

# RELIGION

## Bulletin of Kansas School of Religion at The University of Kansas

Vol. 6, No. 1, October, 1968



## Religion and the Humanities\*

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My assignment is that of discussing "Religion and the Humanities." But this apparently simple and uncomplicated subject is one which does, I think, conceal some rather troublesome difficulties. And they are difficulties which arise, I suppose, primarily out of our uncertainty as to what really is meant by this rather baffling term "the humanities." The term itself is a relatively late innovation and does not, I believe, reach back into the tradition any farther than the nineteenth century. Nor does the recency of its invention seem to make for any clarity at all regarding the proper scope of its designation. Is history a humanistic discipline, or is it a social science? Or, in the case of philosophy, there are many of its contemporary practitioners who regard it as being one of the social sciences, and are they right in holding this view of their subject? Or, again, in being asked this evening to discuss Religion *and* the Humanities, my hosts imply a certain disjunction between the two—but, if theology does not belong amongst the humanities, then where on earth is it to be located in the curriculum of liberal studies?

Indeed, it would seem that we do not really know quite what we want to mean when we speak of "the humanities," and thus it is no wonder that the proposal is sometimes made that, in point of fact, the humanities are whatever you have left over in the curriculum, after you have subtracted the sciences—the natural, physical, and social sciences. But even this very loose definition of things is calculated to leave people of a certain persuasion dissatisfied. And in that famous, and now even notorious, little book of his called *The Two Cultures*, I suspect that C. P. Snow is speaking for a very sizeable public when he asserts in effect that science does itself offer the basis for a genuinely humane mode of education. Lord Snow wants in fact to make the largest possible claims in behalf of the humanistic character of scien-

tific discipline. He declares that "the scientists have the future in their bones," and it is clear that he conceives this future that they have in their bones to be an altogether admirable future—whereas, on the other hand, he imagines the traditional humanistic culture to be somehow against the future, and thus, as it turns out, his is an account that puts the scientist generally on the side of progress and enlightenment and the humanist on the side of reaction and obscurantism. So "the two cultures" which Lord Snow's little book purports to describe are not in effect treated as equal competitors but are actually regarded as representing two divergent ways of dealing with the world, one of which very much deserves to prevail over the other.

Now, most especially perhaps as a result of our general uncertainty as to what we really mean by the humanities, the professional humanist is likely to feel inclined to counter the kind of partisanship on behalf of the sciences represented by C. P. Snow with some equally arrogant claim regarding the priority of humanistic culture, and F. R. Leavis was not the last to make this kind of response to Lord Snow's Rede Lecture of 1959. But this is not a kind of tack that I am particularly interested in taking this evening. Nor do I want to move from some argument about the primacy of humanistic studies to any kind of argument about how, then, they ought to be enfranchised in the university curriculum and how they ought, in the terms of pedagogy, to be ordered in relation to specifically religious or theological studies.

Indeed, I am not proposing to say anything at all this evening about matters of curriculum, about issues of academic polity. Instead, though recognizing all the while the great ambiguity surrounding the whole notion of the humanities, I shall assume that, by whatever principle of definition they are conceived, it is literature and the arts that will be found to be at least a central element of their core. And what I want to do this evening is simply to describe what I take to be some of the leading characteristics of our artistic life at the present time, and to suggest a way of conceiving the relationship between our period-style in the arts and the

\*In a somewhat different form much of the material in this address will form a part of Dr. Scott's forthcoming book, *Negative Capability: Studies in the New Literature and the Religious Situation*, to be published by the Yale University Press in the Spring of 1969.

new period-style that begins to emerge in the life of theology itself. Thus it is that I propose to approach the general theme of the relationship between religion and the humanities. And though, as I say, I shall not be dealing in any explicit way with how these fields need to be ordered in the university curriculum, I trust that much of what I shall be saying will be felt at least to carry a good deal of implication regarding how these subjects require to be understood in the context of our present cultural climate.

Now I suppose that, when one thinks of the direction that much of the new art of our time appears to be taking, whether in literature or in painting or in music or in cinema, one is likely to feel a strange sense of disorientation, of belonging already perhaps to the first generation of "post-modern" people. For ours is a period whose most authentic expressions appear to be found no longer in the music of Hindemith and Bartok but in that of John Cage and Milton Babbitt and Karlheinz Stockhausen, no longer in the painting of Rouault and Matisse but in that of Jackson Pollock and Mark Rothko, not in the fiction of the Malraux or a Faulkner but in that of a Beckett or a Robbe-Grillet. It is, we feel, a new scene that we look out upon, and one for which we have not yet even begun to find any comprehensive definition.

