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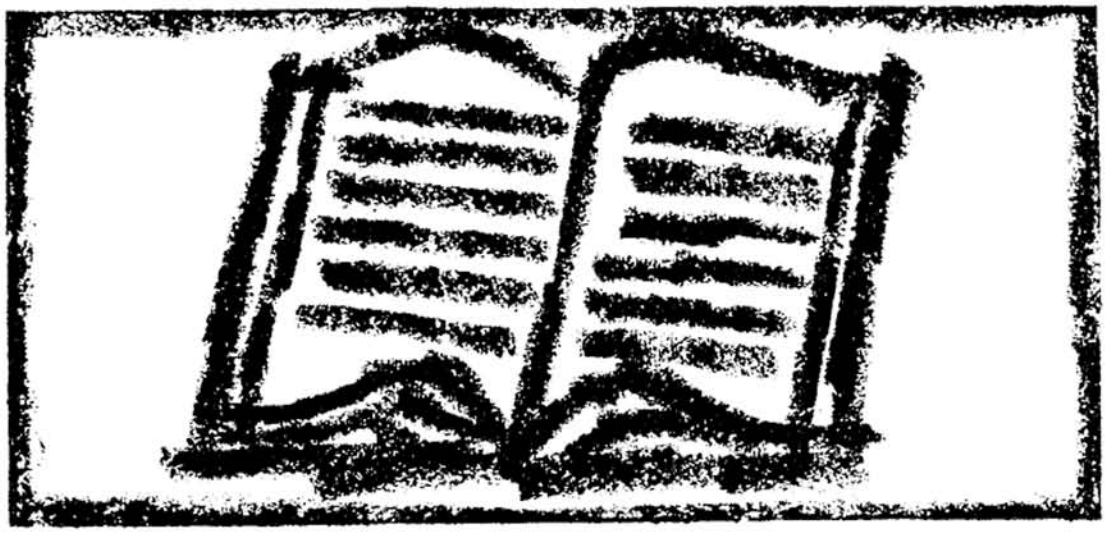
commonweal



Catholic Book Week

CENSORSHIP IN THE CHURCH

James V. Schall

THE WORLD I GREW UP IN

James T. Farrell

GRAHAM GREENE'S COMEDIANS

David Lodge

ON JUDGING GOD

Daniel Callahan

ROUND-UP OF RELIGIOUS BOOKS

William Birmingham

BOOKS

FOR BROTHERHOOD

This list includes books of general interest in the field of intergroup relations chosen from among the many published from August, 1964 through July, 1965. They were selected on the basis of their contribution to the search for community in the pluralistic society, and for their concern with interreligious, interracial, ethnic, economic and political challenges to achieve a healthy public order. The list is the result of unanimous agreement by a representative committee on their recommendations of the best in the field for children, young people, and adults.

MICHA F. OPPENHEIM, Librarian
Paula K. Lazrus Library
of Intergroup Relations

ADULT LIST

Selected by . . .

MARY C. HATCH, Head Librarian, Central Circulation, The New York Public Library.

J. OSCAR LEE, Director, Department of Racial and Cultural Relations, National Council of Churches.

JOHN LEO, Associate Editor, Commonweal.

A. ALTAN STEINBACH, Editor, Jewish Book Annual.

MARC H. TANENBAUM, Director, Interreligious Affairs Department, American Jewish Committee.

DORIS VIACAVA, Assistant Librarian, Iona College, New Rochelle, New York.

This selection from the complete list is presented by the publishers named below

ADULT LIST

For Human Beings Only; A Primer of Human Understanding, by Sarah Patton Boyle. Seabury Press. $1.25.

A brief guide designed to further communication and clear up common misunderstandings that occur between Negro and white citizens.

The New Equality, by Nat Hentoff. Viking. $4.95

An analysis of attitudes, actions, strategies and implications of the civil rights movement. Of particular interest are sections on preferential treatment, educational parks, poverty and the Negroes' potential role.

Nigger, by Dick Gregory. Dutton. $4.95; Pocket Books 75¢

Compelling self-documentary of what it means to be a Negro in a pro-white world. The author, an entertainer and civil rights worker, describes his struggle against poverty and discrimination and highlights the double struggle engendered by race hatred.

Portrait of a Decade; The Second American Revolution, by Anthony Lewis and The New York Times. Random House. $6.95

Since the Supreme Court School Desegregation Decision on May 17, 1954, race relations in the U.S. have undergone a revolution. By taking excerpts from The New York Times and adding his own incisive commentary to the many dramatic events which have occurred in the last ten years, the editor-author has compiled a vivid account of the Negroes' advancing struggle for civil rights.

Race Relations in Transition; The Segregation Crisis in the South, by James W. Vander Zanden. Random House. $1.65.

A sociologist describes and interprets the consequences of maior changes in the South; examines status strains among segments of the southern population and movements bred by these tensions—Citizens Councils, KKK, and civil rights groups.

Steps to Christian Unity, edited by John A. O'Brien. Doubleday. $4.95.

Some of the world's greatest Catholic and Protestant theologians and scholars express their convictions concerning possible steps toward Christian unity.

Unity in Freedom; Reflections on the Human Family, by Augustin Cardinal Bea. Harper & Row. $5.00.

Drawing on the pronouncements of John XXIII, one of the outstanding leaders in the movement for Christian unity explores in a wise and generous spirit the basis for the oneness and freedom of all mankind.

Who Speaks for the Negro?, by Robert Penn Warren. Random House. $5.95

The author, a Pulitzer Prize novelist and Southerner, makes this personal report, based on interviews, on all important Negro figures in today's civil rights struggle.

CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S LIST

Breakthrough to the Big League: The Story of Jackie Robinson, by Jackie Robinson and Alfred Duckett. Harper & Row. $2.95. 11-14.

The story of Jackie Robinson from his training with the Montreal Royals and Branch Rickey's singling him out for the Brooklyn Dodgers. He gives full, grateful credit to those who helped in his outstanding success as the first Negro player in maior league baseball.

The Far-Off Land, by Rebecca Caudill. Viking. $3.50. 12-15.

A sixteen-year-old girl puts to use her gentle Moravian training in loving service to those about her and in peaceful dealings with Indians. She eases the sufferings of her companions on a hazardous flatboat journey through the wilderness.

CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLES LIST

Selected by . . .

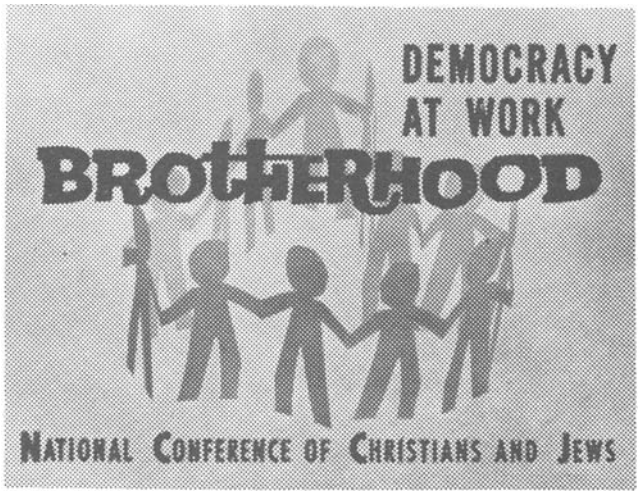
ELIZABETH ALLSTROM, writer of Christian Education materials for children.

AUGUSTA BAKER, Coordinator of Children's Services, The New York Public Library.

JOSETTE FRANK, Director for Children's Books, Child Study Association of America.

NORA KRAMER, Consultant on Books for Children and Young People, the Bookplan.

ETHNA SHEEHAN, Instructor in children's and adolescent literature, St. John's University



For the complete Books for Brotherhood list write to The National Conference of Christians and Jews, 43 W. 57th St., New York, N. Y. 10019

The Halloween Kangaroo, by Mary Lewis. Washburn. $2.95. 5-8.

Jerry wanted to be different and chose an unusual costume for the school Halloween party. This led to complications and amusement.

Hannah Elizabeth, by Elaine S. Rich. Harper & Row. $2.95. 8-11.

This very real ten-year-old never doubts the teachings of her family or the Bible, yet many questions puzzle her and often her Mennonite world conflicts confusingly with her school world. The experiences which help her to find answers and to know contentment in the blending of her two worlds also permit the reader to enter and enjoy the Indiana Mennonite community.

In Their Own Words: A History of the American Negro, 1619-1865, edited by Milton Meltzner. Crowell, $4.95. 12 and up.

Contemporary letters, newspapers, books and journals, of the American Negroes' protest against their slavery, revealing the thoughts and suffering experienced prior to the Civil War.

Indian Annie: Kiowa Captive, by Alice Marriott. McKay. $3.75. 9-12.

Annie, captured by Kiowa Indians, is raised as their own daughter. Reunited later with her own parents, Annie decides to continue her Indian life as an interpreter and bridge the cultures.

Jazz Country, by Nat Hentoff. Harper & Row. $2.95. 12-15

Through his passion for jazz, a high school senior from a well-to-do family matures as he comes to know the struggles, both personal and musical, of the Negro jazz-men who fail and succeed.

John Henry: An American Legend, by Ezra Jack Keats. Pantheon. $3.50. 6-9.

This Negro folk hero swung his mighty hammer to push the railroad tracks across the continent, demonstrating that man's courage is stronger than a machine's power. Magnificent illustrations.

Lucretia Mott: Gentle Warrior, by Dorothy Sterling. Doubleday. $3.50. 9-12.

The story of a spirited Quaker who never feared to speak out against slavery and in favor of equal rights for women.

Mississippi Possum, by Miska Miles. Little, Brown. $3.00. 7-11.

A small gray possum overcomes his fear of the river, people and other animals and discovers warmth and security with a young girl and her family after they are forced into the hills when a flood overruns the land.

North Town, by Lorenz Graham. Crowell. $3.95. 12-15.

In **South Town,** a Negro family was forced by bigotry and persecution to move north, to live in dignity and educate their children. In **North Town,** through sixteen-year-old David's eyes we see the new life—major problems to be coped with, pre-conceived ideas that dissolve under actual conditions, and terror in a brief brush with the law.

They Showed the Way: Forty American Negro Leaders, by Charlemae H. Rollins. Crowell. $3.00. 8-11.

Biographical sketches of pioneers in their fields—from music and art to science and exploration—demonstrating the part that Negroes have played in the history of our nation.

Continued on page 618

NEWS AND VIEWS

If Newman had been at Vatican II (from an article by John Coulson in the English newsletter, *Search*):

"There, where all the leading progressive theologians are assembled, is Newman; and he is in the center of them, being treated not only as their natural leader but as the Doctor of the Church he is seen to be. Père Congar and Hans Küng are waiting impatiently to interrupt a long discussion between the Cardinal and the Abbot of Downside on yesterday's press conference, at which the Cardinal had spoken very freely on the education of the Catholic laity. 'Newman knocks Catholic University' (*Daily Express*), 'Newman in conflict with his *Idea*' (*The Times*) had been the headlines after Newman had attempted to explain why he had always regarded the Catholic University as at best 'a speculative perfection' and as quite unsuitable for a non-Catholic country such as England. He had repeated much that was familiar—how that the laity must be educated in their religion not only at school but at university, and how the university should be meeting-place of clergy and laity where both sides might learn to grow together. But the Cardinal had gone on to say how much he favoured the opportunities offered by our open universities, and he had spoken in passing of 'what I said in 1872—that mixed education in the higher schools is as much a necessity now in England as it was in the east in the days of St. Basil.' But what gave rise to the sensational headlines was the Cardinal's remark that 'The open university, when complemented by a strong mission, may be even safer than a closed Catholic college.'"

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Last week we reported the cancellation of a theology symposium at St. Xavier College in Chicago. The college had said that Archbishop Cody "indicated that the symposium does not coincide with his norm of theological activities." On February 7, the college and the Chicago chancery met criticism by issuing this joint press release: "The administration of St. Xavier College announced today the re-scheduling of a theology symposium to be held at the college March 31-April 3, 1966. At a meeting of Archbishop Cody and a faculty representative this morning, the Archbishop indicated that he never opposed the symposium, since this was a matter to be decided by the administration. The meeting resulted from a faculty request to the Archbishop for clarification of the apparent misunderstanding."

