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OF
A
NUMBER
OF
THINGS

By *PARLEY A. CHRISTENSEN*

(Author of "All in a Teacher's Day")

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To Horace, Margaret, Betty Ruth, and Harold, the best of children

To be boosted by an illusion is not to live better than to live in harmony with the truth; it is not nearly so safe, not nearly so sweet, and not nearly so fruitful. These refusals to part with a decayed illusion are really an infection of the mind. Believe, certainly; we cannot help believing; but believe rationally, holding what seems certain for certain, what seems probable for probable, what seems desirable for desirable, and what seems false for false.

– George Santayana

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Foreword

Parley A. Christensen, as an interpreter of literature, has lived the larger part of his life at the points where great meanings take shape in words. This is a rare privilege for any human being; and he would be the first to be grateful for it. To experience what God hath made in man, and what man, through his words, has re-made for man — in the poet, the storyteller, the dramatist, the critic, the philosopher — is to live at high levels of life. Inevitably such experiences will reveal themselves in the person who has had them: in the high quality of his own searchings and insights.

The present book is the utterance — in manifold ways — of one who has listened to the great utterances and striven to comprehend them. With characteristic modesty, P.A., as his students affectionately call him, has named his book, *OF A NUMBER OF THINGS*: “Just a few,” one can hear him saying; “Not enough to make a fuss about.” But because a perceptive mind and heart are present, the “number of things” add up to a life philosophy.

I find myself, in the first chapter, grateful for this poet-philosopher’s happy acknowledgment of what, in religious terms, men have called “the grace of God” — the unearned plusses of our existence. And I go paragraph by paragraph through the “In Memoriam” chapters to gather for keeping the intimations of immortality in mortal beings.

To be sure, I have my own disagreements with P.A. I am not altogether happy with his “Melancholia” chapter, where his attitude toward Communism and our own system seems to be almost equally “a plague on both your houses.” But P.A., I know, will allow me this disagreement, for he himself has, by unswerving integrity, been an honest disagreeer when disagreement seemed called for.

P.A. has superb lucidity. I am reminded of a different type of scholar described by Edwin Arlington Robinson in his poem, *Amaranth*:

. . . He cuts and sets his words
With an exotic skill so scintillating
That no two proselytes who worship them
Are mystified in the same way exactly.

P.A.'s scholarship has not been like that. Nor has he made the surface show of thinking that Robinson describes in his *Nicodemus*:

. . . Because we move
And breath, and say a few complacent words
With tongues that are afraid to say our thoughts,
We think we are alive.

He has believed in this amazing universe and in the amazing ("unearned") things that come to us in it. He has liked what the minds of men contrive to say about the whole scheme of things, both little and big, and the ways in which they say it when they speak in freedom and sincerity. When he has shown us what great words have been made to say, we come more and more to realize that luminous words are perhaps the grandest creations permitted to man. Some of his own are in this book.

HARRY A. OVERSTREET

THINGS
MORE
OR
LESS
SERIOUS

*A Land Unpromised and Unearned**

The world is so full of a number of things
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

OUR THEME for the meetings, for the lectures, of this Leadership Week, assumes that in our world so full of a number of things there is a special land, a land that has been promised, a land that has been set apart for a special purpose and for a particular people—or should I say, a peculiar people? About such a land I have nothing to say this morning. I want to speak about another land, to me the most precious land in our world so full of a number of things. I am calling it an unpromised land. In a sense this special land is no land at all. Geology knows nothing about it. It has no hemispheric location, no geographic setting. It is without latitude and longitude, altitude and isotherm, valley and mountain range. Yet its boundaries are as wide as the earth, and its wealth is illimitable. But it is wealth with a difference. It is wealth to which the whole earth itself and all its people contribute, and in which men and women everywhere share, or may share, freely without discrimination as to country, race, color or creed.

I say, share freely, for this land unpromised is also a land unearned. It is a land given to all mankind without condition or contingency. It is as unrelated to the material world, the world of things, the world of barter and sale, of advertisements and prices, as it is to the world of altitude and isotherm. For the land unpromised and unearned is a realm of spirit. It is the realm of sensory delight—of fragrance, sound, form and color. It is the realm of human associations—of gratitude, loyalty and appreciation, of selflessness, helpfulness and forgiveness, of friendship, love and compassion. It is the realm of human growth and transcendence—of truth discovered and accepted, of beauty created and enjoyed, of goodness deepened and made manifest in life.

* Leadership Week address, Brigham Young University, June 8, 1960

None of us are strangers to these realms of spirit. We have sensed the world about us, smelled its fragrance, heard its sounds, glimpsed its forms and colors. We have warmed our souls in the glow of human associations, have had our moments of selflessness and gratitude, love and forgiveness. We have felt an upward reach within us when made suddenly aware of a truth, a beauty, a goodness above and beyond our own attainment. But few of us know these realms as our natural habitat, as the normal residence of our spirits. We are more at home, more at ease, in the world of things, in the world of getting and spending. So when conflicts arise between our spiritual and our material worlds, as they inevitably do, it is usually our spiritual world that suffers, and suffers tragically.

It suffers not by our conscious intent but by a subtle process of materialization within us. We prefer to remain spiritual. Spirituality is with us not only a good word but also a good thing. We eagerly appropriate its values to ourselves and commend them to all the world. But more and more we ascribe its values to the realm of things; we redefine it in terms of the material. Words, ideas, ideals, principles, once applicable only to the world of things, we unconsciously transfer to the realm of spirit. The spiritual thus gradually loses its identity, and, as a distinctive influence, tends to disappear from our lives. Thus the precious values of my land unpromised and unearned move, in our thoughts and feelings, over into the land of sale and barter, of commercials and price tags. And so, in the realms of sensory delight, of human relationships, of mental growth and transcendence, as in the world of automobiles, deep freezes, and stereo equipment, we get, as we say, only what we have earned, only what in some way we have paid for.

This spreading, creeping materialization of the spiritual appears even in the strongholds of educated thought and feeling. A few months ago a distinguished member of the board of regents of a great university was honored as the "1960 man of the year in

education." In addressing the campus groups so honoring him, he said in part, "The primary purpose of schools is education, not social adjustment. Today's youth should learn that *all they get that is worth while they get by hard work.*" And not long ago there appeared in the halls of my own institution a poster that read, "Be honest with yourselves. . . . *Nothing worth having is free.*" These were the pronouncements of men, seriously and deeply concerned about the mental and spiritual growth of young men and women.

The poster particularly troubled me, for it bore an imprimatur, an authorization, that I was especially disposed to respect. Impulsively I carried my grief to my students in literature. Did they believe that nothing worth having is free? Of course they did. Didn't I? Hadn't I read the poster in the hall? I had read it, but that didn't preclude questions — or did it? Had they earned Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton — "The Knight's Tale," "Hamlet," "Paradise Lost"? Sure they had. Hadn't they read them? I wondered about it, but, their titles to possession, such as they were, I left unchallenged. The discussion got out of hand. By the end of a wasted period, my neophytes had argued that they had earned the air by breathing it, food, by eating it, stomachs, by housing them — housing them as part of the standard equipment of their ontological being. Or was it equipment they had earned by some pre-existent effort? Regarding the gospel of work, they made no concessions, granted no exceptions — except perhaps the grace of God, and that only with equivocations. For them the principle of *quid pro quo*, something only for something, subsists in the warp and woof of the ethical universe as truly as it does in the standard ideology of business and industry. Just as our material world frowns darkly on those who would get something for nothing, and condemns especially the workman who would bring home an unearned dollar, so the heavens lower disapprovingly on men and women who would enjoy a love unearned, or a forgiveness unmerited.

But the gospel of work so extended is to me wholly untrue. Dare I say, wickedly untrue? It denies the existence of what to me is the most precious of realities — my land unpromised and unearned, my land with all its illimitable wealth, wealth of spirit *given* abundantly to men everywhere, without any cost to them or effort. Why, even my petunias and roses cry out in modest protest against it. Like the lilies of the Scriptures they toil not neither do they spin, yet theirs is a beauty and a fragrance which no labor can produce and no material wealth can buy. As I sit in the quiet of summer evenings, catching, with the veering breeze, now the light elusive but exquisite scent of the petunias, now the heavier, more opulent sweetness of the roses, I know no sophistication of thought by which I can persuade myself that I have earned the pleasure they bring to me. Nor can all the materialists in the world convince me that such a pleasure is not worth having.

I offer my petunias and roses as a token of the unearned wealth of the world of the senses. How rich that world is, perhaps only the poets know. But they have said that all of us are Aeolian harps on which the breezes of the physical world everywhere play lightly, evoking responses proper to the infinitely varied and beautiful forms of Nature. Unfortunately, as harps, all of us are not equally sensitive and responsive. Few are Wordsworths. But, helped by the few, it is possible for the rest of us to sense much of the loveliness of Nature and to commune silently and deeply with her spirit. Who has ever followed Wordsworth from the celandine and daffodil to the mystic visions of "Tintern Abbey" and "The Prelude," and not in a sense been born again, been caught up and away in spiritual transports quite ineffable?

Thus while the days flew by, and years passed on,
From Nature and her overflowing soul
I had received so much, that all my thoughts
Were steeped in feeling; I was only then
Contented, when with bliss ineffable
I felt the sentiment of Being spread
O'er all that moves and all that seemeth still;

O'er all that leaps and runs, and shouts and sings,
Or beats the gladsome air; o'er all that glides
Beneath the wave, yea, in the wave itself,
And mighty depth of waters. Wonder not
If high the transport, great the joy I felt
Communing in the soul through earth and heaven
With every form of creature, as it looked
Toward the Uncreated with a countenance
Of adoration, with an eye of love.
One song they sang, and it was audible,
Most audible, then, when the fleshly ear,
O'ercome by humblest prelude of that strain,
Forgot her functions, and slept undisturbed.

But, with or without the help of the poets, most of us have had our own unforgettable hours under the spell of sky and landscape. And in these later years, when fits of nostalgia overcome us, when we long to recapture from the past the experiences most precious in our memories, how frequently we would relive if we could the moments when Nature seemed to give herself to us in the fulness of her beauty, or wonder, or mystery! Often with me it is the memory of a summer's night on the dry farm at Robin, Idaho, a night when Marsh Valley lay softly breathing, drenched in moonlight and wrapped in silence, a silence which Wordsworth or Milton would call audible, a silence broken, not by the cricket — that unconscionable breaker of silences, in Nature as well as in student themes — but by the sudden, startled, antiphonal barking of farm dogs — Butch conversing with Rover across the wheat fields, and eliciting from far up the side of Old Tom the querulous howl of a coyote. Then the profound silence again, and the flooding moonlight, and the valley softly breathing — and, for at least one farm boy, a moving sense of wonder and mystery, not un-mixed with fear. Or it is a glorious moment at Interlaken, when one stands among beds of flowers infinitely varied in kind and gorgeous in variegated colors, and looks across sloping lawns and fields to green foothills that rise abruptly into green mountains,

which in turn tower up to barren summits, that separate to disclose in the distance Jungfrau resplendent in everlasting snow.

Or it is a warm mid-day reverie on a fjord in Norway. The boat is silent and at rest on blue waters, waters canopied by bluer skies, and bounded by a giant hedge of cliffs, covered and softened by velvet greenery, rain washed and glistening. There is a restful rhythmic sound of falling waters — streams from mountain tops behind the fjord rim, leaping from the skyline and rolling with foaming zest into quiet waters. There are drowsy thoughts about Beowulf and water trolls, and vagrant thoughts about H. G. Wells and his hero in India: always, Benham said, there must be jungles in the world; man, the Thought of the World, will always need jungles to conquer, jungles to test his manhood. Then there are sleepy ruminations on Matthew Arnold and his *Weltschmerz*,

. . . this strange disease of modern life
 With its sick hurry, its divided aims,
 Its heads o'ertaxed, its palsied hearts . . .

Then fjords again: always there must be fjords in Norway, clear, beautiful, virginal fjords, unconquered by man, untouched by the world of Arnold's lament; quiet places remote from the sick hurry of getting and spending; restful places where men with o'ertaxed heads and palsied hearts can go for healing and restoration, go to see, hear, and feel Nature's benediction — with no doctor bills to follow.

But it is when we turn to the realm of human relations in my land unpromised and unearned that some of us are most offended by the stern gospel of work, the hard doctrine of something only for something. We are offended because the doctrine repudiates a sentiment that warms and gives spiritual meaning to the whole world of human association, a sentiment in the experience of which we feel that we are living life in its finest dimension. I am speaking of gratitude. In the ethic of something only for something, gratitude has, of course, no place, because there everything possessed is something earned, something for which full value has been given. But in genuine gratitude there is always a sense of in-

debtedness. Our moments of sincere gratitude are moments when we feel with great certainty that we possess some of life's most precious things, and when we also feel with a deep humility that we are quite unworthy of them. To know human beings in living relationships, and to know them through the legacy of their thoughts, their feelings, their works of beauty, is to fill life with such moments.

And every life lived sensitively is filled with such moments. All of us can bear witness. Today when I recall my father and mother, my brothers and sisters, in the family circle of my boyhood, when I remember their interest in me, their solicitude about me, their love for me, their willingness, their eagerness to forgive me, to let me "start over," not once, but again and again, I know with an insight lent by the years that their interest, solicitude, love, and repeated forgiveness were priceless things *given* to me, not earned by me. And when I remember the enduring friendships, the unfailing goodwill, and the cheerful helpfulness of the boys and girls, the young men and women of my school, high school, and college days, when I remember the encouragement, the loyalty, the generous appreciation of my many students and fellow teachers through all the years, I know that their combined goodness to me has been a bountiful gift, in its richness, out of all proportion to any merit I ever possessed.

Gratitude in depth always humbles us. But it also lifts and sustains us. In the presence of the world's unaccountable goodness to us, the world's unaccountable tragedy is somehow softened. The worst seems endurable when all about us stand our friends and loved ones radiating a goodness that asks no questions about our deserts, that refuses to balance our mistakes, our sins, on the cold scales of distributive or retributive justice, but rather offers its healing and redemptive blessings according to our needs. Law, logic, theology, the doctrine of something only for something, may dictate distributive or retributive justice, but the hearts of good men dictate creative justice, the justice that looks beyond what we

are to what, through forgiveness, encouragement, and helpfulness, we may become. It is here that the best in men goes out to meet God. It is here that men are redeemed by the grace of their fellow-men, saved by a human goodness totally unearned.

But the realm of human relations includes more than our relations with the living. It includes also our relations with all who have lived in the past, who have lived and left us an inheritance of their thought, their feeling, their creativity. How can anyone aware of this inheritance speak of it except in terms of indebtedness, in terms of gratitude for a priceless possession never to be earned, but only to be appreciated? It would seem to me that the measure of our humanity is the degree to which we are participating in this human inheritance. We are hardly sharing in it, unless, wherever we are in the perplexing present, we meet the illuminating past; unless, in the voices and actions of the humanity of our time, we hear the echoes and feel the rhythms of things said and done long ago. We do not appreciate and understand the innate goodness of our world, unless in our souls we pay tribute to the thousands of our kind in the past who have had their Gethsemanes, carried their crosses, and taken upon themselves responsibility for the sins, the ignorance, the prejudice, the poverty, the callousness of their world. We have not really inherited our legacy of truth unless we have given the homage of our minds to the countless lovers of knowledge and wisdom — scientists and philosophers — who have toiled inquiringly and devotedly up their Sinais and returned to their followers with tablets inscribed with the finger of truth — which after all is the finger of God. We have not sensed the beauty of our cultural world, the beauty of its music, its painting, its poetry, unless we have come to it with eye, ear, imagination, and mind, sharpened, tuned, sensitized, disciplined, and made wise by the music, art, and poetry of the past.

In mapping roughly the provinces of my land of spirit, my land unpromised and unearned, I mentioned a realm of growth and transcendence, a place where truth is being discovered and ac-

cepted, where beauty is being created and appreciated, where goodness is being deepened and given expression in human life. Regarding humanity as a whole, talk about such a province is perhaps more a venture in faith than it is a look at reality. Human progress is tragically slow. The centuries roll wearily by, peopled by human beings devoted to old convictions and old loyalties, centuries filled with old prejudices, old hatreds, old brutalities, and with old tragedies born of them all. But the venture of faith must be made. We must believe that life is dynamic, creative, that its normal course is a growing and a becoming, that in peoples, in persons, and, indeed, in all things, there is a native impulse toward something beyond what is. And philosophy in part agrees. "Everything," says Paul Tillich, "wants to grow. It wants to increase its power of being. . . . Metaphorically speaking, one could say that the molecule wants to become a crystal, the crystal a cell, the cell a center of cells, the plant an animal, the man god."¹ As the green leaf has its growing edges, so humanity has its areas of creativity, its places where inquiring and imaginative minds are at work invading the unknown and shaping the unformed—scientists discovering new facts, philosophers formulating new systems of thought, artists fashioning new things of beauty, lovers of men rising to new heights of service and devotion, prophets and seers having new visions of God, of His ways and purposes. Most of us do not dwell in these fertile fields, do not participate in the cultivation and the quest, but we do share in the harvest. By the labor of others we do grow and transcend ourselves.

As I write this, I hear voices that have been speaking to me throughout my later years from my land unpromised and unearned, from its area of growth and transcendence—voices that have illuminated dark places in my mind, helped me to reconsider and redefine my ideals and purposes, enabled me to see life— all of life— more steadily and whole. I hear them speaking to me

¹ From *Love, Power and Justice*, with permission from Oxford University Press, publishers.

about my work as a teacher, about its unavoidable pains and its unalterable purposes. There is the eloquent, beautiful voice of George Santayana, teacher, artist, philosopher, world citizen. Only the teacher, he is saying, who accepts himself as the depositary of the past, who feels behind him, supporting him in the classroom, the massive tradition of things established — government, economics, morals, religion — can hope to teach with full assurance, recognized authority, and good conscience. But the teacher committed to two worlds — the world of the established order and the world of creativity, of growth and transcendence — can teach only precariously and dangerously. Often the best that is in him he can not, or must not, or dare not teach. And since the best that is in him is something spiritual, to withhold it is often to lose it, and to lose it is to leave his own life and perhaps the lives of his students forever poorer.

And there is an unforgettable voice from India, the voice of Radhakrishnan, philosopher, scholar, statesman, seer. It speaks to me through the word, both written and spoken. No hour of my life is more memorable than one during which I sat at the feet of this great man from the Orient. The true teacher, I hear him saying, helps his students to get along *without him*, helps them to deepen their own insight not to alter their present views. His aim is not disciples dependent on his leadership, his wisdom, but men of deeply informed minds freely choosing their own truth and living in the light of it. Mind is fate, he is saying. "If we believe absurdities, we shall commit atrocities" — a truth that explains the darkest pages in history, and portends dark ones yet to be written. "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," says the Bible. Men believed this absurdity, and hundreds of thousands of wretched, innocent old women, in the old and in the new world, died at the stake. White men for centuries have believed absurdities about black men, and black men by the millions have been enslaved or submerged — even in the land of promise, the land of liberty. As nowhere else, absurdities persist and flourish in religion. Much of

the good earth of the Western World has been stained with the blood of men who fought one another in the names of Christ and Mohammed, or, most paradoxically, fought one another in the name of Christ as Catholics and Protestants. All of which, Radhakrishnan is saying, is utterly hostile to the spirit of true religion. True religion removes conflicts everywhere. It puts man at peace with himself and with all other men. It gives him inner integrity and outer compassion. There is something wrong with a religion that puts head and heart, mind and emotion, knowledge and faith, at odds with one another. Religion is not doing what religion ought to do if it fails to draw people of all faiths together in mutual respect and sympathy. "My religious sense," Radhakrishnan is saying, "does not allow me to speak a rash or profane word of anything which the souls of other men have held sacred. This attitude of respect for all creeds, this elementary good manners in matters of spirit is bred in the marrow of my bones by the Hindu tradition." Standing in the forest and looking at the trunks of the trees, one is impressed by their separateness, their distinctiveness, but one knows that beneath the surface of the ground their roots mingle and draw nourishment from the same soil; and looking up one sees their tops touching and intertwining in the same sky. So it is with the religions of the world. They show differences in theology and ritual, but they spring from the same spiritual soil — man's imperative need to come to intelligible terms with his world, his universe. All find their supreme fruition in men of noble character, profound insight, and unbounded compassion.

Certainly out on the growing margins of the race, where humanity is consciously and unconsciously striving to transcend itself, stands Albert Schweitzer, the prophet in the wilderness of Lambaréné. And certainly of all the men who proclaim the failure of our Western World, and offer a philosophy of redemption, no one else has been heard farther or with more respect than this artist, theologian, scholar, doctor, saint. In his vision, our civilization, obsessed with its material aims and ambitions, sterile in its

mental powers and spiritual insights, is a vessel with defective steering gear, drifting with accelerated pace toward certain catastrophe. Only a restored faith in the informed and rational mind, and a religion suffused with the love that Jesus taught and exemplified, a love universalized into a Reverence for Life, all life, can avert complete destruction. Every life lived in the midst of life must become cognizant of the life that surrounds it. Even as the wave cannot exist for itself, but is a part of the heaving surface of the sea, so a man may never live his life for itself, but only as part of the total experience of living going on around him. Reverence for Life forces everyone to concern himself with all human destinies, the life destinies, which run their course in his own area of life. Reverence for Life requires every man to give himself as a man to the man who needs him most.

Santayana, Radhakrishnan, Schweitzer, and a thousand others who have spoken to me in life and in literature — only in a pride born of folly, or in an arrogance amounting to sin, could I regard them as something I have earned, something for which I have worked. Truth and modesty see them only for what they are — great, vibrant personalities, standing within the human inheritance, or out on the frontiers of a growing, a transcending human experience, radiating naturally and freely to all the world the goodness, beauty, and truth within them.

From time to time life has a way of summarizing itself, a way of revealing its essence, of saying what really matters in all of its bewilderment. Such a summary or distillation came to me one day and night in Rome. I felt then as I feel today, that my land unpromised and unearned is indeed the ultimate, the enduring reality, that its substance is spirit, that its authentic provinces are regions of sensory delight, of human associations, of human growth and transcendence. The day had been crowded with human associations. There were walks and talks with Roman ghosts, venerable and benign spirits old in my acquaintance. Boethius of the *Consolations of Philosophy* was there, a noble Roman,

Ghosts of Vergil and the German Lessing stood beside me in the Vatican Museum, where the Laocoön statuary stands alone in awesome and tragic beauty, Vergil to relate the tragic story, and Lessing to expound the sculptor's art. And Michelangelo was everywhere, now beside his "Pieta" in the nave of Saint Peters, now beneath the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, then with his "Moses" who sits with the aura of Sinai in the Basilica of Saint Peter in Chains.

Then night came with its summation and transcendence. The very air was redolent with delight for the senses and the spirit. The Eternal City, the City of the Seven Hills, with all its wealth of beauty — its ruins and its statuary, its parks and its fountains, its temples and its basilicas — bathed in a moonlight as magical as the moonlight that drenched the wheat fields of Marsh Valley in the days of my youth. And music was in the air — Verdi and *Aida*, in the Caracalla, "Celeste Aida," and "O terra addio" under the Roman moon and stars. Precious human association was there. Ruth was beside me, Ruth, whose life had shown me daily for more than forty years how sweet, sustaining and inspiring — and totally unearned — a woman and her love can be. It was an experience suffused with a mystical sense of rapport, of perfect oneness with the whole of things beautiful and good. It was a time of resolution and commitment. I knew then what Wordsworth meant when he wrote:

I made no vows, but vows
Were then made for me; bond unknown to me
Was given, that I should be, else sinning greatly,
A dedicated spirit. On I walked
In thankful blessedness, which yet survives.

*On Liberty in Our Time: Milton and Mill**

IN THE VOLUME of Harvard Classics containing selections from the writings of John Stuart Mill, the editors refer to Mill's "Essay on Liberty" and Milton's "Areopagitica" as part of "a splendid series of pleas for intellectual freedom." These essays form, they say, "the literary expression of the gradual realization of the passion for individual freedom which is one of the glories of the English-speaking peoples." My own experience with these great arguments persuades me that they are indeed an imperishable part of our mental and spiritual inheritance to which we cannot too frequently return for refreshment of thought, feeling and courage.

All that Milton and Mill said about liberty or freedom in their day seems particularly timely in ours; and the liberty to which they gave special emphasis in their time, we in the present seem tragically disposed to disregard or forget. In our characteristic national concern about liberty or freedom in the external and material world, we are, I believe, indifferently or ignorantly drifting into a self-imposed bondage in the realm of the mind.

At no other time within the memory of most of us has liberty or freedom been a matter of deeper concern than now. Certainly at no other time has more been said and written about it. The air vibrates with the theme, and churches and legislative and public halls resound with it. The newspapers and magazines are full of it. From a thousand commencement speakers in springtime come eloquent and solemn warnings against the forces at home and abroad that would destroy it.

One need not be a cynic to suspect that part of the vocal concern about liberty or freedom stems from political necessity. Every other year is with us an election year. Those of us who have long watched the jockeying of political parties for advantages in elec-

* Reprinted, with permission, from *Western Humanities Review*, Spring issue, 1952. Accorded a Freedoms Foundation award, 1952. The essay seems as pertinent to 1962 as it did to 1952. The "cold war" continues. Mind and reason are again in retreat. The ghost of McCarthy stalks the land.

tion races have grown to expect the party out of power to regard the party in power as a threat to individual and national liberty, and to regard its policies and practices as inimical to Constitutional rights and as a devious but certain approach to national disaster. We have grown to expect also that powerful financial interests smarting under curbs imposed by government will in a time of great public concern about freedom exploit that concern for their own private advantage. In the name of sacred liberty they will seek a restoration of license or special privilege. Such are ugly aspects of our American way of life.

But after all that is insincere, unreal, and selfish has been taken away from the present solicitude for human freedom at home and abroad, there remains much that is genuine and much that is warranted by the facts of the troubled world in which we live. The decline and disappearance of democracy in vast areas of the earth, and the rise of totalitarian governments in its place constitute for those who love individual freedom a terrifying menace. And the terror is intensified by the fact that such governments, driven by fanatical zeal, are striving to spread their tyranny to all other parts of the world.

But it is not about the menace to liberty of fascism or communism that I am now writing. The menace to liberty which concerns me is a menace of our own making. Paradoxically it is a menace to our liberty which is born of our love of liberty. Aristotle long ago taught us the paradox that a vice may spring from an excessive virtue. Frugality in excess passes easily into avarice; excessive piety, into sanctimony; extreme simplicity of faith, into unthinking credulity. What we need in America today is someone to teach us that in the flowering of liberty in some areas of our public and private lives grow the seeds of bondage in others. We need statesmen and prophets to show us that in our extreme solicitude about political and economic liberty we are endangering the priceless freedom of our minds and spirits.

In a period of clashing systems or ideologies it is, I suppose, almost inevitable that there should be a decline in freedom of thought and expression. Called upon by the pressure of struggle to defend and preserve a particular system or a special ideology, a people too willingly ceases to be critical of that system or ideology. It is no longer something to be changed or improved through the dynamic of creative thought and imagination. Rather, it is something to be cherished and preserved just as it is. It has become sacrosanct. The tragic paradox is that the liberties which the sacred system or ideology provides no longer include the liberty to think about it or feel about it except in ways that come to be regarded as the only right and proper ways. Any obvious deviations from them are looked upon first as dangerous, then as subversive, and finally as treasonable.

That we have approached such a condition in America today no one who is sensitive to our national atmosphere can doubt. The problem of overwhelming importance for us as a nation is Russia and the "cold war." If ever there was a problem which should invite and engage all the best minds of the nation in free and varied discussion this is it. Yet, what do we do? We think in unison; we fear in unison; we hate in unison; we denounce in unison, vying and varying only in the bitterness and extremity of our expression. Even in colleges and universities, supposedly the unshakable strongholds of free thought and expression, minds and tongues are little more than marionettes that move only in patterns woven by the press, the commentators, and the politicians. Original thought and sincere expression are moving underground, while blustering and sinister McCarthyism stalks the land.

What is true of the secular in our mental and spiritual life is equally true of the religious. Even in times of peace and security religion is by nature conservative and preservative. In revolutionary periods like the present it tends to withdraw more and more into itself and to set up protective barriers against change. Amidst the upheavals and alterations of time it feels it must em-

brace more closely and protect more carefully the things that are eternal. It is not necessary to be reminded that the forces that threaten democracy in the world today are equally hostile to religion as we have known it. And so our religious lives, like our secular lives, tend to become more and more circumscribed and regimented, more and more unfriendly to freedom of thought and expression. The intellectual core of religion tends to diminish; the mystical element, to increase. The rational approach to religious truth is more frequently belittled; the emotional one, more frequently extolled. Heterodoxy becomes the unpardonable vice; orthodoxy, the supreme virtue.

It is against this growing menace to freedom of thought and expression in both secular and religious life that I am invoking the voices of John Milton and John Stuart Mill, men whose ideas and sentiments on liberty have been adjudged by a saner age than ours as "one of the special glories of the English-speaking peoples."

Milton's great utterance, the "Areopagitica," grew out of an historical situation in which secular and religious issues were inextricably joined. Among the issues was that of church government. At the moment, the Puritan advocates of the Presbyterian system were in control of Parliament. In their desire to protect their gains and to maintain themselves in power they sought to control on crucial questions the thinking of the English people. They accordingly enacted a law requiring that all projected pamphlets and books be subjected to government censorship before publication. It was in protest against this law that Milton addressed himself to Parliament in his "Areopagitica."

Milton shows at the outset that he is fully aware of the social implications of free publication. He is not an exponent of art for art's sake, or of knowledge for the sake of knowledge, or of freedom for the sake of freedom. Books and pamphlets are not written by irresponsibles sitting in a social vacuum. They are written in society and for society. Like everything else so produced, they exert an influence on mankind for good or evil. But

the decision as to which will make for weal and which for woe must not be left to the judgment of any censor or group of censors. Ignorance, narrowness, and prejudice are ills that all minds are heir to. In the minds of government censors such ills could decree the death in embryo of a great book, and thereby leave the world forever poorer. To destroy such a book would be worse for humanity than to destroy a good man. Even a good man is compounded of diverse elements, the elements of folly as well as of wisdom, of vice as well as of virtue. But a great book is the unalloyed best that is in the man. Into it goes only the doubly refined gold of his thought and feeling. The book is his essence, his soul, his best ultimate claim on immortality.

The good life for Milton is a life of rich and varied experience. It is a life that knows truth and error, good and evil. He has, therefore, no admiration for a sheltered innocence. Good and evil, he says, grow up in the field together. The knowledge of one is interwoven with the knowledge of the other. Only by a knowledge of one can the other be recognized. The admirable man is the man who "can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better."

The goal of every effort for social betterment should be a society in which men freely control themselves. A man is genuinely good only as he obeys an inner monitor, not as he is protected from without by insulations provided by the church or the state. Sin cannot be removed from man by removing the objects of sin. "Though ye take from a covetous man all his treasure, he has yet one jewel left; ye cannot bereave him his covetousness. Banish all objects of lust, shut up all youth . . . in any hermitage, ye cannot make them chaste." Chastity is a matter of inner health, of inner choice, of inner purity of thought and desire. The best assurance of a good life is immunity to sin and error through complete knowledge, not isolation from dangerous knowledge through the quarantine of censorship.

But Milton condemns a censored press most of all because it tends to discourage and defeat men's natural and noble search for truth. Men will pursue the truth only as they are free to share their thoughts and feelings with their fellowmen, and only as their findings are subjected to the critical scrutiny of other minds. Diversity of opinion, which censorship tends to discourage, is an inevitable accompaniment of the search for truth. It is a sign of mental and moral health in church and nation. Uniformity of opinion, on the other hand, is an unmistakable indication of death and decay. Milton cannot, therefore, understand those who cry out about the dangers of sects and schisms. In the presence of religious factions he rejoices. "Give me," he cries, "the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties." "Where there is much desire to learn," he says, "there of necessity will be much arguing, much writing, many opinions; for opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making. Under these fantastic terrors of sect and schism, we wrong the earnest and zealous thirst after knowledge which God hath stirred up in this city."

He decries the common assumption of religious leaders that the discovery of religious truth is the privilege of the few. Out of such an assumption grows religious tyranny, the attempt of the few to crowd the "free conscience and Christian liberties" of the many into starched and lifeless creeds and canons. It is the despotic few "who perpetually complain of sects and schisms and make it a calamity that any man dissents from their maxims." It is these few who are the "troublers," the "dividers of unity"; it is they who "neglect and permit not others to unite those pieces which are yet wanting to the body of the Truth."

But the discernment of truth is not the prerogative of the few. The heart of every thoughtful and earnest seeker is potentially an oracle of God. And this democracy of religious seeking need not spell warring sects and schisms. "A little generous prudence," Milton says, "a little forbearance of one another and some grain

of charity might win all these diligencies to join and unite in one general and brotherly search for Truth." The quest of religious truth is large enough for all. In its greatest triumphs it is only progressive, never final. "To be still searching what we know not, by what we know, still closing up truth to truth as we find it . . . this is the golden rule in theology as well as in arithmetic, and makes up the best harmony in a church; not the forced and outward union of cold and neutral, and inwardly divided minds."

Much fear of the spread of error is to Milton evidence of little faith in the strength of truth. It argues weakness in belief, not strength of conviction. Men who really have the truth and love it have nothing to fear from error. Truth is self-reliant and unafraid. So Milton cries, "Let Truth and Falsehood grapple. Whoever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. . . . For who knows not that Truth is strong next to the Almighty. She needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings to make her victorious. . . . Give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps, for then she speaks not true, but rather she turns herself into all shapes except her own."

Implicit in all of Milton's argument is faith in the capacity of free minds to find the truth, to love the truth, and to make it prevail. He was not troubled by our strange belief that the past was more inspired than the present, a belief which enslaves our thought and vitiates so much of our present-day effort to adjust an old order to a new one. In the discordant but uncensored chorus of a thousand voices, the voices of free men challenging and abandoning the old, he found the dawn of a new and glorious era. "Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam;

purging and unsealing her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance."

In the "Areopagitica" we have an intense lover of liberty protesting in poetic and impassioned language what was to him an act of tyranny against man's most precious right, his God-given right to think and speak freely. In the essay of John Stuart Mill we have the words of a thinker in repose. It is the work of a logician, a philosopher, calmly speculating on man's liberty in relation to himself and to society. His object, he says, is to assert the simple principle "that the sole end for which mankind are warranted, individually or collectively, in interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number, is self-protection. That the only purpose for which power can be rightfully exercised over any member of a civilized community, against his will, is to prevent harm to others. . . . In the part which merely concerns himself, his independence is of right absolute. Over himself, over his own body and mind, the individual is sovereign."

In pointing out the areas of human activity in which the demand for liberty is most natural and most imperative, Mill emphasizes liberty of thought and liberty of expression. The right to freedom of opinion and sentiment on all subjects, practical or speculative, scientific, moral, or theological, is, he asserts, absolute. No society, he says, in which this right is not on the whole respected is free, no matter what its form of government may be.

This basic right rests on four distinct considerations. First, since we may not safely assume that our own opinions are infallible, we should not deny others the privilege of expressing theirs, lest by so doing we silence truth and give voice to error. Second, since generally accepted opinion seldom contains the whole truth, silencing opposing opinions may deprive truth of the elements that would complete it. It is only through the clash of opposing opinions that the sum total of truth can be made up. Third, though the prevailing opinion should be the whole truth, it lapses inevitably into mere prejudice unless it is kept vital by competition

with other opinions. Fourth, it is only by means of such competitive existence that true opinion can become part of the character fiber of those who espouse it. Opinion becomes conviction only for those who find its sanction in their own free thinking and in their own personal experience.

An adequate statement of Mill's complete argument is quite impossible here. High lights will have to suffice. Perhaps at no other place is he more relevant and more moving than in his account of the mental and moral deterioration that attends the denial of the right to think freely and express fully. Social condemnation of a thought does not, he says, destroy the thought or change the thinker. Under social duress, a man may veil his thought or disguise it, or he may desist from every form of expression. But his thought is not extinguished. Within his mind it still smoulders, and, when safety permits, it will blaze out far and wide. But this kind of mental compromise, or total suppression, involves, Mill says, the entire moral courage of the human mind. A society which thus condemns its most active and inquiring intellects to hide the genuine principles and the real grounds of their convictions within their own hearts, and, in their public utterances, forces them to fit their conclusions to premises which in their minds and hearts they have long ago renounced cannot send forth the open, fearless characters and the logical, consistent intellects which are the adornment of the thinking world, and the dynamic of every good society.

If such are the evil effects of social hostility to freedom of thought and expression on the unconventional or unorthodox thinker, even more evil are its effects on the minds of those who fear that they may become unorthodox. "Who can compute," asks Mill, "what the world loses in the multitude of promising intellects combined with timid characters who dare not follow out any bold, vigorous, independent train of thought, lest it should land them in something which would admit of being irreligious or immoral?" "Or subversive, or disloyal," we would add in these

agitated and hysterical days. Among such timid, fearful thinkers, we frequently find, Mill says, the discouraging and humiliating spectacle of men who would like to think trying to reconcile the irreconcilable, trying to harmonize what their conscience or society tells them they should believe with what their informed intelligence persuades them they must believe if they are to maintain personal integrity.

And then Mill lays down a principle which is a commonplace in the language of students but a rarity, perhaps, in their intellectual lives. "No one," he asserts, "can be a great thinker who does not recognize that, as a thinker, it is his first duty to follow his intellect to whatever it may lead." "Truth gains even more," he says, "by the errors of one who, with due study and preparation, thinks for himself, than by the true opinions of those who hold them because they do not suffer themselves to think."

Freedom of thought and expression is necessary not only to the mental and moral health of those who would think but also to the health and progress of society itself. A healthy society, as Milton has said, is a society characterized by the free play of minds and pens and tongues on all matters of human interest. A good society is also a progressive society, and the dynamic of progressive change in society has always been the highly endowed few, the few who possess more than others the gift that moves the world, the gift of creative thought and imagination. For a society to enshroud itself in an intellectual and spiritual atmosphere hostile to the free activity of this great endowment is for a society to doom itself to stagnation and decay.

To encourage the creative thinker and dreamer is to Mill not only good government but also good religion. "If it be any part of religion," he says, "to believe that man was made by a good Being, it is more consistent with that faith to believe that this Being gave all human faculties that they might be cultivated and unfolded, not rooted out and consumed, and that he takes delight in every nearer approach made by his creatures to the ideal con-

ception embodied in them, every increase in any of their capabilities of comprehension, of action, or of enjoyment."

So in these days of deep concern about liberty, let us not forget that in the tradition of love of liberty which we inherit there have been eloquent and noble men who have argued that of all the liberties dear to men and women the one to be most cherished is the liberty to use the mind in the quest of truth and to express to fellowmen the results of that quest. In this challenging age, which demands of humanity, if it would save itself, a marshaling of all the energies and resources of the collective mind, are we going to have the wisdom and the courage to release human thought and permit it to play freely and unafraid on every aspect of the human problem? Are we going to have the insight to see that nothing is at last sacred in our world but human welfare, and that on nothing pertaining to that welfare has the last thought been thought or the last word uttered?

I do not know at what time in life, or as a result of what study and discipline one is justified in holding and expressing a deep personal conviction. But whether justified myself or not I feel that I must close this discussion with an expression of a conviction which I have come to hold firmly. It is that no matter what one's oracle of truth may be, human or divine, its utterances can never become effective in a world of competing oracles until they have been subjected to the unhampered scrutiny of human thought. They will never win, I am sure, universal acceptance until they have been tested and approved in the clear, white light of a free and universal human reason. For even a divine oracle, to be permanently effective among men, must be assimilated to the thoughts of men. God himself is limited when men cease to think.

The Poet Prays *

THE IDEA that a poet prays and that his prayers may have special importance will not surprise anyone who remembers that in the beginning of our Western culture poetry and religion were quite inseparable. The poet was the original priest. He was the first prophet. He was the earliest representative of the gods among men.

From the ancient Greek to the modern Briton there have always been men who believed that poets are especially inspired; that they, more than all other men, feel the spiritual implications of the universe and of all things in it; that they, above all others, are aware of a realm of reality beyond the world of sense and intellectual perception, a realm in the consciousness of which alone man finds meaning and purpose in human existence.

Eight or nine centuries before Christ, we hear Homer asserting that the poet or minstrel is held in honor above all other men; that, though he is blind, he is greatly favored by the inspiring Muse, who gives him insight in compensation for sight, and blesses his mortal lips with the gift of immortal song. Four or five hundred years later, Plato admits reluctantly — and perhaps ironically — that the craft of poetry is a light thing, winged and holy, and that all good poets utter their beautiful poems not through art but through divine inspiration. Twenty-two hundred years after Plato, men were still identifying the poet with the eternal and the infinite. To Shelley the poet through inspiration escapes the limitations of time and space. He alone is a man of insight. He alone “lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world.” But his insight and his vision isolate him from other men. He is as a lonely nightingale sitting in darkness and singing to cheer its own solitude. The few who hear him are like men “entranced by the melody of an unseen musician, who feel that they are moved and softened, yet know not whence or why.”

* Address at Devotional Assembly, Brigham Young University, November 17, 1952.

It is natural, therefore, that the poet should pray. For prayer in its essence is the domain of poetry. It is a recognition of a realm of being or reality that transcends the experiences of the senses, or the deductions of reason. It is a spiritual awareness of a *beyond* of power and beauty, a *beyond*, with which the spirit of man may ally itself. It is man's attempt to find in such alliance the strength, the insight, the fellowship, the consolation, the communion without which his life may become a cruel and meaningless burden.

In his early experience with prayer the poet learned many lessons, not the least of which was that prayers are not always answered. And he came to see why they cannot be answered. Some of them are born of ignorance, ignorance of man's own deepest needs, and ignorance of the ways and purposes of God. In my fierce youth, he says,

I sighed out breath enough to move a fleet,
Voicing wild prayers to heaven for fancied boons
Which were denied; and that denial bends
My knee to prayers of gratitude each day
Of my maturer years.¹

He learned also that prayers can never become a ready and easy way for men to get what they want — or what they need. He learned that the proper development of mental and moral fiber requires that men get many of the things they want and need only through hard and unaided effort. For God, he discovered, is the wisest of teachers:

Like some school master, kind in being stern,
Who hears the children crying o'er their slates
And calling, "Help me, master!" yet helps not,
Since in his silence and refusal lies
Their self-development, so God abides
Unheeding many prayers. He is not deaf
To any cry sent up from earnest hearts;
He hears and strengthens when he must deny.
He sees us weeping o'er life's hard sums,

¹ From *Unanswered Prayers* by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Appearing in *Custer and Other Poems*, published 1896, by W. B. Conkey Company, Chicago.

But should he give the key and dry our tears,
 What would it profit us when school were done
 And not one lesson mastered?²

And as he grew in understanding of himself and of his world, the poet acquired the great modesty and the deep humility which forbade his opposing his personal will against the complex working of the physical universe, that forbade his asking that God's regularity of procedure in things great or small be modified or set aside to meet his personal need, desperate though that need might be:

What a world
 Were this if all our prayers were answered. Not
 In famed Pandora's box were such vast ills
 As lie in human hearts. Should our desires,
 Voiced one by one in prayer, ascend to God,
 And come back as events shaped to our wish,
 What chaos would result!³

And the poet learned also that many prayers are unanswered because they are insincere, because they do not express the deep, dominant desires of the minds and spirits that fashion them. He learned that men and women frequently pray, not as they really wish to, but as they feel they ought to. More pharisaical than the Pharisees, they pray to be heard of God, heard for their seeming approval of His divine ideals and purposes, an approval behind which they would hide from Him the ideals and purposes which really dominate their lives.

So they pray for the blessings of heaven, but really strive only for the things of earth. They pray for peace on earth and good will toward all men, but, for personal profit and power, they foster the selfishness, prejudice, and hatred out of which wars are born. They implore the Almighty to bless the poor and the needy, but they protect the economic and social conditions that make the rich richer and the poor poorer. They beseech Him to aid the sick and the afflicted, but they oppose any social change that would bring

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*

the blessings of medicine and surgery to those who need them most. They would have health, prosperity, and peace for all men but not at the expense of anybody's right to put money in his purse. They pray, "O Lord, thy kingdom come," but they would insist that the divine prerogative should not interfere with the normal profits of good business.

And the poet discovered that men and nations usually get what they want. The prayer of dominant desire usually triumphs over mere words addressed to God. For behind their dominant desires men and nations marshal all of their resources, all of the energies of minds, hearts, and hands. But the poet discovered also that such triumphs are temporary ones. Although the divine will and purpose must wait upon the willing and wholehearted cooperation of men, it is by that will and purpose alone that the enduring values are ultimately fashioned and established. Time proves that everything else is vanity:

"O World-God, give me Wealth!" the Egyptian cried.
His prayer was granted. High as heaven, behold
Palace and pyramid; the brimming tide
Of lavish Nile washed all his land with gold.
Armies of slaves toiled ant-wise at his feet,
World-circling traffic roared through mart and street,
His priests were gods, his spice-balmed kings enshrined,
Set death at nought in rock-ribbed charnels deep.
Seek Pharoah's race today and ye shall find
Rust and the moth, silence and dusty sleep.⁴

Beauty, as an end in itself, is just as attainable as wealth — and, without truth and goodness, it is just as perishable:

"O World-God, give me Beauty!" cried the Greek
His prayer was granted. All the earth became
Plastic and vocal to his sense; each peak,
Each grove, each stream quick with Promethean flame,
Peopled the world with imaged grace and light.
The lyre was his, and his the breathing might

⁴ From *Gifts* by Emma Lazarus. Courtesy of Houghton Mifflin Company, original publishers.

Of the immortal marble, his the play
 On diamond-pointed thought and golden tongue.
 Go seek the sunshine race. Ye find today
 A broken column and a lute unstrung.⁵

As the years passed, the poet developed an acute sense of social responsibility. The feeling grew in him that all who would be truly Christians must in some way take upon themselves the sins of their world. Within his lifetime he had seen economic systems collapse, forms of government fail, and religious creeds disappear. In two world wars he had seen his race bathed in its sweat, its blood, its tears. He thought he saw what was left of civilization moving rapidly toward annihilation. Lowell had said that men should love the poets for "keeping youth young, woman womanly, and beauty beautiful," but it seemed to the poet that the world he knew demanded poets and poetry made of sterner stuff. Lowell had also said that great poets are the men of their generation who feel "most deeply the meaning of the present."

To the poet the tragedy of the present world meant a protest of the masses of men against systems, institutions, and creeds which had failed them in their primary physical and spiritual needs. To him the present time called, therefore, not for satisfied, orthodox defenders of the old, but for vital, courageous, and inspired creators of something new. So, as a poet and as a citizen of an agitated world, he prayed. He prayed that he might be filled with a divine discontent, that he might spurn the easy satisfactions of little or partial accomplishments, that he might escape the numbing touch of unquestioning faith, that as a poet his love of the beautiful might never make him blind or indifferent to the ugly, that he might never forget that there can be no permanently good society so long as there remain open or hidden cesspools in it:

God, although this life is but a wraith,
 Although we know not what we use;
 Although we grope with little faith,
 God, give me the heart to fight — and lose.

⁵ *Ibid.*

Ever insurgent let me be,
Make me more daring than devout;
From sleek contentment keep me free
And fill me with a buoyant doubt.

Open my eyes to visions girt
With beauty, and with wonder lit, —
But let me always see the dirt,
And all that spawn and die in it.

Open my ears to music, let
Me thrill with Spring's first flutes and drums
But never let me dare forget
The bitter ballads of the slums.

From compromise and things half-done,
Keep me with stern and stubborn pride;
But when at last the fight is won,
God, keep me still unsatisfied.⁶

The poet did not pray for more knowledge. No other generation of men had ever known as much as his, but no other had ever been in sorer trouble. The discursive mind, roving and probing in the yet unexplored reaches of the cosmos, was not likely to find there any amelioration for man's inhumanity to man. It was not necessary for men to know the topography of the sun, moon, and stars to live decently together on the hills and in the valleys of the earth. Nor did the poet pray for keener moral perception. Man's sense of right and wrong was not dim, or uncertain. For two thousand years the people of warring Christendom had been schooled in the moral teachings of Jesus.

No, what his world most needed was men of courage, men of will power, men of passion — men who dared to say the things that needed to be said, men who dared to do the things that needed to be done, men whose passion for peace and righteousness would burn away the artificial barriers of expediency, and con-

⁶ *Prayer*. From *Challenge* by Louis Untermeyer, copyright, 1914, by Harcourt, Brace and World, Inc.; renewed, 1942, by Louis Untermeyer. Reprinted by permission of publishers.

sume the foundations of conventional wisdom. Humanity needed potential martyrs, "fools" destined to be prophets:

We know the paths wherein our feet should press
 Across our hearts are written Thy decrees:
 Yet now, O Lord, be merciful to bless
 With more than these.

Grant us the will to fashion as we feel,
 Grant us the strength to labor as we know,
 Grant us the purpose, ribb'd and edg'd with steel,
 To strike the blow.

Knowledge we ask not, — knowledge Thou has lent,
 But, Lord, the will — there lies our bitter need.
 Give us to build above the deep intent
 The deed, the deed.⁷

In his discouraging world the poet found nothing more discouraging than religion. He felt in his heart that religion should be a quest for eternal values, values on which all men of good will could lay hold, values, therefore, which would draw men together in unity and peace. Basic in his own religion was a sense of God as Father and of all men as brothers. But everywhere in the competing creeds of the world he found beliefs and sentiments that divide men and incite hostility among them. Even in Christendom he found vestiges of primitive ideas and dogmas which made of the Father of all men a tribal or regional deity devoted primarily to the protection of special races and particular lands. Many thought of Him as standing aloof from the horrors of modern war because in the ambiguities of an ancient soothsayer there were hints of wars and rumors of wars not yet accounted for in the conflicts that had already crimsoned the face of the earth. Men of unimpeachable piety thought it better that millions more should perish than that anyone should believe that any jot or tittle of "divine prediction" could fail of fulfillment. Some thought it a pious duty to leave the fate of the world entirely in the hands of the Lord, while they sat under their own vine and fig tree, await-

⁷From *A Prayer* by John Drinkwater, by courtesy of Messrs. William Collins, London.

ing the cataclysmic event which was to destroy the wicked and usher in a millennium for the righteous.

And, with it all, the poet was sick at heart. To him it was blasphemous to believe that the Father of all would through any man, ancient or modern, doom any generation of his children to the barbarities of war. It was equally blasphemous to believe that He would approve any interpretation of any record that would cast doubt upon the innate power of men to secure for themselves the blessing of peace. Indeed, the dominating belief of his life had come to be that it is through good men and good men alone that God accomplishes His purposes, and that upon humanity itself rests the full responsibility for what humanity is. When a millennium is made, good men will make it:

We who, craven in our prayer,
Would lay off on Thee our care —
Lay instead on us Thy load;
On our minds Thy spirit's goad,
On our laggard wills Thy whips
And Thy passion on our lips!
Fill us with the reasoned faith
That the prophet lies, who saith
All this web of destiny,
Torn and tangled, cannot be
Newly wove and redesigned
By the Godward human mind.
Teach us: so, no more to call
Guidance supernatural
To our help, but — heart and will —
Know ourselves responsible
For our world of wasted good
And our blinded brotherhood.
Lord, our God! to whom from clay
Blood and mire, Thy people pray —
Not from Thy cathedral's stair
Thou hearest: — Thou criest *through* our prayer
For our prayer is but the gate:
We, who pray, ourselves are fate.⁸

⁸ Reprinted with permission of the publisher from *A Prayer of the People* by Percy MacKaye, c. 1914, 1942, by the Macmillan Company.

The final stage in the development of the poet's conception of prayer came when he discovered that even God prays, that through all the upward reachings of the human mind, and in all the human impulses toward goodness, truth, and beauty, He is asking His children to help Him and to help themselves. Here the task of reading the poet aright becomes especially difficult.

Like all other thoughtful men the poet had perhaps pondered the problem of the existence of evil. Perhaps like many of them he had been unable to reconcile the presence of evil with a belief in the goodness and omnipotence of God. An all-powerful and an all-good deity tolerating evil anywhere in His domain probably seemed to him a logical and a moral impossibility. Did he then suddenly and intuitively envisage God as a limited but progressive being struggling to organize and direct the mental and physical forces of His universe and to make them serviceable to His divine will and purpose? Did he think of humanity and its world as part of God's unmastered universe, and of men as beings in whom a divine and an earthly nature are joined in a struggle for dominance? Did he think of men, in that struggle, as creative beings destined to be the means by which God's creative purpose for them and their world is to be progressively realized? Was God a Promethean deity, bound, and waiting for men to free themselves, and, in freeing themselves, to liberate Him? And through the ideals and aspirations of men and women was God praying for His own and for humanity's deliverance from evil? Let us look at the poem.

It was a stormy night, and, for the poet, one of sleepless and agitated tossing. For in every facet of his imaginative and sensitive mind he was aware of another storm, a storm evoked by human beings, world wide in scope, and of demoniac fury, a storm the lightning of which was an inferno of bursting bombs, the thunder, their cumulative roar, and the downpour, a deluge of human blood and tears. In it, men, women, and children were

dying in indiscriminate slaughter. The poet was praying, praying incoherently, protestingly, accusingly:

What is Thy will for the people, God?
Thy will for the people, tell it me!
For war is swallowing up the sod
And still no help from Thee.

Thou who art mighty, has forgot;
And art Thou God, or art Thou not?
When will Thou come to save the earth
Where death has conquered birth?"

And the poet had an answer. It came not in the wind or the rain, the lightning or the thunder. As with Elijah it came in the still small voice of a quickened understanding. Wars are made by men, and only men can stop them. God can cooperate with men, but men must initiate the common effort. Until men rise with a flaming conscience, in a mighty protest against war and its causes, God can only wait — wait and pray:

And the Lord God whispered and said to me,
"These things shall be, these things shall be,
Nor help shall come from the scarlet skies!
Till the people rise my arm is weak;
I cannot speak till the people speak;
When men are dumb, my voice is dumb —
I cannot come till my people come. . . .

Millions on millions pray to me
Yet harken not to hear me pray;
Nor comes there any to set me free
Of all who plead from night to day.
So God is mute and heaven is still
While the nations kill.

But the poet was not reconciled. His heart still ached with compassion for the masses of men, the people, in whom guilt is always least and on whom the burden of suffering is always greatest. Though the people had failed, they had not failed without

* This and the remaining excerpts are from *God Prays* by Angela Morgan.

effort. They had failed because they were by nature weak, because the creation of a peaceful world was beyond their native powers. And then came to the poet a startling revelation. God himself exists only through effort. He, too, bears a heavy burden. Indeed, His burden includes the weight of all the burdens of humankind. Their weariness is His weariness. Their anguish is His anguish. And — amazing thought! — only through their ultimate triumph over evil in themselves and their world will His divine fulfillment be possible. And such a triumph is within the powers of men. The potential moral strength of mankind, once released for the creation of a better world, will prove invincible:

“Thy people have travailed much,” I cried,
 “I travail even as they,” God sighed.
 “I have cradled their woe since the stars were young —
 My infant planets were scarcely hung
 When I dreamed the dream of my liberty
 And planned a people to utter me.
 I am the pang of their discontent,
 The passion of their long lament;
 I am the purpose of their pain,
 I writhe beneath their chain.”
 “But thou art mighty and needest no aid.
 Can God, the Infinite, be afraid?”
 “Thou, too, art God, yet know it not,
 ‘Tis they, not I, who have forgot. . . .”