But I suppose that the deepest impression that is made upon us by the new art which is most characteristic of the immediate present is a sensation not of pleasure but, rather, of a very great *displeasure*. The music of a Morton Feldman or a Milton Babbitt or a John Cage assaults the ear with a cacophony whose violence is greater even than that which was once felt, say, in the twelve-tone constructions of a Schoenberg or a Webern. The painting of a Franz Kline or a Mark Tobey affords no chance to enjoy convergences of perspective and linear rhythms and orchestrations of plane and volume, such as the tradition accustoms us to, from Raphael to Cézanne, from de la Tour to Matisse and Chagall. And the new fiction, in the hands of a Beckett or a Robbe-Grillet or a Michel Butor, often seems, in its utter plotlessness and banality, to be only an ingeniously designed test of the reader's capacity to endure extremes of tedium. Indeed, the denial of pleasure does in fact appear to be a hallmark of the new avant-garde in the art of our period. And I suspect that the sensation of *displeasure* that we are given by the new forms of art is very probably a consequence of the extent to which the artists most characteristic of the present time are deliberately attempting to banish from their work what might be called the dimension of "depth." What is perhaps most basically frustrating in the new art is its radical *depthlessness*, its resolute refusal to be a vehicle of any kind of exploration in depth of the human experience.

Susanne Langer tells us in her great book, *Feeling and Form*, that the natural function of art is to create "forms symbolic of human feeling"—but ours, *today*, is an art that is determined not to create forms symbolic of *our* feeling. Indeed, John Cage, one of the chief American spokesmen for the new movement in music, believes that the sounds of music should simply "be themselves rather than . . . expressions of human sentiments." So, instead of attempting to express the forms and patterns of human feeling, a musical composition will simply present sounds—not sounds going anywhere or moving through a rhythmically ordered sequence to any sort of climax and thus satisfying expectations aroused by the musical experience, not sounds related to one another by any sort of *human* logic, but simply sounds, in the sheer *thereness* of their acoustical power. In that strange and fascinating book of his called *Silence*, Mr.

Cage says: "Wherever we are, what we hear is mostly noise. When we ignore it, it disturbs us. When we listen to it, we find it fascinating." And the making of music, he maintains, is simply the "organization of sound," the organization of noise—which is precisely what the music of Christian Wolff and Morton Feldman and Earle Brown seems to be. It is not, I think, unfair to say that the principal concern of composers such as these is simply to find interesting new ways of organizing noise: their principal concern is simply for sound, for *sound come into its own*, and theirs is a music whose most striking feature is the radicalism with which it expels from itself the dimension of depth.

But the lack of depth that is so noticeably characteristic of the style being brought into existence by the new music is by no means an isolated phenomenon in contemporary artistic life: it is an equally striking feature of the architectural movement of which, say, Mies van der Rohe is a major exemplar. And the movement in recent painting with which we associate the New York School exhibits the same quality. As John Cage wants the sounds of his music to be just *there* as sound and nothing but sound, organized sound—so Mies van der Rohe wants his Chicago apartment-skyscrapers to be simply skeletons of steel and glass. And a painter like the late Franz Kline wanted many of his canvases to be simply large white fields bearing broad strokes of black. Sound, glass-and-steel, primed canvas and black paint—nothing more, only the sheer *thereness* of the raw materials themselves, in their unhumanized factuality: this tends to be what we are offered by the artists who are most representative of our period-style.

