts of interpretation, arts of expression, arts of continuity and community in searching for truth and justice. Northrop Frye is heartened by the reawakening of the poetic sensibility in the young, specifically in guitar-playing and poetry-reciting groups, just because the spoken word depends on a living community as much as the community depends on the spoken word for its survival.

But what has this to do with the arts from a Christian perspective in peace education? Let us return for a moment to Frye’s distinctions between the “myth of concern” and “myth of freedom.” According to Frye, each of us gets two kinds of education in life. Our primary training is in a mythology of concern. These concerns are the axioms and assumptions upon which the people around us act, or say they act. We are educated in “loyalties, attachments, beliefs, responses and ideals.” We do not study many of these concerns, we learn them from our parents, our teachers, our culture shapers. The world of concern in its modern form is the world we are actually in, the world of nature or our immediate objective environment. For this world we develop a “logical language of fact, reason, and verification.” These myths of concern become our beliefs and thereby enable members of a society to hold together, to accept authority, to be loyal to each other and courageous against attacks. These myths are verbal constructions designed for specific social purposes. According to Frye, we also develop in our primary training a growing sense of the dissonance between professed and genuine beliefs, between ideals and realities. But, as I interpret Frye at this point, in our secondary education, especially the minority educated in a college and university, we are trained in the “myth of freedom.” The myth of freedom is concerned with “the world we want to live in, with the civilization we are trying to build or maintain out of our environment, a world rooted in the conception of art.” It is that world which Ernst Cassirer spoke of in his Logic of the Humanities as that which frees us from necessity. Now for Frye the myths of concern and of freedom are ultimately inseparable, and the genuine individual can exist only where they join in an open rather than closed mythology. Where the myth of concern closes and moves to total ascendency, the culture becomes a rigid tyranny, imperious and hostile to anyone but its own monolithic principles. When the myth of freedom has its own way and closes in on itself, “it becomes a lazy and selfish parasite on a power structure.” Ideally, for Frye, significant hopes and ideas from those participating in the “myth of freedom” leak out to the community of concern and effect changes in policy and action. Actually, sometimes the tension becomes intense and there is retreatment, ordinarily in favor of the powers of order, stability, in

short, those who share the “myth of concern.”

THE CHURCH-RELATED LIBERAL arts college may well serve a key function by mediating between institutions of concern, like the organized church and the various political and social structures of the community in which we find ourselves. In fact, it seems possible that the organized Christian community of the church-related college campus, especially if it is sensitive to its prophetic as well as priestly function in the community, may be a kind of vital umbilical cord which ties the world of concern to the world of freedom. As the student gestates in the womb of the college or university, he grasps this vision of freedom and leaves that womb hopefully critical and imaginatively ready to move in lively co-operation and tension with the world of concern. A delicate and sensitive task of the Christian nucleus is both conserving and innovative, wisely sensitive to the permanence of change. But precisely because the church has her own rich “holistic” understanding of the role of men in human history, its shared understanding of its narrative history and its rehearsals of the significance of that history, she appropriates from the past those elements which are pertinent to the present and out of which she constructs a vision of the future. The details of such a “program” rest, it seems to me, on the specific designs for peace education at a given institution. Once there are human beings who set that design in motion, the arts may play their unacknowledged but significant role in alerting us to awareness. This awareness may run the spectrum from sheer delight in the senses, from the knowledge that we hold onto life with our fingers-tips, to the wisdom which makes our knowledge a permanent possession. As men struggling with the obdurate complexities of peace education, we may seek to apply this clarification to the decision-making processes of policy and action in which we are all involved in the everyday.

Christianity and Change

human and cultural as well as spiritual. To think of Christian faith and life only on a transcendental spiritual level is to make a fallacious distinction between the spiritual and the material, and also between a person's faith in Christ and the fruitful working of that faith in his life. A Christian “lives out” his faith, trust, and hope in Christ among his fellowmen on earth.

The historical realities of a Christian's faith in Christ must not be overlooked and underestimated. One might consider, for example, the social, political, and economic dimensions of the Israelites' experience in their exodus from Egypt and entry into the promised land. The social-political dimensions of Easter and Pentecost are essentially no different. In fact, the historical dimension should be far more evident. But perhaps one of the problems of the church is that Christians have tended to view the resurrection of Christ and the outpouring of the Holy Spirit too exclusively as “spiritual” events.

The writers of the Scriptures consistently testified to God's faithfulness in His redemptively providing for His people wherever they had been. For encouragement in the present and for the future, the prophets of the Old Testament pointed to the past experiences of the Exodus, the return from exile, and to food and water along the way. The apostles and evangelists of the New Testament pointed to the events of Jesus' ministry and even to the experiences of their own ministry. In the care of the sick, the provision for food and sleep, a new emperor, or a change in civil law, in prison or out, they saw God's faithfulness to them in concrete culturally definable situations.

The prophetic character of this confessional witness is apparent. Actually, the proclamation of the Gospel is implicitly prophetic, not in the sense of foretelling the future, but of believers testifying to the certainty of Christ's continued Lordship over them in every situation of life. The historicity of the Christian faith, with the prophetic character of one's trust and hope in God for the present and the future, implicitly opens up as potentials for fulfilment the social, political, and economic dimensions of the life of man.