“Help them stand, O Christ!” I prayed.
 “Thy people are feeble and sore afraid.”
 “My people are strong,” God whispered me,
 “Broad as the land, great as the sea. . . .”

Blazing systems of sun and star
 Are not so great as my people are,
 Nor chanting angels so sweet to hear
 As the voice of nations, freed from fear
 They are my mouth, my breath, my soul!
 I wait their summons to make me whole.”

And so ended the poet's communion with God. The storm did not cease, and the poet did not fall asleep. Sleep did not matter

now. The poet was certain to face the morrow with a clearer and deeper understanding of the relationship of God to man in a troubled world:

All night long I toss and cannot sleep;
When shattered heavens weep and weep,
As they have wept for many days.
I know at last 'tis God who prays.

*Man, the Thought of the World**

I HAVE REACHED that dreadful period in life when the past easily usurps the present, when, sifted and adorned by imagination, the long ago returns in form and feature so alluring that the heart aches to accept it and keep it as the only reality it has ever known. So when the invitation came to speak here tonight, I was immediately translated — as a mystic might say — caught up and carried away to the events, scenes, forms and faces of my own high school and college days in this beautiful Logan community. But in the translation I recaptured more than images and memories of these things. I recovered the very *feel* of that far away student life. I breathed again the atmosphere that informed it and gave it its particular meaning, its special poignancy. I dwelt once more in a world infinitely warm and friendly and secure.

It seems to me now as I recall the mental and spiritual tone of the campus in the first fifteen years of the century that there was something inevitable about it. The beliefs, convictions, assurances, in which and by which we lived and studied, bred in us naturally a sense of world security, an awareness of something like cosmic good will. For ours was a God-centered world. God was unmistakably in His heaven, and that was *prima facie* evidence that all was right, or eventually would be right, with His world, His universe. It is true that we did not always agree as to where He was or as to what He was like. To some of us, I fear, He was a kind of terrifying Yahweh, peering suspiciously and menacingly through the chinks of His universe, awaiting too eagerly a good cause to hurl His thunderbolts, or to unleash His tempests and His whirlwinds. To others He was a loving and compassionate Father, resident we knew not where, but mystically dwelling through His spirit in the hearts of all good men, and directing all things for their ultimate welfare. But whatever He

* Address to the chapter of Phi Kappa Phi, Utah State University, Logan, Utah, June 1, 1949.

was, or wherever He was, He gave mind to the universe and therefore meaning. He gave will to it and therefore purpose. In that meaning and purpose most of us found security, notwithstanding unaccountable misfortunes that sometimes came to us.

As mind and will argued meaning and purpose in the universe, so meaning and purpose argued progress. And progress, in those days, was one of our absolute certainties. The universe, with everything in it, was going somewhere, and its course was unmistakably onward and upward. The dynamic, the *élan vital*, was ultimately the mind and will of God, but we students were not without a possible part in the great evolving drama. We could make ourselves the embodiment and expression of the divine intention. And one of the means at our disposal was science. Through science we could discover the regularity, the dependability, of the divine processes in nature. Through it we could master law abiding forces and turn them to human uses. We could discover and control the causes of sickness and premature death, and by so doing increase the comfort and security of life and lengthen its span.

It was true that the study of science could be dangerous, that it had sinister as well as beneficent possibilities. It could, for example, cast some doubt on theological prepossessions. Darwin and the higher critics were part of a dietary handed to us from the preceding century, and, it must be confessed, they remained for some of us undigested and sometimes upsetting morsels in the stomachs of our understanding. The most potent of our theological nostrums were annoyingly incapable either of expelling them completely or of entirely absorbing them. Spiritual trouble lurked also in that regularity and dependability in nature, the discovery of which was the most glorious triumph of science. For it occurred to a few of us even then that there might be little need for supernatural direction in a completely law abiding nature. It seemed possible to lose the Regulator in the regularity of His regulations and not miss Him too much. The postulate of undeviating uni-

formity in natural processes seemed to allow little place for divine afterthought, to say nothing of divine wilfulness. So there were a few who fancied they saw God disappearing, first from the laboratory, eventually from the universe. Looking again toward the chinks in the cosmos, a few could see neither a threatening Yahweh nor a kind and gracious Father. They saw instead a grim visaged Determinism with pronounced Darwinian features.

But for most of us the so-called conflict between science and religion caused only minor aches and pains, for which there were always ready at hand, if not cures, at least palliatives and anodynes. We could always remember that a little learning is a dangerous thing, and modestly assume that we knew little. We could hold fast to the faith of our fathers and to the wisdom of the ages as correctives or rebukes for venturesome and presumptuous thinking. We could lean confidently on that logic which begins with the major premise that all truth is one, and which moves easily through various minor premises to the rather too obvious conclusion that truth cannot be in conflict with truth. If such logic failed to resolve the difference between Adam and Neanderthal man, we could always remember that Yahweh was Yahweh, and Darwin, only Darwin.

But notwithstanding some disquieting by-products of scientific discovery and speculation, science gave us the most tangible evidence we had of human progress. It was not, however, the only evidence, and not the most inspiring. Men were mastering not only their environment but also themselves. They were learning to live together. They were entering an era of international good will and cooperation. Norman Angell, David Starr Jordan, and William James were our prophets, and they were prophets not of wars and rumors of wars but of universal and everlasting peace. Peace was no longer just an ideal for which men should labor persistently but not too hopefully. It was all but a present reality. It had become an economic necessity, a rational insistence, a moral imperative.

Industry had overflowed all national boundaries and was operating everywhere with a fine disregard of race, color, and creed. So delicately were the parts of the world economic structure articulated and so interdependent were they that dislocations anywhere through war would bring collapse everywhere. The modern world simply would not permit such a material disaster. Nor would it permit the destruction of its human resources. Modern society would not by war kill off its biologically fit and leave its weaklings to perpetuate the race. It would not save thousands of its babies only to slaughter millions of its young men. But best of all, mankind had attained a moral immunity to war. After nineteen hundred years of Christian teaching men had begun to feel like children of God, and they were going to live like His children. What remained in them of the beast of the field would be sublimated in the moral equivalent of war, in a common fight against disease, poverty, and ignorance. A millenium was definitely at hand.

Well, I am sure that no one here tonight needs to be told that our old-time sense of security was not justified, or that our dreams of thirty-five years ago have not been fulfilled. Since then the world we thought so secure has been shaken to its foundations. Old political and economic systems have tottered and crashed. Old religious and moral structures have broken and crumbled. Twice, the men, women, and children of the world have almost literally bathed in their own blood and tears. Our earth has indeed become the realm of Milton's Chaos and Old Night, of

Tumult and Confusion all embroiled
And Discord with a thousand various mouths.

And the end is not in sight. Tumult, confusion, discord, and the thousand various mouths are still with us, and imminent war, its potential brutalities multiplied a thousand fold, again stalks the earth.

Silenced is all our talk of economic sanity and biological foresight as deterrents of war. Shattered is our dream of the moral

equivalents of war. We hear no more boasting about the triumph of the divine over the bestial in human nature. Human barbarity has perhaps reached in our generation its acme of horror: of crudity, in the mass slaughter of Auschwitz or Maidanek; of refinement, in the seared and twisted bodies of babies in the rubble of Hiroshima. Progress is no longer one of our certainties. We are sure of no dynamic, no upward thrust, at work in the world which assures to the men of tomorrow a better world than this we experience today. Peace when attained is but a state of temporary and precarious equilibrium. We move from crisis to crisis, eliminating some old evils, but creating new ones. Cultures live or die as they meet successfully or unsuccessfully challenges hurled fortuitously at them. Faith in science as unmitigated good is no longer possible. With one hand science gives us penicillin; with the other, an atom bomb. With one we can save our thousands; with the other, we can slay our millions. Our cupidity limits the one to good that is compatible with economic profit. Our hatred and hysteria promise from the other a maximum of evil.

In the fields of religion and philosophy, the inferences drawn from science have been agitating, not to say devastating. What was but a nightmare of my intellectual youth has become for many a terrible reality. God has disappeared, or is rapidly disappearing both from the laboratory and from the universe. The Ruler has been lost in the regularity of His rules. And with Him has been lost much of the meaningfulness and purposefulness of the universe and everything in it. "The disease of meaninglessness which infects our time" says Hocking of Harvard, "is due . . . chiefly to the fact . . . that human life has been set, through the normal advances of the sciences, into a set of total frames which are essentially meaningless. We have set human life into an astronomical picture which, by definition, contains no meaning. We have psychologized ourselves as things of physical nature . . . therefore meaningless. We have sociologized ourselves into a humanism of mutual aid, in arriving at biological ends, for which

psychology can give the behavior pattern, which is part of the astronomical scene, which is meaningless. All this is the result of our most exalted intellectual achievement, our scientific reason, accepted as a datum of philosophy.”¹

Bertrand Russell is more eloquent and more devastating. A Mephistophelean world ruled by a capricious and malignant deity who fashions and destroys human marionettes for his own casual amusement is not, he says, more purposeless, more void of meaning than the world which science offers for our contemplation. “Brief and powerless is Man’s life; on him and all his race the slow, sure doom falls pitiless and dark. Blind to good and evil, reckless of destruction, omnipotent Matter rolls on its relentless way; for Man, doomed today to lose his dearest, tomorrow himself to pass through the gate of darkness, it remains only to cherish, ere yet the blow falls, the lofty thoughts that ennoble his little day.”²

In systems of thought in which God still remains a necessary hypothesis or object of belief, He appears either as a being beyond human comprehension whose ways are utterly inscrutable, or as a being greatly diminished in glory, and quite shorn of power and prerogative. He is no longer the Almighty. “He must no longer intrude,” says Hocking, “in the causal sequences which concern the natural sciences. Neither the observer in the laboratory nor the maker of hypotheses must be called on to refer any effect to his activity.”³ Since reality implies activity, belief in the reality of God involves belief in God’s power to act in some way without in anyway interfering. He can act only as the sun acts on the heliotrope, as the magnetic pole acts on the mariner’s compass. By His mere existence He may evoke the potential goodness, truth, and

¹ From *Thoughts on Life and Death* by William Ernest Hocking. Reprinted by permission of Harper and Brothers Company, New York.

² From “A Freeman’s Worship,” in *Mysticism and Logic*. Reprinted by permission of George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London.

³ From *Science and the Idea of God*, by William Ernest Hocking. Reprinted by permission of the University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, N.C.

beauty of the world as an ideal or principle shapes a deed, as a philosophy fashions a life.

Montague of Columbia loses omnipotence in the problem of evil. "Surely it would seem" he says, "that since God does not abolish evil it must be either because he can't or because he won't, which means that he is limited either in his power or in his goodness."⁴ The inferences are fairly obvious. To limit God's goodness is unthinkable. To limit His power is to make Him a force struggling for good against other forces in His universe which He has not yet mastered, some of which may be the evils existing in the nature of men themselves. It is to make Him a Promethean god, defying "the real in the interest of the ideal," an ideal in the realization of which God's power to do for men is frustrated by men's own unwillingness to cooperate. If a better world for men is to be made, men must initiate the effort and do most of the labor. There are times when God himself can only stand and wait.

But for an ever increasing number God has disappeared from the world and the universe. "There is in the universe," says Stace of Princeton, "outside man, no spirituality, no regard for value, no friend in the sky, no help or comfort for man of any kind."⁵

And that inverted Bowl they call the sky,
Whereunder crawling cooped we live and die,
Lift not your hands to *It* for help — for *It*
As impotently moves as you or I.

The Princeton philosopher, however, pronounces doom more sternly and asks no allowance for poetic license. Man has become a mere incident in the limitless sweep of time. The little space he fills is like Pascal's — a chasm in the infinite depths of space which he knows not and which knows not him.

Those of us whose academic lives are spent in literature find everywhere in contemporary writing this sense of man's littleness, lostness, and futility. So unimportant is he, that he is no longer

⁴ From *Belief Unbound* by William Pepperell Montague. Quoted by permission of Yale University Press, publishers.

⁵ From "Man Against Darkness" by W. T. Stace, *Atlantic Monthly*, September, 1948.

material out of which greatly moving literature can be fashioned. The critic can no longer proudly assert that the failure of the moralist in his account of human experience is the triumph of the tragedian. He can no longer claim that the literary artist treats the misfortunes of life in such a way that the human spirit triumphs gloriously over the forces that destroy the flesh, in such a way that the dying protagonist preserves his dignity, glorifies his species, and elicits the sympathy and admiration of the gods themselves. Writers today know the flesh but not the spirit. And human dignity and divine sympathy and admiration have little place in their stock in trade. "We can no longer," says Joseph Wood Krutch, "tell tales of the fall of noble men because we do not believe that noble men exist. The best we can achieve is pathos and the most that we can do is to feel sorry for ourselves. Man has put off his royal robes and it is only in sceptered pomp that tragedy can come sweeping by."

Most of you will gather from what I am saying that I am not particularly happy about the world we oldsters are bequeathing to you youngsters. But I hope no one will attribute my gloom to the envy of relinquishment, to the distortions of a jaundiced eye. My dissatisfaction with this best of all possible worlds is as honest as it is deep. But I would not offer counsel of despair. When I planned this address, I desired most of all to help you young men and women to see clearly the worst aspects of the world which you now face and which you must soon manage as best you can. I desired also to encourage you to face your coming responsibility with faith and courage. I admit, however, that the role of exhortation irks me, even in this commencement season when counsel and advice flow naturally and in torrents from a thousand rostrums. Considering the mess my generation has made of the world, I find little propriety in my telling yours what to do with it.

In one of his novels H. G. Wells tells about a night spent by his hero Benham in a jungle of India. All his life Benham had suffered from fears. Among them was a morbid fear of the jungle,

the fear of meeting in its lair a tiger uncaged and uncontrolled. Camped one night with a company of the British forestry department on the edge of a jungle, Benham yielded to a strange impulse to walk into the jungle, alone and unarmed. Following a native cart track he walked noiselessly, now in the shadows, now in the soft glow of the Indian moonlight. Since a night jungle is a jungle awake, life was everywhere. Flying squirrels soared above him. Owls floated across his path. Over here was fuss of monkeys in the tree tops. Over there was a squabble of bears in the thicket. In the distance was the croak of frogs, the belling of deer.

But, at last, in an opening of the jungle, the nightmare of Benham's childhood came true. He found himself face to face with a tiger, uncaged and uncontrolled. For interminable moments man and beast stared at each other, silent and motionless. Finally Benham spoke. "I am Man," he said hoarsely, "the Thought of the world." The tiger started and moved sideways, gardant. Benham repeated in a voice that had now lost all sound: "I am Man, the Thought of the world." Then with a low deep snarl of mingled rage and fear the tiger bounded into the underbrush and vanished.⁶

I like to believe that Wells gave to this episode a symbolic meaning, that he was trying to say that the human jungle-lands and the very embodiment of their worst terrors will eventually yield ground and vanish before the Thought, the Mind of the world. I like to feel that he was asking his readers to face their troubled world with the conviction that men of great thought and great courage may yet conquer the meaninglessness, the purposelessness, the fears, the hatreds, the mental and spiritual chaos in which the race now flounders.

If it were my prerogative to urge anything tonight, I should urge that the members of Phi Kappa Phi dedicate their lives afresh to the service of the Mind, the Thought of the world. I

⁶ *The Research Magnificent*, Chapter I, section 11. Macmillan Company, publishers.

know that that service is hard and hazardous. I know that when men begin to think independently and express themselves freely they run foul of a thousand vested interests, that they are implored or rebuked, cajoled or threatened by all the defenders of all the tottering creeds and systems, ideologies and philosophies that infest the world — and always in the name of truth.

These hundred doctors try
To preach thee to their school,
We have the truth! they cry.
Yet their oracle,
Trumpet it as they will, is but the same as thine.

If men are to think clearly and soundly in such a bedlam of conflicting claims, they must at all costs find sound footings for their minds and true oracles for their spirits. To discover such footings, such oracles, they must subject themselves to the rigorous discipline of thorough going doubt. As Josiah Royce long ago said, "they must doubt everything in which they have without criticism come to believe. They must doubt honestly, dutifully, prayerfully. They must doubt, not because doubt is a good end, but because it is a good, a necessary beginning. They must doubt as they would undergo a surgical operation, because it is indispensable to the future health of their thought."⁷

It is, I say, to these disciplines and dangers that I would invite the men and women of Phi Kappa Phi. For only when people of the highest mental and spiritual attainment become a vital, participating part of the Thought of the world will thinking become dynamic and creative, and only then will the terrors of our mental and spiritual jungles yield ground and finally vanish. This needs to be said again and again. For in discouraging, frightening times like ours people easily turn from thought to feeling, from inquiry to credulity. They listen to the special pleading of the thousand vested interests of creeds and systems, ideologies

⁷ From "Doubting and Working," in *Fugitive Essays* by Josiah Royce. Used with the permission of Harvard University Press, publishers.

and philosophies in which are perhaps rooted all the evils from which the world now suffers. "Renunciation of thinking," says a modern prophet in a wilderness, "is an admission of spiritual bankruptcy. When men cease to believe that they can find truth through the processes of their own thinking, skepticism begins. Those who are trying in this fashion to make our age skeptical are doing it in the expectation that, by renouncing all hope of arriving at truth by themselves, men will end by accepting as truth that which is forced on them by authority and propaganda."⁸ No man ever honored God by renouncing his most God-like possession, the intelligence, the capacity to think, the ability to add something to the total Thought of the world, and to change something or to fashion something new and important with it.

What the world would look like with its present jungles removed, I do not know. I am quite sure that it would not look as it did in the glowing days of my youth. Topographies never revert to former contours. The course of the world may sometimes be upward, sometimes downward. It is never, I believe, backward. Calls for a return to the past — to old ideas, old ideals, old beliefs, old systems, old philosophies — are always futile. They can be wicked.

The Moving Finger writes; and having writ,
 Moves on; nor all your Piety nor Wit
 Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
 Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

But oriented in a new and better Thought men may well create for themselves new and better ideas, ideals, faiths, systems, philosophies. They may discover that progress is still a fact in the world, that its means is still the freely inquiring minds of men, cooperating perhaps with a greater Mind indwelling in everything and giving to everything a new and better meaning, a new and better purpose — a divine meaning, a divine purpose.

⁸ From *Out of My Life and Thought* by Albert Schweitzer. Reprinted with the permission of Holt, Rinehardt and Winston, Inc., publishers.

*Two Worlds at War**

PRESENT TIME, as an abstraction, as a concept, has always been for me both elusive and alluring. With every shift in mental point of view, it seems to change its meaning. From one position, the present moment of time, both in the individual life and in the life of the race, seems but a resumé of the past. It is the past brought up to date. It is the resultant of all the event-freighted moments that have gone before. If we think of it poetically as a wave poised on the ocean of eternity, we see in it a residue of all the waves that have ever before "swell'd, foam'd for a moment and gone."

From another mental angle, the present moment seems but an aspect of the future. It is essentially a look ahead. It is a promise of things to come. It is the womb of the future, not the tomb of the past. To live vitally and responsively in the present is to be transported beyond what has been into what will be. It is to feel the future in the instant. It is to be in the presence of things not yet existing on land or sea, but things which dynamic, creative hands are fashioning for an early birth.

From still another point of view the present appears as something else. It is not the past. It is not the future. It is not the shadowy boundary line across which a caravan of events moves out of time that was into time that will be. In a strange but seemingly real way the present appears as the eternal, the timeless. In it, all that is transitory disappears, and only the ever-abiding remains. To live philosophically in the present is to sense in the tireless happenings of the world their enduring significance, their eternal value, for what has been, for what is, and for what will be.

At first glance, such speculations may seem uselessly academic and mystifying. In this glorious commencement hour, this vital, warm, thrilling present, full for all of us with realities that we can sense, and feel, and comprehend, what place is there for an ab-

* Commencement address at Weber College, on June 4, 1948.

straction, an unembodied idea, an idea which would confuse this vivid pulsating *now* with a shadowy and elusive *then* or a *when*, or with a something timeless or eternal which knows no *now* or *then* or *when*? But please try to believe that there is purpose, if not method, in my philosophic madness. Looked into searchingly these apparently conflicting and unreal notions of time in the abstract may give insight into the meaning of time in the concrete. They may give us a clearer understanding of all the tangible and compelling events that fill this present world of ours.

I want to suggest to you members of the graduating class that these seemingly opposing conceptions of present time are but a reflection in the thinking mind of a conflict at the heart of reality itself. I am asking you to consider the possibility that every present moment in the life-cycle of everything animate and inanimate in the universe is a struggle in which the claims of the past and the demands of the future are somehow joined, a struggle over which in some way the eternal, the "unconditioned," sits in calm and detached arbitrament. Personally, I believe that such a struggle exists and that it is universal in scope. It goes on, I think, in the shape-shifting of an amoeba and in the emergence and movement of a planetary system. It is in the diastole and systole of the human heart beat. It is in the play of habits and ideals, of memories and expectations, in the human mind and character. It is in all the breathtaking and sometimes terrifying events that fill the confusing world about us.

In terms of physical force this struggle may be described as a clash between inertia and movement, between the static and the dynamic. Everywhere change and no-change are at war. Immanent everywhere is a creative life-force that makes for growth and development in old things and for the gradual emergence of new ones. In human society it expresses itself in new ideas, ideals, and impulses that modify our minds and hearts and characters. As an historical process it transforms old codes, old systems, old institutions, and creates new and eventually more vital ones. As a

moral force, it demands a wider human welfare, a more universal goodness, a profounder understanding of truth, a greater responsiveness to beauty.

But everywhere in the universe this creative force meets opposition, the opposition of inertia, which tends to level all things, to reduce all things to a state of rest or equilibrium, the rest or equilibrium of death. In nature, it may mean merely the fall and decay of an autumn leaf. It may mean the cooling of a sun, the death of a solar system. In human beings it may mean the dimming of an ideal, the weakening of a purpose, the loss of a faith. It may express itself in indolent self-satisfaction, in uncritical loyalty to a decadent cultural or social inheritance, or in selfish and sometimes irrational hostility to changes desperately needed.

In so far as this clash between the past and the future, the static and the dynamic, is a human one, we are all participants in it. In the dominant purposes of our lives, in the ideals that govern us, in the laws and institutions we approve, in the social and economic causes we champion, in the religious beliefs we hold, we are all allied either with the drag of the past or with the pull of the future. Either we are clinging to a world that is dead or dying, or we are in labor for one that is struggling to be born.

Perhaps there has never before been a time when the clash between the claims of the past and the demands of the future was more intense than now. Perhaps never before has the tempo of change been so rapid. Perhaps never before have the ears of the world heard so many insistent and discordant voices clamoring for change. Within the life time of most of us, old political and economic systems have in many lands tottered and crashed. Old religions and ethical foundations have broken and crumbled. Twice within the vivid memory of many of us humanity has almost literally bathed in its own blood and tears. Our world has indeed been the realm of Milton's Chaos and Old Night, of

Tumult and Confusion all imbroiled
And Discord with a thousand various mouths.

And the tumult, the confusion, the discord, and the thousand various mouths are still with us — and imminent war again stalks the earth. All these are in the world which you members of the graduating class must now face. Perhaps in the years immediately ahead of you, you will have no greater need than the ability to detect in the clamor of mouths or voices the ones which are the true harbingers of the future, the ones which call for changes which would make for genuine social progress, the ones through which the real creative forces of human society are trying to express themselves. Only by detecting them can you ally yourselves with the dynamic of history, and give yourselves to the causes which will eventually triumph in a better world.

At the risk of seeming presumptuous, I am going to propose some tests you may employ in an attempt to detect the authentic voices of the future. In order to make the proposed tests as clear as possible, let me report the attitudes and sentiments of two representative persons regarding a few of our major human interests. Let one of these persons represent what I feel is the drag of the past — the respectable drag of the past; the other, the pull of the future. One I shall designate as *I*; the other, as *you*, you the members of the graduating class. Age and delicacy alike argue that *I* be the drag of the past and *you* the pull of the future; *I*, the static force, *you*, the dynamic one; *I*, the principle of inertia or death, *you*, the principle of movement or life.

Facing the problems of our agitated world, I, then, am motivated in thought and action by reverence for the past, by what has been; you, by your vision of what could be. To me, the world of the present moment is already made. To you it is still in the making. In all I do and say my dominant desire is to conserve old values. The passion of your life is to create new and higher ones. I lean for support on what I call the experience of the race, the wisdom of the ages. What was good enough for my forebears in education, in business, in government, in religion, in social life and manners, is good enough for me. I gratefully accept, as a

heritage to be preserved and handed on, the myths, codes, rituals, traditions, systems, and institutions created and established by the founding fathers.

You, on the other hand, are frankly skeptical about the sufficiency of the so-called wisdom of the ages. You seriously doubt that the lessons learned in one age are ever entirely applicable to the problems of another. To you, old things are valuable in the present only as they minister to present human needs, only as living men and women find them valuable, only as they contribute now to a general human welfare. In your thought, there are no eternal values apart from eternal valuers. So to you, the wisdom of the ages is not an infallible guide. It needs to be continuously scrutinized and sifted. The longer ideas, ideals, and practices have remained unchallenged, the more pressing the need that they be challenged. Men, you say, are always most certain regarding the things about which they no longer think. The triumph of tradition and the perpetuity of systems and institutions frequently mean merely the failure of constructive criticism and creative imagination.

But philosophically my position is stronger than yours. My world has at least become a reality. It is a fact already established. It has moved out of the realm of idea and imagination into a state of actual being. Yours is still a dream-world, a creature of your thought and feeling, an unembodied desire. As a result, I fare better than you do in the opinion of my fellowmen. I am reputed a sound, sane, practical man, whose feet are always on the ground. You are a dreamer, a visionary, whose head is always in the clouds. Your only consolation is the unwavering gleam you follow — that and the knowledge that time has a way of confounding the practical man, and vindicating the dreamer. The fool of today is frequently the prophet of tomorrow.

So obviously you and I do not always live happily together. We are not in agreement on the basic issues of human existence. We are not, for example, at peace in the schools. We are both

proud of the vast body of established truth about men and their world, and of the growing number of those who share that truth. We are both proud of the noble traditions of science, of its devoted and self-sacrificing search for truth. We are both proud of the control it has given man over the physical forces of the universe. We both agree that a primary function of the college or university is to preserve old truth, to discover new truth, and to impart both. But we do not agree on the soundness of the standards, disciplines, aims, and curricula which prevail in the schools and colleges. I am prone to accept them as I am prone to accept whatever is established. I point to the fact that humanity has never before been so well educated; it has never before known so much as it knows now. Why tamper, then, with education?

But you question the merit of much that passes as education. You believe that the force of inertia is as powerful in mental and spiritual things as it is in physical ones. Almost unconsciously educators and scholars develop cults primarily concerned with perpetuating their own power and learning. With them, old courses of study, old standards of excellence, old methods of instruction, become a sacred inheritance to be handed on inviolate to succeeding generations.

Your basic assumption is that education should continuously make for better men in a better world. Its mission is a civilizing one; its goal is the humanization of man in a humane society. Men may now know more than ever before, but it seems to you that they were never before in a sorrier plight. Within a few decades the so-called best educated people the world has ever known have fought the two most devastating and barbarous wars the world has ever witnessed. And at the present moment it is hard for you to believe that the economic, political, and religious leaders of the world are not conditioning humanity for another one.

So you are making new demands on the schools of the world. You are asking that they educate the human heart as well as the human head. For you, it is not enough that schools of medicine

know and impart a knowledge of the causes and cures of all the ills that human flesh is heir to. You ask also that they send into the field practioners who desire, more than they do fees, that their knowledge and skills be made available to all who suffer. For you it is not enough that schools of law know and teach the facts of the law. You ask also that they find and employ the secrets by which a passion for justice and equity may be awakened in the hearts of judges and lawyers to redeem and harmonize a world of conflicting desires and purposes. For you, it is not enough that schools of business send into the industrial world men who are equipped to succeed in a ruthless, competitive struggle for economic supremacy. You ask also that such schools leaven the sordid loaf of our economic system with men who believe that only the welfare of each makes ultimately for the welfare of all, that in the complex struggle of men for temporal well being everyone must become of necessity his brother's keeper. And, for you, it is not enough that schools of religion or divinity send into the ministry men versed in the Hebrew, the Greek, and the Latin, in the quibbles and quiddities of textual and higher criticism, and in the arguments and sophistries of theological and doctrinal controversy. You ask also that they furnish to a skeptical and a despairing world men of genuine religion, Christ-like men, who by the power of their own love of fellowmen, inspire multitudes to follow them in a glorious adventure in Christian living.

Perhaps nowhere else is the clash between the claims of the past and the demands of the future more intense and bitter than in the realm of economic life. Out of this clash, directly or indirectly, have grown the brutalities and horrors of two world wars, with their aftermath of fascism and communism. Within our own beloved country it has produced a growing hostility and tension between those who employ and those who are employed, and between the various organizations that represent them. Between you and me the clash follows the usual pattern. We both love America, but I love it for what it has been, and you, for what it

can become. I demand in the economic struggle the preservation of what I call "the American way of life" or the "American system." I cannot define these terms clearly, but to me they imply encouragement to individual initiative, self-reliance, and private enterprise. They connote the unhampered right of the individual under the law to amass as much material possession as he can.

But to you there is in the fruits of the economic struggle in America no American way of life. Rather there are millions of ways of life. There are the ways of sickness and health, ignorance and learning, justice and injustice, opportunity and no opportunity, equality and inequality, wealth and poverty, hope and despair. And, to you the American system suggests, not a harmony, but a conflict of elements. Politically America is democratic. Religiously it is Christian. Economically it is capitalistic. To you, these elements seem hopelessly incompatible. On the one hand there is the combined but enfeebled force of Christian and democratic idealism asserting the dignity and worth of every citizen, and attempting to unite all men into a brotherhood in which in some way the welfare of each will be the concern of all. On the other hand, there is the cold, powerful force of an economic structure which by its very organization puts men into a competitive struggle for the very things on which life itself depends, a struggle which tends inevitably to make the strong and competent few the masters of the weak and ineffective many.

I admit the inequalities of the struggle and deplore the greed and ruthlessness that characterize it, but I see no escape from them. Human beings are by nature greedy and selfish. And human nature never changes. There will always be injustice; there will always be war; there will always be something of an economic and social jungle in the best possible civilization. The driving power for most human beings will always be their natural lust for material profit and physical power.

But to you such conclusions constitute the supreme cynicism and the ultimate Christian heresy. To believe that human nature

is incapable of change is to consign human life to a machine-like repetition of itself. And to do this is to make it meaningless. Meaning implies purpose, purpose that is being realized. And purpose being realized involves change, growth, development. It is your belief that in a relentless struggle for physical existence the whole potential of human nature is never revealed or released. As with the beast of the field, the primary impulse of man is to live, to keep base life afoot. Man must have food, clothing, shelter. If the energies of his mind and body are concerned day and night with the primary animal impulse merely to live, if all his life he is haunted with the fear of want, he will never perhaps rise above greed and lust for power. But it is your faith that man has a secondary impulse that is his peculiar glory, an impulse which sets him apart from the beast of the field. He has the impulse to live well, to live in harmony with humane values, the values of goodness, truth, and beauty.

And certainly your faith in man is the Christian faith. All the teachings of Jesus rest upon the assumption that human nature can change. The call of Jesus is essentially a call to unselfish service to others. He never doubted the spiritual resources of the human heart, nor man's capacity for self-redemption, self-regeneration. Sinful men and women *could* go their way and sin no more. Men *could* give all they had to the poor and follow him. Men *did* have the power to create within their hearts the Kingdom of God. The whole Christian conception of God as father and of men as His children implies the latent capacity of men to live together in mutual sympathy and mutual helpfulness. And so it is your faith that out of the bitterness and hate and war born of economic struggle, there will eventually emerge an economic organization in which men will be their brother's keeper, an organization which will liberate the minds and spirits of men from bondage to material things, and leave them free to pursue the mental and spiritual values which are the peculiar glory of humankind.

You and I are also far apart in the realm of religion. I, of course, lean heavily on the past. My belief in God rests primarily on the evidence of ancient records. To me, God exists because Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob discovered Him. Ancient prophets taught the things that are true of Him and man's relationship to Him. The religious man to me is the man who gives mental assent to these teachings, who accepts them with simple, childlike faith. My religion, as a body of thought, concerns itself principally with the remote past and the distant future. A former life and an after life are the keystones of my religious speculations and conclusions.

You also believe in the existence of God but not alone on the testimony of the remote past. You believe in Him, not because Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob found Him, but because you have found Him yourself, found Him in your own heart and in the hearts of your fellowmen, found Him operating in all the complex phenomena of this baffling world. You believe that religion can be vital only as living men discover God for themselves again, and again, and only as a sense of His presence motivates all that men do and say. The tragedy of religion to you is its withdrawal to a remote past and a distant future, its transformation from a vibrant present venture in faith into speculative dogmas regarding man's origin and his ultimate destiny. To you real religion exists only in men who live always in a consciousness of a power greater than their own which is making for righteousness, and who ally themselves with that power, in their homes, in their vocations, and in all their human relationships. To be a Christian in a really vital way means to you to carry on the mission of Christ, to take upon yourself the sins of your world.

It is time, I am sure, to abandon the roles of *I* and *you*, and to assume full responsibility for a concluding word. If you should ask me to designate among living men someone who perhaps more than all others has caught and exemplified the spirit of the future, in education, in economics, in religion, someone who best

symbolizes the demands of the future, if the future is to be productive of a better world, I fear I should not point to any of the prominent men in whose hands the destiny of education, economics, and religion now seems to be placed. Rather I should point to a man now living in the heart of French Equatorial Africa, a man who perhaps at this moment, by a hospital cot, is ministering to the physical, mental, and spiritual needs of one of the least of God's children. I speak of Albert Schweitzer, a man who is to me the most inspiring figure in the contemporary world. His story should, I think, be known to every person who would know how unselfish and beautiful and helpful human life can be.

Born in the center of European culture, distinguished as a Biblical scholar, famous as a student of the music of Bach and as an interpreter of it, sought everywhere for his great talents and his learning, he experienced one fateful day an overwhelming sense of his responsibility to others less fortunate than he. Re-entering school, he took his medical degree. Then, accompanied by his wife, he turned his back on the life which he had loved and to which he had so richly contributed, and made his way to the jungle community of Lambaréné, in Africa, where now for more than forty years, he has been carrying on an heroic struggle against superstition, ignorance, barbarity, sickness, and death. In it all Albert Schweitzer has been sustained and inspired by a sense of the profound sacredness of life even in the lowliest of human beings, by a sense of the inescapable obligation of the highest in all things to minister to the needs of the lowest in all things, by a sense of the religious duty of the professed followers of Christ literally to take upon themselves the sins and misfortunes of their fellow creatures. Thus in him and his work the Christian concept of atonement has taken on a new and profound meaning. The strong must atone for the weak; the good, for the bad; the fortunate, for the unfortunate; the well, for the ill; the rich, for the poor. The redemption of all men is a collective enterprise in which no one can be saved alone. The wealth, the learning, the

religion of the world must be made available to the lowest of God's creatures — such is their infinite worth. That is the message of Albert Schweitzer to all of us. And that message, I suggest, is the essence of the pull of the future; it is the only dynamic that will fashion a better world for those who are to live hereafter.

May you graduates help to fashion that better world. In order that you may help to fashion it, dream great dreams for humanity, dream them nobly and courageously. And having so dreamed, give to the realization of your dreams all the energies of your bodies, minds, and spirits. Then you will learn what Schweitzer and all other really great seers have learned, that men truly find themselves only when they lose themselves in the imperious needs of their fellowmen.

*Beyond the Sunset**

FOR TWO MONTHS now I have been wondering and worrying about this evening. I have wondered how you would appear — all five hundred of you. Really I was sure that you would look wonderful in all the ways in which youth everywhere is wonderful. The girls, I knew would be beautiful in the thousand various ways in which girls are beautiful. The boys, the fellows, suffering the usual handicaps and limitations of their sex, would naturally be a bit less alluring, but, withal, a very handsome lot. All of you, I was sure, would be radiant with a sense of something important accomplished. All of you, I'd hoped, would be a little sobered by an awareness of much, much more remaining to be done.

My wondering was a bit foolish, but my worrying wasn't. I had a real problem. How could an oldster like me make himself palatable to — dare I say, to youngsters like you? I couldn't bear the thought that you would remember me after tonight as the final and severest test of your high school patience, the last and most difficult hurdle between you and your waiting diplomas. I knew I couldn't resort to audience anesthesia — you know, jokes and funny stories. I tell them too badly. So I decided, not without misgivings, to be dignified and formal tonight, and to take you very, very seriously, take you for what I believe you are, not youngsters at all, but young men and women who, for this evening at least, are in a mood for thoughts and feelings befitting any age. And don't worry about my dignity and formality. The one is a veneer only, and the other a blessed assurance to you that when my manuscript runs out my speech will end.

A moment ago when I said that I hoped your sense of accomplishment, would be tempered by an awareness of much, much more remaining to be done, I was not thinking about your next academic move. I was not rushing you off to college, not ushering you into new libraries, laboratories, and classrooms. I

* Commencement address Davis High School, May 26, 1961

assume, of course, that many of you will continue in school, as your chosen vocations and professions and your personal ambitions dictate. I was thinking of you as persons. I was speaking from the conviction that the final judgment on your lives will be made, not on the basis of diplomas, and degrees you have earned, of positions you have held, of material possessions you have acquired, of power and prestige you have enjoyed, but rather on the basis of what you have become as persons, what at the end of your lives you are in your conduct and character, in your thoughts and feelings, in your sympathies and appreciations. That is why I am hoping that all of you have tonight an inner discontent, a feeling that what you are now is but a promise of what you want to become, that all of you as selves are aware of other selves within you, the selves that you really want to be.

A few years ago I was in the Academy of Fine Arts in Florence, Italy. In what is called the Gallery, among many finished statues, I saw what seemed to be a block of marble still in the rough, a block as yet untouched by the sculptor's chisel. A plaque assigned the marble to Michelangelo, and called it "The Prisoner." Why the name? I wondered. Who was the prisoner, and what the prison? I was soon able to answer the question myself. For Michelangelo and his chisel had been at work — perhaps had finished their work. Here was a human face just emerging from the ragged marble, a face in an agony of physical effort. And here close to it was a shoulder breaking through the stone, a shoulder with tense and knotted muscles, straining to liberate a hidden arm. The marble in the rough was the prison, and the prisoner, a human form within it struggling to be free.

And the meaning of "The Prisoner" as a work of art seemed apparent. Michelangelo intended it to be a symbol of his own creative experiences as a sculptor. Looking at marbles in the rough he always saw within them exquisite forms of beauty, each a potential masterpiece — a "David" or a "Moses" — and each struggling for liberation, and pleading with him to set it free. "The

Prisoner" symbolizes equally well the creative work of all artists. For all see in the things about them an indwelling beauty, and all of them labor through the media of their arts to set that beauty free. The painter looking at a sunset across the lake sees in it another sunset, one never seen on land or sea, an indwelling sunset visible to him alone which he alone can liberate and preserve with oil and pigment in lines and masses of color. Wordsworth, "wandering lonely as a cloud," saw one day

A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

But he saw them with a difference. He saw them transplanted to a land of poetry, where trees never lose their leaves or lakes their shimmering waters, a land where daffodils can flutter and dance with undiminished beauty as long as poetry is read. Rimsky-Korsakoff read the *Arabian Nights* and heard music in them, heard the colorful and exotic rhythms and movements of the Scheherazade suite. Shakespeare read an old folk-tale about a foolish old king and his daughters, and saw in it *King Lear*, perhaps the greatest of tragedies.

By now I fancy you know what I am up to. I am calling you names. You are the marble in the rough, the sunset across the water, the daffodils beside the lake, the stories out of Arabia, the old folk-tale. But I have called you other and better names. You are also the prisoner struggling to be free, the sunset within the sunset, the poetry within the daffodils, the drama within the folk-tale, the music within the *Arabian Nights*. But that isn't all you are. You are the artist as well as his art. You are the seer as well as the seen. It is you who sees the prisoner in the prison, the sunset in the sunset, the poem in the flowers, the play in the folk-tale, the music in the *Arabian Nights*. You are the dreamers as well as the dreams, and yours is the power to make the dreams come true. Tonight yours is the power to transform the unrealized persons within you into the persons you want to be. No, not quite the

power, because your ideal, your image, of the persons you want to be will be an ever-changing one, more inclusive, more exacting. So at the end of your lives there will still be for you some unfinished business.

A friend of mine who lives only in my books speaks of the unrealized person, the unfinished something in every life, in terms of a birth that is not complete. "The whole life of an individual," he says, "is nothing but the process of giving birth to himself." And he adds rather sadly, "We should be fully born, when we die, although it is the tragic fate of most of us to die before we are born."¹ To him the real birth of a person is not the physical incident that ushers him into the physical world. It is not the travail of an hour, but rather the labor of all his years. It is the whole process of growing up in mind and spirit, the process of coming to know, understand, and appreciate the total on-going life of the world, both in the past and in the present. It is the process of bringing his own life into a wise, effective, and creative relationship with it.

My friend admits that the physical incident which we call birth is rather indispensable as a beginning, that we could hardly get started without it. But it doesn't deserve, he thinks, an annual celebration. Some of you will remember that Shakespeare wasn't much impressed with it either. To his melancholy Jaques "the infant mewling and puking in the nurses arms" was about the messiest moment in the seven ages of man. And to the tottering and distraught old Lear, birth was a moment of fearful forebodings:

. . . We came crying hither.
Thou know'st the first time we smell the air,
We wawl and cry. . . .

Well, it won't hurt you to remember this commencement evening that it is only seventeen or eighteen years ago that you came

¹Erich Fromm, *The Sane Society*, p. 26. Used with permission of Holt, Rinehardt and Winston, Inc., publishers.

wawling and crying into the world — all six or seven or eight pounds of you. You were not so much objecting to the world as demanding a hearing in it. Yet there really wasn't much that you could say for yourselves. You had come badly equipped for existence. You brought a few physiological processes with you and a limited ability to respond physically to a few stimulations. You knew and recognized nothing. Your very survival depended on the immediate and constant attention of your mothers and nurses.

And what about the world into which you came? It was a very old world, wrinkled with experience. It paid little attention to your coming, to your wawling and crying. For countless thousands of years human beings like you had been living in it — observing, thinking, feeling, doing. They had come to grips with the forces of nature, trying to subdue them and put them to human uses. They had faced the even more difficult problem of living together in peace and mutual helpfulness; the problem of subduing the forces of evil within themselves — selfishness, greed, prejudice, hatred. Contemplating the vastness and dangers of the universe around them, trying to discover their place and purpose in it, sensing daily the frightening mystery of life and death, they had found religion, discovered their gods and formulated their creeds. They had begun to think and act in terms of right and wrong, justice and injustice, kindness and cruelty, tolerance and intolerance. Their eyes had been opened to beauty, the beauty of sea and valley, sky and mountain top. They had become artists, having glimpses of indwelling beauty. They had discovered what I have been talking about — prisoners in marble, paintings in sunsets, poems in flowers, music and drama in old tales. And when you came into the world seventeen or eighteen years ago, all the knowledge they had acquired, all the truth they had discovered, all the goodness they had wrought, all the beauty they had created, were yours as an inheritance, as their gift to you. Of course that was not all they bequeathed to you: they left you also all the unsolved problems of a world in trouble.

The friend in my books would have you think of this world with its inheritance of great accomplishments and its frightening legacy of unsolved problems as a world in which you are struggling to be born, struggling to find a home congenial to your minds and spirits. Some of you will prefer to see it as the scene of your quest for self-realization, as the environment in which you are trying to become the kind of persons you want to be. Some of you will see yourselves more romantically, see yourselves as mariners on the high seas of life, resting tonight in a quiet port at Davis High, but tomorrow off again on a voyage of discovery, equipped with youth and energy, with zest for adventure, and with courage to accept without complaint whatever dangers and disasters the voyage brings you. You are Tennyson's Ulysses, without the limitations of his age:

Come my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars.

But whatever image of yourselves you may hold tonight, you may not disregard either your human inheritance or your responsibilities to the unsolved problems of your world. The completeness of your birth into the world you know, the excellence of the persons you finally become, the success of your adventures on the high seas of life, depend on the degree to which you know the best of that inheritance, the best of its truth and knowledge, the best of its beauty and goodness. It depends on the extent to which you have made that best a living part of what you are in your own minds and spirits.

Knowledge you must have, both as an end in itself and as a means to other ends. The degree to which a person is wholly alive to his world can perhaps be best measured by the intensity of his desire to know it, and by the satisfaction that comes to him from

knowing. Plato thought knowledge the highest human good, and Matthew Arnold thought the primary purpose of education was to help students to see things as they really are, to see the world about them as it really is. Only as we see the world as it really is can we hope to solve its problems. Only knowledge can banish ignorance, superstition, prejudice, fear and hatred, the evils from which spring most of our world problems. So if mine were the privilege of exhortation tonight, I should say, leave high school with your books and your minds still open. Remain students, thoughtful, probing students, to the end of your days.

And I should also say, leave it with all your senses alert to beauty, the natural beauty of the world about you, and the created beauty of the artists — the composers, the painters, the poets. No other reaction to existence is more natural than the response of the senses and the spirit to beauty, and perhaps no other is a richer source of pleasure. But it is a reaction, a response, that needs use and encouragement. It can be lost by inaction. Wordsworth thought it lost for most of us:

The world is too much with us; late and soon
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
The sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers—
For this for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.

Keep in tune with Nature. As the Greeks believed, you are part of Nature and Nature is part of you. Preserve the relationship. It will keep the jangle out of your nerves, and ill-will out of your hearts. See Nature in its idyllic charm and in its awesome grandeur. See it in all its lovely forms and variegated colors. Smell its abundant fragrance, hear its wind in the pines, and in its rippling and falling waters. But don't take pictures of it. Nature is to be profoundly felt, not beautifully photographed. The camera catches

something *out there* — form and color. What really matters is something that happens *in here*, when, in the presence of sight and sound and fragrance, we begin to feel and meditate, when we have, with Wordsworth,

a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky and in the mind of man.

Keep your senses alert also to the created beauty of the world, the beauty fashioned by writers, painters, and composers. I am sure your teachers here at Davis High have alerted you. Your eyes and ears have known poetry and music and art, but not enough of it yet. For here is an inheritance as limitless in scope as it is inexhaustible in beauty. In a lifetime spent in reading and teaching literature I have walked and talked with many of the great poets from the Greeks to the present moment. But with only a few of them — Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton — do I today feel comfortably at home. And from them I am still learning, still experiencing new insights, new delights. For more years than I like to say I have lived with Prince Hamlet, lived with his princely charm, his nimble wit, his bitter irony, his tragic suffering, his insoluble mystery. But today, if I had to give up one by one my associates in life and in literature, Hamlet I am sure would be one of the last to go. And John Milton, austere Puritan poet — not too popular these days, I fear. But for me there are times when he alone is satisfying, when the supremest pleasure is a log on the fire, an easy chair, a good light, and “Paradise Lost,” with its sublimity of thought, its grandeur of style, its organ-like roll of stressed and unstressed syllables. And for a loving comment on my precious books, on their power to delight and hold me, I always turn to Chaucer:

And as for me, though that I konne but lyte,
On bookes for to rede I me delyte,
And to hem yive I feyth and ful credence,

And in myn herte have hem in reverence
So hertely, that ther is game noon
That fro my bookes maketh me to goon,
But yt be seldom on the holyday.

And as it is with literature so it is with music and art. Music indeed is the universal language and speaks directly to the heart as nothing else can. And it has something to say to every mood and need. When my mood calls for Milton and "Paradise Lost," it also calls for Beethoven. When the log has become embers, and eyes have tired under the best of lights, it is thrilling to turn on the last movement of "Missa Solemnis" or the choral finale of the "Ninth Symphony." And who has ever gone on pilgrimage to the art galleries of the world, stood with De Vinci before his "Last Supper," with the Van Eycks before their "Triumph of the Lamb," with Rembrandt before his "The Night Watch," and not felt that here too the boundaries of beauty have been widened and deepened.

So I would have you make your lives a quest for knowledge and beauty. Finally I would have you make it a search for goodness. I cannot define goodness, but I can speak of things that give life its warmth and depth. And that to me is its goodness. Gratitude comes to mind. But I have in mind more than the feeling that we express in the language of good manners, in the casual thank-you's of social relations. Genuine gratitude comes to us only in memorable moments, moments when we feel that we possess some of life's most precious things, and, with a deep humility, that we are not quite worthy of them. I am thinking in part of the great human inheritance about which I have been talking. For that, all of us should be forever grateful. But I am thinking also about other things, things especially precious to us tonight. I am thinking about people, about fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, classmates and school friends, teachers and principals, both yours today and mine of long ago. Indeed I am thinking about all the human beings that have made

our lives an overflowing cup. When we remember them, in the family circle, the school, the church, the community; when we recall their interest, their solicitude, their love, their eagerness to help us, to forgive us, to let us start over, not once but again and again, we know that their combined goodness to us is a gift, in its richness out of all proportion to any merit we ever possessed. May there be much of gratitude in your lives to warm them through all your days to come.

And may there be much of love in your lives. But the love I am thinking about is not the love we "fall in," the love that too often springs from sight, the love that so frequently alters when its alteration finds, that changes when rosy lips and cheeks come within the relentless sweep of Time's sickle. I am thinking of the love that looks on tempests and is never shaken, the love that we "grow up" to, the love that deepens with gratitude and tenderness when bright eyes grow dim and rosy lips and cheeks fade, the love that is firmly rooted in insight, in respect, in a sense of enduring worth. Love in growing up learns many lessons. Most importantly it learns to listen, to give, and to forgive — to listen with patience and sympathy, to give beyond the call of duty, to forgive, not once alone, but again and again. In its mature abundance, love has something for many persons and many peoples. As my friend in my books puts it, love for an individual which excludes love for others is not love at all. Neither is the love for one's country which is not part of a love for humanity.

And may your lives know the goodness, the deep satisfaction of work. Blessed are the men and women who have found their work, the work to which they can give themselves wholly, the work that enables them to become the kind of persons they want to be. So say the sages. And the doctors of the social mind tell us that work to be good for men and women must give them a sense of creating, of making something, of fashioning something precious not only to themselves but also to their society. May the homes in which you live, the occupations you follow, the profes-

sions you practice give you this sense of creativity. It can come to you in tilling the soil, in building roads and bridges, in practicing law or medicine, in teaching school, in making a home and having a family. The fruition may be a bountiful crop, a beautiful highway. It may be justice accomplished, health restored, minds awakened and enriched, love triumphant in a happy marriage and parenthood. I would have your sense of creativity warmed by an inner assurance that in what you are as persons, in the work you do, in the causes to which you give yourselves, you are participating in a wider, a larger creation, in the making of a better community, a better state and nation, a better and happier world. I would have you feel that, in it all, you are sharing in a divine undertaking, that you are part of the creative power by which divine purposes are being accomplished in the world of men.

Now, at the end of what I want to say to you this commencement night, I am a little troubled by the recollection that I have said nothing explicitly about your commencement theme, "education and usefulness." I am comforted, however, by the thought that by implication all I have said is about "education and usefulness." At its best what is education but the process of becoming the selves, the persons, we want to be, the process of being born into a full awareness of our world, in its past and its present? What is education at its best but a search, a quest for knowledge, for beauty, for goodness? And what is usefulness at its best but an aspect of goodness, of goodness inspired by gratitude and love, and busy in the making of a better and happier world. And so my young friends, my young mariners, on with the quest! There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail. Push off, and sitting well in order smite the sounding furrows. May your purpose hold

To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars.

*What Would Shakespeare Say?**

THIS has been called "An Hour with Shakespeare." Unfortunately it cannot be quite that. For you it has to be a hour with Shakespeare and me, and principally, I am afraid, with me. But I want you to believe that I have no desire to take advantage of Shakespeare's relative absence and silence to talk for him or about him as one having any special authority. Though I have lived with him long and quite intimately, I have not yet, I am sure, glimpsed the heart of his mystery or captured the secret of his supreme genius.

While I have been worrying about this encounter between you and Shakespeare through me, I have tried to imagine what he would say to you if he were really here to speak for himself. What would his counsel be if by some miracle of coincidence he were here with the perspective not only of his England of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries but also of our America of the middle of the twentieth? Certainly he would remind us of some of the many changes that time has wrought, changes that make difficult a complete communication between him and us. He would alert us to the fact that the English language as we know and use it today is frequently not a safe guide in the reading and interpretation of what he wrote more than three hundred and fifty years ago. He would certainly want to tell us that the thought and feelings of men and women are as subject to change as is the language they employ; that the attitudes and sentiments, the creeds and philosophies which dominate our lives, are not always a dependable approach to the life and thought which he portrays in "The Merchant of Venice," "Othello," and "King Lear."

Knowing that few things in human nature escaped his observation, I suspect that he would find a pleasant way of suggesting that most of us are sometimes poor readers not only of what he

* Introductory lecture to lessons in Shakespeare, Leadership Week, June, 1956.

wrote long ago but also of what our contemporaries are now writing. He would say, tactfully, of course, that poor readers are poor readers because they have a tendency to read into their authors what they are predisposed to find in them. He would want to say that the tendency to find in our authors what we want to find is bad for us because it makes our reading an encouragement to self-complacency rather than an inducement to divine discontent. It makes our reading a verification of life as we have already experienced it, rather than a progressive discovery of what life really is. Reading that keeps us progressively alive is reading that opens our eyes to new aspects of reality. It is reading that directs our feet into the ways of challenging and enriching experience, new experience.

These I believe are some of the general ideas that Shakespeare would voice if he were here. But he would not be satisfied with general ideas, abstract ideas. He would try to give them specific and concrete embodiment. Certainly he would want to say more about the changes that time has made in the English language between his time and ours. The modern reader turns hardly a page of Shakespeare before he discovers that Shakespeare's words must not be given their present day values on the language exchange. He notes that some of Shakespeare's words have for us taken on a severity of meaning or suggestion that Shakespeare never intended. Examples are numerous. Shakespeare's "rheumatism" might be nothing more unpleasant than a cold in the head; his "dull" person could be merely a sleepy one; his "erring barbarian" is indeed his wandering Moor, the noble Othello; one of his "wretches" is the princely and universally beloved Hamlet; his "affront" is usually just a face to face encounter, without offense to anyone; with him an attack on one's "character" might mean nothing more serious than an expressed distate for one's handwriting; "remorse" need not involve an admission of guilt and profound regret for it but rather a sincere pity or compassion for the chance misfortunes of others.

