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THE GIFT OF THE SON AT Christmas and the manifestation of the Son in the Epiphany call for great joy. Admittedly, the general spirit of Christmas, the parties, good times, and gift exchange assist in the stimulation of joy, although it may be not so much joy as plain fun. But the birth of a child is generally cause for celebration, even in these times of “problem pregnancies.” With the manifestation of that Son in the Epiphany there is less natural stimulation of gladness, although the disclosure of his power over nature, the manifestation of his solicitude for the poor and needy, and the worship he received from the Wise Men may foster something closer to genuine joy. But why this call for joy and gladness in the birth and manifestation of the Son?

The grounds for that call lie in the very word SON. The One who promised to give his Son is the One who keeps promise in the gift. In giving the Son to be our brother (as well as Lord and Savior), the Father gives himself to be our Father. Without the Son, no Father; without the Father, no Son. Christmas is the festival of children, not merely the chronological or emotional children. It is the time for children because in receiving that Son we receive our Father.

Thomas Wolfe surely did touch the central ache in our longing by his description of our central search as the search for a father. The search does not create the reality, but the ancient promise more than meets and fulfills the search. Especially is this true for those who waited on the promise: ancient Israel; the blessed Virgin; the church in advent time. The message of Christmas about the Son born for us and the disclosure of that Son as our Savior in Epiphany time is the message that creates for us a home where God is our Father, Christ is our brother, and the church is our mother.

Surely that is a message of joy, light, and gladness if one understands the human situation in terms of the distress and grief carried in the two words “bastard” and “orphan.” Does not the word “bastard” sum up the loneliness, the anxiety of the unknown origin of a particular life? Without a common father there are no brothers and sisters; membership in a family is not a given in that life. What then are the grounds for care and responsibility for our lives, or for each other? The punishment and pain of life are seen as inflicted by an enemy, not by one who cares. When none is tied by an inborn obligation to nurture, train, or govern, discipline becomes obnoxious. Such an understanding helps us to know something about the sense of shame over all of life: mother has been used or abandoned; she may be carrying a torch; she may be bitter or angry; she may simply be helpless. Whatever she says about the sire underscores that he is not really father to a child.

Orphans are the children of grief. Death has taken away what once was theirs. They are the living helpless who illustrate life under the cataclysmic threat pictured not only in the loss of father but in the potential disintegration of the family. Joy cannot be multiplied in the increase of brothers and sisters. Mother can indeed tell about one who was. Good
memories, while they refresh and nourish, also underscore the loss. Orphans have difficulty growing up where there is only the memory of a father who was.

What Jesus called the gentle mentality is anchored in this human condition of “fatherlessness.” It is anxious about its life, quarrelsome and belligerent, self-assertive or mired in self-pity. Living out the quest for the father is as futile as it is inescapable, for the “fathers” we make are either inadequate or never found. Either way the quest can leave only the mark of melancholy on life because the search is a shadow, a reminder of what is absent. The wish is not the father of father.

THE GOOD NEWS OF CHRISTMAS and the revelations of Epiphany assert that in receiving the Son we receive the Father. The invitation to each human being is to cry out “ABBA,” “my Father,” so that together we may say “Our Father.” To be begotten to the new life wherein the “everlasting Father” is our Father is to enter the life of faith. Faith is essentially child-like, for it not only derives its existence from him but receives also the shape and content of his fatherly generation, namely, Jesus Christ, his Son and our Lord.

The threat of death and irresponsible fatherhood are overcome in the eternal fidelity of this “everlasting Father” to beget us as his own. The character of that Son as the “Prince of Peace” means that the conflict between us and him is over. The conflict is no longer necessary. With the gift of the Son, and the Father with him, joy is genuine, for brothers and sisters abound. It is not only a reality that we are brothers and sisters to each other in that family; we also develop family resemblances as we learn to live together.

Appropriately this community of faith is called our mother, for in receiving the message of the Son born for us, and in saying it, God intends us to be mothers for each other. It is startling to contemplate the fact that only our mother can for sure tell us who our father is. In that company of faithful, where the message of Christmas and Epiphany is spoken and heard, we are instructed to trust that “everlasting Father” who is “external to our need” and “superior to our hunger.”

Some of us are called to be fathers on earth. We would do well to be instructed by this Father to care for the life we are instrumental in giving, to learn to live with our children with wisdom and justice and fidelity, and, as the manifestation of Epiphany says of the heavenly Father, “This is my beloved Son with whom I am well pleased,” that we, too, learn even in the midst of the anguish and pain of living as fathers and children to take manifest and unvarnished delight in those whom we have begotten.

human heart, with the violence and loneliness and distress of the world.

For years I was one of those who knew O. P. at a distance. As a seminarian, and then as a Lutheran pastor, I gained impressions about the man and about Valparaiso University through those things he wrote in The Cresset and in Campus Commentary. Later I came to know him personally as a member of the University faculty. Communicated through those writings for those many years was a kind of serenity in the midst of conflict and tumult, a compassion connected with a sensitivity to melancholy.

For a number of years I had no idea of O. P.'s age. But he always seemed to me to speak as “from of old.” That is, there appeared a wisdom of the kind that was compassionate, sure of its groundings, and startlingly real in its grappling with the grubby things of every day life.

This past fall, in one of the Sunday celebrations of the Lord’s Supper at the Chapel of the Resurrection, we observed the 50th anniversary of O. P.'s ordination into the holy ministry of Word and Sacrament. At the time of that celebration the leaves were not yet falling. Later they kept their appointed course and began to fall. The snow began to fall, too. We were reminded again of Bach's bold, hopefully joyous, declaration of faith. Surely it is true of the blessed man, planted by the rivers of water: “his leaf shall not wither.” Many come to rest in the shade furnished by such a one. Travelers, under the heat and sweat of life, find a moment's repose in the presence of such people. And yet, it is also true that the time of falling leaves (and falling snow) comes to the life of such a man. Fifty years in the holy ministry is a long time; the ministry, too, is a vocation in which our Baptism is finished: we are killed off and readied for the transformation into sons of splendor. O. P. does not now merely look upon falling leaves and falling snow: the fall time of life is that which he shares. He himself has caught up with

Notes
from the Editor's Notebook

ANYONE ASSOCIATED WITH The Cresset (and with Valparaiso University) for a number of years can readily resonate to an observation in Forum Letter about O. P. Kretzmann and Christmastide. There was a magic in his writing, a quality to move the reader (or listener) rarely paralleled in the materials published in The Cresset or in the Lutheran Church—Missouri Synod.

Falling leaves, falling snow, midnight, and Bach—these were themes that have been made memorable. And these themes were always linked with the troubled longing of the
what sounded to me like his speaking "from of old."

O. P. was always a soft touch for music. The great organ in the Chapel of the Resurrection, a choir, or the student worshippers singing a robust and solid piece of music, still move him visibly. But from listening to and watching the man for many years something far deeper than aesthetic appreciation or a sentimental soft spot have come through. Like Bach, his friend from another time, O. P. has signaled to me (and perhaps to many others) the words and life of faith that live with joy in the world of struggle and shame and death. The Father of our salvation, whose very heart opened in the gift of His Son and whose bowels rumbled and ached at the dread cost of our redemption, calls us to trust Him through that Son. To have that One for Father by faith is indeed to struggle with Him and often to find the "family" life to be difficult. But ultimately it is to be rescued by Him, to be His forever.

We who have received the message now say it back to O. P. When the leaves and the snow fall in more than literal ways, we repeat with joy the message of the Son who makes us sons of His Father and ours. Courage and confidence in the midst of struggle, shame, and death are our hope, our victory.

Recently O. P. reminded some of us to remember and to transmit (in a particularly forgetful age) that which we had received. I take it that such activity would include a reminder to him whose words and actions have so eloquently spoken of faith.

NEXT FALL VALPARAISO University will take note of the fact that for the last fifty years of its life it has been under Lutheran leadership. In preparation for that celebration The Cresset will continue (see "The New Geography," March, 1974) to present reports, articles, and essays on new developments within a variety of academic disciplines. We are interested in exploring for our readers, alumni, and colleagues those changes that have come in the theory and practice of the discipline. We want our colleagues to comment on what differences these changes make for the discipline and for its relation to the liberal arts. Finally, where possible, we want colleagues, as Lutheran and Christian thinkers, to reflect on the significance of these changes.

With the report on the College of Nursing, Valparaiso University's youngest college, we continue these investigations. We hope the series will be useful to our readers. We will be satisfied if these articles contribute to the University's life and work as a servant of God, devoted to the life of the mind as well as to the life of faith. We will be more than content if, in that service, some men and women are helped to keep a fragile and threatened civilization from reverting to barbarism. And we will have been more than rewarded if the materials help some men and women live faithfully as they offer intelligent help to the church, both in her interior discipline and her outward movement.

From the beginning—and this was one fact that in all my times of hopelessness returned to fortify my faith in my conviction—the idea, the central legend that I wished my book to express had not changed. And this central idea was this: the deepest search in life, it seemed to me, the thing that in one way or another was central to all living was man's search to find a father, not merely the father of his flesh, not merely the lost father of his youth, but the image of a strength and wisdom external to his need and superior to his hunger, to which the belief and power of his own life could be united.

Thomas Wolfe, "The Story of a Novel"
John Strietelmeier, former editor and editor at large of The Cresset, is Vice-President for Academic Affairs at Valparaiso University.

This is the last day of classes for some 140 of our students who will be graduated at the end of this semester. It seems an appropriate occasion, therefore, to express to them the congratulations and best wishes of the University and to reflect for a few minutes on the meaning of the Christian vocation.

St. Paul has a few words to say on the subject in his epistle to the Ephesians (Chapter 4; verses 1-6):

As God's prisoner, then, I beg you to live lives worthy of your high calling. Accept life with humility and patience, making allowances for one another because you love one another. Make it your aim to be at one in the Spirit, and you will inevitably be at peace with one another. You all belong to one body, of which there is one Spirit, just as you all experienced one calling to one hope. There is one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God, one Father of us all, who is the one over all, the one working through all and the one living in all.

In order to understand what St. Paul is saying to us in these words, it is necessary to turn back to Chapter 1 where he states the theme of the Epistle. Reading there, beginning at verse 9, we find these tremendous words:

For God has allowed us to know the secret of his plan, and it is this: he purposes in his sovereign will that all human history shall be consummated in Christ, that everything that exists in Heaven or earth shall find its perfection and fulfillment in Him. And here is the staggering thing—that in all which will one day belong to him we have been promised a share, . . . so that we, as the first to put our confidence in Christ, may bring praise to his glory.
Against the background of these words we can see, perhaps a bit more clearly, what the author of the Epistle is asking when he begs the Ephesian Christians to live lives worthy of their high calling. He is asking them to participate in the working out of this secret plan of God's. He is begging them to co-operate actively in God's purpose to bring everything that exists in Heaven or earth to its perfection and fulfillment in Christ. This is the Christian vocation, the Christian calling—a calling not to despise the world or to forsake it but to work toward its perfection and fulfillment in Christ. As St. Paul puts it in his second epistle to the Corinthians, God has made us agents of reconciliation, commissioned to spread the word that God loves this world and the people in it and that in Christ He has reconciled it to Himself.

Within the context of this Vocation with a capital V each of us has been given a number of vocations. That is to say, each of us has been placed in a number of situations where we have the freedom to further or to hinder God's purpose of bringing everything to its perfection and fulfillment in Christ. We have been created male or female; our calling is to present these bodies of ours, with all their powers, as living sacrifices to God on altars which He has consecrated and blessed, and we frustrate God's purpose when we use them as instruments of lust. We have been born as citizens of some country, most of us as citizens of the United States; our calling is to seek the peace of the country in which the Lord our God has made us to dwell, and we frustrate His purposes when we stand aloof from the political process on the grounds that "politics is a dirty business." We have been placed, as teachers and as students, on the campus of a university; our calling is to serve the Lord our God with all our mind, and we frustrate His purpose when we allow the distractions and horseplay of campus life to lure us away from the intellectual enterprise. We have been given many different kinds of talents; our calling is to use the talents that we have in building each other up, and we frustrate God's purpose when we bury or misuse these talents.

All of which is to say that in Christ God is at work making all things new and it is through us that He proposes to accomplish this great work of re-creation. The time must come when all that was broken and shattered by sin will be restored and made whole, when the whole groaning and travailing creation will be delivered from the bondage of corruption and the creature will once more enjoy the glorious liberty of the children of God. And so for every man, woman, and child who has caught even a partial vision of history consummated in Christ there is a place to do his bit in bringing praise to His glory.

For most of us, the role assigned us in this perfecting and fulfillment of all things in Christ will seem small and insignificant. It will be a matter of accepting life with humility and patience, of making allowances for one another, of being at peace with one another, of being good husbands and wives and fathers and mothers and children, of doing good work with singleness of heart as unto the Lord, of being hospitable to strangers, of giving food to the hungry and drink to the thirsty, of making intercessions and prayers for all men. It will be a matter of loving when we have good reason to hate, of bearing burdens that are not properly speaking our own, of fighting for causes that seem to be lost but deserve to succeed.

This probably sounds terribly romantic and visionary. The intellectual pace-setters of our generation are as sure as any hill-billy evangelist that the world is going to go up in a great Boom the day after tomorrow and that there is nothing that anyone can do about it. And maybe it will, but if it does it will be because we who have been let in on the secret of the divine plan have not lived lives worthy of our high calling, because we have failed to act as leavens and lights in the world. God was willing to spare Sodom and Gomorrah for the sake of ten just men, and who knows what patience He might be willing to show to our world if His Christian people would be about their proper business of bringing all human history to its consummation in Christ?
V
CHRISTMAS EVE

“And he shall be called . . . the Prince of Peace.”
Isaiah 9:7

Now Christ is born, the God of Love,
Let Christians walk where he began,
And by their witness let them prove
The love of God to sinful man.

Now Christ is born, the Prince of Peace,
Let Christian men his message hear,
And black and white and west and east
Now still their strife in holy fear.

Now Christ is born, the God of Joy,
Let Christian men, released from night,
Their hearts, their minds, their songs employ
To celebrate the Lord of Light.