It is perhaps in the new literature that this whole style of sensibility finds its most candid and resolute expressions, and, here, the chief strategist is, I suppose, the French novelist and critic, Alain Robbe-Grillet. And I turn to him rather than to numerous other writers, because it is Alain Robbe-Grillet who, with the greatest explicitness, rejects what he calls "the old myth of 'depth'." That is to say, he, like many other writers of the present time, believes that literature must be purged of "story," of the old structures of plot and character. For all the traditional "verisimilitudes" of literature impose an order on experience which is felt to be false to the existential reality. The great thing, so a writer like Robbe-Grillet believes—the great thing is simply, as he says, "to look at the world which surrounds [us] with entirely unprejudiced eyes," for it is only in this way that its reality can be taken into account. It is held that we must renounce what Robbe-Grillet calls the old "cult of the human." And the principal function of literature, we are told, must be that of trapping us into a kind of radical amazement at the simple *thereness* of the world and at the stubbornness with which it resists all our traditional habits of ordering and apprehension. And so M. Robbe-Grillet, who is nothing if not consistent, produces novels from which the human presence has been most rigorously expunged, novels in which the predominant subject-matter is formed by descriptions of the angles and planes and surfaces of the world—its streets and houses and skies and various other appurtenances.

Now the program which Alain Robbe-Grillet is proposing for the new literature, in the great stringency of its emphasis, has the effect of casting into even higher relief a predominant tendency governing the central movement in the artistic culture of the present time. For, whether we turn to architecture or to painting or to music or to literature, what is noticeable in the new sensibility is its impatience with "the old myth of 'depth'" and its eagerness (in Wallace Stevens' phrase) to walk "barefoot into reality." A musical

composition does not create "forms symbolic of human feeling," but is simply so much organized sound—"come into its own." A public building is not visibly in any way a celebration of our common humanity but is simply a structure of concrete or steel. A painting does not "mean" anything extrinsic to itself but is simply so much paint on a certain area of canvas. A poem is "not ideas about the thing," as Stevens says, "but the thing itself."

So our playwrights having discarded the old, well-made structures of beginning-middle-and-end and our poets wanting their poems to "be" rather than "mean" and our novelists being unwilling now any longer to tell "stories," we are often at the point of wanting querulously to complain about how "boring" the new literature is. The charge is frequently heard, of course, that the antiseptic purity of much of contemporary architecture puts one in mind of some anonymous public utility—a garage or a warehouse—even when it is a residential apartment building or a center of collegiate studies or a church. Even the most ardent devotees of the new music will occasionally admit that it is a screeching, screaming vociferation. And the sense of defraudment that is provoked in the galleries devoted to the new painting and sculpture is, of course, a staple of both popular and sophisticated humor.

Indeed, even the movies—long our last refuge from the rigors of modern art—even the movies begin to be an extraordinarily difficult and complex form of expression. For when one thinks of much of the work produced over the past decade by such film directors as Michelangelo Antonioni and Federico Fellini and Francois Truffaut and Alain Resnais—when one recalls films like *Last Year at Marienbad* and *8½* and *La Notte* and *L'Avventura*, it does indeed seem that cinema, too, is today committed to something of the same sort of effort being generally undertaken by much of contemporary art. For the new film-director, like the new novelist, no longer wants to tell "stories" but simply to manipulate the forms and movements of screen images. He is not interested in developing consecutive sequences of events: he does not want to carry the spectator comfortably along through the various "logical" stages of a linear narrative but, rather, to involve the spectator deeply in the special quality of a given instant, and then of another and another and another, and he assumes that the spectator's intelligence will be agile enough to make the necessary connections. Our new film-makers want us, in other words, to understand that the film itself is the primary reality: this is what they want us to remember that we are watching, a film and nothing but a film; and the emphasis is on spectacle and sound, on the way things look and feel. In short, like the new music and the new painting and the new literature, the new cinema, too, forswears the dimension of "depth": it wants to be nothing but an "art of appearances," and its major purpose is simply to exhibit the sheer sensuous immediacy of film images.

Now, of course, there are many who have a great eagerness to assail the whole style of expression embodied in cinema, say, by Alain Resnais' film *Last Year at Marienbad*—or in literature by the novels of Alain Robbe-Grillet or the poetry of Charles Olson, or in painting by the work of Franz Kline and Mark Rothko, or in music by the work of John Cage. The deliberate depthlessness of a cultural style whose intent is to do nothing more than describe the "appearances" of the "life-world" seems to entail a certain foreshortening of things and a certain abdication from the multi-dimensionality of the real. And there is no dearth of angry traditionalists who are prepared to accuse the contemporary artist of having committed a kind of treason. But

such a termination of the issue would, I am persuaded, be short-sighted and would, in effect, regrettably scuttle a lesson of still undiminished importance in which, among the great writers of this century, Franz Kafka and T. S. Eliot are the preeminent guides.