And with this, Shakespeare would have us observe that many of his words have with us improved their status, have acquired a new dignity. For example, to Shakespeare a "cistern" was at times a cesspool; a "companion," a dissolute associate; a "customer," a common prostitute. To him "fond" meant foolish. "Old fond eyes," cries Lear, "Bewep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out, And cast you with waters that you lose, To temper clay."

To him "luxury" was an ugly word, suggestive of lust in its vilest forms. So the spirit of the elder Hamlet pleads with the Prince,

If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not.
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.

Equally complete has been the transformation of the word "ecstasy." For Shakespeare it could mean a trance or a fainting fit. As frequently it meant madness or insanity, as in Ophelia's lament:

And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy.

How we modern readers of Shakespeare miss his thought by missing the meaning of his words is perhaps best shown in some of our well-worn quotations, quotations that ironically have become proverbial with us in a meaning that Shakespeare never intended. "Brevity is the soul of wit," we say, lifting Polonius' words out of their context. What we really have in mind probably varies among us. But most of us mean, I fancy, that the soul or essence of witticism is most effective in brevity, or that the secret of the laughable is the brevity and aptness with which the incongruous is presented. But that is not what Polonius thought he was saying. When speaking of wit, he was thinking of wisdom. He was trying to say that all that is really wise or instructive in a

speech can be said in a few words, and that what makes wisdom tedious is the ornaments with which it is sometimes extended and adorned.

“Since brevity is the soul of wit and tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes, I will be brief,” says old Polonius. And I must try to profit by his thought and his promise. The wit or the wisdom of what at the moment I am saying about Shakespeare’s words, put with brevity in the form of exhortation to you amounts simply to this: Read your Shakespeare with one eye on his text and the other on his editor’s glossary and footnotes. There is drudgery in this, but such drudgery is part of the price you must pay for an informed insight into and an understanding appreciation of what the poet is really saying.

And while I am still talking about the language of Shakespeare, let me add another exhortation which, I am sure, he would approve. It is this: Don’t be unhappy about his grammar, though it seems to disregard all the canons of correctness and good usage which you know and honor. Shakespeare would remind you, with a twinkle, that most of the rules from which we now suffer, the rules that encumber our pens and our tongues, the rules which sometimes seem to deprive expression of all the joys of a robust and spontaneous utterance, had not yet been formulated. Such rules were to come a hundred and fifty years later, cut out of whole cloth and promulgated as if they were commandments from Sinai. But Shakespeare in his time was free to split infinitives and dangle participles without any accompanying sense of sin. He could pile up his negatives, untroubled by the horrible thought that through a miracle of modern logic the sum of them all would be a decisive affirmation. Shakespeare doubled everything. Double comparatives and double superlatives drop abundantly and potently from the finest lips in literature. “More braver,” “more larger,” “more mightier,” “most heaviest” — these and a thousand others heap value upon values. When Brutus

stabbed Caesar, that you will remember was to Mark Antony "the most unkindest cut of all,"

For when the noble Caesar saw him stab
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms
 Quite vanquish'd him. Then burst his mighty heart;
 And in his mantle muffling up his face
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.

I simply had to read the irrelevant lines of poetry as a momentary escape from grammar. About the so-called "flat adverbs" or adverbs without-ly, Shakespeare was as unconcerned as are Freshmen at Brigham Young University — or should I say as members of the Faculty not in the English department. He lets his best people say "to speak plain," not "to speak plainly"; "sure I think so," not "surely I think so"; "an excellent good name," not "an excellently good name"; "how pitiful I deserve," not "how pitifully I deserve." His use of the case forms of pronouns is equally uninhibited. "Is she as tall as me?" asks Cleopatra about her latest rival. "My father has no child but I," complains the lovely Celia. "All debts are cleared between you and I" writes the generous Antonio to Portia's Bassonio. "He's married," announces Iago. "To who?" asks Cassio. And Shakespeare's pronouns agree no more with their antecedents in number than do his verbs with their subjects. So we hear "God send everyone their heart's desire"; "Each leaning on their elbows and their hips"; "My old bones aches"; "Then is Caesar and he," and so on. In Shakespeare's day a verb in the third person singular, present indicative, might end in -s, -es, or -eth. Shakespeare always exercised his options, sometimes all in a single sentence. In a stage direction in "Henry VIII" "the king riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses her and placeth her by him." And remember Portia's mercy speech —

The quality of mercy is not strain'd.
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest —
 It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

And if Shakespeare were here today with words of advice for you who would read him and teach him to others, he would, I am sure, plead with you always to remember that he is a poet, that he can be read intelligently and enjoyed fully only as a poet. He would tell you with all the emphasis he could command that poetry is to be heard, that the sensory avenue to its complete comprehension and enjoyment is the ear. To him, I am sure, as to me, reading poetry silently and reading it as prose profane the very temple of beauty. Failing to hear the beat of Shakespeare's iambic pentameters, failing to sense the swelling and subsiding of his larger rhythms, failing to catch the subtle play of his cadences and assonances, means missing the orchestral accompaniment of what he is saying. But it means more than that. In a very real sense it also means missing his very thoughts and feelings. For a poet's thoughts and feelings are inseparably joined with the music of their utterance.

I always worry about the poetic art of Shakespeare in the mouth of one who has much to say about it. His talk, no matter how subtle and learned it may be, rarely makes friends for Shakespeare. The lines of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" or of "Hamlet" speak for themselves as nothing else can. On the issue of quality they alone are entirely persuasive. Listening to discourse on the imperishable beauty of Shakespeare's verse, when the verse is there to be read, to be heard, is as wickedly wasteful of time as listening to talk about the exquisite movements of the quartets of Beethoven and Mozart when the Paganini artists are there waiting to play them. In my melancholy moments, I sometimes suspect that we advocates of the arts are frequently in effect their worst enemies. In multiplying our words we easily forget that appreciation of the arts grows and spreads not as the arts are eloquently analyzed and eulogized but as they are deeply and vividly experienced.

So I am confident that if Shakespeare were here today directing you to a finer appreciation of his poetry, he would urge you, not to collect notes and anecdotes and lectures about it, but rather

to read it and hear it. He would perhaps suggest that you learn the mechanics of his blank verse, and, for a while, consciously attend to the occurrence and recurrence of his stressed and unstressed syllables. But he would have you also note that the pattern of his verse is but a norm from which and to which he turns and returns as the demands of composition and expression dictate.

I should say, begin with such lines as those of the Ghost in "Hamlet," where the rhythms are slow, pronounced, majestic, befitting a kingly voice returned from the sepulchre to impart its horrible tidings. Read them with a somewhat unnatural accentuation:

I am thy father's spirit.
 Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
 And for the day confin'd to fast in fires
 Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
 Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
 To tell the secrets of my prison house.
 I could a tale unfold whose slightest word
 Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
 Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
 Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
 And each particular hair to stand on end
 Like quills upon the fretful porpentine.
 But this eternal blazon must not be
 To ears of flesh and blood.

With Shakespeare's musical score still in mind turn next to Macbeth's speech in which he is at war within himself, in which his better self meditates the reasons why he should not permit his passion for the throne of Scotland to drive him to the murder of the gracious Duncan. There the beat of the iambic pentameter is no less present, but the tempo is quickened into a stirring crescendo as Macbeth's emotion and imagination mount up from things of earth to soar with images of heaven:

He is here in double trust;
 First as I am his kinsman and his subject—
 Strong both against the deed; then as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,

Not bear the knife myself. Besides this Duncan
Hath born his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd against,
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'roleaps itself
And falls on th' other side.

Or turn to the last lines of *Othello*, the melodious prologue to his self-inflicted death. Life for him has been emptied of all that gave it meaning and worth, and all through the enormity of his own folly. Calmly, nobly, he faces the only course possible for him to take:

I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am. Nothing extenuate
Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you speak
Of one that love'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand
(Like the base Indian) threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdu'd eyes
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their med'cinable gum. Set you down this;
And say besides that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduc'd the state,
I took by th' throat, the circumcised dog
And smote him — thus.

In his writing Shakespeare is a modest man. He never intrudes himself in what he writes. Among the multitude of characters that crowd his stage, there is none that speaks for Shakespeare himself. In a sense, of course, they all speak for him, but in a bet-

ter sense they all speak for life. Each is a living part of the whole pattern of the tapestry of human existence. But Shakespeare would not have us believe that in everything he did in weaving his tapestry, he was a perfect artisan or artist. His creative effort had its limitations. He rarely, if ever, created the stories of his plays. He found them, sometimes in poems or plays long existing, sometimes in old chronicles and biographies, legendary and historical. His was the power of characterization. At his creative touch the puppets of his various sources sprang into vibrant personalities, seemingly more real and life-like than life itself. But we feel, at times, that Shakespeare failed to raise his borrowed story up to the stature of the characters he created. His Lears and Othellos sometimes move in narrative situations considerably beneath their dignity and merits. In other words, in Shakespeare the story has not always been assimilated to the demands of character. The librettist and the composer are sometimes out of step with each other.

And there are places in his writing where Shakespeare seems hurried if not careless. His meanings are sometimes lost in tortured and involved sentences; his eloquence turns into bombast; clarity of thought is sacrificed to florid expression. Sometimes elements of borrowed stories, or allusions to them, are carried as undigested or unassimilable items in the stomach of the action. At times bits of dialogue intrude, obviously for no purpose other than "to split the ears of the groundlings" or to evoke the belly-shaking laughter of "penny stinkards." In places the action or dialogue abounds in consistent inconsistency, and improbable probability. Motivations are not always clear or adequate. It is unnecessarily difficult at times to tell why Shakespeare's people say what they say, and do what they do.

Shakespeare, if he were here, would quite certainly plead guilty to the charges here implied. But in mitigation of damages he would ask the court and us to remember that he was a business man as well as an artist; that he had to meet deadlines — a new

play sometimes had to be ready for casting and rehearsing on the Friday of the next week. He would remind us that, as a business man he had to glance occasionally at the box office, that he had to fill the "pit" as well as the balconies. And finally he would have us know that he wrote for men and women *in the theater* and not for pundits or professors in libraries. He would point out that awareness of inconsistency and improbability is the pain of a bespectacled scrutiny of texts and not at all the normal accompaniment of complete surrender to what takes place in the theater. There the important thing is that every passing moment in the play be full and important, and not that it be in logical agreement with all the moments that preceded it.

All in all, Shakespeare had his faults. He would not therefore be entirely happy with the complete adoration of Thomas de Quincey. "O mighty poet!" de Quincey exclaims, "Thy works are not as those of other men, simply and merely great works of art, but are also like the phenomena of nature, like the sun and the sea, the stars and the flowers, like frost and snow, rain and dew, hail-storm and thunder, which are to be studied with entire submission of our own faculties, and in perfect faith that in them there can be no too much or too little, nothing useless or inert, but that, the farther we press in our discoveries, the more we shall see proofs of design and self-supporting arrangement where the careless eye had seen nothing but accident." More acceptable to him would be the criticism of his friend and fellow dramatist, Ben Jonson. "I remember," writes Jonson, "the players have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakespeare that in his writing, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out line. My answer hath been, Would he had blotted a thousand."

At the beginning I ventured the idea that Shakespeare would be critical of readers in general, even of us, and that he might find a painless way of suggesting to us that we sometimes fail as readers because we tend to put the authors we read on our side of important questions about life and living. Shakespeare would be

deeply concerned about this. He would not want us to make of him something that he isn't. He would not, for example, want us to make him an advocate of any special creed or any particular church. I suspect that he would hardly consider himself a religious man, as the term religious is commonly used. Nor would he want us to think of him as a moralist committed to the proposition that the world of human experience operates according to moral principles which mete out good and ill to men as they merit or deserve.

Rather, in his account of life, he would want us to think of him as an artist — not as a preacher or a moralist. True, he raises the great issues of life, the issues with which religion and morality are deeply concerned, but he raises them not to argue about them, not to settle them for our satisfaction. As an artist he was concerned only to reveal them, to show them, to exhibit them in all their various forms and variegated colors. Like old Cethru in Galsworthy's allegory of the novelist, Shakespeare moves about among the scenes of life holding his lantern up to about everything that life contains. But he says little about what the light of his lantern discloses. Sometimes the light falls on and illuminates things of delicate and exquisite beauty and of ineffable truth and goodness. Sometimes it falls on things gross, ugly, and evil, too evil, too utterly dark for any light to illuminate or for any mind to comprehend. Now he shows us man participating zestfully, rightfully, joyfully in life abundant beyond his needs, and beyond his deserts. Now he shows man participating only in an inheritance of evil, evil that overwhelms and crushes him, quite without regard for what he is or what he has done.

Let us be frank and admit that Shakespeare's plays, particularly his great tragedies, are not always rewarding reading for one seeking literary assurance of an over-ruling Providence, or of a moral order infallible in its distribution of justice. True, Hamlet would assure us that there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow, and that there is a divinity that shapes our ends rough-

hew them how we will. But to the blind, groping Gloucester men are without providential protection. They are to the gods as flies are to wanton boys. The gods kill them for their sport. And to the world-weary, fate-ridden Macbeth life has become a tale told by an idiot. It is full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. In a single breath Hamlet can both glorify and despise earth and sky, the floor and the roof of man's habitation. "It goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory: this most excellent canopy the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire — why, it appeareth no other things to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours." How different it is with Miranda! O, wonder, she cries,

How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world
That has such people in't!

And Hamlet can add his magnificent tribute: "What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals!" After that, one could wish that he had not added, "And yet to me what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me."

But any Shakespearean observation on man is incomplete without the words of Lear in the unforgettable hovel scene. Kent, the Fool, and Lear would enter the hovel to escape the violence of the storm. Already there, is Edgar, in the disguise of bedlam beggar. With a newly awakened sympathy Lear surveys the naked wretch cowering and chattering in the musty straw before him. "Why," he says, "thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the skies." Then in one of his daring paradoxes Shakespeare has the tottering mind of old Lear fashion what, from the perspective of nature, is the ultimate question about man, and, perhaps, what is the ultimate

commentary on that question: "Is man no more than this?" he asks. "Consider him well," he continues. "Thou ow'st the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! Here's three on's are sophisticated! Thou art the thing itself; unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings! Come unbutton here." He would cast away his clothes, clothes stripped from his fellow beasts of the field. He would no longer prey upon them, no more rob them of their silk, their hides, their wool, their perfume. He would be only the poor, bare, naked thing that Nature had intended him to be.

One final speculation as to the things Shakespeare would like us to keep in mind when we attempt to read him. And it is suggested by Miranda's

O wonder!
 How many goodly creatures are there here!
 How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world
 That has such people in it!

And also by Hamlet's: "What a piece of work is man! . . . in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals," followed by his paradoxical "And yet to me what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me." To understand the contradictions involved here, Shakespeare would have us know that the world in which he lived and wrote was the Renaissance world, a world in process of being born again, a world in which man was making great discoveries. In the first place he was discovering his racial past, and he was finding it full of splendid accomplishments. He found himself participating in the glory of ancient Greece and Rome. He was walking and talking with Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle. He was listening to Homer and Virgil, Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides. He was reading Herodotus, Thucydides, and Plutarch. Man was also discovering the world in which he lived. Adventurers were charting the seas in exploration and conquest. Ships were returning from East and

West loaded with rich tribute from distant lands and strange peoples. O brave new world indeed! But most important, man was discovering himself, discovering his own powers and capacities. Man could escape the shackles of medieval society. He could plan a life and realize it. He could stand up to authority, question it, break with it. He could understand the natural forces about him, and harness them to his service. His life need not be a wretched probation meaningful only in relation to a life to come. It could be an end in itself, exciting, joyful, creative, in every way abundant. Indeed, what a piece of work is a man! Shakespeare would have us remember that he was the heir to the results of these great discoveries, that he himself knew the overflowing cup, the exuberance of life that attended them. But he would also have us know that the brave new world and man in comprehension like a god were not untouched by growing disillusionments not untroubled by gathering doubts, and that he had experienced the disillusionments and the doubts. Inexplicable evil was abroad in the brave new world, and it sometimes lurked in the minds and souls of the essentially great and good. Even man, the paragon of animals, sometimes seemed incurably an animal.

Shakespeare would want us to know these things, because only by knowing them can we understand his great poetry, the wealth of life there presented, life on a high plain and on a low plain, life in mirth and in sadness, life in the unbounded gaiety of comedy and in the profoundest depths of tragedy.

In Shakespeare's plays there is indeed God's plenty, an unlimited banquet to which we are all invited. But as guests we have privileges. We need not take all the courses offered. We can select what promises to nourish and sustain us and contribute to our unending growth.

Tragedy as Religious Paradox *

THESE THOUGHTS ON TRAGEDY as religious paradox are hardly legitimate. They were not conceived in the solemn crypts of learning. They are quite without honor on the high-places of religion. They cannot be dressed in the formal accouterments of scholarship. Neat and exact documentation is for them utterly impossible. Though they treat of tragedy, no manipulation of references can establish them in the noble lineage of Dionysus — or of the Athenian goat. They seek no immortality in the footnotes of doctoral dissertations — that last infirmity of noble minds.

The idea that tragedy involves religious paradox came to me as an intuitive will-o'-the-wisp. Though it invited capture and rational embodiment, it long eluded my mental grasp. Finally, in what seemed to me a clearing of skies, I saw religion and tragedy inextricably and permanently joined in man's developing experience with his world. I saw religion emerging in his life as a response to his demands on the universe, demands dictated by his own needs and desires. I saw tragedy appearing primarily and inevitably as religious disillusionment.

Profitable discussion of such ideas depends, of course, on a common understanding of words and their meanings. I have worked from what seem to me sound assumptions. If the word religion properly refers — as eminent thinkers say it should — to man's ultimate concerns, his deepest solitudes, and if the word tragedy is properly descriptive of man's most profound agitation, his most poignant suffering, then it seems clear to me that religion, far from being what philosophers say it is, a denial of tragedy, is rather the matrix in which alone tragedy could be formed and from which alone it could be born. The logic of definition supports this conclusion. Man's most profound agitations, his most poignant sufferings *as effects* can be ascribed only to his ultimate

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concerns, his deepest solicitudes *as causes*. The ultimate in human suffering can have its origin only in the ultimate human concern or solicitude. Tragedy as man's supreme suffering can exist only in coexistence with religion as the embodiment or expression of man's most precious values.

In the course of his life man has two dominant preoccupations. One of them is with his world and his fellow creatures in it. The other is with the universe and the supernatural inhabitants thereof. In other words he has affairs both with the microcosm and with the macrocosm. Both give him bitter and painful experience. But it is in his affair with the universe — which is the religious affair — that his suffering reaches tragic depths. While it is impossible to measure the quality and intensity of particular sufferings, it is possible to suggest basic differences. Lines from Shakespeare come to mind. Othello is on the rack. He is tortured by the thought of Desdemona's unfaithfulness. His occupation in life is suddenly gone. Existence has been emptied of all that had given it meaning and direction. But there, he cries,

where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I must live or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs
Or else dries up — to be discarded thence!

That for him is utter desolation. Here Othello's affair is with the microcosm. His heart has lost its garner of things sweet and precious in the little world of men and women. But his words connote an affair with the macrocosm. They point to a greater loss, a deeper emptiness, a more appalling desolation, the desolation of the soul for which a larger world, the universe, has suddenly lost its meaning, its moral bearing, its spiritual direction.

I am trying to say that tragedy rises to realization in human experience, not when hearts break in human relations, but when man discovers or suspects he discovers that the objects or values of his ultimate concern, his deepest solicitude, have no status or being in the texture of reality. Man lives the tragic qualm when he

knows or strongly fears that the beings he has thought to exist in the universe as the sources, sponsors, and guardians of what to him are the supreme goods of all existence are not present in reality at all, or, at least, not there in the beneficent roles to which he has assigned them. He suffers the tragic paradox, the tragic irony, the *peripetia* of religion, when he fully realizes that he has unwittingly built into the structure of his religious security no security at all but only the potential of bitter disillusionment and supreme suffering.

And how has man come to build so tragically? This is an important question. In attempting to answer it, I shall continue to agonize the scholars. For I proceed not by the direct and honorable processes of reputable learning but by the devious and questionable devices of poetry. My goal is a synthesis. I ask of it not that it be a recognizable transcript of anybody's reality but only that it possess an inner consistency of its own. Like Milton's Omnific Word I turn my back on the well-plotted precincts of the scholar's heaven. I move out into the unpreempted regions of Chaos and Old Night, and there appropriate whatever serves my creative purpose.

In his hand
 He took the golden compasses, prepared
 In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
 This universe, and all created things.
 One foot he centered, and the other turned
 Round through the vast profundity obscure,
 And said, "Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds;
 This be thy just circumference, O World."

Within the little chaos I have arbitrarily circumscribed, I find nothing more serviceable to my purpose than the theory that religion began in the meeting or the conjunction of man and his environment, that it had its roots in man's needs and its consummation in his hopes. Such a theory provides a foundation on which I can build and supports the conclusions toward which I move. Certainly the theory itself inspires poetry. To the imagina-

tive mind it was an appalling hour when man, generic man, became aware of himself in separation from the world about him. Though he had a sense of power and freedom in himself and of dominion over many things, he also had a frightening sense of limitation. Around him things were happening, beyond his understanding and his control. All were portentous of evil, and many endangered his very existence. The observable rhythms of earth and sky — the rising and setting of sun, moon, and stars, the occurrence and recurrence of light and darkness, spring and winter — filled him with apprehension. Having no conception of cause and effect, of undeviating regularity in nature, he was haunted by the thought that sun, moon, and stars might one time set and fail to rise again, that day might somehow be “swallowed up and lost in the wide womb of uncreated night,” that life-renewing spring might sometime surrender to sterile and death dispensing winter. More imminent were the dangers of flood and drought, tempest and avalanche, earthquake and pestilence. And always, sooner or later, there was death — the final and most dreadful event in the inexorable cycle of man’s earthly existence.

Man’s natural and incurable bent for animism and for personification readily transformed the fear inspiring phenomena of nature into the substance of religion. Primitive peoples even now make few distinctions between their mice and their men.

For thilke tyme, as I have understonde,
Beestes and briddes coulde speke and synge.

Undoubtedly generic man ascribed souls quite indiscriminately to the objects and forces of his menacing environment, and endowed them with qualities and attitudes not unlike his own. In all of them he saw beings to be placated, propitiated, or worshiped as his perception of need dictated.

Thus in an hour of unconscious but fateful pride, or *hubris*, man began a spiritual invasion of the universe, first in the land, sea, and air of his environing world, and eventually in the limitless

reaches of the cosmos. Into beings, real or imaginary, he breathed the breath of his own life. His soul became the soul of the universe. In terms of Aristotle's analysis, that was his tragic error, his *hamartia*. It made him inescapably a tragic figure on a tragic stage, with catastrophe waiting in the wings. The relevant point at the moment is that the original deities of man's worship were not the cause of religion but the product of it. As Ralph Barton Perry suggests, they were objects invoked by man to care for his needs, to protect his ultimate concerns, his deepest solitudes. They were alienated projections of man himself, before which he began to kneel in veneration and supplication.

There is a sense, then, in which man has always been an idolator, not as a worshiper of false gods but as a worshiper of gods of his own creation. Let me pause a moment to note Erich Fromm's concern about man's continuing idolatry in modern society. Fromm associates idolatry with economic success, the "bitch goddess" of our national worship. He sees it also in the nobler products of man's creative activity. Man makes with his hands and his head institutions, constitutions, economic systems, and forms of government. He then unconsciously alienates himself from his own offspring, his own creations. He ascribes to them divine origins, and comes to revere or worship them as emanations from the skies. To Fromm this spells ultimate social disaster. It gives to social relations the rigidity of death. It checks the free creativity necessary to a sane person and to a sane society.¹

But to return to the beginnings of man's idolatry. How at first man went about making friends of the gods he had made and influencing them, I do not pretend to know. After all, this is an exercise in poetry, not in scholarship. But whatever the original means and methods were, in them religion at work had its start. I suspect that the history of man's ways of dealing with the forces and objects of his fears and worship would show a movement

¹ *The Sane Society*. See "Alienation."

from crude mimetic rituals up to the loftiest expressions of religious love and devotion. But I suspect also that the expressions of worship have moved upward only as man has again and again recreated his gods in the image of his own changing conceptions of supreme values. The gradually improving notions of Jehovah appearing in Hebrew scriptures are due not so much to new revelations of the nature of Jehovah as to man's discovery of new depths in his own moral and spiritual character. They represent a continuing animism, a continuing projection of man himself into the objects of his fear and worship. Jehovah became to man a god of righteousness, love, and forgiveness, not by self-revelation or divine disclosure but by man's discovery through experience that justice, love, and forgiveness had become for him matters of supreme importance, matters of ultimate concern. Hosea asserted Jehovah's enduring love for Israel, his willingness to accept repentance, and to forgive, only after Hosea had himself discovered through a searching experience his own capacity to love and forgive one who had been wantonly unfaithful to him. Moses climbed Sinai already committed in his own soul to the imperatives of the Decalogue. Though he returned with tablets inscribed by the finger of God, he had merely made Jehovah the authoritative sponsor of the demands of his own awakened sense of social and religious values.

About this use of deities as the sources, sponsors, and guardians of the values that worshipers cherish most, the doctors seem to be in general agreement. Let Edgar S. Brightman speak for them. Somewhat rearranged his relevant statements read about like this: "If we are to have a God at all, we must have a being that is a trustworthy source of values. . . . No religion has thought of God except in terms of the highest values accessible to it; and it has always thought of its God as assuring or symbolizing the permanence of those values. . . . God is always beyond the present achievements of man, and is objective either as a reality to be

known and appropriated or as a goal to be sought. . . . God means that toward which man moves when he rises in the scale of values.”²

In other words, Brightman says that in the mind of man God is always an idealization of the things that man has found most precious in the treasure-trove of his own life. Brightman could have gone on to say that with man as a valuing creature idealization is destiny. For man, the leap of the mind from a sense of the imperfect to a conception of the perfect, from a perception of the real to a vision of the ideal, is as natural as a heart beat. God imperatively emerges in man's total awareness as the summation and realization of what seems to him the highest good. And Brightman could also have said that in that inevitable idealization there was inevitably the making of tragedy.

At every stage in the process by which man has fashioned or refashioned his divine aids in the image of his evolving sense of values, tragedy has been latent. Tragedy was in the making when man, in the painful awareness of his own limited power, assigned omnipotence to heaven, and permitted himself to believe that that power was available to him at need; when in the consciousness of his own inadequate knowledge, he conferred omniscience on his deities and confidently assumed that that omniscience was for him an ever ready source of wisdom and understanding through inspiration or revelation; when, aware of his own faltering, groping, and imperfect righteousness he endowed Olympus or the skies with an all comprehending goodness from which he himself could never be separated; when in perceiving the selfishness and limitation of his own love he conceived in deity a love at once selfless, universal, and inalienable. Tragedy was inevitable when man made these supreme values and their divine sponsors the objects of his most active and intense concern.

For then the hour must come when he would be confronted with misfortune for which he could not account, and with evil

² From *A Philosophy of Religion*, pp. 136-137. Copyright 1940. Permission of Prentice-Hall, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, N.J., publishers.

for which he had no explanation, when he would stand seemingly cut off from Olympus and the skies, and from all the strength, wisdom, goodness, and love on which he had confidently relied. Then he would face the awful realization that in planning his religious security under the tutelage of his most urgent needs and desires he had made demands on reality which reality could not, or, at least, did not honor. Where once he had felt strong, secure, and befriended in a meaningful world, he now stood weak, fearful, and alone in a meaningless one. And that was tragedy. That was the hour of utter bewilderment and supreme suffering. That, from the point of view of this paper, was an hour that could strike only on the chronometer of religion.

Literature is full of echoes of this *anagnorisis*, this hour of awful realization. Most of the echoes are variations on the agonized cry of Oedipus: "God of Heaven, what would'st thou do unto me?" Most of them are a passionate plea for justice, and a bitter protest against a scheme of things in which the distinctions between right and wrong, guilt and innocence, goodness and wickedness seem utterly lost. We hear the righteous Job lamenting the day that he was born: "Let the day be darkness; let not God regard it from above; neither let the light shine upon it." In the kind of reality that Job now seemed to face there was for man no purpose or dignity:

Man that is born of woman
Is of few days and full of trouble.
He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down.
He fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

We hear Antigone in her Aïda-like farewell to earth protesting a moral or religious order, now in complete disorder, where in effect evil is good and good is evil:

Yet what celestial right
Did I transgress? How should I any more
Look up to heaven, in my adversity?
Whom shall I call to aid? Am I not come
Through piety to be held impious?

And in the final Chorus of *Oedipus Rex*, the world provides no security for man, good or evil. Man's noblest attainment may be a meaningless prologue to direst catastrophe. There is utter capriciousness in the events of reality; there is a moral dissonance at the heart of it. Consider no man happy till you see him unscathed by woe pass the bourn which severs life from death.

Hamlet touches tragic depths, not when he finds earth a sterile promontory or an unweeded garden grown to seed with things rank and gross in nature. His appalling discovery is that there is in the skies no source, sponsor, or guardian of his moral and spiritual values. Things of supreme worth to him have no sanction outside his own mind. There is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so. Old Gloucester, betrayed by his own son and blinded by his savage over-lord, would grope his dark way toward Dover Cliffs, outraged not so much by man's inhumanity to man as by the callousness of the gods, who seem to slay good men for their sport as wanton boys kill flies. In a storm-torn world where the blasts of heaven beat impartially on both the good and the wicked, on both kings and bedlam beggars, Lear at last sees man for what he is, a poor, naked, forked creature, preying on his fellow creatures, robbing the ox of its hide, the sheep of its wool, the worm of its silk, and the cat of its perfume.

Even from the poet who set out to justify the ways of God to man we sometimes hear the tragic protest. Not the least among the burdens of Milton's Samson are the "faintings, swoonings of despair, and sense of Heaven's desertion." And the Chorus puts the tragic problem squarely up to the God of Israel:

God of our fathers! what is Man
That thou towards him with hand so various
Or might I say contrarious,
Temper'st thy providence through his short course?

For in the divine dispensations to men there appear to be no value distinctions.

Just and unjust alike seem miserable,
For oft alike both come to evil end:

The tragic cry in literature as in life comes from men and women who have been rooted in and nourished by a god-centered, a religion-oriented universe. It is the cry of those who have been cosmically uprooted, cosmically dispossessed. In poetry as in life, man's supreme suffering comes not from his affair with his fellow-men but from his affair with his gods. It is the macrocosm and not the microcosm that crushes him. Man's tragedy is that the imperatives of his universe are at eternal odds with the imperatives of his own soul.

Religion is not, then, a repudiation of tragedy. Such a denial would be like a denial of maternal instinct, a disowning of natural offspring. So long as man's primary concern is his cosmic relations, man is destined to be a protagonist in tragic drama. Facing the unknown, he will remain animistic. He will continue to project himself into the unknown, making it in imagination a realization of his own thought and desire. And always there will come the tragic dénouement, when he will know or greatly fear that he has again failed to think the thoughts of the Almighty after him, that he has once more missed the ultimate disclosure. He will therefore suffer again, shift his mental and moral ground again, revise his demands on reality again — and then try again, fail again, and suffer again.

This need not mean meaningless cycles of wasted suffering. It could mean progress in man's fulfillment, the gradual elimination of human error through tragic grief. As Aeschylus and Sophocles intimated nearly two and a half millennia ago, suffering may be the means by which man learns wisdom, learns the greatest and most revealing lessons that existence has to teach. It could be the means by which man comes nearer to God, not to God as man has imagined him to be, but to God as he eternally is.

The "man" of this account is hardly representative man. Rather he is man heroic. He is man whose ultimate concern, whose deepest solicitude, is in the elusive unknown. He is the dynamic of the human quest for the *beyond*. The master impera-

tive of his life is not that he be secure, not that he escape suffering, but that he be an adventurer as long as an unexplored realm remains. He is an Odysseus at heart. He pilots his craft willingly into the seas beyond the sunset, wishing perhaps for quiet harbors but not despairing when he breaks on rocks or plunges into maelstroms. As an inquiring mind he lives precariously out on the growing margin of knowledge, where the known thins imperceptibly into the unknown, where verifiable truth shades into a reaching, venturing faith, into an ardent, creative expectancy. But it is not a place where the ultimate is ever captured, or where expectation is ever realized. It is, therefore, a stage on which tragic drama is recurrently enacted.

What Paul Tillich is thinking when he writes I never know. But there are times when his words seem to say what I am now saying. He speaks of religion as the "dimension of depth in all the functions of man's spiritual life." And again as the "aspect of depth in the totality of the human spirit." Drawing nearer to me, at least verbally, he says that religion is "great and tragic at the same time." And finally he writes: "Since religion expresses our ultimate concern, it is greater and more tragic than anything else." Here, in language at least, religion and tragedy are inextricably and paradoxically joined. Tillich seems to say that at the point where human values attain their quintessence, where they become at once the most subtle and the most profound of human concerns, there too tragedy is present in its unalloyed essence. The object of man's most lofty and most appealing reach is destined to be forever beyond his grasp. That is man's tragedy.

But I suspect that Tillich too is thinking about man heroic. He is not speaking of representative man, man unheroic. It is in the religious creeds and formulations of man unheroic that one must look for a denial of tragedy. Representative man is not a persistent adventurer in the dangerous realms of mind and spirit. He seeks quiet harbors, not the reefs and maelstroms of storm tossed seas. His dominant concern is comfortable finalities, not elusive

and disquieting realities. If I may shift the imagery, representative, generic man, feeling secure in his original positions, halted and dug in when resistance appeared, and has since rarely ventured over the top. He has remained loyal to the creations of his early animism and personification. His own breath of life, his own soul, still fills and informs his universe.

He has, of course, felt the impact of evil and misfortune. He has suffered. He has had to reconsider his affair with the macrocosm, his relations with Olympus, Sinai, and the skies. He has been forced to make some concessions to an obdurate reality. But in it all he has clung to Zeus or Yahweh, or to whatever the ultimate powers of the universe may be. He has never impugned their essential goodness, their eventual justice. From his basic loyalties to his cosmic beings, and from his attempts to know, understand, and use them, have come all the religious forms and expressions that fill the world today. And there are many forms and expressions. Man may worship a being with whom he can walk and talk in the cool of the evening, make friendly covenants, and from whom he may acquire promised lands, and, through obedience, obtain special privileges and protections. He may worship a God who dwells in complete *otherness*, who is therefore unknown and unknowable, who participates neither in the concerns of man's life nor in the larger events and processes of human history. In contemplation of him man can only cower in abject unworthiness and pray for a modicum of grace.

The religious responses of man to the existence of evil and suffering are equally varied. Man may regard evil as terribly real and himself as the embodiment of it. He is conceived in sin and born in iniquity. He is as prone to do evil as the sparks are to fly upward. In mitigation of his own responsibility for evil he may invoke demons and devils as accomplices or inciting causes. He may forsee ultimate escape and final salvation, in part through his own struggle, but principally through the sacrifice and grace of a loving Savior. Burdened with suffering for which there is no

easy explanation, he may postulate former and after lives, from which this one, with all its seemingly unnecessary pain and apparent injustice, derives meaning and justification. For the righteous, all these lives are but successful probations leading to a heavenly consummation, to an ineffable and eternal beatitude in the divine presence.

But it need not be that way. Religion has many ways. Religion could be regarded, not as man's way of getting what he desires, or what a kind Providence has provisionally prepared for him, but rather as a way of softening what in the harsh nature of things he cannot avoid. To man evil and misfortune could be either illusions or the concrete contingencies of normal existence, to be met not with protest and struggle but with a wise passivity or resignation or renunciation. Death could be a migration of the soul to a venerated community of ancestors. It could be escape from the painful shadow of reality into its healing substance. It could mean a fortunate loss or obliteration of the troubled self in the warm embrace of a world soul, itself selfless and undifferentiated.

But whatever the way of religion, it is for man unheroic a partial escape — not a complete one — from tragedy as man heroic knows it. Religion always strives to hold man in a meaningful relationship to the macrocosm. More accurately, man unheroic demands a religion which assures that relationship. Herbert Muller has recently said "throughout history the overwhelming majority of men have been unwilling or unable to believe that the universe is soulless and indifferent to man." Evidence of all this is best found in peoples characterized by their sense of tragedy in human life. Profoundly conscious though men may be of a moral dissonance in the depths of their experience, for most of them the moral imperative remains a cosmic imperative. It has been said that the failure of the moralist is the triumph of the tragedian. That is an understanding observation, but it requires

a footnote. Neither in literature nor in life is the failure of the moralist or the triumph of the tragedian a complete one.

I am thinking of the Greeks, and particularly of Aristotle's observations on their tragic drama. Every reader of the *Poetics* remembers what Aristotle says there about the tragic protagonist. He is a person essentially great and good but capable of a tragic error out of which disaster inevitably grows. To see such a person crushed by the consequence of his mistake in thought or action is to feel pity and fear, the emotions proper to the tragic experience of the theater. It would, however, be intolerable to witness a dramatic representation of a man who is flawless in his greatness and goodness but who nevertheless falls from great happiness into utter misery. And why would such a representation be intolerable? Because it would be shocking or revolting to the moral and religious prepossessions of the Greek audience, not necessarily to their aesthetic sensibilities. It would impugn the Olympians themselves, and the moral soundness of their dominion over heaven and earth. There may be something inexplicable to man in the burden of Oedipus' suffering. It may seem to man wholly out of proportion to any offense with which Oedipus can be clearly and rightfully charged. And that feeling properly elicits man's pity and fear. But always there will be Oedipus' overweening pride and his appalling mistakes, his *hubris* and his *hamartia*. They and the impenetrable mystery of the divine purpose will always combine to leave the brightness of the gods untarnished.

It has, I suppose, been so with man unheroic from the Greeks to my last class in Shakespeare. Always man finds — nay, demands — the mitigating circumstance, the human frailty, that places the onus for human misery not on the Olympians but on man himself. And so Aeschylus and Shakespeare are read not as tragedians but as moralists.

What I say about man unheroic is not said in disparagement either of his head or of his heart. If to breathe the breath of his thought and feeling into the universe and into all things in it is

a weakness, it is a weakness shared by eminent men. In the courts of great thinkers, where one expects adjudication based on established facts and on inferences logically deduced therefrom, one frequently finds decisions that recognize as relevant man's moral demands on the universe. Freely and deeply inquiring minds often refuse to accept as final any account of reality which fails to admit into its texture the values which man cherishes most. Speaking of the "revolutions of science" that periodically drive out "old fashions of opinion," Herman Lotze said years ago that the new organizations of belief that displace the old ones will endure only as they meet "the invincible demands of man's emotional nature." Oliver Lodge, the physicist, found it impossible to believe that man could imagine for the universe things nobler or loftier than the things already provided in it. To believe that he could so imagine would be to believe that the creature may be nobler and loftier than the Creator himself. The dictum of William James is perhaps better known: "If a certain formula for expressing the nature of the world violates my moral demand, I shall feel as free to throw it overboard, or at least to doubt it, as if it disappointed my demand for uniformity of sequence."

But after all has been said that can be said about religious creeds and moral intuitions as a denial of tragedy, I believe the presumption must still stand that the relationship between tragedy and religion is organic, that tragic suffering has its origin in religious prepossessions. A distinction must, of course, be made between religion as creeds or formal affirmations of belief, and religion as a kind and quality of human experience. The ideas to which man gives mental assent rarely determine what his deepest spiritual experiences will be. Neither creeds nor moral intuitions stand up well against the relentless pressures of a stern reality. For purposes of analysis I have spoken, in this respect, as if there were a considerable difference between what I have called man heroic and man unheroic. Actually there is, I suppose, little dif-

ference. One of them is no more immune to tragic suffering than the other. Both experience the paradox of pain derived from its preventive, of danger and disaster born of security. Both would grant that in the ordinary hours of life a religious creed may be a guiding and sustaining influence, that in the ordinary misfortunes of life it may be an anodyne, a palliative. But neither, I believe, would regard it as a protection against the tragic moment, against a sense of spiritual lostness and aloneness in a meaningless existence. Philo M. Buck, of most pleasant memory, once put the matter clearly and eloquently. "Theology and a narrow theological code," he said, "may lay down a philosophy of life as a pattern of obedience and recompense, but daily experience rises and proclaims the whole tissue a lie. Man is not in a congenial world; the gods, the laws of nature, the ways of other men, the whole manner of life, are indifferent to the fate of the best and the wisest. Or the evil lurks unsuspected in the very heart of man himself, and, suddenly bursting forth like a natural cataclysm, spreads destruction far and wide."³

Indifferent to the fate of the best and wisest? Yes, and we shall never know all the good and wise, the believing good and wise, who have felt the impact of that indifference. There is perhaps nothing more private than the tragic moments of one's life. Long ago an unknown Anglo-Saxon poet sang of the nobility which would bind fast in the breast, in the "ferthloca," the trouble of the mind. Millions, we may be sure, have cried in their silent souls the cry of Oedipus: "God of Heaven, what would'st thou do unto me?" and the cry of Jesus of Nazareth: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" I should say that these cries are the authentic voice of tragedy, that they are in the very idiom of religion when religion is most deeply in trouble.

³ From *Literary Criticism* (pp. 259-260) by Philo M. Buck, Jr. Harper and Brothers, publishers.

*J. B. the Critics and Me**

THE PUBLICATION a few years ago of *J. B.*, a play in verse, by Archibald MacLeish, was generally regarded as a literary event of exceptional importance. The critical reception of the play was warm, even laudatory. A critic of recognized stature called it "the play of the century." Another said, "It may well become one of the lasting achievements of the art and mind of our time." It drew a Tony citation and a Pulitzer award. Revised and adapted to production in the theater it was successfully staged at home and abroad. Though pronounced too big for Broadway, it played there for many months to capacity houses. Posing as it does an age old problem in religion, and drawing its inspiration from the Bible, it immediately challenged the attention of church, synagogue, and seminary. Eminent theologians, Protestant, Jewish, and Catholic, expressed with eloquence and vehemence varying degrees of pain and pleasure.

Much of the critical response was paradoxical. While agreeing quite generally on the excellence of *J. B.* as a poem and a play, the critics, literary and theological, disagreed quite sharply as to its meaning. Nearly all found in it unresolved problems, distressing ambiguities. They could not decide whether in its final or total effect it is a religious play at all. Raising anew in a modern setting the universal problem of innocent suffering, did it reaffirm the Biblical solutions? Or did it in effect repudiate them? Did it say to suffering man in the modern world that he must look beyond the Book of Job and the old theologies for the meaning of his troubles and for the strength to endure them?

Difference of opinion was most marked among the men of religion. There, as Chaucer loved to say, "Diverse folk diversely they demed." Reinhold Niebuhr missed a personal God in the MacLeish view of man's predicament. The play, he said, states its

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problem honestly and develops it with artistic ingenuity. But it emphasizes the meaninglessness of man's suffering and neglects the deeper problem, the meaning of man's life. In an age which has had the greatness to discover nuclear energy but lacks the wisdom to avoid nuclear annihilation, the most relevant problem is not the meaning of man's suffering but the meaning of his life. *J. B.* suggests, Niebuhr said, two solutions to the problem. One of them is negative. It is the solution of the Voice heard in the wind and the thunder: the meaning of human life lies beyond man's comprehension. The other is positive: man can build for himself "an island of love" in an ocean of meaninglessness, where life can be sustained and given a measure of purpose and direction.

Rabbi Louis Finkelstein saw symbolism in the play. In the character of *J. B.*, MacLeish has created, he said, an image in which all of us see ourselves and our society "troubled and guilt-ridden" — hence the play's popular appeal, its capacity houses on Broadway. The theme of the play is found not in its particular texts but in its whole texture. And paradoxically, indeed, this theme, the Rabbi said, stems ultimately from the Comforter Elihu, who does not appear in the play at all, but for whom MacLeish himself is supposed to speak in the totality of his poetic conception. Hence, *J. B.* is rebuked in the play, as Job is in the Book of Job, not for sins committed before calamity falls upon him, but rather for his behavior in the midst of calamity, for his failure to transform his suffering into "a new vision of God, one not possible except in adversity." Implicit, therefore, in *J. B.*'s agony is a consolation as old as Aeschylus and Sophocles: the way of suffering is the road to wisdom. But in *J. B.*, as in the Book of Job, the new vision of God which would give meaning to all suffering is seen only through a glass darkly. MacLeish's insight has beauty and depth but not the penetration to see the Kingdom of God which awaits a humanity that has been purified, ennobled, and exalted in the fiery ordeal of universal suffering and disaster.

To Thurston N. Davis, S. J., editor of *America*, a Catholic weekly, *J. B.* as a religious play is entirely negative. If it is anything, it is "an urbane but shallow repudiation of religious faith." Implicitly it is an assertion that there are no divine reasons for human pain, no ultimate justice that will set things right, no Mind or Providence at work in human affairs, no evidence of a God whose love envelopes man through all his days of trouble. It is a play not about God but about man, man "liberated from old theologies." On its positive side it is a weak "secular affirmation of human life and human love as the sole props and rationale of bewildered humanity." Calling up the ghosts of MacLeish's literary past, Father Davis opined that in *J. B.* the poet-dramatist stands religiously "on the same arid ground in which he pegged down his tents some thirty years ago."

Literary criticism, like a fever, usually runs a course. Appraisals are normally followed by reappraisals. Having delivered first decisions, the most Olympian of judges are likely to remain restive, a bit uncertain that they have spoken for both time and eternity. Frequently they climb the mountain for another view, issue a second verdict, make a new bid for judicial immortality. The literary criticism of *J. B.* is apparently entering the period of reappraisal. John Ciardi, poetry editor of the *Saturday Review*, has recently written a "J. B. Revisited." He has taken a second look at MacLeish, and is unhappy — almost petulantly unhappy — with what he now sees.

O, woe is me.

T' have seen what I have seen, to see what I see!

For Ciardi's first look had filled him with prophetic enthusiasm. *J. B.* was born a classic and destined to life beyond life. In it, as nowhere else, verse drama in America had reached maturity, had found a poetic language in which the poet-dramatists of the future would fashion and express their art, their passion. The great issues of life raised in the play made it too good, too sublime for Broadway. But how different the critic and the criticism of the

second look! The poet and his poetry have shrunk dismally to this little measure: MacLeish has left the main issue or theme of his play blurred or totally undetermined, and its resolution correspondingly shadowy or uncertain. What he had intended to be the resolution is in effect a sentimental excretion precariously sticking to the closing moments of the drama. J. B., his protagonist, who bears the burden of suffering, and expresses the substance of its thought, is a "fatuous" "fathead" "howling" his questions and complaints into the empty places of a senseless universe. All that Mr. Ciardi can salvage from his first pronouncement is the certainty that MacLeish "has gone farther than any man of his time toward forging a true poetic verse that works on the stage."

I am not mentioning Mr. Ciardi or the custodians of religious truth to quarrel with what they have said. One who had grown old with the poets, and has known most of their critics from Plato to Mr. Ciardi is not likely to die attacking or defending a literary judgment. It seems only yesterday that I. A. Richards — persuasive critical theorist — was telling us that the history of literary criticism is a description of graveyards, an account of abandoned theories of value. And no one has intimated that the end of such abandonment is yet in sight, unless it be in that Paradiso of Modern Poetry, where poets seem always to sit in beatific and ineffable vision, and critics are always masters of a divine exegesis. Those of us who still read Shakespeare and Milton in the original, without benefit of symbol or paradox, continue to doubt that anything currently said about *J. B.* by Mr. Ciardi — or even by me — is all that could be said intelligently. The same caution befits religious comment. In the variable field of religious thought the ancient Pilatean query, What is truth?, still remains a relevant one. Always in religion there are men who cry, "Thus saith the Lord." Always it is good for religion and its truth that other men question the competence of anyone to speak for the Almighty.

Anatole France, the French impressionist of a generation ago, used to say that literary criticism, when doing its proper work, is

a description of an encounter between a soul and a masterpiece — or, in less opulent terms, a report of a reading experience. In the pages that follow, I tell about *J. B.* as a personal experience in reading. And, in parenthesis, let me say that, in my judgment, the future of *J. B.* is in the library, not in the theater. MacLeish's finest poetic conception was what he published for readers not what he was persuaded to give to the actors.

My first encounter with *J. B.* was troubled. I sensed uncertainties, ambiguities, particularly in *J. B.*'s Gethsemane. In his suffering there appeared to be no coherent progress, no evolution. There was everything to be endured, nothing to be gained or done — no relief or release through thought or action. Then it occurred to me that what I was experiencing in *J. B.* was what years ago I experienced in the Book of Job; that the obscurity of the one was an inheritance from the other; that to understand *J. B.* one must first understand the Book of Job, and that is not an easy task. It demands reading the Book of Job as scholars read it, finding in it various types of writing, composed by various writers, at different times, with different purposes.

In their account of it scholars differ in details but agree in substance. Most of them find in it an ancient folk tale about a devout desert nomad, a man who has always feared God and eschewed evil, but whose loyalty and devotion to God are tested in a succession of calamities visited upon him as a divine concession to a cynical Satan or Adversary, who attributes Job's loyalty and devotion not to intrinsic righteousness but rather to God's sheltering care and bountiful gifts. But through the tests imposed — the losses, sufferings, sorrows — Job remains unshaken. He stoutly affirms the changeless goodness and justice of God: the Lord has given and the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord. Should a man receive the good and not accept the bad? In the end Job's piety and devotion are rewarded: his losses are made up and his prosperity increased.

Engrafted on or in this rather primitive tale is what scholars have called the great Debate or Symposium between Job and his Friends or Comforters. Here Job is no longer the simple sheik of the folk tale. He is now a philosopher-poet, arguing with other philosopher-poets the great problem of evil and the mystery of human suffering. Here he is not the patient, submissive, nomad, unwavering in his confidence in the divine goodness and justice. He bitterly laments his existence, curses the night of his conception and the day of his birth. He recognizes the power and wisdom of God, but boldly questions His goodness and justice. If only he could lay his case before the bar of the Almighty, or find an advocate who would! But God seems lost in the vastness of His creations, and Job cannot find Him. The replies of the Comforters to Job's lament are variations of what is essentially the same argument: God is a god of undeviating justice; human misfortune and suffering are invariably punishment for human sin; Job is, therefore, a sinner compounding his sins with rebellious arrogance; he should humble himself, acknowledge his wrong and repent of it. But at the end of the Debate the Comforters are silenced; they yield to the force of Job's defense, a defense born of Job's own suffering and soul-searching. "Job was justified in their eyes," says the Biblical writer. And apparently he was also justified or vindicated in the eyes of his Lord. God commanded the Comforters to offer penitential sacrifices for having contended wrongfully against him. Implicit in this resolution of the Debate is a divine admission that Job's protests are just, that he is right in maintaining his integrity, right in employing his own conscience and intelligence in trying to solve the baffling riddle of human existence.

But in such a conclusion to the Book of Job there was a decided note of skepticism; there was a too obvious encouragement to question, to doubt, the divine Providence. So, we are told, new poets, poets of greater piety, added the speeches of the fourth Comforter, Elihu, to strengthen the arguments of the others. They added also the magnificent speeches of the Lord, speeches in-

tended to overwhelm Job with a sense of his littleness and ignorance before the awful might and inscrutable wisdom of God. Thus they created another Job, one who accepts the divine rebuke, confesses his sins, particularly the sin of presumption, and repents in dust and ashes all he had previously said and done.

Thus the Book of Job as we have it presents us with three Jobs: the devout, sinless, patiently suffering Job of the primitive folk tale; the questioning, protesting and vindicated Job of the great Debate; the totally crushed and repentant Job of the late poetic additions. Correspondingly there are three suggested solutions to the problem of Job's suffering: his suffering is a test of his loyalty to his God; it is a punishment for his sins; it is a manifestation of the inexplicable will of an inscrutable Providence. What, then, is the meaning of the Book of Job? What does it say with definiteness and persuasive power about the mystery of human affliction, its causes, its justification? Really nothing. If the careful and informed reader turns from *J. B.* to the scholar's Book of Job to escape confusion and perplexity, he only finds confusion and perplexity compounded. If he goes from the Book of Job to *J. B.*, he soon discovers that MacLeish has taken from his Biblical source all of its contradictions, and has woven them into the thought and feeling fabric of his own play. For, here or there in *J. B.*, through one character or another, the reader finds restated, not only the somewhat formless essence of the Biblical poem, but also much of its detail. But he finds more than restatement. Though the total vision of idea and emotion in *J. B.* may to him seem somewhat blurred, he does find, I think, a point where the mist thins out, where something new and significant emerges, clearly seen and clearly stated. At that point MacLeish says what he wants to say. There the play reveals its meaning, delivers its message.

J. B. is, as everyone knows, a modern play. Its Job is a modern man subjected to calamities which only a modern world could impose. In pursuit of its meaning and message let us look hur-

riedly at the play itself, its setting, its people, and its action, — and in so doing sample its poetry. The scene is a corner of a circus tent, where a side-show dramatization of the Book of Job is daily staged as part of the circus entertainment. The hour is late. The circus and side-shows are over; the crowds and performers are gone; most of the lights are out. Two circus vendors appear in the semi-darkness, Mr. Zuss, with a bunch of balloons hitched to his belt, and Mr. Nickles, with a popcorn tray strapped to his shoulders. They are old men, old actors, professionally fallen on evil days. But the actor is still alive in their bones. The empty stage of the side-show is to them an alluring and irresistible opportunity. Why shouldn't they do the play of Job — and, of course, do it right? Mr. Zuss, big, florid, sonorous, orthodox, rather insensitive and unimaginative, casts himself in the role of God, and assigns Mr. Nickles the part of Satan. Mr. Nickles is gaunt, sardonic, skeptical, and bitterly discerning — anything, O Lord, but a beatnik! Throughout the play Zuss and Nickles play dual roles: in the masks of God and Satan they read the Biblical lines with which MacLeish links the episodes of his play together; in their own characters they comment like a Greek chorus on the tragedy that unfolds before their eyes. They agree that the title role of Job is not for either of them, though Nickles would like to try it. But whom will they get to play it? They remember that always in the world there is someone playing the part of Job. Yes, says Nickles, there are millions of men in the world, the war-torn world, playing, always playing, the part of Job:

Millions and millions of mankind
Burned, crushed, broken, mutilated,
Slaughtered, and for what? For thinking!
For walking round the world in the wrong
Skin, the wrong-shaped noses, eyelids:
Sleeping the wrong night wrong city —
London, Dresden, Hiroshima.
There never could have been so many
Suffered more for less.

fills her with unaccountable fear, fear lest their good go beyond their deserts, and they lose all. And it's ridiculous, she says,

Childish, and I shouldn't be afraid.
Not even now when suddenly everything
Fills to overflowing in me
Brimming the fulness till I feel
My happiness impending like a danger.
But if ever anybody deserved it, you do.

J. B.: That's not true, I don't deserve it.
It's not a question of deserving.

Sarah: Oh, it is. That's all the question.
However could we sleep at night. . . .

J. B.: Nobody *deserves* it, Sarah:
Not the world that God has given us.
But I believe in it, Sal, I trust in it.
I trust my luck — my life — our life —
God's goodness to me.