So to the Father, Spirit, Son
Let Christian men their voices raise,
To thank the eternal three in one
In joyful hymns of loving praise.

VI
THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS

“the word without a word”
Eliot

Blood, fluids and cords of flesh mix
With cow droppings on the stable floor;
The acrid aroma of fresh straw commingles
With the scent of dung and the afterbirth.

In silence now, and with the strength
Of a newly delivered mother, the wisdom
Of a distracted father, and an army
Of some several shepherds and their sheep
Comes Christ the King, God with us.

The skies take cognizance and send
A gem unmatched before or since,
And angel choirs their voices blend
In praise of holy innocence.

“Now is Christ Born” appeared as a hymn in Learning With (Minneapolis: Augsburg Publishing House, November 1973).
The brute creation, eloquent,  
Speaks aloud to mark the birth;  
Men alone are ignorant  
Of Christ's nativity on earth.

Oh, some shepherds, it is true,  
Investigate a curious sight,  
And later a few wisemen too  
Come following the heavenly light.

But the shepherds only knew because  
It was their job to stay up nights,  
And the sages' duty was  
To charter aberrant celestial lights.

The masses of men, in desperation,  
Made their women, drank their beer,  
Cursed the tyrant's new taxation,  
And hoped for better luck next year.

In silence now, and with the strength  
Of God the Father, with the wisdom  
Of the Holy Spirit, and with an army  
Of angels and archangels, powers and thrones,  
Comes Christ the King. The new-born babe,  
Playing with bird and ball and cherries,  
Redeems the law, redeems the time,  
Redeems the follies of Moses and David,  
Of Noah and Solomon, of Adam his father.

VII

THE SECOND SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS

"And of his fulness have we all received,  
and grace for grace."

John 1:16

The air hung heavy over streets and walks,  
Catching suspended bits of smoke and dust,  
Mixing fumes of half-burnt gas and oil  
So thick we nearly choking could almost taste,  
And winter's misty drizzle had for days  
Spattered the earth, smeared with stain our shoes,  
Our clothes, our selves, and left the walkways splotched  
With an ashen grime that grates underfoot.

But then the weather quickly turned around,  
And one night as we sleeping did not see
Without our even wish it feathered down,  
And flushed the choking carbon from the air  
And washed all white the mud-spattered walks,  
And we awoke to the spring of a winter's morn.

VIII

EPIPHANY

"And the Lord shall arise."
Isaiah 60:2

Break shining light on this our mortal darkness,  
Illuminate the pregnant purpled east,  
Star of stars, brightest gem and best,  
Pole star toward which all creation hearkens.  
Tortured men, in ancient darkness dwelling,  
Witness now your splendor and rejoice,  
Praise creation's Lord with joyful voice  
For your crystal beams, their night dispelling.

Lead shining light from dawn to fuller day;  
Atrophic sight restore, that we might see  
Full measure of our Lord's divinity,  
And led by thee the whole creation may  
Give glory to the Father, to the Son,  
And to the Holy Spirit, three in one.

IX

THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

"and carried them all the days of old."

A midnight jolt of the carriage,  
The clank of cars uncoupling, and  
The cry of a porter instructing each to leave his berth  
Inform us that our train has reached the ford.  
Apprehensive we rise, leave the cars,  
And watch as one after another is swallowed  
By a Danish ferry. It is 1:15 in the morning.  
Cabins are provided for first-class passengers;  
For the rest, deck chairs on the second-floor lounge.  
I buy some chocolate and return below to observe  
A train engulfed by a boat, then to the deck  
To watch Rojbe Ferge disappear into the night.  
A curious detachment.
The journey is surreal: an island of flesh pitched
Against the stars of a moonless sky,
Suspended between black above and black below
And black on either side.
Dark waters give back the heaven's stars;
One detects neither sea nor shore, neither up nor down.
And on through the night the great ship plows her course,
Reaching toward the pole star, toward the city ahead.
Cigarettes and chocolate and
Black water off the curve of a bow.

One knows neither beginning nor ending to the time,
To the journey, to the water until,
Just at the edge of hope, the suddenness of the Nordic morning
Breaks bright ahead, scattering night and stars,
Dawn and port together, directly before the ship's prow.
And day's dawning and harbor's shelter unfold together
To receive simultaneously ship and train and doubting traveler.

X

THE SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY

"He sent his Word and healed them:
and delivered them from their destructions."

Gradual

"God! He changes water into wine!
I seen it done, y'know. Six jars it was
Of water. And I know it come out good because
The steward, when he drunk it, liked it fine . . . ."

Thy power manifest at Cana, Lord,
We celebrate this day with grateful hearts;
Renewed faith this sign to us imparts,
And the hope of Thy promise made of old.

For he will build again the ancient waste,
Comfort those who live in desolation,
Revive the faint with hope and consolation,
Raise to higher places those abased.
"Guide us," they said, "Jesus! he's for real!"
(Who changes water to wine may also heal.)
XI

THE THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPiphany

"and he said, 'Behold, now I know that there is no God in all the world, but in Israel.'"
2 Kings 5:15

One is always reassured by a winter birth;
In the dead of the year a new-born infant's cry
Still our darkest suspicions and gives the lie
To naked trees, blanched, cold earth.

This day in church before us cries a baby,
Witness to God's love; we recognize
Again the grace that's his, newly baptized
"In nomine Patris, et Fili, et Spiritus Sancti..."

So, too, no doubt, the leper at Capernaum,
Finding himself by Jesus' touch made whole,
Cleansed throughout in the waters of a new Jordan,
Revitalized in body and in soul,
Rushed first to the temple to offer thanks,
Then home to tell his friends the good news.

XII

THE FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER Epiphany

"Zion heard, and was glad..."
Introit

We are poured out, O Lord, Thy People new-
Cast from washed ash and sand, fired
In the fever of Thy will, purged, forged, inspired
With Thy fierce breath, O Lord, the touch that spews
Green and golden, WATER, Lord, upon
This earth, quickens, startles the dead pulse
Stung again to life, and draws all else
Hastening toward its Strength, its bright Redemption
Like gold and burning, red and gleaming wide
See in the Heavens Christ's streaming blood
Redeems the time, redeems the cords, the blood,
Our mortal house of clay, our mortal pride.
Poured out, renewed by heaven's high King,
Lips of clay eternal praises sing.
What's New in Nursing at Valparaiso University?

A COLLEGE AT VALPARAISO University maintains a student-teacher ratio of 8 to 1.

The academic environment of this college is most impressive in terms of modern teaching facilities.

Graduate success from the college is perfect with 100 per cent success in passing state board exams and finding employment.

The university justifiably takes great pride in these, the credentials of the College of Nursing. The credentials are indeed impressive. They have to be. The demands of the nursing profession and the special service to people in illness or near death call for such credentials.

But it was only after years of much organization and planning that the College of Nursing became a part of Valparaiso's academic offerings.

The program stemmed from the needs of the country and the aspirations of a concerned Christian university.

"We walked into a vacuum," explained President Emeritus O. P. Kretzmann, as he referred to the status of Valparaiso University during World War II. While a great portion of America's male population was overseas, the women were at home studying social work, education, and home economics. An increased national demand resulted in an urgent need for more nurses which brought forth a call for new nursing education programs.

"Nursing, for many years, was something that was the right thing to do," reminisced University Archivist Dr. Albert Scribner, then vice-president for business and finance. Two decades ago, Valparaiso tried to do that right thing and began its participation in nursing programs.

VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY'S initial involvement in nursing was
through the establishment of a co-operative program. In the 1950s the university was approached by the Lutheran hospital schools of nursing in Fort Wayne, St. Louis, and Cleveland, asking for educational assistance at their respective schools. Valparaiso agreed to participate and helped staff the schools in non-nursing subjects such as the sciences, theology, and English.

In the 1960s the situation in the country indicated a need for an academic major leading to a bachelor's degree in nursing. Professor of Nursing Elise Sprecher explained that the supply of nurses was still minimal; in fact, over this ten-year period the supply of nurses did not increase.

Dr. Kretzmann, then president, decided to explore the possibilities of establishing a four-year accredited nursing program. Before beginning structural organization of a college of nursing, he arranged for a committee, headed by Dr. A. G. Huegli, to study the university's potential for such a program.

Dr. Huegli, then Vice-President for Academic Affairs and now president of the University, and his investigating committee disclosed three important elements indicating the desirability of a nursing program at Valparaiso University:

1) Many of VU's female applicants had previously expressed a strong interest in the field of nursing.
2) Valparaiso had professional programs of engineering and law which were male-oriented professional programs to produce a more balanced curriculum.
3) A comprehensive nursing program would complement the high Christian ideals to which the university aspires.

The way had been paved for specific investigation into the establishment of a degree program in nursing.

To lay the groundwork of the program, knowledgeable people in the nursing field were consulted. Directors of other university nursing schools and various people working in the field of medicine helped to formulate initial plans by offering ideas and suggestions.

President Kretzmann felt that it was important to "get off on the right foot" with proper staff, faculty, and students since the nursing school idea was new to VU. He appointed a three-man group to investigate the specific areas of (a) curriculum, (b) professional standards, and (c) funding. Arthur Malasto, administrator of Porter Memorial Hospital; Dr. William Bloom, director of the co-operative program; and Dr. Scribner worked together to examine the possibilities and presented their findings to the VU Board of Directors. Following the recommendations of this committee, the Board voted to establish a college of nursing when funds became available.

ANY UNIVERSITY SCHOOL is bound to be more cohesive and successful with able leadership. Dr. Dorothy Smith, who had just completed a Ph.D. in sociology at Loyola University, was chosen to be dean.

A "dean without a college for a year," through 1967 and 1968, Dean Smith hand-picked a faculty. She also worked with a committee to establish an efficient curriculum.

During this time Dean Smith also secured necessary ties with local and regional health-care institutions. Canterbury Place Nursing Home and Porter Memorial Hospital, both in Valparaiso; Beatty Memorial Hospital in Westville; Gary Methodist Hospital; Northwest Indiana Home Health Service, Gary; Porter County Visiting Nurses Association; St. Anthony's Rest Home, Crown Point; and the Psychiatric Unit of St. Catherine's Hospital, Hammond, are the eight cooperating facilities. Student nurses receive clinical experience through these agencies.

Dean Smith's duties were only beginning. Upon Dr. Scribner's directive, the dean applied for a federal grant to supply building funds. In 1969, the University was awarded a matching grant of $470,000 under the stipulations that: (a) this money would be used solely for the construction of a nursing building, and (b) that the University would contribute $235,000 (one-third of the total cost).

A considerable portion of the University's share of the expense was received from the A. J. W. LeBien family of Indianapolis, for whom the nursing building was named. Additional funds were received from a Valparaiso community campaign.

Mr. Paul O. Tanck, a local architect, designed a building with large plate glass windows, and an atmosphere that is almost residential. Proximity to both the hospital and student residences makes the location of the building ideal. Upon entering LeBien Hall, one is drawn to a main lounge on the second level with its comfortable furniture, television, and wall-to-wall carpeting. This area is often the showroom of many exhibits by student and faculty artists and a place for impromptu, between-class gatherings.

Other parts of the nursing headquarters reveal a large lecture-demonstration classroom, a multipurpose laboratory room, seminar rooms, and administrative offices. Television monitors are present in all the classrooms. These modern facilities and the actual clinical equipment provide a strong professional atmosphere for a strenuous academic program.

All of this time spent investigating, researching, planning, and building was incidental until the nursing college's most vital element arrived on campus—the students themselves. They would be the decisive factor in the success or failure of the college.

THE FIRST CLASS OF NURSING students was accepted in 1968 and graduated in 1972. Two years later, the number of graduates was substantial enough to warrant application for accreditation by the National League of Nursing. After intensive examination of faculty,
different from other nursing schools. Such accreditation has proved to be a valuable asset to the VU nursing graduate when applying for employment or graduate study. Nursing students carry a heavy load of classes throughout their four years at VU. The curriculum is different from other nursing schools in that it includes liberal arts studies along with the actual nursing courses.

During the freshman year, the student takes only liberal arts and other non-nursing classes. At this point, the student is not actually enrolled in the College of Nursing. A minimum scholastic average of 2.0 (on a 4.0 scale) at the end of the freshman year is necessary for admission into the college.

Admission to the College of Nursing is highly competitive since more students apply than the school can accommodate; Dean Smith states that there is an overload of applicants. Those who qualify for the program take their first nursing courses in the sophomore year. These courses are clinical and theoretical. Six hours of clinical experience per week are included as well as classes in pathophysiology, pharmacology, and introduction to clinical nursing.

The junior and senior years are virtually void of any liberal arts courses. The student nurse spends most of this time on the hospital floor or in labs. Clinical experience hours increase to sixteen in the junior year and eighteen as a senior. A theology course, one elective course, and Human Environmental Biology are the only non-nursing courses available to the student in the last two years of study.

This type of academic preparation is different from the College of Arts and Sciences and other programs on campus. A liberal arts student must complete at least forty credits in his major field during his four years. In contrast, nursing students must obtain a minimum of fifty-eight credits during their three years in the program. This specific work load and intense time allotment results in what Dean Smith calls a "respectable and respected" program.

The low student-professor ratio is another characteristic which makes the nursing school somewhat different from others. Nursing students are carefully watched and guided when they begin working with technical equipment and hospitalized or institutionalized human beings.

IN VIEWING THE COLLEGE of Nursing as a whole, the school has integrated smoothly into Valparaiso University. With the establishment of a nursing school the University intends to continue to promote the Christian ideal of the university. Dr. Kretzmann and Dr. Huegli feel that the nursing school adds greatly to the "total picture with which we confront the world."

The vast expanse of knowledge and material encompassed in the field of nursing creates natural ties with the liberal arts and other areas. "Nursing as a highly scientific field integrates the five disciplines of physical science, chemistry, anatomy and physiology, behavioral sciences, and bacteriology," commented Professor Sprecher. "All this has to do with the care of a single person," she emphasized.