•

Most unlikely speech of the week: Strom Thurmond, in supporting right-to-work laws on the Senate floor, unwound a long Thomistic argument, quoting Thomas (on prudence) and Maritain (on natural law). The gist of it seemed to be that neither Aquinas nor Maritain is supporting repeal of 14 (b).

•

The following excerpts, dealing with COMMONWEAL readers, are from *The Education of Catholic Americans* by Father Andrew Greeley and Peter H. Rossi (to be published in March by the Aldine Publishing Company of Chicago):

"The COMMONWEAL sample was gathered essentially to see whether the members of the liberal elite had a view of the functions of Catholic education that was notably different from that of the general population of American Catholics. . . .

". . . the graduate of a Catholic college is almost three times more likely to attend Mass more than once a week than the Catholic who did not attend a Catholic college. Even in the COMMONWEAL sample, the differences are notable: eighteen percentage points on the Church-as-teacher index, twenty-five percentage points on the doctrinal orthodoxy index and fourteen percentage points on the religious knowledge index.

"More than one-third of the COMMONWEAL Catholics who went to Catholic colleges go to Mass more than once a week. (The clergy and religious who are COMMONWEAL readers have been excluded from the tables in this chapter; it is edifying to know that all forty-four of the clergy and religious in the sample report that they go to Mass every day.) It is also worth noting that the COMMONWEAL Catholic, who has often been accused of being somewhat rebellious against Church authority, is more likely than the Catholic in the general population to score high on the index which indicates willingness to accept authority of the Church as a teacher. One might say almost facetiously that, far from being anti-clerical, it appears that the COMMONWEAL reader is a clericalist. . . .

"Two findings should be noted in this table. First, the only significant differences between those who went to Catholic colleges and those who did not are the result of a response indicating a need for more ecumenicity and more lay participation in the Catholic Church. In both instances, those who went to Catholic colleges are significantly more likely to demand a change. . . .

"The second finding worth noting, for whatever implication it might have, is that the question of the changing attitude on birth control seems to be more important to the college-educated Catholic in the general sample than to the Catholic in the COMMONWEAL sample. The change in the liturgy seems to be much more important to the COMMONWEAL reader, no matter what his educational background, than the modification of the Church's position on birth control. Even though our data were collected in the spring of 1964, before discussion of the possible change in the Church's stand on birth control was so widespread, it is still somewhat surprising to find it of so little concern to the readers of a progressive journal such as COMMONWEAL."

JOHN LEO

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"Nuclear War"

Cambridge, Mass.

To the Editors: I was surprised to find in Peter Steinfels' review of Justus George Lawler's *Nuclear War* (January 21) my name associated more closely with Herman Kahn than with Mr. Lawler himself. Let me set the record straight: I agree with Mr. Lawler on almost everything, with Mr. Kahn on almost nothing. Anything nice I said about the latter's book was only in a perhaps quixotic effort at fair-mindedness.

H. STUART HUGHES

St. Louis, Mo.

To the Editors: In the foreword to his *Nuclear War,* Justus George Lawler writes: "The subject of nuclear war seems to have been approached from every side by philosophers, theologians, historians, scientists, and sociologists; while the very abundance of this writing and its necessarily repetitive character have tended to callous the mind. . . ." Given this abundance of writing from so many different viewpoints and its clearly "repetitive character," it is not clear to this reader of Mr. Steinfels' attack on the book why it should be criticized for approaching the question from a different direction. Steinfels' plea that Lawler as a Catholic should echo the scores of volumes already in print which have engaged in frank dialogue with the nuclear establishment is a voice from the ghetto. Why should Lawler repeat Millis, Pfaff, Merloo, Fromm, Hughes, Lapp, Osgood, etc., etc., when he is able to draw up his own distinctive and unique criticism? Why should Lawler be attacked for not adhering to Steinfels' program?

CHRISTOPHER J. KAUFFMAN

Hollins College, Va.

To the Editors: Mr. Steinfels' intemperate and bitterly personal review of Justus George Lawler's *Nuclear War*

(*Continued on page 621*)

FOOD FOR FREEDOM

Nothing is simpler than to solve the world's food problems on paper. All one does is to calculate the potentially available land suitable for food production, estimate how present yields-per-acre can be increased, determine how many fertilizer plants should be built, sketch out a transportation and distribution system, throw in some romancing about food-from-the-sea and artificial foods—and, zingo, the problem is solved, give or take a few details. The only catch is that no one can eat statistics and projections.

At the moment, the real problem is less theoretical than technical. How can the world go about translating possibilities into realities? The difficulties in doing so are formidable. There is the difficulty of inducing food-rich nations to gear their agricultural production and planning to world as well as domestic needs, of inducing rich nations to contribute their time, energy and money to poor nations, of developing the economic finesse necessary to make world food distribution financially feasible in the context of world trade. In brief, it is a problem requiring the most diverse technical skills combined with a full measure of human concern. Yet unless these skills and this good will are forthcoming, the world is surely going to be faced with a major disaster within a couple of decades. The already desperate plight of India should serve as an omen. Asia, with 53 percent of the world's population, now only produces 28 percent of the world's food.

President Johnson's proposed Food for Freedom Program is a promising start in the right direction, though not without some pitfalls. Basically, his plan calls for Congress to make available $3.3 billion a year for the next five years to help combat world hunger and malnutrition. A good portion of this money would go toward making food

available on credit with the remainder devoted to outright contributions to countries which could not afford to pay. Only those countries would receive food which demonstrated that they were willing to make strong efforts in their own behalf to improve their agriculture.

In this latter respect, the President's motives appear two-fold: to insure that food-dependent nations do not become chronically so as a direct result of outside help, and to reassure domestic worriers that the U.S. has no intention of taking on a hopeless world food situation. Both motives make some sense, but both have drawbacks. It could well be that some nations will simply not be able to provide the necessary self-help and that, like it or not, they will for some time to come remain dependent on the U.S. The starving subjects of a bungling, incompetent, ill-motivated government will still be starving people. What does the President's program plan to do about them? Just let them starve to the tune of efficiency songs? As for those at home who worry that we could end by giving too much of our own agricultural substance, they would do well to contemplate what widespread starvation would do to any hope of world peace.

The most impressive part of the President's program is his plan to combine domestic agricultural planning with planning for world needs, both under the aegis of the Department of Agriculture. Almost all of the 140 million tons of food given away by America in the past decade was surplus food. This was a notable gesture, but when one considers that American farmers are now being paid not to plant on some 60 million acres it is obvious that the U.S. could be doing much more for world food needs. To gear our production to these needs will be an immensely tricky business. That the President wants the country to try represents a major leap toward a more human world.

TRIAL IN MOSCOW

Several years ago the Anglo-American monthly *Encounter* published a long short story entitled "The Icicle" under the name of Abram Tertz. Readers were informed that Tertz was the pseudonym of a Russian author and the story, smuggled out of the country, was the product of a small Soviet literary underground. "The Icicle" was a fantasy of a police state, but though, in this respect, it was critical of Soviet society, the story might well have originated in any number of Western countries. What was of primary interest was that Tertz had written in the modern symbolist tradition, and had written very well. The story had an international quality not unlike the particular humanism found in Turgenev and Chekhov.

The trial and conviction in Moscow last week of Tertz, whose real name is Andrei D. Sinyavsky, and Yuli Daniel, both on the charge of writing anti-Soviet propaganda, has thus a special quality about it for Western writers and intellectuals. The international literary community, if one can draw an analogy with the international scientific community, has certain proprietary rights here, for these authors have transcended national boundaries in a fashion quite different from mere smuggling. Artistic freedom is at stake, of course; and so is the liberalizing trend of Soviet society. But more sharply, Western readers will remember the sound of a particular voice, so particular and so humane that even today it is our Tertz, as well as Russia's Sinyavsky, who is being taken off to jail. This finally has nothing to do with whether Russia was criticized or praised.

That this should be so is a credit not only to the authors, but evidence of the gradual pushing back of the cold-war mentality from areas where it has no business operating. During the Pasternak episode it was only with conscious effort that Westerners could read *Doctor Zhivago* for its own sake. Since then books of varying merit by Russian authors criticizing the Stalinist era have appeared legally in the West, thus diminishing the novelty and the attending philistinism.

Probably the best piece of news to come out of the current proceeding is that sympathizers of the authors, mostly students, have been willing to express their views publicly. A number of them gathered outside the Moscow courtroom during the trial, well aware that police agents mingled among them, taking names and noting remarks. They, too, have been infected with that curious internationalism that recognizes certain values as universal and far outweighing any necessities of national identity. The best impulses of the pre-Revolutionary Russian intelligentsia derived from this humane internationalism—indeed, gave it its best literature. Out of the chaos of this recent incident we will almost certainly learn something from Russia again.

SINCERITY OR SOPHISTRY?

The only reason why American Catholics can be presently engaged in killing in Southeast Asia is because they (or those who are responsible for their moral education) believe in something called the just war theory. The just war theory is the traditional Catholic response to the moral dilemmas presented by war. It is a theory which has its shortcomings, as do the alternative ap-

proaches to war and morality; it is a theory which, like all theories, is no better than the set of facts to which it is applied. But compared with the widespread American belief that "anything goes in wartime," the just war theory is a remarkable advance.

Is the American Church genuinely faithful to this traditional teaching? It does not seem so. For those who have applied the just war theory to the situation in Vietnam and found that their participation in the war is legitimate, the Church has offered considerable support. Military chaplains are present to provide religious and ethical reassurance. An Archbishop comes to share their holidays. What of those who have applied the just war theory to Vietnam and found the conflict there lacking? What does the Church do to support the moral decision of these individuals? So far, nothing.

The fact is that the current legislation concerning conscientious objection makes no provision for the "selective objector," that is, the person who, though not viewing all wars as unjust, considers a particular war to be unjust because it does not fulfill the requirements which the just war theory has consistently taught. If the American Church is sincere about the just war theory, then the American bishops, through the NCWC, ought to request a change in the law.

Such an action by the bishops would have greater implications, of course. Some might object that such an action would be taken as a radical dissent from the American consensus on warfare and consequently be embarrassing to the Church. Indeed, they might be right. To merely reaffirm the traditional teaching that even wars stand subject to judgment by moral principles might be a radical action in today's America. Whatever embarrassment resulted would be the embarrassment caused so long by the Christian's claim that God is over all worldly powers.

By asking for a change in the conscientious objection law to allow for traditional Catholic teaching, the American bishops would by no means have fulfilled their responsibility to consider the moral problems presented by present levels of armament and strategies of deterrence. But by failing to take up this matter, the bishops will only prove the point of those who maintain that the just war theory is a sophistry which always ends with acquiescence in government policy.

CARROT AND STICK

While it may be true that no carrot-and-stick policy in Vietnam can avoid looking somewhat ambiguous, there is no reason why it cannot avoid looking dishevcled. The rush to take the issue to the U.N.—*after* the resumption of bombings—produced embarrassments that are the normal fruit of sudden and half-planned commotion. The Honolulu conference, equally sudden and apparently equally half-planned, adds to the impression of U.S. disarray. Is the world to believe our continually stressed commitment to negotiations (and therefore some sort of political compromise) or our approval of Premier Ky's dismissal of any compromise at all? Even when one appreciates the need for bolstering the prestige of the South Vietnamese regime, the Honolulu episode emerges as a grating, regressive exercise in the very crusading spirit that the Administration has apparently been trying to tamp down. Nor is it easy to suppress the suspicion that President Johnson is reacting instinctively, and not always wisely, to domestic political pressures at the expense of his declared aims in Vietnam. Was the Honolulu conference a careful initiative from the White House, or simply an escape from Senator Fulbright? And was the whirlwind peace offensive of December at least partly an attempt to upstage congressmen returning from the very capitals suddenly visited by high Administration figures?

