

Prefatory Note: This essay was written during May 1974 for publication in an issue of Humanitas on "Loneliness and Solitude" scheduled to appear in November 1974.

Loneliness, Solitude And The Two fold Way

In Which Concern Seems To Be Claimed

I begin by asking myself: "What do you know of loneliness? Well, what have you especially noticed, at least, within the scope of your experience, that seems to you telling and not to be ignored--however commonly recognized--bearing on loneliness?"

From very early recollection New York City has seemed to me the epitomy of a lonely place. As a child there I used to lie awake on into long summer evenings filled with a sense of the desolation of walled lives within the indifferent, the ineffable sounding of the city; such a forever-distancing of people in the atomic whirl; perpetual contact in crowds rebuffing mutual recognition and enforcing the burden of each private life going its own way within its manageable limits, within the confines of concentric circles of concern and the stringencies of workaday life. Far Rockaway and Jones Beach, Coney Island and the Palisades: far-flung Sunday throngs--at the extremity of their tether. Transport, shuttling, shuttling, the whence and the whither never seeming to be anywhere there, only somewhere in passing. Then there were the visible stratifications of wealth and poverty, from instated luxury and sedateness to fixation in squalor. The overwhelming sense of enexorable, accidental placement in all this!

Yet even there, from within that yearning bleakness of solitariness and milling multitudes, I came to know solitude, too. From earliest recollection its distinct quality comes back to me very simply, likewise from an hour of wakefulness--at earliest dawn, when in those days the city almost slept. I hear still the clopping of the horse and the rumble of the milk wagon over the cobbles, and the clinking of the milk bottles in the intervals between. A nostalgic remembrance? I think not. For it

comes cleanly of its own accord and it rings consonantly with the rejoicing I have ever known. It summons to recollection, as well, the discipline in attentiveness which the city brought to me in later years as I paced her streets from end to end in the deep of night. That walking seemed to answer to the need of the place, and to all those unknown companions.

Yet, even as I am able to welcome back the city as it was given in solitude, and can perceive the indebtedness of the gift to a loneliness not to be disowned, I must acknowledge my inexperience in that loneliness of destitution which Rilke articulates from his experience of Paris in the Notebooks.¹ Of that loneliness I can surmise, but do not feel I know. Not even from having drifted about the States during the Depression among many who were placelessly destitute, and notwithstanding the fleeting fellowship I sometimes knew with them. It seems important, somehow, not to gloss over the possibilities of loneliness, perhaps of feeling oneself radically abandoned and unsupported, to which one may never have been directly subjected. I mean loneliness as a sheer affliction, stamped on a person as a fatality with the force of a stigma, as Simone Weil brings out in her analysis of affliction.² It is a miracle, she says, if such suffering is effectively addressed. And meditation on the point is enough to dispel any Pelagian illusion about 'how one might deal' with the suffering of loneliness, or the loneliness of suffering.

During years at sea in the Second World War I came to know a loneliness more indigenous to the human lot--that of separation from persons and places bound up with one's very being. Yet one came to perceive this as a shared condition, endured in common, and the dialectic it tended to institute seems to have been an open affair rather than a concealed stricture upon life such as war itself doubtless works. One could not attempt to evade or disavow this loneliness; one couldn't drown it out. Self-pity could not stand to the loneliness of others. The condition was patently not susceptible to a power of control over it, a means of dispelling it. Yet each

person was held in the interplay of present and past, of the near and the far, of presence and absence, of inchoate lack as a clutch upon the heart and deliverances of definition brought forth in response revived, in articulations of faith--embodiments of community and continuity of life. One could discover, now and then, of what stuff one's life might really be made, and one breathed day and night the questionableness within which such resolution might be called for. In particular the prolonged vigil might bring to recognition the provision the beings one has loved may make for one, coming back to one in fresh acknowledgment of them, their virtual presence composing an inheritance of animating power. One cannot summon them back effectively. Yet they seem to retain an initiative of their own, as it were, if one does not foreclose. The times of effective remembrance always seem to have overtaken us in quiet intervals of acceptance of a condition we continually found difficult to bear, and were frequently inclined to reject.³

And effective remembrance is a work of solitude--even as is art; a stirring to intimations of life which have a way with one of their own; a heeding of what comes to one that engages with one's present on terms more sure and firm than terms one might assign or comprehend. Indeed it is in solitude that the assignments of memory and of art are to be kept and known within the flow of a destinate existence to be recognized and undertaken as one's own--with all these beings. Such I found to be the times of recurrent solitude at sea, so far from that life of my own which yet had the power to come back anew, in currency with the lift and fall of the seas, the run of the ship, while pacing through the night.

Again it seems, loneliness not fled may quicken and ramify into the working of solitude, actively undertaken, but for which one remains a stranger to one's own life. From boredom, from restlessness, from sadness and grief, the question arises what may be at work on one in the suffering, singling one out in a bearing which may yet ask for birth. The way of solitude with what is hard to bear is a way of patience, of trust, and of responsibility for the gestation of meaning at work in one's life.