In line with this, a nursing program such as VU's goes beyond training people to be staff nurses in hospitals. Many graduates go on to positions in nursing administration, public health nursing, and other areas of specialization. Graduates from two-year hospital school programs generally cannot qualify for such positions.

But, it is not graduation Sunday and go to work Monday. State board exams need to be passed before a nursing graduate may begin working. President Huegli pointed out that many of Valparaiso's nurse graduates have received very high scores on their state boards. Out of three classes, only one graduate found it necessary to take the test a second time.

Many college graduates are plagued by job refusals and closed doors. However, as during World War II, the demand for nurses exceeds the supply. In most cases, the graduate can even choose the location of employment. Despite the success of the graduates, Valparaiso University's nursing program is not universally liked by its students. One reason for this is the intensity of the program; the hours are long and the work is difficult. Certain courses are seen as being unnecessarily strenuous and, in some cases, alter the students' views about nursing.

Another reason for some displeasure with the program is the "sudden shock" aspect. Theory and technique learned in the classroom are often experienced quite differently when the student reaches actual clinical settings.

Along with this, many students do not know what they are getting into when applying to nursing school. Having an interest in the program or being impressed by the school is not enough for success. The nursing student must have a strong will to succeed. Frequently, the students do not realize the complexity or intensity of nursing until they enter the program and then, according to Prof. Sprecher, they "receive a real jolt because they have to work hard."

Not surprisingly, the nursing school has a high dropout rate (roughly one-third over four years) compared to the rest of the university. Dean Smith qualifies this by adding that the figure is rather low when compared to the attrition rate of nursing students throughout the country.

Professor of Nursing Suzanne Whitehead could not attribute the dropout rate to any one factor, even...
that of mental stress. However, she did believe that many students do not realize the scope of the work involved in the program.

Displeasing as it may sometimes be for the student nurse, the Valpo nursing program does work, its graduates indicate. As one graduate nurse pointed out, “I was not happy when I was in the program, but now that I am out, many of the things I was taught, and the way they were taught, make a lot more sense.”

VU’s program began at an opportune time in history and its value to society has not diminished since its founding.

HAROLD H. DITMANSON

VALUE-CENTERED EDUCATION: THE NEW MANDATE

I HAVE NOT BEEN ABLE TO escape the feeling that the magnitude of this topic is simply overwhelming. Einstein once said: “The trouble with chemists is that chemistry is too hard for them.” I have always thought that about theology and theologians and now I feel that way about educators and value-centered education. We either rush to oversimplify the problem and come up with easy but trivial answers, or we are paralyzed by the difficulty of the topic and come to share the fate of the poor creature described in Mother Goose:

The centipede was happy quite Until the frog for fun Asked: “Pray, which leg goes after which?”

This worked his mind to such a pitch, He lay distracted in the ditch Considering how to run.

Despite long service at a college which has an explicit statement of moral goals in its catalog, and several years of experience as a teacher of ethics, I still feel unprepared to speak with any assurance on such a lofty theme. We know, however, that “fools rush in where angels fear to tread.” This much, of course, can usually be said for the fools—that the way is open and there is plenty of room. This is not to say that in the case of the present topic the space is completely empty. Many others—neither fools nor angels—have rushed in. So many have done so that the title of this address is a curious one: “Value-Centered Education: The New Mandate.” Is it, in fact, a new mandate?

Let me point out that the answer to that question is, as usual, both Yes and No, and then go on to make some comments on the rationale for value-centered education, the nature of value-centered education, procedures and problems related to value-centered education, and the bearing of Christian faith on all this.

The mandate to engage in value-centered education is certainly not a new one. The questions and topics being discussed at this conference were given classic formulation by Plato. Meno’s question to Socrates concerning the nature of virtue is also our question: “Can you tell me, Socrates, whether virtue is acquired by teaching or by practice; or if neither by teaching nor by

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bulk of human history this transmission occurred informally. . . . When societies became complex, schooling was formalized; places and hours were prescribed for learning and designated individuals commissioned to teach. . . . The road from the caves of the Neander Valley to the log schoolhouses of the Massachusetts Bay Colony is a long one, but the basic function of education does not change. Education remains the means of transmitting to the oncoming generation the internal equipment the adult generation deems indispensable for effective living.1

In the past it has always been assumed that this equipment includes values as well as skills. Although the concept of value can call forth the most subtle analysis and be the subject of much disagreement, we cannot at this point unequivocally assert that the word "value" designates the quality of things in virtue of which they are desired or prized, considered to be worthy or important. The term "value" is rather broad and has come to include the motives, intentions, and character traits of persons, as well as objects, processes, capabilities, and experiences of all sorts. The common thread that binds together all usages of "value" is that the needs of persons call for valuable objects for their fulfillment. We have values because we have purposes we wish to realize. We are not neutral towards these purposes and their realization. We care about the outcomes, we have strong interests and firm convictions. Thus, education is an intrinsically moral enterprise, since "moral" refers to purposeful conduct based on consideration of values.

We can return, then, to the point that in the past it has always been assumed that the internal equipment needed for effective living includes values as well as skills. This is obviously true in simple societies: studies of primitive societies show that moral instruction is its core. But in civilization, too, education has sought to impart values as well as skills. Plato thought the essence of education is the training of character. Aristotle says its aim is to make the pupil like and dislike what he ought.

Wherever we look in the past we find education furthering the norms of its culture. On the wave of the nationalism which swept Europe in the late eighteenth century, Prussia built a system of schools designed through stress on history, geography, and the German language to foster feelings of unity and pride in country. And English "public" schools are proverbial in instilling a lifelong ethos or attitude. . . . Judging from the past, what people really believed has been more clearly revealed in what they have taught their children than in their public professions.2

IN NINETEENTH CENTURY America, the founders of small liberal arts colleges always stressed moral values as one of the finest fruits of their educational program. The secular and pluralistic shape of American society has not, however, restricted concern for values to church colleges and parochial schools. Public schools seem no less interested in moral development. Certainly those that have been influenced by Dewey's philosophy have put such values as honesty, responsibility, respect for the individual, the spirit of co-operation, and the brotherhood of man at the heart of education's endeavor. In 1918, a committee of the National Education Association listed worthy home membership, worthy use of leisure, and ethical character as three of the seven normative goals of American high schools.

When we turn to higher education, we can see that it also has values to which it is deeply committed. Huston Smith contends, however, that the values of American higher education are specialized.

They do not purport to speak to the range of man's value needs, but to one sector only. Catalogue statements often imply the contrary, but the truth is that with the exception of schools that are genuinely and not just nominally church-related, the American college today does not see it as its task to further human virtues as a whole. It restricts its responsibility to intellectual virtues. . . . These center in an intellectual attitude which can be described, simply, by saying it finds the mind's progressive disclosures of life and the world exciting as well as profitable." This intellectual attitude embraces as virtues intellectual honesty, breadth of knowledge, methodological competence, and aesthetic sensitivity. These values entail other values as supports, such as diligence, moral honesty, and academic freedom.

But this is as far as we can go. Public relations statements may profess the college's concern to develop moral character, citizenship, or spiritual growth, and certainly many instructors as individuals conceive their mission partly in these realms. But the general feeling among faculties is that virtues of this sort are not the responsibility of the college as an institution.3

Lewis Mayhew also takes note of much activity among educators in the values area, but concludes that scattered experiments and surveys of evidence about value-change leave the whole topic in a state of uncertainty. An active concern for values, therefore, is still a lonely quest. Those who have embarked upon it have been plagued, as have most teachers in the West, with a faith in values as determiners of human action and with a fear of inflicting their own values on other


2. Quoted in ibid., p. 3.

3. Ibid., pp. 6-7.
people. As they have attempted to teach courses containing value content, they worry lest their motives be misunderstood and lest they violate certain American "axioms."

They hear opposing voices saying several things. There are those who say that morality is intimately related to religion and therefore the school should also bar morality from the school, or it at least requires that the school be neutral. They hear others who come to the same conclusion by claiming that diversity of moral belief and practice is part of the pluralism which our society guarantees. It is said that the schools cannot engage in moral education without practising discrimination.\(^4\)

At a more sophisticated level, voices are heard proclaiming some relatively recent doctrines: the socio-economic determinism of moral values, legal positivism, the radical separation of "facts" and "values" (or "is" and "ought"), and the irrationality of moral decisions.

Huston Smith comments clearly and eloquently on some of the forces that inhibit the progress of value-centered education. There is the belief that all values are relative. Anthropology's doctrine of cultural relativism, philosophy's emotive theory of value, psychology's discoveries about conditioning, and existentialism's thesis that existence precedes essence have combined to create an impression in the academic mind that values are arbitrary in the sense of there being no universally valid standards by which to judge better from worse. Such a view reduces the urgency of value instruction, for there is no ultimate respect in which the values to be imparted can be regarded as an improvement on those they replace.


There is the cult of objectivity. History and everyday experience are replete with cases in which men's preferences distort their view of the facts. It seems, then, that truth and value are opposed. . . . And since the discovery and transmission of truth are education's commission, the less education gets entangled with preferences and emotion and the other soupy concomitants that values always drip with, the better it will be able to perform its appointed task.

There is the division of labor concept.

It does not deny the importance of values nor the need for their special nurture; it merely doubts that the place for such nurture is in the college. . . . Complex societies are possible only where there is division of institutional function, and in our society home and church look after moral values and the school after intellectual ones.

There is the insistence upon respect for autonomy.

From dictatorships to the advertising agency our times are witnessing mass onslaughts upon the individual, all aimed at trying to make him over from the outside into something other than he would have become on his own. Can not one corner of this crowded world be relieved of such pushy aims? Grant that left to shape their own values some students will emerge worse than if they had received more direction. But such casualties are small compared with the loss of freedom, individuality, autonomy, and subjective selfhood which must result from attempts to inject standardized values, however noble, into students by means of behavioral engineering.\(^5\)

\(^5\) Smith, pp. 6-7.

THE EVIDENCE FROM ALL of American higher education shows that people do care about values. But it also shows grave uncertainty as to what values are, how they should be handled, and what responsibility teachers have for them.

Father Hesburgh of Notre Dame, writing in the Rockefeller Foundation News, makes a characteristically strong statement. He refers to the stress on moral values in the nineteenth century and then asserts: "I believe it to be a fairly obvious fact we have come full circle in our secularized times. Today one hears all too little of intellectual values, and moral values seem to have become a lost cause in the educational process. I know of educators of some renown who in effect tell their students, 'We don't care what you do around here as long as you do it quietly, avoid blatant scandal, and don't give the school a bad name.'"

Father Hesburgh believes that part of this attitude is an over-reaction to "in loco parentis," which goes from eschewing responsibility for students' lives to just not caring how they live. It is assumed that how students live has no relation to their education, which is solely an intellectual process. Those who espouse this view would not necessarily deny that values are important in life; they just do not think that they form part of higher education, if indeed they can be taught at all. Father Hesburgh concludes that moral abdication or valuelessness seems to have become a sign of the times. One might well describe the illness of modern society and its schooling as "anomie," a rootlessness. Needless to say, he does not consider this to be progress.

Whether or not one believed Hesburgh's analysis to be over-simplified, there could be fairly wide agreement that the recession from value-centered education is unfortunate. In saying why it is unfortunate, we begin to offer a rationale for the enterprise. In sketching out such a rationale, we can note a number of reasons for rehabilitating the notion and proceeding unapologetically with the practice. Some reasons are
negative and involve questioning the validity of the objections to value-centered education. Other reasons are positive and involve the recommendation of value-centered education as necessary and legitimate.

TURNING FIRST TO REASONS given for opposing value-centered education, we can benefit once again from observing Huston Smith's responses to the objections he has identified. With respect to the claims of value relativism, it can be said that the popular notion of it has come in for some rough treatment. Sound contemporary knowledge does not support unequivocally the simple notion that one thing is as good as another. Insofar as anthropology is thought to point to this notion, it must be said that the discipline has not come to rest in a perception of radical cultural variety. Sifting through cultural differences, anthropologists seem now to be uncovering a significant core of universals. It appears that some moral principles are universal because universal conditions of human living give rise to them. At Yale University the records of a few hundred societies have been gone over to find what seems always to occur in human living. The rough analysis has yielded at least seventy-five elements common to all known cultures. Students sometimes gain the impression from psychology that human life is determined. But the balance of psychologists see determinism as an important methodological hypothesis rather than a proven fact. In philosophy, the positivistic contention that value is irrational and what is rational is not value but fact is on the defensive. Thus, frontier work in these disciplines does not point to unqualified value relativism.

With respect to the cult of objectivity it can be said that as the determination to keep personal bias from distorting truth, objectivity is invaluable to the intellectual quest. But it is not the case that values necessarily distort. Some fields require empathy and allied qualities for understanding. Even where values are not essential to vision, and can obstruct it, they need not do so. It is not true that teachers who have the weakest commitments see things most clearly. What education needs is teachers who have the sense to see where convictions are likely to refract the truth and will take pains in such cases to try to compensate for their refraction.

With respect to the division of labor concept, it can be said to those who propose that schools attend to ideas, and home, church, and fraternities look after values, that to be healthy a culture must be whole. No important agency of culture can afford to look at whole persons from a partial perspective. Moreover, it is not the case that in order to be concerned for values, teachers must subtract time and attention from subject matter. Many know from experience that the teachers who did most for our values did most for our understanding as well.

Finally, the claim that respect must be shown for the student's autonomy cannot mean that we should try not to influence students at all. Where then is the line between legitimate influence and indoctrination? The point of division can only be in terms of the worth of the influence to the student himself. If the values conveyed increase the student's usefulness to the teacher, the economy, or the state primarily, and if free discussion is restricted and relevant data proscribed, the student has been indoctrinated. But if there really are values which are indispensable to the well-being of the student himself, his autonomy will be infringed if these are denied, not if they are supplied. Not to care about imparting such values is not to care about students. Teachers may hesitate to influence student values, but there are other agents in society that have no trace of their squeamishness. True values do exist, and not to help our students discover them is to leave them prey to false ones.