These suspicions naturally lead to the inference that the peace offensive itself may be nothing more than an attempt to placate domestic critics before returning to business as usual in Vietnam. Without subscribing to this interpretation, we suggest that the inference is there, and that the current disarray of the Administration allows it to grow. Even the President's admirable offer, in his State of the Union address, of a "mutual de-escalation" founders in the same ambiguity. The Administration's actions and rhetoric since the resumption of bombing—and even before it—have not been geared to the promised effort toward gradual de-escalation.

The "enclave plan," currently submerged in the traditional cold-war rhetoric of "retreat" and "defeatism," deserves a closer look. In fact, it might offer a step toward de-escalation at comparatively little cost, while permitting more attention to the development of areas already held by the South Vietnamese regime. Most of the risks incurred by the U.S.-South Vietnamese forces lie deep in the countryside where few people live. The Vietcong controls the countryside, but only 22 percent of the people. Sixty percent of the people live in the de facto "enclave" areas firmly held by the U.S. and the Ky regime; another 18 percent live in disputed areas, some of which may be envisioned as part of a future enclave. Concentration of effort in the enclaves, rather than a drive to wipe the Vietcong from the countryside, may be the more intelligent way of demonstrating that the Vietcong cannot win and may as well negotiate.

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

GROWING UP CATHOLIC

What does it mean to grow up Catholic? Elsewhere in this issue James T. Farrell gives part of his answer; not unnaturally, his full-scale treatment of the topic in the Studs Lonigan and Danny O'Neill trilogies is more revealing, but I think readers will still find the present piece interesting.

The first thing that should be said, I suppose, is that this is a subject about which it is dangerous to generalize. There are something like forty-five million Catholics in the United States, and we are too diverse in ethnic origins, cultural backgrounds and present circumstance for very many sweeping, all-inclusive statements to be true.

What it meant to grow up Catholic was different for James T. Farrell and for Mary McCarthy. It was different for John F. Kennedy and for the Puerto Rican kids in New York's Spanish Harlem. Growing up Catholic means something different for the second- or third-generation Italian family and for that unusual Catholic whose family was here in Revolutionary days. It means something different for the Catholic of German descent growing up near the Benedictine St. John's in Minnesota and the Polish Catholics in a run-down section of Milwaukee. Indeed, growing up Catholic meant something different for James T. Farrell on Chicago's South Side and for me a decade and a half later on the slightly more affluent West Side.

In the most basic sense, of course, being a Catholic on the South Side of Chicago in the early 1900's meant precisely what it meant to be a Catholic any time, now or five hundred years ago. If one looks at the matter this way, the Church is timeless, transcending history and nationality. But it is possible to consider the implications of growing up Catholic in a less fundamental sense. Everyone knows, for instance, that Catholicism varies sharply from country to country. American Catholicism is not that of Spain; French Catholicism differs from both, and more than an ocean separates the Catholicism that exists in Ireland from that in Latin America.

Catholicism in the United States is Catholic, but at the same time it differs from that found anywhere else in the world. The Puritans, the Founding Fathers, the Presidency, the Congress, the First Amendment—all these elements in our experience are different, all these institutions are unique to our experience. Our aspirations and expectations are always and peculiarly American. We who are Catholic in this country are affected by our culture in ways that are not Spanish or Italian or French but American.

Mr. Farrell stresses our history. "The effects and scars of immigration are upon my life. The past was dragging through my boyhood and adolescence." In this emphasis I think he is quite right. It may be hard for the younger generation to appreciate it now, but one factor was central in American Catholic experience, and this was the fact that the Church in this country was until comparatively recent times an immigrant Church.

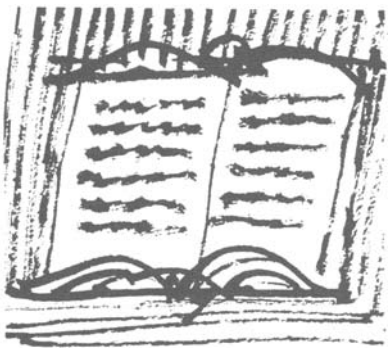
The assimilation of the immigrant Catholic—and his immigrant Church—into the life of the nation was a remarkable feat. I can remember my own father talking with bitterness about the "No Irish Need Apply" signs that the immigrant often encountered. If the election of John F. Kennedy had great symbolic meaning as the end of the Know-Nothing days, who can be surprised? That event was a great watershed in American Catholic history; nothing will ever be quite the same again.

I am not saying everything is rosy. I know there are clubs which do not welcome Catholics; I know there are faculties on which Catholics are rarely found. But by and large most of the bitter divisions of the past are either gone or are going fast. This in itself is part of the problem.

We are in the process of learning to live outside our safely Catholic enclaves. For many of our fathers and grandfathers, life in a social, political and cultural ghetto was something enforced by society. Today most of the walls are down or at least tottering. Catholics are increasingly free to participate fully in the life of our open society. This is all to the good, but it is also obvious that learning new ways is not always easy for us. Many of our old defensive ways crop up when we least expect them, often without our even being aware of the fact.

If I read the signs right, this historical process is responsible for much of the tension inside the American Catholic community. Some of us see that a great change has taken place and welcome it; others sense the change is underway and detest and fear it. Add to the internal tension from this source the strains associated with Pope John's *aggiornamento,* and it is hardly surprising if Catholics sometimes seem rather short-tempered with each other.

JAMES O'GARA



CENSORSHIP IN THE CHURCH

Time for reform

JAMES V. SCHALL

The existence of censorship within the Church is, without doubt, one of the greatest obstacles to the Church's mission in the minds of our contemporaries. The Church is not, and cannot be, a totalitarian society. The only other modern societies besides the Church that exercise censorship as a normal function are authoritarian or totalitarian societies. Somehow, this almost incredible fact has not made its significance felt, probably because censorship has been felt to be a logical, even necessary adjunct of the teaching authority.

In the *Decree on Ecumenism* (n. 4), the Council has encouraged the effort to rethink structures of the Church that need reform. Prior censorship is a relatively late invention in the Church, about four centuries old. Under current canon law (cs. 1384-86), the hierarchy claims the right and duty to the prior censorship of all books, periodicals, diaries, or anything else that may be printed in certain specific areas (1384). Thus all Catholics, even the laity must submit materials to prior censorship which deal with Scripture, theology, ethics, pious devotions, ecclesiastical history, canon law, natural theology. In short, practically anything dealing with faith and morals, which technically could also include politics, economics, sociology, or literature. In addition, members of religious orders need the further approval of their own superiors (1385:3). Finally, all clerics need to submit to censorship even books dealing with purely "profane" matters such as science, music, or mathematics (1386:1).

The harshness of this legislation is mitigated somewhat by the canon law principles that ignorance excuses (16), that a doubtful law does not bind (18), and that burdensome laws are to be interpreted strictly, that is, the law is given the least possible extension and the most liberty is allowed (19).

A writer or publisher, moreover, has a choice of three ordinaries (that is, bishops with territorial jurisdiction) to whom he may submit his work for censorship — to the ordinary of the place where the author lives, or where the book is printed, or finally, where the book is published (1385:2). Also, the author or publisher or printer may always move to a more advantageous diocese. The problem is to try to anticipate which ordinary is most likely to understand the requirements of modern publication and needs of freedom of expression. This system has certain advantages since, juridically, the *imprimatur* of one bishop is as good as that of another. Translations, on the contrary, need to have new approbation even if the original was approved by a qualified ordinary (1392:1). In all of this, Rome, that is, the Holy Office (presently called the Congregation for the Defense of the Faith), can reserve to itself the censorship of the works of certain authors or certain subjects considered especially dangerous.

In case of failure to obtain episcopal approval, the writer does have certain more or less available avenues for appeal from negative censor reports. The bishop, should he be willing, can have another of his readers

FATHER JAMES V. SCHALL, S.J., *a previous contributor, is co-editor with Donald J. Wolf, S.J. of* Current Trends in Theology, *which has just appeared as an Image paperback.*

recheck the material or the matter can be sent to Rome. But in terms of modern publishing needs of time and definite certainty of publication, this is always a costly and unsatisfactory procedure. Further, if one of the three ordinaries to whom the work is subject refuses approval, the work can be sent to another ordinary, but not without informing him of the previous refusal to give an *imprimatur*.

Freedom of the Press

When we contemplate this dated legislation today (it was enacted in 1918 on models that go back many centuries, based mostly on secular codes), we cannot but be saddened and wonder what kind of a mentality could conceivably justify such a restrictive attitude toward writing and publishing – an attitude which, ironically, is found in the modern world only on the other side of the Iron Curtain or in total states. After all, freedom of the press is, as a principle of natural law, as old as the First Amendment to the Constitution, which is a document of the Eighteenth Century, with antecedents going far back into French and English history. Freedom of the press is rightly considered by the United Nations, by all modern governments (in theory, at least), and by all public opinion to be self-evident, to be an essential part of the natural law. Surely it is not possible that this same natural law does not also apply to Church laws and institutions. Prior censorship is positive law. There is nothing sacrosanct about it. If it is not good law today, it should be changed. It is not the only or sole way to construct Church regulations about the written word.

The present system of prior censorship does harm to the Church today because the nature of the historical situation can no longer understand or approve of such a system. The teaching authority of the Church itself, it seems to me, would be safer, more respected, and paradoxically, more secure, without this system. The question immediately arises, therefore, are such censorship measures really necessary? Does Roman Catholic theology necessarily require pre-censorship? Many, even friendly, critics are quick to conclude that it does and that there is an intrinsic conflict between the Church and the modern world on this point. Yet, the Church lived for fifteen centuries without prior censorship, whose influences are Roman Law and Renaissance Absolutism, not the New Testament. There is no reason why the Church cannot model herself in these matters on the more democratic and just procedures of modern times, most of which are Christian, in inspiration at any rate. It would be well if Church law in Anglo-Saxon countries were based on Anglo-Saxon and not Roman Law.

Certainly, it can be objected that some prior censorship exists in the secular world. Subordinate officers in the Pentagon, the Foreign Office, or in General Motors are required to clear their policy statements with the organization in order to assure unity. Also, in practice, most of the essays that appear in the scientific or scholarly journals really are subject to a kind of censorship of criticism or prestige before publication.

Yet, I believe the system of prior censorship does great damage in another sense. A writer is required constantly to write not simply according to the flow of ideas and truth as he sees them, but he must constantly write "to pass censorship," something which tends to impede the insight he may have. When I read the writings of anyone, be he Protestant, Jewish, atheist, Communist, or what have you, I do not want to know what his organization thinks or what his superiors think when I read his writings; what I want to know is what he, the author, thinks and believes. Without this, I am barred from his thought. For an official position, I can always read an official book or document.

The essential tragedy of prior censorship, in my opinion, is that no one can really be sure whether what he reads in a censored book is exactly what the author wished to write since he knows censorship has possibly intervened between the reader and the writer. Quite possibly, censorship may not have changed anything or it may even have improved the work, but that is beside the issue. What is at stake is a compromise at the level of authenticity.

The Basis for Change

Can we discover a legal or theological foundation which allows the Church to modify or, better, to drop prior censorship? Several possibilities appear open, each of which would seem to be an improvement over the present system. The most immediate thing that could be done would be to enlarge canons 1385:2,3 and 1392:1 so that any ordinary, preferably any bishop or major religious superior, in a national or language area, or better in the world would be qualified to give an *imprimatur*. Secondly, if a book has an *imprimatur* in one language, it should not need an additional one in a translation. Normal editorial care, scholarly criticism, and integrity are really better norms in this area of translation than a harried bishop. Since reading publics are today national and international in make-up, it seems both jurisdictionally and practically tenuous to yield the episcopal responsibility over the whole of a language area to one of

three bishops who may have no further qualification than accidental residence where the author or publishing house is also located.

But this does not yet reach the heart of the matter. Archbishop Denis Hurley of Durban, South Africa, speaking on this topic, has affirmed the overriding need of freedom for scholars to pursue and publish their findings. He feels that each country should have an independent scholarly board composed of recognized experts in each cultural field with informal connection to the bishops but not an organ of the magisterium. This body could take over prior censorship burdens, reduce them, and suggest criteria whereby certain writers would not be bound by censorship obligations.

