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proposes would seem to support this. If so, tithing could be compatible with ERU while incompatible with QAM.

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CRITIQUE OF RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY. By WALTER KAUFMANN. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1958. Pp. xvii, 325. \$5.00.

In the preface Mr. Kaufmann avows a positive interest in polemic: "Polemic recaptures the excitement of the search for truth." It can also betray one into point-scoring moves not easily identifiable with the search for truth except in a mood of large generosity for one's own performance. In this performance, the polemical stride of which is very rarely broken, Kaufmann scores many points. It is not altogether clear to me what the game is, but I distrust the generosity, because of the vagueness of the phrase, "the search for truth." What is the object of the search? A sure and fruitful knowledge of what is the case? A logically well-tailored conceptual system? A splendid vision of reality, setting at nought or at the least supplying the criterion for all mere surmise, pious hope, and reasoned judgment? I understand Kaufmann to be unsympathetic to any and all of these views of truth. What then remains? Passionate inquiry (which passion? bent upon what stuff of the world?); the examined life; the philosophic way; the courage to test—or at least defy—all things; but finally to hold fast—what? (A Biblical injunction and therefore, according to Kaufmann, something certain to be warped out of all seriousness and richness by the theologian).

As for the critique of philosophy, Kaufmann has two principal targets: existentialism and analysis, treated as revolts against traditional philosophy. Of these he says:

The difference is partly one of temperament. One tendency is rooted in gregariousness: a social game for brilliant minds. The other one is born of solitude and the intensity that courts it. And each suspects the other, often with a strong dose of contempt.

Between these extremes, philosophy is lost. We can still accord the name to mystic and scholastic, analyst and existentialist; but the great philosopher does not merely excel in two genres: he masters two talents which is death to split.

Undisciplined vision, unexamined intuition, and sheer passion are the fountainheads of madness, superstition, and fanaticism. And cleverness and patience without vision are the expense of spirit in a waste of subtlety [p. 23].

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Moreover he suspects in both a remoteness from actual experience which may at bottom be an evasion of experience; so that to both he can say:

We need a new empiricism which neither flees experience nor ravishes it but tries to do justice to it. Why must we either ignore anguish or treat it as man's central experience? Why must we spurn experience, either because it is too messy or because it is not messy enough [p. 27]?

Accordingly, he is nothing wanting by way of appreciating the pathos of existence on the one side and the need and the instruments for clarity of thought on the other. Thus it would be fair, I think, to hold up to Kaufmann's philosophy one of his own dicta: "The most crucial question to be asked about any philosopher—even more important than the question 'What did he mean?' is: What has he seen?" (p. 71). Given this view of the role of the philosopher, it would appear that his propositions and images altogether, although not necessarily alike, are created and ordained to purify and concentrate the powers of perception, broadly understood, upon some aspect or aspects of experience, though hardly upon experience as a whole, if *that* should turn out to mean anything.

So what has Kaufmann seen? Not, that is, in the first instance in the performances of philosophers—the great ones and the endless succession of epigones—and in the behavior of religious mankind—running from sublime bizzareries to trivial urbanities—and in the pestilential breed of theologians—ministers without portfolio. What of these things he has seen he reports, often with brilliant perceptiveness encased in aphorisms; he has a great fondness for the epigram, mostly his own. But, he says, it is the real (or at any rate the great) business of philosophy to return the mind, the spirit, to the actualities of experience with renewed appetite and purified perception. If this is so, the philosopher (the true amongst the specious, of course) is close kinsman of the artist; and Kaufmann welcomes his brethren warmly. But unlike the artist, (characteristically) the philosopher has a passion for clarity. I suppose he means clarity of conceptual order rather than imaginal.

But beyond this what has he seen? Man's situation in the world, man's needs and aspirations in the world, and above all man's need to be creative, to rise above his physiological and psychological requirements (see pp. 301 ff.). Kaufmann says:

The concept of gods provides a setting for an aspiration that reaches out beyond all physical objects. It makes possible a language in which superhuman

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love and gratitude, despair and grief, can be expressed. A heart fuller than seems warranted by any event in this world can relate itself to the divine and voice passions that seem to transcend human relations [p. 304].