In his brilliant and bilious little book on Kafka, the German critic, Günther Anders, has declared that "The meaning of [his] entire work is governed by his awareness of the 'death of God.'" He recalls that remarkable section of the *Aphorisms* which is devoted to "Reflections on Sin, Pain, Hope, and the True Way," and he finds Kafka reflected in those royal couriers whom he imagines in his 45th "Reflection" as hurrying through the world, and who, "as there are no kings left, shout to each other their meaningless and obsolete messages." Such a quixotic role, says Anders, was precisely that which was enacted by Kafka himself. For the unexampled art of this tortured Czech genius forms the prayer of a man who was in fact a "shame-faced atheist." In his writings the very sense of religious meaning as irrevocably lost is itself converted into a religious experience: "the coins of his despair [are changed] into the currency of positive belief": the sense of ultimate ambiguity is so rendered as to give it the tonality of some direct awareness of Transcendence. So his elected role, Anders maintains, was that of "messenger to a king who does not exist. . . ."

Now, quite apart from the valuation which this arch-conservative places upon Kafka's vision, he does see, I think, with a startling clarity, what it is that makes this remarkable writer so infinitely fascinating in our time. Anders himself, of course, can find nothing but sophistical duplicity and decadence in the example that is presented by an artist who continued to write religiously, despite his having fallen under the spell of "the Muse of Agnosticism." But, though it may be lamented by some, it is, nevertheless, a primary fact of our age, that we are deeply moved only by those religious writers who make us feel that whatever they have won in the way of certitude or hope has been snatched out of abysses of unbelief. For most of us are not certain any longer as to what is the real "shape" of our world, or as to how to take hold of and express the deepest things that are in us, and that man, whether secular or religious, who supposes himself to be outside this quandary is living in a fool's paradise. W. H. Auden said many years ago, in an oft-quoted remark, that "our dominant religious experience [today] . . . is of our distance from God." And this is an experience well-nigh universally known by the men and women of our age, however they may stand in regard to the great received traditions of faith. Paul Tillich told us twenty years ago that now, at the end of the modern period, even the believer, indeed most especially the believer, will find himself mirrored in "the man who longs for God and cannot find Him," in "the man who wants to be acknowledged by God and cannot even believe that He is," and in "the man who is striving for a new and imperishable meaning of his life and cannot [yet] discover it." And thus it is that, in the whole sweep of the biblical narrative, there is perhaps no figure amongst its minor personages who touches deeper chords in us than that father of the possessed child who, when Jesus told him that "all things are possible to him that believeth," is reported in St. Mark's Gospel (9:24) to have cried out: "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

Now it was both out of and to such a profound spiritual ambivalence that Kafka was always speaking. And the guiding intention of his art is beautifully summarized in the "Reflections," most especially in the 104th, where, in talk-

ing about the nature of faith, he says, in his typically gnomic and concise manner:

You do not need to leave your room. Remain sitting at your table and listen. Do not even listen, simply wait. Do not even wait, be quite still and solitary. The world will freely offer itself to you to be unmasked, it has no choice, it will roll in ecstasy at your feet.

"You do not need to leave your room," not because the immeasurable amplitude of Creation does not extend infinitely beyond one's private chambers, but rather because stillness itself, when intense and concentrated, becomes a profound kind of patience that enables a man to consent, as it were, to what is spoken of in the 66th "Reflection" as "the indestructible element in oneself." Then it is that all striving stops, all attempts to bring reality to heel, all attempts to make the world submit to one's own conceptions of proper design and right order. And, indeed, when the self has been thus silenced, *then* "the world will freely offer itself," in the way of that which comes as a gift of grace. So what is being proposed, always with the subtlest indirection, in *The Castle* and *The Trial* and all the most characteristic instances of Kafka's art is that the cultivation of such a patience may well be our primary human task.

It is the kind of patience—which Keats called "negative capability"—that is explored more profoundly in Eliot's *Quartets* than in any other text of twentieth-century poetry, and most especially in those great passages of "East Coker" where we are told to

. . . . . be still, and wait without hope  
For hope would be hope for the wrong thing; wait without love  
For love would be love of the wrong thing; there is yet faith  
But the faith and the love and the hope are all in the waiting.  
Wait without thought, for you are not ready for thought:  
So the darkness shall be the light, and the stillness the dancing.