The recommendations detailed so far mostly retain prior censorship in principle. I would prefer a system modeled more on the present practice of granting jurisdictional "faculties" for preaching. When a priest has faculties to preach, he does not submit every sermon to the bishop. The bishop assumes that he will use his faculties wisely and responsibly. He is innocent until proved guilty. If the bishop hears that a priest is preaching that there are four persons in the Trinity, he will check into the matter informally and, if need be, restrict further preaching of this sort. The same principle could be applied to writing. Writers on achieving their academic and professional status could be left free to write what they responsibly hold according to the status of their profession. If some special problem arises, the bishop, or preferably a national board, could insist on prior censorship in specific cases.

In the end, however, it seems to me far better simply to drop the system of prior censorship. Catholic dogma is ultimately defined only by bishops and popes speaking officially according to well-defined rules. Hence, it is legitimate to conclude that everything else written about any of the topics listed by present canon law as requiring censorship is *not* to be considered as anything juridically and theologically more than opinion in the classic sense. There is no need to assume that because a Catholic wrote such and such that it *has* to be the *public* position of the Church. The Catholic laity and clergy, simply because they are human, can and will have opinions which may be wrong. Perhaps a better way to state this principle would be to state that only the official teaching Church, when following defined procedures and speaking officially, speaks for the Church. All else is part of the charismatic and scientific effort of Christians to try to the best of their ability to deepen and to understand the truth, but it is not official doctrine. What the Church teaches is found in the public doctrinal statements and there alone.

Naturally a writer who does not have authority has the obligation to know what this authority teaches and why. He should write with loyalty and honesty, with the full realization that as an individual he may be quite wrong in his opinions. He is merely a human being. Readers, furthermore, should confront a work with the same realization. And if error should appear in writing, the normal, most effective mode of correction will be a free press and public opinion in the Church.

Only out of this dialectic of free discussion can truth emerge in the modern world. The present system lends itself to mere rumor. On hearing that a man's work is suppressed—and this can no longer be kept secret, if it ever could – reporters and other publicists are immediately alerted. They can usually through conversations and interviews find out the suppressed idea and the net result is to have the whole issue spread over the world press; with all the added emphasis of secretive suppression.

If there needs to be hierarchical correction, let it be, as in modern society, post-factum, fatherly, scholarly, quick, wise. Far better that this vast apparatus of internal censorship be devoted to more apostolic and important purposes. The dilemmas of prior censorship are not insoluble. The good of the Church requires a new approach to this unfortunate tradition.

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NANCY PRICE

ONE-NIGHT FAIR

A traveling fair pitched by our pasture gate
once. I still remember the ferris wheel's
yellow lights going around the dark
like a slow mill, only it spilled a freight
of music-run, not water, and girls' squeals
from bucket seats. We rode that contraption late
and long as our nickels lasted. Like a lark
you rode that thing up to the music, hung
over our barn lot, pig pens; then you froze,
cleaving your way back down, a dead weight,
to fields you'd spent the years of your life among
and never seen before. It was one of those
one-night fairs, gone as quick as it came,
like love, maybe, or joy. Nobody knows
where it hailed from. It pitched here when I was young
and, like I say, I found out the way it feels
high up there, saw how the home place goes
turning under the night. There's no right name
for how it was. The farm's never looked the same.

Behind the mask

GRAHAM GREENE'S COMEDIANS

DAVID LODGE

It has been often observed that Graham Greene has displayed, in recent years, an uncanny aptitude for setting his stories in parts of the world which become political crisis-points during or just after their composition. *Our Man in Havana* (1958) seemed a prescient study of a country ripe for revolution, and *A Burnt-out Case*, though not political in theme, acquired a special interest in the light of the Congo crisis. *The Quiet American* (1955) may be said to have prophesied the bitter consequences of American intervention in Vietnam. With his new novel, *The Comedians*, Mr. Greene has come within an inch of doing it again. His story is set mainly in Haiti, neighbor to the recently troubled state of Santo Domingo. However, from what Mr. Greene tells us about Haiti one would not be surprised if his novel soon acquired a painfully topical interest.

Something else links together the novels mentioned above. The phrase "religionless Christianity" is a very fashionable one in certain theological circles at present; and it might be said that Mr. Greene's work over the last decade has been the imaginative expression of a kind of "religionless Catholicism." These later novels do not view experience within the perspective of religious orthodoxy, but at the same time they have a definable continuity with the work that established Mr. Greene as a "Catholic" novelist. *Brighton Rock* (1938), *The Power and the Glory* (1940) and *The Heart of the Matter* (1948) were "Catholic" novels in a very explicit sense—a kind of eschatological trilogy, a re-shuffled Divine Comedy in which the novelist concerned himself with protagonists destined for hell, heaven and purgatory respectively. These protagonists were all burdened with a sense of sin and guilt deriving from their uncompromising and dogmatic faith, yet their suffering and unhappiness on this account were presented as heroic attributes, conveying a judgment on the world of cheerful humanism, materialism and opportunism, with which they were out of accord.

While the tone and structure of these novels were uniquely personal, perfecting techniques developed in Greene's earlier entertainments, in theme they clearly belonged to a European Catholic literary tradition extending from Huysmans to Mauriac and dominated above all by the idea that "the sinner is at the heart of Christianity." (The apothegm is Péguy's, and stands as the epigraph to *The Heart of the Matter.*) In *The End of the Affair* Mr. Greene pushed this paradox (and perhaps the whole tradition) to its extreme limits, tracing the progress of a promiscuous adultress to an acceptance of the Catholic faith into which she had (unknown to herself) been baptized, and finally to a state of sanctity, sanctioned by apparent miracles. But this story, in which Mr. Greene exploited Catholic belief in the most literal and uncompromising way, was filtered through the skeptical consciousness of an agnostic narrator, Bendrix, whose bitter resistance to the idea of the divine working its way in human life is largely responsible for the book's obsessive power.

The blurb for the next novel, *The Quiet American,* told us that "Mr. Greene's series of novels which took Catholicism as their theme . . . has given place to a new series . . . where religion plays little or no part, thus perhaps falsifying one of his critics who wrote of *The End of the Affair* that this was likely to be his last novel that did not require a theologian to review it." Whether or not this note was inspired by Mr. Greene himself, it has proved largely true. Catholicism does not disappear without trace from Mr. Greene's later novels; nor does a little theology come amiss in interpreting them. But their protagonists are men who have lost their faith, or never had one, and the moral choices they confront, whether involving public justice or private happiness, are given not by religious dogma, but by the secular world we all inhabit.

Bendrix is the model for these characters: middle-aged, skeptical, ironic, weary, disappointed in love and vocation (which is often art). But whereas in Bendrix a skeptical and cynical view of life is powerfully challenged by the divine order, in Fowler (*The Quiet American*), Querry (*A Burnt-out Case*) and Brown (*The Comedians*) the challenge gets progressively weaker, or competes with the claims of social, political

DAVID LODGE, *a member of the English Department at The University in Birmingham, England, is the author of the recently published novel,* Ginger, You're Barmy (*Doubleday*).

and humane duty. Fowler, having against his principles committed himself politically to the extent of conniving at the murder of Pyle, the "innocent" but politically dangerous American, is stricken with guilt when this action turns to his own advantage: "Everything had gone right with me since he had died, but how I wished there was someone to whom I could say that I was sorry," he says at the end of his story. Querry is groping his way out of spiritual, emotional and artistic nihilism towards some precarious synthesis of evolutionary progress and the self-sacrificing spirit of Christian love (the influence of Teilhard de Chardin is apparent here) when his life is cut short by a bullet fired by a spiteful and deluded Catholic *colon*. " 'This is absurd or . . .' " is the cryptic question he leaves us with.

From Tragic to Comic

The idea, deriving from existentialist thought, of human life as "absurd," has had the effect on contemporary literature of breaking down traditional genre categories and displacing potentially tragic materials towards disquieting forms of comedy. The title of Mr. Greene's new novel is suggestive in this context, and so is the following observation by the narrator: "When I was a boy I had faith in the Christian God; life under His shadow was a very serious affair; I saw Him incarnated in every tragedy . . . Now that I approached the end of life it was only my sense of humor that enabled me sometimes to believe in Him."

While respecting the Dedication's injunction not to confuse Brown with a narrator of another color, one cannot but see this passage as some kind of comment on the latter's progress from fiction based on a "tragic" conflict of human and divine values, to fiction conceived in terms of comedy and irony in which the eternal verities are obscured by the confusions and contradictions of modern life. Religious affiliation now merely defines types of unbelief. " 'I used to think you were . . . a Protestant nothing, not a Catholic nothing,' " says Brown's mistress on discovering that he was educated by Jesuits. In this world of metaphysical vacancy one distrusts goodness, and evil is apt to seem droll as well as frightening. Life becomes a black comedy, and the recourse of men like Brown is to play up to it.

At the beginning of the story he meets on board a ship bound for Haiti a rather dubious "Major" Jones, with claims to an adventurous war-record, and an American called Smith who ran obscurely for the Presidency in 1948 on a vegetarian ticket. The absurd convergence of these three over-worked names, "interchangeable like comic masks in a farce" prepares us for a story in which the characters are mostly deprived of dignity as they struggle for survival.

The struggle is no easy one in Haiti, "the shabby land of terror," a country of crippled beggars and violent storms and abandoned public works, languishing under the tyranny of a ruthless dictator. The frontiers of Greeneland have been extended once more, to brilliant effect: in particular, one must praise the treatment of the secret police, the "Tontons Macoutes," whose inscrutable malice is chillingly symbolized by the dark glasses they wear day and night.

Brown is returning to Haiti to look after the hotel he has failed to sell, and to pick up the threads of a rather joyless love affair with Martha, wife of a South American ambassador and daughter of a Nazi war criminal. (The intrusion of this ugly but oddly meaningless fact is characteristic of the way life refuses to obey the rules of literary decorum in Mr. Greene's later work.) Smith and his wife are hoping to set up a vegetarian center in Haiti (the tragi-comic defeat of their civil-rights idealism by the experience of a Negro police state is finely rendered, the irony tempered by affection and respect).

Jones' mission is more obscure, but proves to be some kind of racket involving government funds. Brown's association with Smith and Jones, and his discovery in his swimming-pool of the corpse of Dr. Philipot, Secretary for Social Welfare, who has cut his throat to avoid arrest, draws him reluctantly into the world of political intrigue. It is in fact ostensibly more from personal than ideological motives that Brown finally collaborates with the Communist Dr. Magiot (the most dignified character in the book) and the dead Minister's nephew, who is leading a group of pathetically ineffective guerrillas. Jones, after falling out of favor with the Government, takes refuge in the embassy of Martha's husband. Impelled by misplaced jealousy, Brown calls the naïvely boastful Jones' bluff, and undertakes to put him at the head of Philipot's guerrillas. From this escapade Brown narrowly escapes to Santo Domingo, where he adds to an already varied career the profession of undertaker. Later, the guerrillas are ambushed, and Jones is killed. From the survivors Brown learns that, for all his incompetence (for his military pretensions were quite false) Jones had endeared himself to his men. " 'He made us laugh' " is their simple tribute.

Other characters are "comedians," however, without making anyone laugh. The word is used throughout the novel in its traditional, theatrical sense, denoting the improvisation of roles and the wearing of masks. The principal theme of the book would seem to be that in

an era in which cruelty and injustice in the public life have grown to uncontrollable proportions (and it is stressed that Haiti is representative, not abnormal, in this respect) the private pursuit of happiness is inevitably attended by absurd incongruities and indecorums which compel the individual to the resigned adoption of a "comic" role.

Death Proves Sincerity

The only alternative is some kind of more or less irrational commitment—to revolution, to vegetarianism, to voodoo—which is validated by defeat, and ultimately by death. Thus Brown comments on the Negro lover of his mother, when he commits suicide after her death: "Perhaps he was no *comédian* after all. Death is a proof of sincerity." But Brown wonders: "For what belief did Jones die?" He seems the arch-comedian—his role was the most outrageous deception of all—yet in the end he took it seriously enough to die for it. The ambiguity does not leave Brown himself untouched. In his last letter Dr. Magiot, after pointing to the revolutionary element common to Christianity and Communism, suggests that Brown is more committed than he cares to admit. "If you have abandoned one faith, do not abandon all faith. There is always an alternative to the faith we lose. Or is it the same faith under another mask?" Though Brown repudiates the hint, his repudiation carries a sense of loss: "There were no heights and no abysses in my world—I saw myself on a great plain, walking and walking on the interminable flats."