When we turn to the positive reasons for engaging in value-centered education, there are some important affirmations to be made. One can begin by arguing that every human being needs goals and principles by which to direct his life and shape his conduct. To be a person in any satisfactory sense is to have a characteristic way of life. The need for a clear set of values holds for societies as well as for individuals. Philip Phenix argues:

Social groups have ideals and regulations that comprise their reason for existence and their basis for effective activity. Societies, like individuals, deteriorate when the characteristic patterns of group life are no longer understood or accepted. The need for goals in individual and social life sets a clear task for education. The most important product of education is a constructive, consistent, and compelling system of values around which personal and social life may be organized.

Without such a coherent way of life, individuals and societies will head toward under-achievement or disaster. To be without any criteria by which to decide, to be totally at sea with respect to values, continuously and acutely in doubt as to what is better or worse, is intolerable. Huston Smith suggests an analogy:

Suppose a man to be seated before a panel of ten thousand buttons of varying shapes and colors. He discovers that some when pressed work harm to him and his companions while others bring them joy. If he has to press one each minute, will not his anxiety mount to desperation if he can find no pattern by which to distinguish beneficent but-

It is life's resemblance to such a setup that leads psychologists to assert the necessity of a firm value structure for human well-being.  

THE TEACHING OF VALUES, then, is a fundamental obligation of educators. All special knowledge and skill derive meaning from the breadth and depth to allow for the scheme of values, ideals, or life goals which are mediated through the materials and the manner of instruction.

It is obvious that the very existence of a curriculum implies the value of knowledge and the shape of the curriculum places a high value upon knowledge in sufficient breadth and depth to allow for the development of wholeness and competence in the student. Through the principle of distribution, the liberal arts curriculum aims at producing a breadth of understanding that contributes to personal wholeness and offers some protection against the kinds of ignorance which we call provincialism and prejudice. Through the principle of concentration, this curriculum aims at developing sufficient competence in a given field so that a student can enjoy the experience of craftsmanship and society can have some protection against bungling and mismanagement. It is not necessary to dwell upon these central values. We can assume that knowledge is better than ignorance, wholeness is better than incompleteness, and competence is better than incompetence, just as health is better than illness, and peace is better than war. The several sub-divisions of the curriculum imply a whole series of values either as the prerequisites or as the consequences of knowledge.

It is not mere alarmism to contend that rapid social change, the knowledge explosion, and the complex mechanisms of modern civilization have caused pervasive unsettlement with respect to values. The crisis in values grows partly from the impact of change and partly from confusion and self-centeredness. Neither expanded facilities nor increased specialization will solve the problem that education faces. The answer lies in focussing education upon values. Brian Crittenden points out that since the Second World War there have been important changes in attitude, which create a more favorable atmosphere for value-centered education. For example, Nazi leaders were condemned for "crimes against humanity"; the Civil Rights movement has defended its claims and actions in moral terms; moral reasons, specifically distinguished from legal, military, and other considerations, have been cited constantly in the protest against the war in Vietnam; in part the student revolt is a criticism of the universities' insensitivity to moral values; intellectuals have been urging their colleagues to accept their moral responsibility in society. Need I add to this list the Watergate calamity and the breadth and depth of the moral discussion that has ensued?

Suppose the mandate for value-centered education were clear—as I think it is. Where would we expect to find it in the operations of a private liberal arts church-related college or university? I will mention three or four levels or loci of value-centered education. But there are two characteristics of the term "value" I should point to before going on to that. First, we should work with a two-level notion of value. We want to use the term in a broader and in a narrower sense. In the narrower sense, we think of "values" —a list of distinguishable values or virtues: life, health, pleasure, truth, beauty, justice, honesty, gratitude, courage, freedom, peace, honor, etc. In the broader sense, we want to avoid defining morality too narrowly or atomistically. John Dewey was right when he insisted that morality has a very wide significance, going beyond the delineation of a few choice behaviors or virtues. He objected to the association or moral instruction with teaching about particular virtues. He wrote: "Ultimate moral forces and motives are nothing more or less than social intelligence and social power at work in the service of social interests and aims. There is no fact which throws light upon the constitution of society, there is no power whose training adds to social resourcefulness that is not moral." He resisted the separation of intellectual and moral training, as though the acquisition of knowledge had nothing to do with character development.

He wanted to combine theory and practice, intellect and will. In fact, he wanted to see the entire thrust of the school as moral or value-laden in the sense that it had a single, over-all style, aim, or direction which embraced and used all the particular virtues and values for the sake of human well-being.

The second aspect of value I want to point to is the implication that to hold a value in the true sense means that one aims at changing behavior. The peculiar and unique job of value-centered education is not only to get people to think in a certain way, or to increase their facility for "doing ethics," but to get them to act in the light of what they think. A moral educator is primarily concerned with helping to bring people to the position where they are committed to acting morally. This assumes that we avoid making too radical a distinction between thought and action, between the so-called cognitive and emotive aspects of morality.

college as an institution is a locus of value-instruction. The determination of a college to pursue definite aims and objectives gives it a moral strength and quality it can possess in no other way. The element of intentionality—a value-laden intentionality—gives direction to the evolution of the many strategies the college uses and abandons in the pursuit of the goals that flow out of its identity.

A second locus of value-centered education is, of course, the curriculum. There are countless descriptions of the value-outcomes of exposure to any curriculum. Let me suggest what I see as I ponder the graduation requirements of many of our schools. Granted suitable effort on the part of faculty and students, the liberally educated person will be able to read with comprehension and with respect for the meanings of words; he will be able to write in a clear and coherent manner; he will have an understanding of the nature and forms of religion, as a massive phenomenon in history and as a deeply personal relation to God; he will have an opportunity to maintain physical fitness, to learn the art of play, and to participate in sports; he will enjoy the benefits of knowing some language other than his own. He will understand something of the long development of civilizations and institutions; he will learn to ask profound questions about reality and man and will insist upon clarity in thought and language; he will understand the forms of social and political structure and the mechanism of the economic order; he will know something of the growth of personality and the dynamics of interpersonal relationships; he will understand the basic nature of the physical world or some part of it and the methods by which nature is studied; through coaching in esthetic understanding, he will develop an appreciation for the creative powers of the human mind and spirit as found in the works of art and music and literature. All of these capacities and experiences are values since they have the power to fulfill the needs of persons and are desirable for that reason.

In addition to the college itself, and the curriculum as a whole, courses in ethics offered in departments of Religion or Philosophy or in other fields that yield interdisciplinary studies in bio-medical ethics, environmental ethics, law and morality, and many other options, are another level of value-centered education. Perhaps our discussion at this conference will focus on the aims and methods of such courses.

Still another means of pursuing value-centered education is the special program, designed to cut across departmental lines so as to highlight certain crucial public issues. Such a program might well reach out to include more than interdisciplinary courses. It could embrace symposia, conferences, and units of continuing education. At St. Olaf College a committee is currently planning a Values Institute. Perhaps we can exchange information about such innovations.

Several years ago, Lewis Mayhew collected data from faculty groups across the country about approaches to value-instruction. He analyzed the responses and suggested five basic approaches. Condensed, paraphrased, and with some labels supplied, his line of thought runs like this. The first theory could be called the value neutrality approach. It does not attempt to define values, attitudes, or beliefs, but holds that they are all-important determiners of behavior. Such elements, however, are so complicated by a particular person's life history that no teacher should presume to teach for or against any one of them.

A second theory focuses on inculcation of the critical method. It holds that the school has fulfilled its highest obligations when it has forced students to use the powers of intellect to examine all available evidence, to ponder it, and finally to reach a personally acceptable solution to a situation involving value choices. This thesis argues that the primary, perhaps even the only, responsibility of the school is to teach people the application of skills of critical thought in many different situations. The procedures are essentially the same whether the substance be in the area of mathematics, history, or physics. A clear implication of this point of view is that there is really no need for a special college course on values.

A third approach, somewhat allied to the second, seeks broad exposure to the subject matter of the curriculum. It holds that the substance of values and value choices are best studied as indirect outcomes of definite bodies of subject matter. This is probably the most frequent solution to the values problem to be found in American education. There is no direct inculcation of values, nor is there special emphasis on the method of critical thinking. There is concern for values, but it is assumed that students' decisions on such matters result from acquisition of substantive materials in the courses. This theory is involved in the "great books" approach. In studying how the classic thinkers of the West have handled value-laden conflicts, students will learn to resolve their own value choices. This is said to be a reassuring kind of thesis for those charged with the curriculum. All one needs to do is to find significant course content and organize it in ways most likely to facilitate learning. Once this is done the problems of student values take care of themselves. One does not even have to decide which values are important. They are automatically important if they arise from important subject matter.

A fourth method of handling values is by direct indoctrination. Some matters are judged so important to some college teachers and administrators that they cannot be left to chance. One can support this approach by saying that if one in good conscience gradually evolves a conception of reality which makes sense and seems to account for all of the evidence, one is drawn to persuading others to accept this same view. Parents do it constantly and with

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few, if any, feelings of guilt over possibly misinforming or misdirecting their children. There are important collegiate institutions which deliberately teach for specific values because these values are thought to be important.

A fifth approach, which we can call affective appeal, puts a question against all the others by its fundamental assumption. It holds that simple exhortation, learning of particular subject matter or even highly developed skills of thinking, have very little effect on the values students come to affirm. The belief that cognition is not effective in value-instruction is supported by a fairly comprehensive literature which suggests that changes in attitude do not seem to be related to increases in knowledge. Some have speculated that if real changes in value patterns are to be accomplished, more intensive and subtle techniques must be used which involve either appealing to the subconscious or attempts at behavior modification. Student attitudes regarding minority groups, for example, have been found to change as a result of playing roles of minority group members in conflict situations. What seems to happen is that students suddenly feel or register what it is like to be a member of such a group. Exhortation, incultation, exposure, or indoctrination of a primarily cognitive sort seems to have nothing to do with the result. But value changes occur when students are presented with films, dramatic exercises, or literature in which they vicariously experience conflict.

We recall that Aristotle claimed there are two spheres, the moral and the intellectual, and that learning by doing is the only real method in the moral sphere. His view is supported by many contemporary students of educational psychology, such as Lawrence Kohlberg and Justin Aronfreed. If analysis and discussion—our standard instructional methods—are as ineffective as these scholars claim, then we face many disturbing questions about the techniques and procedures to be used in value-centered education.

How can value-education be made not only conceptually illuminating, but psychologically meaningful? How to engage the imagination? How to develop sensitivity? Can values be taught, or caught, apart from continual conflict-problems? Can literature be used more effectively to enable students to project themselves into the rich hypothetical world of the imagination, a world in which they can experience the pull of contending values?

I HAVE POSTPONED UNTIL now a problem that is inescapable for any value-committed, non-neutral school, a school that seeks definite goals which are appropriate to its own faith-stance. Can distinctive values, held by a minority, be validly pursued by a school that respects the canons of academic integrity and fair-mindedness? Should such a school strive to maintain a value-neutral position rather than admit to operating with a bias?

Daniel Callahan, writing in the symposium Identity Crisis in Higher Education, speaks to this issue. He describes the way in which the dichotomy between "facts" and "values" is deeply imbedded in the American university. It is thought to reflect the way reality is:

We choose our values, but not our facts. Facts are outside us, while values are inside. . . . This distinction is thought to have a valid institutional, political use. In a pluralistic society, and in its universities, basic disagreements . . . are bound to occur. While civility and mutual tolerance are some help in keeping people from each other's throats, the fact-value distinction is even more serviceable. By means of this distinction it is thought to provide a solid ground for the coexistence of people with very different per-

pectsives on life. All they must do is accept the fact-value distinction and scrupulously apply it in their professional-academic life. Thus they are to seek and tell the truth about facts, being carefully detached and impartial, always distinguishing between a fact and a value.

Callahan comments on this position:

Behind this reasoning is the assumption that the university can create a neutral framework for the pursuit of facts and the espousal of value; most universities of any prestige believe they have done so. The neutrality supposedly does not commit the university to any particular ideology, set of facts, or theory of facts; it allows unrestricted inquiry into any and all facts and allows the expression of personal values so long as these do not interfere with "unbiased" teaching and research.

Callahan objects to this assumption:

It is only when the neutrality of this framework is measured against the broader, nonacademic society as a whole that its inherent biases begin to manifest themselves. The predominance of one race (white) and of one class (middle) means that the facts sought are those which interest that race and class; the facts which would interest those not represented are scanted. Moreover, the values espoused are values which contribute to the welfare of the dominant group. . . . The neutrality . . . also forestalled any possibility of the university bringing about substantive changes in the society. For universities are owned by that society, . . . and admit within the sphere of neutrality only what the society will tolerate under the rubric of free speech and investigation. . . .

In a society which systematically evades its social responsibilities, the existence of important
institutions which are neutral merely encourages individuals to be neutral—which usually means ignoring the problems.

If then, as Callahan suggests, we give up this pretense of neutrality, what ground rules will provide the basis for an institutional-political consensus? Following Callahan's thoughtful analysis a bit further, he labels as sheer illusion the alternative that every professor... be free to express his own values as vigorously as possible, just so long as he labels them as his values and is fair to other positions.

This proposal keeps alive the fact-value distinction, and in so doing simply perpetuates the old error. Moreover, what is considered fair will be (usually) nothing more than a reflection of local mores... Twenty years ago it was not felt unfair that the American Negro received short shrift in American history courses; it was believed that there was not enough Negro history of merit to be dealt with or acknowledged. A basis for procedural consensus is needed, but the fact-value distinction does not provide it.

Callahan asks what can be put in the place of the fact-value distinction as a means for achieving a procedural consensus. He replies:

I do not believe that anything specific need be substituted. The questions to be asked of the work of a teacher-scholar are not whether he observes the fact-value distinction but whether he has regard for the work and talent of others, respecting their rights and their needs; whether he is making some contribution to the academic community or the outside community, or both; and whether what he does with his students is of some use in their lives... Whatever norms are developed will be a function of what particular academic communities are trying to do, the kinds of students they have, and the special strengths and interest of particular faculty members.