It is in relation, then, to the creative thrust of life that reason must be understood. In Kaufmann's account reason itself is both creative and critical: it fashions "universals" and exposes and (where possible) resolves confusion (p. 307).

Kaufmann does not profess to have some synoptic vision of non-human reality. And I must at once offer apology for so gross an understatement of his view: actually he moves to disallow such visions in their systematic-conceptual metaphysical expression. For, he contends, what is of value in the vision is canceled by being rendered objective, and the poetic spirit loses its divine way among abstractions: Icarus destroyed, not by having flown too near the sun but by being dragged into the sea by the millstones of metaphysics and theology hung about his tender neck.

As to religion, Kaufmann's critique is calculated to distinguish and, ideally, I suppose, to separate the pure gold of human aspiration for the ideal life from the harsh dross of theology. Accordingly his critical powers are trained on definitions of religion opposed to his own, such as mysticism, and on all theological conceptualizations as constituting so many objectifications of what cannot be objectified.

Beyond these objectives he is concerned to show that the truth claims of the great religions, as set forth in dogmas and scriptures, need not be taken seriously as claims upon reality but are, rather, to be seen, and perchance to be revered, as poetry (p. 222). Christianity, specifically, has never had an ultimate concern for truth "in any ordinary sense of that word" (*ibid.*). (I assume that Kaufmann is not himself falling back on common-sense notions of "truth" at this point.) Thus the efforts both of plain pious people and of intellectually ambitious—if not intellectually distinguished—theologians from Paul to Niebuhr to learn and to express what is so, concerning God and man, are, in Kaufmann's view, so many misguided and inevitably confused ventures—confused both as to motive and propositional consequences. The latter-day Biblical critics, who are ostensibly motivated by a desire to get at the truth of Scripture, are peculiarly hapless: they tear away the poetry in their cold analytical fury and finally withal manage not to see that there is naught *but* poetry and morally prescriptive language in Scripture (p. 281). How incomparably saner (and more pious?) it would be to see: (a) that the content of religious language is ultimate convictions; (b) that such convictions are nondemonstrable;

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(c) that responsible convictions grow out of "encounters"; (d) that such convictions either prepare and enable us to have the same encounters, or they do not (p. 291).

Encounters with what? Some philosophers have metaphysical opinions about the "what," and of course theologians have their dogmas. Kaufmann has not placed himself in any position to say that any such opinion or dogma is wrong, that is, false. He can say only that such claims are discountenanced by "reason" when they are self-contradictory or when they either turn ordinary language all topsy-turvy or evacuate it of any normal sense. Thus he is prepared to accord to reason a hygienic value only, and to vision only a power to whet the appetite for experience.

It seems to me that the mind has a more unitary nature than Kaufmann's account allows, and that otherwise little could be expected from his proposal to make empiricism more empirical and metaphysics more humble and theology more earnestly religious— all of which presupposes that "seeing" and "thinking" are mutually informative, although not symmetrically so. And each has in itself and in organic relation with the other the "purpose," so to speak, of enlarging and enriching the power of life. Or to put it in dogmatic terms: the intentionality of mind is truth, from which it follows that things as they are and things yet to be are its objects, whatever the "realm" of its employment—art, morality, science, metaphysics, or religion.

Finally, this book makes it clear that things Kaufmann has said in earlier books—the Nietzsche book, the introductory materials in his collection of existentialist writings—a little too easily dismissable as crotchets, are considerably more than that. He enjoys *ad hominem* asides, digs, parodies, and japes; but these are inspired, if not always controlled, by a desire to humanize philosophy and religion. A worthy aim and a bracing performance.

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THE LANGUAGE OF EDUCATION. By ISRAEL SCHEFFLER. Springfield, Ill., Charles C Thomas, Publisher, 1960. Pp. ix, 113. \$5.50.

The stated purpose of Professor Scheffler's book is "through an application of philosophical method, to clarify certain pervasive features of educational thought and argument." He has brief chapters on "Definitions in Education," "Educational Slogans," and "Educational Metaphors," then a somewhat longer discussion of the concept