

light. That the tragic light is ominous as well as luminous we know well from our reading of that dark Apollonian play, *Oedipus Tyrannus*. And, truth to tell, not only is the end dark, but the hero's haunted sense of doom is the equivalent of a sense of primordial guilt. I know how hard it is for modern man, even Christian man, to think of original sin, let alone feel it. But I would say that we should not dismiss the thought that the tragic sense—whether one is thinking of the way the hero feels or whether one is thinking of the way we feel as we watch him—is a sense that to be out of joint is somehow the same as being implicated in being at fault. I suggest, I do not insist. That is part of our "secret destiny."

Wisdom is not acceptance of the worst, it is much more than that. It is the realization that the "chance for a final flame," which is all we have, may be marred by being born in a world that would extinguish that flame if it can, would and probably will.

The late Cedric Whitman who wrote the Foreword was a colleague of mine once. I remember him proposing to a group of us that there was a tragedy of love. We demurred, for reasons I cannot recall. It is most fitting that he should have been chosen to present Terzakis' book, for Terzakis, like Unamuno before him, believes that love has a fundamentally tragic character, "the mirage in the desert, the irony in place of Paradise." Its mystique is "the announcement of possibilities and conditions we cannot reach." And he calls it a "boundary situation" (Jaspers), like pain, struggle, guilt, chance, and death. Love is always a defeat, always desperate, because it is a passion for boundlessness. Is it any wonder that Saint Maria Maddalena de'Pazzi, having run through her convent crying "Love, love, love!" should finally cry "O Lord, No more love, no more love!"

Terzakis says, "love is a despot." Well, so is all beauty, and so is tragedy. "No more tragedy!" He is right when he says that tragedy requires "a certain naiveté," the innocent, clear-spirited passion of youth.

The tragic age is youth, its assumption that quests must be followed to the end. There is a kind of generosity in this, that welcomes all that follows. But I must say for myself that the vision of tragedy does not come from youth, but from Oedipus, from fifth-century Athens, and from the experience of many a lifetime.

Reviewed by RALPH HARPER

Spiritual Models

Soldier, Sage, Saint, by Robert C. Neville,
New York: Fordham University Press,
1978. xi + 141 pp. \$15.00 (paper
\$7.50).

THIS IS A philosophic study of human spiritual development, especially as reflected in the models of soldier, sage, and saint. Neville makes it clear at once that he is speaking as a philosopher seeking to understand mankind's spiritual traditions, not as a guru testifying to his private experiences. The advantage of making a philosophic analysis of traditions is that it discusses funded experiences accessible to every reflective mind.

In considering any study of spirituality, we are likely to raise two preliminary questions. Is spirituality the same as religion? And which type of spiritual outlook is taken as the primary pattern? Neville faces both questions forthrightly at the very outset. He distinguishes between a religion or organized church and a religious attitude or way of life. Church membership is not the same as a religious way of living, although the former may encourage the latter's growth. A religious mode of life encompasses three human concerns: ritual action, cosmological interpretation of the world through myths and symbols, and personal spiritual development. The difficulty today is that politics channels much of our ritual action, and that science and

philosophy provide much of the interpretation of the world. This leaves spiritual life to develop sometimes within the churches and sometimes apart from them. We are also acutely aware today of the pluralism of religious cultures and spiritual traditions. It is not a matter of choosing a Western pattern of spirituality instead of an Eastern one, or the converse, but rather of interweaving these patterns and thus discovering the common human spiritual tradition amidst the diversity of religions and cultures.

Neville's next problem is the methodological one of establishing philosophic controls over such a complex project as that of discerning mankind's primary spiritual paths toward personal liberation and integrity in the world. His criteria are three. Use formal categories that are defensible and coherent; describe aspects of spiritual life that have empirically real bases; and focus pragmatically on spiritual ideals that are effective enrichments of our lives. To meet these requirements, a choice is made of three models of human existence that arouse admiration and spiritual emulation on a worldwide basis. The human tradition of spirituality becomes concrete in the models of the soldier, the sage, and the saint. The core chapters of the book examine these archetypes from the standpoint of their contribution to the individual's spiritual growth.

Despite the destructiveness of war, the figure of the *soldier* arouses recognition of one spiritual theme which Neville identifies as "purification of will." Thus the parables and spiritual exercises of East and West counsel us to develop a character analogous to the soldier's self-discipline. This expresses itself in a tension between reaching integral unity of one's own self-image and abandoning private indulgence for a larger cause and a wider community of persons. Somewhat as a counterbalance to the stress on will is the *sage's* appeal to our intelligence. Spiritual life is a way toward enlightenment and true witness. Once more, there is a paradoxical pull bet-

ween becoming enlightened about one's own self or the interior life and about the values and deceptions of the world. Moreover, what the sage learns in these areas has to be communicated, put at the service of others whether in the smaller setting of oral teaching to disciples or in the larger community reached by his writings.