Indeed, recalling that late story of Kafka's called "A Hunger Artist" in which he bodies forth his whole idea of the artist in terms of this tale about a man dedicated to the art of fasting, we may say that such a waiting, that such a patience, as both he and Eliot were in quite different ways exploring is a kind of Hunger-Art. And Hunger-Art, we may say, is simply the art of abstention, the art of doing without that which human selfhood needs for its felicity and fulfillment—whereby preparation is patiently made for the time when "the world will freely offer itself."

Which brings us back to the immediate scene of our literature and art today, for is it not the case that, in many of their most characteristic modes now, they seem to be a form of Hunger-Art? Our new painters and film-makers and playwrights and novelists and composers of music often seem to have forsaken the dimension of depth, and, unlike the great classic innovators of the modern movement, they often appear disinclined to make any kind of large statement about what the jargon of our period calls "the human condition." But may this not be but a deliberate abstention, or—whether it is consciously intended as such or not—a kind of stringent preparation for some fresh way of addressing the human reality? And if this be so, as I very much suspect it to be, then the new literature and art, far from having emptied themselves of moral and religious profundity, may well be (to borrow a phrase from "East Coker") moving "into another intensity"—for further explorations, for a deeper acceptance of "the burthen of the mystery."

But the new *avant-garde* in our literary and artistic life is by no means alone today in presenting us with important examples of Hunger-Art. For it is one of the interesting hallmarks of the age that, outside the realms of poesy, it is the

theologian who often seems to be incarnating most vividly the image of the Hunger-Artist. And it is partly for this reason that theology, more than any other formal intellectual discipline, may well afford the finest kind of purchase on the life of literature and art in our period. The other humanistic sciences enjoy, of course, small successes in reducing some limited area of experience to manageability, and thus they are often lulled too quickly into a state of being "at ease in Sion." But the essential nature of its endeavor prompts theology to aim for a radically synoptic kind of vision of man's place and prospect, and, from its high vantage-point, it cannot easily escape a recognition of the quandaries by which men are beset in this distressed century when they undertake to determine, in any really fundamental way, the true beginning and end of the human adventure. And thus it is that, in the realm of systematic thought, theology begins itself to be perhaps the most impressive expression of Hunger-Art.

That is to say, the religious imagination, too, when it gains expression in the formal terms of systematic theology, often seems today to be lacking in the dimension of depth. It has, of course, been overtaken by a most acute seizure of fascination with our metaphysical poverty, with what Wallace Stevens calls "the spectacle of a new reality" ("Repetitions of a Young Captain"). And this new reality is nothing other than the irredeemable dilapidation of that whole structure of thought which we sometimes speak of as the *philosophia perennis*. Modern mentality simply has not beheld the world, and cannot behold it, as a hierarchy of orders to be appropriated by way of a metaphysical ascent through "the degrees of knowledge" to the Divine Principle which reigns at the apex of the whole. For nearly two hundred years we have been in the West an incorrigibly non-metaphysical people, at least in the sense of being unable to construe reality in terms of two realms. The whole procedure whereby it has been natural since the Enlightenment for men to make sense of themselves and their world has been one which has effectively undermined the old supposition that progress toward "the really real" moves along an upward path, from the public world of natural and historical phenomena to a spiritual or noumenal world of pure Being. Indeed, all the pre-Kantian certainties of the *fides perennis* have long since disappeared—and their death might be said to be the central event of modern history: the linchpin of that entire conceptual scheme is simply gone.

And in this severe situation we are more and more coming to feel that the religious imagination finds its truest authenticity today in an attitude of waiting, of listening, silently and patiently—to the voiceless Mystery of the world which will, we trust, find its voice again in those amongst us who have been faithful shepherds of that Mystery. This is why the truest exemplars of the new style in theology are not those young American theologians who have recently won a certain publicity for the jig that they dance on the grave of God: indeed, it is just in the bumptiousness with which they agitatedly reiterate Nietzsche's outcry of 1882 (in *The Gay Science*), that "God is dead"—it is just in this that they prove how lacking they are in genuine relevance to the religious situation of our period. For they are too quick to convert perplexity itself into dogma, and thus they prematurely foreclose redintegrative possibilities. But that contemporary theology which has spoken to us most movingly is, I believe, deeply touched, all of it, by the attitude of waiting, by the attitude of what Martin Heidegger calls "meditative thinking," and touched by the modesty and tentativeness which are a part of such an attitude. The