The Comedians is far from being interminably flat. The author's skill in the verbal evocation of character, place, and incident, is as impressive as ever. Taking the longer view, it would seem that the increasing permeation of Mr. Greene's fiction by negative or skeptical attitudes has resulted in some loss of intensity—that Fowler, Querry and Brown, interesting and perceptive as they are, do not possess the imagination and linger in the memory as do Pinkie, Scobie or the whiskey priest. But to regret this would be to deny the artist's right and duty to develop. Mr. Greene's development in the last decade, whatever its more personal sources may be, seems to me significantly and sensitively to reflect changes in the contemporary intellectual climate. The antihumanist Catholic literary tradition on which he drew in his "middle period" appears more and more, as it falls back into a historical perspective, as the high-art expression of that ghetto Catholicism which we are learning to shed on a more pedestrian level. The shedding is a painful process, compelling us to allow the multiplicity of experience to play over the old orthodox certainties, making us feel the force of skeptical or existentialist or Marxist interpretations of life, obliging us to re-examine the role of religion in a world given over to political violence and social injustice. In the devious, highly personal way of the imaginative artist, Mr. Greene has been responsive to these challenges.

Chicago's South Side

THE WORLD I GREW UP IN

JAMES T. FARRELL

What was it like? The Catholic world in which I grew up? Strictly speaking, it was not a Catholic world—it was a Chicago world, an American world—even a historic world.

I am a second-generation Irish-American. The effects and scars of immigration are upon my life. The past was dragging through my boyhood and adolescence. Horatio Alger, Jr., died only seven years before I was born. The "climate of opinion" (to use a phrase of Alfred North Whitehead) was one of hope. But for an Irish boy born in Chicago in 1904, the past was a tragedy of his people, locked behind *The Silence of History.*

I grew up a Catholic in a world where Catholicism was a shaping influence.

II

My mother's "time" had come again. This was about 1907. I was not quite four years old. The stork was a home visitor in those days so I was sent to stay with my maternal grandparents until after the baby was born.

JAMES T. FARRELL *is well-known as the author of the Studs Lonigan Trilogy and other stories. His most recent book is* Lonely for the Future (*Doubleday*).

—I'm whisting meself to Mass.

I can hear my grandmother saying this on Sunday mornings. She would wear her Sunday clothes, usually a dark blue or a black silk dress, a little round black hat with a black veil. The Church was the House of God; and she, Julia Brown Daly would not go to the House of the Lord in her everyday clothes.

—God is good, but He makes you toe the mark.

—And they'll toe the mark for me, she'd say.

She dominated the household. She was a spirit. She had fear of God but I doubt she had any other fear in her. She and her older sister had "come out" from the Irish Midlands when the Steeple of Athlone was a near wonder of the world, and the Mullingar Fair, an event of life.

The two young girls were five weeks on the ocean, coming out. What else could they have done? The two of them had been little girls in 1848, the year of the big famine. They had grown up, barefoot—full of wonder, common sense, and courage. The world never defeated them. Their personalities, their selves, the core of them grew out of the roots of the Catholic Church.

My grandmother, Julia Brown, became a domestic servant. Her sister?

—Me sister. Me holy sister.

"Sister" had entered the Order of St. Joseph as a nun. Later, Sister Dolorosa became Mother Superior of the Order of St. Joseph and ran St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum in Brooklyn, New York, and also, I believe, St. John's Hospital in Long Island City. She died in St. John's Hospital in the early 1930's.

"Sister" was the pride of the family.

III

My grandmother married John Daly. The two of them, young and illiterate, were launched into the still new world of America. They were "Greenhorns"—a word they resented all of their lives.

My grandfather drove a team of horses. When he was an old man, his face was weather-marked. On many a day he was up and out before dawn, seated atop his wagon with the cold wind upon his face.

They went to Green Bay—then to Chicago.

In 1871, they purchased the only land they would ever own. A plot of burial ground in Calvary Cemetery in Evanston, Illinois. It cost $50. I am the inheritor of 1/12th of a grave in this plot. This is my inheritance of the goods of this world. In that lot are the unspeaking bones of my grandmother and grandfather, my mother, two aunts, my four uncles, and one of my sisters-in-law. My father is buried in another part of Calvary.

One of my sisters and a brother still go there to say prayers, to think, and to remember. They place flowers on the graves.

IV

Two weeks after I arrived at my grandmother's, the household was my world. My grandmother had begun spoiling me. Besides my grandparents, there were two aunts and an uncle in the household, but they all toed the mark for "Mother," which I quickly began calling her.

When my grandmother and I would be walking and see girls, she'd say:

"Girls, turn your face to the wall, here's me grandson."

My first battle with fate came when I was returned to my mother and father after the new baby had arrived. I had a tantrum that lasted about nine hours. Short of God and my mother, my father, Jim Francis Farrell, was afraid of no one. He would take anyone on—singly or in pairs.

On election days, he was judge of elections in his precinct. On one election day, a man who later became one of Chicago's most notorious gangsters came into the polling place and started to throw his considerable weight around. My old man was in charge and he told this hood to cut it out. The hood went right on. So my old man beat the living Hell out of him with his bare fists and then chased him down Wentworth Avenue.

He was Big Tim Murphy. Later, he was rubbed out. It is believed that the Capone mob did this job.

Papa was a teamster, and a teamster worked a long day then. On the day of my return, when Papa came home from work, I was still at it. I yelled and yowled, yelled and yowled. The Rock Island trains, a half-block East, couldn't compete with me.

One hour crowded out another hour. It was dark. I had yelled the whole afternoon. It was early evening. I did not let up. Papa didn't know what to do with his namesake. Finally, my mother said that he had better take me back to her mother's. For those days, it was pretty late—about ten o'clock. I rode in my father's arms from 25th and Wentworth to 47th Street. I kept it up. We waited for an East-bound streetcar at 47th Street. I kept yowling from Wentworth Avenue to Indiana Avenue. We got off and walked a little more than a block. I didn't stop— I was yelling and yowling. No until we were at the front door of the Daly apartment and my grandmother had opened the door, did I stop.

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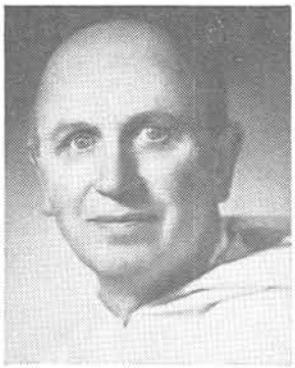

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The minute I saw her, I said, "Mother, put me to bed," with my arms reaching out to her.

On the street car, my father, tough Jim Farrell, had been so ashamed that he had turned to other passengers and explained: "I didn't beat this boy up. He just won't shut up. He's my son."

V

Uncle Tom was the chief bread-winner at my grandmother's. He was a shoe salesman and his income ran around $10,000 a year. My Aunt Ella worked as a hotel cashier and made over a hundred dollars a month. This is where I grew up. There was a washwoman who came in once a week to do the laundry. I wore a clean shirt every day. It was not an Irish slum or an Irish Ghetto. It was not lace-curtain but there was ambition and confidence of success in the social atmosphere. There was belief in America. But thinking had not caught up with reality. The scars of immigration remained in maimed thoughts. The past pressed upon the present.

My grandmother and my Uncle Tom performed all of the duties of a Catholic. My Aunt Ella and my Uncle Bill who came back home to live after he was widowed, did not go to church often. They died as Catholics; but strictly speaking, they did not live as Catholics.

I remember my grandmother saying:

—The black Protestants.

She had no use for them as a category; and yet she got along well with all kinds of people and would talk to strangers and make friends with them. To this day, many remember her. Among them, many "black Protestants."

She was a proud little woman.

—God is good but He makes you toe the mark. Or else, you'll get it—and plenty.

Satan was a Limb of Hell. No one could curse the Devil like my grandmother.

—That Spawn of Hell, that Limb of Hell.

She would let go at him.

—He'll not get me grandson.

She would cross herself without holy water and claim to have given the Devil the scoot.

—Catch me wasting that blessed water on the Limb of Hell!

To her, priests and nuns were holy men and women of God. She kept her place and did not go much to see the nuns at my parochial schools or the priests at the Parish.

She was impulsive about going to Confession. Sometimes she wouldn't go for months, but then for a period she would go often. On Christmas and Easter, she would always receive Holy Communion.

Uncle Tom attended Mass every Sunday and received Holy Communion at least three or four times a year.

VI

My parents lived in a poorer, working-class neighborhood of wooden cottages. My father worked for the American Express Company. He attended Mass regularly.

Periodically, he would get drunk, get into a fight which he would inevitably win, and come home late, sometimes with a bruise on his face. He would lay off work for a day. He would feel guilty in his hung-over state and my mother would manage him to the Parish House where he would take the pledge. Then she would come to see my grandmother.

—Mother, my Jim has taken the pledge.

—The Hell you say!

When it came time for me to go to school, there was no question but that I would go to "the sisters' school." That is, to a parochial school. The first one was Corpus Christi at 49th Street and Grand Boulevard. It was run by the Sisters of Mercy. The principal was a little aging nun, Sister Regina. She was kind and fair—very fair.

I had been in school less than two weeks when a big boy called me a "little sonofabitch." I didn't know what the word meant but I knew it was bad and against my mother and a boy shouldn't let anyone call him this bad word against his mother.

I went at this kid and knocked him down, bamming his head on the sidewalk. I sat on his chest, punching him. I almost massacred him. He wasn't able to come to school for three or four days. He would have been in worse shape if the other kids hadn't pulled me off.

I was unharmed. Practically untouched. I wasn't messed up at all. I went home to lunch and didn't even think to speak of the episode. If I had, my grandmother would have asked me if "I'd beat him good."

After lunch, I went back to school. We had just sat after finishing with our prayers when there was a knock on the classroom door.

The teacher, Miss Kiernen (she wasn't a nun) called out:

"James Farrell, go to Sister Regina's office."

I got up and went. I wasn't afraid.

Lo and behold, there were two big women seated on each side of Sister Regina. They were the mother and aunt of the kid I had battered before lunch.

I was a little fellow and the two women looked

enormous to me. The family owned a bakery and these women must have eaten a great deal of the bakery themselves.

When I walked in, they both frowned and glared at me.

I had done a terrible thing. I had beaten that poor boy so that he couldn't come to school. And I should be punished for it. Sister Regina modified their demands to one of an apology from me.

No, I wouldn't apologize. He had called me a bad name. I couldn't say it in front of them.

Would I tell Sister Regina alone?

The two women went out, leaving an impression that I would get my due.

I told Sister Regina what he had called me.

Then she and I made a deal. The next boy who called me that, Sister Regina would beat up.

Then she talked to me. I was a boy, growing up, a schoolboy and I wasn't to go around beating other boys so that they couldn't come to school. I was not to beat up any more boys. She didn't punish me. Sister Regina was my friend. I liked her. I felt I had done what I had to do. What was right. And Sister Regina had treated me fairly.

VII

When I was still in the first grade, my Aunt Ella teased me about a girl in my class. I confessed that I loved her. She was the smartest girl in the first grade.

"But she's a Protestant," I said.

There was a sense of separation, and 1911 was not long after the time of the APA (The American Protective Association), a noisy, know-nothing group.

But it was breaking down, even then, the separation.

I knew many non-Catholic boys and played with them often.

When I was 8 years old, in 1912, I remember one day in the Washington Park ball field, wishing that I was not a Catholic.

Why?

If I sinned, I had to confess. And in some instances, make penance. If I didn't, I could go to Hell.

It was my second-grade teacher, Sister Hilda, who discovered that I needed glasses. She was the first person to detect what could have been a serious problem if it had gone neglected much longer. She knew that I was under strain because of my poor eyesight. It was from this time on, I was known as "Four Eyes." There was no trauma for me in getting glasses.

Sister Hilda told me before I got them:

"James, when you do not want to attend class, you don't have to come."