THE SOLUTION CALLAHAN offers is helpful, but I am doubtful whether it can solve the problem of establishing a consensus that will either eliminate bias or succeed in placing divergent ideologies and procedures under a sufficiently wide umbrella to reduce tension and conflict with respect to values. Callahan's solution does deal with co-existence within institutions, but not with the co-existence of institutions possessing diverse value-commitments within a pluralistic society. Given the facts of human nature and of our American situation, I do not see how any school can avoid admitting its biases, its partiality, its incompleteness.

The fact is that there is no consensus beyond partially effective institutional ground rules, and it is doubtful if there will ever be one again, short of the artificial consensus created by a tyranny or by brain-washing. In the long sweep of U.S. history, it is dissent and not conformity that has characterized most decades. The Depression, World War II, and the cold war were all shattering crises that temporarily created a spirit of national consensus and obscured the tensions within the society. "Now," says Daniel Bell, "the historic tendency of the culture is reasserting itself." For much of the future, this country is likely to be an increasingly fractious and polarized society. It is a kind of false nostalgia to look upon consensus as being normative. We will have to learn to live without consensus. It follows that for the foreseeable future, our response to sharp diversity and full-blown pluralism can only be to accept pluralism. Yet pluralism actually legitimizes institutional individuality. If we have given up the dream of finding an overarching religious or metaphysical or intellectual community, then we can proceed to follow our own convictions in a responsible manner as partners in a social coalition that does still hold together in some loose way.

This seems to imply that different schools will represent different biases; no one school will pretend to be universal or fully representative. Perhaps a type of consensus can be based on a capacity to be relaxed about one's identity in the presence of diversity. The present mood in America encourages schools that set special goals and serve special constituencies to perfect their own separate institutional personalities. This is what we must do if we are to pursue value-centered education of a distinctive kind.

It is doubtful whether we should set ourselves to pursue or to teach distinctively "Lutheran" values. Over four centuries and several continents, countless Lutherans have endorsed many values. But these values have been no more "Lutheran" than have the eating habits, architecture, clothing, and political loyalties of their adherents. Any moral tradition is thoroughly composite, just as any theology is highly eclectic. The moral values espoused by Lutheran individuals or groups at any particular place and time have reflected historical, political, economic, psychological, and sociological circumstances. Christian ethics and theology are ongoing and unfinished conversations between the church and the world. They can never achieve final or self-consistent shape. Thus, a value is not a "Lutheran value" just because some Lutherans affirm it or even attempt to impose it on others.

Must the same be said about "Christian" values? I think so. I would want to argue that there is no special "Christian ethic" that Christians are to imprint on the world. There is only one kind of ethics or ethical posture for the Christian. It commands that fair, helpful, or generous actions should be determined only by the needs of our neighbors. Such morally constructive actions cannot be uniquely Christian since human needs have always existed and will always exist...
whether Christians are present or not. The actions that satisfy the real needs of men are not changed in character or aim because they are done by a Christian. These are the deeds that every man, Christian or non-Christian, ought to do for the sake of his neighbor. Since all men need basically the same things, the Christian is not commanded to perform moral actions other than those that every man ought to do for his neighbor.

I would not for a moment wish to discount such distinctively Christian elements as the creative and redemptive will of God, the model of obedience found in Jesus Christ, the priestly and prophetic functions of the church, and the hope of ultimate fulfillment. These beliefs have much to do with one's disposition toward the world, with the cultivation of those qualities of life that make for morally fruitful action, and with the enjoyment of certain satisfactions. But I do not think that a straight line can be drawn from such beliefs and attitudes to a special set of "Christian" values.

In the light of the biblical doctrine of the grace of God and the Reformation insight that deeds of love are to have the needs of the neighbor as their sole motivation, it can be said that questions which have to do with daily bread and freedom, with education and conservation, with honesty and fair play, with consideration and generosity, are human problems, not Christian problems. But just because they are human problems, they are of endless and costly concern to Christian people. To paraphrase Alexander Miller: as we work out our obligation in society, there is no peculiar form of Christian duty, but rather a peculiar Christian urgency to do our human duty well. Our human duty is summed up in justice and justice in turn is broadly recognized as equality. Christian ethics, then, is the ethics of justice, achieved in the spirit of love. Christians therefore acknowledge with gratitude the works of justice and love done by non-Christians. At the practical level, Christians expect to find their allies not on the basis of a common religious creed, but among men who love justice and who can agree about what best serves justice in a present and particular case.

"Value-centered education: the new mandate." It is a mandate to be courageous, hopeful, clear-headed, and unapologetic in our efforts to assist our students to see and to do their human duty as well as they can, deriving a sense of urgency from the self-sacrificial grace of God incarnate in the total career of Jesus Christ our Lord.

WHEN I DIE

when i die
hang my effigy on top of the hempstead waterworks
until it molds like a wet candycane
dropped by some spoiled child with rotten teeth
and hand out flyers
with an 8 x 10 glossy of me in my favorite bikini
advertising the sale of my diary
to the highest bidder
until it becomes a part of every litter
in every national park
and city gutter

IRIS COLE
I WANT TO SING MY LOVE

I want to sing my love
songs, I want to give
my love with the wild dancing
of spruce hurt by the sparciks
in the wind.
I wait as a tongueless lily to bare my fragrant bell
I am tenacious as a doe's fluent eyes
I am fierce as a single white moth in the lamplight
I
(my caught voice spinning fragile toppling tales
I want to sing my love)

DANCES

dances
there will be dances, you and I,
we and us, intricate, raucous,
stately, bawdy, between us
the world, around us
the world
i am drunk on dreams now
i've been to a dance
where the bodies were human, poetic,
they made metaphors, they remembered
me of us
dancing
will we dance
i do sometimes with my little sister or
when i am by myself, testing
my muscles, teaching them
to feel,
dancing,
to feel dancing
i want a body like that
for you
a dancing body
a lithe, slim, supple, young, and
maidenly
body
dancing
chastely, and openly,
with you,
pas de deo. . . .

JOAN LUNDGREN

December, 1974/January, 1975
THE WORLD confronts man with a multitude of appearances; appearances abounding with reflections, transparencies, and movements. The photographic medium, through its many processes, allows "objective" recordings as well as subjective interpretations of those appearances.

EXPERIMENTAL IMAGES

Recent work by Valparaiso University photography students.


In the images here reproduced, "objective" photographic appearances are so presented that they become subordinate to the artist's intuition of beauty, mystery, and even of fanciful delight.

George Strimbu is assistant professor of art at Valparaiso University where he teaches photography.

THE WRITER AS PAINTER

Whatever form the writer chooses, he must build upon the concept of exposition, climax, and resolution, even though the sequence of a beginning, a middle, and an end is no longer strictly adhered to. The painter's imagery, visually conditioned, is contained on a place, comparable to a lake framed by a landscape.

IN CONTRAST TO THE painter, the writer envisions images which do not remain caught pictorially within a frame. Their scope is broad and unlimited in space and time, dependent only on the preconceived structure and the flow of the narrative. Whatever form the writer chooses, he must build upon the concept of exposition, climax, and resolution, even though the sequence of a beginning, a middle, and an end is no longer strictly adhered to. The painter's imagery, visually conditioned, is contained on a plane, comparable to a lake framed by a landscape.

It would be wrong to assume that the painter's image area is limited in its expressiveness when compared to a writer's possibilities. It is different. The painter can express the immediacy of things, thoughts, and feelings within an instant, and they can be understood by everyone who can see. The painter need not overcome any verbal limitations. The only limitation he faces lies in his own creative power. As an aside, permit me to remark that I expect a writer's prose to sing, and I hope that the colors in a painter's work will speak to me. Apollinaire liked to use the word "music" for non-

Walter Sorell has been a regular contributor to The Cresset for more than two decades, reviewing plays and sending a variety of materials in his "Letter from Abroad." Bobbs-Merrill Company (Indianapolis, IN) published his book, The Other Face: The Mask in the Arts in 1973. The photographer of the paintings shown in this article was Jean-Pierre Vuilleumier. Some of these paintings will be shown in an exhibition at Valparaiso University in March/April 1975.
The writer learns from the painter to move within a given space, to deny himself any flourish and superficialities. Strindberg once gave advice to a young writer, saying that painting “sharpened the eye for description.” Above all, he learns to see like a painter and perceive what he sees in its inner dramatic power. He learns to grasp—in the truest sense of the word—the pictorial image, to touch the aliveness of the visual perception, even though only with his eyes which gauge with different measures from the scope and depth of a writer’s inner eye.

Edgar Degas loved to write sonnets, and he worked on them with his usual intensity. Paul Valery and Andre Gide recalled that Degas once complained about the difficulty of writing poetry: “What a profession! I’ve wasted the whole day on a simple sonnet without progressing one step. Not that I have not got enough ideas! I’m full of them, I have too many.” Mallarme replied quietly: “One does not write poetry with ideas, Degas, but with words.”

The visually shaped image of a word often helps form the thought for the poet. One word may lead to another and whip the lyricist’s feelings into shape. Certain ideas are evoked through and within the process of writing. In prose the impulse is mostly derived from a message the writer wants to convey, from a thought or a “thought” image. When the painter Alfred Kubin wrote his novel The Other Side, he explained in an apologetic tone why he wrote instead of drawing it. It was the nature of the problem, he claimed. He could more easily rid himself of the words, others best said through the medium of canvas and color. The painter who writes reveals an insight into visual composition in his prose and poetry. The writer who paints will be prompted more often than not by a literary concept, and a descriptive element may be recognizable in his pictures. Also the reverse may be true as Hermann Hesse’s example shows. And yet only partly so. The themes of his pictures seem divorced from those of the writer. He never painted a single figure; his painting eye only saw landscapes and nature per se. However, the sensitive, somewhat elusive, but always poetical, descriptions of nature in his novels, particularly in Siddharta, can be found in his paintings too.

Hesse was thirty-seven when he recreated himself in the figure of the painter Veraguth in his novel Ross­halde. It was as if he knew that he would have to paint one day—which he did a few years later. His aqua­relles, of which he must have made a few hundred, are like diary entries, his visual impressions from day to day. In these pictorial notes—color images most of the time, written like annotation on the margin of his daily existence—he put down the simple ways of nature as he saw them. These pictures have the same disarming simplicity as most of his poems. It seems that many of his surface feelings have easily found their way into verse, and his aquarelles reflect an immediate sense reaction to the nature surrounding him:

And in the beginning fall
Of my life I sit alone,
Look into the beautiful, cruel
Eye of the world,
Choose colors of love
And paint her,
Who so often deceived me,
Whom I still love,
Always and always.

His romantic feelings are em­

tied into such lines which would be inconsequential were it not for the fact that they show us how much Hesse equated painting with being. Somewhere else he said: “When I paint, the trees have faces and the houses laugh or dance or cry, but most of the time one cannot recog­
nize whether the tree is a pear-tree or a chestnut tree.” But whatever he tried to achieve and failed or fulfilled what he set out to do, painting was a complementary phase in his attempt to come closer to the inner harmony of the man and artist in him.

Hesse is literary light-years removed from D. H. Lawrence, but both found their way from writing to painting when they were about forty. “Suddenly,” Lawrence tells us, “I began to paint and am fascinated.” He admits that he could never draw properly at school because he was supposed to draw what he looked at. But “the only thing one can look into, stare into, and see only vision, is the vision itself: the visionary image.”

One day in Florence when Aldous Huxley’s wife, Maria, brought Lawrence a few canvases he discovered that he could not only copy old masters but that, facing a blank canvas, he could fill it with shapes and colors. When he had the real courage to try “it became an orgy, making pictures.”

He could not paint models or draw from nature—something that Hesse did with the conviction of his inmost relationship to nature. Whenever Lawrence tried, the results were disastrous. And yet he knew that he could paint. “I verily believe I can make pictures which is to me all that matters in this respect. The art of painting consists of making pictures, and so many artists accomplish canvases without coming within miles of painting a picture.”

His inability to paint from nature would not yet be sufficient proof for his being a poor painter. Daumier could not draw from nature and created paintings of dramatic and traumatic power. Strindberg, who was a great painter and art critic, realized that the modern painter should see “nature in its entirety such as it seems, not as it is in reality.” And then: “One should paint what one feels inside.” Strindberg thought that the painter should go beyond imitating nature and rather “imitate the manner in which nature creates.”
For copying nature photography was invented. The Swiss painter Ernst Morgenthaler wrote: "A painter should not strive for correctness which has nothing to do with his inner experience." Corot admitted, "one never feels sure what one does outdoors," and usually finished his pictures in the studio. Malraux commented on it: "While some of Corot's pictures, even the fluid, give an impression of being extraordinarily "true to nature," though no doubt the picture resembles the landscape it depicts, the landscape does not resemble the picture."

They all seem to corroborate Lawrence's point of view (or should we say dilemma). Even Heinrich Heine comes to Lawrence's defense. He thought that the artist cannot find all his forms in nature, but that the most remarkable are revealed to him in his soul. Lawrence believed that a painting exists in our consciousness and yet remains unknown to us. It suddenly emerges on the surface like a shred of memory, perhaps propelled by instinct and intuition. As his writings, his paintings also conjure up the dark gods. "We know so much, we feel so little!" he incessantly shouted and tried to capture the poetry of the moment in his paintings.

Lawrence was given to excesses as man and artist. He often exhibited his paintings. When the critics pointed at his lack of craftsmanship, he had fits of fury about their lack of intuitive understanding. But in the last analysis how important is the accomplishment of technical perfection, we must ask, when the poetic gesture of an artist, in his delight and despair, reflects the fragmentary image of his world in a drunken joy of color, as was the case with Lawrence? Is not all that matters the poetic statement, the power of an inner vision as long as the painting's suggestiveness reaches beyond the personal into the universal and an aesthetic level which our eye's mind can accept? Lawrence tried to explain the interrelation of the painter and writer as he felt it:

All my life I have from time to time gone back to paint, because it gave me a form of delight that words can never give. Perhaps the joy in words goes deeper and is for that reason more unconscious. The conscious delight is certainly stronger in paint.