grand style—the style of Aquinas and Calvin and Schleiermacher—is not, to be sure, a part of those theologians who have taken the firmest grip on the mind of our generation. It is not the Tillich of the three-volume *Systematic* who moves us most deeply, but the Tillich of *The Protestant Era* and *The Courage to Be* and the sermons. And it is not Karl Barth in his role as system-builder who is felt to speak to us most relevantly, but rather the passionate poet of the human mystery who is speaking, say, in that great section of the *Church Dogmatics* (III/2) which is entitled “Man in His Time.” Nor are men like the late Dietrich Bonhoeffer and Rudolf Bultmann and Friedrich Gogarten and Gerhard Ebeling men whose special genius lies in system-building. They are instead men who make us feel that they share with Gabriel Marcel the conviction that (as Marcel says in *Homo Viator*) “to bear witness is to contribute to the growth or coming of that for which one testifies.” And they also make us feel that they would be prepared to agree with Rainer Maria Rilke, when he says: “Be patient towards all that is unsolved in your heart and try to love *the questions themselves* like locked rooms. . . . Do not now seek the answers, that cannot be given you because you would not be able to live them. And the point is,” says Rilke, “to live everything. *Live* the questions now. Perhaps you will then gradually, without noticing it, live along some distant day into the answer” (*Letters to a Young Poet*).

Indeed, it is very much along such a route as this that the most creative theology of our period seems to be moving. It is, to be sure, a theology that often seems to be more at home in the world of doubt than in the world of faith, and whatever it wins in the way of certitude or hope appears to have been just barely snatched out of abysses of unbelief. But this is simply the way things go, in this late and difficult time: theology is not so much seeking answers as it is seeking a way of helping us to live along some distant day *into* the answer: it is a form of Hunger-Art which looks toward a new age, when the Truth “will freely offer itself.”

Now it is in their convergence toward this single point that we may discern, I believe, a very remarkable collaboration, as it were, between the theological imagination and the artistic imagination of the present time. Neither reasons “from already received Scripture” (Norman O. Brown, “Apocalypse,” in *Interpretation*, ed. by Hopper and Miller). Neither wants any longer to risk the grand style, and thus each seems, in the phrase I have used, to have chosen to forfeit the dimension of depth. Many years ago, early on in the first decade of this century, George Santayana, in his book *Reason in Art*, remarked that literature always reveals a special sort of “piety” or “conscience”: for, said he, “it cannot long forget, without forfeiting all dignity, that it serves a burdened and perplexed creature. . . .” And we might now extend Santayana’s remark by way of saying that the “conscience” of contemporary theology and the “conscience” of our new literature and art do both, in effect, tell the theologian and the artist that the burdened and perplexed people of our age are best served by being invited to be *patient*, and to *wait*—as Heidegger says, for the “unconcealing” or the “unveiling” of the Mystery of Being. And it may indeed well be that it is just at this point, where one tries, with a great intensity of spirit, to wait and to be patient—it may well be that it is just here that there is to be found the one point of purchase which, just now, we can grasp, with any real confidence and integrity. And I am myself persuaded that any vital and authentic teaching of religion and the humanities in the university of our time will be deeply informed by some lively sense of this possibility.

## THE CONFERENCE ON MEDICINE AND RELIGION

The University of Kansas Medical Center  
Rainbow Blvd. at Olathe St., Kansas City, Kansas  
October 15 and 16, 1968

The Kansas School of Religion has been a co-sponsor of this important annual conference since its inception in 1963. The enrollment is limited to physicians and clergymen. Since a maximum has been set up for the enrollment it is desirable that conferees register in advance.

This may be done by writing to:

Department of Postgraduate Medical Education  
University of Kansas School of Medicine  
Kansas City, Kansas 66103

The fee is \$15. Here is the program:

### Tuesday, October 15

- 8:00 Registration.
- 8:50 Welcome, Introduction and Orientation—Dr. Jesse D. Rising.