The Church was a civilizing element among the Irish. They were the refugees of the injustice of a great historic change.

COMMENT

ON JUDGING GOD

Of evil, it can be said that its sense of timing is often exquisite. Examples are easy to come by, but my own choice at the moment is a recent fire at a Yonkers, N.Y. Jewish Community Center. That it took the lives of nine children was an average enough winter's performance. But that it came on the third day of Hanukkah, the Festival of Lights, a time of joyous celebration in the Jewish community—that took a touch of genius. If you're going to burn children to death, do it when they're happy, when their parents are happy, when no one expects it. "Listen," Ivan Karamazov said in *The Brothers Karamazov*, "I took the case of children only to make my case clearer. Of the other tears of humanity with which the earth is soaked from its crust to its center, I will say nothing. . . . I want to be there when everyone suddenly understands what it has all been for. All the religions of the world are built on this longing, and I am a believer. But there are the children, and what am I to do about them? That's a question I can't answer." Who can?

Yet we have to try. Men have always suffered from evil, but none so much perhaps as the believer. In common with all he suffers the immediate pains of evil, but he must also bear an insupportable challenge to that alone which could possibly give the evil any meaning. His belief tells him there is a point; the evil tells him his belief is an illusion, tells him that he is of all men the most conned. He stands to lose everything, and then some.

Among the most threatened, I suspect, are the followers of a philosophical God. Working carefully with finely chiseled concepts, they fashion a god who

creates, guides and sustains all being, a god in every way perfect. And a god, it must be said, who was an easy mark for David Hume. As Hume nicely paraphrased Epicurus in the *Dialogues Concerning Natural Religion*: "Is he willing to prevent evil, but not able? then he is impotent. Is he able, but not willing? then he is malevolent. Is he both able and willing? whence then is evil?" Hume's basic contention is that the traditional God of theism is a God logically incompatible with the existence of evil in the world. And even if one could show, he further argued, that there was no strictly logical incompatibility, the fact of evil still provides an overwhelming reason to deny that God exists.

Of course believers have dismissed both of Hume's contentions. The most desperate have tried to deny the very existence of evil; it is only an illusion. Others have seen it as God's punishment for sin. The more careful have deployed subtler arguments. Well before Hume, St. Augustine established the classic Christian philosophical response. Against the Manichaeans, he held that evil is not any kind of positive substance with an existence and power of its own. Being alone exists and being, as such, is good. Evil, then, must necessarily be only a corruption, privation or perversion of being—that which is lacking in being, not that which exists. To this metaphysical rendering of the problem, St. Augustine added what John Hick has aptly called an "aesthetic theme": viewed in its totality from the ultimate divine standpoint, the universe would be seen as perfectly good. As Augustine put it in the *Enchiridion*, God "would not allow any evil in His works, unless in His omnipotence and goodness, as the Supreme Good, He is able to bring forth good out of evil." Thomas Aquinas brought fresh ingenuity and technical proficiency to much the same line of thought. Just as evil represents, metaphysically speaking, the absence of some good which being ought naturally to possess, so too the presence of finite being in the world inevitably implies the existence of evil.

Somehow I doubt the parents in Yonkers would find all of that very helpful. Nor would they be much comforted by Leibniz's conviction that, taken as a whole, this world could not be improved upon, that it is the best possible world. Possibly, just possibly, there might have been moments in their lives when they would have agreed that some suffering can be profitable, or that much evil does indeed stem from human freedom (and who would dare speak against freedom?), or that evil is just an impenetrable mystery which will in due time be explained to one and all. On the second day of Hanukkah, before the fire, they might have accepted all of that; they wouldn't have been the first. Had they been of a philosophical turn of mind they might have been impressed by Nelson Pike's shrewd dismemberment of Hume's dilemma. In *God and Evil* (Prentice-Hall, 1964), Pike argues that "a being who permits (or brings about) an instance of suffering might be perfectly good providing only that there is a morally sufficient reason for his action. Thus, it does not follow from the claim that God is perfectly good that he would prevent suffering if he could. . . . It is required only that there be a morally sufficient reason for his action." A good point, but it would have taken an inhuman monster to have tried to offer succor to the parents along those lines.

I concede it is more than a little unfair to put Pike's useful philosophical rejoinder in that kind of context—as if its validity depended upon its instant ability to console anguished parents. Yet in the same article Pike concludes with what seems to me one of the most imperceptive lines ever written about the believer's problem with evil: "when the existence of God is accepted prior to any rational consideration of the status of evil in the world, the traditional problem of evil reduces to a noncrucial perplexity of relatively minor importance." Just how people first come to accept the existence of God is obviously a complex matter. But that many assent to God's existence, initially at least, prior to any consideration of evil seems very likely. Most of us, after all, came to believe in God as children, well before the reality of evil had a chance to gnaw at our certitudes. Contrary to Pike, I would guess that the threat posed by evil is most acute for those who discover its existence after they have committed themselves wholly to a belief in God—a good, just, omnipotent God.

The Book of Job brings this last point out with a special force. Job, you will recall, is never tempted to deny the existence or the omnipotence of God. What he cannot understand, nor find any justification for, is the evil God has permitted Satan to afflict him with. And of course we know from the prologue what Job does not know, that he is guiltless. Two recent fresh translations of the Book of Job, with accompanying commentaries, bring out with renewed force the full weight of Job's moral dilemma. In *The Book of God and Man: A Study of Job* (University of Chicago. $8.50) Rabbi Robert Gordis puts the issue perfectly: "Job doesn't yield to atheism. He cannot deny the clear evidence of his senses—his bitter suffering is a challenge to the justice of God. But neither can he surrender the prompting of his heart." Nor does Yahweh's final vindication of Job do anything at all to provide a real

answer to Job's questions. In the introduction to his Anchor Bible translation of Job, Professor Marvin H. Pope observes that "The issue, as Job had posed it, is completely ignored. No explanation or excuse is offered for Job's suffering." Yahweh's reply to Job consists only of a beautifully effective reiteration of His omnipotence and majesty—but Job had never denied that.

Yet if the Book of Job does not provide us with a rationale for the existence of evil, it does tell us much about the way we can confront it. Professor Pope is particularly effective in demolishing the myth of Job's famous "patience," commended in the Epistle of St. James (5:10-11). Far from being patient, Job cried out bitterly against God. He demanded that God answer him. He refused to let God take refuge in mystery. He assailed, violently and vehemently, the facile pieties of Eliphaz, Bildad and Zophar (pieties not terribly different from those one can hear today among Christians): "But you are daubers of deceit,/ Quack healers, all of you./I wish you would keep strictly silent./That would be wisdom of you" (Pope's translation).

It is hard to deny the eminent sanity of Job's anger and frustration. It is even harder to think of a better response—and God, in the end, praises him. For where Job takes his final stand is on his personal integrity. He knows his own case, his own conscience, and no assertions about God's power and justice on the lips of his accusers can still his voice: "While I have life in me,/God's breath in my nostrils,/My lips will not speak falsehood,/Nor my tongue deceit./Far be it from me to declare you right;/Till I die I will not renounce my integrity" (Pope). One should note, though, that Job questions God's justice within the context of that justice. If God is just, then He ought to behave toward Job in a just manner. This God does not do, nor does He explain His failure to do so.

Does Job have the right to a word from God? None of his accusers are able to show that he does not—nor have any Christian apologists been able to show that suffering humanity today has no such right. If, in our ordinary lives, we believe that elementary morality requires that he who inflicts or permits pain has an obligation to explain why he does so, then why should we suddenly shift our values when it comes to God? If God, Who is supremely just and good, is under no obligation to justify His ways to man, then why should we, as finite human beings, be under any greater obligation in our relationship with other human beings?

I cannot answer these questions, and the only response to the rationalizations I have seen duly propounded in Christian literature seem to me to merit the words of Job: "Why then offer me vain comfort?/Your answers remain sheer fraud" (Pope). There is, I believe, only one possible hope, the evidence provided by the life, death and resurrection of Christ; that is, the evidence provided by revelation. God spoke to Job directly. He will not speak that way to any of us. We only have His words in Scripture, and even they do not come anywhere near giving us a full solution. As for the various philosophical strategies, none convinces me at all. At best, as with Pike's argument against Hume, they can neutralize certain difficulties, but no more than that.

Rabbi Gordis shrewdly observes that "each of us creates a Job in his own image." If that is so, then *my* Job is a symbol of all of us. The God we have been raised to believe in—the God we do believe in—has permitted more evil and cruelty and suffering than could be justified by any good I can conceive or desire. He is a credible God, but a God who has yet to explain, much less justify Himself. I think we humans have every right to shout to Him to stand forth where we can see and judge Him. And judge Him by what standards? By His own. None of us can do better than to say with Job, "He may slay me, I'll not quaver./I will defend my conduct to His face."

DANIEL CALLAHAN

KEEP TALKING

THE STAGE

Of all the creatures that prowl the word-jungle, the playwright probably has the meagerest means of natural protection. The novelist conceals himself in a jet of pretty words or a thicket of description; the screenwriter can always keep quiet and wait for the camera to rescue him—or he can get lost among the other screenwriters, or simply hide behind the director; even the lowly critic can shoot out little quills of sarcasm and misrepresentation: or, possum-like, can pretend to be asleep.

But the playwright must sit out in the open in a brightly-lit clearing and talk his way out of trouble. His is not to stall like the novelist, or cut his way to safety like the movie man. The theater provides him neither time nor space for evasive action. And by an injustice which I haven't altogether fathomed, he isn't even allowed the normal ration of false moves. A bad movie can be partly redeemed by a good sequence, as a poem can be

justified by a single stanza. But nobody ever says, "see such and such a play for the sake of scene 3"; if anything, the situation is reversed—a bad scene can undo a good play, a good scene cannot help a bad one.

Two recent one-act plays called in aggregate "Rooms," written by a refugee from the fragmented world of movies, illustrate this problem nicely. Stanley Mann has written some good passages in each play: but the long theater scene eats up good passages like a king crab. In the movies, you can change the subject, change the view, play some music, take some close-ups: in the theater you just have to stay with the scene until it is finished.

The first of the two plays is a comedy called "Better Luck Next Time" and it probably contains as many good wisecracks as the average funny movie—but a play devours wisecracks quicker than anything. A film like "Dr. Strangelove" may get by on four or five good lines, which everybody will remember for months afterwards; but a wisecrack play needs that many every few minutes, and probably no one will remember them at all.

Again, Mr. Mann's central situation would be sufficiently comical for most movies, where it could be supplemented with sight-gags and other distractions: but it cannot sustain the long talk-scenes of a play. The situation: a publisher who believes in Hindu mysticism has rented a Judy Holliday-type blonde for a spot of legal adultery: he converts her, marries her, divorces her, etc.—The author has devised a reasonably amusing plot-line; but while it is shimmying along, the pair of them *have to keep talking.* And this means that the publisher has to keep churning out funnies related to his mystical hang-up, and the girl has to keep firing back Judy Hollidayisms. The two characters are subjected to a verbal attention beyond their merits—but what else is the author to do with them?

In the second item, called "A Walk in Dark Places," the same two actors, James Broderick and Shirley Knight, are joined by Irene Dailey in a drama of stress and strain. This play has at least one very effective scene, tacked on at the end—a scene in which Miss Knight and Miss Dailey let out their respective throttles and the dust really flies. But prior to this, we have had several premature shout-scenes, which dissipate the finer energies, and we have also bogged down repeatedly in sheer talk. Whereas the excess patter in the first play consisted of two kinds of joke, in this one it is made up of bits of information—endless bits, so that the plot finally unravels for miles like a large intestine. However bizarre the information and however hysterically it is presented, you only need so much of it.