J. B. is not a thinker. His thought is intuitive, not reasoned. God is sensed, not deduced. He is not so much a person, here or there, or anywhere, as He is a Presence, indwelling, everywhere. J. B. feels Him in the world as he feels the strength alive in his own veins and muscles. God is "sun on the floor, airs in the curtains." His justice is not in His moral judgments, but in His uniformity, His unchangeableness:

A man can count on Him.
Look at the world, the order of it,
The certainty of day's return
And spring's and summer's: the leaves' green —
That never cheated expectation. . . .
Eat your dinner, Sal my darling.
We love our life because it's good:
It isn't good because we love it —
Pay for it — in thanks or prayer. The thanks are
Part of love and paid like love:
Free gift or not worth having. . . .
Eat your dinner, girl! There's not a
Harpy on the roof for miles.

Still another night and another messenger. Little Rebecca had been missing since nightfall. Hours of search and frenzied anxiety. Then again the messenger:

Just past midnight
Pounding his beat by the back of the lumberyard,
Somebody runs and he yells and they stumble —
Big kid — nineteen maybe —
Hopped to the eyes and scared — scared
Bloodless — he could barely breathe.
Constable yanks him up by the britches:
“All right! Take me to it!” . . .
Well, he took him to it — back of the
Lumber trucks beside the track. . . .
She had a toy umbrella.
That was all she had — but shoes,
Red shoes and toy umbrella
That was tight in her fist when
he found her — still.

And then the finale, the triumph of the bomb. Blocks of the city leveled. All of J. B.'s banks and factories in rubble. And the messenger stumbling through the ruins of J. B.'s house with the unconscious Sarah in his arms. No trace of Ruth, the last of the children. Certainly somewhere dead under fallen stone.

And how through all of this does J. B. play the part of Job? At first pretty much as it is written in the Book of Job, with all of its ambiguities. Now he is the Job of the old folk tale, staunch in his trust and loyalty, patient in his acceptance: Should a man receive the good and not accept the bad? The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord. Then he is the Job of the Symposium: questioning, protesting, pleading. “Show me my guilt, Oh God!” And then he hears the awful Voice in the wind and the thunder, in the presence of which he abhors himself and repents his presumption.

Climactic and memorable is the scene in which Sarah leaves him, leaves him alone in the rubble, with his rags and his sores, leaves him alone in the ruins of his moral world. The scene opens in profound silence, out of which comes a muffled sound of sob-

bing — Sarah sobbing for her babies. For her *babies*, not for her children. For Sarah is bewailing the slaughter of innocence, innocence of which the baby is the ultimate and most poignant symbol. In the name of her outraged motherhood she is asserting the injustice of God. J. B. pleads with her to find rest, to try to go to sleep:

Go! go where?
 If there were darkness, I'd go there.
 If there were night, I'd lay me down in it.
 God has shut the night against me.
 God has set the dark alight
 With horror blazing blind as day
 When I go toward it . . . close my eyes.

J. B. understands, yet doesn't understand:

I know those waking eyes.
 His will is everywhere against us
 Even in our sleep, our dreams. If I
 Knew . . . If I knew why!
 What I can't bear is the blindness —
 Meaninglessness . . . the numb blow
 Fallen in the stumbling night.

In the turnings, the revolving torments of his thought, J. B. always comes back to the question of guilt, his guilt. There must be guilt in him, guilt wherever there is suffering and death. Only that way can God be just. And God is just. But Sarah cries out in an agony of bitter protest:

If God is just, our slaughtered children
 Stank with sin, were rotten with it.

But her memories and everything decent in her argue their innocence. To keep God good J. B. would falsify himself and his children, would make them all evil. Sarah will have no part in such a betrayal:

I will not stay here if you lie —
 Connive in your destruction, cringe to it:
 Not if you betray your children. . . . They are
 Dead and they were innocent: I will not

Let you sacrifice their deaths
To make injustice and God good. . . .
If you buy quiet with their innocence—
Theirs or yours, I will not love you.

J. B. follows the logic of Sarah's thought, but he shrinks from the conclusion toward which it points. To grant that in the world innocent suffering and death exist would seem to banish God from it, or question His goodness. And that J. B. is not yet prepared to do. Without God in the world the life of man has no meaning:

God is God or we are nothing—
Mayflies that leave their husks behind—
Our tiny lives ridiculous—a suffering
Not even sad that Someone Somewhere
Laughs at as we laugh at apes.
We have no choice but to be guilty.
God is unthinkable if we are innocent.

But we do have one choice, cries Sarah. We can choose to live or to die—curse God and die. And Sarah chooses to die. Soundlessly she runs out to find waters under bridges, waters opening and closing, and reflecting afterwards the image of the stars.

J. B. is not long alone with his rags, his sores, his agitations. The Comforters appear, modern Comforters with various modern nostrums for the various troubles of the modern mind. Why, they ask, should J. B. call to God for explanation? Why cry out about guilt and innocence? Why should God reply to him

From the blue depths of His Eternity,
Blind depths of His Unconsciousness,
Blank depths of His Necessity?
God is far above in Mystery;
God is far below in Mindlessness;
God is far within in History.

Why should God have time for him? J. B. and his troubles, one says, do not register in the relentless, mechanical sweep of history. History is God. It has no time or concern for innocence. Classes, nations, perish in their innocence, and no reckoning made. Guilt

is a psychophenomenal situation, an illusion, a disease, a sickness.
Science has surmounted guilt:

Science knows now that the sentient spirit
Floats like the chambered nautilus on a sea
That drifts it, under skies that drive:
Beneath, the sea of the subconscious;
Above, the winds that wind the world.
Caught between that sky, that sea,
Self has no will, cannot be guilty.
The sea drifts. The sky drives.
The tiny, shining bladder of the soul
Washes with wind and wave or shudders
Shattered between them.

Nonsense! says another. Guilt is the only reality. All mankind are guilty. Their sin is simple: they were born men. By birth, by nature, their hearts are evil; their wills are evil. Adam and Eve are in their genes. Men, then, are evil not by what they do but by what they have always been, by what they incurably are.

But for J. B. there is no comfort in the Comforters, no healing in the philosophy that would ascribe to man the innocence of the automaton, the irresponsibility of the laws of gravity. I'd rather suffer, he cries,

Every unspeakable suffering God sends,
Knowing it was I that suffered,
I that earned the right to suffer,
I that acted, I that chose,
Than wash my hands with yours in that
Defiling innocence. Can we be men
And make an irresponsible ignorance
Responsible for everything?

Even less comfort, less healing, is there in the religious dogma of innate evil, of natural depravity:

That is the cruelest comfort of them all,
Making the Creator of the Universe
The miscreator of mankind—
A party to the crime He punishes,
Making my sin a horror, a deformity.

Nor is J. B.'s desperate need met by the Voice speaking to him in the wind and the thunder. J. B., crying in an agony of spirit for meaning, for understanding, cannot be appeased by a voice that merely belittles him, that asks him where he was when the foundations of the earth were laid, when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy. True, J. B. replies in the words of a completely humbled Job — "I abhor myself and repent" — but I can not escape the feeling that he is silenced not so much by the power of what is said to him as by his own utter weariness, his spiritual desolation, his appalling persuasion that he stands alone on a darkling plain where he can expect no light from the sky above. He would still the Voice in the wind and thunder not by arguing with it but by accepting without protest its rebuke. He is sick of mysteries, of comforters, of lights that fail. He would welcome the oblivion and utter darkness of death. He has moved toward a new insight, toward the recognition that man in supreme trouble must ultimately depend on an inner light, an inner strength. J. B. is ready for the final scene of the play and the illumination and resolution it brings.

Sarah had gone out to find water under bridges. She didn't find water under bridges. She found instead a bit of forsythia pushing its petals up through ashes. Looking for death she found in the bit of forsythia a symbol of universal life, a life that is persistent and unafraid. There is no devastation so complete, no rubble so sterile, but from it sometime somewhere, a blade, a leaf, a petal springs to proclaim the imperative of life, its unconquerable power of renewal. With the forsythia cradled in her arms Sarah returns to J. B. to tell him about it and the ashes:

All there is now of the town is ashes.
Mountains of ashes. Shattered glass.
Glittering cliffs of glass all shattered
Steeper than a cat could climb
If there were a cat still . . .

And pigeons—
They wheel and settle and whirl off

Of a Number of Things

Wheeling and almost settling—
 And the silence—
 There is no sound there now—no wind sound—
 Nothing that could sound the wind—
 Could make it sing—no doors—no doorway—
 Only this, the forsythia, among the ashes!
 Gold as though it did not know . . .
 I broke the branch to strip the leaves off—
 Petals again! But they so clung to it!

J. B.: Curse God and die, you said to me.

Sarah: Yes, you wanted justice, didn't you?
 There isn't any. There's the world . . .
 Cry for justice and the stars
 Will stare until your eyes sting. Weep,
 Enormous winds will thrash the water.
 Cry in sleep for lost children,
 Snow will fall, snow will fall.

J. B.: Why did you leave me alone?

Sarah: I loved you.
 I couldn't help you anymore.
 You wanted justice and there was none—
 Only love.

J. B.: He does not love. He
 Is.

Sarah: But we do. That's the wonder.

J. B.: Yet you left me.

Sarah: Yes, I left you.
 I thought there was a way away . . .
 Water under bridges opens
 Closing and the companion stars
 Still float there afterwards. I thought the door
 Opened into closing water.

J. B.: Sarah!

Sarah: Oh, I never could!
 I never could! Even the forsythia . . .
 Even the forsythia beside the
 Stair could stop me.

Stage directions tell us that here J. B. and Sarah cling to each other; that Sarah rises and draws him up; that he peers into the surrounding darkness:

J. B.: It's too dark to see.
Sarah: Then blow on the coal of the heart, my darling.
J. B.: The coal of the heart . . .
Sarah: It's all the light now.
 Blow on the coal of the heart.
 The candles in churches are out.
 The lights have gone out in the sky.
 Blow on the coal of the heart
 And we'll see by and by . . .

J. B. joins her in picking up chairs and putting things in order. She goes on,

 We'll see where we are.
 The wit won't burn and the wet soul smoulders.
 Blow on the coal of the heart and we'll know . . .
 We'll know . . .

And so the play ends — and to my profound satisfaction. I am, as it were, shut up in measureless content. But, as we have seen, such content is not shared by some of the critics. The ending, they say, is tacked on. It is not organic, not a reasonable outcome of what has gone before. It is not an acceptable resolution of what seems to be (but may not be) the dominant issue of the play. It is palpably too sentimental, too lightly romantic, to be in dramatic rapport with the tragic sound and fury that precede it. Neither do the men of the church share my measureless content, nor do they see eye to eye with one another. The poet's intent is obscure, but what they see in the obscurity varies among them. What MacLeish seems to be doing is well, but not well enough. He probes deeply into the mystery of human suffering but not deeply enough — not deeply enough to plumb the depths of their thought, their ultimate concern. At its best, says Father Davis — who likes it least — *J. B.* is a “weak secular affirmation of human life and

human love as the sole props and rationale of bewildered humanity." At its worst it is a "shallow repudiation of religious faith."

Most of the religious objections to *J. B.* lose, I believe, their validity and relevance in the light of the author's intention. One should not expect in *J. B.* a defense of dogma, a philosophy of religion, a commendatory footnote to the Book of Job. *J. B.*, as I read it, was intended to be a tragedy, and tragedy, in life and literature, has always been a challenge to the claims of religion. "The Tragic Muse," says F. L. Lucas, "was born of religion, but she has always remained something of an infidel." "Scrutinize the motives of tragedy, ancient or modern," says W. Macneile Dixon, "and you find embedded in them the fundamental problem of all religions, the problem of evil." To me the ending of *J. B.*, so objectionable to some critics, is not only organic to the play as a whole but also evidence conclusive that in writing his play MacLeish intended to write and did write a tragedy, faithful to the tragic experiences of life and true in spirit to the great tragedies of literature. In the language of the books, *J. B.* shows us how through terrible affliction a theist becomes a humanist, how a man loses his God in an unexplicable universe.

In the beginning of the play *J. B.* is basking in a sun-lit, a God-centered world. He feels the divine presence everywhere about him: it is "sun on the floor, airs in the curtains." He senses in all the happenings of his life the justice and goodness of God. In all the human relationships of his life, God has favored him, stood with him, near him. At the end of the play he stands alone on a darkling plain to which no light from church or heaven comes:

The candles in churches are out.
The lights have gone out in the sky.

God is, *J. B.* says, but where or what He is, he no longer pretends to know. He is not a God of love and justice as man knows love and justice. He is not an available and dependable source, sponsor, guardian, of the values most needful in the world of suffering

men and women. Man on the darkling plain must look for light not in church and sky but within himself. He must blow on the coal of the heart, blow it into a glow, a flame. Only in love, and in compassion born of love can man find his way, secure the guidance, the courage, the strength he needs in a tragic world.

Great tragedy is always humanistic. In it, man is always dignified, never belittled, by the misfortunes that crush him. In it, man's cry is always a futile protest against injustice. In it, man is forced in the end to look within, to rely on his own spiritual resources. Broken and disillusioned he rises among the ruins of old faiths and reassurances to assert his eternal worth as a human being. At the end of our play that is what J. B. and Sarah are doing. And most of us are proud of them.

And the love that draws J. B. and Sarah together in another stand against a world that has crushed them is no light thing. It is as deep and profound as the reader has capacity to make it. In the contemplation of love only depth can respond to depth. To some, the love which to Sarah remains the "wonder" of their plight is only a biological imperative, the upward thrust of the forsythia through ashes and rubble. To others it means perhaps the instinctive, helpless, clinging of human being to human being when all other supports have been suddenly snatched away — it is the "Ah, love, let us be true to one another!" of "Dover Beach." To still others love could mean what it sometimes means to Erich Fromm, "the only passion which satisfies man's need to unite himself with the world," the only passion which can give fulfilment and sanity to human life in human society. Or what it means to Ashley Montague, "the touchstone and the compass by which man may guide his own most successful course through the shoals and reefs of this life, instead of being tossed about . . . in a rudderless boat upon a mysterious and uncompassionate sea." To a few this love, this "wonder" of Sarah's thought, could suggest an aspect of Tillich's ontological love which strives to banish all

estrangements in the world, strives to draw together in the universe all things that belong together — including God and man.

We'll see where we are (says Sarah).
The wit won't burn and the wet soul smoulders.
Blow on the coal of the heart, and we'll know . . .
We'll know . . .

I like this ending — simple in diction, familiar and homely in imagery, organic with what has gone before, hopeful as to what the future may hold. I wouldn't change it in word, thought, or feeling. It reminds me of another ending by a poet who had brought a man and woman through trouble to the gates of Paradise, to the loss of Eden. Though the poet was a master of the full orchestra, he ushered man and woman into a bleak world on one of the simplest and purist strains in literature — bad modern drama, perhaps, but in effect marvelous poetry:

Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:
They hand in hand with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

Melancholia *

Forgive me this my virtue;
For in the fatness of these pursy times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg—
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

THE WORDS are Hamlet's, as is the sensitive and bitter irony. In "pursy times," when the social body is swollen and wheezy with wealth and indulgent ease, virtue cannot afford the courage of conviction, the luxury of integrity. It must show diffidence to vice. It must woo, even beg, the liberty of doing the work proper to it, the work of criticism and rebuke.

Such seems to be Hamlet's thought. It is a thought not inapplicable, I think, to our day and society. For ours too are "pursy times," and we too are suffering the evil effects of fatness. Virtue among us is frequently apologetic to vice — and often judged subversive. But here and there in obscure places its voice is raised timidly and complainingly. In a recent study of the "American conscience" a responsible historian has suggested that the national conscience is asleep under the sedation of a nearly universal prosperity; that complacency born of creature comforts has dulled moral sensibility, and all but obliterated value distinctions; that security and conformity are the generally accepted ends in life, ends before which personal liberties hide and intellect and thought hibernate; that politics, national and international, are more and more dictated by a popular cult of bland mediocrity. The cautious, conservative, and statistical FBI is also troubled, and not always about Communists. It notes that misdemeanor and crime among loyal Americans is without parallel in our annals. Disregard for law and order, it says, is especially out of hand among the young, whom, as "teen-agers," their indulgent elders and teachers have pampered and publicized into an attitude of smart, if not brazen, irresponsibility. Indeed, of the 2,796,400 major crimes committed

* A melancholy binge in which the writer despairs, effects on Hegelian catharsis for a sick world, and composes its epitaph. Sorry.

in 1957, nearly half of them were perpetrated by boys and girls under eighteen years of age. The daily press chronicles the evidence and scholars compile the statistics. In a representative American year, we are told, a major crime is committed every twelve seconds, and a murder every seventy minutes. During every hour of the day there are fifteen or more crimes of violence — stabbings, shootings, clubbings. During every hour there are at least seven robberies, and twenty-six automobile thefts. One out of every forty-three children has a police record. School halls and classrooms are occasionally scenes of juvenile atrocities — beatings, rapes, suicides, murders. Boys and girls turn gangsters in the cities and outlaws on the highways, boys and girls, already expert in all the skills and techniques of crime, and already inured to all of its brutalities. And why not? By the hearth side and in the community theaters, through comics, movies, radio, and television, everything necessary to competent moral and social delinquency has been told, described, dramatized, and to a degree glamorized.

Other facts and figures are hardly less distressing. Mental disease costs the United States more than a billion dollars annually. More than half of all hospital beds in the country are used by mental patients, and one out of every eighteen persons in the country will at some time or other occupy one of them. Certifiable mental illness exists in one out of every four families. One out of every three marriages in America ends in divorce or separation. Three per cent of the national income is spent on education and five per cent on alcoholic beverages. Americans drink and carry their liquor badly. Drunken driving, speed, and bumptious American manners combine to make streets and highways more hazardous to life than was the Korean battlefield.

But these are not matters to ruffle the American calm, the national self-satisfaction. They are but part of the price we seem glad to pay for our incomparable freedom, for our high-powered, swept-wing automobiles, for our splendid competitiveness, for our generally well-housed, well-clothed, well-fed American way of

life. To confound doubters and critics among us we can always point to our unequalled national piety, a piety that covers the land like a mantle, and is vocal from White House to prize-ring and beerhall. Though our sins were scarlet, yet our piety should wash them white as snow. Never before were so many of us identified with churches, never before so many in the pews on the Sabbath morning. But to people who write lamentations our great piety is not reassuring. It is a mantle that rests too lightly. It is more a social or political convention than a spiritual commitment. In religion as in everything else we Americans are playing the main chance. Our professions of faith are little more than business foresight, pious bread cast on cosmic waters, celestial accident insurance on a flourishing materialism. And quite generally our pulpits are in rapport with our pews. Listening to popular preachers in the churches and on radio and television, and reading them in the Sunday Supplements, one can hardly escape the feeling that they would if they could enlist the Almighty in the service of American business, accommodate Him to the trivia of Mainstreet, appoint Him a consulting partner Upstairs, an honorary director of Free Enterprise.

Certainly this piety universal is rarely a piety militant. In pew and pulpit there is little place for God's angry men, little place for prophets who would cry out against a boastful materialism, empty verbalisms, sterile rituals, and moribund theologies, little place for divines whose God asks of men only that they do rightly, love mercy, and walk humbly with Him, only that among men justice roll down like waters and righteousness as a mighty stream. Where are the religious shrines today in the spiritual glow of which even a few young men and women give themselves in warmth and dedication to the spiritual life, as scientists, poets, painters, composers are drawn to the service of truth and beauty?

But all this is melancholy prologue to the deepest concern of this lamentation — the Communist revolution. In regard to nothing else does our national self-satisfaction seem so portentous of

world tragedy. The complacency here is due not so much to unawareness of danger as to the prevailing feeling that about this danger the thinking has already been done, or can best be left to a John Doe or a Richard Roe. An almost religious faith in the infallibility of a few ordinary men in high public places is a depressing aspect of our national piety. And nothing seems more firmly fixed in the public mind than the conviction that about Russia and Red China there is only one way that good Americans can properly think and feel. The reign of McCarthy saw to that. Therefore to the minds of most Americans today the continuing cold war presents a neat dichotomy, a clearly defined either-or. The issue is sharply drawn between freedom and slavery, human dignity and human degradation, theism and atheism, light and darkness, God and Devil. America, of course, leads the forces of light and righteousness; Russia and Red China, the hosts of darkness and devils.

Nothing could be more anesthetic to the public mind and conscience than this simple breakdown of the world's most threatening problem. It removes the world of Communism from world responsibility. It makes it a social menace without a social origin, a social effect without a social cause, a social monster without social dam and sire. It makes it demonic, as though a roving incubus lay for a moment on the troubled mind of Engels, Marx, or Lenin, and at the demon touch Communism sprang into being, as Milton's Sin emerged from the tortured thoughts of Satan. Subsequently it has simply spread as a propagated curse. It is something to fill the free, capitalistic, religious peoples of the earth with inexpressible horror, but not something for which they are to feel any economic, political, moral, or religious responsibility or concern.

Thou canst not say I did it. Never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

But that way madness lies — madness and inevitable world tragedy. There can be no permanent solution to the problem that

confounds our statesmanship until the free, capitalistic, religious peoples of the world see in the problem more than a clash of ideologies. They will have to shake off their mental and moral torpor, remove their blinders, and see Communism for what it is, see it as an understandable phenomenon in world society, a social menace with a social origin, a social effect with a social cause, a social monster with a social dam and sire. The free world will diminish in power, and move closer and closer to cataclysm and eclipse unless it sees the utter folly of attempting to destroy the monster while still clinging to the economic, political, moral, and religious conditions which bred it and on which it feeds and propagates.

Woodrow Wilson saw this clearly and expressed it eloquently in the final days of his life. There were no demons and devils in his account of Communist origins. I am thinking of his little article "The Road Away from Revolution," in the *Atlantic Monthly* for August, 1923. If, as the poet says, truth sits on the lips of dying men, then, reading Wilson's last words in the light of today, one could almost believe that to the dying statesman was vouchsafed something like prophetic vision. His brief essay is a diagnosis, a prescription, and a prediction of things to come: "In these doubtful and anxious days, when all the world is at unrest and, look which way you will, the road ahead seems darkened by shadows which portend dangers of many kinds, it is only common prudence that we should look about us and attempt to assess the causes of distress and the most likely means of removing them." The causes of "universal unrest and perturbation," are not superficial. They "lie deep at the spiritual life of our time." They lead to revolution everywhere as they have led to revolution in Russia. And what gave rise to the Russian revolution? "It was the product of a whole social system. . . . It was due to the systematic denial to the great body of Russians of rights and privileges which all normal men desire and must have if they are to be contented and within reach of happiness." And what was the focal

point of their grievance? "It was against 'capitalism' that the Russian leaders directed their attack . . . it is against 'capitalism' under one name or another that the discontented classes everywhere draw their indictment." Is the indictment justifiable? "Great and widespread reactions . . . do not occur without cause or provocation . . . capitalists have often seemed to regard the men whom they used as mere instruments of profit, whose physical and mental powers it was legitimate to exploit with as slight cost to themselves as possible. . . ." What demand then is the rising tide of revolution making on modern civilization? Of a Christian civilization it is demanding "sympathy and helpfulness and willingness to forego self-interest in order to promote the welfare, happiness and contentment of others." And finally Wilson's portentous challenge "to our churches, to our political organizations, and to our capitalists — to everyone who fears God or loves his country." "The sum of the whole matter is this, that our civilization cannot survive materially unless it be redeemed spiritually. It can be saved only by becoming permeated with the spirit of Christ and being made free and happy by the practices which spring out of that spirit."¹

Whatever Communism has become, at the beginning it was to Woodrow Wilson something less than monster. It was a bitter and a violent protest against a "systematic denial of the rights and privileges which all normal men desire and must have if they are to be contented and within reach of happiness." And the deprivation of those rights and privileges Woodrow Wilson lays at the door of churches, political organizations, and capitalism. Together they had fostered or permitted a materialism that could survive the world crisis only if it were redeemed *spiritually*. His call was a call for repentance, for a new world order in which private and competitive greed would yield to "sympathy and helpfulness and willingness to forego self-interest in order to promote the welfare, happiness, and contentment of others."

¹Used with permission of *The Atlantic Monthly*.

But the world did not follow Woodrow Wilson's road away from revolution. The revolution spreads apace and intensifies in bitterness. There was no repentance in "the churches, the political organizations, and capitalism." There was no repentance because there was no sense of sin. Secularization had penetrated the total life too deeply. In churches, parliaments and market places popes and tycoons saw pretty much alike. The church held its preemptions in eternity, but "on this bank and shoal of time," where people fight and die for the things of earth, and too willingly "jump the life to come," the tycoon was the prophet and Free Enterprise his plan of salvation. Both stood appalled before the monster Communism, the church at its atheism, capitalism, at its socialism. But neither saw it in its true wickedness: a tyranny over the minds and spirits of men. And neither recognized its own guilt: capitalism, its blindness to the most elemental fact that the things of earth necessary to life on the earth must sometime, somehow, be shared by all men; the church, its blindness to the equally elemental truth that men cannot forever worship a prescribed deity unless they find him or his spokesmen on the side of justice and mercy in the harsh context of daily life. Perhaps the supreme irony of our time in the Western World is the picture of Church and Capitalism as Christian brothers-in-arms crusading against a pagan Communism, demanding its destruction but failing to see in the monster their own legitimate offspring.

Recently prophets of another kind have appeared, speaking with the voice of science. Like Woodrow Wilson they have said that the Western World is a sick world, moving toward certain disaster. But their diagnosis of causes has been different. They have probed more deeply. What Wilson saw as the disease they have seen as symptoms. For them the triumph of materialism among Christian, capitalistic peoples means more than a rejection of the spirit of Christ, more than a repudiation of spiritual seers. It is at its roots a perversion of human nature, a sin against the Holy Ghost of man's being. The basic tenet in the faith of West-

ern materialism has always been that the fundamental needs of human nature are best met in a competitive society, that in the struggle among men for material possessions and power, the fit, the most worthy, invariably survive, and survive somehow for the good of civilization. The new prophets are crying out against this tenet. The law of life for men, they say, is not the law of the jungle, the law of competition and struggle, but rather the law of cooperation and love. Man fulfills himself, realizes his true nature, not as he rises above his fellow men in possessions and power through conflict with them, but only as he participates fully and creatively with them in a common effort for a common welfare. Man truly finds himself as a person only as he loses himself as an individual.

Sir Charles Sherrington, eminent physiologist and thinker, finds this principle at work even in the history of cellular life on the earth. Life, he says, began to move toward its destiny, not while it was confined to single cells, separate and antagonistic, but only when living cells drew together and joined in a larger and common life, the life of the multicellular organism. In that initial union was the beginning of the cooperation which was to produce eventually the body of man in all of its complexity. In that union mind was incipient; there was a dawning sense of relatedness, an awakening sympathy and altruism — spiritual qualities destined, if not frustrated or perverted, to bring men everywhere together in a world society of peaceful cooperation and reciprocal love.²

Writing from a vast background of observation and research, Ashley Montagu, anthropologist, has in recent years been a trenchant critic of Western culture, especially in its social relations. "When social behavior is not cooperative," he writes, "it is diseased behavior . . . Man's combativeness and competitiveness arise from the frustration of his need to cooperate . . . The dominant principle which informs all behavior which is biologically healthy is

² See quotation and discussion from *Man On His Nature*, in M. F. Ashley Montagu's *The Direction of Human Development*, p. 177.

love . . . Men who do not love are sick, not from a disease within themselves, but from a disease enculturated within them by the false values of their societies . . . Belief in false values — in competition instead of cooperation, in narrow selfish interests instead of altruism, in atomism instead of universalism, in the value of things and money instead of life and man — represents man turning against all that is innately good in him. . . . Our highly endowed potentialities for social life have been abused to pervert and deny their nature, and this has led us close to the brink of disaster which spells doom, unless we realize what we have done and take proper steps to undo it.”³

Quite in agreement with the anthropologist is the social-psychologist Erich Fromm. Ours, he says, is essentially an insane society, insane because it has not provided the social conditions and social relationships necessary to mental health. That man can not live by bread alone is a prescription for the mind of man, not for his body. To remain sane man must live in cooperative and loving relations with his fellow men. “Even if all his physiological needs were satisfied,” Fromm writes, “man would experience his state of aloneness and individuation as a prison from which he had to break out in order to retain his sanity. . . . The necessity to unite with other living beings, to be related to them, is an imperative need on the fulfillment of which sanity depends.” In our hurried, harassed, tension-filled, competitive society, that need cannot be met. Modern society drives men apart; it is a society of individuals not of persons. It consists, says Fromm, of “atoms, little particles, estranged from each other but held together by selfish interests and by the necessity to make use of each other.” Rarely, he says, does a man experience himself as a *person* who thinks and feels and wills, who rejoices, grieves, resolves, aspires; who chooses, rejects, creates, fears, loves. Rather he experiences himself as an abstraction alienated from his real nature, an abstraction which

³ From *The Direction of Human Development*, by permission of Harper and Brothers, publishers.

fulfills a certain mechanical function in the social mechanism. There is only one passion which satisfies man's need to unite himself with his world in a cooperative and creative relationship, and that is love. And there is something fatally wrong, he asserts, with the love that tolerates barriers between races, creeds, and nations, that puts one's own race, or creed, or nation above humanity. "Just as love for one individual which excludes the love for others is not love, so love for one's country which is not part of one's love for humanity is not love but idolatrous worship."⁴

The prophets of science have, of course, fared no better than Woodrow Wilson. Their voice like his has been a lone cry in a distant wilderness, continents away from the men who make the decisions on which hang the fate of human kind. The nations still follow blindly the road of revolution and the course of social deterioration. The shadows of war deepen and the social statistics become alarmingly worse. Nowhere is there evidence of repentance or growing enlightenment. Nowhere is there awareness of mortal sickness. But so has it always been with prophets. Always they have been remembered for the insight and truth of their diagnosis, not for the effectiveness of their warnings. Always they have been harbingers of social calamities, not of milleniums. "Our civilization cannot survive materially unless it be redeemed spiritually." So wrote Woodrow Wilson yesterday. Our society cannot escape insanity and self-destruction unless we disinter our buried selves and listen again to the promptings of our real and better natures, unless we catch and realize the vision of a world society fashioned by the creative power of enlightened love. So write the prophets of today.

Their warnings have so far been futile. To believe that they will be heard and heeded before the crack of doom is, I suppose, the prerogative of faith, but not, I am sure, the privilege of a jere-miad. Indeed, today reason itself stands on the side of despair.

⁴ From *The Sane Society*, Chapter III. Used by permission of Holt, Rinehardt and Winston, Inc., publishers.

Whatever experience may teach the person, it obviously teaches the race nothing. I am not thinking of the accumulated and futile destruction, suffering, and slaughter of the last hundred thousand years. I am recalling only the destruction, suffering, and slaughter of the last fifty. With other school boys I read about the thousands, the tens of thousands, and sometimes the hundreds of thousands of men who fell in the battles and wars of long ago. Like them I was impressed but not appalled. In reading history we all easily acquire the callousness and forgetfulness that go with it. Destruction, suffering, slaughter, are the generally accepted conventions of human drama as it has been enacted throughout history. They are commonly regarded as the conditions indispensable to human progress:

For many thousand bodies
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

The spring of 1914 comes relevantly to mind. Capped and gowned we of the graduating classes marched in a world fragrant with lilac and rose, and bright and warm with promises of lasting peace and undiminished prosperity. If we felt at all the past in our glorious present, we felt it only as something that had prepared the present for our coming. From the destruction, suffering, and slaughter of the past, from the thousands of sacrificial bodies that once lay and rotted in the sun, there had come to us a heritage of civilized thought and feeling that rendered future wars unthinkable. In our confidence there was, I fear, little spiritual involvement. It was all very practical and very reasonable: economic self-interest would prevent the economic waste of war, and our splendidly competitive economic system would provide the moral equivalent.

Within a few weeks Europe burst into flame, and within a few years America was caught in the conflagration. For a few of us the idealism and eloquence of Woodrow Wilson transformed the

sordid, terrible struggle into a sacrificial holocaust destined to make the world safe for democracy. The Wilson dream proved fatuous. In effect the war made the world unsafe for about everything that men should cherish most. It was but a prologue to, a preparation for, a second world war, which in turn seems to have set the stage for the final act in the tragedy of human kind. In destructiveness, suffering, and slaughter, the wars of the last half century have made everything that went before look like scrimmages. Where Saul slew his thousands, verily our David has slain his tens of thousands. In the battles and wars of long ago, thousands, tens of thousands, and sometimes hundreds of thousands of men fell and rotted in the sun. In our wars millions and tens of millions of men have fallen. And with them hundreds of thousands of women and children have perished. For in the chivalry of our time no distinctions are made between the battlefield and the hearth. As the rains of heaven fall on the just and the unjust alike, so our bombs fall without discrimination on the men who go out to fight and the women and children who try to keep the home fires burning.

But the capacity of modern man to turn savagely upon all that is most decent in himself, to turn upon refinements of thought and feeling distilled from the mental and spiritual agony of thousands of years, was disclosed, not so much in the methods and techniques which in battle brought slaughter into the homes of women and children, as in the camps where human beings were "processed" as casually and efficiently as cattle in the slaughter houses of Chicago and Omaha. One day, a few years ago, I stood within the walls and fences of Dachau. In this room, they told me, the human creatures were stripped, prepared; here they entered the gas chamber; through these apertures the scientists studied their dying throes; here and here and here their bodies were cremated; and here and here and here their ashes were buried. Supplementing the gas chamber were the pistol bank and the blood ditch; here the victims knelt; when the pistols cracked, there they

lurched and bled. At Dachau, Buchenwald, or elsewhere, six million men died, not because they were enemy combatants but because they were Jews.

All this but yesterday, and already forgotten! What may we expect from tomorrow? Experience as well as reason is on the side of despair. As never before the world stage is set for the final act, final and cataclysmic. Looking at the world situation sensitively and imaginatively as well as realistically one can see it only in terms of tragedy, Hegelian tragedy. One senses drama moving swiftly, relentlessly, inevitably toward catastrophe. Two "mighty opposites" are locked in unyielding conflict, both in pursuit of ends that seem to them justified by high and sacred principles. To neither is thought of appeasement tolerable.

For never can true reconciliation grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep.

In the Hegelian framework they are both doomed. They are thesis and antithesis for which no synthesis is possible. They are an ineradicable dissonance in the orchestra of the universe. To restore harmony the cosmic Maestro must act. The discordant instruments must both be silenced. Ironically the "mighty opposites" have themselves provided the means — a nuclear-hydrogen holocaust of their own competitive invention.

But, Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.

Let us suppose the holocaust a fact accomplished, the race of men a heap of rubble, a stench in the sky. One can imagine the cosmic Director of Creative Projects surveying the reeking rubble with conflicting emotions, with sadness and regret born of noble expectations, with relief and bitterness born of mounting disappointment and despair. One can see him — good scientist — turning to the laboratory scroll to summarize the human experiment and close the account. What would he write? Certainly he would record the original intention, the cosmic dream, the noble expectation. In mankind *life was to transcend life*, not as a physical dominion,

Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,
Beast of the field and over all the earth,

not as a supremacy in realms where life competes with life — chemistry with chemistry, physiology with physiology — for the possession or control of *things*, the things on the sharing of which all life depends. It was here that the life of man was to take wings, soar to a social morality distinctively humane. Here it was to acquire the deep conviction that human life, springing, as all life does, from the womb of Nature, is entitled to a place at the breast of Nature *without a competitive struggle*, without a special competence in tooth and claw. Life in man was to have a new dimension, the dimension of spirit. In all his relations with other men, man was to act cooperatively, compassionately, lovingly. His native need for creativity was to express itself on spiritual levels. Through the sciences he was to subdue the earth and make its forces and resources available to all men. Through the discursive mind ranging freely in the universe he was to probe its mysteries and resolve its problems. Through the various arts and religions he was to know, create, and appreciate beauty, and find his soul's peace in spiritual emanations from all that he came to know and sense and feel.

The Director would also record, I suppose, that the human experiment had its moments of promise — even moments of partial fulfillment. Here and there, now and then, a few men sensed the creative intention, felt a special destiny: though they were creatures of dust, they were of the quintessence of dust; though animals, they were the paragon of animals.

Know, man hath all which Nature hath, but more,
And in that *more* lie all his hopes of good.

The *more* lay in the texture of men's minds, in the extent and the sensitiveness of their awareness. Men were noble in reason, infinite in faculties, god-like in apprehension. At least, so sang the poets. And always there were men, a few men, in whom the

cosmic dream, the noble expectation found realization; a few men who really loved their neighbors as themselves; a few men who selflessly tried to subdue the earth and direct its powers and wealth to the needs and uses of all mankind; a few men who pondered deeply and purposefully the mysteries, the meanings of the universe and man's place in it; a few men who knew, created, and appreciated beauty, and had intimations of ultimate Being in all they knew, sensed and felt.

But the Director of the human project would have to close the record on a note of tragedy. The few were not enough. The saving remnant did not save. All the refinements and sophistications of human thought and feeling, all of the rationalizations and dialectics, the eruditions and moralities by means of which men sought to give importance to themselves and meaning to their world, and to explain and justify their behavior in it, did not avert the radiating rubble, the stench in the sky. Science, music, painting, poetry, philosophy, and religion, indeed all the highest expressions in human conduct of what is true, good, and beautiful, were, in effect, but a human excrescence, a wasted suggestion of something else that might have been. Always in human civilization it was only fifteen miles from Munich to Dachau — as the corbie flies; only fifteen miles from university, opera, and cathedral to gas chamber, blood ditch, crematory, and ash pit. The Hegelian tragedy, from its beginning to its cataclysmic end, was a dreary, sordid, repetitious enactment of the rise and fall of peoples, of empires of material power and possession, through invasion, conquest, enslavement, annihilation. There was no discernable plot in the play, no pattern of meaning, no evidence of lessons learned. Human ruthlessness and cruelty were unsoftened by a hundred thousand years of destruction, agony, and slaughter. Men ran the course of the dinosaurs. They became a creative futility. They repudiated the law of life. They ceased *to become*, failed *to transcend*. They destroyed themselves by negation. *Hic jacet*. And would the Director add — good riddance?

*God in the Public Schools**

AS I SEE IT, our problem tonight is partially concerned with the relative values of two orientations in public education: the secular and the religious. The secular, by definition, would divorce public education from direct religious influence. It would seek the substance, the motives, the aims, the ideals of education in common, verifiable human experience, and in the logical or reasonable inferences or deductions made therefrom. The religious orientation would add the data of religious experience. It would assume God as a presence in the world, as a force operative in the historical process, as a power to be discovered and used by men in the development and direction of the individual and the collective life.

Plato comes to mind, and not merely as an appeasing gratuity to my formidable companions on the program. True Plato did say that cities will not cease from evil until philosophers are kings. But he is relevant to a larger purpose. In planning education for his Republic, his city in the sky, he made a mistake that we could make in planning education for our communities here on earth.

Postulating civic virtue and truth as the major ends in education, he banished poets from his state, as we might banish prophets from our classrooms. The poet, he said, was a menace to civic virtue because he misrepresented the gods and slandered the national heroes. He was hostile to the pursuit of truth because he appealed to emotion, to the lower, the irrational nature of man. Furthermore, his poetic imitations of the objective world were always several removes from that ultimate truth or reality, which, for Plato, existed in the Forms, Ideas, or Essences subsisting in the unchanging awareness of God.

Plato's mistake lay in his failure to distinguish between poetry and the abuse of poetry, in his decision to banish the art rather than to instruct the artists. Fortunately for the race, the force of

* Part of forum discussion at University of Utah, May 19, 1954

Plato's decree was spent in his city in the sky. On earth the poet has gone on. Few would now say that he has failed either as a friend of civic virtue or as a source of invaluable truth.

Could it be that those who doubt the value of the religious influence in public education are failing to distinguish between religion and the abuse of religion? Discouraged by the abuses of religion, might they, if they could, remove from our culture an influence inseparably joined with its noblest aims? I know their trouble. I too have felt the deep discouragement of religions creedalized, ritualized, dogmatized, anti-intellectualized; of religions, on the one hand joined with the powers of materialism, and, on the other, lost in confusing and divisive theologies totally out of touch with verifiable truth, and, frequently, unaware of the cruel realities of everyday life; of religions, in brief, apparently impotent to affect contemporary civilization for good, and yet unable to call themselves to repentance.

And I am willing to admit that in the very nature of religion there is potential abuse, not to say potential evil. Analysis of definition lays bare that potential. "Religion," says Hocking, "is a passion for righteousness and for the spread of righteousness conceived as a cosmic demand." "Defined in its generic and universal sense," says Parry, "religion is man's deepest solicitude . . . for the fate of that which he accounts most valuable." "Religion," says Brightman, "is concern about experiences which are regarded as of supreme value. It is devotion toward a power or powers believed to originate, increase, and conserve these values . . . The idea of God at all stages and levels is consistently an idea about value."

It is, of course, in this religious concern about value that the danger of abuse in religion resides. In the total human experience where the relative value of values remains undetermined, what seem goods for some may seem evils for others. When what seem goods are in reality evils, what a potential for wickedness there is in man's deepest solicitude for their preservation, especially when

man believes that his solicitude is also God's solicitude! Where different people hold different opinions about righteousness, a passion for righteousness and for the spread of righteousness may become a monstrous thing, particularly when each group regards its conception of righteousness as a cosmic demand, a divine imperative. Such a passion has, perhaps, given us most of the black pages in our Western history, not only those that record barbaric struggles between Christian and infidel, or between custodians of the things of Caesar and guardians of the things of God, but also — and more shamefully — those that report savage and suicidal wars among the dedicated followers of Christ himself. Such a passion for righteousness in a person can give us the Christian jurist who solaced his declining years with some memorable statistics. During his life he had read the Bible through fifty-three times. He also had sentenced to death 20,000 men and women, mostly witches and sorcerers. Had not the Bible said "Thou shalt not permit a witch to live."? His and the divine values were in complete accord. He had been a good and faithful servant.

But, in the differing and conflicting values that emerge from human experience, abuse of religion is only a potential, not a fact. Abuse becomes a fact when men in the name of religion deny the dynamic of religion, when they suppress the emergence of new values from the ongoing life of the race, when they retard man's conquest of himself and his world by freezing old conceptions of man and God and the universe and by imposing them on human credulity as eternal verities. The abuse of religion perhaps reaches its acme when defenders of the faith seek to discredit man's distinctive glory, the informed and inquiring mind, and exclude it from the quest for and the determination of religious truth.

But I cannot believe that such abuses of religion are the inevitable accompaniment of religious experience. If I have any conviction tonight, it is that religion in its essence is a natural need in normal human life, that both in individual life and in the cultural life it has to its credit noble achievements, that better than any

other influence it offers a final solution to the problems we face in the world.

My vagrant reading and thinking persuade me that normal man is basically and incurably a valuing creature. He shares with all living things the impulse to live, "to keep base life afoot." But he differs from them. He must not only live; he must also live well. This impulse to live well makes his life an unceasing search for values. Though, as has been suggested, the quest is beset with possibility of evil, its goal is ultimately the good. Indeterminate though the good may be, the search for it is an outward reach, an upward thrust of the best in man for something still better.

It seems to me that valuing man inevitably becomes religious man. In his creative imagination the leap from the imperfect to the perfect, from the real to the ideal is almost destiny. God imperatively emerges in man's awareness as a summation and realization of all the values he cherishes. God is *there* for him as the final and complete sanction of all his striving for the good, the true, and the beautiful. God is *there* as the ideal that sustains the world, as the idea that gives meaning and purpose to the whole and to the parts, that, therefore, gives meaning and purpose to man himself. God is also *there* as the dynamic of continuous striving. As Whitehead says, God is *there* as "the perpetual vision of the road which leads to the deeper realities."

It seems to me that only tired eyes could fail to see the potential for good that resides in religion so conceived and so experienced. Hocking's definition of religion becomes both a theology and a way of life. Religion is a passion for righteousness, for righteousness, not as goodness-truth-beauty values finally determined and forever defined, but as an ideal that ever changes as changing values emerge from the ongoing stream of life. Religion is a passion for the spread of righteousness; it is a consuming desire that all men share in the values of goodness, truth, beauty as they progressively rise in the sensitive awareness of the most dedicated seekers for them, in the minds and spirits of scientists

and philosophers, poets and prophets. Man is launched on a voyage of discovery — discovery of himself, for it does not yet appear what he will be. And, most important, religion is an abiding faith that the passion for righteousness is a cosmic or divine imperative, that it springs from the soil of a universe which, in a sense, is God incarnate.

Proposals to secularize the education of youth pose in this connection a grave question: If the flowering of the human mind, spirit, character has in the past been rooted in a God-centered universe, would the flowering go on in the next generation if the tap-roots were severed? There was once, you know, a giant named Antaeus. He was the son of Terra, the Earth. As long as he was in contact with his mother, his might was invincible. When Hercules held him in the air, apart from the original and sustaining source of his strength, he perished.

Within the longer reaches of time it is always dangerous to assign effects to causes, to say that the triumph of a value in modern times is due to the occurrence of a similar value in ancient times. But may we not believe that the spiritual stream that nourishes our modern Western culture still draws its principal strength from an ancient source? Isn't the conviction tenable that the supreme values in our Western world are the spiritual results of values that emerged in the God-consciousness of the ancient Hebrews and early Christians? Recently Herbert Agar has argued again that the central tenet of the Western faith is the conviction that man is a being of intrinsic worth, that he indeed possesses inalienable rights, rights not conferred by governments but subsisting in the very fact of his manhood, that he lives in a world of which truth and respect for truth are the warp and woof. May we not believe that these modern democratic convictions had their beginnings in a religion which asserted the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men, a religion which offered the prospect of a human-divine society founded on truth and justice, justice tempered by love and administered in the spirit of forgiveness?

And may not one wonder, parenthetically, if in our groping for world peace today, we may not yet have to draw on this same ancient heritage, more than we are now doing, and recognize that evil cannot be conquered by evil, that it can be overcome only by good?

It would be tragic, I feel, to assume that that religious inheritance which has perhaps nourished the finest fruits of our modern culture was but an umbilical cord necessary to the nourishment of an embryonic existence but useless to the sustenance of a developed mental and spiritual life in a new and larger environment. But I can understand the discouraged humanism which so regards it. Since religion is going badly in our modern world, and since its basic assumptions repose on a foundation of unknowables, why not, it asks, abandon religion and its assumptions, and build anew on footings planted deeply and firmly in verifiable truth?

For, says humanism, there are things that we really know. We know that man has aspirations for a better life, for a more ideal society, and that the aspirations spring from a genuine altruism, and a deep reverence for human personality. Could not all the economic forces, all the social agencies, all the learning and creative activities of the arts and sciences be geared to these aspirations and motivated by them? That they could is the faith of the humanist. But the theist has his doubts. He doubts that human aspirations toward ideal values are self-sustaining. Unsupported by attitudes and convictions which religion alone can give, they are another Antaeus suspended in air and doomed to gradual enfeeblement and final death. The attachments, the devotions, the loyalties that alone can bring and hold men together in a mutually helpful cooperation are dependent on man's estimate of man. They can be no stronger than man's faith in man as a meaningful part of a meaningful whole. Ungrounded in God, they are at best a passion for righteousness without a divine imperative.

I would keep in the school a sense of divine imperative, not as a coercion to man, but as an assurance to him that he is not

alone, that God is also there. I would not have God there as a participant in the trivia of life, not as an arbiter in the vast troubles that men bring upon themselves, not as an intrusive or capricious influence in that world where men find undeviating law and order, not as an insurance against tragedy or unaccountable evil. I suppose I would have Him somewhat vaguely or indefinitely there, — perhaps as the ultimate Value that justifies and sustains all human striving for values. For if it is true that man is on a voyage of discovery in which he is progressively discovering himself, it could be true that on that same voyage man is progressively discovering God.

*The Enduring Matthew Arnold**

IN HIS ESSAY ON Joubert, Matthew Arnold quotes the French writer as saying: "If there is a man upon the earth tormented with a cursed desire to get a whole book into a page, a whole page into a phrase, and this phrase into one word, — that man is myself." Arnold shared Joubert's penchant for condensation. In his own study of books and men and peoples he too looked for essences. And so the Old Testament became for him a varied descant on the one theme of righteousness as salvation. In the life and teachings of Jesus the New Testament defines forever what righteousness really is. The Hellenic mind is characterized by "spontaneity of consciousness"; the Hebraic, by "strictness of conscience." The Philistine is present in all ages, and is always the implacable enemy of the children of light. The Roman Marcus Aurelius and the American Emerson, after all the winnowings of time, will remain the special friends and aiders of those who would live in the spirit. Lord Byron was a great and puissant personality with the thinking capacity of a child. The luckless Shelley was "a beautiful and ineffectual angel beating in the void his luminous wings in vain."

Even with his own example before me, I have no desire, cursed or otherwise, to confine Matthew Arnold to a verbal nutshell. Indeed, I should be most unhappy to discover that the great apostle of culture could be so confined, that the varied harvest of his provocative pen could be garnered neatly in an epigram. Few of Arnold's votaries would accept such a diminution of their idol. But all would be willing, I am sure, that Arnold should be tested, that time should strip from him all that was ephemeral or illusory. Arnold himself expected that; indeed, he wanted that. No man ever cared less for spurious immortality. But I am confident that when envious time has sifted him, "with a leaning toward strict-

* Talk to B.Y.U. Women, February 6, 1954.

ness rather than toward indulgence," it will select and preserve for the ages something of inestimable worth.

And of what will that something consist? It will, I believe, consist basically of his sturdy humanism, of his faith in the capacity of men and women, through the use of their own human resources, to enrich greatly their individual lives and to fashion for themselves collectively an ever improving society. I am not speaking now of the Arnold of the poems—the Arnold wandering hopelessly between two worlds of faith, one dead and the other powerless to be born; the Arnold crushed by the strange disease of modern life, with its sick hurry, its overtaxed heads and palsied hearts; the despairing Arnold on the darkling plain,

Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

I am speaking rather of the Arnold of the essays, saddened and disillusioned still, but, withal, oriented and established in a creative faith in men. There was no exuberance, no crusading zeal in his faith. As with his Empedocles, so with him: Life teems with ills; there is no place in it for extravagant hope, but there is in it much reason for a courageous human effort. Arnold's essays were intended to give encouragement, direction, and point to such an effort. Here, I say, we find the enduring Matthew Arnold.

It had become Arnold's conviction that the individual and the collective life can be charted safely only in the light of the total human experience, only in the awareness of the best that has been said and thought and felt in the world. At school and college, and in all of his reading he had been subjected to the pleadings of the special advocates of special groups and causes. He had known the resulting confusion of mind. He had felt the futility of it all as an approach to truth and sanity. There was more than an echo of his own experience in the crabbed words of his old Empedocles:

These hundred doctors try
To preach thee to their school.
We have the truth! they cry.

And yet their oracle,
Trumpet it as they will, is but the same as thine.

The ignorance, the superstition, the prejudice, the intolerance, the fear, the hatred that infest and divide the human family are the inevitable accompaniment of blind or misinformed loyalty to the special oracles of parties, of creeds, of nations, of races. And Arnold sensed what, in its consequences, is perhaps the most tragic of human tendencies, the tendency of devout partisans to ally the divine will or intention with their own loves and loyalties. The pious assumption of *Gott mit uns* not only intensifies the antagonizing differences among men but also multiplies them. A human society, sick from the internal contention of competing isms and ologies, is always a fertile breeding ground for new demagogues, new charlatans, with their new nostrums divinely provided.

But for Matthew Arnold the cure for a sick society was not to be sought in the old or the new nostrums of any of its competing groups. God was not to be allied with any particular person, or cause, or creed to the exclusion of all others. No party, or nation, or race was the sole means by which divine purposes were to be realized. God was not so active in the world of Matthew Arnold as He seems to be in the world of some of us, but He was in it. He was the power not ourselves making for righteousness. He had expressed himself in all times and places, not so much through those who had cried "Thus saith the Lord," as through those who, by their own cultivated sweetness and light, had added something to the total goodness, truth, and beauty of the world.

It was to this accumulated and ever growing body of goodness, truth and beauty that Arnold would have an ailing and groping society turn for remedy and guidance. The attainment of a really humane society on earth was a joint enterprise for the entire human family. A better world could be made, but it would require leadership schooled in the wisdom of the ages, leadership attuned to all the voices of human experience — the voices of his-

tory and philosophy, of science and poetry, of art and religion. It would require leadership creatively responsive, not only to the best that these voices had uttered, but also to the best that they were now uttering. For culture was dynamic, creative. It was not a having and a resting but a growing and a becoming. To know this ever-emerging best, to love it, to make it prevail were the purposes and goals of culture as Arnold conceived it.

Implicit everywhere in his discussions of culture is the idea of wholeness and harmony. Listening only to private oracles, only to the pronouncements of class, or party, or creed, or race, or nation, narrows and dwarfs both the personal and the social mind, leaves it but a fragment or distortion of what it could have been. Hearing the wisdom of the ages, listening to all the voices of human experience, brings fullness to human awareness, gives harmony to human existence. To use Arnold's own words, the aim of culture is "the harmonious expansion of all the powers which make the beauty and worth of human nature. It is not consistent with the over-development of any one power at the expense of the rest." "It is at variance with our want of flexibility, with our inaptitude for seeing more than one side of a thing, with our intense, energetic absorption in the particular pursuit we happen to be following."

Implicit also in his conception of culture is the idea that culture, like the kingdom of God, is within men. It is a condition of mind and spirit. It is not an external possession. Many Englishmen, as many Americans today, were measuring the quality of their national civilization, the standard of their personal living, in terms of things. England was great, they said, because England was wealthy, because it had limitless coal resources, because it had tremendous industrial production. "But," Arnold asked, "what is greatness?" "Greatness," he answered, "is a spiritual condition worthy to excite love, interest, and admiration." The outward proof of our possessing greatness is that we do excite the love, interest, and admiration of other persons and other peoples. Cul-

ture does not look to houses and to their furniture, to gadgets and their modern convenience, to bank accounts and the social and political influence they purchase. Culture proposes other tests. "Consider these people," it says, "their way of life, their habits, their manners, the very tones of their voices; look at them attentively; observe the literature they read, the things which give them pleasure, the words which come out of their mouths, the thoughts which make the furniture of their minds. Would any amount of wealth be worth having with the condition that one was to become just like these people by having it?"

But Arnold was too good a teacher, too effective a critic, to leave culture as an abstraction, as a definition, as a formulation of general principles. Most of his essays are applications of the ideas of culture to specific conditions in the England of his time. In the deep-seated antagonism of social classes, in the bickerings of political parties, in the asperities of religious controversy, in the clash or chaos of literary opinions, in the sharp differences of educational theory and practice, Arnold saw the baleful effects of devotion to partisan oracles, of an ingrained disposition to see things, not as they are, but as it gives people satisfaction to think they are. Everywhere he saw an imperative need for unbiased and enlightened criticism, for criticism as a "disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world."