### THE FATALLY ILL CHILD

Dr. Jesse D. Rising, presiding

- 9:00 *The William P. Williamson Memorial Lecture.* THE ATTITUDE OF THE PHYSICIAN IN THE MANAGEMENT OF THE FATALLY ILL CHILD AND HIS FAMILY—Dr. Doris A. Howell.
- 9:30 PASTORAL COUNSELING FOR THE FAMILY OF THE FATALLY ILL CHILD—Rev. Arthur H. Becker.
- 10:00 THE RESPONSE OF THE CHILD TO ACUTE SERIOUS ILLNESS—Dr. James T. Lowman.
- 10:30 Coffee.
- 10:50 PASTORAL COUNSELING OF THE CHILD—Rev. Arthur H. Becker.
- 11:20 *Case Presentations*—Dr. Thomas M. Holder, Dr. William E. Larsen, Dr. Lucian L. Leape, and Dr. James T. Lowman.
- 11:50 *Questions and Panel Discussion*—Rev. Arthur H. Becker, Dr. Doris A. Howell, Dr. James T. Lowman, and Father Jerry L. Spencer.
- 1:00 Luncheon.

### THE CHILD WITH A CHRONIC INCURABLE ILLNESS

Dr. Herbert A. Wenner, presiding

- 2:00 THE PHYSICIAN'S ATTITUDE TOWARD THE CHILD WITH A CHRONIC INCURABLE ILLNESS—Dr. Virginia L. Tucker.
- 2:30 MAKING LIFE INTERESTING FOR THE CHRONICALLY ILL CHILD—Dr. Doris A. Howell.
- 3:00 EXPERIENCES IN FAMILY COUNSELING—Father William A. Finnerty.
- 3:30 Coffee.

- 3:50 **BAD NEWS IN AN EASY WAY**—Dr. Antoni M. Diehl.
- 4:10 *Interview of Parents of a Child with Cystic Fibrosis*—Dr. Wilks O. Hiatt.
- 4:30 *Panel Discussion*—Father William A. Finnerty, Dr. Doris A. Howell, Dr. Antoni M. Diehl, Dr. Wilks O. Hiatt, and Dr. Virginia L. Tucker; Dr. Herbert A. Wenner, moderator.

**Wednesday, October 16**

**THE PHYSICALLY AND MENTALLY  
HANDICAPPED CHILD**

**Dr. Grace E. Holmes, presiding**

- 9:00 **MEDICAL EVALUATION OF THE NEUROLOGICALLY HANDICAPPED CHILD**—Dr. Richmond S. Paine.
- 9:40 **WHY DID THIS HAPPEN TO US?**—Dr. Vernon L. Branson.
- 10:00 **PASTORAL COUNSELING WITH PARENTS OF A HANDICAPPED CHILD**—Rev. Richard H. Athey.
- 10:20 Coffee.
- 10:50 **WORKING WITH AND THROUGH THE STRENGTHS AND WEAKNESSES OF PARENTS**—Dr. Arthur Mandelbaum.

- 11:20 *Film: STRESS: PARENTS WITH A HANDICAPPED CHILD.*
- 11:50 *Case Presentations from the Birth Defects Center Files*—Dr. Grace E. Holmes.
- 12:10 *Panel Discussion*—Rev. Richard H. Athey, Mr. Arthur Mandelbaum, Dr. Richmond S. Paine, and Dr. Vernon L. Branson; Dr. Grace E. Holmes, moderator.
- 1:00 Luncheon.

**THE EMOTIONALLY DISTURBED CHILD**

**Rev. George Munding, Presiding**

- 2:00 **IS HE OR ISN'T HE? THE HYPERKINETIC CHILD**—Dr. Ronald A. Youmans.
- 2:30 **THE CHILD WITH EMOTIONAL PROBLEMS**—Dr. Paul C. Laybourne.
- 3:00 **WHERE TO GO FOR HELP—EDUCATIONAL, GUIDANCE, MEDICAL**—Dr. Richard J. Whelan.
- 3:30 *Questions and Panel Discussion*—Dr. Paul C. Laybourne, Dr. Richard J. Whelan, and Dr. Ronald A. Youmans; Rev. Forrest Haggard, moderator.

**RELIGION**

Published quarterly in October, January, April, and July by Kansas School of Religion at The University of Kansas at Lawrence, Kansas, 66044.

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