And may it not be that the gestation itself is hard to bear, again and again a lonely affair? For hand in hand with our existing as bearers of meaning our own becoming is ever at issue and does not admit of resolution as an accomplished fact. Not merely in that life is ongoing, but rather in that, as lived in the ambience of meaning and response, it calls for being brought into definite embodiment--as a matter continually to be realized; and our realization as selves can occur only in function of our continuing responsiveness within the ambience of meaning on the strength of which we are subject to being called upon and our responding is rendered possible. No doubt we would fain be in command of what is called for. But ontological security is denied us, and can only be feigned by living an illusion or a lie. We cannot convert to beings of a determinate nature. It is our 'nature' to be ever further determinable in responding on the strength of meaning for which we are answerable.⁴ And it is in terms of the meaning which beings come to hold for us that we discover ourselves participating with them in defining the world in which we live. Since our own being is continually determinable through responsive participation in the world, it can only be realized and confirmed through participation, through enactment and embodiment of the way in which beings in the world come to mean. We are such as we are in answering these beings in their address to us--in that meaning they come to hold in our receiving of them, worked out answeringly.

I think solitude is essentially a bringing to consciousness of this--the manner of our being in the world with other beings--and of engagement in the working out of the import continually and cumulatively borne upon us of participation. It therefore assumes the character of a reckoning, a coming to terms with one's very life, with one's disposition with regard to beings as formed in the lived relation with them. But if one's basic disposition were to exert command over the situation in which one 'exists', so far forth that would seem to preclude solitude. For one cannot command the deliverances of solitude; they are to be attended upon in service of what they

may suggest or ask of one. Implicitly, the vein in which one is claimed into solitude is that of truth in its potential intimacy with the life one leads. What is placed at issue is one's mode of being, to be brought to recognition--both for what it may have been and for what it might be. Yet one's mode of being only receives definition in and through the manifold of relations and undertakings through which one participates in the world. And therefore the work of solitude is ever a taking to heart and a pondering of these--from a certain distance: A certain distance open to things past, to a gathering of the remote into the presence of things near and a receding of the near into the vastness of the far. The more palpably the world thus presences in the renderings of solitude, the more the familiar and every day are broken out of being taken for granted and are suffused with strangeness. Thus the nearing of the world effects our placement in questionable relationship with everything around us and unfounds the possibility of security in accustomed ways. It does so not through making vivid what may befall us, but rather by accentuating the dialogic character of our being in the world with beings. Security and insecurity are simply not the modes of consummation or of default in relationship found to be deviously dialogic. The burden of solitude is that one must find oneself in finding one's tongue, and that one's very actions transpire within the range and embrace of speech. They too are by way of answering to having been addressed. We are as respondents. And the world in which we are registers as such through the evocative power of beings. Solitude is that distance on beings from which they register with such power. Its silence is that of pregnancy with meaning from which speech gathers power--redolent of the world fostering and calling it forth. And the burden of solitude miscarries if it does not issue in a more decided participation with the beings of the world; in a participation, that is, more knowing in its acknowledgment of these beings as due one's response. Solitude is that being alone, if you will, through which communion may become resolute. Yet its distance seems to carry over into communion as respect--an acceptance and an affirmation of mutual independence even in--

and as necessary to--one's solidarity with other beings. The ties of solidarity concurrently enhance mutual independence and participation. In these terms--familiar enough to us, it would seem--our being on our own and our being with one another, even with all beings, must be acknowledged as complementary and not contrary 'moments' of our being in the world. They constitute responsible being as twofold and polarize the life of a responsible being between a being alone and a being together which should prove essential--and not alternative--to each other. Thus alternation between genuine solitude and committed engagement with others would permit each of the two moments, or phases of responsible being to 'speak to' the other, each calling for the other and each implicated in the other.

My sense of the matter is this: From the midst of one's immersion in the world one is ultimately claimed into solitude. And in solitude the claim of beings in the world upon one becomes subject to both emendation and substantiation; therefore becoming decided in solitude issues in standing forth from it into knowing meeting with the beings of the world in recognition and acknowledgment of them in the concern they come to claim, in a destiny to be undertaken as shared and mutually decided, to be worked out together. The burden and the joy of solitude seem to be those of fellow-creatureliness, giving definition to participation in the world--as called for and substantiated. The pivotal consideration, then, is how one may find oneself called upon. To be claimed in concern is to feel oneself called upon; and answerable. How, then, is concern thus engaged?