And so as a critic he struck out in many directions. He struck at the English press for its failure in creative criticism. Without exception the newspapers championed special interests. They spoke for particular social classes and particular political causes. Their endeavor was to help readers not to see things in the light of truth and reason but rather to see them in the light of political or social or financial advantage. There was no freedom of the press as culture would define freedom. There was no independent search by free minds for the best that was known and thought on the subjects of current importance. Certainly there was no passion

to transmute the best of anything into the texture of English minds or into the motivation of English conduct. The situation is not without parallel in the America we know today. We too look almost in vain for a newspaper not committed in policy to a special cause or group. It is no subversive or disloyal impulse that makes some of us turn eagerly once a week to the clear, informed, and impartial pages of the *Manchester Guardian*. Arnold would be pleased to know that England now has at least one oracle to which emancipated minds in all lands may turn for informed and unbiased observation.

He struck out at the tragic tendency of people to confuse means and ends. Englishmen habitually praised their wonderful land, their beneficent constitution with the marvelous rights and liberties that it provided. They extolled their schools and their churches. They were particularly proud of their good health, their comfortable homes, and their large families. In all the laudation there was the obvious implication that in the mere possession of these things they themselves were wonderful.

Here Arnold was most persistent. He told them again and again that all these things were but machinery, but implements to be used, but means to be employed. What, he wanted to know, had they made of themselves with all the things they possessed? Had the possession of rights and liberties and institutions made them conscious of great opportunities and binding obligations, on which they had acted to the enrichment of their mental and spiritual lives? It was not so important, he said, that one have freedom to speak as that one have something to say worth saying. The important thing was not that men be free to do what they want to do but that they want to do what they ought to do. A large house and a large family might not prove the high quality of one's home or of one's parenthood. Multiplicity of offspring could indicate biological immodesty — or even ineptitude — rather than a pious and a laudatory intent to multiply and replenish the earth. At any rate, Arnold whimsically doubted that the British Philis-

tine would have only "to present himself before the Great Judge with his twelve children in order to be received among the sheep as a matter of right."

He challenged relentlessly the English conception of the adequate life. It was a conception, he thought, that left the individual and national life stunted and incomplete. The good life, he said, had many concerns. It was concerned about intellect and knowledge, about social life and manners, about beauty in all its forms, about conduct as an expression of moral and religious ideals. Only about conduct had Englishmen shown a lively and enduring concern. They lacked the eager, probing intellection of the Germans, the quick intelligence and social grace of the French, the sensitivity to all beauty of the Italians. In terms of the ancient roots of our Western culture they were Hebraic, not Hellenic. They knew strictness of conscience but not spontaneity of consciousness. Like the Hebrews, they lived too comfortably in a straight-jacket of prohibitions. The good life for them was a life of conformity to regulations. They needed more of the Greeks' concern about fullness of life; more of their fear, not that they might break a rule, but that they might miss a value; more of their feeling that, perhaps after all, the only unpardonable sin is ignorance. For Matthew Arnold, as for the Greeks, the good life was not a life of denial but a life of fulfillment. It was not a tree cramped and distorted by low roofs and tight walls; it was a tree that burst its bounds, that grew above and beyond all narrowing confines, and reached its branches to the sky.

The rising tide of democracy in England and elsewhere gave Arnold mixed emotions. He was hopeful, but he was fearful. The culture of his vision was democratic in spirit and aim. Functionally, democracy was a means whereby men could get for themselves by working together what they could not get by working as individuals. Philosophically, it was a united effort to affirm the essence of life: it was the impulse of an entire people toward the things and values that make existence distinctively humane.

Sympathetically, it was an expression of a common soul. "Men," Arnold said, "are all members of one great whole, and the sympathy which is in human nature will not allow one member to be indifferent to the rest or to have a perfect welfare independent of the rest." The good life for one is impossible in the midst of others who suffer. The sweetness and light of the few would remain imperfect until the raw and unkindled masses of humanity were also touched with sweetness and light. For the masses to be so touched, the food of culture must be made assimilable to them. Knowledge must be divested of all that is harsh, uncouth, difficult, abstract, professional, exclusive. It must be humanized and made effective outside of the clique of the cultivated and learned.

But Arnold was not sure that the raw and unkindled masses of men could be most quickly touched by sweetness and light through a sudden rise to social and political power. In their somewhat noisy, smashing insistence on rights and privileges, in their preoccupation with the grossly material benefits of rights and privileges, Arnold saw bad years ahead for culture as a quest for the best that is known and thought and felt in the world. He feared that in England, as in America, the average man would become too much a religion, that his performances in all things would be greatly over-rated and over-praised, that the entire cultural life of the nation would be pitched in the key of his tastes and desires. And that, Arnold thought, would spell the end of excellence in everything.

When a woman in Ohio wrote him that she liked to think that excellence is common and abundant, in reporting it Arnold exclaimed, "But excellence is not common and abundant. On the contrary, as the Greek poet long ago said, excellence dwells among rocks, hardly accessible, and a man must almost wear his heart out before he can reach her. Whoever talks of excellence as common and abundant is on the way to lose all right standards of ex-

cellence. And when the right standard of excellence is lost, it is not likely that much which is excellent will be produced."

It was inevitable that Arnold should assign to literature an important role in the establishment of culture. Though the sciences were demanding more and more attention, though they were beginning to crowd the curricula of schools and colleges, Arnold refused to admit that they could ever diminish greatly the place traditionally accorded to literature. Always the human spirit would need the arts to transmute the baser metals of facts into the gold of values. Always mankind would turn to the arts to interpret life, to console life, to sustain life. Always, therefore, men of letters must set their standards high. They must see clearly the difference between the excellent and the inferior, the sound and the unsound, the true and the untrue.

And where were they to turn for standards of excellence? Arnold's answer was consistent with his basic humanism. Turn to the Greeks, and turn, of course, to life itself. In the matter of literary form Arnold was thoroughly Greek. The good life and the work of art were alike. Both were beautiful in their wholeness and their harmony. A good play, a good poem, was so organized, so expressed, that to add anything to it or take anything away was to mar the whole. Any part that called attention to itself was a blemish. Romantic inchoateness could not be redeemed artistically by splashes of purple or bursts of passion. Expression in literature must be subordinate to substance. Substance should be dictated by what has been and is central in human experience. It must be of such a kind as to give pleasure by appealing to the primary, universal human interests and affections. The sufferings of tragedy might give the deepest of literary pleasures. Since much of life is conduct, literature could not be indifferent to morals, to morals in the most comprehensive sense. But the poet was more than an interpreter of the moral world. He was also an interpreter of the natural world. He might be an Aeolian harp that "catches and renders every rustle of nature." In a sense, literature was a crit-

icism or an evaluation of life. It aimed to show what matters most in life. Writers, therefore, must know life, feel life. They must live in its main current, not in its eddies or its stagnant waters.

Naturally, Arnold provided short shrift for the merely personal, or local, or provincial in literary tastes and judgments. He had little sympathy with premeditated movements in literature. He saw no virtue in national literatures as such. Literary works as slices of life or as mere exposures of personality or idiosyncrasy were anathema. He would have lost his urbanity in addressing literary clubs dedicated exclusively to the latest things in poetry and prose. Not the latest but the best was the important thing. Our new poets, with their studied allusiveness, their willful elusiveness, their prideful illusiveness; and our new critics with their dedicated and esoteric interpretations, would have hastened his death. The combination would have meant the triumph of Caprice, the eternal enemy of soundness and sanity in art.

On no other subject did Arnold write more than he did on religion, and perhaps on no other subject did he write less successfully. But even here he had something to say that was relevant to his vision of culture, and expressive of his basic humanism. In a thoroughgoing humanistic drama of man and his world God has no part to play. Man stands alone, and on him rests the full responsibility for improving his lot or adjusting to it. In his writings, at least, Arnold never went so far as that. Along with man in the world was an *Otherness*, "a vast not ourselves which transcends us," an "Eternal not ourselves that makes for righteousness." The really religious man lived in an awareness of this *Otherness*. In his own struggle for righteousness he had a sense of divine cooperation. This sense lighted up his moral pathway. It reinforced his striving with "a tide of joyful and bounding emotion." The few strong men of the race, the sages like Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus, may travel the way of life alone, guided only by the gleam of their own intelligence, sustained only by the imperatives of their own integrity. But the many of us, Arnold

thought, will always need the light from without, the sanctions and imperatives of an *Otherness* greater than ourselves.

Since culture was committed to hearing all the voices of human experience, it could not be inattentive to the voice of religion, the voice "of the deepest human experience," the voice through which the human race had best revealed a native impulse toward perfection. For our Western world, at least, that voice was best heard in the Old and in the New Testament. And what was the message expressed there? The importance of the Old Testament, Arnold thought, lay not in its miracles, its history, its science, its metaphysics. It lay rather in a single profound truth that had emerged from a long and bitter national experience. That truth was that in righteousness alone there is salvation — for men and for nations. In so far as the New Testament was concerned with the life and teachings of Jesus its message was equally as simple and profound: in the life and teachings of Jesus righteousness found definition and concretion. Righteousness was the *way* of Jesus; it was his *method* and his *secret*; it was his "sweet reasonableness."

And for the Christian today who would stand in the light and on solid ground, what is the prescription of religion? Do the will of the Father and you shall know of the doctrine. A sense of salvation, a feeling of oneness with the Eternal, are the fruits, the accompaniment, of righteousness. A consciousness of enduring life is born of living the kind of life that ought to endure. An assurance of fellowship with Jesus in a continuing work of redemption among men comes to one who follows the way of Jesus, who possesses his method and his secret, who employs, in all things, his "sweet reasonableness." God is in the world. He has his purposes for the world. But He accomplishes them only through good men. His method is not the miracle, not the cataclysm in nature, not the convulsion of history, but rather the still, small voice emergent in minds dedicated to a quest for the best that is known and thought and felt in the world. God acts on

men as the sun acts on the heliotrope, as the ideal acts on the character it fashions.

One more thought and I am through. Several times in this paper I have said that Arnold struck out at some weakness or abuse in English society. My words were not fair to him. They suggested a violence quite foreign to his spirit. Almost as important to him as the gospel of culture itself was the tone or manner with which it was proclaimed. Since culture was not a goal reached but a direction taken, since it was not a having and resting but a growing and a becoming, its position was tentative and inquiring, not dogmatic and unyielding. Only sweetness and light could beget sweetness and light. Rarely in his long career of attack and defense in criticism did Arnold lose his poise, his urbanity. Perhaps better than anyone else he teaches us how to carry on differences of opinion, how to treat our opponents today so that it will be easier for them tomorrow to become our allies.

President Lowell of Harvard commenting on the besetting sins of New Englanders, remarked that the Patricians of Boston Bay had an extraordinary capacity for saying and doing gracious things ungraciously. Arnold said even his ungracious things graciously. His urbanity was not a veneer, not a studied tactic. Rather it was the natural accompaniment of that flexible and modulated intelligence with which alone culture as quest can be pursued. But let Arnold speak for himself, and let his word be the last one.

"It is not my nature," he wrote, "to dispute on behalf of any opinions, even my own, very obstinately. To try and approach truth on one side after another, not to strive or cry, nor to persist in pressing forward on any one side with violence and self-will — it is only thus, it seems to me, that mortals may hope to gain any vision of the mysterious Goddess, whom we shall never see except in outline, but only thus even in outline. He who will do nothing but fight impetuously towards his own, one, favorite, particular line, is inevitably destined to run his head into the folds of the black robes in which she is wrapped."

The Philistine and His Lord *

Let the long contention cease!
Geese are swans and swans are geese.
Let them have it how they will!
Thou art tired; best be still.

WHAT IS THE USE! The cards are stacked, the dice are loaded! Who wants the truth? The mood is familiar to most of us. Matthew Arnold's lines breathe lightly but truly a weariness, a discouragement which few men entirely escape. Sometimes the mood is only a fatigue of the body, a twilight surrender to the seemingly useless labors of the day. At times it is an exhaustion of spirit, a capitulation of heart after what appears to be a waste of years, a loss of lifetime.

With Arnold it was a temporary exhaustion of spirit. For more than thirty years, the British inspector of schools, the great apostle of culture, waged critical warfare against British Philistines, against their unyielding self-complacency, their blind assumption that in the quest, possession, and enjoyment of material things repose the highest human satisfactions. Arnold's warfare was a continuous and eloquent assertion that greatness in men and in nations lies, not in having and enjoying things, but in growing and becoming in qualities of mind and appreciation. There must have been many times when Arnold felt ready to give up, felt that his onset had been vain, that the ramparts of materialism, the forts of its folly, still stood and would continue to stand defiantly firm.

But Arnold had the resiliency of a dedicated man. He always rebounded, always returned to the attack. His task, he believed, was a social, a human imperative, which must be carried on, if what is distinctively humane is ever to find fulfillment in human society. Only through men of dedication could the Philistines in

* Dedicated to Matthew Arnold—"O, maister deere, and fadir reverent!" A lecturer at Harvard said a few years ago that bright young men at Harvard no longer read Matthew Arnold, but he added that they would be much brighter if they did. So would the race—brighter and more civilized.

society be subdued, could the time come when men would measure their accomplishments in life, not by what they did with the physical forms and forces around them, but rather by what they did with the spiritual resources within them. In its entirety Arnold's little poem is an image of his war with the Philistines. It is a symbol of the determination with which he conducted it. It reflects a courage sometimes tired but never conquered, a struggle at times faltering but never abandoned:

Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
Let the victors, when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall.

As poetry Arnold's simple words and obvious rhythms have little appeal for current sophistication. They lack esoteric subtlety; they do not require abstruse explications; they too palpably say something. I use them here for what they say, for what they say to Arnold's dwindling disciples in America, to his handful of beloved "aliens," his precious "saving remnant," the devoted few who would still carry on in America a struggle for sweetness and light, beauty and intelligence.

For who can doubt that our America, like Arnold's Britain, has Philistines powerfully entrenched everywhere in its social structure: in business and industry, in politics and government, in art and entertainment, in education and religion, in house and home. Where else has a total culture been more completely accommodated to the demands of an acquisitive life, a life devoted to the quest, possession, and enjoyment of *things*? Where else has the struggle of the "saving remnant" against the Philistian hosts been less saving? Where else, then, is there a greater need for the "children of light" to rededicate themselves, to renew and stiffen their determination?

The need is strengthened by a growing evidence that in America the Philistine has extended his domain beyond anything known to Matthew Arnold. Here, as never in Britain, the works

of the Philistine have become in effect a national religion, an incipient idolatry. Philosophic students of the spiritual life tell us that the real religion of men and women is found not in their credos but in their ultimate concerns, their deepest solitudes. If you ask us Americans today, in our hurried, tension-filled lives, what is the object of our ultimate concern, our deepest solitude, do we not, almost to a man, answer, "The American way of life?" If you probe us as to what we really mean by the American way of life, do we not readily assert that the heart of our concern is our system of free, competitive enterprise, the system by which we produce, distribute, and consume *things*? Inquire wherein our system excels all others, do we not pronounce what has become the great American incantation: "It has given us the highest standard of living known to man?" If you ask what makes our standard high, do we not begin at once a proud enumeration of *things*: houses, "views," garages, automobiles, highways, swimming pools, bathrooms, refrigerators, washing machines, radios, television, high fidelity, stereo?

Wherever you take us in thought, is it not always to *things* that we return? Do we not more and more measure our worth as persons not by the quality of what we are in our thoughts, our feelings, our appreciations, but rather by the quantity and variety of the *things* we possess? Indeed, do we not more and more feel *ourselves to be things* whose worth is solely a marketable worth, a worth determined by the salaries we can command or by the things our salaries or incomes can buy? Voltaire once wickedly opined that a peacock, with a newly acquired gift of tongues, would immediately speak of its soul, and indubitably assign it residence in its most cherished part, its gorgeous tail. Assigned the privilege of giving the American soul a local habitation and a name, what American would hesitate to domicile it in our splendid profit system, and christen it Free Enterprise? Verily, where a nation's treasure is there is its soul also.

In America the relation between the works of the Philistine and religious worship has almost become organic. And it is not necessary to invoke the definitions of the philosopher of religion to establish the relationship. Old conceptions will do as well. Slowly — and without impious intent — the American Philistine has appropriated to his service the God of Amos and Micah by making His principal concern not love and righteousness but *things*. He has unconsciously confused the divine purposes with his own material interests, and unwittingly merged the tenets of his religious beliefs with the principles and practices of his economic system. What he has done is, perhaps, as natural in its origin as it is tragic in its religious and social effect. It is expressive of a tendency long known to students of human nature. The seers of the Middle Ages knew about it. They saw in human nature, not only the libidos, the lusts to feel, to know, to possess, to dominate, but also the fateful tendency to rationalize them by associating them and their gratification with a divine intention. So men have always persuaded themselves that what they have passionately desired, God has graciously willed. Promised lands and chosen peoples are conceptions by which men have always managed to justify and spiritualize their covetousness, their lust for empire. *Gott mit uns* has long been the war cry of those who would conquer and possess. Similarly men project what they know into what they do not know. Into whatever they do not understand in the environing world, they read something that is meaningful to them. Into the unknown they breathe the breath of their own lives — their own beliefs, desires, passions. Even to the deity they worship they easily ascribe their own sense of values, their own dominant concerns, and deepest solitudes.

When, as in America today, the acquisitive life is universally regarded as the good life, when things become the object of men's most impelling desires, it is natural, if not inevitable, that God regarded as the source, sponsor, guardian of all that is good should become in effect a Philistian God, the source, sponsor, guardian in

heaven of the free competitive struggle of men for things here on earth. It is inevitable that free enterprise should become in the minds of pious Americans a sacrosanctity for which they should live and for which if necessary they should be willing to die.

Every religious community could, I believe, furnish evidence of this gradual emergence of our Philistian Lord, this gradual submergence of the spiritual in the material, this creeping conviction that the Almighty, though not yet an active participant in the human struggle for things, approves of the struggle and inspires in good men the rules by which it should be conducted. The evidence does not yet have official status; it does not yet appear in the written credos, or in their interpretations. The dead hand of the past is nowhere heavier and more enduring than in the traditional formulations of religious belief. But in the spontaneous expressions of a deeply religious laity, one frequently hears what could be the inception of a new dogma, a dogma that would need only an authoritative "Thus saith the Lord" to establish it as doctrine.

Personally I have sensed such a beginning. Not long ago a friend of mine, warm, intelligent, financially successful, was asked to give the invocation in a worshiping service. His was a good layman's petition — comprehensive, detailed, confident of the goodness and omniscience of God, but a bit troubled by His occasional forgetfulness. Noticeable was the naturalness, the fervor, with which he invoked a divine blessing on free enterprise as the source of our prosperity and the assurance of our sacred liberties. About the same time, another acquaintance, a man of national prominence in business, education, and religion, said, with his customary eloquence and sincerity, that in the existence of the Constitution of the United States and the free enterprise system he saw conclusive evidence of divine participation in the events of history. More recently a most admirable and promising young man, devoted to his church, state, and nation, launched his political career with an assurance to the voters that in his judgment the economy of free enterprise was "divinely ordained." A number of years ago, when

the spread of socialism, and the rise of Communism first agitated the Capitalistic world, devout men in my own church community saw no impropriety in requesting that part of the Sacrament Meeting be devoted to preaching the gospel of free enterprise. And the shepherds of the flocks heard in the request no spiritual dissonance. To all it seemed fitting that meditation on the selfless, sacrificial death of our Lord be mingled with concern about individual initiative and private enterprise.

Others, of course, have noticed this tendency. As I am writing this, I read in a Catholic paper a warning to those in America who regard "capitalism as a kind of religion," who would "make a theology of the principle of competition," who in civic banquets and college commencements "preach the Gospel of the Almighty Dollar." I find there also a protest against an "economic set-up" that makes the product more important than the producer, the thing more important than the person, "the fat profit on the shiny car and refrigerator more important than the welfare of the humanity that fashions them." Other writers have objected, sometimes bitterly, to the popular ministers, who, on radio and in Sunday Supplements, are leading America in the current religious "awakening," who in the name of "vital religion" are stripping the God of Israel of his majesty, his *otherness*, and bringing Him from heaven down to earth in the image of the American business man, making Him an habitué of Mainstreet, establishing Him as an investment counselor, a psychiatric adviser, a detergent supreme for all the spots, blots, and blemishes incident to the competitive life. "Is there any greater sacrilege," asks Erich Fromm, "than to speak of 'the Man upstairs,' to teach to pray in order to make God our partner in business, to 'sell' religion with the methods and appeals used to sell soap?"

To old fashioned readers of the Bible this triumph of the Philistian Lord, this strange wedding of the sacred and the secular, would seem to demand either a new scripture or a different reading of the old. The dilemma is being met. It is possible now to

read the old scripture with a new exegesis, an interpretation that apparently sees no conflict between our Lord of the Parables and Calvary and the spirit, purposes, and practices of our splendidly competitive and combative economy. Good men and true, standing shoulder to shoulder in the Church and on the business Rialto, sincerely aver that, if our Lord of the Parables and Calvary were with us today, he would proclaim as universally valid the principle that men should get only what by struggle they earn, that in the ultimate disposition of values nothing worth having is free. In their more political moments they assert with the deepest convictions that the Son of the Carpenter, the Person from Nazareth, would abhor the "welfare state" in all its forms, and abominate all Deals — New, Fair, and Square. He would establish his kingdom solidly on the principles and practices of American industry.

The American university has not escaped the contagion. In too many schools our Philistine Lord apparently enjoys administrative status with a special assignment to departments of business and economics. In his study, *Academic Freedom in Our Time*, Robert M. MacIver shows how in McCarthy days, when the Red hunt went everywhere, it was generally felt that heterodoxy in economic theory was evidence of heterodoxy in religious belief. With scholarly moderation MacIver writes: "It is perhaps no coincidence that many of those who attack academic freedom along the religious line are also active in the assault on economic unorthodoxy. Indeed, it seems to be as easy for certain minds to identify the divine law with their economic predilections as with their religious tenets."¹

Among the writers who leaped into prominence during the noisy period of the MacIver study are William F. Buckley, Jr., with his *God and Man at Yale*. The book was more than a denunciation of academic freedom. It was in part a call to Yale University to abandon an untrammelled search for truth; to return to the economic as well as to the religious faith of its founding fathers;

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to execrate faculty heresies against free enterprise as well as against Christian doctrine. Mr. Buckley has carried on — eloquently on — in the service of God and Adam Smith. He has not prevailed at Yale, but he has votaries on many campuses. In places where faculty recruits sometimes whisper the ritual of their induction, it is frequently intimated that the mental and spiritual overseers of academic life have often seemed quite as careful to exclude the New Deal as they are the Devil.

In a society which conducts its life under the aegis of our Philistian Lord, which regards its competitive economy as a plan of social salvation “divinely ordained,” certain social effects follow as the night the day. The opulent few stand supreme among us, both by logic and by common pious assent. The logic is simple: since the way of economic struggle among men is the Lord’s way, the men who succeed best in the accumulation of things are by inescapable inference the men who enjoy to a special degree the Lord’s favor. By tacit assumption, religiously felt, rich men are therefore the best men, the best in the ways that really matter. Automatically they acquire social “status.” Immediately they belong to the “power elite.” In them the old scripture with the new exegesis has complete fulfillment: they have sought first the kingdom of material possessions, and all other things have been added to them — as a divine honorarium. The things they possess open doors to prestige and preferment everywhere. Like the oblique member of the Trinity they have the power of leading lesser men into all truth.

Accordingly wherever in our national life national purposes are being formed or protected, wherever cultural ideals are being shaped or cultural directions taken, there stand our estimable, our invaluable men of property, ready and qualified to serve the American people — qualified, not by the plodding way of studious preparation or the dull, wasteful method of long experience, but rather by the short-cut of a special grace, “a divine thrusting on.” So at the national need they fill government positions, sometimes

by election, more frequently by appointment. They are called to cabinets, councils, legislative and executive committees, indeed to nearly every important place or position where policies are being formed and decisions made. Unschooled in diplomacy they become diplomats by invitation. Without benefit of foreign languages or knowledge of foreign peoples they step to far-flung posts to represent, protect, and spread the American way of life. At home in humbler way, they serve us equally well. They lend dignity and give effectiveness to our multiple charities and "drives." What would our symphony orchestras and opera associations do without the magic of their names and the generosity of their contributions?

And what would higher education do without their deeper insight, their keener vision? Often with little formal education and even less experience they become trustees and regents — even presidents and chancellors — whose practical wisdom or legal acumen confounds academic minds, and whose judgments fix the destinies of universities and determine the direction and quality of their intellectual lives. In speeches beautifully printed and widely distributed they diagnose the ills of national education and prescribe their own saving nostrums. Upon them colleges and universities bestow their highest honors. Come the time of roses, diplomas, and degrees, they head academic processions, and deliver baccalaureate sermons and commencement addresses — and in so doing become themselves doctors of something or other by institutional fiat.

In churches of lay leadership and in schools of religious commitments, they are often most signally honored — as they should be in a Philistian culture where the secular has become the heart of the sacred, where vast possessions of things material and temporal are presumptive evidence of a power to lead souls to the contemplation and love of things spiritual and eternal. Graduating students, in an impressionable hour of their lives, facing a future in a Philistian society, can be best exhorted, not by academi-

cians absorbed in a theoretical preservation, enrichment, and dissemination of truth, not by speakers versed in the abstractions of the physical sciences or in the will-o-the-wisp values of the humanities, but rather by *successful men*, solidly grounded in the world of things, *practical men* who know their steel, their oil, their automobiles, their movie production. And also, of course, their gospel of the new exegesis with its saving and ingratiating humility: all they are they owe to the Lord. He has been with them in their steel, their oil, their automobiles, their movie productions. Here indeed men of property and piety have recreated the Christian Father of us all in the spiritual image of their material concerns. Gone is the Christian warning that gaining the whole world of transitory things endangers the salvation of immortal souls. Rather possession and power in the world of things have become evidence of divine assistance, assurance of divine approval. God has become a Philistian God.

To the aging disciples of Matthew Arnold, to the inveterate lovers of sweetness and light, beauty and intelligence, college rituals to the Philistine and his Lord are sometimes mortally distressing. They seem a repudiation of all the values traditionally associated with youth and education. There was a time when young men and women in caps and gowns were regarded as the bearers of an idealism, a spiritual aspiration, that transcended the world of things. Their eyes were fixed on goals as far above steel, oil, automobiles, and movie production as the empyrean is above the smoke of Pittsburgh and the smog of Hollywood. That time has apparently passed. Conditioned by Philistian business, Philistian religion, Philistian education, and Philistian homes, graduating students today see in the eminent men of steel, oil, automobiles, and movie production the realization of their own ambitions. They see in them the embodiment of success in life as America defines success. "As you now are," these great men seem to say to them, "we once were; as we now are, you may become." They hear nowhere critical voices like Matthew Arnold's: "Consider

these people, their way of life, their habits, their manners, the very tones of their voices; look at them attentively; observe the literature they read, the things that give them pleasure, the words that come out of their mouths, the thoughts which make the furniture of their minds. Would any amount of wealth be worth having with the condition that one was to become just like these people by having it?"

In the ideas and ambitions that it quietly and subtly instills in the young, the American home is the brooding place of Philistines. In its religious effect on boys and girls it is the shrine of the Philistian Lord — though His Philistian Grace may dwell there only incognito. In intimate conversations regarding family ideals and ambitions, He may not be mentioned. Indeed, the religious language of the American family is usually the language of an ancient and honored faith: God requires of men that they love mercy, do justly, and walk humbly before Him; men cannot worship both God and Mammon; they cannot live by bread alone; it does not profit them to gain the whole world and lose their souls; to save their souls men must forego wealth, and ally themselves with Jesus of Nazareth in his deep concern about persons; religion pure and undefiled is to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep themselves unspotted from the things of the world. One also hears in the American home echoes of a moral philosophy as old as Democritus, as new as Albert Schweitzer. The supreme good in human life, the echoes say, is happiness, the happiness that comes through the use of the higher mental and spiritual faculties, through a great solicitude for the general welfare, through meditation on the goodness, truth, and beauty possible in human lives; the highest good, the echoes also say, is perfection attainable through reason and knowledge, which bear fruit in virtue, which is life lived in conformity with the ideally true, good, and beautiful; a good life for all men, the echoes say again, is possible only in a society informed with ethical principle, a society in which all life is everywhere the object of reverence.

But where are the homes in which these distillations of great minds and spirits express the mental and spiritual commitments which really inform the lives of parents and children, really mould their characters, fix their goals, and direct their conduct? To most Americans these expressions of a one-time faith and philosophy are at best a wardrobe of rich and beautiful garments handed down from ancient forebears, clothes which, in moments of pride or nostalgia, they sometimes show, but which they really never intend to wear. Deep down within them they are Philistines worshipping a Philistian Lord. When as families they think, feel, and talk together about "doing well," "getting on," "succeeding," they always have in mind progress in the possession, use, and control of things, or in the status, prestige, and influence which the possession, use, and control of things bring. When they speak of the good life, the gracious life, the abundant life, they are thinking about a goodness, a graciousness, an abundance inherent in things, things that money can buy, beautiful and comfortable things with which they can surround themselves. Always they are speaking and thinking about *something out there*, not a *condition in here*.

It is perhaps in the most intimate personal relationships of life that most of us reveal how completely we are absorbed in the externalities of existence. The "granddaddy" period of our lives is often the most revealing. When oldsters get together, socially and fraternally, sooner or later they talk about their children. It is when they speak of them, report how they are faring in the world, that they are likely by inadvertence to reveal what their own demands on life have really been, by what standard they really measure success. Not long ago I sat with a school friend whom I had not seen for thirty years. In our exchange of experiences he spoke of his son and daughter, John and Mary. "Both have been doing very well," he said. "John, you remember, studied medicine and began his career as a country doctor. The work was hard and the collections bad. So he decided to specialize in psychiatry. He now has an exclusive and wealthy clientele in New York. He makes

oodles of money. He and Sarah have a wonderful apartment in the city and a fabulous vacation house in the Adirondacks. Mary too has done amazingly well — that is, lately. Things didn't look so good at first. When she and Dick were married, he was just a teacher in a small college in the sticks. But he had ambition. He soon quit the school job to take a position with the advertising division of a mammoth industrial concern in Chicago. He and Mary just finished a marvelous suburban home. Furniture and furnishings, simply out of the world! Everything up to the minute! Not a gadget lacking! We certainly feel that the Lord has been good to them."

My friend's fatherly pride, his sincere gratefulness, seemed at the moment almost beautiful. All I could say was, "Yes, John and Mary have done very well. The Lord, I am sure, has blessed them." But yet, I thought later, the pity of it! Here was a Philistinism and a piety that unwittingly erased all the essential differences between mice and men, that made them all, as Burns saw them, "poor earthborn companions and fellow mortals," united in a common need for shelter, for house and hold. Mary's marvelous suburban house, and John's fabulous dwelling in the Adirondacks, with all their wealth of furniture and modern conveniences were, after all, but a human elaboration of the nest of a field mouse:

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast
Thou thought to dwell.

The pity of it lies not in man's recognizing that mice and men *as animals* have some needs in common, including the need for shelter, the need for a suburban mansion, or a "wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble." The pity of it, the tragedy of it, lies in man's feeling that in the attainment of a suburban mansion he has fulfilled his manhood, realized his destiny, and, in so doing, has enjoyed *divine* assistance and acceptance. This is an appalling de-

basement of both God and man. In protest against such a belittlement of man Arnold once wrote,

Know, man hath all which Nature hath, but more
And in that *more* lie all his hopes of good.

Arnold was saying that man's significance in the world as created, his ultimate destiny in it, is determined not by the needs, instincts, impulses, passions which he shares with the beast of the field, but by the needs, desires, aspirations that set him apart from and above the rest of creation. Shakespeare has in mind man transcendent when he cries, "What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals!" This apostrophe is perhaps not so much a description of what a man is at his best as it is a vision of what at his best a man may become — indeed, is destined to become.

In our Philistian world of things — suburban houses, oil, steel, automobiles, and movie production — there is, of course, no habitable place for such a man. But perhaps the poor "aliens" in Philistia, the few remaining lovers of sweetness and light, beauty and intelligence, may find for him a place in their dreams. They are privileged to imagine some Shangri-La, if not in America, then, in the skies, where the inhabitants ask of their Johns and Marys not what houses they have or what positions they hold but only what they have become and are becoming *as persons*; where they rejoice to know that their Johns and Marys are sharing abundantly in the wealth of the human inheritance; that, in the mind and spirit, they are daily walking and talking with the lovers of truth — scientists, historians, philosophers; that they are daily communing with saints and seers; that in their lives there is much of beauty — art, music, literature; that from it all they are discovering the best that has been known and thought and felt in the world; that they are not only knowing the best but are loving the

best, and, what is perhaps more important, are practicing the best in all their human relations. And, since it seems to be man's nature to worship a being friendly to the values he cherishes most, the poor "aliens" in Philistia may believe that the inhabitants of their Shangri-La worship, not our American Lord, the Lord of transitory things, but a God whose ultimate concern is eternal values that find acceptance, appreciation, and expression in human lives.

We Seek After These Things *

IT IS REPORTED that Thomas Hardy, British poet and novelist, once received an invitation to cast his lot with America. In partial reply to that invitation Hardy wrote a little poem, little in extent but large in thought and sentiment. It was a poem not likely, however, to be fully understood and appreciated on the American side of the Atlantic. No, said Hardy, I prefer old Britain to new America, as I prefer the accumulated experiences of age to the relatively empty garner of youth. Golden as the promises of early years may be, they can hardly compensate for the realized attainments of later life:

My ardors for emprise nigh lost,
Since life has bared its bones to me,
I shrink to seek a modern coast
Whose riper times have yet to be;
Where the new regions claim them free
From that long drip of human tears
Which peoples old in tragedy
Have left upon the centuried years.

With Hardy, as with Aeschylus, the road of suffering is the way to wisdom. It is from the long drip of human tears, it is from peoples old in tragedy, that time gathers and fashions the great legacies with which nations are endowed. Britain has nurtured a great inheritance for her children, and Hardy would remain to share in it.

Few who know the richness of that inheritance would quarrel with Hardy's decision. From the centuried years of Britain's travail has come enrichment for almost every human value. And the world has partaken of that enrichment. If world culture should lose Britain's gifts to science and art, to philosophy and religion, to government and human freedom, what was left would seem poor indeed.

* Written on invitation of *Millennial Star*, London. Published in December, 1951.

It is a great obligation to appreciate and cherish a splendid national inheritance. But it is perhaps an even greater one to know what to do with it. Like the talent of the slothful servant, a national inheritance can be buried and ultimately lost if it lacks dynamic. It was the mission of another great son of Britain to teach the obligation of growth. It was for Matthew Arnold, "the apostle of culture," to remind his countrymen again and again that a real national culture is "not a having and a resting but a growing and a becoming," that a legacy of national experience and accomplishment might be an insidious inducement to stagnation and decay unless it possess within it the yeast of a divine discontent, unless it give a stirring vision of a national life infinitely richer than that attained.

Matthew Arnold's message to his people was a call for a continuous quest, an unceasing search for the best that is known and thought and felt in the world. Implicit in it was a great faith in the creative mind and spirit of men, the mind and spirit that know no national boundaries, no distinctions in race or color or creed. Through all ages and in all places it has been at work wherever men and women have been responsive to its call. The result is the accumulated and accumulating goodness, truth and beauty of the world. So in Arnold's thought there is a world inheritance as well as a national one, and a great people is a people that shares in both — appreciatively and creatively.

But the hand of the past is always heavy on the present. What the past has given as an inheritance the present easily holds appreciatively but not creatively. The dominant desire in men is to preserve, not to improve. Arnold's "Philistine," the eternal enemy of the children of light, the entrenched champion of the things as they are, usually dominates the national scene, and frustrates the searchers for more sweetness and more light. But the ultimate salvation of a nation is its searchers, its critics, the few real lovers of sweetness and light, the few men and women whose lives are a dedicated and disinterested endeavor to see things as they are, to

know and propagate the best that is known and thought and felt in the world. To be progressive in the things of the mind and spirit, a people needs not only the Hebraic attitude with its "strictness of conscience," its deep concern about the laws and admonitions of the past, but also the Hellenic attitude with its forward look, its "spontaneity of consciousness," its eager readiness for more light, deeper understanding, richer experience.

To nothing else are Arnold's thoughts more relevant than they are to religion. For to most worshipers religion tends to become more a legacy to be preserved than a gleam to be followed. The history of religions is too frequently the tragic story of greatness lost, of light that failed. It is the story of dynamic beginnings fading into periods of stagnation and decay. Initially religions are often tremendous adventures in faith, faith in great leaders and in their inspiring visions of the meanings and goals of life. They are forward-looking, expectant, formative. They are free to grow with growing minds in a changing world. Their faith is in a living God, a creative God whose work is not yet finished.

But decadence and death tend to follow. Later generations do not willingly accept the danger of a higher adventure in faith. They prefer the safety and security of a definitely stated creed and a prescribed behavior. To the freedom and freshness of a vital, formative faith they prefer the comfort of "eternal verities," the satisfaction of congealments of thought and feeling which leave all troublesome questions answered, all agitating doubts resolved.

To some of us the inspired insight of Joseph Smith was never more clearly evident than in the utterances which anticipate the tendencies of religion to drift into a hardening of spiritual life. When the Prophet formulated the profession of faith of his people, he did so in terms that called them to be *seekers* for "whatever is virtuous, lovely or of good report or praiseworthy." Running through the basic doctrines or admonitions of the Church is a call to "eternal progress." As "the glory of God is intelligence" so men can be saved only as they use their intelligence in gaining

knowledge. To a people inspired by conceptions like these, religion is infinitely more than a legacy to be preserved; it is a marvellous destiny to be realized. It is not a look backward, but a look forward — Godward.

Latter-day Saints have in their religion then, food for a divine discontent, and, in general, they have partaken of it. In some of them there is perhaps too much of Hardy's reverence for heritage and too little of Arnold's passion to improve it. Some perhaps lack that resiliency of mind and ardency of quest which spell eternal progress. In a few there sometimes appears that cold, creeping rigidity of thought and feeling, that eagerness for certainties and finalities which would close doors against freely inquiring minds. But the majority of "saints" at home and abroad remain in spirit seekers for "whatever is virtuous or lovely or of good report or praiseworthy." Mormonism to them, like Arnold's culture, is "not a having and a resting but a growing and a becoming." It too, would possess the best that is known and thought and felt in the world, and it too would have that best prevail in the minds and feelings of men everywhere.

*Oh, Reason Not the Need**

OTHER SPEAKERS on the program have told you about current demands in American education. They have said that there is a demand for a more intelligent citizenship, a demand for a bigger and better technology, a demand for a sounder and more general mental health. I am supposed to tell you that there is a corresponding demand for a keener appreciation of human values. If the words "human values" mean what I think they do, I am forced at the outset to doubt that such a demand exists.

For nearly half a century I have been haunting the educational market places, and I have never found human values in short supply. I am sure it is not different this morning. The papers have not just announced that the national government is planning to spend millions of dollars to subsidize promising high school and college students in the study and appreciation of human values, the values which some of us believe to be the distinctive glory of the human spirit. And I have no reason to believe that the schools of the nation desire that such a study should be made, that the educational stress should shift from the outer world of material things to the inner realm of the spirit.

Scripture tells us that where a man's treasure is, there is his heart also. So it is with a nation. And as it is with a nation, so is it also with the schools of a nation. They are determined by the total cultural climate of the nation. They are an expression of its sense of values, a reflection of its dominant concerns. I do not find in our national sense of values, in our dominant concerns, an imperative for human values. I do not find even a need for them, if need implies a sense of something lacking, an awareness of mental or spiritual poverty. I find nowhere a divine discontent.

So all I can say this morning about human values in American education is suggested by a moment and a situation in *King Lear*.

* Address to Utah Chapter of Association for Supervision and Curriculum Development, January 11, 1958, at University of Utah.

The king wishes to shake all care and business from his age, conferring them on younger strengths, while he unburdened crawls toward death. But in a moment of childish pique and utter rashness, he disowns the good Cordelia and divides his kingdom between the wicked Goneril and Regan. With them he plans to sojourn in due turns, attended personally by a hundred of his own knights. He is soon in trouble. Goneril and Regan demand that he dismiss his personal retinue. And they argue cogently. Why should he have a hundred knights when he has them and their servants to wait upon him, to provide him bodily care and comfort? What need has he for fifty knights, for twenty-five, for five, for one? Then comes a memorable literary moment, a priceless souvenir — Lear's answer to their argument:

Oh, reason not the need! Our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous.
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life's as cheap as beast's.

Here the creature called man expresses itself on two levels, the animal level and the human. Goneril and Regan speak for the animal, for the body. Old Lear speaks for the human, for the emerging soul. Goneril and Regan know the needs of the body: the need for food, for clothing, for shelter, for protection against the violence of nature and society. Through suffering, Lear is becoming aware of other needs, needs peculiar to the heart, the spirit. More than food, clothing, shelter, security, Lear, as a person and as a father, needs to be honored, to be wanted, to be loved. His hundred knights have somehow become for him the symbol of these needs. Without being honored, wanted, loved, man's life is indeed as cheap as beast's.

It seems to me that we have here the archetype of every discussion of human values. Whenever men and women debate the highest good in life, isn't the issue always drawn, consciously or unconsciously, between the claims of the body and those of the spirit? And isn't this clash of body and soul implicit in every cur-

riculum in the schools? And where else is there better evidence of the overwhelming strength of the demands of the body? Directly or indirectly, it is the body that needs mathematics and physics, chemistry and geology, biology and agriculture, domestic science and political science, economics and business, law and medicine. And in these days, when piety and prosperity embrace everywhere, when the Almighty on Mainstreet is frequently just a business partner Upstairs, I see no good reason why religion should not be added to the list. Looked at from the point of view of first causes and ultimate aims, practically everything taught from the kindergarten to the university stems from man's concern about his food, his clothing, his shelter, his physical and social security.

Do not misunderstand me. This is not the wail of a tired dreamer. I would not be the leader of a chant against the facts of life, against the dominance of the body in human interests. From dust we come and to dust we return. The interim between dust and dust is life, and the drive to extend life in comfort and security is the greatest imperative of existence. But I do have to ask once in a while, where, in relation to the needs of life, we stand as teachers of the humanities. In terms of the fulfillment of the basic needs of life, where do I stand with my memorable moments in literature, my literary souvenirs? In the society which I know, I cannot seriously argue that there is a need for my literary moments as there is a need for the crust of bread, the rag on the back, the thatch overhead.

Who, for example, needs this, this bit of Celtic magic? "So they took the blossoms of the oak, and the blossoms of the broom, and the blossoms of the meadowsweet, and produced from them a maiden, the fairest and the most graceful that man ever saw. . . . More yellow was her hair than the flower of the broom, and her skin was whiter than the foam of the wave, and fairer were her hands and her fingers than the blossom of the wood-anemony amidst the spray of the meadow-fountain." What need anywhere is there for Keats' "little town by river or seashore or mountain

built, with quiet citadel . . . emptied of its folk, this pious morn," or for his "magic casements, opening on the foam of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn?"

What need is there for Shakespeare's bank,

Where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine?

Or for his night in Portia's garden at Belmont, "when the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees, and they did make no noise?" What does it matter to anyone that "in such a night Thisbe did fearfully o'rtrip the dew," that "Troilus sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents where Cressida lay that night," that "Dido stood with a willow in her hand upon the wild sea-banks and waft her love to come again to Carthage?"

And where in all of Emerson's "great, intelligent, sensual, avaricious America" could one find a market for Othello's words as he stands, with love and murder in his heart, by the bed where two lights burn, the light of the candle, and the light of Desdemona's life?

Put out the light, and then put out the light.
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me. But once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume.

Or who in our acquisitive America, even at the portals of temple or cathedral, would utter from a sense of need the words of Milton, in his darkness, apostrophizing the eternal light of Heaven:

Hail, holy light, offspring of heaven first born,
Or of the Eternal coeternal beam
May I express thee unblamed? Since God is light
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence, of bright essence increate.

Who in the urgency of worship need raise supplicating hands with Beethoven in his "Missa Solemnis," or soar with him spiritually in the choral finale of the "Ninth Symphony?" Who needs to stand with de Vinci before his "Last Supper," with the van Eycks before their "Triumph of the Lamb," with Rembrandt before his "The Night Watch," with El Greco before his "Calvary" — stand with them and sense with a deep joy that here the boundaries of beauty were indeed widened and new depths of feeling plumbed? Who needs to walk humbly with St. Francis of Assisi and live with him among common men his gospel of pure love? Who needs to turn repeatedly to the Gospels and the Acts, not for an exposition of a theology, but for a demonstration of a way of life — the antithesis of the American way — to turn for the divine assertion that man should not try to live by bread alone? Who needs to join Albert Schweitzer, in the wilderness of Lambaréné, and share, not only his dedicated reverence for life, but also his deep conviction that with the end of spiritual man there comes inevitably the end of civilization, indeed, the end of humanity itself? Shakespeare, through old Lear, forever answers the question of need:

Oh, reason not the need! Our basest beggars
 Are in the poorest thing superflous:
 Allow not nature more than nature needs,
 Man's life's as cheap as beast's.

On the basis of need, elemental need, philosophy, literature, music, art can never compete in human interest with chemistry, physics, biology, engineering. The arts are not among the basic necessities of life. Rather they are the luxuries, the adornments of life. They are the "more than nature needs" without which "man's life's as cheap as beast's."

More and more I like the philosophy of *becoming*. I like its dynamics. I like to feel an unrest in all things, a ferment at work everywhere by which all things are trying to transcend themselves. It pleases me to believe that it is in the creative efforts expressed in

the humanities that mankind is most distinctively transcending itself, most surely becoming something more than it is. Creatively the arts are not the taproots of life. Rather they are the flowering of life, life's consummation. We who would teach them are in a sense their custodians. Our task, our privilege, is to display their beauty and radiate our own deep appreciation of them — but always with temperate optimism as to results. Our society will perhaps always doubt our social usefulness. Our students will continue to question us about need — and eventually become specialists in cooking, sewing and laying shingles — or making missiles and sputniks. And we shall continue to console ourselves ruefully with the thought that deep appreciation of supreme goodness, truth, and beauty has always been and will always be solely the possession of the sensitive and highly gifted few — like ourselves.

*On Appreciating the Arts**

I AM GOING to begin with a story. Speakers have done that before, you know. I am going to be different only in that my story may have at least a remote bearing on the idea which I want to present and illustrate here today. The story is not, I am afraid, a very good one. Few people laugh at it. I don't want you, therefore, to feel obligated to do so. Whenever I tell my story, I am reconciled in advance to the ghastly silence which is broken by scattered and mirthless sounds more suggestive of burps or hiccoughs than of the happy convulsion of the body which we call laughter.

My story is this: One evening a stranger, an American, I fancy, stepped into an English tavern. He swaggered leisurely across the room, up the wall, across the ceiling, down the wall and over to the bar. He ordered a glass of ale, drank half of it, pushed the remainder aside, asked for a glass of beer, drank half of it, poured the remainder into the ale, drank the mixture, paid the bartender, swaggered across the room, up the wall, across the ceiling, down the wall, and out into the night. After the door had closed, the bartender still looked after him in speechless astonishment. "Well," he finally gasped, "Well, blimy, if he ain't a queer one. The idear of mixin' that beer with that aile."

When I first heard the story, I chuckled at the surprise ending, at the stolid preoccupied bartender, who was more concerned about keeping his beer out of his ale than about keeping his patrons off his calcimine. But one day I repeated the story to one of my colleagues, who was more familiar with the English mentality. He enjoyed the story very much.

"How thoroughly British!" he exclaimed. "The bartender is a true son of John Bull. He is at once a champion of personal freedom and a protector of the established order. If his patrons

* Address at Festival of Fine Arts, Dixie College, St. George, Utah, February 25, 1949.

want to walk up and down walls and across ceilings, that is their own affair. Peaceful perambulations, even though a bit unusual, are not regulated, and ought not to be regulated. To take too much notice of them would be un-British and also rather snooty, don't you know. But, when patrons mix their beer and ale and thereby flout the decorums of good, sound British drinking, that, by the eternal, is something else. That is something for the House of Commons."

Well, when my colleague had finished with my story, the bartender had grown in stature. He had ceased to be a grotesquely unobserving dispenser of beer and ale. He had become instead a really amusing and interesting symbol of something that is forever England. He could no longer evoke belly shaking laughter, but he could elicit that smile of the mind, which, after all, is laughter with an education. The relevant point is that my friend got more out of my story than I did; he appreciated it more than I did, because he brought to it more than I did. He brought to it an intimate knowledge of the British mind and character, a knowledge which I lacked.

As far as theory or principle is concerned, I have now suggested about all that I have to say to you today about the appreciation of the arts. What you get out of them depends largely on what you bring to them. You find in them to a great degree only what you already possess in part within yourselves. Getting ready to appreciate the arts involves, therefore, inner development. It means a general widening and deepening of knowledge and experience. It means a gradual maturing and mellowing of mind, heart and imagination. It means a final attainment of something like the mental and spiritual stature of the artists themselves.

I am sure there are many here who know from their own experience with poetry, sculpture, painting, music, and the other arts that what I have just said is substantially true. Certainly my own experiences verify it. I recall my first reading of Robert Frost's poem "The Death of the Hired Man." The experience was as

vivid as it was poignant. I believe now that I saw and felt in that first reading about everything the poem had to offer. I had been prepared for the poem by my own peculiar personal experience. In a very real way I had been one of the hired men of the poem, and had known the other one most intimately. I had been Harold Wilson, the young chap, who pitched hay in the summer and went to college in the winter. Like him I had carried my budding wisdom and its accompanying egotism with me into the hay field. Books and ideas were my passion, and I argued their virtue from rosy morn to dewy eve, many a summer's day. Loading and unloading hay was my ranch time specialty. The poet could have had me in mind when he wrote of Silas,

He bundles every forkful in its place,
And tags and numbers it for future reference,
So he can find and easily dislodge it
In the unloading. Silas does that well.
He takes it out in bunches, like birds' nests.
You never see him standing on the hay
He's trying to lift, straining to lift himself.¹

And here and there on a dozen farms or ranches I had known old Silas. We "steady" fellows called him a tramp, sometimes a hobo. He stayed on the job only long enough to pick up a little tobacco money or a pair of new shoes, and then disappeared down the railroad track. With the better part of his life behind him, and with nothing done of which he could be proud, he would try pathetically to keep up a little self-respect by insisting on the importance of a few little things that he could do well, and by pretending that he still had goals in life which he would yet attain. It took only a little imagination to see what his end would be. When his arms could no longer lift a bunch of hay, and his legs could carry him no farther down the road, he would totter back to some Warren and Mary whom he had once helped and deserted

¹ From "The Death of the Hired Man" a much longer poem from *Complete Poems of Robert Frost* 1939 by Holt, Rinehardt and Winston Inc. Reprinted by permission of Holt, Rinehardt and Winston, Inc.

in haying time and who had been kind to him. With them his long and purposeless journey would end. Mary said,

“He wouldn’t let me put him on the lounge.
You must go in and see what you can do.
I made the bed up for him there to-night.
You’ll be surprised at him—how much he’s broken.
His working days are done; I’m sure of it.”

“I’d not be in a hurry to say that.”

“I haven’t been. Go, look, see for yourself.
But, Warren, please remember how it is:
He’s come to help you ditch the meadow.
He has a plan. You mustn’t laugh at him.
He may not speak of it, and then he may.
I’ll sit and see if that small sailing cloud
Will hit or miss the moon.”

It hit the moon.

Then there were three there, making a dim row.
The moon, the silver cloud, and she.
Warren returned—too soon, it seemed to her,
Slipped to her side, caught up her hand and waited
“Warren?” she questioned.

“Dead,” was all he answered.

What I brought to my understanding and appreciation of “The Death of the Hired Man” was a body of experience casually acquired. Unknowingly I got ready to appreciate it long before I read it. But getting ready to appreciate the great statuary known as the Laocoön group was for me an entirely different process. I met the statuary long before I was ready to enjoy and appraise it. I suspect I saw it first as a picture in a high school text in ancient history. My first meeting with it was, I am sure, pretty much an experience of the eye. I saw represented, apparently in marble, the naked forms of a man and two boys. They were in great trouble. Their bodies and limbs were enveloped in the folds of huge serpents. I doubt that I noticed that, though the mature muscles of the man were rigid and knotted with pain, his face still wore an expression of noble and stoical resignation. I am sure I was uncon-

scious of the design, the symmetry, the balance, and the spacing of the work as a whole.

Later, I met Vergil's *Aeneid*, and there I read the tragic story of Laocoön and his two sons. According to Vergil, Laocoön was a noble and courageous priest of Apollo, who warned the Trojans against the infamous wooden horse of the Greek invaders, and in so doing aroused the vengeful anger of the goddess Athena, who sent two sea serpents to destroy him and his boys. So intense was his final suffering that at its acme he screamed so loudly that the very shores resounded. After reading Vergil, I knew that the statuary was the sculptor's attempt to do some of the things in marble that the poet had done in verse.

Years later as a student of literary criticism, I read Lessing's *Laocoön*, and with that reading my appreciation of the statue really began. It was then that I first knew that every artist — poet, painter, sculptor — is greatly limited in the things he can do by the nature of the medium he uses, that the poet's means are "articulate sounds in time" and the painter's, "figures and colors in space." It was then that I sensed the special problems that confronted the artist of the Laocoön group. He couldn't represent in marble, as Vergil could in words, a sequence of happenings in the last hour or even in the last minute of the life of Laocoön. He could represent only a single moment of it. The moment chosen must be one the representation of which could stand long and repeated observation. It could not, therefore, be a moment of ugliness, for ugliness under long scrutiny leads only to disgust. And consequently it could not be the moment Vergil told about, the moment when Laocoön's endurance broke in a shriek of agony with which the seashore resounded, for a shrieking face, with its mouth agape, is an ugly face to contemplate. As it would have to be represented in marble, it would be a particularly ugly one, for in statuary nothing is uglier than a gaping hole.

But there was, says Lessing, another artistic consideration quite as important as that of beauty. The moment selected must be one

in a climactic series, but not the moment of culmination. For the moment of culmination, the moment of supreme intensity, may be only suggested. It must be left to the imagination for complete fulfillment. Portraying the suffering of Laocoön, the artist could suggest the shriek born of pain that was no longer endurable but he could not portray it. Anything after the cry of agony would be a crude anticlimax. And so we have in the statuary the stoically enduring face, the lips slightly parted, perhaps quivering but still soundless. Our imagination supplies the rest, and beauty is preserved for us.

So today when I see the Laocoön picture as frontispiece in the old history book, I bring more to it than I brought to it forty years ago. I bring Vergil and Lessing with me, as they have been enriched through the years with a thousand literary and artistic associations. As a result of it all, I feel today that I understand at least partially what the ancient sculptor had to say to me, that in a really vital way I can appreciate his work of art.