Where the conscious or unconscious is stronger, where the decisive accents in the process of creation lie, may be more difficult to say than Lawrence imagined. Perhaps this problem appears so complicated because, in reality, it is innately simple. The writer who begins to paint is, above all, so overwhelmed by this adventurous experience that source and momentary impulse, cause and reason become blurred. The fact that most writers who paint are tempted to account for it, already proves how surprising and miraculous this experience affects them.

Every human being—and the artist to a higher degree—is constantly searching to find himself within the recognized borderlines and to grow beyond himself. He must accept the challenge of his dream of tomorrow in order to help his life unfold and fulfill itself. To give his existence meaning he must—on a metaphysical level—find the good and sublime through the evil and the shortest way out of the senselessness of all inner and outer chaos.

One of the basic qualities of the creative person is his readiness and receptivity for unlimited experience. It is essential for him to have the capacity to observe, record, and retain impressions, experiences, and facts, but also the ability to have them available at a creative moment's notice. Montaigne maintained that everybody carries with him all forms of human condition. The artist must remain open to the interchange between all free-flowing forces and forms of life. Only then can he re-create artistically what he experienced. Since the artist, with all his weaknesses and forties, is a bit more human than human and lives on a heightened level of awareness, any mental or emotional experience can essentially contribute to make him find a different medium of expression from the one he practices.

The genius needs little prompting since he can accomplish everything and be accomplished in whatever he does. The talent, however major
or minor, cannot help but unfold all his forces and energies, and in doing so he is never aware of dissipation as a danger. No one can have enough talent, but, on a certain level, he can easily have too many. There are born dilettantes as there are born talents. A minor poet does not become less minor for being also a mediocre painter.

Without putting a specific evaluation upon an artist's work, we know that to be a work of art it has to be produced by an inner need, it must be the result of the totality of the artist, be it in his main or minor field of activity. If a writer feels compelled to paint, he may—not being sure of the craft—deceive himself by saying he only wishes to play with the idea of painting. Craft, the purely technical skill, may let him down, but, more often than not, the artist he is will be revealed in whatever he does. A writer may not be a great painter. But standing in front of his easel, that very minute, he cannot help feeling what Cezanne must have felt when he said, "The thing is to paint as if no other painter had ever existed."

A WRITER FEELING THE need to paint can experience this compulsion—and compulsion it becomes—in a frustrating or ecstatic way. I have experienced the latter. Events in a conducive atmosphere conspired to challenge something in me which may have existed in a latent condition all the time. I remember having often heard myself say, "I wish I could paint," as you can hear people say, "I wish I were rich." And suddenly I was rich or enriched. It was like the revelation of a mystery.

As everyone else I learned to draw in school. I still recall that, at the age of nine, I drew bottles, vases, and similar objects with a furious intensity and colored pencils. It was all done with photographic exactness. I no longer know whether I did it voluntarily. Or was it a stubborn-childish reaction to my teacher who only tolerated that a meadow had to be green and the sun yellowish golden? Since then I have never drawn nor painted. I have never felt compelled to indulge in it, even though I have never stopped being attracted by color and form, by the beauty of movement or by tactile sensations.

I possessed the word as an expressive medium in two languages. It was, however, an explosive experience when I sneaked away from my desk and typewriter to try my hand at painting and drawing. Perhaps a poet succeeding in writing a thoughtful sonnet, perfect in its form, may feel similarly elated as the painter who can evoke an image which, poetic in its suggestiveness, reveals the mystery of being. "A painting must perspire with ecstasy," Henry Miller, the writer, said when he attempted to make us understand Henry Miller, the painter. "To paint is to love again," he explained and added:

It's only when we look with the eyes of love that we see as the painter sees... and to love is to live to the fullest. But what kind of love, what sort of life can one hope to find in a vacuum cluttered with every conceivable gadget, every conceivable money maker, every last comfort, every useless luxury? To live and love, and to give expression to it in paint, one must also be a true believer. There must be something to worship. Where in this broad land is the Holy of Holies hidden?

Lacking technique, having no sense of perspective, being unable to draw an animal correctly, actually doing everything the wrong way never mattered to him. Sometimes, intoxicated with whatever modest success his watercolors may have seemed to him, he was able to abandon his writing and to go on painting for days—"but sooner or later the writing drags me back to my desk."

To be able to look into oneself and to make what one has seen visible for others is a process which can only take place when one is able to yield totally to abandonment, to the sensation of losing oneself in order to find oneself again. I cannot imagine to write something—be it an epigram, critique, essay, novel, or whatever it may be—without being prompted by a compelling feeling or carried by an undefinable enthusiasm. But, at a certain point, I have learned to stop and
question what I am doing; in other words, quite consciously challenge the many subconscious forces in me. The painter is subject to aesthetic laws as well; he also must stop the flow of his rhapsodic drive at some point and ask himself whether what he is doing can bear the critique of his eye.

However, the writer who paints steals away from his typewriter in order to go to his sweetheart waiting for him in the adjacent room, disguised as easel and palette. The compelling feeling is free of all legitimacy, it can surrender to the beloved with uninhibited shame and passion. His fantasy can thrive on his imagination. He will suddenly notice that he can say things to which words do not lend themselves. Even where he can only give halting expression to and for his love through color and form, the fulness in its overabundance, will be strangely complete—differently: because more unconsciously and unrestrained; finally: as dream and inner vision meet at a clandestine rendezvous.

Thus, to paint comes close to the rediscovery of innocence, the childlike joy of being. It is this complete abandonment which I have sensed as the essential experience when painting. There is no room for copying or of yielding to a paragon. What counts is the inner experience of love for the thing, or rather for the dream of the thing, the landscape, the humanness of man.

Then it is no longer of interest what a tree or sky really looks like, but how my euphoric feeling plunges, in its dream-like imagination, into the sky or re-lives trees. Then trees can dance or, like Icarus, fly to the sun, or, with their roots in the sky, as Simone Weil saw it, they can look at the earth and wonder. It has been the new tree-experience that, while painting, pushed me back to the edge of the lost paradise and brought closer to me the miracle of undreamt-of colorful imageries. Then, in fact, it is no longer a matter of sky or tree, but what matters is the idea of the skyish or tree-ish dream. At this point everything literary, figure-like, matter-of-factish lies beyond the regained Eden in the all-too-real of all realities.

Through painting I have once more learned to see what I have overlooked so far or to what I have shut my eyes unconsciously. Blue was always blue for me, but how bluish blue can be, I have experienced only now. A world in blue opened up for me. A green leaf retains the secret of a multiple green. The colored shapes of a landscape live in the light of their shades and nuances. Even the inanimate things become alive. In fact, each room, chair, and table gains a novel shape when seen with the eyes of a painter—let alone, man: the gleam in an eye, the traces of hair lost on their apparent way into nowhere, the valleys and hills of lips, the silhouette of a figure, the secret of its being in movement, the articulate and yet ever-elusive hand. The things which I no longer look at but see, also look at me questioningly, sometimes teasingly, sometimes inspiring awe. Now I can see the contours of all things more clearly, also the way in which they grow and intertwine.

The process of literary creation has nothing in common with the process in painting. I always feel as if something else, perhaps a stranger, would paint for me. I often imagine I invented everything I am painting, at the very moment I am painting it. Everything seems to exude the ecstatic sensation of becoming. Painting strikes a balance between the simplicity of an emotional expression and the complex processes of the intellect.

I suppose when Henry Miller maintained that painting is identical with love, he wanted us to understand that it conveys a feeling of consummate happiness, of giving while taking, of an ever newly experienced joy and humility which makes us kneel down to pray. For to love means to come closer to God.

Much can be said with words. But the depth of truth and the inexpressible secret of all being can only be found in silence. To paint is to articulate silence.
THE NATIONAL HEALTH, a play by Peter Nichols, had great success in London's National Theater and was hailed here as a work of genius. It was staged by Arvin Brown at The Long Wharf Theater and brought to Broadway by the Circle in the Square. It is, no doubt, a unique theatrical experience, and unique in many ways. I saw and admired it for its theatrical skill, for its daring, wit (with and without the comma), or, inspired by Mr. Nichols' morbid mind, should I have said "coma"? The play is distinguished by the frivolous, cabaret-like, amusing lightness with which it treated the two, apparently negligible things with which we are blessed, life and death, seen against a hospital background. For the first time I experienced that I could see the interesting points in a play and be even impressed by them while loathing what I saw from the very beginning as a vulgar, cheap concoction.

It is a savage play whose frank cruelty lights up pain and suffering and the plain miseries of existence with the mock pathos of what wanted to be a satire. It has many funny lines and comic situations (a doctor approaching a very sick person with the words: "How are you otherwise?") and sketchy characterizations of a variety of patients. To while away the patient's time and to spice the time of the audience, installments of a TV soap opera are shown. The soap opera action also takes place in a hospital; its principal characters are a doctor, his son, and two nurses. And, of course, the two nurses work at the same hospital at which we look all evening.

At the end we witness a double wedding of the TV actors in real life. The entire scene is in a festive mood. It looks like a climactic moment during carnival. The patients, nurses, and doctors have become the supernumeraries, or rather the decor of the last installment of the TV soap opera. The orderly, a witty vaudeville character, a kind of master of ceremonies, and, naturally, spokesman for the author, turns up in the finale as the priest officiating at the wedding ceremony. In a joyful spirit, and with rhymed and unrhymed couplets, we are dismissed with the author's assurance that life is a TV soap opera.

At best it is a mood play depicting a few terminal cases, mostly cancer, and, in one way or another, defying death and decrying the medical malpractice of prolonging the life of someone who no longer wants to suffer slow death day after day. The play evokes the Dylan Thomas lines, "Do not go gentle into that goodnight... rage, rage...." Well, there is a lot of raging hidden behind the play's humor. The action lies mainly in extraneous happenings, in caricaturing hospitals, medical science and men, and the life of nurses. The dying men and those taking their places are quickly characterized as types and as such they are amusing types if being old, suffering, losing one's memory, and other niceties at the late hour of life is amusing. It seems amusing to Peter Nichols who tells us quickly and with a twinkle in his eye before the last curtain comes down (which does not really since there is no curtain): "It's a funny old world we're in, and you're lucky to get out of it alive."

If Mr. Nichols were a cartoonist
he would probably outdo any of the most gruesome and cruel Charles Addams cartoons. His first great success was *A Day in the Death of Joe Egg*, a horrifying experience in the theater about a spastic child. The Nichols had the misfortune (which turned into fortune for him) of having had to live with such a child for ten years, a child alive only from the biological viewpoint. Peter never got over this experience, at least not in these two plays, because at the very end of *The National Health* we again face the misery of a spastic child.

**THE CRITICS MADE A GREAT**

**dramatist out of him who, in fact,**

is a writer with many good vaudeville ideas and the aspiration to write for the theater. I admit he has a great deal of skill and even more daring in putting loose scenes together and working the whole into a play. In an interview in *The Times* he admitted to being a collage writer. Having been hospitalized several times, he had written down shreds of patients' conversations. He is a collector of real life items; when he gets an idea for a play, he uses these items in "bringing it all together like a jigsaw puzzle." Not believing in naturalism, he takes a corner or middle section of the puzzle and tosses it, with a vaudeville gesture, at the audience. He feels he must break through the ordinary frame of a play and talk to the audience, jesting about the seriousness of his thoughts.

He wrote two other plays which were successes at the West End of London and about which I reported some time ago. In *Forget-Me-Not-Lane* he used his technique of the free-flowing dramatic form to good advantage, with *Chez Nous* he tried to write a "straight" comedy which turned out to be a pale product carried to success by great acting. In *The National Health* he not only wanted to write about a lot of people in a hospital, as he said, but also about "the spiritual and moral health of the nation." In the latter he did not succeed.

He did not, because the jocose mood about a lot of misery and dying did not lend itself to any serious consideration. The main character, the orderly — by the way, excellently played by Leonard Frey — appears as a death figure with a clown's mask. Shaving a patient in preparing him for an operation turns into a comic act of unpleasant vulgarity. I don't think too highly of dramatists who use farts of old men as an amusing idea. It is a cheap comedy trick to have an overworked doctor fall asleep whenever onstage and on a patient's chest while listening to his heartbeat.

I think that audiences often laugh out of embarrassment or because suffering from repressed vulgarity. Laughter and enjoyment sound as cheap as the happenings onstage. There were too many gags below the belt. We all know how corny soap operas are, but to make mounds of corns and do it several times is too corny indeed. The trouble with this play is that finally all the skillful wit turns into a stereotype and defeats its own funniness.

Humor is a very difficult and delicate matter. When surprises seem obvious and the joke hurts because everything becomes a parody of its own satiric ethos, then the best intentions are lost and good theatrical ideas fall flat. I still admire Peter Nichols for his many fanciful tricks and gimmicks and Arvin Brown for his bravura staging. But I wish this tremendous effort would have been applied to better use.

If by any chance, I thought, someone happened to be in the theater who once went through the agonies of waiting for the laboratory test about his cancer, he could only laugh in bewilderment about all this macabre frivolity. Among the many stereotypes in this play was also the comic figure of a priest who always came too late to save a soul and constantly said and did the wrong things.

He reminded me of a personal experience I had after escaping Hitler. I had illegally crossed the frontier into Luxembourg, where a humane doctor kept me in a hospital for two weeks only to make sure that the police, as was their practice, would not send me back to the Reich of a thousand years. A priest on his routine visits approached my bed. When he heard I was not a local boy but hailed from Vienna, he said in his sweetest baritone: "Soon, my son, you will be well again and return to your beloved homeland." I found it very comic at that time and, in remembering it while with Peter Nichols' hospital, even funnier. In its unexpectedness it had all the tragic aspects of man behind its comic situation and gave the laughter a Chaplinesque meaning and tragicomic depth. Peter Nichols' skillful clowning had none of this.
ELEANOR AND FRANKLIN
AND THE REST OF US


"Mr. Lash has written of Mrs. Roosevelt out of deep personal love and devotion, yet he writes with such frankness, sensitivity, and breadth of view that the book avoids sentimentality or piety. It is possible, indeed, to use perspectives Lash himself provides to come to conclusions rather at odds with his own."