For a writer from another medium, this must be a major vexation—what do you do with all those acres of straight dialogue. Jokes, information, quarrels, what then? Mr. Mann has at least not taken the coward's way out of shifting the scenery around (next to the movies, stage scene-shifting is about as effective as a slow conjuring trick anyway) or by having somebody pull a gun or jump out the window. He has tackled the theater on its own terms. And if he hasn't altogether succeeded, he has done much better than the numerous TV scripters who have tried the stage lately. (*At the Cherry Lane*)

WILFRID SHEED

SHAKESPEARE ON FILM

THE SCREEN

Not since Orson Welles startled movie-goers with an opening scene showing Iago being punished in an iron cage has there been such a disputatious "Othello" as the current film starring Laurence Olivier. Now being shown in movie houses around the country on a two-day, four-performance basis, this new "Othello," though

filmed at Shepperton Studios, uses the cast and stage production of Britain's National Theatre. Its costumes are stunning; and its sets are effectively simple though rather confining and stagey for a movie. In spite of the good color photography and movie director Stuart Burge's many close-ups and use of movement with the camera, the total effect is often static and more theatrical than cinematic. But most disturbing of all is Laurence Olivier's make-up; he plays the Moor with such a black black-face that one almost expects the black to come off on Desdemona during the many kissing scenes, and at times especially during the close-ups the black paint contrasts so sharply with Olivier's expressive, rolling eyes and pinker-than-pink lips and mouth that the actor seems about to do one of Al Jolson's Mammy numbers. He never does. His performance is magnificent.

Olivier's interpretation is different than most. His Othello is less the noble and heroic black man who "lov'd not wisely but too well" and "threw a pearl away," but more the vain and proud neurotic whose arrogance is a kind of cover-up for his insecurity. This much-lauded Moorish general and successful winner of an attractive white wife is indeed unstable and unwise, and is, in fact, an easy prey to Iago's evil machinations. Frank Finlay is excellent as Iago, the cunning schemer who, envious of Othello's success and young Cassio's being appointed lieutenant, uses jealousy to ruin both men.

Finlay plays the villain so well that one almost understands Iago this time, and one is likely to feel during the first third of the film that the play belongs more to Iago than the title character. But as Finlay goes on and on with his vicious schemes—and explains them to the audience by talking right into the camera—Iago's villainy begins to take effect on Othello, and Olivier begins to take over in the lead role. As the "green-eyed monster" takes hold, Othello grows more neurotic, wild, mad; and by the time he is convinced of Desdemona's infidelity with Cassio, Othello's rage is beyond control.

Maggie Smith is a most attractive Desdemona—perhaps just a touch too intelligent for this role that is usually baby-doll, but she is particularly successful in suggesting the virtuous wife who is also sexually attracted to her husband. And the cast throughout are fine, especially Derek Jacobi as the victimized Cassio and Joyce Redman as Iago's ever-loving wife—although at times she shouted so loud one could hardly hear her lines. I'm not sure whether this was her fault, director Burge's, or that of the sound mixers. But the one department in which this National Theatre "Othello" excels is in the cast's good diction and first-rate delivery Orson Welles' "Othello," with its fine fluid cinema, may have been more effective as a movie, but Welles changed the lines to suit himself. This new "Othello," which runs about three hours with intermission, makes few changes or cuts, and, in spite of its updating some of the interpretations of character, the play is still pure Shakespeare—and a treat to hear.

I wish I could say the same of the Russian "Hamlet." This picture, which was shown at the 1964 New York Film Festival and will soon be released throughout the country, has some extraordinary beautiful black-and-white photography. It was filmed on the Baltic coast of Estonia where a reproduction of Elsinore Castle was built, and it has many shots of the rolling sea, stunning cloud effects, rugged scenery, and massive stone edifice. Its costumes are beautiful, and its sixteenth and seventeenth century weapons and armor came from Leningrad's Hermitage and are, needless to say, authentic. And its handsome cast, under the direction of Grigori Kozintsev, are fine.

My only real row with this "Hamlet" is that it's even less Shakespeare than is Welles' "Othello." Boris Pasternak wrote the translation into the Russian from the English, and since Pasternak was a poet and had quite a reputation as a translator of Shakespeare, I have no doubt but what his version is good. Kozintsev wrote the screenplay from this translation. Most of the English subtitles are directly from Shakespeare—which is an odd sensation—but Shakespeare is the poetry as much as anything.

What we miss, then, in this very excellent production is hearing the Shakespearean lines. Very helpful, although still not Shakespeare, is the first-rate score by Dmitri Shostakovich which beautifully sets the mood along with the visuals.

This Hamlet, expertly played by blond, not youthful Innokenti Smoktunovsky, is stronger than most interpretations. In fact, the whole film has more virility than is usually displayed in "Hamlet." Our hero is seen several times riding at break-neck speed on horseback. When Laertes returns from abroad, he comes with a small army to overtake Elsinore Castle. Fortinbras and his larger troop carry on in fighting style. And this Hamlet, himself, is more decisive. He gives no thought to killing the praying King. He is ruthless on shipboard when being sent to England. He is a man of strength and character. I am sure that anyone familiar with the play will appreciate this handsome version. But with Shakespeare, the play's the thing—and this is not, alas, Shakespeare.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

BOOKS

A round-up of recent religious books

WILLIAM BIRMINGHAM

In a remarkable contribution to the *Teilhard Conference Proceedings 1964* (Human Energies Research Institute, Fordham University Press: $2.80), the Passionist historian, Thomas Berry, (whose most recent distinction was his dismissal from St. John's) discusses our situation on the threshold of the modern world. Man, he says, has always moved forward through a reconciliation of the old with the new, the traditional with the modern. "In recent times a challenge of larger proportions seems to present itself. We have acquired a radically new way of seeing the world. We experience a very different world in a thoroughly different manner. . . . This new knowledge is not derived from the old but emerges from immediate experience of reality such as man has apparently never known before. This time no simple adjustment can be made between the old and the new. Certainly the new cannot be considered as merely an addendum to the old."

The first characteristic of the modern world is its universalism. Neither nations nor cultures nor continents are isolated islands. "The thoughts and problems of one man are the thoughts and problems of the entire world. The creative work of one part of the world is shared almost instantly by the entire world." This new world society is not fixed but developmental. The reality of structures is change. We speak "not of cosmos but of cosmogenesis, not of fixed species but of biogenesis, not of mankind as a determined reality but of anthropogenesis, for man is making himself at the same time as he is in a manner making the world." The modern world is characterized, finally, by humanism. It centers on man. In contrast, the traditional civilizations, in which each man also lives, "were founded on cultural forms distinct from each other, fixed in time, and centered in the divine, or in some cosmic order."

Since we live in both worlds, our lives are divided. The older cultures grip the inner substance of contemporary life even as the modern world shapes the external form of our existence. The result is crisis.

The Roman Catholic Church may well be the last of the great world institutions to begin crossing the threshold into the modern world. The new ecumenism signals its discovery of universalism, the popularity of Teilhard the discovery of process, the gropings of "The Church and the Modern World" the discovery of humanism. It was John XXIII who played the part of Moses in liberating the Church from its medieval Egypt and motivating it to set out on an exodus into the Holy Land of the modern world. (It is well to remember that the Old Testament exodus took forty years, during which many wished to turn back.) In *Pope John and His Revolution* (Doubleday. $4.95) E.E.Y. Hales makes John far more conscious of his role than I think he could possibly have been. Hales is convincing in his delineation of John's peasant shrewdness and in his contrast of John with Pius IX. He attempts, however, to establish something close to a Roncalli blueprint for the Church, kept hidden throughout his career but ready for application after he had, quite improbably, been elected pope.

I suspect that Ernesto Balducci's thematic biography, *John: "The Transitional Pope"* (McGraw-Hill. $7.50), brings us closer to an understanding of the Johannine phenomenon. It contains the now inevitable hagiographical

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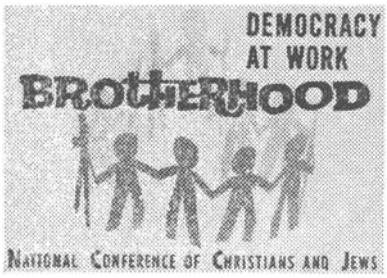
WILLIAM BIRMINGHAM, *editor of Mentor-Omega Books, edited* What Modern Catholics Think About Birth Control.

touches—one of which, perhaps inadvertently, suggests a key to the Roncalli enigma: "Pope John kept his gravest thoughts to himself, as Mary kept the words of her Son, which she did not understand." There is, I feel, a real sense in which John did not understand his own most significant thoughts, which seem to have formed a constellation, not a schema, in his mind. His actions sprang, more often than not, from his fundamental option, Christ. (The fundamental option of most churchmen is, of course, the Church, which suggests one reason for the uniqueness of John's pontificate.) From Balducci's portrait arises a secondary image of the banality of holiness, which is well worth juxtaposing with Hannah Arendt's study of Eichmann and the banality of evil.

The good cheer that marked John's attempt to foster growth in the Church is often absent from the approach of his followers. When Gommar de Pauw does his routine on the priest who destroyed a rosary in the pulpit, it is difficult to believe he is lying. John's "holy folly" is, surely, preferable. And it is to be found in what is by all odds the most charming (and improbable) Catholic book of recent months, *From the Housetops* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.95), by Edouard Stevens, pastor of the village church in Glabais, Belgium. The book is composed of parish bulletins written in free verse. Here are some samples: "God is the only friend you treat like a dog./You need him? . . . You whistle for him./It's Sunday? . . . You throw him a half-hour,/like a bone" (Christmas). And on Sexagesima: "Christians, in sixty days it will be Easter./Last week, we crossed the threshold into Eastertide./That threshold was made of two parts:/one, recalling the creation, the call, man's appointment/to paradise to take up his noble task (Septuagesima);/the other, pointing to the paschal triumph, the passage/of our flesh to divine glory (Candlemas)." There are hard sayings aplenty in Stevens' messages to his people; to parents who send their children to Mass but do not attend themselves, he suggests, " . . .be honest and

BOOKS
FOR BROTHERHOOD



CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S LIST

Continued

Tituba of Salem Village, by Ann Petry. Crowell. $3.75. 12-15.

A gripping story, based on actual records, of the hysteria that culminated in the Salem witch trials, when the very intelligence, goodness and outstanding competence that made a young Negro slave the mainstay of a troubled household also made her a victim of the witchhunt.

Trace Through the Forest, by Barbara Robinson. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard. $3.50. 10-13.

A noble-hearted Indian saves Jim Fraley's life in the Ohio wilderness, and in so doing plants some provocative questions in Jim's mind concerning reasons for Indian hostility and white intolerance in the final years of the 18th century.

Walk the World's Rim, by Betty Baker. Harper & Row. $2.95. 10-12.

In a distinguished story, a boy from a starving village accompanies three Spaniards and a Negro slave called Esteban to Mexico, hoping to bring back medicine to insure the growing of sufficient food. Chakoh learns from Esteban the meaning of courage and truth.

Whistle for Willie, by Ezra Jack Keats. Viking. $3.50. 3-5.

Gentle picture-story of a little Negro boy who tries very hard and finally learns to whistle for his dog the way the big boys do.

tell the child that/it's all a pack of/idle promises. . ." But joy permeates his candor. And what a refreshing thing it is.

Joy may render tolerable the anxiety many feel at the passage of the Church into the modern world, especially those for whom the Church has functioned as a vast monastery whose walls withstood the siege of change, as the citadel of traditional culture. Doctrine seen from the vantage point of traditional culture is one thing; the same doctrine seen from the vantage point of the modern world is quite another. The difference is most visible in the change or development of the doctrine concerning the Fall and original sin. Two recent books confront the problem: *Man and Sin* (Notre Dame Press. $4) by dogmatic theologian Piet Schoonenberg, S.J., and *Perspectives in Evolution* (Helicon. $5.95) by biologist Robert T. Francoeur.

Schoonenberg traces the development of the doctrine with considerable thoroughness, revealing along the way the richness of thought it has evoked. Francoeur's historical section traces the idea of evolution, stressing the importance of a linear conception of time within the Judaeo-Christian tradition. Both offer similar notions of original sin, which I think can be fairly summarized as follows: 1) The story of Adam is myth. 2) Original sin is not a past event whose effects we inherit but the situation-state of man. 3) That situation-state arises metaphysically from man's rejection of his finiteness, his refusal to acknowledge that he can be complete only through communion with others. 4) The religious *event* from which it arises is the rejection of Christ in the crucifixion.