As for the *saint*, Neville finds the characterizing word to be "perfection," taken not in a static sense but as an ideal and constant goad. Holy persons testify to a gradation of values even among good objectives, an ordering of loves even among the most satisfying affections, and a continual search after closer communion with God. We sometimes misjudge the severe self-appraisals of a saint, because we overlook the continual process of comparison and development.

Whereas there is a perennial quality in the spiritual models themselves, there is a historically conditioned relationship of ourselves to them. Neville's last two chapters face up to this problem of relating oneself to these models under contemporary conditions. The search after spiritual liberation is affected concretely by the contention of Nietzsche and Marx that religious beliefs weaken our hold on human values and derail us from meeting our responsibilities in the world. In this respect, the countertheme of sage and soldier suggests that the spiritual life requires an understanding of the world and a fidelity to human obligations. And from the saint's attitude, we gain confidence in reconciling divine power and human freedom. All these models will flourish better today, if their heroism and meditation and art of living are more closely integrated with the human community in all its dimensions.

This is a thoughtful, clearly expressed, and well organized treatment of the need and models for spirituality. Just as it draws liberally upon the many spiritual writings of East and West, so its argument has a broad appeal to people in many cultures today. Neville sums up the main function of his spiritual models. "They provide

orientation points for understanding the many dimensions of the struggle. They even render it possible for twentieth-century pilgrims to see themselves as making the same journey as countless others in ages long past and cultures astonishingly diverse." To try to develop oneself spiritually is one of the permanent aims of our human race.

Reviewed by JAMES COLLINS

Chevalier at Scribners

Max Perkins: Editor of Genius, by A. Scott Berg, *New York: Dutton, 1978*. 498 pp. \$15.00.

WILLIAM EVARTS, maternal grandfather of Maxwell Perkins, defended Andrew Johnson at his impeachment and was considered the greatest constitutional lawyer of his day; Charles Perkins, the editor's other grandfather, had similar credentials as America's first art critic. As Scott Berg maintains in his biography, these bloodlines converged to help produce the judicious senior editor of Scribners—"Perkins aestheticism and Evarts discipline" providing a blend that had salutary effects on that near-quorum of American novelists over whose work Max Perkins presided.

If there was a fund of good judgment to be inherited by Perkins, there was also a catalytic event that helped the man realize his own character. At seventeen, he returned to a foundering boy who'd lost his nerve swimming—Perkins had first abandoned him—and was able to save him. Whereupon he judged himself unremittently: "and I then made the only resolution that I ever kept. And it was, never to refuse a responsibility." Usually a biographer's intention to pin down formative experience (or to sum up, for that matter, inherited tendencies) fails to con-

vince when baldly set down in such fashion. But this biography is the exception: both the anecdote of the rescue and the account of ancestry ring true, as they throw light on Max Perkins' character. The reason may be that Perkins knew more about himself than most men can be credited as knowing—also disguised less. As for that resolution not to be remiss again, there was no priggishness about it—Perkins was so self-critical that he would have spotted the flaw of setting up as a "Mr. Responsible" in a world of sliders-by. The great thing about his sense of duty was its chivalric base.

True chivalry is not comparative. Perkins did not do the things he did so as to shine in comparison with others. He did them because his self-imposed standards simply could not allow him placation otherwise: his mind could not have known peace had he defected—from answering (frequently inane) correspondence, or reading (often impossible) manuscripts, or remaining approachable and responsive to a wife and friends whose claims and fretfulness would have soon drained another man's patience. Chivalry was a way of not deciding where blame might lie; a way of acknowledging depths of others' needs. Perkins did not seek his near-confessor's role, but accepted it rather than disoblige—the fact that he might be pressed "beyond the call of duty" hardly occurring to him. (One small ruse he did employ: he wore his hat in the office, and that sometimes could put off a stranger wanting advice about some manuscript—since the editor would seem on the point of departing.)

Perkins' difficult marriage was not compromised by another woman, but he did have a platonic affair—in keeping with his knight-errantry—with a woman named Elizabeth Lemmon. Having her confidence from miles away (they almost never met) meant more to Max than anything but, perhaps, the welfare of his daughters. A friend of Max's wife as well, Elizabeth wrote her after her husband's death, saying how "Max poured strength into