I

A FEW YEARS AGO, THE FIRST VOLUME of Joseph P. Lash's study of Eleanor Roosevelt, *Eleanor and Franklin* (New York: W. W. Norton & Co., 1971), swept most of the major awards in history and biography. The prizes were clearly deserved. Mr. Lash has written of Mrs. Roosevelt out of deep personal love and devotion, yet he writes with such frankness, sensitivity, and breadth of view that the book avoids sentimentality or piety. It is possible, indeed, to use perspectives Lash himself provides to come to conclusions rather at odds with his own. From any point of view, Eleanor Roosevelt emerges from this book as a far more complex and interesting figure than the one we were accustomed to in the traditional stereotypes of left and right: she was neither quite the simple-minded, hopelessly deluded do-gooder of conservative memory nor the gentle, selfless saint of liberal hagiography. Mr. Lash's Eleanor is a complicated and believable human being.

What gives the book its special resonance and texture is its close and subtle analysis of the relationship between Eleanor and Franklin. As the title suggests, this is the story of their life together, an anatomy of a marriage. It is out of that relationship and its ramifications that the book justifies extended investigation. The quite personal story of the Roosevelts commands attention beyond our normal curiosity concerning the lives and affairs of the great. The tale of Eleanor and of her life with Franklin raises in a specific and intimate context some of our most enduring and perplexing general concerns regarding private and public morality and the problematic relationship between them. The Roosevelts were public people in every sense of the term, and their story holds public lessons.

II

ELEANOR'S CHILDHOOD WAS THE STUFF of which emotional cripples are made. She deserves our respect if for no other reason than the purposive uses to which she later put the adversity of those early years. Consider her parents. Mother was the cold and beautiful Anna Hall, who regularly addressed her child with a "voice and look of kind indifference," who could never understand Eleanor's solemn and earnest nature, whose very beauty constituted a rebuke to the self-consciously plain daughter, and whose vaguely exasperated nickname for her child of "Granny" always made Eleanor "want to sink through the floor in shame." Her father she loved, even worshipped, and he
loved her in return. Elliott Roosevelt, however, was a hopeless case, a dissolute, charming alcoholic who lived in the giant shadow of his older brother Theodore (the future president), and whose short, unhappy life was virtually devoid of purpose or accomplishment. His perpetual drunkenness made life wretched for all those around him, yet Eleanor created an idealized image of him she clung to throughout her life. Lash notes that while that image involved a repression of reality that had its costs ("She tended to overestimate and misjudge people, especially those who seemed to need her and who satisfied her need for self-sacrifice and affection and gave her the admiration and loyalty she craved"), it served as well as a source of purpose and strength: "By her life she would justify her father's faith in her, and by demonstrating strength of will and steadiness of purpose confute her mother's charges of unworthiness against both of them."

Mother died in 1892 when Eleanor was eight, father two years later. She and her younger brother Hall went to live with her mother's family, but life there was scarcely an improvement. The Halls were an erratic group, particularly her drunken uncles, one of whom liked to amuse himself by taking potshots with his rifle from a window at members of the family foolish enough to venture onto the front lawn. (Alcohol was a curse throughout Eleanor's life. Her father, her uncles, and her brother all more or less drank themselves to death. One understands her teetotalist inclinations.)

Escape came initially at fifteen when Eleanor was sent to Allenswood School outside London. Allenswood's headmistress, Mlle. Souvestre, introduced Eleanor to literature and the arts and to a political concern characterized by an intuitive, high-minded idealism not always impeded by economic and social analysis or intellectual discipline. Beatrice Webb thought Mlle. Souvestre a political lightweight, but Eleanor was impressed. What she learned at Allenswood reinforced inclinations already well developed to a life of serious moral striving and of usefulness to others. Returning to America after three years, she endured the agonies of her debut into New York society and then quickly turned to the opportunities for social service considered suitable to a young woman of her distinguished family background: the Junior League, settlement house work, the Consumers League.

Then she met Franklin. Why this handsome, charming, and wealthy young man fell in love with and chose to marry his plain, awkward, and insecure distant cousin is one of the many particular mysteries hidden within the general mystery of Franklin Roosevelt's personality. They had little in common beyond their patrician backgrounds. He was an adored only child whose youth was as idyllic as Eleanor's had been painful, and he had not yet developed to any noticeable extent those broad humanitarian sympathies that were already so dominant a force in Eleanor's life. But fall in love he apparently did, and in 1905 he and Eleanor were married, his mother Sara's determined if covert efforts at obstruction notwithstanding.

It was never an ideal marriage, though it was, in these early years, a workable one. It was Eleanor who was most in love and who tried hardest to make the marriage work. Franklin, as ever in personal relations, invested little of himself; throughout his life, he relied on his immense charm to get what he wanted and needed from people while giving little beyond that charm in return. The inner man was veiled behind a curtain that no one ever seems to have penetrated. Their intimate life could not have been entirely satisfactory to either of them; Eleanor's was a Victorian upbringing, and sex, as she later indicated to her daughter, was for a woman an ordeal to be borne.

She was dutiful in her social obligations, but where Franklin loved parties and entertainments of all kinds, she found much of social life pointless and artificial, a view no doubt reinforced by her sense of inadequacy in the social graces. In the middle of one of their dinner parties, she excused herself from the table and was gone for so long that Franklin finally went looking for her and found her in their bedroom, sobbing over her failures as a hostess.

The great difficulty in the marriage was Sara. Until she finally died at 87 in 1941, the old woman conducted, behind proper and even loving forms, a continuing battle with Franklin for the affections first of her beloved Franklin and later of her five grandchildren. She was a formidable opponent. Franklin stayed above the battle, secure in the love of both these strong women and determined to maintain his own detachment. Sara tried to
dominate and monopolize Franklin and, with greater success, to undermine Eleanor’s authority over the children. All this behind a cover of love and selflessness which Eleanor found difficult and frustrating to oppose and which frequently drove her to distraction.

BUT FOR ALL THAT, IT WAS STILL NOT an unpleasant life. Wealth and comfort make many things bearable, and most of the time Eleanor was kept usefully busy and reasonably contented caring for her husband and children. With the children, she was better in theory than in practice; she wanted to be friend and companion to them, but the puritan in her made unbending difficult and caused her to be more strict with them than she intended. Franklin was little help; away from the children much of the time, he wanted his moments with them to be pleasant and affectionate, and he avoided any disciplinary duties. Eleanor took interest and pleasure in Franklin’s increasing public opportunities and responsibilities—he won election to the New York legislature in 1910 and was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy in Wilson’s cabinet in 1913—and his expanding political horizons provided new perspectives and broader social sympathies for both of them. By the end of the First World War, which provided new opportunities for her to display impressive executive abilities in canteen and relief work, she had fashioned a separate and strong commitment to public service.

What deepened that commitment, what in fact made it in time the dominant element in her life, was her discovery in 1918 of Franklin’s love affair with her social secretary, Lucy Mercer. She confronted him, Franklin promised never to see Lucy again, and the marriage continued. But it was a wounding, humiliating, almost shattering experience for Eleanor, an experience made no doubt the more wrenching by the sense that it was her own inadequacies as a woman that had led her husband to find in the charming and beautiful Lucy things she could not provide him. She may not have heard but would have understood the sense of cousin Alice Roosevelt’s cruel but not entirely unjustified remark about Franklin’s affair: “He deserved a good time. He was married to Eleanor.” The marriage never entirely recovered; as Eleanor admitted later to friends, “I can forgive, but I cannot forget.”

The affair of course made Eleanor all the more determined to build a life of her own, one that could provide purposes and relationships beyond those that family could supply. She joined new organizations, some of which—like the Women’s Trade Union League—were considerably more radical and militant than was normally considered respectable for women of her position, and she also found new friends, among whom radical politics and lesbian relationships were not uncommon. It is one of the ironies of her relationship with Franklin that it was the polio which crippled him in 1921 that gave their marriage new strength, for it made him need her as he never had before and as she had always desperately craved. That need was not only or even primarily personal. His still intense political ambitions now required her services as agent, scout, and occasional spokesman. To a degree her duties to her husband and her desire for a public life now happily coincided.

But only to a degree. As Franklin’s agent, her independence was limited, and he never needed her as much as she needed him to. He never completely needed or committed himself to anyone, Eleanor included, and so she never achieved with him the full, intimate partnership, public or private, she so yearningly desired. In any case, Eleanor was always only one among many of his political agents, and his return to full-time public life with his successful race for the New York governorship in 1928 reduced significantly his reliance on her information and advice. She continued to serve his purposes and he continued to love her after his fashion, but theirs was now “a carefully arranged relationship.”

Much of the time they were apart. During the 1920s, Franklin spent a good part of each winter cruising in his houseboat off southern coastal waters and attempting to regain the use of his legs through exercise and treatment at Warm Springs, and Eleanor did not often accompany him. On these trips and later in the White House, Marguerite (Missy) LeHand was one of a number of women who over the years served Franklin as secretary, companion, and sometimes even official hostess. Eleanor genuinely appreciated these services and was personally devoted to Missy, but she was at the same time jealous of the attentions
Franklin directed so freely toward other women and so indifferent toward her. In the years in the White House, there were in effect two households in residence, hers and Franklin’s. Husband and wife saw each other frequently, but in many ways they lived in different worlds.

When they were together, tensions could not always be avoided. In Lash’s terms, Eleanor adopted towards her husband the role “of a loving and principled opposition,” which is not what most men would value chiefly in a wife. On political issues, she was a goad from the left, always prodding, occasionally meddling, at her worst a hair shirt. Little wonder that a greatly burdened man sometimes avoided the presence of the woman who would say to friends, “It’s not what the president wants, but what the president needs.” In acting as the president’s conscience, she made all the more impossible her dream of acquiring his love.

In private matters, the puritan in her was ever on guard against the playboy in him. One gets the impression that the notoriously mediocre meals offered at the White House during the Roosevelt administration were part of her unceasing effort to check his pleasure-loving tendencies; she liked to pretend that life’s little amenities meant as little to him as they did to her, but that pretence required a willful and stubborn blindness. She never understood his pleasure in a relaxed cocktail before dinner or in an occasional evening of poker and drinks with his cronies. When he disappointed her in some way, she would withdraw into a distant, cold, and heavy silence; she liked to inflict guilt on him. In his last years, with his health obviously failing, she pushed him on political matters harder than ever, often quite unmercifully, all the while minimizing his increasingly serious physical ailments. She served him in many ways, but she also could not stop punishing him, in part because of what he had done to her in the Lucy Mercer affair, perhaps even more because of his refusal or inability fully to share his life with her. He fought back by not fighting at all, by simply shutting her ever more completely out of his life and thoughts. At the end, he returned to earlier diversions; Lucy Mercer saw him frequently in his last years and was with him when he died at Warm Springs. Eleanor later learned of it, and that became part of her final grief.

Given all this, it is not surprising that her energies were directed increasingly toward her role as liberal publicist. She wrote and spoke widely on public matters, and became one of the rallying points of left-liberal opinion in the Thirties and Forties. It is difficult to measure her influence. Lash understandably tends to overestimate it, but it was far from non-existent. Much of it of course stemmed from the man she married; in the first instance and even beyond she was listened to because of who he was. After a time, however, she became a political force in her own right, acting as a kind of moral beacon for that considerable body of intellectual opinion situated on the left flank of the New Deal. She was tirelessly active in political circles, but her interests were always more broadly moral than political. As Lash summarizes, “Fundamentally Eleanor was neither stateswoman, politician, nor feminist. She was a woman with a deep sense of spiritual mission.”

Out of her deep tenderness and mercy, she dreamed of a world without pain. There can be no doubt of the depth and genuine nature of her humanitarian feelings. The politics of conscience was entirely real for her, and never simply a matter of fashionable attitudes or dramatic gestures. She gave of herself in a completely heartfelt and personal manner: “She yearned for situations that imposed duties. She responded to every appeal for help, indeed, sought to anticipate them.” Her altruism was as thoroughgoing as is humanly possible and hundreds of people experienced it at first hand. There was the authentic touch of the saint in her.

Yet that being said, it remains also to say that as a social thinker she was badly and even dangerously deluded. She lacked intellectual grasp and discipline, and Lash to the contrary notwithstanding, her public pronouncements frequently descended to pious and simplistic rhetoric. For Eleanor as a public person, sentiment too often dissolved into sentimentalism.

AT THE HEART OF HER THOUGHT was the social gospel. She was a Christian utopian who believed the nation’s goal must be “a new social order based on real religion.” The Depression presented itself to her as an opportunity for America to turn away from the selfishness and materialism of the 1920s to a new order based on co-opera-
tion and altruism. The New Deal was not simply the vigorous and competitive interest group democracy that less-enthralled observers saw; for her, it was a matter of moral regeneration. Of the fallibilities and limitations of men and institutions she remained apparently ignorant; she might have benefited from a reading of her fellow left-winger, Reinhold Niebuhr.

The key to the confusions in her social thought was a failure clearly to distinguish between public and private realms. Love and justice were for her interchangeable terms, and she supposed the concept of planning a benign one, but she never really grasped the basic point that free societies are aesthetically, politically, and morally untidy ones.

Lash occasionally, though not often, succumbs to the temptation of portraying the contrasts between Eleanor and Franklin in terms of the imperatives of love confronting the imperatives of power. That not only loads the dice in Eleanor’s favor, it also oversimplifies the problem. The most important New Dealers, including the president, were humanitarian liberals; they were not simply hard-eyed men of power or aloof technocrats. Yet most of them understood, as Eleanor did not, the insufficiencies and dangers of “caring” as the primary solution to major social problems. Men as far left as Rex Tugwell were aware of the need to temper their liberalism with considerable toughness; they, unlike more sentimental liberals, knew that the political universe was not simply divided between those who cared and those who did not.