On the lower floor of the Maeser Building at Brigham Young University hangs a painting by Maynard Dixon, entitled "The Forgotten Man." It is in no way, I suppose, a great painting. The scene is a segment of a city street. The central figure is a man huddled on the curb with his feet in the gutter. Behind the man are the feet and legs of the passing pedestrians. All of the feet and legs are in full stride. There is no faltering or hesitating step to indicate that anyone is aware of the man in the gutter. Whenever I look at this painting, I am greatly moved, much more, perhaps, than I ought to be. It may be that the forgotten man in the gutter, and the hurrying feet on the sidewalk, mean more to me than the painter intended them to mean. It may be that in me legitimate emotions have surrendered to sentimentality.

For me the man in the gutter has become the representative or symbol of human need, of human distress. The feet hurrying by in unbroken strides have become the representatives or symbols of human indifference to human need or distress. I see in the man

in the gutter the prodigal son, who has squandered his substance, the sheep that has strayed and become lost, the woman who has been taken in adultery, the traveler on the way to Jericho who has been beaten and left bleeding by the side of the road. I see in the man in the gutter the millions in our world who need food and clothing and shelter, who need medical and dental care, who need better schools and better teachers. I see in him the millions who need the doctors of the soul, who need new and higher goals in life, and the driving power of a great faith. In the hurrying, the indifferent feet of the background I see the Levite, the professional man of religion, hurrying past the bleeding wayfarer on the road to Jericho to perform his rites and ceremonies in the temple of the Lord. I see in the hurrying feet all who believe that in the competitive struggle for power and position in the world everybody gets what he deserves, all who believe that the man in the gutter ought to be in the gutter. The hurrying feet remind me of him who said that it profits a man nothing to gain the whole world if in so doing he loses his soul. The man in the gutter reminds of him who saw in the prodigal son, the lost sheep, and the woman taken in adultery, something worth saving, something that must be saved.

As I have said, perhaps I bring to this painting too much, perhaps I bring more than the painter put into it. But the supposition does not trouble me. And I should like to say to you young men and women who would appreciate the arts, never be afraid to see in a work of art more than the artist intended, provided of course that what you add to it is something to which the best in you responds. I like to believe that the works of art that have survived the centuries have survived in part by virtue of something of enduring worth which the artists put into them, and in part by virtue of something which the creative powers of the race have added to them. I like to believe that the *Hamlet* which I try to teach today is a greater human experience than the *Hamlet* which Shakespeare wrote. The *Hamlet* of today should be Shakespeare's *Hamlet* en-

riched by the progressively ennobled thought and feeling of the last three hundred and fifty years.

I hesitate to extend my notion of appreciation into the field of music, because in that field I am particularly incompetent. Among my most intimate friends for a number of years have been a few of the state's most widely known musicians. But physical proximity to musicians has done little for my understanding of music. Indeed, I sometimes wonder if it hasn't added confusion to misunderstanding. When my musical friends talk together about music in my presence, they have a vocabulary of familiar words that seem to carry strange and elusive meanings. By a supreme effort of concentration I gather from their words that I should enjoy music in terms of organic unity, theme, thematic variation, balance, proportion, and evolution — the general characteristics of form in all the arts.

But I am unable to enjoy music in such terms. I take some comfort in the idea frequently expressed that the language of music is universal, that music the world over speaks directly to the human heart, unaided by special interpreters. I suppose that that idea needs some modification, but I like it as it is. It takes the edge off my sense of inadequacy.

But whatever my incompetence, I owe some of the most exalted hours of my life to music. More than twenty years ago I tried to describe how I was affected by a rendition of one of Tschaikevsky's symphonies. This is in part what I wrote: "It was to me an hour of varied and almost overwhelming emotions. For an hour I felt or thought I felt in my own heart the very heart beats of a great and oppressed people. I say felt, for certainly it is through the emotions that music speaks. So that afternoon as the orchestra played the great Russian composition, I felt in it the simple joys of children, the exquisite tenderness of innocent love, the inarticulate and hopeless misery of unrewarded toil, the barbaric wildness of Titanic forces writhing in chains. But dominant in it all was the deep despairing melancholy of stark tragedy. . . .

Through the medium of music, I felt a tragedy that enveloped an entire people. I felt the pathetic disparity between the capacity of a people for beauty of life and their achievements, the tragic difference between what a people in their heart of hearts want their lives to be and what in reality their lives really are. And after making allowance for the evil that men bring upon themselves, and for the sufferings that spring from man's inhumanity to man, I could still almost believe that somewhere in the warp and woof of the universe there is a sinister, vindictive Something inexorably opposed to human welfare. Verily

As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.

No one has ever told me that I found more of tragedy in the music of Tschai-kovsky than he put into it. Some may have wondered why anyone so illiterate in music as I should have found anything in it. But I have never wondered. I brought to Tschai-kovsky something that his great compeers in the field of literature had given me. Dostoevski, Turgenev, and Tolstoy felt the tragedy of Russia, and through their novels had made me feel it. I brought them with me to Tschai-kovsky, and through them I found meaning and value in him.

One last illustration and I am through. Sometime in my high school days I met the poem which begins,

When I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide.

I am sure that most of you have read it. I suppose that I knew when I first read the poem that it was a sonnet in which Milton lamented his blindness. A zealous English teacher told me, I suppose, that the fourteen lines of the sonnet were grouped after the Petrarchian manner into an octave and a sestet, and that the eight lines rimed *abba, abba*, and the six, *cde, cde*.

But I am sure that in that far off time I didn't appreciate Milton's sonnet on his blindness. Today I am sure I do. And I do,

because now for more than twenty years I have been living with Milton as a teacher of his life and of his works. Today the words of the sonnet are for me charged with a meaning and an emotion that are sometimes almost overpowering. They are at once a passionate protest against, and a humble acceptance of, a personal calamity, which seemed at first to make ruins of all the ambitions and labors of a lifetime. When I read the words now, I bring to them a series of vivid images. First, the image of a boy not yet in his teens, but already filled with an insatiable love of learning. Then the image of a youth at St. Paul's School, at Cambridge and at Horton still pursuing knowledge, but now strengthening his poetic wings for a great flight, now dreaming of an immortality of fame, now hoping to be an oracle of the divine will and purpose. And then I see a mature man throwing himself into the Puritan Revolution, inspired by a great vision of an England purified and prepared for the long awaited coming of the Savior of the World, whose coming he might celebrate in immortal verse. And then I see him in the day of his calamity, totally blind, amid the ruins of his great dreams and ambitions, haunted by the thought that he had become the slothful servant of the parable to whom one talent was given, and who had wickedly failed to make even the one talent fruitful. And then I see him trying to reconcile himself to a life of relative inertia, trying to find comfort in the thought that in the service of God there are many kinds of duties calling for many kinds of servants. In the lowliest of tasks there might be something which he could still be able to do. But later I see him reasserting himself, reviving his determination, restoring the dreams and goals of his life, and pushing irresistibly on toward their glorious realizations.

When I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker and present
My true account, lest he returning chide,

“Doth God exact day-labor, light denied,”
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, “God doth not need
Either man’s work or His own gifts: Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve Him best. His state
Is Kingly: Thousands at His bidding speed
And post o’er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.”

My fellow students and friends, I like to think of education as the process by which men and women come to know and appreciate and practice the best that has been known and thought and felt in the world. The educated person is one who participates vitally in the accumulated mental and spiritual values of the world. In the arts, perhaps better than in anything else, these values are preserved in a doubly refined essence. To appreciate the arts fully is, indeed, to live abundantly in the realm of the mind and spirit; it is to live most humanely. Push on in your quest of appreciation. I assure you no other quest in the end is quite so rewarding. What you will get from the quest will be limited only by what you bring and give to it. If you find much in your world of art, it will be because you have brought much to it that you already possessed.

*Artists and Prisoners**

IN HIS POETIC PRACTICE Wordsworth sometimes found his impulse to compose not so much in the immediate stimulation of the senses as in his later meditation thereon. He wrote "Daffodils" not by the lake while the flowers fluttered and danced in the breeze but later when images and memories of them caught him on his couch in a moment of vacant and pensive mood. It was then that they flashed upon that inward eye and danced themselves into a bit of immortal verse. What I am about to say resembles "Daffodils" only as it began in an experience of the eye and has since matured in something like meditation. Or should I say, free thinking?

A little less than a year ago Ruth and I stood in what is called the Gallery of the Academy of Fine Arts in Florence. Ours was an early morning visit made memorable in part by the quiet that prevailed and the opportunity we had for unprescribed impressions. The phalanxes of competitive tourists, with their guide-books, notebooks, and cameras, had not yet invaded the sanctuary. No raucous, multilingual voices were directing the cultural traffic and syndicating mental and emotional responses. At the foot of the Gallery the rather forbidding "Prisoner" of Michelangelo stood quite unobserved. In the "Tribune" his "David" stood magnificently alone. From that morning to this the "Prisoner" and the "David" have remained near us. They have been, if you can stand a palpable incongruity, daffodils recurrently flashing on our inward eyes. They have been an ever returning subject for what I like to believe has been profitable rumination.

It is not my intention this morning to talk about them as works of art. It is not as works of art that they have entered the fabric of our minds. They have become representative of something beyond what they are. At one time we see them as an allegory of the processes of all art; at another, as symbols of a crea-

* Talk to summer school students, Brigham Young University, July 31, 1956.

tive activity as universal as life itself. Again we see them as a luminous center around which systems of thought and feeling form mosaics, and find meanings.

The "Prisoner," I say, is an unattractive marble. To the casual glance it seems but a crude stone as yet quite untouched by the sculptor's chisel. Even observing eyes have regarded it as an unfinished work, perhaps part of a memorial project left as it is by the unexpected death of the artist. But there is a critical point of view from which the "Prisoner" stands superbly and most movingly finished and complete. If one studies the few places where the sculptor has obviously been at work, and if one interprets what he sees as a process, as something happening, he discovers in one place a face emerging from the ragged marble, a face in an agony of physical and spiritual effort. Near it he discerns a tortured shoulder breaking through, a shoulder straining to disengage an arm from its marble imprisonment. And that is about all one sees with the eye in the "Prisoner."

But how much more one can see with the imagination! Standing by the "Prisoner" and catching a glimpse of its meaning, one can easily imagine the voice of Michelangelo saying to him: "What you see here is a kind of metaphor or allegory of my life's work as a sculptor. As it was with pagan dreamers, so has it been with me. The Greek filled the world about him with forms and beings unknown to his senses. He assigned to every tree a dryad or a hamadryad, and to every brook and lake a water nymph or a mermaid. Everywhere he felt the presence of indwelling spirit. My own world has always had much of marble in it, but it has always been marble alive with forms. All about me have stood stones crude and untouched. But in each of them I have always seen a radiant being — *imprisoned*. It was a "Pieta," or a "Moses," or a "David." And always it seemed to me that the form or being was struggling to escape from its imprisonment. And always it was imploring me to help it. And always I felt bound to do so, for

the form, the being, in the marble, was my own dream and only I could emancipate it, give it fulfillment. That is the primary meaning of the "Prisoner." It is a symbol of all the beautiful things I have seen imprisoned in marble. It represents them calling to me for release and realization.

"The 'Prisoner' could have secondary meanings [Michelangelo still speaking]. It could allegorize the creative work of all artists in all the arts. For all artists are seers. All are inspired and divinely troubled by forms of beauty dwelling unreleased and incapable of release except through the media of their art. Indeed, my Prisoner, writhing there in dark and purposeless stone, could have symbolic meaning beyond the arts. It could represent a creative discontent everywhere in the soul of the world, a dynamic striving, by which all the things and persons and peoples in the world are unconsciously trying to be born again — though at times seeming to resist rebirth — unconsciously reaching outward and upward for something they want to be, yet often clinging blindly to that which they already are."

It is doubtful, of course, that Michelangelo, in the flesh or in the spirit, would have made so long or so bad a speech. But that he did commune with Ruth and me that morning in the Gallery through his "Prisoner" and his "David" we could hardly doubt. I have said that the "David" stood magnificently alone. Had the place been thronged with tourists basking in sweetness and light and clamoring for mementos, the "David" would still have stood magnificently and proudly alone. As we moved about it, sat and looked at it, now from this angle, now from that, it seemed incredible that this luminous being, this form, perfect from every aspect and in every detail, was once too a prisoner, held in the cold, dark embrace of undifferentiated marble. It seemed even more wonderful that in its escape from stone it had acquired mind, personality — soul. For the "David" is body and soul in complete harmony and in perfect repose. It is body suffused with

intelligence, body responsive to the call and direction of mind. It is marble become David, the son of Jesse, armed with sling and stone, sustained by a sense of the nearness of the God of Israel, contemplating the vast, advancing form of Goliath the Gath with calmness and confidence born of a consciousness of physical and spiritual powers in reserve sufficient for any menacing destiny that might confront him. Such is the creative miracle of Michelangelo's art.

Since last year's encounter with the "Prisoner" and the "David" in the Gallery at Florence, I have been rereading some of my old authors, but reading them this time with a difference, with, I hope, a deeper insight and appreciation. Even Plato has changed. Yesterday the Plato of the Ideas, the Forms, the Essences, was just a philosopher in search of ultimate reality. Today he is more than that. He is also an artist in search of a beauty commensurate with the demands of his creative imagination. Michelangelo saw in every stone roughhewn from the quarry a form of beauty unparalleled in the things of nature. As an artist, he had found his life a long imperative, a relentless call to release forms of beauty from their bondage in nature, to create, as it were, a new nature, one more beautiful in its various embodiments than the old could ever be. Though Plato's experience was different from Michelangelo's, Plato was no less a creative artist. He saw in all things, not an indwelling perfection awaiting release, but rather an inherent and incurable imperfection, an imperfection that forever disqualifies objects of sense as ultimate reality. And all things for Plato were the fools of time. In them were the seeds of change and chance and death. But imperfection implied perfection. The transitory argued the eternal. To satisfy Plato's need for transcendent and eternal beauty, there must exist somewhere, perhaps in heaven, archetypes of all the things and values of earth, without however the encumbrances of imperfection and mutability.

Hence, the perfect and eternal Forms, Ideas, and Essences of Plato's thought, beings which ordinary mortals do not see, or see only as through a glass darkly, for

Life like a dome of many colored glass
Stains the white radiance of eternity.

But to ever upward looking eyes these forms of transcendent truth and beauty are accessible not only as objects of beatific vision but also as creative influences affecting man's total life. Through long meditation on forms and beings beautiful and eternal, men may commune with them and become beautiful and eternal like them in body and in soul. As Milton puts it,

Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence
Till all be made immortal.

With thoughts of the "Prisoner" and the "David" brightening the pages I recently reread the essay "Artists and Saints" by Étienne Gilson. The essay is obscurely placed and, I fancy, little known. The author however is widely accepted as a sensitive, brilliant, and profound student of medieval life and thought. Gilson tells us that artists and saints have much in common. Both live alienated lives. Both live dedicated lives. They live alienated from the world of the materialist and the Philistine, the world in which men, in getting and spending, lay waste their powers. Artists and saints are both dedicated to an unseen world, a world of immanence. For the artist it is the immanence of beauty. For the saint it is the immanence of God. To the materialist, the Philistine, each thing in the world is only what it seems to be. It is a thing and nothing else. Its value is its value in the commercial market or the stock exchange. But to the artist the thing is but a veil hiding a beauty immanent in it. The artist is a seer. His vision penetrates the material veil, and his art removes it. It turns

each object into the thing of beauty which "it is clumsily trying to be." The beauty immanent or resident everywhere in the material world is an incarcerated beauty. Like the "Prisoner" of Michelangelo, it awaits the freedom-giving hand of the artist — the sculptor, the painter, the poet, the composer. To quote Gilson, "the function of the artist is to actualize the virtual beauty of the world."

The saint is also a seer. He sees in everything something else. "Everything in the world has been put there to call our attention to the hidden reality which it signifies." And that hidden reality which all things signify is God. As Pascal says, "All things hide some mystery; all things are as many veils which hide God." And so it was to the vision of Bonaventure. He saw, as he says, "the Blessed Trinity in the humblist of creatures." And so it was also with Jesus, the greatest of seers. Seeing human waste Jesus saw human worth. Looking at sinners he saw saints. Thus it is that saints become artists. The creative function of men of God is not to formulate creeds and debate them. Rather it is to make actual in human personalities the divine goodness and beauty that are already immanently there. It is the work of the artist-saint to transform men, even ordinary men, into God-like men.

But it is perhaps in the deeply probing thought of Paul Tillich that the allegory of Michelangelo's "Prisoner" finds best its widest application. In his *Love, Power, and Justice*, Tillich senses a cosmic unrest. Whatever is is in travail, in the labor of a rebirth. Whatever is is struggling to free itself from what it is, struggling to become something else, something else which potentially it already is. This is true of things and persons and peoples and institutions and economic systems and forms of government. Everything that has form is real, and everything real "drives beyond itself. . . . It is not satisfied with the form in which it finds itself. . . . Metaphorically speaking, one could say that the molecule wants to become a crystal, the crystal a cell, the cell a center

of cells, the plant animal, the animal man, the man god, the weak strong, the isolated participating, the imperfect perfect, and so on.”¹

In this completely dynamic world of Tillich's conception there can be no eternal verities except the verity of eternal change. There can be no wisdom of the ages entirely adequate as guidance in the present, for the present is always progressively different from the past. But in this world of inexorable change, in this drive of everything to transcend itself, there is danger. Every "Prisoner" struggling to fulfill itself, may not become a "David." Indeed, a "Prisoner" may become something worse than a "Prisoner." Tillich is aware of the hazards of growth. "In transcending itself," he says, "a being may fulfill and it may destroy itself. One could call this a risk of creativity." "Symbolically," he goes on, "one could say that even God, in creating, took the risk upon Himself that creation would turn into destruction."

Then follow three sentences of profound and challenging social and historical insight. They point the thesis that the alternative to change in systems and institutions is inevitably injustice, an injustice, which in the end operates to overthrow the unchanging forms that cause it. To quote him: "It is the risk of self-transcendence which keeps life in the bondage of tested institutions. But the price paid for safety in the old form [i.e. in the form of tested institutions] is paid in terms of injustice. And injustice in terms of the inadequacy of the form [i.e. the tested form] ultimately undermines safety, so that the price was paid in vain." *Ultimately all things must change or perish.*

If we are at all alive in our present world, we know what Tillich is talking about. Tested institutions, economic systems, forms of government, religious creeds, fearful of the dangers of growth and change, tend to congeal and become rigid. They reject the conception of a dynamic world. They repudiate the law of life,

¹ This and the excerpts that follow are from *Love, Power, Justice*. Used with the permission of Oxford University Press, publishers.

which is the law of change. They refuse to be responsive to the needs and demands of ongoing life. If there must be conformity, life must conform to them. If life is to live it must live with death. Michelangelo must accept the unreleased prisoner as God's intention, the encompassing, unyielding marble, as His wise and eternal provision. From the point of view of a living God in an emerging world, this is, of course, the ultimate heresy.

But who in this dynamic growing world of Tillich is the Michelangelo, the supreme artist, of our analogy? Analogies are never perfect, and mine, if I press it, promises to become more and more embarrassing. But I am confident that, in the deeply religious mind of Tillich, God is the supreme artist, the supreme liberator, accomplishing his creative purposes among men through cooperation with the creative minds of men; that the laws of growth operative in all things are the laws of the divine art by which all things are gradually being fashioned and refashioned in the direction of a perfect harmony and oneness with Him.

This talk has reached the place where tired and depressed listeners usually expect specific applications and particular exhortations, or, if not that, a solemn statement and exposition of the "greatest need in the world." I shall attempt none of them. Application is always dangerous. Exhortation is always futile. And the greatest need in the world always turns out to be something less impressive than the classic mouse emerging from the birthpangs of the mountain.

But, in closing, I should like the privilege of a wish, a wish based on an assumption — on an *if*. If the artist-mind is, as I have tried to present it, a creative mind; if it is indeed a mind that sees in what is something else that could be, something better, truer, and more beautiful; if it is a mind dedicated to the actualization of what it sees into human experience; if it is a mind possessing the courage which dedication demands, — then I wish we had artist-statesmen in government, artist-leaders in business and in-

dustry, artist-educators in the schools, artist-prophets in the churches, and artist-souls in all of us.

Then perhaps there would be more Davids and fewer Prisoners in the world. Then perhaps there would be less need for Archibald MacLeish to remind our America that leadership in a rapidly changing political and economic world is not likely to go to a nation that refuses to change, that would resist a dwarfing evil abroad by stoutly refusing to grow up at home; that would "surround the future with arms and try to dominate a racing world by standing still." Then too we should listen with less concern to Erich Fromm's account of a materialism that is becoming a master robot which robotizes not only the labors of hands but also the movements of thoughts and the pressures of emotions. Then perhaps schoolmen would talk not so much about student-adjustment to the demands of a static, mechanical society as about society-adjustment to the enduring and the changing needs of human beings. Education would then find its "ideals and objectives" not so much in the dicta of founding fathers as in the dictates of a continuing, enriching, and changing human experience. Then perhaps the primary purpose of religious organizations would be not so much the validation of ancient and modern testimonies and creeds as the encouragement everywhere of a growing sense of the brotherhood of men through God as a creative reality present wherever men strive to rise above themselves. Then perhaps the better selves of all of us would become our permanent selves, going on, under the impulse of a divine discontent, from one self-transcendence to another. With evidence of such growth in this life, the conception of eternal life would begin to have meaning and value.

The Good Faculty Member *

IF I KEEP THE COMMANDMENTS, I must say something about the faculty member — “the good faculty member,” to be exact. I suspect that the assignment anticipated a discussion of the professional attainments and the public and social attitudes that make the men and women who teach school desirable citizens in the college or university community. That is, the subject called for a definition of a mind, the portrait of a spirit. If that is the intent of the subject, why should I look out of the window? You in the room supply the definition, the portrait. All the facts as well as the amenities seem to assert that you and I are good faculty members, indeed, the best of faculty members.

If the primary function of the college or university is to preserve, augment, and communicate knowledge, and if the “goodness” of faculty members can be measured in terms of this function, then surely no one would say that we here do not present a brimming cup. Have we not looked well to our mental preparation? Have we not made our heads the depositories of the best that is known and thought in the world? We have evidence in undying parchment that we have met successfully the time honored requirements of the most thoroughly entrenched cults of learning in the most highly respected and best endowed universities of the old and new worlds. Certainly we have been carefully disciplined in all the methods and techniques for discovering new knowledge. And are we not periodically making solid contributions to that new knowledge? Have we not penetrated iron curtains to study and report the incidence of dysentery in the whales of alien waters? Have we not written brilliantly on the rise and fall of Criseyde’s eyebrows, in a scintillating study of competitive pulchritude in the Middle Ages? And do we not report our findings with chaste exactitude, meticulously excluding every trace of emotion and

* Address at Utah Conference on Higher Education, September 9, 1949, at Utah State University.

imagination, and carefully qualifying into utter impotence every really vital conclusion? And do we not consign our researches to scholars, dust, and termites, becomingly garnished with acknowledgments, footnotes, and annotated bibliographies? When Sabbaticals come to us, do we not add to our academic insignia by pursuing dysentery into other waters, and by further anatomizing the charms of the lovely Criseyde?

And no one can doubt, I think, that we are as successful in communicating knowledge as we are in preserving and augmenting it. Our students soon talk like scholars. The listening rogues quickly catch the manner of it. All of them who are "fit" for the intellectual life pass our examinations and carry away excellent notebooks. Our classroom manners are faultless. We lecture fluently, wittily, and sometimes cogently. The rare interims of lapsed intelligence we fill adroitly with sonorous polysyllabics always effectively suggestive of limitless reserves of learning, the tapping of which must await a more propitious hour. The educational upshot is that the girls say they adore us — they lie, of course — and the fellows say that we "sure know our stuff," our "onions" — they are too easily persuaded.

In all that we say and do in our classes we anticipate and forestall painful or embarrassing community repercussions. At no time are we oblivious to the sensibilities of business and industry, or to the prerogatives and convictions of those who safeguard the eternal verities. By flawless maneuvering we avoid all controversy, all subjects which are known to engage powerfully and variously the emotions of men. We subscribe without protest to the idea that the areas of human interest in which men remain most superstitious, most prejudiced, most partisan, most dogmatic, and most selfish, the areas regarding which men and peoples hate most violently and fight most savagely, are in some mysterious way too unsafe or too sacred to be subjected to the ruthless scrutiny of a thoroughly enlightened reason. Faculty meddling with any of the incendiary problems of human relations must not be permitted to

jeopardize the normal revenues of the institution, or stymie possible research foundations for the further study of the whale or of Criseyde's eyebrows.

Regarding the administration of the institution our attitude is essentially one of loyal acquiescence in whatever happens. While we believe that American schools must always be the vocal and persistent champions of democratic theory, we see no good reason why they should change their benevolently autocratic practices. Though Deans and Presidents come and go in ways that are to us inscrutable, and though we are sometimes astounded that our own superb administrative talents should be continuously overlooked, we always feel to say, "The Board giveth and the Board taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Board."

In our social and public relations, on and off the campus, we are equally cautious and expedient. That is, we are equally good faculty members. We are all vitally active. Dinner clubs and literary societies constantly date us. The men think us hale fellows well met, and the women think us simply wonderful. The ones, we flatter; the others, we titillate. We know and respect the conventions. We say and do the right things. We dance and play cards well — reasonably well. We talk easily, and wear our ever tightening tuxedos with a becoming difference. We have stories for all turns in the conversation, mostly of a fine old vintage, with nuances of light and shade to please the most varied and fastidious tastes.

We love athletics passionately, and feel deeply that it is the divine intention that our teams should always win. With freshman and sophomore, we boo lustily any referee or official who is obviously not in harmony with the supernal purpose. Except for a little golf, we take our sports vicariously. We never miss a home game, and would gladly junket with our teams abroad were it not that extra space on planes and Pullmans is always filled with itinerant Deans and Presidents. But in the somewhat mad competition for athletic supremacy, we never entirely lose sight of rela-

tive values. We always deplore deeply the immoderation and corruption existing on other campuses.

But enough of this. Perhaps too much of this. I fear that some of you are grieved that I should treat with so much seeming levity so serious and provocative a subject. In defense I can only say that as I grow old in the profession of teaching I find it increasingly difficult to take us and our education seriously. I cannot help seeing us and our aims and performances against a background of present world conditions.

Perhaps never before has the kind of knowledge we possess, the kind we are trying diligently to augment and communicate, been so nearly a universal possession. Measured by the standards we represent, the world was never before so well educated. Yet never before perhaps was it in greater trouble. Never before was what we call civilization tottering so dangerously on the brink of complete disintegration. Never before perhaps has the divine in man been more completely eclipsed, the bestial more shockingly revealed. When one grasps the extent of the material waste and destruction of our two world wars, when one thinks of the millions who died of violence or of disease and starvation, and of the millions that survived who are permanently maimed in minds and bodies, and when one contemplates the apparent futility of it all, perceives our world poised for another plunge into what promises to be an even more brutal and destructive and futile struggle, somehow our scholarship, our researches, our teaching, seem ludicrously trivial.

If colleges and universities exist to promote the general human welfare throughout the world; if their primary concern is the creation of a society in which life can be made peaceful, enlightened, beautiful, sacred, then how wretchedly, how tragically, we have failed, and how clear it is that our schools need men and women made of sterner and nobler stuff.

What that stuff is I do not know. Perhaps it is a greater faith in truth, a greater faith in the nature of man and his universe. Per-

haps what our faculties need most is men and women who really believe that it is indeed within the power of men and women through the persistent cultivation of their minds and feelings to find that truth and to make it fruitful in a universal human welfare—men and women who really believe that it is the primary and binding obligation of the college and university to be the center, the dynamic, the guiding force of that great quest and that great effort.

Perhaps what we need most in our colleges and universities is men and women of greater moral courage than we possess, men and women to whom integrity is not a luxury relinquishable to expediency but an unshakable imperative; men and women who dare, if necessary, to wipe clean the slate of all previous attempts of the human mind and spirit to solve the human problem; men and women who dare to doubt all things, not because doubt is in itself a good thing, a desirable end, but because doubt is an indispensable beginning, if human society is to be liberated from the evils that have their roots in beliefs and dogmas blindly accepted. Perhaps we need in our schools men and women who, as a working principle, question humbly but firmly every absolute, every eternal verity, on the ground that every such absolute, every such verity, is of necessity a door closed in the face of human inquiry, a door behind which the superstitions, and fanaticisms that infest and plague the world may find sanctuary. Perhaps we need men and women who dare to believe that we shall never have a really good human society until all the governing ideas and ideals dominating it have found approval in the clear light of universal human reason.

Perhaps we need in our schools men and women who have the understanding and imagination to see that the triumph of reason in the world will not come about by conversions here and surrenders there, or anywhere by cataclysms divinely ordered. What we need perhaps is men and women who are inspired in their teaching by a vision of a world in which, through education every-

where, human beings of various and conflicting beliefs, systems, and ideologies come to a common belief in the saving power of reason and knowledge, a vision in which they see Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Gentile, Russian and American, black man and white man, starting from positions far apart, but, guided by their common belief in knowledge and reason, moving slowly but surely along converging lines toward an ultimate unity and a common welfare.

I say "perhaps" because I do not pretend to know. What I know is that the centuries roll wearily by, peopled by human beings devoted to old convictions and old loyalties, centuries filled with old prejudices, old hatreds, old brutalities, and with the old tragedies born of all of them. It would seem that the time must eventually come when the old order of things will be effectively challenged, and a new order effectively proposed. And it would seem to me that the challenge of the old and proposal of the new might well come from the faculties of our colleges and universities, from the men and women whose lives are supposed to be dedicated to the preservation, the enlargement, and the spread of truth.

*Faculty Personnel: Picking 'em **

I AM A DISCUSSANT. It says so on the program. Now, as I understand decorum, a discussant is to the principal speaker what a bit of parsley is to a sumptuous beefsteak: he adds a kind of marginal allurements without suggesting that he is himself to be taken seriously. While I claim no importance as a marginal garnishment, I am confident that no one here will take me seriously. I shall see that he doesn't.

I am too old in the teaching profession to look for subtleties or profundities in the matter of selecting new faculty personnel. When faculty members come and go in ways incomprehensible to me, I find it soothing to murmur "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord." Such piety is compatible with my gray hair, and not out of harmony with the attitude that should perhaps prevail in the kind of institution I represent.

I can understand, however, a cynical alter ego of mine who says that selecting personnel is simply a matter of adapting institutional means to institutional ends. For example, there is, he says, in every college or university an outer or peripheral faculty, the function of which is to meet the public, fill reception lines, and to occupy full pages in the student Year Book. If reinforcements are needed there, the thing to do is cast a net for people who are prepossessing in appearance and manner, people who move easily and graciously in the school environment, stepping on no influential toes, challenging no well-established prejudices, and stimulating no fatiguing or disquieting thought. My cynic friend suggests that this peripheral faculty might properly be called the "popular front," or the "brazen curtain." It is, of course, behind the brazen curtain that the really objectionable members of the faculty lurk. There, says the cynic, one finds the wizened, purblind, impover-

* Remarks at the meeting of the Utah Conference on Higher Education, September 15, 1953.

ished creatures who carry on precariously the work of finding, diluting, equivocating, and disseminating the truth. The lurkers fall into two classes: the researchers and the teachers. When proud and prominent alumni, or endowment-minded patrons report to the popular front that the researchers and teachers are not doing too well in intercollegiate competition, personnel anglers should bait their hooks for men and women with a national reputation for uncovering hidden treasure and titillating student minds.

The cynic goes on to say — I dislike cynics and really have little traffic with them — the cynic goes on to say that a worthwhile combination of teacher and researcher is hard to find. The researcher, with his nose to an alluring but elusive scent, generally regards the call to the classroom as an irritating distraction — that, or a fortunate respite in which he may air his research enthusiasm, an enthusiasm which normal students can hardly be expected to share. Faculty recruiting officers should know that a brilliant researcher can be for many wholesomely inert minds either a crotchety pedant, or a very long sleep.

They should know also that the master teacher can be very unhappy in a school that reserves its choicest promotions and compensations for the so-called productive scholar. He, poor devil, must occasionally neglect his beloved classroom, shamelessly seek a research conception, accept and provide for a prolonged maturation and finally join in labor the learned mountains that periodically give birth to mice. Poor little mice, they usually are, doomed to early death by suffocation in forewords and afterwords, footnotes and annotated bibliographies — all in bad English.

Thus it is with the cynic. And so it is with the misanthrope. As I grow older, I occasionally find the misanthrope good company. He seems a salutary restraint on the confidence and exuberance of extended adolescence. As a text for an essay on the greatest need today in college and university personnel the misanthrope has offered me three sentences from the writings of Albert Sch-

weitzer, the great prophet of the African wilderness. "Renunciation of thinking, says Schweitzer, "is an admission of spiritual bankruptcy. When men cease to believe that they can find truth through the processes of their own thinking, skepticism begins. Those who are trying in this fashion to make our age skeptical are doing it in the expectation that, by renouncing all hope of arriving at truth by themselves, men will end by accepting as truth that which is forced upon them by authority and propaganda." My misanthrope asserts that only the blindest of optimists fail to see about us a studied attempt by powerful forces in church and state to discourage the inquiring intellect and to belittle the established learning of men. And all of this, he says, is a sinister preparation for an authoritarian domination of institutions engaged in education. The spokesmen of these forces would not, perhaps, burn the books, but they would distort or discredit the truth. They would give currency only to those points of view in history, or economics, or political science, or philosophy which seem to justify what it pleases them to believe. They would, if permitted, decide what should and what should not be taught in our colleges and universities. They would restore the unthinking credulity of the Middle Ages.

So my misanthropic friend would say to those who recruit men and women for the academic life: Find for positions in our colleges and universities only those who regard the college and university as a temple sacred to thought, a place where the mind is free to rove, where it may play unafraid on all things of human interest; find men and women who have a sublime faith in the capacity of the human spirit to find the truth, to love the truth, and to make it prevail; and, above all, find men and women with a courage commensurate with their faith. For people with a great faith in men must these days be willing to live dangerously.

*Mr. Faculty: John C. Swensen **

IT IS VERY PLEASING to me to be invited to take part on this program. I feel that I have been given a special privilege. For I am, you know, something of an outsider. It was not my good luck to sit as a student at the feet of Professor Swensen, though, as an admiring colleague of his, I have been at his feet now for many years.

I met Professor Swensen in a really memorable way twenty years ago this summer. It was at a time when I was being oriented in the peculiarities of the men and women with whom for a number of years I was likely to be associated. The place was the Alpine summer school. More specifically, it was an evening bonfire circle near the Swensen cabin. Classes were to begin the following morning. Most of the teachers were already on the ground. Among those still absent was a distinguished brother, who was to bring to his Alpine neophytes what Professor Swensen called an "apostolic version of the gospel" — an interesting suggestion to a newcomer like me that there might exist in the shadow of Timpanogos traces of various versions of the gospel, some of which might be more suitable than others to that higher altitude.

I recall that Professor Swensen "wondered" that evening as he looked into the fire, his ruddy face ruddier still in the glow of it. He wondered what ammunition the visiting brother would bring with him. Would his gun be loaded with "buckshot — or with moth balls"? We all laughed, though I for one couldn't quite understand the limitation placed on the apostolic arsenal.

I said that Professor Swensen "wondered." I should have said that he "wond'ed." Because Professor Swensen did his wondering without benefit of medial r's. I remember murmuring "Hava'd ya'd" and wondering, on my own account, if sometime in his student peregrinations he had pitched his tent in the "Yard" and drunk from its Lethean fountain, a fountain that has made so

* Remarks at a luncheon honoring Professor Swensen on May 28, 1948.

many westerners forget what linguistically the Lord really intended them to be. Or had he met a Chaucerian Friar in Pleasant Grove, who

Lipsed somewhat for his wantownesse
To make his English sweete upon his tonge?

In the days that immediately followed this Alpine meeting, I sometimes found Professor Swensen a very enigmatic person. He always seemed on the verge of giving me a chance to say something, but he never did. Professor Herald Clark had told me that I would find him a master of conversation, just as Professor Swensen was to tell me later that I would find Professor Clark a master of conversation. This element in their mutual admiration was one riddle which my own experience with them has never yet solved. I have often wondered what happens when these two masters of conversation meet alone without the moderating influence of an innocent by-stander. What takes place could not, I suspect, be called a conversation except by the wildest metaphor or by the most wilful collusion.

Professor Swensen would sometimes greet me as if meeting me were an event of cosmic importance. I was the only man who could answer questions about which he and the universe were sorely troubled. With twinkling eyes, he would then discharge at me a fusillade of queries: Was I sure that the Lord was in His heaven, and that all was reasonably right with the world? Did I ever suspect that there might be some slight discrepancy between the will of the Almighty and the utterances of some of His more vocal representatives here on earth? Was I ever in doubt as to which was the Lord's throne, and which his footstool?

For a thrilling moment I would imagine that I was at the beginning of a world-shaking conversation with Professor Swensen, that I was about to sit with him on Olympus, or Sinai, to help him judge the kingdoms of the world. I would quickly marshal all my wit and wisdom for mighty emprise. And then Professor

Swensen would disappear, completely vanish! Pressure of time would always snatch him away from me, away, I suppose, to a fresh encounter with Herald Clark in competitive conversation, or simultaneous monologue. It finally dawned upon me that, while Professor Swensen's questions were never rhetorical, they were never intended to be answered — at least by me. Professor Swensen fashioned them only as cuds for my private rumination.

But the passing years have brought to me a deeper understanding of Professor Swensen, and with it a ripened respect and affection for him. I think of him today as our elder statesman, a man of insight, of wisdom, of inspiration. In all of his thought and study he has been guided and sustained, I believe, by a great faith that the truth is essentially good and that in the end it will prevail. He has, therefore, been willing, as few of us are, to look at reality with wide-open eyes. He has "loved no darkness, sophisticated no truth, nursed no delusion."

He has consistently refused to take his difficult world too seriously. In the presence of its hopeless incongruities he has adopted, not the tragic qualm, but rather the comic shrug. Better to laugh at a bad world than weep over it. I suspect though that his merriment sometimes has to struggle with his tears. For he is Hamlet as well as Gratiano. Behind the gay and sometimes ironic front with which he meets the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune there beats a heart that feels deeply and understandingly, a heart that may sometimes bleed.

If ancient toasts had not long ago succumbed to jokes of questionable vintage, I should today propose, with Timpanogos water, a toast to John C. Swensen, our sage, our oracle, our best of men. May he remain long with us. And, if in the course of the next fifty years, he should decide to leave us, I hope he will take me with him. Otherwise, like Bardolph deprived of Falstaff, I shall forever wish I were with him "wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell," confident that nowhere else will the ideas be so refreshing, the wit so sparkling, the company so good.

*On Student Notes and Notebooks**

I AM VERY MUCH HURT that anyone should intimate that I could speak about notes and notebooks with anything but profound seriousness. Why, my very hope of immortality is inseparably joined with student notes and notebooks. In them, if anywhere, lie the enduring fruits of all my teaching labors. They are the repository of all the manna I have dropped. I almost said of all the pearls I have cast. In them, if any place, my manna and my pearls repose in their pristine purity unspoiled and untarnished by any contact with student minds.

The student notebook is hard to describe. It is not an entity. It is not an archetype. It does not appear in Plato's collection of Ideas, Ideals, and Essences. It escapes modern norms and generalizations. It is distinctly an amorphous product of individual initiative and private enterprise. It is a thingless thing, a unique specimen of which every student carries under his arm. So carried it furnishes evidence to hopeful parents and credulous teachers that the student intends to gather wisdom, an intention on which, however, no one expects him to act immediately or violently.

Student notebooks do permit of comparison. Some are worse than others. The French Joubert, as a student, must have carried excellent notebooks. He tells us that in the presence of a book to be read he always had an irrepressible desire to reduce the book, first, to a chapter, then, to a paragraph, and, finally, to a sentence. I suspect he frequently went beyond the sentence to an all comprehending word. Joubert had a passion for essences. He simply had to capture and hold the irreducible core of what his author had to say. That required intense and discriminating reading.

If you have learned to read that way, if you have caught and kept in your notes the doubly distilled essence of all you have read in your courses, you hardly need me to tell you to review your notes for the examinations — provided, of course, you have reason

* Forum Assembly, March 16, 1953.

to believe that the professor has not in the meantime forgotten his assignments.

But let me warn you against the assumption that, even in your best of notebooks, you have caught the essence of your professor. In the first place, it is doubtful that he has an essence. In the second place, it is certain that, if he has, he doesn't want it in your notebook. An essence is a distinct handicap in the teaching profession. It gives a dangerous unity to the teacher's personality. It leads to independence of thought and expression and to other forms of un-American activity. It makes his mind burn with a "gem-like flame." These days no school can tolerate minds that burn with gem-like flames. A very mild and well-diffused incandescence is all that the traffic in ideas will bear.

A good professor, therefore, rarely comes to a point. It isn't safe — and it isn't scholarly. When occasionally the professor seems to be saying something, he really isn't. He is merely setting up a target on which he immediately turns his battery of qualifications. When his salvo has been fired, and the smoke has cleared away, every alert student sees clearly that there never was anything there in the first place to shoot at, anything on which even McCarthy could hang a case.

So if in your class notes you credit the professor with clear-cut, unequivocal ideas, be wary. You have probably missed his subtle, learned qualifications, the very stuff out of which he will fashion a multiple choice examination, every part of which will in his mind require still further modification. If, however, you find your notes pointless, innocuous, miscellaneous, be happy. Face the examination with confidence. You have done all that could be expected of you.

If you must lean on the occult, I suggest that you clench your fists and mutter savagely the following incantation: Like begets like. As the professor, so the student. As the instruction, so the notes. As the notes, so the examination — I hope. As he has done unto me, even so, Heaven helping me, I will do unto him.

*Rise and Fall of the Athletic Ideal**

IN THE EARLIER PERIOD of intercollegiate sports in America, educators thought it necessary to justify them in terms of their educational values. The records of the N.C.A.A. show that about forty years ago a Harvard representative at the meetings of the N.C.A.A. argued eloquently that college sports in their essence were the physical expression of a spiritual loyalty, a loyalty to institution and to student body. To some of us here today who competed in athletics forty years ago, the value of competition certainly lay not so much in scores or ratings or in physical benefits as in the feeling that, through athletics, we were permitted to ally ourselves with the larger life of the campus and to represent that life in friendly competition with other men similarly devoted.

And it was easy in those days to believe that intercollegiate sports were expressive of and a formative influence in a larger life. They made for student body unity, and they taught fundamental lessons in democratic action. They brought together students with varied backgrounds and purposes in a common loyalty to common causes. In that way they seemed to prepare them for the cooperative loyalties of later life. They extended the spirit of common effort to the conference area. They encouraged the fraternization of student bodies, and stimulated wholesome rivalries in ideas, ideals, and practices.

Such beliefs were made relatively easy in those days by the fact that the young men who played the games were really "fellow students." They had come to the school of their choice, and they expected no special privileges. They were free and eligible to participate in every aspect of student life. They could be editors and valedictorians as well as tackles and second basemen. They expected and desired no compensation beyond the honor and pleasure of representing their school and their student associates.

* Keynote address at meetings of the Seventh District of National Collegiate Athletic Association at Denver University, Denver, Colorado, December 26, 1950.

The men responsible for the athletic programs on the campus were usually regular members of the faculty. They had educational perspective. Many things were to them more important than winning games. Their positions, and the security, happiness, and respectability of their wives and children in the college community were not contingent on the approval of the sporting public, or on the good will of that part of the alumni which somehow we always fail to educate.

Athletic conferences in those days were *faculty* conferences. They were dominated by men who represented the teaching forces of their institutions. They were pledged to keep athletics subordinate to the larger purposes of education and to preserve them as an activity of students, by students, and for students. Athletics were for them a special stewardship for which they periodically made a strict accounting to their fellow teachers.

No one here today needs to be told that time has brought changes. Few today would welcome the task of proving that athletics as now conducted can be justified in terms of educational value, or that they are still the physical expression of a spiritual loyalty, or that athletes, as we know them, are in a real sense "fellow students," or that they have come to our schools without persuasion or compensation, or that the men in charge of our athletic teams are men of educational perspective to whom winning teams are a matter of secondary importance, or that our conferences are still really controlled by representatives of faculties.

I fear it would be easier to show that athletes as we know them today are rarely "fellow students." By lengthening and intensifying the practice program and by ever widening the schedule of games within and without the conferences we have so monopolized and exploited the energies of the boys as to banish them quite completely from the larger life of the campus and to make it almost impossible for them to carry the normal academic load with any degree of distinction. Rarely, I fear, are they on our campuses through natural inclination or choice. We have practi-

cally forced them to sell themselves to the highest bidders, sometimes in the open market, more frequently, perhaps, in the black one. In the game they are no longer volunteer soldiers fighting out of love for institution and fellow students. Rather they are what the historian calls mercenaries, inspired frequently by no finer motives than a shrewd concern for additional compensation or a feeble sense of present contractual obligations. They are becoming not unlike a group of thoroughbreds, fed, groomed, and stabled apart, exhibited on weekends to ecstatic presidents, faculties, students, alumni, and the sporting public, and, of course, pointed ultimately toward national derbies and sweepstakes.

And this change in the status of the athlete on our campuses is perhaps the inevitable result of a change in administrative attitudes in educational institutions. There is, I fear, too much evidence that school authorities are not so much interested in athletics as a wholesome integral part of a local educative process as they are in athletics as an investment in state and national publicity, or as a bold venture in high finance. And this attitude is, of course, reflected in the administration of conference affairs. So-called faculty representatives are becoming less and less representative of faculties and more and more the automatic voices of athletic councils. Little by little they are surrendering their original powers to athletic directors, coaches, and commissioners. Little more than retainers of the special interests back home, they too frequently offer only a token resistance to tendencies which in their heads and hearts they deplore. In relinquishing their powers to directors and coaches, they appease their consciences with the thought that since these unfortunates have assumed the terrifying responsibility of athletic success, as success is now measured they should be given every sporting chance to save their lives and reputations as best they can. And such is the civilization of our temples of learning today that failure to produce winning teams usually means that the presidential axe, supplied and sharpened

by irresponsible sportswriters and half-educated alumni, will ultimately fall on their exposed and quivering necks.

If the conditions which I have sketched are evils, they are evils born of an inordinate desire for athletic supremacy, a desire that seems at times to have distorted the athletic and educational perspective of everyone on the campus from the janitor to the president, and, off the campus from the knot-hole urchin to the governor or state legislature. I see no remedy for these evils except in a return to athletic sanity on the upper levels. There must be a new attempt to appraise intercollegiate sports in terms of educational values. If they can be justified in such terms, then they must be conducted accordingly. To conduct them accordingly will demand that athletics throughout the nation minister to a general educational need and not to a particular institutional ambition. It will demand of presidents the educational statesmanship which asserts that an activity that is fundamentally desirable in college life everywhere must be maintained, not as a private monopoly, but as a common good.

In our present mood no good can come from a further removal of regulations governing methods of procuring and maintaining athletes. Remove the restraining influences of the N.C.A.A., while we are still unrepentant, and competitive anarchy will spread both within conferences and between or among them. For every new device for attracting and holding athletic power here, there will be a counter inducement there. Every agreement reached for the conduct of competitive buying in the open market will be nullified by subversive buying in the black market.

And it doesn't take a prophet to see what the final results will be. Intercollegiate athletics will eventually disappear from hundreds of American campuses. Some schools will adopt the Chicago way in order to save what is left of institutional self-respect. Many will be forced out of competition by economic necessity. Monopolies will be established by institutions possessing the greatest competitive advantages — and perhaps, the least compunction

of conscience. Their thoroughbreds will be the best in the world, their food the most sumptuous, their grooming the most deft and meticulous, their stabling the most luxurious that legislatures, alumni, and bowl games can buy.

No one has been a more devoted lover of sports than I have been. I am sorry that my life-long devotion to them and the experiences of nearly twenty-five years as a faculty representative have not enabled me to make a more glowing confession of faith in things as they are. Frankly I see no salvation for athletics in our area and in America as a whole except from a general repentance and a sincere turning away from sin. I fear we are quite incapable of either. To the social conscience there is no sin where there is no sense of sin. With us in athletics there is no sense of sin. We are getting what most of us want. We are adjusted morally to an era of big teams—bought and paid for—big games and big gates, big marching bands—and big “boos.” Better than anything else perhaps, the big “boo” symbolizes the deterioration of intercollegiate athletics. It shows what happens naturally, inevitably, when college sports move from the moderation, the natural decencies of the college campus to the brash intemperance, the spontaneous crudities of the public arena. It is the cynical reaction of “paying fans” to private recreation gone public, amateur performance gone professional.

*English Teachers: God Bless 'em **

MOST OF MY PROFESSIONAL LIFE has been spent with teachers of English, for whom I have the greatest respect and deepest affection. Oh brave new world that has such creatures in it! Age cannot wither them nor custom stale their infinite variety. Intelligence, learning, sensitivity, imagination, sympathy, wit, charm — they have it all. Irony too, of course — a sauce to their good wit which enables students to digest their instruction with keener appetite. But like all superior people teachers of English are a bit temperamental. The barometric pressures of their spirits vary widely and sometimes violently. Addressing them one never knows with what to begin, felicitations or commiserations.

There are, of course, teachers of English who seem always to stand on heaven-kissing hills, ready to spurn even that high ground for flights into a more alluring stratosphere. Existence has for them no dullness. Life for them is crowded with opportunity for high adventure. Their own unreadiness to grasp it is all they fear. But there are some teachers of English who slump easily and dismally into the clay and smoke of utterly barren valleys. Most of us have seen them. And some of us have heard them, heard them execrate in faultless English and in perfectly modulated voices the perversity of their fate, or the immeasurable stupidity of superintendents, principals, or heads of departments, who have maliciously put them where they are and kept them there. But the great majority of English teachers, I suppose, spend their teaching lives moving emotionally up and down somewhere between the dizzy heights and the abysmal depths.

While I do not justify them, my sympathy always goes out to the teachers who dwell in the depths. There but for the grace of God go many of us, and there, despite the grace of God, go many potentially fine teachers. I know, of course, that teachers chron-

* Address to Utah Chapter of National Council of English Teachers, Salt Lake City, October 10, 1951.

ically in the Slough of Despond are sometimes in need of stuff sterner than sympathy. They sometimes need a candid friend, someone to tell them that they are probably much in the dark about themselves, about their merits and their rewards, their capabilities and their opportunities. They need the suggestion that their talents may not be quite as high as Olympus nor their chances quite as low as Erebus. They need the sobering reminder that no teacher of English was foreordained exclusively to the interpretation of poets and the expounding of prophets. Perhaps above all they need the assurance that they may also serve well whose primary concern is disreputable pronouns and vagrant participles.

But the English teachers who feel wasted and frustrated in the work they are doing are usually entitled to sympathy. They are not infrequently the victims of college and university teachers of English who do not teach the bees and birds of professional life. All of us have been partially victimized. We have all swum in hubris. As "majors in English" we had visions of a glamorous unreality out of which delusions of personal grandeur were easily born. As candidates for degrees in English language and literature we too easily felt that in us the eminently fit had survived. We were the elect, the children of promise. All that were merely ordinary had fallen by the wayside. We were the surviving heirs of the kingdom of literary culture.

Our college and university teachers of "creative" writing seemed to see in our casual essays and springtime verse unmistakable symptoms of genius. The oldish ones saw us as young Homers and Vergils already big with Iliads and Aeneids. To the youngsters we were all T. S. Eliots, teeming with bigger and better Wastelands. Especially flattering were the faculty interpreters of literature. If poets and prophets exist to strip veils from the hidden truth and beauty of the world, we students of English were destined to be stainless prisms through which the pure white radiance of their truth and beauty might pass unbroken and un-

sullied into all responsive souls. We were to be the Aristotles and Schopenhauers of our generation, probing the depths and mounting the heights of tragedy and expounding the manifestations of its spirit from Aeschylus to Arthur Miller. We were to be the Addisons and Arnolds of our time, disclosing the mighty sweep of epic literature and extolling the grand manner of its Dantes and Miltons. And, perhaps, above all, to the youngsters of the University faculty, to its flaming eyes and beardless chins, we were to be the few subtle and discerning souls to whom the poetry of John Donne would be a trumpet call to all the deeper ecstasies of "paradox," and to whom "dissociation of sensibility" and "objective correlatives" would be open sesames to the fabulous literary wealth of the "new poetry" and the "new criticism."

Well, after such a build-up, such expectancy, prospective teachers are hardly ready for the teacher's life as it is — certainly not ready for a life of devoted service to promiscuous participles and irresponsible pronouns. Nothing could be easier for them than to feel that in professional life as they find it they are cheated out of their birthright, that, somewhere along the assembly-line of education, teachers had wickedly failed to anticipate their coming, failed to prepare student soil for their great planting.

The consequent evils are many. One of them is the Slough of Despond. Another is recrimination — the unlovely game of passing educational blame, a game in which, I fear, most of us have at times participated. One of the ever recurring sufferings of my own teaching experience is the indignation meeting of the department, in which members savagely expose the appalling ignorance of the present generation of students, and vehemently attribute it to the gross incompetence of instruction on the so-called "lower" levels.

Nowhere else is affront to teaching virtue felt more keenly than among college teachers of freshman English. There indignation is really Olympian. There the sense of personal waste is most profound and most moving. There the teachers on the lower

levels are really excoriated, dismembered, and cast piecemeal into the everlasting bonfire. And there, in the name of "standards" and "academic decency," it is always proposed that something be done about it. The vilest of the unfit should be purged, cast back into the lap of the imbecile society that produced them. Of the remaining unfit, the scurf, as an appeasement to wounded expectation, should be racked for a term at an additional cost to themselves and without the reward of academic credit. Only before the very best of the bad lot should the department open its pearl-hoards, and then only with cold and studied reluctance.

These days I recover quite easily from such demonic outbursts. I am always helped by recalling similar outbursts in which I once participated as a high school teacher. There, too, was a sense of injured merit — a heartbroken wonderment that teachers in the grades should completely fail to soften the crudities in English of the boys and girls they sent up to high school. And there, too, I remember, I was able to moderate my own resentment somewhat by recalling that I had met similar complaints in a grade school in which I was once the principal. For many years in that school there had been little turnover in the teaching personnel. Teachers were, therefore, well established in their respective grades. From hushed and saddened interviews with each of them I soon learned that the progress in language lessons was extremely slow in every grade owing to deficiencies inherited from the grade below.

All of this seems to point to the kindergarten teacher as the ultimate culprit, the fountain source of the bad English that plagues the teacher of English from the first grade to the university. It is obvious, however, that the kindergarten teacher might also regard the language sins of her charges as something inherited, as visitations of illiterate parents, parents who, perhaps, still recall with indignation the gross incompetence of college or university instruction, particularly on the freshman level. And so the circle of shifted responsibility might well complete itself at the point where it most violently begins.

Well, these somewhat fanciful and perhaps much exaggerated observations may serve as a basis for some conclusions that I have reached through the many years that I have tried to teach English.