I am at this point convinced of the first three propositions. The last, which Schoonenberg especially emphasizes, is problematic. (It depends on belief that what Teilhard in *Le Christique* calls a "sort of Christic 'third nature'," which makes Christ "the ultimate psychic center of the universal assemblage," is an achieved fact rather than the term of evolution. In the process, Schoonenberg re-mythologizes Christ, at the expense of history.) Its appeal lies in the wish for an original sin that can be located in a single event.

Yet I do not think that, except for Mariological reasons, the single event is necessary as an explanation for Schoonenberg's central insight: "Since Christ's death on the cross, every man enters the world in the disastrous situation of original sin. That is why the exception of Mary's immaculate conception occurs in that stage of the history of salvation in which the road leading to Christ is still open, even though He has not come yet. Everybody enters the world in that state of perdition, but the opposite, too, is true. Every man enters the world in a situation of salvation, for the Lord has risen and His Spirit fills the earth. The ancient Church derived the necessity of baptism from the disastrous situation of original sin, but we may conclude to that necessity from both situations. Baptism is meaningful not only as a rescue from doom but also as a crowning of the salvation which the risen Christ has already initiated in us."

Francoeur calls evolution a theological fourth dimension. "Most, if not all, the conflicts that have arisen in the past four hundred years between science and theology have stemmed from the theologians' insistence on remaining within a three-dimensional framework while science and modern man have moved into a four-dimensional world vision." Of the evolutionary worldview, he says that *"If we accept that perspective in a single area we must be willing to face its implications in every other detail of our Weltanschauung."* In stressing the continuity between his (and Schoonenberg's) notion of original sin and the traditional notion, Francoeur may not be fully faithful to his own italicized sentence. One need but reread the Council of Trent on the subject to see that by any standards other than those of Catholic rhetoric he and Schoonenberg are changing the doctrine. The change is within a continuity but it is nonetheless real. It is time that Catholics faced the implications of the fact.

What we need and need badly are more reference books that tell us where

we have been and where we are. And we are beginning to get some. *Thomas Aquinas Dictionary* (Philosophical Library. $7.50) is not among them, however. In it, we find miscellaneous quotations from Aquinas rather than definitions of his terms. Such a compilation might be useful but in this case it is silly. Under *running*, we read, "Running abstractly denotes to run"; under *number*, "A number is necessarily odd or even"; under *body*, "The good things of the body do not stay when they come." The book may be part of a pragmatist plot.

Dictionary of Theology by Louis Bouyer (Descleé. $9.75) and *Theological Dictionary* by Karl Rahner and Herbert Vorgrimler (Herder & Herder. $6.50) are, despite their limitations, tremendously useful. Two books so similar in title could scarcely be more dissimilar in content. The chief thing they have in common is their failure in apparatus. Bouyer has an entry on *vision* but no cross-reference to it from *beatific vision*; Rahner-Vorgrimler has an entry on *beatific vision* but no cross-reference from *vision;* neither has a cross-reference from *vision* to *apparition*, though many a reader will search for the discussion under vision. Bouyer does have a cross-reference in the article on *penance* to *contrition*, but there is no entry under *contrition*; not to be outdone, Rahner-Vorgrimler, in its entry on *repetition*, refers the reader to a non-existent article on *worship*.

Of the two, Bouyer is more suitable for general use. It is partly a matter of style, mostly a matter of approach. Take the first sentences of their entries on *Anointing the Sick*: Bouyer—"Commonly called extreme unction prior to the Second Vatican Council, the sacrament of the sick consists of an anointing with oil ritually blessed for this purpose, performed by the priest and accompanied by a formula approved by the Church that varies according to local rituals." Rahner-Vorgrimler—"That action of the Church in and for the sick which shows the Church victorious in eschatological hope over approaching death and darkness." Bouyer takes the general theological tradition as his point

of departure; Rahner-Vorgrimler finds its vital center in the theology of its better known author. Bouyer uses traditional vocabulary to describe traditional notions; Rahner-Vorgrimler uses vocabulary by Heidegger out of Rahner to describe both traditional and modern German-existential notions. Bouyer attempts to give the state of each question for Catholic theology as a whole; Rahner-Vorgrimler gives it for Karl Rahner and his disciples. Since the most marked omission from Bouyer is consideration of the German-existential school of theology, the books complement one another; both deserve a place on the reference shelf.

The best of the current reference books is John L. McKenzie's *Dictionary of the Bible* (Bruce. $17.95). It is a triumph of scholarship, lucidity and high editorial discipline. McKenzie, whose usual style is notably elegant, here writes with utmost simplicity, whether he is discussing the term "spear" or the historicity of the Gospels: "The Gospels are not eyewitness documents. They are 'catechetical booklets reporting history' (Leon-Dufour). The historical value of the gospel tradition is seen rather in the fact that it is a single tradition, in spite of the triple source. . ."

Though a man of many opinions tightly held, McKenzie does justice to everyone, even those with whom he disagrees. Most notable is the uniform tact with which he applies the techniques of modern biblical scholarship. Both the Old Testament and the New are subjected to scientific scrutiny yet each emerges as a set of religious documents whose meaning is deeply contemporary. A Jewish scholar once said that the higher criticism might better be described as the higher anti-Semitism. Such a charge could not be leveled against McKenzie. There are illustrations of unequal value and maps that, to my untutored eye, seem excellent.

The dearth of Catholic historical writing has long been a painful fact. It is beginning to be remedied. In his preface to *Catholics in Colonial America* (Helicon. $10), John Tracy Ellis modestly suggests that his book meets no pressing need. He may be right. After all, we have survived for decades without a fresh book on the subject. On the other hand, now that we have a gracious and scholarly set of essays on American Catholic origins, it seems inconceivable that we have done without them for so long.

Two Americans have undertaken books on the Reformation. *The Unreformed Church* (Sheed & Ward. $4.50) by Robert E. McNally, S.J. is doctrinal in emphasis. By the 16th century four ideas had reached the boiling point: the Church, the Bible, the liturgy, and the meaning of Christ. On these, Protestants and Catholics divided, with results that are today all too familiar. McNally is candid in listing the failures of the Council of Trent. He feels that the most astonishing of them is the fact that it "did not formulate a series of decrees defining the character and nature of the Church herself; which in the ultimate analysis was the very bone of contention and division between

Catholics and Protestants." The reader of John P. Dolan's *History of the Reformation* (Desclée. $6.75) may well regard that failure as providential, Dolan views the reform at Trent chiefly in terms of ecclesiastical politics, and in those terms Trent is seen as a massive strengthening of papal power. If Dolan is right, Trent's resolution of the ecclesial problem might have made the structure of the Church even more one-sided and rigid than, for centuries, it has been.

If the Church is in fact to enter the modern world, it must do so with full awareness of its past evolution; otherwise its development will be partially blind. Such histories as these contribute to that awareness. Let us hope that there will be many more.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 597)

suffers from what W. K. Wimsatt has called "the intentional fallacy." Mr. Steinfels assumes Lawler should have written a work of "dialogue," and on that assumption attacks the book for being a polemic—whereas in fact the book is described by its author on the very first page as polemical. Mr. Steinfels ought not to have forgotten . . . about discriminating among literary genres.

SUSAN BREEN

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors: Who is this Peter Steinfels, amicable and benevolent lover of all his neighbors? For years now we have been reading Justus George Lawler's views on the overkill overlords in all kinds of publications, including even COMMONWEAL yet. Suddenly Mr. Steinfels, whom we have never heard from before on anything—let alone on nuclear deterrence—emerges from the canyons of Madison Avenue to announce that Lawler's views are claptrap. Where has Mr. Steinfels, this brave but kindly dissenter, been all these years?

"It would be nice if Lawler met his opponents on their strong points . . . " counsels the gentle Mr. Steinfels. "Nice" it would be, and a beginning could be made by dialoguing with that friendly old soul from the Air Force who recently advocated bombing a whole nation "back into the stone age." Mr. Lawler should be so nice.

MARIANNE BANKERT

Reply

1. I welcome Professor Hughes' clarification. A quick reading of my review may indeed leave the impression that Professor Hughes agrees with Mr. Kahn, when my point was just the opposite. I mentioned Professor Hughes' name in arguing that people who *disagreed* with Mr. Kahn and agreed with Mr. Lawler nonetheless find Kahn's style of thought extremely powerful and worthy of serious consideration. When Professor Hughes wrote in the March, 1961 issue of *Commentary*, "I think one can say without qualification that Kahn has

written one of the great works of our time," I presumed he meant what he was (without qualification) saying. Now it turns out that this statement was merely a "quixotic effort at fair-mindedness." While this is very peculiar, and presents certain problems for Hughes' future readers, who may not know how to tell the wheat from the quixotic chaff, it only confirms my argument. Fair-mindedness is precisely the quality which distinguished Hughes' criticism of Kahn from the onslaughts of certain other writers.

2. I think Mr. Kauffman and I are in basic agreement. I did not call for Mr. Lawler to engage in dialogue with the nuclear establishment, nor did I criticize him for approaching the question from a different direction. Mr. Lawler is a professor of literature. He works with language. He likes words, likes to play with them—as even the shortest acquaintance with his prose makes clear. Since I spend a great part of my time reading and writing about international affairs, i.e., dealing with them through the filter of words, Mr. Lawler's project of examining the limitations put on our moral sensibility by the rhetoric we employ in discussing war was precisely the "distinctive and unique" approach which especially interested me.

Unfortunately, Mr. Lawler failed his own program. I suggested a reason: that, bogged down in minor arguments and too quick to divide everyone into good guys or bad guys, he had not engaged the objects of his critique seriously enough. This is what I meant by "disdain for dialogue," no more. My correspondents misread my review if they find anywhere in it some advice that Mr. Lawler should go in for more chit-chat with Pentagon officials.

3. Miss Breen has a curious way of marshaling her evidence, since the only reference to polemics on the book's first page is a statement about the volume's "non-polemic sections." At any rate, I did not attack the book for being a polemic. The word I used was "crabby," which is not the same thing at all. "Dialogue" does not exclude a good polemic; it does exclude a bad one, one which misses the point. If by "polemical," Miss Breen means that Mr. Lawler's book was meant to be no more than a tract, then she has a point. I, however, took the book to be a serious attempt at analysis.

4. Miss Bankert can find my identification on page 483 of the issue in which the review appeared, or on the masthead of COMMONWEAL. I find no mention in my review of friendly old souls from the Air Force and, frankly, don't know what Miss Bankert is running on about.

5. The foreword to Justice George Lawler's *Nuclear War* informs me that H. Stuart Hughes criticized the book's first draft; that Marianne Bankert "worked to the point of exhaustion on this manuscript"; and that Susan Breen

bore "many of the burdens involved in preparing the final text." Given these conditions, one can understand their dismay at my negative judgment on the book. But my criticism contained quite a number of specific charges—inconsistencies, self-contradictions, unwarranted juxtapositions, and shortcomings in tone and structure. As my correspondents have not seen fit to dispute a single one of these specifics, I do not see how I can modify my conclusion. PETER STEINFELS

Angry Mr. Waugh?

Milwaukee, Wis.

To the Editor: Even in these days when we are so used to that excessive freedom of speech that is so frequently indistinguishable from license, it was a great shock to read the letter from a Mr. Evelyn Waugh in your issue of January 7.

I suppose Mr. Waugh must be one of those who describe themselves as "angry young men," but he and his like must come to realize that there are certain indispensable conditions of being and remaining a Catholic, of which the most important is a firm acceptance of the guidance of the magisterium of the Church. No doubt it is all very well to take all possible steps to demonstrate charity towards our "separated brethren," but I do strongly feel that it is carrying things altogether too far when we ape the overly individualist attitude of some of them to worship, particularly when the decision to do this is made through processes of individual judgment.

If Mr. Waugh really is a "Roman Catholic" and not one of those eclectics who use the description of Catholic in picking out such bits of the Faith as chance to please them, then I find it little short of outrageous that he should presume to speak of the "dangers" of the successors of the Apostles meeting together to discuss the task with which they have been entrusted by the Holy Spirit. His letter is a sad demonstration of the lack of obedience to rightful authority shown by the younger generation. ALAN H. SMITH

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