Eleanor’s confusion between public and private spheres extended to her political judgments concerning individuals, as is revealed by her association with the Communist-directed American Youth Congress. She was always one of those liberals inclined to romantic notions concerning the special nobility of the young, and she particularly liked the AYC’s domestic radicalism and its strong anti-Fascism. She got to know a number of the Youth Congress’s leaders personally, and simply refused to believe repeated warnings that many of them were Communists. They had told her they were not. Beyond that, as Lash puts it, “she felt that in dealing with human beings, trust and love were creative and must in time find an answering response.” An admirable sentiment, except that it was sadly unrealistic in dealing with those who saw their relationship with her in political terms and who relied on the tides of history and the coming revolution to vindicate their personal duplicity. In the end, though only after considerable embarrassment to herself and to her husband’s administration, she saw that she had been used and she broke with the AYC, but she still
The key to the confusions in her social thought was a failure clearly to distinguish between public and private realms. Love and justice were for her interchangeable terms, and she supposed the concept of social justice to have self-evident meaning for people of good will.

could not distinguish between the differing imperatives of personal friendship and political association.

It is only fair to point out that on at least one major issue—that of race—her sentiments led her to an advanced, lonely, and courageous position while more “realistic” politicians were urging caution. The race question has always been the least morally ambiguous of American political issues; here Eleanor’s tunnel vision, often a liability, was an unmixed blessing. On this issue, she fought with the vision and firmness, restrained only by charity, that has marked the liberal tradition at its most impressive. If she had done nothing else for her nation, she would deserve its gratitude for her leadership on this issue alone.

The Complexities of Moral Judgment present themselves in acute form in Eleanor’s case. Her critics could argue plausibly that all her humanitarianism was simply a psychological process involving the transfer of emotions thwarted in family life onto the general public scene. Certainly her desire for a life of service to others was not unconnected with her personal traumas and tragedies. Her intense need to be needed sometimes made her intrusive and possessive; she experienced extreme resentment and despair when a man like Harry Hopkins, whom she had first introduced to her husband and to whom she felt very close, gradually drifted out of her inner circle into the orbit of the president. Lash summarizes well: “She needed to have people who were close to her, who in a sense were hers, to whom she was the one and only, and upon whom she could lavish help, attention, tenderness. Without such friends, she feared she would dry up and die. When such friends were in trouble she expected them to turn to her, and she felt rebuffed if they did not.”

She was also capable on occasion of converting what should have been deep particular emotion into generalized moralistic banality. Consider her statement in her diary on the death of Franklin Lane, Wilson’s Secretary of the Interior and a close personal friend to both the Roosevelts: “It is a loss to the country, and I do not feel that we who are privileged to be his friends can gauge our loss but we must try in his memory to make the world a little better place to live in for the man-kind which he loved so well.” One imagines that not as a diarist’s confession but as marked For Immediate Release.

Yet it would be reductive and facile to view Eleanor’s moral choices simply as a problem in displacement, or to write off her humanitarianism as mere misdirected sentimentality. In the first place, on most occasions and toward most people her feelings were unmistakably genuine and specific. As for her psychological adjustments, it is commonly conceded that the human personality is over-determined, and she could easily have reacted to her many tragedies in ways far more neurotic and far less useful than she did. All people suffer, but not all turn their suffering to positive and creative purposes. Eleanor largely did, and she did so by conscious personal choice and through intense exertion of will.

She was never really a happy person, though she normally hid her melancholy moods. Her religion was a thing of works and duties and public benefaction, not of personal consolation. She admitted that she was not particularly orthodox: “I have a religion but it does not depend especially upon any creed or church.” During the Second World War, she carried a poem in her purse:

Dear Lord,
Lest I continue
My complacent way,
Help me to remember,
Somehow out there
A man died for me today.
As long as there be war,
I then must
Ask and answer
Am I worth dying for?

One wishes for her that her religion could have lent her more assurance of grace. Her faith had the limitation common to those who suppose that the Golden Rule is the sum of Christianity.

Eleanor’s legacy to us, moral and intellectual, is a mixed one. Her moral striving was at once admirable and insufficient, and her political contributions were limited by a lack of intellectual depth. Franklin, both lion and fox, offers us better guidance in social policy. Yet the example of her life remains, a life marked by the special dignity and integrity of those who practice what they profess.
LATE IN THE SPRING OF 1974, while attending a meeting in New York City, I heard the late Dr. G. Ernest Wright, former president of the American Schools of Oriental Research, make a comment about this book. He called our attention to its imminent appearance, and lauded its fine qualities. Anyone who takes the opportunity to examine this book will find himself or herself quickly agreeing. The production of this work by the Reader's Digest Association is one of the most ambitious undertakings on the study of the Bible in recent years. That association is to be commended for having put its great resources to work on an area of study as important as the present one.

Upon opening this volume, the reader encounters a rich blend of well-written text, excellent photography, imaginative sketches, and accurate maps. The conception of the book was not allowed to wobble shakily toward fulfillment but was carefully steered by an expert team. George Ernest Wright himself was principal consultant, and it is safe to say that his death in August of 1974 has deprived the world of biblical archaeology of one of its most enthusiastic and learned scholars. Some may remember that the late Professor Wright enlivened the student-sponsored "Week of Challenge" at Valparaiso in 1968 with a lecture on prehistoric archaeology in Palestine and Israel. In addition, Vaughan Crawford of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Professors Robert Johnston, Rochester Institute of Technology, James B. Pritchard of the University Museum, University of Pennsylvania, and Nahum Sarna of Brandeis, among others, contributed in various ways to the volume. All those mentioned have had extensive experience in the archaeology of the Near East.

The work holds together well as a finished piece; the chief reason for this is that the text is so well written and interesting to follow. It is a long book; altogether there are twenty-seven packed chapters. The book begins with an initial chapter explaining how archaeologists in the Near East have done their work over the years, and the new strides toward accuracy which are being made more recently. This chapter deals with the usual query: "What do archaeologists go looking for, and how do they find it?" Following that discussion, there is a section on prehistoric finds in Palestine, many of which are of great humanistic importance. But the main part of the book is devoted to biblical history, and in this large section the reader is led from the time of Abraham the patriarch down to the early Christian church of the Byzantine period.

The most appealing feature about this book is that it follows the Old and New Testament texts more or less directly, offering a continuous historical and archaeological com-
mentary on the biblical texts. The reader is invited to accompany his or her study of the various chapters with a reading of appropriate biblical books, and the suggestions of which biblical books to read at what point are clear. The written sections are often a simple re-telling of the biblical story about the great personages around whom the Old and New Testament documents were gathered. To take one example, the chapter on Abraham and the other patriarchs transports the reader back to the Middle Bronze Age, at approximately 1800 B.C. By means of excavated sites and artifacts it is now possible to recreate something of what life was like in that period. Abraham’s style of life, and that of his clan, was essentially pastoral; some like to use the word seminomadic for it. The Book of Genesis describes the patriarchs as shepherds and cattle-herders who roamed the Euphrates River in the area of Haran, moving from thence toward the central hill country of Palestine before settling at the northern edge of the Negeb. With the discovery of the great site of Mari along the middle Euphrates, this period and its style of life are known with much greater clarity. The large number of cuneiform texts from Mari depict a series of nomadic tribes who frequented the more fertile regions along the Euphrates at a time when the area was controlled by the Old Babylonian kingdom under such leaders as Hammurabi. We can imagine that the tribal groups with whom Abraham was associated were of this type. A great amount of historical data is interwoven into the text at this point, along with an imaginative reconstruction of what life must have been like when this patriarch set out for the “land of promise.” Other chapters in the book follow a similar pattern. The context for the figure of Moses is brought to life through the retelling of that story and the light shed on it from archaeological and historical investigation. The treatment of the Davidic and Solomonic era is imaginatively done. Especially good are the chapters on the late period of Old Testament history from the times of Ezra and Nehemiah to the beginning of the New Testament. This is a period of which many Christians have very little knowledge, and yet it is such an important one as a prelude to the events of the New Testament. Fortunately we now have such important archaeological finds as the scrolls from the caves near the Dead Sea, which help to illuminate this late period. The reader will also not be disappointed with the chapters on the ministry of Jesus and the formation of the early church, especially the missionary work of Paul in the various countries of the eastern Mediterranean.

The text of this work is accompanied throughout by generous illustrative photography, drawings, and maps. The photography as a whole is well-done, sharp and clear. There are photographs of sites and excavations taken on the spot, as well as photographs of artifacts assembled from the various museums of the world housing biblical collections. One mistake was noted. The photo of Masada on page 395 is reversed. The Lisan on the east side of the Dead Sea should be to the left of the picture. Often an attempt is made by a modern artist to fill in the missing links of the fragments uncovered in excavations. Thus an isometric reconstruction of the temple at Tell Tainat in Syria is the closest we can come presently to what Solomon’s temple must have looked like. In other cases the artist attempts to portray the daily life of people in biblical times, basing his work again on surviving remains and artifacts. It must be said that these efforts throughout are done with excellence, and they advance us beyond the wooden depictions of biblical times often found in standard church school materials. The maps which are presented at several places are up to date and make use of the most reliable information available.

IN SUMMARY, THERE ARE two ways in which this book proves its value. First, it attempts to use some of the helpful results which have come not only from archaeology but also from the historical and literary investigation of the texts of the Old and New Testaments. Thus the volume is aware of the importance of oral tradition for the Old and New Testaments, and refers to this at various points. On the whole the text adopts a cautious point of view, but it is not hesitant to recognize that not everything in the Bible is history in our modern sense. Thus the word “folklore” is employed for some of the traditions recollected in the Book of Judges (p. 114), while the Book of Ruth is described as having characteristics of a “tale” (p. 126). These are terms, of course, which need careful definition, but we should soon be reaching the time when to use them will contribute positively rather than negatively to our understanding of Scripture. This book certainly brings the question to the fore: Why should Christian people not have the best of what scholarship can provide for us in biblical understanding? Why should we be satisfied to crowd our publishing houses with inferior books which can neither edify us nor
Mental Institutions in America: Social Policy to 1875.


Dr. Grob presents in this small volume an encyclopedic study. Meticulous scholarship permeates the entire manuscript. Grob's concise, lucid writing style affords reader enjoyment. Yet, at the same time, the reader gains an invaluable insight into the developing social welfare problems and programs of early America—particularly those related to mental illness.

The reader begins to feel the complexity of the developing process before it springs into his conscious thought patterns. The skillfulness of the author is manifested as each growing strand takes on depth, dimension, and meaning. The author's extensive use of footnotes enhances these insights.

Dr. Grob's book is a book about people. They fairly leap off the pages and enter into the reader's thought life. One can gain a sense of appreciation of our early forefathers facing alone and unaided the trauma of dealing with mentally-ill relatives. It becomes possible to "catch" the fervor of the early "reformers" in the mental health field as they begin to struggle with the growing need of a welfare system shackled to the welfare base of the local community.

Mental hospitals and their superintendents move center stage—their impetus aided by the Second Great Awakening. The superintendents' ascendance never really reached a plateau—because of the very focus of their commitment to the mentally ill within the framework of the mental institution. State Boards of Charity, with a broader philosophical and financial base, secure the plateau and the stage is set for an on-going tension between the psychiatric practitioners (i.e., the superintendents) and the burgeoning bureaucracy of the states.

The nation's attention was focused on the pervasive problem of the mentally ill with Dix's memorial to Congress in 1848; she was one of many dedicated to the humane treatment of the mentally ill. President Pierce's veto of the subsequent legislation in 1854 essentially retarded entry by the federal government into the mental health field until 1946.

Services were not equal for all clients or consumers. The pecking order: (1) native born Americans who could pay for services, (2) native born Americans who were impetuous, (3) non-native born Americans (immigrants), and (4) Blacks (who either went without services—or experienced the poorest of services).

This volume, rich in documentation, forthright in presenting the truth, sensitive to all the people about whom it speaks, should be of great interest to many who wish to understand the heritage from which social policy and services, especially to the mentally ill, have sprung.

CLARENCE RIVERS, JR.

"When Private Matters . . ."

(continued from page 44)
Strangely, our contemporary conception of responsibility frequently intensifies the problem rather than providing a resource to cope with it. The responsible individual who embodies a high sense of personal integrity, who feels responsible to himself for his life, has become a widely accepted normative picture of responsibility. This picture enables a totally private individual to consider himself a responsible person.

Historians have traced this interpretation of responsibility to St. Augustine. And ensuing theological thought and pastoral care trained people to understand and expound human existence in terms of the salvation of the private soul. This focus on the inner life has emerged in a variety of secularized forms. And ethics has come to be understood primarily as individual ethics.

But the notion of responsibility entails more than this. The word itself portrays response to a situation which calls for action adequate to the task to be performed. The problem and the resources available to cope with it define the adequacy of the response. It is not the subject which defines the task, but the task that defines the subject. That the nature of the problem defines the dimensions of responsibility stands in tension with the widely accepted contemporary view.

Obviously the mere change of a concept seldom solves social problems. But when a concept plays an important role in shaping the thought and feeling of many individuals who take moral decisions seriously, it becomes one of the factors which affects action. The lack of responsible agents may be connected to the fact that we have not always recognized what the concept of responsibility entails.

We hear the frequent complaint that no one appears to pay attention to obvious social problems. The question arises Who is responsible? When responsibility stands encased in the terms of past definitions, it is easy to pass by on the other side. That holds true not only of individual persons as subjects of responsibility; it holds also of other subjects created by response to former tasks—business groups, private organizations, and government. What happens when we begin to define responsibility in terms of jobs to be done, rather than in terms of what existing persons or groups feel responsible to do?

During the past months we have been sensitized to the worldwide problem of hunger and starvation. Who is responsible? Many individuals have changed their personal dietary habits and contributed to relief agencies. National states have resolved to allocate resources of money and food. The question remains. Are subjects trying to define the task, or is the task defining the subject? And the problem of world food distribution serves as but one example of a variety of problems of similar scope and complexity. Who is responsible?

This critique of living by old definitions need not imply a depreciation of the past. In fact, it may open up a new appreciation of our full responsibility for our heritage. Our present decisions, our actions and inaction often determine the meaning of the past, as well as of the future. Our inherited resources of knowledge, technology, and wisdom die if we do not act to realize the purposes and hopes of those who strove to create them. The concept of responsibility opens up an appreciation of both past and future as they come to focus in the present.

The notion of responsibility may be something more than simply one of the many terms which arise in ethical discussion. It can be a concept which continually breaks through (concluded, page 43)