We teachers of English, I believe, have taken the first step toward professional contentment only when we discover that the classroom in English was never intended to be a stage on which we might legitimately expect to star before a selected audience in a drama of our own choosing. We are making progress only when we see clearly that the drama of the ordinary classroom has little commerce with great poets and prophets, that it is essentially a pedestrian drama devised by practical educators for a realistic society in response to its most elementary needs. Certainly it makes for patience to know that the performance in the English classroom has been a continuous one for ages and that the principal roles have nearly always been played by actors gray in the profession, actors of maliciously persistent longevity. Newcomers have always played the maids and butlers, or carried the lances.

We are also on our way to professional understanding when we learn that students are perhaps never both ready and eager for what we most want to teach them, and that indignation meetings deploring their ignorance or the inadequacy of their earlier instruction have no value except as a release of feeling born of what exact analysis would probably show to be merely injured self-esteem.

We are on our way to real happiness in our teaching only when we come to feel humble and willing in the presence of whatever the moment demands of us. We are on our way to happiness when the basic Christian conviction is really born in us that every student in the classroom has in him some potential of infinite worth, and that our calling offers no deeper satisfaction than that of releasing that potential into character or conduct or appreciation. We are most truly at our best, not in those moments when we feel superior to the students and the subject matter to be taught, but in the moments when we sense most deeply our own

inadequacy to give the students the things that they most sorely need. We have really become teachers, I think, only when we have attained such humility. When we have attained it, thrilling opportunities seemingly beyond our merits await us wherever our professional lot is cast.

Modesty, I believe, permits one to offer oneself as an example of a vice, but never, of a virtue. Please believe that I am not arrogating the virtue of humility to myself when I say that my life as a teacher on various academic levels has been one of uninterrupted pleasure. I may have been deficient in humility, natural or acquired, but I was never without obstacles that served the ends of humility.

When one day I found myself a graduate of a good high school with a principalship in a three-roomed country school, I felt that I had gone beyond all reasonable expectations, that I was almost immorally successful. But I was terribly frightened. My opportunities, my duties, towered over my powers of performance. As the years passed and as academic degrees came one by one, and as I moved from position to position, each accomplishment, each change had in it for me something of the unexpected, something of the fortuitous. It was never an ambition realized. I always felt that I could have remained happy where I was.

And in these days of dangerously increasing reminiscence I could easily be persuaded that my best years as a teacher were my earlier ones. Certainly among my most vivid and gratifying recollections are some of the country boys and girls I had in the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades of my first school, boys and girls whose freckled and sunburned faces frequently lighted up with the glad consciousness of a problem solved, or of an important idea clearly grasped and effectively expressed, or of a beautiful sentiment or image felt to be beautiful. As I recall my attempts to teach literature, I fancy I get the liveliest pleasure in memories of the times and places when high school students sat under the spell of "The Idylls of the King" and "The Merchant of Venice," as I

have not seen college students sit under the spell of "Paradise Lost" and "King Lear."

To be happy as teachers of English we must all at some time or other be Platos. We must try to envisage the good man and the good society. And then we must see as clearly as we can what English has to contribute to the good man and the good society, and how that contribution can best be made. Without an ideal to be served, without a sense of the relevance to that ideal of what he is doing, without a visible way of approach to the ideal, the sensitive teacher may easily be overwhelmed by a feeling of confusion and futility.

Obviously I cannot undertake to define the good life and the good society. They are, I suppose, eternally in the making, and any definition would be merely descriptive of an unending process. But of one thing we teachers of English may be sure, and that is, that into the texture of the good life and the good society, however defined, there will always be woven something of our literary and language inheritance. For that inheritance consists of the most distinctively humane experiences of the most enlightened and sensitive spirits that have graced the earth, experiences recorded and communicated to us in language forms of enduring beauty. In that inheritance, better than in any other place, humanity will always find, not only evidence of what humanity has been and is, but also of what it is destined to be. Wherever we may be placed in the schools as teachers, we may be sure that whenever we help to increase and intensify a student's awareness of the real or potential goodness or beauty of human life, and whenever we help a faltering tongue to express that awareness clearly and sometimes beautifully, we are making a substantial contribution to the ultimate realization of the good man in a good society.

Such contributions to the good life seem to us at times discouragingly elusive and imponderable. We frequently long for the definiteness of mathematics, for the concreteness of biology, for the seeming factualness of all worlds except our own. At such

times it is helpful to remember that the supreme values in experience are the fleeting values that fill only moments in existence, and then pass away; that it is such moments so filled which constitute the spotwise satisfactions which, added together, persuade us that life is essentially good, notwithstanding all else that is drab and ugly and cruel.

There are, of course, times even for us when our teaching efforts produce ponderable and enduring results. Occasionally something like order appears in the chaos of student expression. Sentences and paragraphs almost struggle into being from the amalgam of student thought and feeling. Solecisms and barbarisms, of course, persist, but with a reassuring diminution of spontaneity. And in moments of rare exaltation and insight our better students will give assent to the suggestion that Shakespeare also had his good moments.

But our classroom tasks in English remain essentially ventures in faith. We sow, not knowing what or when or where the harvest will be. But that there will be a good harvest we need not doubt. Drawing our seed from the recorded best moments of the best lives that the race has produced, we may believe that what we plant will find at least modest fruition in the best moments of the best lives of our students. Though we die, we shall be born again, sometime, somewhere. It may be in a deepened friendship, or a nobler courage, or a higher loyalty, or a widened compassion, or a quickened perception of beauty. It may be in creative moments that fashion worlds: in the mystic's intuition, in the poet's insight, in the philosopher's conception, in the prophet's vision.

*All Teachers English Teachers **

A FEW YEARS AGO at a dinner honoring him on his retirement from active service in the department of philosophy at Harvard, Ralph Barton Perry spoke reminiscingly of his great forebears and associates in the department. There had been William James, Josiah Royce, George Herbert Palmer, George Santayana, William Ernest Hocking, and others. Each, Perry said, had made a personal and enduring contribution to what had become departmental tradition.

Santayana, he said, had taught his colleagues that whatever is worth saying is worth saying well. By example he had done more than anyone else to create and establish the feeling in all who taught philosophy at Harvard that they should both speak and write with clarity, power, and beauty. Santayana's standard of excellence became the standard of the department and, through association and inspiration, the standard of the students who studied philosophy at Harvard. We may well believe that those students of philosophy at Harvard became better students of English. Motivated in the department of philosophy by a need and an ideal, they went to the department of English in search, eager search, for the help that would enable them also to use their language with clarity, power, and beauty.

I fancy that by now you can see what I am up to. Indeed, I have already suggested about all that I have to say. Frankly I would if I could engage all of you as teachers of English at B.Y.U. — as Santayana and his associates were teachers of English at Harvard. I would have you, in your lectures and your writings, and, in your criticism of the efforts of students to express themselves, create in your students a need for and an ideal of the effective word, spoken and written. I would have you send to our classrooms in English students who really hunger and thirst for the kind of help that teachers of English have to give. In brief, I

* Address to Faculty, Brigham Young University, November 11, 1954.

would have all departments help the English department to make the demand for better English a campus-wide demand. I would have the students wherever they go on the campus meet a quiet, tactful, but firm insistence on clear, idiomatic, pleasing, and reasonably accurate expression.

Anything short of a persistent and concerted demand is, I think, almost certain to fail. For the basic problem we face is that of habit breaking and habit making. The mental elements involved must, therefore, be raised to the level of vivid, sustained, and somewhat painful consciousness. If the only place on the campus where bad English gives social embarrassment to the students is the classroom in English, if everywhere else bad English finds tacit acceptance in the unrebuked usage of other students, and, if above all bad English finds justification in the habitual usage of teachers themselves, the erring ones are not likely to have the intense, sustained, and painful experiences that lead to real repentance and a sincere turning away from sin.

In my judgment the problem cannot be solved as a problem of ignorance. Imparting facts or knowledge is not the solution. A perfect knowledge of all the rules of correct usage furnishes no assurance that the rules will be followed. The problem, as I see it, is a problem in social behavior, a problem in social adjustment, almost a problem in elementary good manners. If we could somehow make students feel that crude language, like crude conduct in the dining-room or ballroom, offends the sensibilities of cultivated people, they would likely do something about it as a social necessity, but hardly, I think, as a demand for literacy.

For me personally the problem of bad English is a very old one. As a teacher, I have faced it on every level from the sixth grade to the graduate course. Years ago I came to the conclusion that it will never be satisfactorily solved as long as it is isolated for solution in the classroom in English. I can see promise of solution only in a concerted effort which recognizes its social implications, only as the young, from the kindergarten to the graduate school,

are made to sense a tradition in language as they sense a tradition in morals and manners, a tradition that they may disregard only on peril of social rebuke.

In asking you to help us I am not attempting to shift our responsibilities. My whole idea is that the responsibility for better English on the campus is a common responsibility, a responsibility which you certainly share. Of course, even without your help, we teachers of English are not going to despair and give up. Our hope springs eternal. We are congenitally ready for at least one more adventure in faith. And to the end of our days some of us will go on believing that if only classes were smaller, if only methods and materials were better, if only emphasis were more wisely placed, and, above all, if only other teachers of English, particularly in the grades and high schools, were as competent and gifted as we are, English pure and uninhibited would soon flow from every mouth and inkbottle in the land. My own recovery from periodical discouragement grows more and more sluggish. In my judgment it is a superficial diagnosis that attributes our failures primarily to such considerations. We fail, I believe, because there is no insistent campus demand for the values we sponsor.

As I say these things, I am aware that there are areas in the country where the quality of English spoken and written seems better than it is in other parts. The inference usually drawn from that fact is that in the schools of those areas the teaching of English is of necessity better. This kind of reasoning is familiar. It moves from effect to cause. In this case the reasoning is, I believe, fallacious, because it identifies the effect with the wrong cause. The better English found in the schools in some areas can be more safely attributed, in part, to better language traditions existing throughout the schools as wholes, and, in part, also to better language traditions found in the families and communities from which the students come. Superior students sometimes make schools and teachers look better than they really are.

When I talk like this, I always suspect that I am lying, and, what is worse, lying without benefit of statistics. And I know that in the best academic circles only statistical lying enjoys respectability. But I like my way best. It is less cumbersome, and very much more artful.

In presenting the point of view of this talk I do not wish to start a drive. I do not want to identify myself with a crusade. Drives and crusades always demand a new emphasis, and I fear a new emphasis both in education and in life. It is always an invitation to zealots, under whose guidance it leads usually to imbalance and distortion. In suggesting that you come to our rescue, I would not have you neglect your own courses. I would not have you introduce anything into your instruction that would distract attention or violate unity. And I would keep perspective. I am willing to believe that in the scheme of ultimate values on the campus there are some things worse than bad grammar. Unkindness could be worse than a double negative. The stars, I fancy, will not jump their orbits though student pronouns disagree with antecedents. I know that from the standpoint of an accepted standard of good English there has always been, and probably always will be bad English. One's ardor for an undeviating standard of correctness is always cooled a little by a knowledge of the way the language has behaved in the past, by the fact, for example, that practically every formal matter now regarded by the purist as immutably correct was at one time rather grossly incorrect as representing a sharp deviation from the then existing standard. Certainly it is salutary for the zealot to know that many of the student errors which now appall him became errors by arbitrary edict, the edict of grammarians who, in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, sat down, with too much zeal and too little knowledge, to tell all succeeding generations how they should say it and write it. After all, there never was, you know, any historical or logical reason why one should not on occasions split one's infinitives, or even dangle one's participles when one can do so with-

out muddying too much the waters of communication. It is a good thing for us to know such things. It moderates inordinate zeal. It helps us to ally ourselves with the emerging tendencies in language which seem likely to persist and which promise to be beneficial.

But after all necessary subtractions have been made from our problem, after it is clearly seen in proper perspective, it still remains of sufficient importance to enlist the attention and helpfulness of all of us. One of the high and enduring aims of education is the informed man, the man who has something to say worth saying and who can say it with clearness, with power, and with some degree of beauty. What can we do as a faculty to achieve that end? I have tried to argue that we can create in every nook and corner of the campus a climate unfriendly to bad English and friendly and encouraging to good English. We can in all that we say ourselves and in all that we write ourselves, give an example to our students of the excellence which we would have them attain.

Last Words *

OF ALL THE PEOPLE who would speak to others the most troubled, I think, is the teacher of English, especially if the "others" are also teachers of English. Seeking the virtues of expression he is haunted constantly by its vices. Will his sentiment seem to them sentimentality; his pathos, bathos; his richness, ostentation? Will his elaboration appear merely a dilation of the obvious? Will they think what Holmes said to his katydid: "Thou say'st an undisputed thing in such a solemn way?"

For part of my time today I am going to be didactic, hortative — stuffy. First I want to expose my professional crotchets. I was reminded of them by something said in our workshop yesterday. The first crotchet has to do with the classroom bearing of teachers, the "bed-side manner," so to speak. The casual manner, the nonchalant demeanor, always gives me a visceral upset. I cannot endure the boys who move with jaunty carelessness to the student side of the desk, and drape themselves luxuriously over it. Such chaps may impress impressionable coeds with the grace of their lines and the length of their limbs. But if there is anything in the idea of empathy, they are not likely to arouse in anyone expectations of a vital lesson. Whip me such sluggish poseurs! I would have the genii of the classroom, the tutelary gods, pick them up bodily and set them down solidly on their feet — on their own side of the desk. I would give them at least the physical appearance of teachers "ready to go," ready to say something of importance, ready to say it with zest and conviction.¹

Equally painful to me is the antithesis of the poseur, the chap who cannot stand still, who, without any relevancy to what he is saying, paces back and forth, up and down, and around the room,

* Parts of a talk to English department, September 17, 1954.

¹ As I edit this, I realize how antiquarian were my strictures on the "bed-side manners" of the present day teacher. Not only does he continue to languish on the student side of his desk, but, in summer time, he does so in charming and progressive dishabille — from suits and shirts to shorts. — "Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed."

who, as if suddenly inspired, seizes the chalk, charges the blackboard ostensibly to illustrate or illuminate a point but actually to cover it with dots and dashes, circles and tangents, all again without any discernable connection with anything he seems to be saying. Students, of course, cannot hear him for watching him. He would be audible only in a straitjacket.

More seriously I am troubled by the teacher who wants to be a "buddy" to his neophytes, who knows and uses not only their first names but also all the intimate and titillating derivatives therefrom, who chats with them at length after class or in the office about matters having little or no connection with a legitimate student-teacher relationship. I believe in professional distance. I would not only have the teacher keep himself on his side of the desk, I would also have him provide a barrier of dignity and reserve sufficient to assure on his part the objectivity necessary to impartial instruction and to unbiased appraisal of the student effort. When the teacher finds himself greatly absorbed in the intimate personal affairs of his students, he should first study the motives behind his motives. If he finds them praiseworthy, he perhaps should then transfer to the ministry or to the Counseling Service.

These, I say, are some of my professional crotchets. In speaking of them I do not aim at high seriousness or at discernible understatement. More seriously and more truthfully I want to say something about a few of my professional worries. I worry a little when I hear teachers of English insist almost accusingly that we should have more majors in English. I worry a little when I hear teachers trying to persuade promising students to join our ranks. I am troubled because I find myself growing more and more timid in advising students in the selection of their major and minor subjects. After all these years as a teacher of English I am still without a positive, driving testimony. I have no assurance that the Almighty has a special interest in English, or that the curriculum in English is an important part of his plan of salvation.

But I do have a deepening sense of the importance and the mystery of the student's life, indeed, of everybody's life. I am becoming more and more unwilling to chart the course of any life, except the remainder of my own, and about that I have some fearful misgivings. I would not, if I could, fashion or refashion any student's academic or cultural life after any blueprint for success and happiness that I know.

I also worry a little when I see teachers worrying about their student following, especially when it is intimated that their following is limited by the courses they teach. Over a career I should say that the teacher's following is limited only by his own limitations as a teacher. Let the teacher teach well today what he has to teach, and fit disciples though few will follow him tomorrow wherever he goes. And to the teacher who has really grown up, it is the discipleship of the fit though few that warms his heart to the end.

I must also say a word about our attitude toward our calling and toward the subject matter we teach in its relationship to life. A few weeks ago I spent an afternoon with an old and very dear friend of mine. At one time he was my teacher and later my colleague. In retirement now, he reminisced on the experiences of a professional life spent in teaching literature. Only when he spoke of the attitudes of some of his recent fellow teachers was he sharply critical. Some teachers of literature, he said, seem to be engaged in competitive world-weariness. They are flippant and cynical toward literature and toward life. They teach, he said, as if their primary purpose were to communicate their own disillusionment, or to impress students with their clever superiority to everyone and to everything in life.

My old friend was, I am sure, unduly severe on his colleagues of yesterday. But he was entirely right when he said that literature is perhaps the most precious part of the human inheritance; that it, better than anything else, will give depth and insight, richness and warmth to human existence; that even the cruel

paradoxes of tragedy, properly read and interpreted, glorify and inspirit men and women as nothing else can. I think he was right when he said that any teacher who is not enthusiastically aware of these values and eager to communicate them to his students should not teach at all.

I remember with contrition a criticism directed at me a number of years ago by a student friend of mine. It was in the good old days when I still taught some classes in religion. "In the course of your lessons," he said, "you frequently lift us up on the wings of the spirit and really help us to soar. But," he went on, "you don't always leave us soaring. By a doubt-provoking word, or a satirical obiter dictum, you sometimes bring us tumbling to earth, almost ashamed for having soared at all." I hope he was right about the soaring but a bit wrong about the tumbling. Since we are, I suppose, fundamentally creatures of earth, we should perhaps keep our students in sight of earth even in our classes in religion. But we are, I feel, more than creatures of earth. Potentially, at least, we are amphibious. We are not without capacity to live in the air as well as on the earth. And who will say that, as human destiny unfolds, men will not come to feel more and more that the sky is their natural habitat. It is my conviction that we are failing as teachers of English if we are not using our courses to inspire and sustain the outward thrust, the upward reach of the spirits of our students. . . .

A word about loyalty is, I believe, always in order. It is not altogether platitudinous to say that loyalty is better for us than disloyalty. To believe in one another, in the department, in the school, in the administration, in the Church which we serve, to believe that in each of these there is a realized good, or a potential power for good — is to live healthfully and creatively. As I say these things I am aware that in relation to some of them I have been myself a great sinner. And I fear that I shall continue to sin, though I am resolved not to sin quite so much. I want to confess that I have talked too much about faults in high places. May

I pluralize the indictment and say that a number of us have talked too much? Have we not too freely and with too much relish shared the latest rumors of shortcomings in the Church or on the campus? Have we not huddled too frequently in our offices to lament or excoriate blindness or injustice or cruelty, not realizing that in so doing we ourselves may be participating in the very faults we condemn?

I know, of course, that we are all caught in a mesh of competing loyalties, that behind our criticisms and protests — our seeming disloyalty — there is frequently a loyalty that must not be denied, a loyalty to high conceptions of truth, justice, and human kindness. Our critical indignation frequently springs from an outraged idealism. But it helps to remember, when all the facts are in, that there are ideals and ideals, principles and principles, and that ours may not be expressive of the supreme or ultimate values. High principles are at best only human formulations. In extension they follow not parallel lines that never join but converging lines that inevitably meet and clash. When they so clash, compromise or disaster follows. If the issues are great enough and reconciliation fails, Hegelian tragedy may occur, the appalling dissonance of goodness in fatal war with goodness. But there must, of course, be loyalties to ideals and principles. Without such loyalties life would be too tentative, too much at random. Our concern should be that the loyalties to which we give our whole allegiance are rooted and nourished in the soil of deep humility and profound compassion. . . .

We Go to Venice

EARLY IN THE MORNING the representative of our travel agency put us on the train in Vienna. He had reserved seat and baggage space for us in a car the destination of which, he said, was Venice. The station and the train platforms were already swarming with people, not present, however, to witness our departure. The morrow was Assumption Day, which in Catholic countries amounts to a national holiday. In anticipation, everybody who could was moving to new scenes, perhaps not so much for better worship as for more fun. The continuing rain had not sobered the festive spirit.

Most of our daylight trip was pleasant. Scenically it was superb. Within a few hours from Vienna we were winding up through dense, beautiful, and rain-drenched woods toward the first of a series of Alpine summits, each of which we found enveloped in heavy, low-hanging clouds. Nothing could be more lovely to the eye than the intervening valleys with their neat mountainside farms, nestling villages, and blue little lakes. But the scenic climax came in the late afternoon, when for a few minutes the clouds parted and several peaks of the Alps towered up in rocky sublimity, bathed in the crimson light of the westering sun. The suddenness and grandeur of the view were breathtaking. It drew from most of us spontaneous exclamations of wonder and delight. I said from most of us, because there was at least one exception, a young Italian athlete on his way to Florence. Sadly, almost bitterly, he murmured: "Oh, yes, Italy has plenty of inspiring rocks. But people cannot eat rocks. They have to have bread." So chastening social criticism intruded. We were invited to look beyond the incomparable beauty of the Italian mountains to the ugliness of Italian poverty on the farms and in the cities and villages. It was a complaint we were to hear again and again before we left Italy. The rich were growing richer and the poor poorer, and nothing effective was being done about it.

But the sad-eyed young Italian was out of tune with this eve of Assumption Day. Wherever the train stopped — and as the day advanced it seemed more and more disposed to stop — we met holiday crowds, which became larger and gayer as we moved into Italy. By nightfall all comfortable space in the train had vanished, and no one in his senses was insisting on reservation rights. Compartments designed for eight were holding twelve, and the outside corridors were jammed with a shouting, laughing, and singing multitude. The dining car and the rest rooms were distant Meccas toward which everybody looked but few ventured, and from which no traveler ever returned.

By evening Ruth and I were dead tired, cannibalistically hungry, and quite generally wretched — poorly prepared indeed for what was yet to come. Certainly we were not ready for eventualities when at a little station a party of Italian officers crowded onto the train and pushed their way into our compartment, where they began to expostulate excitedly. They seemed to be challenging our right to breathing space therein. We showed them our tickets to Venice and our seat reservations. There followed a babel and a bedlam. Everyone except Ruth and me had the gift of tongues. There appeared to be much chatter about “Venetsya.” There was a rising tide of negations, with heads and hands participating violently. But with our little French and less Italian it was all Greek to us — as Casca said.

We were saved by British intervention. An English barrister and his wife, resident in Malta, but vacationing in Italy, came to our rescue as interpreters. The Italian officers were saying that we had been misplaced, that this car was not going to Venice, that it would be attached to another train at the next station, that there was, however, a car ahead going to Venice, and that with speed and good luck we might find standing room in it.

Ruth then became vocal. She protested everything, in very good English but very ineffective Italian. She demanded an immediate declaration of war, and wondered why I didn't do some-

thing about it. "Han ye no mannes herte, and han a berd?" But at that moment I certainly didn't want a sword and I would have surrendered my beard and all I possessed for a crust and a pallet of straw in the vilest alley in Italy. And when I looked up at the three huge pieces of baggage in the rack above and then at the packed corridor, and thought of the uncertain haven ten cars ahead, I was ready for the trump of doom. Let Mephistopheles have his due!

Again it was the British barrister who saved the situation. Would we mind if he made an exploratory trip ahead and reported what he found? He was back unexpectedly soon. He was quite sure we could squeeze into the Venice car. Would it be quite all right if he and the young man whom he had recruited helped us with the luggage? He hoped we wouldn't mind embarrassment en route. From that moment we knew that we should always love the British.

The transfer to the car ahead did entail moments of embarrassment, including passage through a crowded dining room. But spearheaded by the gallant barrister carrying the largest bag, we pushed aside protesting porters and waiters in a triumphant though hardly royal progress forward. Ruth found a fraction of a seat in a compartment, and overhead space for part of the luggage. I sat on the remainder of it in the corridor. And so we made our entrance into Venice, the city of glamor and romance. Shades of Johann Strauss!

We arrived sometime between twelve and one o'clock. For an hour or two Ruth had been praying audibly that someone would meet us at the terminal. Her prayer was audibly answered. As we stepped off in darkness, a voice from the crowd called for "Meester and Meeses Christeensen." It was a very Italian voice — and a very, very busy one. It could not accompany us to our hotel, but it could put us and our bags on a gondola and tell the gondolier where to take us. It rushed us to a shadowy pier which pointed toward what seemed to our tired and nervous eyes a

limitless ocean. It steadied our hesitant and tottering steps into the rolling and dipping boat. It spoke Italian to the towering and sinister form in the gondola behind us, and we began to move swayingly out into dark and uncharted seas. The tiny prowlight illuminated nothing, but gave a flickering and unearthly eeriness to the whole damned business.

We both sat rigidly upright, clutching our seats desperately. "I don't like this," Ruth whispered tremulously. "Me, neither," I quavered reassuringly.

After a seeming eternity the broad waters narrowed into what could have been a wide canal compactly lined at the water's edge with dark ominous buildings. I had thoughts of swimming ashore but doubted that I could make it on my own, and was afraid that Ruth with the baggage might not be able to tow me in. Presently the gondola turned sharply to the right and entered what appeared to be a side canal. It was dark and narrow. Spectral buildings leaned over it threateningly. Only here and there a light appeared, sometimes in a window, sometimes above a short flight of steps leading down to the murky water.

As we approached what looked like an intersection of canals, our boatman began to hoot warningly. Immediately there were answering calls from around corners. Almost instantly three or four prow lights shot into the little opening ahead of us. We were in a traffic jam. There were angry shouts and protestations, all having to do, we supposed, with right of way. The boats stopped and then began to move back and forth, cautiously maneuvering for passing positions. Ours swayed and dipped violently in the now thoroughly agitated waters. We were both gasping and breathing heavily and in perfect unison. Involuntarily we had clasped hands in a silent resolve to show the hereafter a united front. Finally we were again in the clear, and moving ahead in deepening darkness, and in silence broken now only by the rhythmic dip of the gondolier's oar and the soft lapping of the water against piers and foundations.

But even time has a stop. At last the gondola floated alongside the steps of the canal entrance to our hotel. The lobby was deserted. Only the night porter was on duty, but he was expecting us. He was very sorry, but no eating place was operating. Neither was the lift. We might get something to drink in the bar. I peeped furtively in, but was immediately warned by the ever alert monitor of my Mormon soul that it was no place for a representative of the Lord's university. Everyone was too happy. The night porter, hungry for tips, would be glad to bring something to our room, but he didn't know what I meant by lemonade.

By now Ruth and I were seeing things only in distortion. Our room seemed horribly vast and awesome. Prehistorically it could have been deemed palatial. The color scheme was funereal. Things were dark and darker, from the ancient carpet to the large carved wooden squares of the ceiling, squares in which no bright naked Cupids or angels cavorted with flowing scarfs or lacy clouds, as we had seen them do with abandonment in a thousand castle bedrooms. The windows protected by ponderous shutters opened out on a lightless ten by ten court frightfully suggestive of lurking monsters and climbing assassins.

Our bathroom was stupendous. The tub was a veritable Roman bath such as they show tourists for a shilling down an alley off the Strand in London. One approached it up a marble stairway and a step ladder. The plumbing was an imposing battery of faucets and other gadgets, without a detailed knowledge of which one could probably freeze, boil, or drown himself. The toilet was really monumental. It stood aloft in splendid throne-like isolation — and was perhaps also intended as a springboard from which one might dive into the Roman bath. Its pretentiousness seemed somewhat discredited by the humble china hidden in the black wooden cabinet by the head of the bed.

But we were too tired to be long critical of our bedroom facilities, ancient or modern. We had our pallet of straw on which we soon sank in something short of heavenly repose. My own

sleep was much troubled. The experiences of the day returned as dreams in a weird phantasmagoria. Now Ruth and I were hurrying with three huge bags through a milling Conference crowd on Temple Square. Now Ruth was taking a gondola ride with a handsome barrister in a Roman bath. Now I was Othello, the Moor of Venice, avenging infidelity, at the instigation of a night porter who was also a Metropolitan tenor. When I awoke, I was profoundly grateful to find Ruth's head on her pillow and not under it. Trying to orient ourselves in the light of a new day we pinched ourselves to be sure that we were really we, and really in Venice. Confident at last of our identity and location, we moved eagerly down to breakfast and out into the bright sunshine of a perfect Italian day.

London Hat

THIS MORNING when Ruth said that she must have a new hat and today if possible, I was at first deeply hurt. She was, I felt, employing diversionary tactics. She was circumventing the travel agency, flouting the London itinerary. I was not, however, entirely surprised. She had not seemed her exploratory self even yesterday. Her reaction to the treasure trove of Southwark Cathedral had been far from ecstatic. She was cruelly indifferent, I thought, to the effigy of the "moral Gower," reposing in bronze dignity, with head pillowed on the Latin *Vox Clamantis*, the French *Speculum Meditantis*, the English *Confessio Amantis*. And when I spoke eloquently of it as the most illuminating symbol of the linguistic uncertainty of Merry England in the fourteenth century, she had had a faraway look in her eyes.

This morning's appeal for a hat, at least offered an explanation. As women *enceintes* may suddenly yearn for caviar or dill pickles, so women *en voyage* may suddenly yearn for new hats. But it seemed quite inconsiderate of Ruth. She must have a new hat and that right now even though I should fail to see the house on the Bankside where Catherine of Aragon probably spent her very first night in England. I say I was deeply hurt. But since Ruth and I were travelling under agreement to share personal deprivations equally, and since I was already much in arrears, I gave up Catherine for Ruth, and consented to help her buy a hat. It was the kind of service which tonight, I am persuaded, no man in his senses ever attempts.

Before we set out on the quest, Ruth stated the principle of selection that should govern us. We must look for a hat that would in some subtle but certain way "do something for" her, a hat that would add an indefinable charm, an irresistible allure-ment which she did not in herself possess. I, of course, protested. All the suppressed Lancelots and Gawains in me sprang to their lances. Ruth lacked nothing. She had never needed new clothes.

New clothes had always needed her. In herself she had always been, still was, and forever would be an added charm, a special allurements to whatever she wore. No other woman had ever done so much to make milliners and dressmakers look good. The speech left me exhausted, but I felt that I was being sweet as well as thrifty.

The bus which we took at Piccadilly Circus set us down at Selfridges. After all, it seemed smart to begin the quest in the grand manner. And, as a matter of size at least, what could be grander than Selfridges? Veteran tourists had told us that just to walk about in its vastness would give us a feeling of worldly importance, almost a sense of possession, and that to spend even a "tuppence" there would add cultural status and stature to us, both at home and aboard — but particularly at home.

A lift raised us to the floor where women's hats became a limitless garden of variegated bloom. But it was a garden already invaded by hundreds of women, all sternly bent on finding hats that would do something for them. A description of what was going on would require the combined talents of a Hogarth, a Sheridan, and, perhaps, a Chaucer. For there is more than meets the eye when a woman sits down to try on a hat. The eye may catch the play of her hands, the dance of her fingers — over the hat, the hair, the ears, the earrings, the collar, the beads — indeed, over everything in the ensemble of which the hat is to be the unifying, blending, and fascinating center. But what the eye doesn't see is her delicious vanity of vanities, her adorable conviction that she is really more lovely than she appears and that the right hat will prove it to the whole world.

And other men were at Selfridges this morning, trying to help other women find hats that would do something for them. Their attitude toward me and toward one another was a mixture of bravado and commiseration. Poor devils! Each of them knew he was a fallen Hercules. But each was determined, by hell, to brazen it out. Each was still capable of a profound sympathy for

his compeers in degradation. It is extremely hard for a man to look manly, holding a woman's coat, a woman's gloves, a woman's handbag, and a woman's hat, the wretched hat which no longer does something for her.

But the details of the day's great quest are too many and too depressing to be recorded here. Hour followed hour in unrelieved travail and frustration. By mid-afternoon I had sat, a pathetic heap, in a hundred variegated gardens in a hundred widely distributed shops in London, sat holding Ruth's coat, Ruth's gloves, Ruth's handbag, and Ruth's hat, the wretched old hat that no longer did anything for her. I had seen the rise and fall of thousands of new hats, pretty little rags — all tried and found wanting. Each had been studiously poised, judiciously scrutinized, deftly placed, and skilfully mirrored. Each had been palmed and fingered, caressed and titillated, in a fruitless attempt to evoke assurances that it would do something for Ruth, assurances which she finally sought tearfully and for which I came to yearn with a deep and ineffable yearning.

I had begun the search for Ruth's hat with a sincere resolution: no matter what neuroses I might suffer, I would remain externally calm; by no sound or gesture would Ruth know that I was not pursuing her phantom hat with delighted enthusiasm. But by mid-afternoon I detected in myself signs of weakening. I noticed, for example, that I was gradually sweetening the words with which I addressed Ruth, that I was lingering longer on them, giving each a more resonant intonation.

Let me say parenthetically that long observation of Ruth and myself, and of the husbands and wives of our set had persuaded me, indeed had established the principle, that the warmth of the spoken word between husbands and wives, particularly in company, varies directly as their impulse toward homicide. Or, more simply, the madder they are the sweeter they sound. In fairness to Ruth I should say that I exemplify the principle better than she does. But she has her nuances. When she says to me on Mon-

day mornings at home, "Parl, put out the cans before you go to school," I know that the domestic temperature is normal, that the course of true love is running smoothly. But when she says cryptically, "Honey, the garbage, please," I know that the mercury is down, that her ellipses and faulty references are not without meaning.

What I am getting around to saying is that when Ruth and I started out at nine o'clock, I was addressing her as Ruth, a name that I adore; by ten, as sweetheart; by eleven, as darling; by twelve, as my precious darling; by one, as my darling sweetheart; by two, as my beautiful and adorable sweetheart, and by three, as my doubly distilled essence of all that is beautiful, sweet, and lovely in all the world. By that time our life together was practically on the rocks. I hadn't a syllable left for future contingencies. And there were contingencies ahead. Practically nothing had been accomplished by three o'clock.

True, some hats had been judged better than others. None were total failures. This one, for example, did something for Ruth's face though not her profile. That one did something for her collar though not for her earrings. But none of them did something for all of her. The quest simply had to go on. Plato never believed more persistently in the reality of his absolutes than Ruth in the existence somewhere in London of a hat of hats, an archetype, embodying all of the best features of all the hats she had yet seen. So the quest went relentlessly on.

But by four o'clock we were back at Selfridges. The first cycle of misadventure was at an end. A period of agonizing reappraisal was under way. There were faint intimations that Ruth would settle for the best of a hundred hats if the best could be clearly determined. But time was running out. Speed was of the essence. By means of tube, bus and taxi we covered the field for second impressions. By five thirty the field had miraculously narrowed to two hats, one in the borough of Kensington, the other in Holborn. But then the process of elimination stalled. By

tube we roared uselessly back and forth between Kensington and Holborn, dizzy and desperate.

I hadn't spoken to Ruth since three o'clock when words had failed. But now I spoke, icily and without endearing salutations. "Couldn't we," I said, "get these two damned rags together on a neutral floor and bring in an outside official? Perhaps Westminster would stage the bout, and Anthony Eden referee it."

Ruth's reply was devastating. "My dear honey bunch," she purred, "you are an idiot — and a brute. I don't want any more of your kind of help. Please take the next bus to the hotel, or, better still, to Westminster Bridge. And don't quote Wordsworth. Jump off!"

That was in Holborn. I mumbled something about a consummation devoutly to be wished, but took the next tube to Kensington with Ruth. Secretly, I favored the Kensington hat. The saleslady sponsoring it was young and pretty. She had a lush English voice, beautifully modulated. More potently, she laughed generously at my jaded witticisms. At moments I sensed delicious premonitions of returning youth. But she wasn't getting along so well with Ruth. In fact, Ruth's interest in the Kensington hat obviously diminished as mine increased. So, we were back again with the Holborn hat just as shop doors were being locked and shutters drawn for the night. While I sat utterly collapsed, Ruth moved with a strange new swiftness and precision. Result: we were soon trudging silently to the bus stop with the Holborn hat in the bag.

Silently we got on the bus, Ruth going to the upper deck, I remaining below. Silently we staggered to the hotel at Piccadilly Circus, Ruth on the street, I by the underpass. Silently we mounted to our room, Ruth by one lift, I by another. Silently we went to dinner, Ruth to the dining room, I to the "L'Assiette." I began with a double measure of sherry and ended with coffee, deep, dark and sinister — for me an utter debauch. What Ruth

drank I never dared to ask. Silently and separately we returned to our room, Ruth up one corridor, I, down another.

The small electric heater had removed the chill from the room. The sherry and the coffee may have helped. I slumped into the easy chair, and pretended to read the *Manchester Guardian*, a silly attempt to prove to myself that I was literate, and capable of interest in the remnants of the British Empire as well as in the love-life of Princess Margaret. Ruth remained afoot, busying herself interminably with the things in a room with which a woman can busy herself interminably.

At last she spoke. "Parl, I rather like this hat." I turned. She was pirouetting before the dresser mirror, with a looking glass in hand. "Don't you think it really does something for me?"

I arose with great dignity and surveyed her with critical deliberation. "I like the hat to," I said. "But, Ruth, you do a lot for it." And that is about where we were this morning, except that we now have a new hat. Tomorrow, on with the tour, on to the house by the Thames and Catherine of Aragon!

IN
MEMORIAM

If they ask for me,
Say: he had some business
In another world.

—Sokan

Of man and woman seen we wel also
That nedes, in oon of thise termes two,
This is to seyn, in youthe or elles age,
He moot be deed, the kyng as shall a page;
Som in his bed, som in the depe see,
Some in the large field, as men may see;
Ther helpeth noght, al goth that ilke weye.

—Geoffrey Chaucer

Franklin S. Harris

A PHILOSOPHER, widely known as a defender of Christian faith, sometimes had misgivings about universal immortality. He saw about him too many lives lived without purpose or accomplishment. He was more certain about what he called immortality — the capacity of men to transcend themselves, to grow into something imperishable. To associate with Franklin S. Harris was to feel the vitality, the dynamic, that made his whole life a growing and a becoming, not a having and a resting. To be near him was to feel a tremendous zest for life, for life more abundant. In him knowledge was always increasing, interests were always widening, understanding, appreciation, and sympathy were always deepening. He was a divinely restless Ulysses dreaming of lands beyond the horizon, and eager to set sail.

It was his awareness of the infinite possibilities of life, and his eagerness to share and help others to share in them that made his coming to Brigham Young University, as President, perhaps the most important event in its history. To a school struggling to become a university he brought a university vision and message. A university is not a physical plant, but a mental climate, a climate congenial to free minds dedicated to the preservation, enrichment, and spread of truth. In their essence men are minds, and, at their best, minds are the divine will at work among men on earth. Only through the untrammelled use of their minds can men subdue the earth — and come to know God aright. But knowledge is not enough. Men need the beauty of the arts. They need the hope and expectancy of faith. In their relationships with one another they need the amenities, the unconscious good manners which add kindness and grace and charm to life.

In these days when our memories of President Harris are saddened by his death, we remember him most vividly in his personal relations with us. To us he was always a gentleman and a friend.

* Prepared for Memorial Service, May 23, 1960

He regarded and treated us as his peers. With us he was never ill-tempered or harsh. If inadvertently he hurt us, he was quick to heal. He did not demand; he evoked. He called out the best in us by disclosing the best in himself. His loyalty to us elicited our loyalty to him. He had faith in our intentions and intelligence, and respected our integrity. He heard no tale bearers, listened to no disparagements. Our successes were his triumphs; our troubles, his deep concern.

For all that President Harris was, we today respect, honor, and love him. When death comes, wherever there was love, there is grief. That is the imperative of the heart, whatever the logic of circumstance. And so today many of us stand close to Estella Harris and her family, close to them in the great admiration and affection we feel for them, and close to them in a common grief for a great, good, and lovable man.

*Elbert D. Thomas **

THERE IS NO GOOD REASON, I am sure, why this privilege, this honor should come to me, why a voice from the Pacific should call me from the obscurity of the classroom to say a word in memory of one who was known far and wide as a faithful and efficient public servant, as a wise statesman, and as a great and good man.

It is true that Elbert D. Thomas spent many years of his life in the classroom. But that fact was not the linkage between his life and mine. I came to know him intimately only after he had left the school, only after his former students and friends had persuaded him to lay aside his beloved books to participate in the larger life of the state, the nation, and the world.

I came to know him then not so much through his writings and his public utterances as through the brief minutes in his busy days which he shared with me. Quiet minutes, they always were, during which barriers of personality were somehow lifted and mind and spirit laid bare. In those moments of personal communion I felt that I saw and heard and deeply sensed what Elbert D. Thomas really was. And what I saw and heard and felt inspired in me an allegiance which has held me ever since, and of which I have always been proud. Naturally I should like to believe that I am here today because the sense of allegiance was mutually experienced.

Dr. Thomas, Senator Thomas, brought to the public service the qualities I most admired. He had the philosophic mind. Long ago Plato had persuaded me that only men of comprehensive vision can govern well a complex society because it is only they who can see the whole of society with an awareness of its multiple and conflicting parts. It is only they, therefore, who can resolve differences with understanding, sympathy, and justice. Elbert Thomas

* Remarks at Memorial services, February 18, 1953, Assembly Hall, Salt Lake City, Utah.

had a learned mind. He brought to the tasks of statesmanship a detailed and accurate knowledge of the history of his people, his state, his country. He was thoroughly versed in the origins and developments of our political and economic systems and institutions. He was a man of deep feeling and loyalty. He loved the people of his state and of the nation. He revered their past, their accomplishments. He had a sublime faith in their power to fashion a glorious future.

And what seemed most important to me, he brought to the problems of national and international statesmanship a clear and unwavering religious faith. Basic in that faith were the concepts of God as father and of men as brothers. For him there were no national deities, but only a universal Father. What impressed him was not the existence of many countries, but rather the fact of a single humanity.

These concepts conditioned, I believe, his responses to all the questions that confronted him as a statesman. They gave consistency, patience, and courage to his entire political career. They made him a tireless worker for peace through international cooperation. It seemed to him the divine intention that all the peoples of the world, all of them God's children, should be drawn together in a friendly and united effort for the common good. He did not doubt that they could be and eventually would be so drawn together. The dictates of his faith and all the tragic facts of history appeared to teach that there can be an enduring national welfare only where there is an international well-being, that the destiny of nations is inseparably joined with the destiny of the entire human family.

He carried to the problems confronting the nation the same guiding principles. Amidst the sufferings of war and depression it was therefore natural for him to turn, sympathetically and helpfully, to those most sorely troubled. His deepest concern was for the masses of men, upon whom the burdens of disaster always rest most heavily. He saw the troubles of the rich and the power-

ful, but his heart bled for the millions who needed food and clothing and shelter. He was proud of the American way of life, and of the widespread material blessings afforded under its systems and institutions, but he could not be unmindful of the millions who had died, were dying, and would die, prematurely, because the blessings of medical care were not available to them. He could not be forgetful of the millions of Americans who had lived and died in the darkness of ignorance and superstition and fear, deprived of any share in the great human inheritance of goodness, truth, and beauty, because opportunities for adequate education had been denied them. He could not shut his eyes to the millions in our hurried and harassed society who need doctors of the mind and spirit, who need new and higher goals in life, who need the driving power of a great faith.

Elbert Thomas could not be indifferent to any human being in or near the gutter: the prodigal son who had squandered his substance, the sheep that had strayed and become lost, the woman taken in adultery, the traveler on the way to Jericho who had been beaten and left bleeding by the side of the road. He saw in each the imperishable worth of a human being, a worth which government can disregard only at the peril of its soul. In the crisis of a human body or a human spirit the fear of Senator Thomas was not that he might help too much but rather that he might help too little and too late. He could not understand why anyone should fear that the application of the spirit and teachings of Jesus Christ to the problems of human need would destroy character or weaken the foundations of a free democratic society.

I am sure that the spiritual aspirations of the people of Utah have never been represented in government by a better man than Elbert Thomas. His principles were noble and he conducted himself nobly in conformity with them. Wherever informed and thoughtful men of good will met to consider the problems of national and world affairs they always accorded him the highest respect and admiration. And I am sure that as time softens the

asperities of political partisanship all the people of state and nation will gratefully assign him a high place among the great Christian statesmen of our time.

None of us were prepared for his going. We felt, vaguely perhaps but confidently, that he would one day come back to us from the Pacific. There would be for him a golden day's decline, a time for rest, for meditation, and for memories, memories of missionary experiences in the Orient, memories of many glorious years in the classroom, memories of Senate halls and far flung administrative tasks. And I suppose we felt that we would be there with him to renew the intimacies of old friendships. And, as we are likely to think of our best friends, Elbert Thomas would himself be timeless. He would still be there in our declining years to strengthen and sustain us, and perhaps at our going say a word of praise and consolation. These were only our dreams. None of us today are disposed to quarrel with divine dispensation.

As I grow older myself, I can see how the life of the spirit, like the life of the body, tends to complete its cycle, how the events of a long life somehow prepare such a life for its own termination. On occasions like this one learns that, as the years pass, life inevitably loses one by one the reserves that sustain it. I mean the men and women, the friendships, that have given it meaning and value. It is not difficult now to imagine a day when the reserves will be exhausted, when one will be quite alone and very lonely. It is easy to believe that at that time one could be quite willing to follow after.

There are many of us who feel today that our lives have lost another of their priceless reserves, that the scope of their interests has been sadly diminished. But there is no one, I am sure, who is not profoundly grateful that through the years his life has been enriched by the life of Elbert Thomas. In our hearts we all know that we are better than we could have been had we not known him and loved him. Naturally our sympathies go out to his dear ones, those who knew him best and loved him most. We have no

magic words to assuage their grief or lighten their burden. We can offer them the consolation of our faith that Elbert Thomas is not irrevocably lost to them, that he and the great power of his mind and spirit are among the things that are eternal.

O Strong soul, by what shore
Tarest thou now? For that force,
Surely has not been left vain!
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labor-house vast
Of being is practiced that strength.

Yes, in some far shining sphere
Conscious or not of the past
Still thou performest the word
Of the Spirit in whom thou doest live—

James Marinus Jensen *

— e'en as just a man

As e'er my conversation copied withal —

TODAY WHEN we honor James Marinus Jensen, I find it natural to think also of Alfred Osmond and Alice Louise Reynolds. I am sure he would like to be remembered with them. When I joined the English department of Brigham Young University, now nearly nineteen years ago, Osmond, Reynolds, and Jensen were the senior members of the group. The cordiality of their welcome and the warmth of their friendship, the wisdom of their counsel, at once endeared them to me. My respect and affection for them have deepened as the years have passed. I may have met men and women more distinguished in the scholarship of their subjects. I have never known men and women more distinguished in the goodness, the excellence of human life and character.

But now they have all gone. One by one they have ripened and dropped into the lap of nature, as Milton would say, not harshly plucked, but gathered with ease, for death ready and mature. Alfred Osmond was the first to go. I shall always think of him as a gentle aristocrat of the spirit, a real lover of sweetness and light. To him lofty aspiration was a theory of life. It was also a practical accomplishment. He loved to speak of the good, the true, and the beautiful. The dominant desire of his life was to make a modest contribution to the goodness, truth, and beauty of the world, to create out of the resources of his own mind and spirit something that his fellowmen would not willingly let die. In Alfred Osmond, happiness and sadness were not far apart. He knew life's gaiety, its wit and its laughter. He also knew the brooding melancholy of a sensitive spirit in an insensitive world.

Then it was Alice Louise Reynolds, who left us, the teacher who loved Victorian poets and dramatists. I say, who loved the poets and dramatists, for Miss Reynolds was a lover of people.

* Remarks at funeral services, March 19, 1946.

Poetry and drama could be beautiful in themselves, but they were to her most beautiful as emanations of beautiful personalities. With a fine sense of values, Miss Reynolds knew that the poet was more important than his poem, the playwright more important than his play. She could not believe that the poem and play should live and the spirit that created them should perish. If the universe is reasonable, it must cherish the creator more than the creation.

And now it is James Marinus Jensen that has gone. He has followed his colleagues. He has taken his place with them in our tender and grateful memories. In his early student life, Professor Jensen's primary interest was in history — an interest that colored his later approach to literature. In men and their writing he saw the continuity of human life. All that had gone before was somehow still with us. The past lived on in the present and helped to fashion the future. Of special interest to him was the history of his own people, of his own community, of his own beloved institution. What happened in Utah, in Provo, or on the campus of Brigham Young University, was part of the larger drama of human life and truly representative of the upward and outward reaching of the universal human spirit.

If there was something of Hamlet in Alfred Osmond, there was something of Horatio in J. M. Jensen. I can almost imagine Professor Osmond turning to Professor Jensen in affectionate gratitude and saying,

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself. For thou hast been
As one, in suff'ring all, that suffers nothing;
A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
Has ta'en with equal thanks; and blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well comingled
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.

In my own sometimes troubled life of the spirit, I have often wondered at the calm serenity of Professor Jensen. I have grown to believe that his undeviating composure under Fortune's buffets and rewards was due not so much to his knowledge of life as to his faith in it. I have frequently confessed to him my own doubts and misgivings. I have told him of my failures to find the assurances that seemed to me necessary to serene and purposeful living. He was always understanding and sympathetic, as if he too had known fruitless quests and spiritual defeats. My conviction today is that J. M. Jensen was the serene, positive man he was because he had adopted irrevocably a working philosophy of life, because he had entered with determination on a great venture in faith. He was living his life on a groundwork of noble assumptions about man, God, and the universe. He was wagering his life, the energies of his mind and body that some things are true. In a world full of injustice, of evil, of inexplicable tragedy, he was betting on a divine purpose which is slowly and painfully but surely realizing itself. For him God was accomplishing his ends, not through sporadic, or miraculous, or spectacular manifestations of power, not through cataclysmic events, but through the quiet, persistent, devoted effort of men of great ideals and unwavering faith. I believe the secret of Professor Jensen's calm was a consciousness of belonging himself to that effort, of being in a modest way a part of the means by which God is removing the ignorance, the prejudice, the intolerance, the wickedness, the tragedy from the world.

I hope I shall disturb no one here too much if I say that my own faith in God rests primarily on my faith in good men, on my faith in men like J. M. Jensen. It is when I discover in my fellow-men fine ideals, high aspirations, unwavering convictions, complete devotions, and unconquerable efforts for righteousness, that I see and feel God as a dynamic power making for a better world.

So today I am grateful for J. M. Jensen, grateful for his kindness, courtesy, and helpfulness, for his clear-eyed vision of the

useful life, for his demonstration that life can be made good and useful through the efficient discharge of the simple duties of public and private life. I am grateful for his great venture in faith, for the assurance that his life has given me that through him and through all good men the divine purpose moves toward fulfillment.

But I am sure that none of us here wish him back. His body had ceased to serve his spirit. It had become a burden to the strivings of his mind and heart. At their best our bodies limit us. In our most sensitive and responsive years, our senses report to our minds only a part of the reality that surrounds us, only a part of its truth. Death is perhaps a removal of limitations, an entering into a larger reality, a participation in a more varied, a more abundant life. If so, there is nothing in the going of J. M. Jensen that calls for our grief. As Milton would say,

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame; nothing but well and fair
And what may quiet us in a life and death so noble.

*John C. Swenson **

FREQUENTLY WE SAY — and we say it somewhat cynically, I fear — that no man is indispensable. If we mean by the assertion that the work of the world will go on somehow no matter who dies, there is, of course, truth in it. But, if we mean that the work of the world will go on just as well regardless of who passes away, there is, I am sure, little insight in it. It is a reasonable surmise that not only individuals and institutions but also whole civilizations have been disastrously affected by the untimely death of great men. Some men are in a most real sense indispensable to human welfare. Their death is an irreparable loss.

I am not suggesting that the death of John C. Swenson will modify the course of history. My recollection of his great modesty prohibits my saying that. But I can say that for many of us who knew him intimately and loved him deeply his going seems a loss for which no reparation is in sight. He was to us the vital embodiment of qualities of mind and spirit which the world we know cannot afford to lose.

Our world, the world of today, desperately needs his kind of faith — faith in the moral soundness of the universe, faith in the importance of truth, faith in the eternal worth of human life. He did not pretend to know the answers to the questions about which competitive religions conduct their interminable controversies. His faith did not concern itself with the details, the minutiae, of lives that have been or of lives that are to come. He was satisfied with an abiding conviction that in the economy of the universe human personality is an enduring value, and that whatever eternity has in store for man it will be for his ultimate welfare.

John C. Swenson was too intelligent, too discerning not to know that all who cry "Thus saith the Lord" are not equally competent to speak for Him. Among the many voices presuming to speak for God he heard one that carried conviction, one that

* Remarks at funeral services, September 2, 1953.

spoke authentically of the things of the spirit. In the "sweet reasonableness" of Jesus of Nazareth, in his insight, his compassion, his love, John C. Swenson found both an anchorage and a guide.

Central in his philosophy of life was faith in the saving power of the human mind — the informed human mind. God's greatest creative achievement was the mind of man. By it man was differentiated from the beast of the field. By means of it man was to subdue the earth and exercise dominion over it. By its use man might discover all truth and thereby make himself a fit instrument for the accomplishment of God's purposes everywhere.

The good life for him was the sane life. The sane life was a life lived in conformity with knowledge and reason. Since mind is God's greatest gift to man, the fruits of the mind are to be revered. Faith in the learning of men is not arrogance, not presumption. Rather it is a humble acknowledgment of the adequacy of God's helpfulness. Any belittlement of the capacity of men to find the truth and to use it is a belittlement of the Creator of men. To John C. Swenson the final test of the truth of any oracle is its continuing sanction in the minds of enlightened men.

Many people remember Professor Swenson for his sense of humor, for the rapier thrusts of his wit. Not so many knew that his wit and humor were born of a deep seriousness. In life laughter and tears are close together. Comedy and tragedy are thinly separated. Molière and Shakespeare were brothers in spirit. They were both keenly aware of the cruel paradoxes, the bitter incongruities of human existence. Each could have chosen to smile at the absurdities of men caught in a mesh of circumstance largely of their own making. Each could have chosen tears, tears that lament but somehow glorify the human spirit in its tragic encounter with misfortunes that defy explanation.

There was as much of Shakespeare in John C. Swenson as there was of Molière. He had experienced the discouragement of Hamlet. He had suffered, at least in spirit, the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. He had known the insolence of office and

the slights that patient merit of the unworthy takes. In the human society of his life-long observation he met everywhere the paradoxes that seem to confound truth and reason. He found justice and mercy and unselfishness too frequently on the scaffold and injustice and hardness and greed too frequently on the throne. He saw passion triumphant over reason; ignorance, superstition, and blind credulity victorious over knowledge and enlightened faith. He saw little men in high places, presuming to dominate what they did not understand, turning the influence of high position to the furtherance of personal ambitions. Everywhere he encountered the most tragic of all human tendencies, the tendency of men to identify their own personal ambitions and passions and loyalties with the mind and will of God.

No one could sit in heart-to-heart talk with John C. Swenson about these things and not know that they troubled him greatly, that he was not a stranger to the tragic qualm. But he chose not to weep but rather to smile — at least in public. He chose to smile and keep sweet and by so doing to help others face life with cheerful courage. Always he was sustained by the conviction that the universe is not playing fast and loose with the spirits of good men, that ultimately the noble heart and the lofty spirit will find satisfaction, that the goodness, truth, and beauty, which they demand will finally prevail. His was the insight and the wisdom that can await in patience that happy consummation.