God's fulfilment of His promises to man for deliverance from evil and for reconciliation to Himself are evident politically and socially. The Old Testament richly documents that fact. The New Testament emphasis on the Kingdom-life, for instance, corroborates the Old Testament prophetic-proclamatory witness, and further encourages the Christian to be a doer of the Word (James 1:22), to be all things to all men (1 Cor. 9:22), and to be ready at all times to speak of the hope that is within him (1 Pet. 3:15).

Christians are to be prophets and priests of hope, not of confusion. They take their perspective from the Gospel of the Risen Christ. Having overcome the world by faith in the Victorious Christ, believers in Him address the world and live in it precisely to give leadership, to give light in darkness (1 John 2:10). They act and speak prophetically by their expressing their vision of faith in the on-going Lordship of the Ascended Christ, and thus give principle and direction to others. Rather than to be confused by change and blunted by confusion, Christians see beyond to the resolution. They bring that trust and hope in Him to bear in their dealing with the problems and questions of the present.

For to forgive, to reconcile, and to live out one's hope and trust in Christ is to shape and to make changes for the welfare of another. To live one's faith in Christ amidst the social, economic, and political actualities of men is the exercise of the holy, apostolic ministry of Christian people as the priests and prophets of God. It is the revolution of the Gospel of Jesus Christ in the hearts and minds of men to be new men and women, and on behalf of others to bring all things—even in the midst of change—into the newness of life in Him.

April, 1974
Christianity and Change

THERE IS A DISTURBING irony in the fact that we have been quite concerned about "change." In the United States, our rationale has been to give people a new lease on life and a home in the land of opportunity. From the time of our fathers onward, we have committed ourselves to make all things better, not only for us but for all other men. In other words, our tradition has been to make changes.

It is particularly ironic for us in the church to be concerned about change. We confess to be "living epistles" of the fact that we have been changed. Having been baptized, we confess that through faith in Christ by means of His death we have passed through the judgment upon us for our sinfulness, and that through His resurrection we have come to a new life (Rom. 6:3-4). We are no longer what we were. We have become a new kind of people (2 Cor. 5:17).

Furthermore, it is not just that we have been changed. Proclaiming the Gospel we bring change to others, and living our Christian faith we change "things" for others. It has become a cliche for us to refer to the early Christians to illustrate how they changed the world. Once an illegal religion, Christianity eventually became the dominant religion of the Roman empire. Moreover, the history of modern western civilization on the continents of Europe and North America in many respects may be said to be the history of the Christian church. Yet, despite our strong ecclesiastical history and cultural tradition, we have become fearful because we face change.

It is evident that Christianity in itself is an instrument of change. As a life principle, Christian faith in Jesus Christ is change for people from death to life. The Word of God Incarnate in Christ and carefully proclaimed in canonical Scripture is a creative Word of life to men. Its implications for change are deep-seated and categorical. In our human, interpretative understanding and "applications," however, after a time we may unwittingly tend to lock ourselves into certain social-cultural patterns. The consequence then may be that we no longer distinguish clearly between the intrinsic and the extrinsic, and thus we become resistant to change.

We may also find as a corollary that we fail to see the discrepancies that have developed between our principles and our actions. At times, we may maintain formal allegiance to one thought pattern, but think and act informally according to another. Some cultural critics claim, for example, that although we have publicly committed ourselves to the political principle of reason and majority rule as popularly expressed by John Locke and Thomas Paine, we have not always followed it as the guiding principle of our day-to-day economic and social decisions.

In relation to such discrepancies and changing thought-patterns, it is interesting to consider the implications of the concept of "pluralism." The term "pluralism" serves a dual function. First, the word has an analytical function in that it illustrates the fact that changes are indeed taking place, and that in the process people hold different beliefs. Second, "pluralism" may function as a possible "answer," especially in a situation of increasing cultural complexity and relativity where there might be various principles from which an individual could choose.

At the same time, we recognize, however, that as an answer, the term "pluralism" may be (1) a suggestion of developing maturity on the part of people, or (2) simply an euphemism for the status quo. It is one thing in a complex and changing culture to observe that people have different beliefs, goals, and values. It is an altogether different matter if we admit to pluralism simply because the majority is troubled in the face of change and can no longer agree.

WITH THE CHALLENGE TO some of our basic cultural and national thought-patterns, and with the development of pluralism at least as a convenient working principle, it is not surprising that we have culturally rediscovered the dimension of the "spiritual." We have had a growing, cultural yearning for an inner dimension to go along with our carefully analyzed empirical sense of reality for quite some time. The matter of course acceptance of astrology, the intense interest in occultism of all kinds, the mystic dimension of the youth culture and of the drug experience, for instance, dramatize the development of spiritualism as a cultural phenomenon of our times.

In consideration of all these developments and changes, we might well ask the question as to what Christianity has to say. It seems that one of the important points to make is that the Christian's life of faith in Jesus Christ has meaning for every dimension of his life already on earth. The dimensions of the Christian's faith in Christ as Redeemer and Lord are (Concluded on page 27.)