In the death of John C. Swenson the community has lost one of its truly great men. The University has lost its elder statesman, one who knew its history from the beginning, and had done much to establish its traditions and fashion its spirit. Many of us have lost a wise and inspiring counselor and friend. We shall all miss him sorely. Time will soften the pain of our grief. Memories will remain to guide and sustain us. But nothing can take the place of the man himself, the vibrant creative personality that he was.

Edgar M. Jensen *

ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT BOOKS written in Anglo-Saxon England was Bede's *Ecclesiastical History of the English People*. One of the most memorable incidents recorded therein appears in the account of the conversion to Christianity of Edwin, king of Northumbria. Through the missionary Paulinus, Edwin had heard the Christian message. He was impressed with its truthfulness, but, before accepting baptism, he sought the advice of his wise men. One of them spoke substantially as follows: "If the new religion can throw light on the mystery of life and death, let us listen to its teachings. And let me illustrate how it is with us now. It is night. A king and his henchmen are sitting around the fire in the meadhall. Outside a storm rages. Suddenly out of the darkness and the storm, a sparrow flies into the light and comfort of the meadhall. For a moment it flutters about in the glow and warmth, and then it darts out into the night, and is lost in the wintry darkness. So it is," said the wise man, "with the life of man as we know it. Out of the dark unknown, man comes. Briefly he lingers in the light and warmth of life. Then he departs and is lost again in the dark unknown. About the whence and whither of man's being our religion has nothing to say. If Paulinus has something to tell us about the dark unknown, let us hear and accept it."

Human concern about the whence and whither of life has, I suppose, been universal. It has not been limited to the nameless, pagan councilor of King Edwin of Northumbria. The sophisticated Pascal was frightened when he contemplated a human life as a luminous moment in a dark eternity of time and space. "When I consider," he says, "the shortness of my life, lost between two infinities, the little space which I fill and the only one I see, a chasm in the infinite depths of space which I know not and which knows not me, I am terrified and amazed to see myself

* Remarks at funeral services, May 31, 1958.

here rather than elsewhere, for there is not the slightest reason for here and not elsewhere, or for now and not at another time. Who has placed me here? By whose plan and warrant was this place and this time ordained for me? The silence eternal of the infinite spaces terrifies me."

Bede, I am sure, told about King Edwin and his wise man to glorify Christianity. Today we quote the words of the pagan wise man, as we do those of the Christian Pascal, as a vivid, poetic statement of the enduring mystery of life and death, a mystery that no religion has entirely solved. What has gone before life and what will come after it are matters regarding which most of us make a venture of faith, but about which few of us would care to dogmatize.

Edgar Jensen, I am sure, made his venture of faith. Assuming that we live in a universe that is friendly to the values which we cherish most, he could not believe that the creative forces at work in the universe would fashion human personalities only to destroy them in the inevitable incident of death. He felt deeply that he would survive the death of his body. When I saw him a week or so ago and asked him how he felt, he answered characteristically: "I have never before felt so low; I have never before felt so devout." Then, after a moment of trouble, he continued: "I wish I could get away from this wasted, pain-tortured flesh. Because you know, P. A., I am not this flesh. I am something else." Edgar was not identifying himself with the transitory. He believed that he was part of the eternal.

But during his life Edgar's primary concern was not the eternal. He was not troubled as was King Edwin's wise man about the dark unknown from which man seems to come and to which he seems to return. He was not terrified, as was Pascal, by the thought of himself as a fortuitous moment in the infinite reach of time and space. His principal concern was that the brief moment accorded him be a bright and significant one, that its bright-

ness be seen and felt in his time, and if possible preserved in eternity.

Edgar Jensen was an artist. Only as an artist can he be understood and appreciated. When I say he was an artist, I am not saying that he was a man who painted pictures. Painting was but a creative expression of the artist in him. It was something that he did, indeed, something that he had to do, because he was an artist. He was an artist by endowment. He was a man of deep insight, unusual sensitivity and creative imagination. He was therefore a man of refinement of thought, feeling, and expression. He was especially responsive to beauty and sensed it in all its varied forms. He had the capacity to rejoice greatly and to suffer deeply. And men like Edgar Jensen do suffer deeply, because the world we know is not in the hands of artists. It is a world too congenial to stolid, insensitive, unimaginative men, men quite unaware of beauty in art, in nature, and in life.

Somewhere else I have scribbled something about artists and saints. It is relevant to Edgar, because in the best sense of the word Edgar was a saint as well as an artist. Both are tragically rare among us. Artists and saints, I have said, have much in common. Both live alienated lives. Both live dedicated lives. They live alienated from the world of the materialist and the Philistine, the world in which men in getting and spending lay waste their powers. Artists and saints are both dedicated to an unseen world, a world of immanence. For the artist it is the immanence of beauty. For the saint it is the immanence of God. For the materialist, the Philistine — and that includes most of us — each thing in the world is only what it seems to be. It is a *thing* and nothing else. Its value is its value in the commercial market, or on the stock exchange. But to the artist the thing visible to all eyes is not the real thing but only a veil hiding the beauty immanent in it. The artist is a man of insight. His vision penetrates the veil, and through his art he removes it. In a sense he turns each object into the thing of beauty which it is futilely and clumsily trying to be.

There is a beauty immanent or resident everywhere in the material world about us, but it is a veiled beauty, an imprisoned beauty. It awaits the unveiling hand, the liberating touch of the artist — the sculptor, the painter, the poet, the composer. Only they can actualize the virtual beauty of the world.

The saint is also a seer. He has the deeply discerning eye. He sees in everything something else. To him everything in the world has been put there to call our attention to a hidden reality which it signifies. And the hidden reality which all things signify is something divine. It is an expression of God, who in some way is indwelling in all things. And hence it was that Saint Bonaventure could see, as he said, the Blessed Trinity in the humblest of creatures. And so it was that Jesus, the greatest of seers, looking at what seemed to others only human waste, saw infinite human worth. Looking at sinners he saw saints. And so it is with that saintly, aged man ending his days in the wilderness of Lambaréné. In life in all its forms Albert Schweitzer sees something demanding his profoundest reverence and solicitude.

And thus it is that saints become artists. The creative function of men of God is not to formulate creeds and defend them. Rather it is to make actual in human personalities the divine goodness and beauty already latently there. The work of the artist-saint is to transform men from what they seem to be to something better which they potentially are, to make out of ordinary men godlike men. As a teacher Edgar was the artist-saint. He was not only one who unveiled the hidden beauty of sea and landscape, tree and flower, and gave it reality on canvas in lines and masses of color. He also unveiled the latent beauty in the minds and spirits of young men and women. He helped them to realize in their own lives, in their appreciations and their conduct, the divine immanence already within them.

Through the more than thirty years that I have known Edgar, it has always seemed to me that he gave to his own life the qualities of a work of art. His life had unity, design, balance, propor-

tion. It had inner consistency and integrity. The total impression was one of discriminating selection aiming at whole and harmonious beauty. In his responses to existence there was no evidence of impulse, thoughtlessness, or caprice. He knew where he wanted to go with his life, and he moved unfalteringly toward his goal. He put his faith in informed intelligence, and did his own thinking, conscientiously and humbly. Integrity and honesty were the imperative necessities of his life, never luxuries that he could not afford. His strongest convictions were always sustained by unwavering courage. He had found his work. He had formulated the ideals by which he would perform it. Like the Blue Cat in the charming and inspiring little book, he had heard unmistakably clear the song of the river; and he sang his own song.

Sing your own song, said the river.
 Sing your own song.
 Out of yesterday song comes.
 It goes into tomorrow,
 Sing your own song.
 With your life fashion beauty,
 This too is the song.
 Riches will pass and power.
 Beauty remains. Sing your own song.
 All that is worth doing, do well, said the river.
 Sing your own song.
 Certain and round be the measure,
 Every line be graceful and true.
 Time is the mold, time the weaver, the carver,
 Time and the workman together,
 Sing your own song.
 Sing well, said the river. Sing well.¹

No man was ever more true to the best in himself than Edgar Jensen. It was indeed his own song that he sang. It was pitched in the key of his character. It moved in the measures of his own attainment, in the melody of his own ideals. He knew that only

¹ From *The Blue Cat of Castle Town* by Catherine Cate Coblenz, Copyright 1949 by Longmans, Green and Company. Reprinted by permission of David McKay Company, Inc., New York.

in excellence is there continuity, that the best of his song, of all songs, comes out of yesterday, and that only the best goes on tomorrow. With his whole life he sought to fashion beauty. He knew that riches have no continuity, no tomorrow, that the power of things and the possession of things pass away. Only beauty remains. All that was worth doing he did well, did perfectly. Every line of his pencil, every stroke of his brush, every thought of his mind, every utterance of his tongue, he tried to make graceful and true.

Like the wise old river he knew that time, time and the workman, are the mold, the weaver, the carver, which fashion the enduring, which distinguish between the true and the false, the genuine and the spurious. In the midst of our ruthless, competitive, materialistic society, surrounded by ambitious men struggling for possessions, and for the power that possessions bring, crowding and maneuvering for promotion, for preferment, for position, in government, in school, in church, Edgar Jensen always kept his head. He knew that no position can make an unimportant man important, that little men in big positions are little men still. He knew that only great men make positions important but that great men are important in whatever position they serve. He was, I say, wise enough to appraise power. He was weak enough to suffer keenly the abuses of power. Like Hamlet he had felt and felt deeply

The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes.

I am grateful today for the gift to me of the life and character of Edgar Jensen. For his life and character were a gift to me, not something I had earned. We hear it said — indeed, we have seen it posted for the direction and inspiration of university students — that nothing worth having is free. The idea is a projection of the values of the market place to the realm of spiritual values. It is another reflection of the gross materialism that dominates everywhere the thoughts and feelings of our age. The truth of the

matter is that all the things which in our hearts and souls we cherish most are free. Whoever earned the love, the compassion, the helpfulness, the solicitude, the loyalty of mothers and fathers, brothers and sisters and friends? Whoever has earned the human legacy, the world's treasures, of goodness, truth, and beauty, all of which all men are free to share? No, men like Edgar Jensen are precious gifts to all who know them, gifts of which no one is ever quite worthy. I shall always love Edgar, and cherish his memory. I shall forever be grateful for the beauty and integrity of his life.

*Anna Prince Redd **

IN A VERY REAL SENSE, our lives are defined by the things that fill them. They are limited by the things of which we are aware. The loss of any part of our total awareness is therefore a subtraction from our lives. So when our friends or loved ones pass away, we too die in part. None of us into whose awareness Anna Prince Redd had entered intimately need to be told that life for us is not so large and full today as it was yesterday. We have our memories of her, but memories are only the cold, pale shadows of the warm radiant reality that has forever left us. So ask not for whom the bell tolls. In reality it tolls for us, because in truth a very precious part of our lives has been taken away.

It is not for me to estimate the meaning or the worth of Anna as a daughter, a sister, a wife, a mother, or to measure the grief her dear ones now suffer. These are things beyond computation, beyond description. But I should like to say a word about the meaning and worth of Anna as a creative spirit in a wider realm, a realm in which many of us, not in her family, have been permitted to know her.

Ann was an artist. In spirit and often in achievement she was in the fellowship of poets. I almost said in the fellowship of poets and prophets. For I like to link poets and prophets together. In their creative experiences and in their social purposes they are, I believe, essentially alike. Both have a sense of being elected, of being called to their work. Both live dedicated lives, lives devoted to messages that must be delivered, to truths that must be uttered. In both the urgency to express is irresistible.

Their messages, of course differ. The prophet has made new discoveries about God and His relationships with men. In moments of illumination he has perceived religious implications that seem to give unity to all things and to deepen their meaning. God is everywhere, and everywhere is divine purpose. So vivid are his

* Remarks at funeral services, March, 1951.

perceptions and so impelling his sense of revelation that the prophet cries, "Thus saith the Lord." God has given something to him alone, which he and he alone can give and must give to others.

The work of the poet is also a work of discovery, the discovery of beauty where for most of us no beauty seems to exist. As prophets are there to make us sense the religious meanings of the experiences of our minds and senses, poets are there to make us aware of the hidden or latent beauty in them. "All things," says Pascal, "hide some mystery. All things are as many veils which hide God." The men of real religious insight are there to lift the veils. "Each thing," says Gilson, "is a veil which hides its own beauty." The penetrating and creative eye of the artist sees through the veil and by the magic of art turns each object into the thing of beauty which in itself it "clumsily tries to be."

And, what seems most strange to us of lesser insight, the hidden God and the hidden beauty which they uncover are to the artist and the prophet the supreme and final realities. The seeming realities which crowd our lives and claim our devotion, the realities known to our cruder senses, or deduced by our groping and stumbling intellects, are but the poor dull shadows of the shining realities that only poets and prophets know.

And so Anna Prince Redd has been, I say, not only a noble wife and mother. She has lived in the glorious company of those who serve their fellowmen by disclosing the inner meaning and beauty in nature and in human life. She has been one of those to whom a sunset is more than a sunset, the song of a bird more than the song of a bird. She has been one of those sensitive and responsive spirits to whom the breath of the desert and the wind in the tree tops whisper meanings beyond the grasp of our plodding comprehension. She has also been one of those inspired dreamers to whom human life as most of us know it and accept it is but a poor, a wretched suggestion, of what it ought to be and could be. Hers has been the creative imagination that helps to fashion the

ideas and ideals that give human life its upward thrust, that constitute the dynamic of a better human life and a nobler human destiny.

But Anna was never preoccupied with her own creative effort. She was too modest and too intelligent for that. What really mattered was that her family and her community should share in the fruits of the creative efforts of great and good men and women through the ages. What was most important was that all should read the great poets, see the great paintings, hear the great music. Wherever she resided her name is gratefully associated with every effort to bring to all people the goodness, the truth and the beauty of the world.

I have always felt that Anna was a deeply religious woman. By that I mean a woman who had caught the spiritual essence of the life and teachings of Jesus and who had sincerely sought to establish that essence in her own heart and in the hearts of others. With all other Christian believers she accepted Jesus as one who in some theological sense atoned for the sins of mankind. But I am sure that what gave warmth and purpose to her own life was the manner in which Jesus in yet another way, a very real way, took upon himself the sins and troubles of the men and women among whom he labored. I am sure that to her the great call of the religion of Jesus was a call for men and women willing to take upon themselves the sins and troubles of their own fellowmen. It was a call for men and women ready to accept personal responsibility for the poverty, injustice, ignorance, superstition, greed, and hatred that infest our so-called Christian society, men and women incapable of contentment as long as these evils exist. I am sure that her life in its community relationships was an eager response to this call.

The admirable and noble qualities of Anna were also the qualities of her husband and children. As I thought of this family last evening and recalled one by one the members that I have known best, I sought a word, a single word, that would charac-

terize their dominant attitude toward their fellowmen. The word that seemed to fit best was compassion. Tolerance came to mind, but I rejected it. For tolerance to me has become a cold word, a self-satisfied word, a prudential word. I might add, a pagan word. People who assert their tolerance are seldom teachable, and rarely sympathetic. In their minds there is, I fear, too little doubt about their superiority to the people whom they tolerate. Their tolerance is too frequently offered as a thinly veiled concession of their light and wisdom to the darkness and folly of others.

But how different it is with compassion. Compassion is a warm word, a humble word, a deeply Christian word. In it there is no intimation of superiority, no veiled sitting in judgment, no invidious comparisons. In it there is Christian faith in the worth of every human spirit. In it is the capacity to imagine how others think, how others feel. In it is the willingness to think with others, to feel with others, and, best of all, to suffer with others.

I am deeply grateful for this family, grateful for the friendship, the kindness, the compassion they have always offered me. May I say that I am grateful, in a special and tender kind of way, for Shirley. As a student in many of my classes at Brigham Young University she was always a pleasure and inspiration to me. I am very proud that Brother Redd asked me to speak here today. My great regret is that I possess no magic words with which to heal the wounds of grief, none with which to lighten the burden of sorrow. But I can join my prayer with yours that God will give to this family the strength, the courage, and the faith that they will need in the sad days ahead.

*Edith Russell Oliphant **

IF WE THINK OF our lives as the sum total of all of which we are aware, then in a very real sense we all die partially whenever something or someone is lost from our awareness. When someone whom we greatly admire or greatly love dies, our lives suffer an irreparable subtraction. Something is taken away from our full vision of existence, and we remain less completely alive. Though memories remain and though we find some comfort and reassurance in them, they are but a pale restoration of what was once vivid and vital; they cannot make up the loss.

When word reached me that Edith Russell Oliphant was dead, I know with unmistakable certainty that I myself was less alive. My existence had narrowed. My total world was perceptibly diminished. From the variegated mosaic of my awareness a beautiful and precious part had vanished forever. I knew, of course, that I should still have memories, and that, in a sense, to have memories is still to possess that which is remembered. I knew I should always have among my teacher's souvenirs the recollections of Edith Russell, the English girl who brought to my office a conversation that was always witty and delightful, and to my classroom a discussion that was always as entertaining as it was stimulating.

I knew also that in my hours of discouragement I should remember with renewal of courage Edith's story, a story of personal struggle against heart breaking difficulties, a struggle to give to her life a richer experience and a fuller and more varied beauty. But I sensed also that something infinitely precious was gone beyond any power of mine to recall. For me the vivacious, challenging, charming personality was no longer accessible. The intense, aspiring, creative spirit was no longer responsive to my need for human sweetness and human light. . . .

* Excerpts from remarks at funeral service.

One day she told me much of the story of her family life, of the physical hardships and the spiritual tragedies that it imposed. When she had finished, she said with an intensity born, I felt, of hard and sometimes cruel experience, "Now you can see why I *must* become somebody, somebody important, somebody to excite or inspire respect and admiration, loyalty and love." The fear that seemed to trouble her most was that this noble ambition might fail of realization, that an ever-threatening death might at any time intervene to frustrate her passionate aspiration. . . .

Edith was an artist. As a student her dominant desire was to be one of those who bring into existence new forms of beauty, who fashion a new and more beautiful reality. She was at heart one of those rare spirits not at ease in the world as it is, not at ease because too painfully conscious in all things of the disparity between the real and the ideal, between what life now is and what it could be, what it ought to be. She was one of those discerning souls who perceive that it is only through human lives spent in the service of the ideal that God can transform His world and accomplish His purposes.

I am not suggesting that in her devotion to the ideal world Edith identified herself with earth transforming causes. Limited by circumstances she had perhaps been forced to pitch her creative effort in a minor key, but within its gamut she was intensely and effectively active. Life in its everyday relationships could be transformed into something more significant, more beautiful. The little amenities which are the soul of our common existence could be made more tender, more graceful. It was not enough that we should say what we think. We should say it with imagination and charm and beauty. As the painter looks in the landscape for the picturesque, that which possesses the qualities of a picture, so Edith looked into ordinary life for the literatesque, that which possessed or suggested the qualities of literature. If into her expression, her wording, there was sometimes a touch of exaggeration or overstatement, it was attributable to her lively aversion

to everything dull or commonplace. It had its origin in her deep and irrepressible love of perfection.

But Edith has gone. This beautiful, this divinely discontented spirit has mounted the clouds, and we are left alone with our memories, our grief, and our faith. From them may we all have the power to fashion something that will sustain and beautify our own existence. In this hour our hearts go out in the deepest sympathy to Edith's husband who is here, and to Edith's mother who is far away. I know no verbal alchemy by which their great loss can be transmuted into a great gain, their heavy sorrow into a buoyant and abiding joy. All I can do is join my prayer with yours that time and the divine alchemy may soon bring about a healing transmutation in their minds and souls.

Jim *

IN ONE OF THE GREAT PLAYS of literature a strong man, a warrior, learns of the sudden and violent death of his wife and children. He pulls his hat over his eyes, and stands for a prolonged moment speechless, stunned by a horror and grief that paralyzes movement and expression. A companion in arms, a friend, alarmed by the unbroken silence, pleads with him to say something:

Give sorrow words. The grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart and bids it break.

He urges the stricken man to release his sorrow in action, to "dispute" it, to bear it like a man. The answer of the bereaved husband and father is to me the complete and final answer to such a plea. It leaves nothing to be said:

I shall do so;
But I must also feel it like a man.
I cannot but remember such things were
That were most precious to me.

The relation of what the poet says to the sadness of the present occasion is clear enough. Edna and her children are not weak in facing the loss that has come to them. They were not unprepared for the coming of death. Indeed, I am sure they were as well prepared for bereavement as strong men and women ever are. They were aware of death as the constant companion of life, as something that sooner or later would touch them. They were strengthened for all the crises of life by the highest ideals of manhood and womanhood, and by the great hopes and assurances of religious faith: God was present in their world, and eternal life was among his provisions for his children.

So we need not today offer Edna and her family the counsel of courage and fortitude. We need not plead with them to bear their grief well. They will do that. But, like the strong man in the play, they must also feel their grief as strong men and women

* Remarks at funeral services for James J. Allen, January 4, 1955.

do. They cannot soon forget that they are now without one who was most precious to them. Like all who mourn they must, in accepting their burden, offer first a tribute of tears to a love deprived.

A tribute of tears to a love deprived — that is essentially what grief is. Grief is the price we all have to pay for love in a world where death walks with life, in a world where death separates what love brings and holds together. Our deepest happiness and joy spring from the unities, the harmonies wrought in our lives by love. Grief is destiny when those unities and harmonies are broken by death or by any of the disruptive forces of evil.

But in our most shattering sorrow none of us would say that love is not worth the hazards it entails, the suffering it sooner or later imposes. Love is infinitely more in the world than many of us think it is. Certainly it is more than the physical attraction, or the warming affection, that draws the man and the woman together in the relationship of husband and wife; more than the loyalties and devotions that unite parents and children into the oneness of family life. In its deepest significance it is the unifying, harmonizing principle of living existence. It is the magnetic and cohesive force that creates and sustains all the unities by which all living beings seek their common welfare. In human society love has only begun its work. It is destined to achieve wider and more inclusive unities, to break down the barriers of exclusive organizations and institutions, of states and nations, of races and creeds. As more and more human love participates in the nature of the the divine love, it will draw all peoples into a brotherhood of men, under the fatherhood of God.

Love is even more than the unifying principle, human and divine. There is a sense in which love is the unearned goodness that gives our lives fulfillment, that proffers us life's brimming cup. It is the mercy that tempers justice to our desperate needs. It is the tenderness, the compassion, that forgives our sins. There are times, I am sure, when we all sense that these things are true.

We know that we never wholly earn the love of our parents, the love of our children. We know that we never wholly earn the enriching companionship of our many friends. These blessings are really gifts bestowed. They are part of the abundant goodness in the world for which there is no accounting in terms of cause and effect, of merit and reward. No, love is a value, a power, we cannot forego. Without it life would be chaotic and meaningless. We must keep love, and cherish it, though at times it exacts our tribute of tears, though sometimes it seems to break our hearts.

To speak of the qualities that endeared Jim to all of us is to speak of the qualities that define the good man and the good life. It is to speak of the good manners, the warming amenities of the human relationship in the home and everywhere. It is to speak of modesty and gentleness, of thoughtfulness and kindness, of cheerfulness and tolerance. It is to speak of the growing points of the personal life, of the alert mind and the sensitive spirit eagerly seeking a share in the collective mental and spiritual wealth of the world. It is to speak of the sterling qualities of honesty and integrity on which the good society is founded. It is to speak of the love of God and the love of fellowmen of which is the Kingdom of Heaven on earth.

In the appraisalment of a life like Jim's, a life rich in virtues attained and good deeds done, there is perhaps no place for the sadness of regret. Yet, many times through the years of our acquaintance, when I have thought of him with affection and admiration, I have been saddened by the feeling that there were in him capacities and talents not likely to be fully used or developed in this life. I speak of it now, not as an expression of regret, but as part of a tribute to my beloved friend and brother.

I have mentioned the alertness of Jim's mind, the sensitiveness of his spirit. I have always felt that if circumstances had been kinder, if obstacles had been less formidable, Jim might have been a scientist, a philosopher, a creative artist. There was much of the ancient Greek in him. He had zest for experience. He

moved about with his senses and faculties awake and eager to participate in the total life about him. He had the curiosity of the scientist. He wanted to probe into things, to analyze them, to account for them. He had the mental set of the philosopher. He wanted to think with the thinkers, to help them find relationships in knowledge, to help them fashion all truth into a consistent and meaningful oneness. He had faith in the human mind. To him it was God's greatest gift to man. And man was to honor it, and honor it by using it in the quest of truth of all kinds. So Jim did his own thinking, with the knowledge he possessed. He did it humbly, but he did it with courage, with the courage to doubt whatever could not stand the scrutiny of informed intelligence. The basic premise of his own modest, fragmentary search for the truth of things was that about most things the last word had not yet been spoken. The essence of reality was change. Reality was not a condition attained, not a having and a resting, but a growing and a becoming. So eternity had real meaning for Jim. It was the time he needed to pursue what he wanted to know.

Let me venture a word about Jim as an artist, or a potential artist. It always seemed to me that by nature Jim was an artist, that it was through the medium of music that the beauty in him found its fullest expression. When Jim sat at the organ or piano, in the home or in the church, there was almost a reverence in his manner, almost a prayer in his touch. I know nothing about musicianship, about the skills and techniques demanded by the musician's art. But it seemed to me that Jim evoked from the keys tones of unsurpassed purity and beauty, tones that were expressive of something in Jim himself equally pure and beautiful. It has often occurred to me that Jim would have fulfilled himself best in the glorious company of those who create, of those whose blessed privilege it is to discover the hidden beauties in the ordinary sights and sounds of the world, of those whose gift it is to imagine sights and sounds never seen or heard on land or sea, of

those whose creative power it is to fashion all these beautiful things into forms of undying loveliness.

But Jim has left us, the Jim that was and the Jim that might have been. Where he has gone, we perhaps cannot know. Let us believe that it is where none of him is lost, where all that we loved and admired in the Jim that was will be preserved eternally, and where all the excellence that he might have been will find a full and glorious realization. We must mourn his loss, but let us be grateful that it was our blessing to live with him, to know him, and to love him. Let us keep him always in memory as a strength on which we can lean, as a guide whom we may securely follow.

Stella Rich *

I KNEW STELLA as a student, as a colleague, and as a friend. To have her in a class in literature was to understand the Greek chorus of Aeschylus in its role of ideal spectator. As the Greek chorus responded in thought, imagination, and emotion to all the changes in the evolving drama, so Stella responded ideally to all the nuances of a writer's thought and feeling.

I have never known a student or a teacher of literature who captured more beauty from literature than Stella did, or who communicated the beauty she found with more appreciation. I am sure all of you remember her reading bits of the poetry and prose she loved. It always seemed to me that her voice touched what she read with tenderness; indeed, fairly caressed the syllables she uttered. One of my unrealized desires was to hear her read something I had written. She would have made even that sound beautiful. I have never heard a note of cynicism in Stella's responses to literature or to life. Never was there a suggestion of a proud superiority to the attitudes and sentiments of an author. I am afraid such humility is a rarity among teachers today. Through the many years that I associated with Stella as a colleague in the English department, there was never a moment when I doubted her loyalty to the department or her devotion to the work assigned to her.

But it was Stella, the friend, who was most precious of all to us, and it is Stella, the friend, whom we shall miss most and remember longest. This evening we all find it hard to believe that we shall never again meet in her home to share her hospitality, her wit and charm, her spacious and abundant soul. Our last visits with her were most memorable. For me at least there was a gentle rebuke in the cheerful courage with which Stella met the mounting discouragements and distresses of the last months of her life. Never was she disposed to complain and give up.

* When a few friends met to grieve.

Stella Rich and Edgar Jensen lived on the same spiritual block in life, as they lived on the same city block in Provo. Both were keenly sensitive to the incongruities of human existence, the incongruities from which come both tears and laughter. Both knew the tears of things — the *lacrimae rerum* of Vergil. But both refused to shed their tears in public. Both to the end of their lives chose to dwell on the incongruities that evoke, if not the happy convulsions of the body which we call laughter, at least the bright smile of the mind, which is laughter educated in the deeper mysteries of the human lot.

Clarice Hart *

NATURALLY I AM PLEASED that I should be asked to say a few words here today. I am honored. I regret that I have been unable to prepare carefully what I want to say. But that regret is tempered by the thought that it doesn't matter too much what I say or how I say it. When one is speaking to grief, nothing one says matters very much. For the pain of sorrow, no words are curative. Grief is love sorely wounded, and wounded love is not responsive to words, to prescriptions, but only to the slow mending of time. On occasions like this the best words are the simplest words, the words easiest to say: "We are very, very sorry. We wish we could help you. We respect you. We love you." That is about all we can say or try to say.

There was a time when I argued the irrationality of a scheme of things in which grief is as universal as death. Since by the nature of life, by the conditions of life, death is inevitable and universally so, why shouldn't we be prepared by nature to accept without grief the loss of husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, brothers and sisters? It would seem to be a rational adjustment to the terms of existence to be created without the capacity to grieve. Then one day, long ago now, I knew that what I was asking for would involve the incapacity to love. Grief, I say, is love deeply wounded. Wound the flesh, and it bleeds. Wound love and it inevitably grieves. In a sense sorrow is the price we pay for love. But who would forgo love to escape sorrow?

So I do not feel that we are here today to assuage sorrow. We are here to talk about the most precious of human values, about friends and friendship, about gratitude and love. The Harts and the Hansens have long been precious in the life of Ruth and myself. The association began in our high school and college days in Logan, principally at Brigham Young College — a school still

* Remarks at funeral services, January 8, 1959.

dear in our memories. The association with Clarice and Charles — “Chick” as we all call him intimately and affectionately — was continued and deepened when we met again at Brigham Young University, now more than thirty years ago. “Chick’s” work in physical education and athletics, and my assigned duties in the intercollegiate athletic program brought us and our families together, both socially and professionally.

Among the most pleasant memories Ruth and I have of that time was an athletic trip to Honolulu, a trip planned in all its details by “Chick.” With us as guests of the University on the trip, were the Brimhalls, the Knights, and the Chipmans — all pillars in the structure of the University as well as stalwarts in the life of the Church and community. All are now gone. “Chick” and Clarice were essentially the host and hostess of the Honolulu party. How well and gratefully we remember their attention to all the things that made our three weeks together a period of rest, comfort, recreation, and above all a time of warm and inspiring human relations. Some of us at the University look back, with a kind of homesickness, to a time when the faculty was much smaller than it now is and less diversified in interests. We recall delightful faculty socials when “Chick” and Clarice taught us old and new dances, “Chick” calling the “square dances,” and Clarice playing the piano. Ruth and I remember the unfailing thoughtfulness of “Chick” and Clarice. Would we ride with them to the game? to the Club meeting? to the reception?

Yet, as I look back now upon this friendship, I feel a profound regret. It never was all that it could have been. It never was all that, in a vague sort of way, we intended it to be. I believe you all know what I am trying to say. In our friends, particularly our old friends, there reposes for us a reserve of strength, a possibility for enrichment, which we never use or realize. Ruth and I knew with a kind of half awareness that in “Chick” and Clarice there was for us a reserve of strength and encouragement and inspiration. And we felt half consciously that there would be a time when we would

draw on that reserve. There would be a time when we would frequently drop in on the Harts, sit by the fire with them, a time when we would have with them that indefinable communion of minds and spirits which is perhaps human experience on its highest and most deeply enriching plane. Now Clarice is gone, and our friendship with her and "Chick" can never have its highest consummation. When will we unnecessarily busy and harried men and women learn what really matters in life, learn what is the source of its most enduring satisfactions?

When I think of Charles and Clarice and their children and feel for the word that best describes them as I have known them, a much abused word keeps coming to mind. It is the word *sterling*, a word that denotes and suggests to me a value that is utterly genuine, a value from which all dross has been removed. The Harts are genuine people. In them there has been no pretense, no ostentation, no crowding for place or position. The important thing for them has been that they be people of genuine quality, that they conduct their lives, their human relations, in conformity with simple but high principles.

And life so conducted has with them called for no rewards. It has merely been life as it ought to be lived. This is no unimportant matter. It brings us close to what has seemed to me to be a weakness in our Christian ethic, an over emphasis on rewards and punishments — rewards as an inducement to good, and punishment as a deterrent from evil. This emphasis has affected our attitude toward character and conduct in relation to our theology. We hear men say that without assurance of God in heaven, without a belief in the divinity of Christ, without a conviction that life survives death, they would conduct their lives differently. Matthew Arnold once addressed a sonnet to all who so think and feel:

Long fed on boundless hopes, O race of man,
How angrily thou spurn'st all simpler fare!
"Christ," some one says, "was human as we are;

No judge eyes us from Heaven, our sin to scan;
 We live no more, when we have done our span."
 "Well, then, for Christ," thou answerest, "who can care?
 From sin, which Heaven records not, why forbear?
 Live we like brutes our life without a plan!"
 So answerest thou; but why not rather say:
 "Hath man no second life?—*Pitch this one high!*
 Sits there no judge in Heaven, our sin to see?—
More strictly, then, the inward judge obey!
 Was Christ a man like us? *Ah! let us try*
If we then, too, can be such men as he!"

It seems to me that we have in these lines a rebuke to all of us who are still children, to all of us who are disposed to impose conditions on the universe, the conditions on which we will live the good life. The doctrine of the poem is a strong doctrine, suitable perhaps only for strong people. But the Harts, as I have known them, are strong people. Whatever may be true of the universe, they will remain true to their own highest conceptions of man and of man's obligations to himself as a man. In their lives they will assert the dignity and worth of their manhood and womanhood regardless of what the great Unknown has in store for them.

But, of course, Arnold has not said all that is to be said. He meets perhaps the needs of the courageous mind. But, on occasions like this, he does not satisfy the legitimate demands of the heart. I am thinking of Clarice and her unfinished book, the book she was reading when she died. In a sense her unfinished book is a symbol of Clarice herself, a symbol of something unfinished in all who die. All we ever are when we die is little in comparison with what we might become if life permitted. A great Christian thinker has built a philosophy of religion on the belief that man by his nature is seeking to transcend himself, trying to go beyond what he is to something finer and nobler. This belief implies that there is a creative drive, an upward thrust, in human life that can never attain fulfillment, but is doomed rather to frustration and defeat, unless life survives the grave under conditions that permit

life to go on transcending itself. Today our hearts demand an arrangement in the universe that permits Clarice to go on with her reading.

Let us think courageously about the perplexing universe that envelops us. Let us never reject unheard the claims of the informed and sincerely inquiring mind. But let us never try to silence the imperative demands of the heart, the heart grown wise in the sad and baffling ways of life and death. Perhaps Santayana's sonnet is a necessary supplement to the implications of Arnold's:

O World, thou choosest not the better part!
It is not wisdom to be only wise,
And on the inner vision close the eyes,
But it is wisdom to believe the heart.
Columbus found a world, and had no chart,
Save one that faith deciphered in the skies;
To trust the soul's invincible surmise
Was all his science and his only art.
Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine
That lights the pathway but one step ahead
Across a void of mystery and dread.
Bid, then, the tender light of faith to shine
By which along the mortal heart is led
Unto the thinking of the thought divine.¹

¹ Reprinted from *Poems* by George Santayana, published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Phoebe Wood *

TO THOSE OF US who grow old, memories become a weakness. Youngsters say, a calamity. But on days like today, we are all disposed, I am sure, to be generous with one another. You will forgive me, if, for a few of my minutes, I dwell on memories. What I want to say about Karl Wood, and about Phoebe Ricks Wood, whose life we honor today and whose death we mourn, is inseparably connected with the long ago — with student days and faculty days at Brigham Young College — itself, for many of us, a blessed memory.

It was Brigham Young College that brought Karl and me together, and established a friendship which has been for me, through the years, a most precious possession. Both of us came to Brigham Young College for our high school and junior college training. There we both found the sympathy, understanding, and helpfulness that gave form and direction to our academic lives. There we both found the friends and friendship that gladdened and enriched our school days and warmed all the years that followed.

And there we both found love. There Karl met Phoebe Ricks, and I, Ruth Jones, the girls who were to bring to our lives our deepest joys, who were to found our homes, mother our children, and give us the loyalty, patience, trust, and inspiration which would fashion and sustain our professional careers. Both of us gained some prominence on the campus. The "Year Book" for 1913 shows that Karl was President of the Student Body, and I, editor of student publications. It shows that helping me with the editorial tasks were Grace Wood, Karl's sister, who is here today, and Phoebe Ricks, one day to be his wife.

Two years later she was his wife — and Ruth was mine. The summer of 1915 found the four of us together in Berkeley, at the University of California — ostensibly for study, but in reality for

* Remarks at funeral services January 11, 1960, at River Heights, Logan, Utah.

something infinitely more important. It was our honeymoon, a glorious summer in which young love matured and old friendship deepened.

A few years later we were together again at Brigham Young College, now as members of the faculty, Karl, in psychology, and I, in English. Those were memorable years, years in which our lives acquired new dimensions. For Karl and me, especially, they were years of dedication, of dedication to a beloved institution and to the privileges and responsibilities of teaching there. They were the years of our early parenthood, with all the attending fears and responsibilities, and with all the inexpressible joys and satisfactions. They were the years in which Karl and I saw the beauty of our sweethearts and brides transmuted by the alchemy of motherhood into a new and more wonderful, more radiant beauty.

But a day of trouble came. Brigham Young College was closed—its faculty and students, dispersed. The Woods and Christensens took divergent paths. Years flew by with frightening swiftness. Our children were soon parents. Phoebe and Ruth were again transformed. Beautiful as they had been as mothers, they were now even more beautiful as grandmothers. So it seemed to sight quickened by insight, insight born of the accumulated gratitude and tenderness of the years.

Through those speeding decades the Woods and Christensens met infrequently—too infrequently. But wherever we were, Ruth and I felt that Karl and Phoebe were near us in spirit, that they were always a waiting resource of strength and friendship on which we could draw at need. And we always felt that the time would come—some golden day's decline—when we would draw on that resource. Days would come when we would again meet Karl and Phoebe frequently, frequently sit with them, talk with them, think and feel with them. Then one night a week or so ago Stephen called to tell us that his mother was desperately ill. A few days later Karl called to say that Phoebe was dead, her

spirit had mounted the skies. Death had terminated suddenly a most precious human association. The scope of our lives was diminished. Something beautiful and priceless was gone beyond recall.

In saying all this I would not suggest that Ruth and I have been recipients of special blessings from Karl and Phoebe. Their lives have been abundantly rich, and they have shared their wealth most generously with all who have known them. They have lived their lives with a fine discrimination, and have taught us all how to choose the better part. In an age and culture infected as ours is with an inordinate passion for the possession and use of things, and for the power and position which such possession and use bring, Karl and Phoebe have fixed their eyes on things imperishable, on eternal values. They have wanted their lives to participate richly in the total human inheritance of thought, feeling, appreciation. They have wanted all their days to be days in which they could walk and talk freely with the seekers and lovers of truth everywhere — scientists, historians, philosophers. They have wanted to commune spiritually with the saints and seers of all lands and places. They have wanted abundant beauty in their lives — art, music, literature. And all that they have wished for themselves they have wished for all of us. Especially have they wished it for their children, and taught them to seek and find it.

For a moment I must speak about Phoebe alone. To speak of her at all is to speak of her beauty. When I think of the girl, the student companion, who years ago helped me with "The Crimson" and the "Year Book," I remember her as beautiful, but beautiful in a special kind of way. Hers was not merely a beauty of face and form. That beauty she had, but that beauty seemed to me to be but the radiance of an inner beauty, the beauty of her spirit, a spirit that somehow enveloped and infused her whole person and transformed it into the substance and likeness of itself. Plato and Milton had not yet taught me how such things could really be.

And to speak of Phoebe at all is to speak of her goodness, a goodness that was also different. Hers was not a studied goodness, a goodness imposed from without, a goodness that consciously kept the commandments and anticipated or expected rewards or recognition. It was a native goodness, as natural and necessary to Phoebe as her breath, her heart beat. Like her beauty, it was the expression in good deeds of a good and beautiful spirit. A great Roman moralist once wrote in his meditations: "As a horse when it has run, a bee when it has made its honey, so a good man when he has done a good deed, does not call out for others to come and see, but he goes on to another good act, as a vine goes on to produce its grapes in season." So was it with Phoebe. And so was it with all the other qualities that we knew and admired in her — her sensitivity, her refinement, her modesty. They were the natural emanations among us all of a soul that was deeply sensitive, refined, and modest.

It is not for me to tell Karl and his children how they are to meet the loss of this sweet woman, this beautiful, loving wife, this noble and solicitous mother. They will bring to their grief resources of strength and courage that, I am afraid, I do not always possess. They will bring to it a religious faith scrutinized by the enlightened mind but responsive to the deepest needs of the heart. They will bring the Christian conviction that through Christ life ultimately triumphs over death; that, though death cuts deep, it does not completely sever the here from the there, the now from the then. Mind and heart together will persuade them that in the texture of the universe there is a moral sense, a rationality, that will keep and cherish forever all things as good and lovely as the spirit and personality of Phoebe Wood.

But I would not therefore tell Karl and his children to dry their tears. When we lose our loved ones, nothing is more becoming to us than our tears. They are the evidence of our hurt. They are the measure of our love. None of us, I am sure, would forgo love to escape the hurt, or to dry the tears.

Annie Nielsen Eggertsen *

ONLY ONCE HAVE I MET a responsibility like this with any sense of special preparation. That was when I wished to say something about my own mother. Mother was a sensitive and a retiring person. Rarely did she leave the little house on the dry farm. Upon us in the home she lavished the wealth of her devoted and beautiful spirit. When she died, we felt that one of us should try to tell what we alone knew about her. On all other occasions like this I have felt a little presumptuous.

I feel especially so today. I know that, no matter what I may say, or how true it may be, there was an inner shrine in the life of Annie Eggertsen into which only her children entered, and about which they alone are competent to speak. And, of course, only in that shrine, opened in the home to Algie and Thelma, Annie Marie and Esther, Luther and Mark, were the most precious things in her life revealed. When we have told today all that we know about what was good and beautiful in her life, they, remembering, will say, "Yes, all that is true about mother, all that and much, much more."

I am most grateful that, through the friendship of her children, I have been permitted to live for a while at least out on the periphery of her life, to stand at times within its warm radiance. And her life was a radiant life, radiant in the sense that her interests, her sympathies, her concerns went everywhere. She was indeed the mother of what I like to call the Eggertsen mind, the mind which everybody knows and admires in her children. You all know what I mean — the mind that is as wide in its awareness as the world is wide; the mind that is quick, sensitive, sympathetic in its responses to the total ongoing life about it; the mind that is dynamic, creative, dedicated in its purpose regarding it.

It is not by accident or because of personal ambitions that the Eggertsens are active in church and community affairs; that they

* Remarks at funeral services, January 7, 1961.

are on school boards and legislative councils and in state legislatures; that through the agencies and cabinets of government, they wrestle at home and abroad with the needs and the vexatious problems of the men and women who toil; that through multiple clubs and organizations they encourage and sponsor creative beauty — painting, music, literature. My favorite literary prophet would say that the Eggertsens are active because there is in them — as there was in their mother — a happy combination of the Greek and the Hebrew. The Greek in them has made them lovers of knowledge and beauty: they want to know, to feel, to appreciate the best that has been known and thought and felt and done in the world. The Hebrew in them has given them a keen sense of duty, of obligation to others. They must help others to become sharers in the whole human inheritance, in the total truth and beauty of the world. Through schools, churches, hospitals, legislatures, courts, cabinets, men and women everywhere must come to know and love and practice all the things that make human life truly and distinctively humane.

In all their interests and activities the Eggertsen boys and girls were the offspring of their mother's spirit as truly as they were the offspring of her body. They were her jewels. Through them the deeply humanitarian impulses of her own heart were finding realization. For some of us, at least, there will perhaps never be a better time than this to tell these graying sons and daughters of Annie Eggertsen how precious they also are to us as friends; and how deeply and sincerely we respect, admire, and love them as men and women in the service of humankind.

Sister Eggertsen was characteristically and most lovably Danish. There was something in her that was forever Denmark. Perhaps in no other country have the elements that determine a culture been so combined to give distinctiveness to a people. A little land and a small population make naturally for similarities and uniformities. All Danes are of Gotho-Germanic origins. All speak the same language. Practially all belong to the Danish

Lutheran Church. Both in town and country all have sprung from peasant forebears — giving all the common touch. All look out on the same landscape. And what is more idyllically lovely than the Danish countryside sleeping in the glow of a summer's sun! And for many centuries all have known the same buffetings of history, the ruthless might of larger numbers and superior powers. Out of it all has emerged the Danish character, with its adaptability and persistence, its keen intelligence, its quick wit, its jesting irony, its smile of the mind, its touch of brooding melancholy, its unconquerable love of freedom of thought and expression, its national spirit deeply and unalterably democratic. Denmark for the people, cries a modern Danish poet,

the call rings from the North,
Room for all at the table of society.
Fight against those who would take by storm and strike
The shining redoubts of freedom on which our people build.
Room for every thought which springs to life and grows.
That is the note we strike in the great world choir,
Room for all, room for all who want Denmark for the people.

And perhaps in no other country is character more clearly reflected in art. Denmark itself is everywhere in its music, painting, sculpture, in its folk and fairy tales, in its lyric poetry. All are suffused with Danish feeling and Danish grace.

Certainly Annie Eggertsen had the common touch, the quick wit, the keen intelligence, the refined feeling, the natural grace, the unconquerable love of freedom of thought and expression. There was something almost queenly in her insistence on doing her own thinking. As with the poet, her mind to her a kingdom was, a kingdom whose boundaries all must respect, whose sovereignty no one could violate. She was not an individualist. The individualist is essentially selfish. His love of liberty is little more than a desire to have his own way — have what he wants to have, do what he wants to do. Sister Eggertsen had, I say, the common touch. She was never selfish. Gladly she joined with others in a

common effort for a common welfare. But in the collective effort she wanted to remain a person, a person respected in the qualities of her own mind. In the areas where established knowledge fades into opinion or speculation she wanted no dictation. There the ultimate authority was her own informed mind thinking its own way to truth.

And in that realm of mind where all thoughtful men face the problem of their ultimate meaning in the universal scheme of things, where knowledge fades into a profound mystery before which and from which they must make a great venture in faith — there again Annie Eggertsen chose humbly but firmly to make her own venture. But there, too, I am sure, she never compromised her mind — her knowledge, her reason. One of the great spiritual seers of our time has said that religion does for man what it should do only if it gives them inner integrity and outer compassion. Religion fails men if it leaves them a battleground on which reason is at war with emotion, and faith with knowledge. It fails them too if it leaves them unaware of the human lot everywhere, and without deep compassion for it. I believe that Annie Eggertsen's religion did for her what religion ought to do.

So today I am most grateful that I have felt the radiance of this lovely woman, grateful for a long life lived so fully and beautifully. If the universe keeps its most precious things, all is well with Annie Eggertsen today. A few tears we must shed, not in grief for her going, but in tender recollections of what she has been in all of our lives.

*Larry Gibb **

I SUPPOSE that the truest thing that can be said about those who speak at services like this, is that theirs is a labor of sympathy and love. They would always rather listen than speak. They all desire to steady and strengthen minds that are shaken. They would offer an anodyne for hearts that are sorely hurt. They would widen and deepen the human perspective of life and death. Certainly today they would, if they could, find in the texture of the unknown a new home and a better opportunity for little Larry Gibb. But I know that the accomplishment of these things is quite beyond the power of any words of mine.

Death as a physical event in human experience is always, I suppose pretty much the same thing. It is different only in the attending circumstances, different in its poignancy, in its power to move us. Sometimes it comes like a welcome, a restful sleep at the end of an arduous day. It is a benediction on a life that is matured, ripened for something beyond itself. Sometimes it comes in the very morning, or in the high noon of life, comes in multiple forms of disease and violence that shatter our nerves and rend our hearts. It snatches babies from their cradles, children from their romping, youth from their sports, their dancing, and their books. It takes men and women at the summit of their powers, in the fullness of their promise and accomplishment.

But whatever the circumstances of death, whatever the season of its coming, there are always our tears. Because death always severs associations, disrupts relationships that have become the most vital, the most precious part of what we are, the very warp and woof of our existence. It is more than a metaphor to say that we too are casualties, that the bells that toll for them toll also for us. For with them has gone part of us, something that leaves our lives forever diminished and impoverished.

* Remarks at funeral services March 6, 1961, at Provo, Utah.

I do not mean that for us death is a total loss, an unmitigated evil. There is a sense in which the loss of our loved ones brings a renewal, a redemption of life in us. Somewhere in the books, I have read that grief may for us be a creative process by which the death of dear ones passes through our own blood and tissues, cuts through our deepest emotional selves. We experience a kind of death in life. Grief is not the same in all of us. Some of us grieve in silence. Some of us are more demonstrative. But all of us in a sense go down into the valley of the shadow with our loved ones. When our bodies can weep no more, when they are emptied of their tears, when we have partially learned to accept our loss as Jesus accepted the cross, when in a way we have lain our three days in the tomb, then a process of transcendence starts. A quiet healing, as miraculous as birth itself, begins to mend the broken connections. Something like a resurrection occurs within us. We rise from our death in life, to a new life, purged and redeemed through sorrow.

But what about the dead? Since our grief is born of disrupted relationships, our complete and ultimate healing depends on relationships restored. In our sorrow we naturally ask of the universe the boon of immortality. We ask as a supreme venture of faith that life pass safely through the valley of the shadow, that it have moorings not in time alone but also in eternity. We ask it not only in the name of our need for relationships restored, but also in the name of justice, of justice for babies snatched from their cradle, for children taken from their play, indeed, for all lives which death has left tragically unfinished. It is true, of course, that the longest of lives, richest in experience, are also unfinished. They too cry for immortality as a need for further fulfillment. "To cease at the point of any attainment," says Professor Hocking, "is to lose the full meaning of that attainment. For the mere logic of meaning, then, there is no moment at which conscious existence could appropriately cease." On the assumption, then, of a meaningful universe, on the added assumption that man is

the most meaningful thing in it, it would seem to be a reasonable venture in faith that provision is made for man's ongoing attainment.

But do not my assumptions distort reality? Isn't it man who gives meaning to the universe—meaning and value? Again I hear a voice from my books. Consider, it says, the world with man eliminated from it. The sun, moon and stars would still be there. Mountains would still lift themselves to the skies, and the oceans roll to vast horizons. Birds would sing and leaves rustle, and sunsets glow. But what would it all mean without man there to see and interpret? What do the stars mean to the eagle, or the sea to the porpoise, or the mountain to the goat? What these things are in beauty man has made. It is his ear which has heard the cuckoo as "a wandering voice," his eye which has seen "the floor of heaven thick inlaid with patines of bright gold," his mind which has found "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks and good in everything." Thus, goes on the voice from my books, man creates the values and meanings of his world. They are the spiritual projections of his own spirit. What he does with the world in painting, poetry and music is his disclosure of reality. Certainly the spirit which conceives Truth, Goodness and Beauty must be as eternal as the Truth, Goodness and Beauty which it conceives. Since nothing has value independent of the conceiving mind of man, man is himself the ultimate value, the value which endures eternally with God. So argues the voice from my books. And it argues well, I think.¹

In my better days at the University, I taught in the Sunday School there a course of my own fashioning. I called it "Religion as a Venture in Faith." I called it that because such it seemed to me is the nature of religion when it is stripped to its core. Religion in its essence has to do with man's ultimate concerns, his deepest solitudes, his concerns and solitudes about his relationships

¹The "voice from my books" is principally that of John Haynes Holmes in *The Affirmation of Immortality*. My gratitude to him and to The Macmillan Company.

with his God and about his personal meaning and destiny in the vast whole of things. I felt that the truth about these things lies outside the boundaries of communicable knowledge but clearly within the limits of faith — of informed and rational faith, not faith as an unquestioning attitude toward doctrine and dogma.

It was in those days, or in the days shortly before or after them, that Jack Gibb sat in some of my classes — one of the most pleasant associations of my teaching experience. I rather hope that it is because of that association that I am here today. Well, Jack, with me, nothing has changed very much. In its most important concerns religion remains pretty much a venture in faith, in faith as an expectancy, an expectancy disciplined by knowledge and reason, but an expectancy that listens also to the claims of the enlightened heart. God, I feel, is there, but how He is there, what role He plays in the events of our good and our wicked world, I do not pretend to know. Certainly He is on the side of goodness, the goodness of good men and women. Perhaps it is only through good men and women that His own goodness can ever prevail in the world. They must therefore be His most precious possession, the possession which he will keep with Him eternally. I feel that in the scheme of His goodness justice will eventually be done to all. Lives left unfinished by the cruel incident of death will somehow move toward fulfillment. The Larrys will have new and better opportunities. Such is my venture in faith.

My venture in faith is made easier by the sonnet of George Santayana. Perhaps no man ever brought a more brilliant mind to the task of knowing the universe and man's place and destiny in it. It helps me to remember that he too turned at times to the consolations of the heart.

O World, thou choosest not the better part!
It is not wisdom to be only wise,
And on the inner vision close the eyes.
But it is wisdom to believe the heart.
Columbus found a world, and had no chart,
Save one that faith deciphered in the skies;

To trust the soul's invincible surmise
Was all his science and his only art.
Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine
That lights the pathway but one step ahead
Across a void of mystery and dread.
Bid, then, the tender light of faith to shine
By which along the mortal heart is led
Unto the thinking of the thought divine.²

Jack and Lorraine, I pray that the tender light of faith may shine
for you and brighten the pathway that lies ahead.

² Reprinted from *Poems* by George Santayana, published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

*Wilma Jeppson **

ALL BEAUTIFUL THINGS exist first in the minds of those who create them. When we praise the creature, we should therefore pay homage to the creator whose imagination and emotions fashioned it. So today in the presence of this posture parade it is most fitting that we turn our thoughts for a moment in gratitude and affection to Wilma Jeppson, whose mind conceived the parade and whose contagious enthusiasm and boundless energy gave it form and established it as an inspiring part of this athletic carnival.

Wilma is no longer here. All too soon her earthlife has ended. But in this girls' parade she has left a monument which will keep our memory of her ever fresh and sweet. For with each recurring springtime, thousands of men and women will be thrilled and lifted up by the parade, as we are thrilled and lifted up today. Throughout the innumerable years to come thousands of women who have marched in the posture parade, remembering, will face life with shoulders back, heads up, and eyes straight ahead. There will be more of grace, buoyancy, and beauty in the world because Wilma Jeppson once dreamed a lovely dream of marching girls and made her dream come true.

These marching girls of today and the marching girls of the unending tomorrows and tomorrows are, therefore, Wilma's gift to us. And they are a priceless gift, for they are at once a symbol of eternal youth and an example of glorious girlhood, intelligent, healthy, beautiful, and pure. May we all cherish the posture parade and keep it as Wilma would have us keep it.

* The promise of this tribute has not been fulfilled. With Wilma Jeppson the posture parade also passed away. For both, some of us still mourn.