In a twofold way: In a way bonding us with beings present to us, whether through memory, perception, or anticipation; and in a way underlying that bonding, but ever bearing on it--sponsoring, emending and renewing our concern with them, thus radically inflecting the way in which they come to mean to us, the way in which we are enabled to participate with them. It is by virtue of radical engagement of concern that our existence can become known to us as a rooted and a grounded mode

of being. Also, it is by virtue of radical engagement that we as beings of concern can come to be born anew and the world revealed to us in a new, a veritable light; for real, as it were. Moreover, with the deliverances of selfhood coming upon one, it becomes possible to foreknow one's fellow human beings as beings like unto oneself, through concern for them thus informed, in the fullest reciprocity of fellow creatures capable of mutual acknowledgment.⁵ As one is sustained in one's selfhood the more understandingly, so one is the more able to address others as selves. But the construing that seems crucial lies in the sense that one is already construed, through and through, from the very root of one's being, before--and beyond--any version of oneself or of one's life one might render. Most hidden yet most present is that which touches us most nearly; nearer to us, as it has been said, than we are to ourselves.⁶ The searching of one's heart in solitude is articulated on the sense that one's heart is already searched. One is reflexively summoned into the working of solitude, as by a source of concern and a claim upon one in concern that is inward with respect to oneself. The evocation in question issues from the depth of one's being and registers reflexively in responding upon and from the power of response bequeathed one in that sponsoring evocation. It is not the case that one is calling on oneself. Nor is it that one is responding to any being present to one manifestly addressing one and admitting of referential knowledge. No; it is a matter of coming to know oneself as unconditionally called upon and claimed in and through one's being as a being of concern.⁷

Yet: In such a way that beings are given into concerned attention as calling on one to be responded to, and in this manner they both manifestly concern one, and appear as manifesting concordantly that on the strength of which they are thus given. It is the beings of the world that are given into our keeping in the evocative power bequeathed them concurrently with the inflection of their meaning through the enlivening of concern 'from its own depth'--as unconditionally called upon. An inexhaustibly

meaningful world is not inherently meaningful. It is derivatively so. Therefore self-loss and world-loss are mutually implicative possibilities, even as one's veritable self and the veritable world are promised to one another within a potential of life in the world that extant actuality cannot of itself sustain or confirm. The actual continually awaits being taken up anew in a participation through which veritable being in the world might be enacted and realized, amidst the ambiguities and consternations with which actual existence is fraught. Tension and intensity seem to pertain to the dynamic of an existence thus placed at issue, consolidating passion in its course. Is it not that our passion wishes to find that which one can stake oneself on--as veritably called for, undertaken for real? And if passion comes to constancy and renewal ramifying through the manifold of lived concerns in such a way as to centralize them and embody in them cumulative force, is that not through reflexive sponsorship of our participation in the world? Passion clarified and sustained comes to know itself as evoked, at once reflexively derived and embodied in the world. So far forth our very desires seem to assume a warranted character, charged with vitality and meaning in interplay with a world speaking to them. As creatures of passion and desire we become bearers and receivers of what is incarnately given. And rituals of sacramental acknowledgment have not been wanting in the human past to suggest as much.

What is there that is native and natural in life that is not open to a hallowing? that, indeed, may not call for it? By virtue of what are things made holy and how is it that we may come to participate and partake in this? Are we the initiators? No, surely not. For our part in it is enacted at its inception as an act of acknowledgment and of sponsored recognition and commitment occurrent within the way in which the natural is given us and received, brought to cumulative maturity. One knows full well, furthermore, that there is nothing automatic or matter-of-course about it. For the hallowing of the natural occurs only in and through our being

radically recalled out of immersion in thoughtless ways, inadvertent cheapening of life, and the oppressive incubus of things-taken-for-granted and threatening to go stale. Yet the recall in question cannot be acceded to in a recriminatory or condemnatory vein. It invites only candor and willingness and a foregoing of claims on which we may be wont to insist, a tendering of oneself, such as one is, with all one's concerns, into the keeping of that holy or healing power with which then the depth of our sleep may be more intimate than our wakeful consciousness; mysteriously compounding the composure, as it were, of the human and the natural in radical solitude; not insulating or isolating one from the world in the withdrawal of sleep; but readying and reorienting one for participation in the world anew: with deeper and truer knowing even of the instantly given which may come to awakening, as in the utter resonance of early morning sounds, so unostentatiously ushering in the holy hour, opening the whole world anew, and gathering the soul to recollection of herself in all simplicity. In such atmosphere what may need to be done can sort itself out in fresh and tractable attention. And the blessing of one's solitude may carry over into the undertaking of one's work. Even the contingencies of the day may themselves be held open for the arrival of the opportune, singling one out as if casually, yet in no casual way. For the telling force of the unexpected in everyday events claims kinship with the deliverances of solitude in that neither are subservient to intention; yet both tend to command attention by hint, by suggestion, by allusion, alerting one within an unfathomably destinate way. Now and again, from the periphery of vision, things strike home, as upon the ear of solitude--with parabolic force; conspiring to make for veritable participation in the world.⁸ Nothing ostentatious about the invitation, nothing pretentious in the response called forth, wherein world and self are graced. One could hardly say what has been proffered one or how one has come to receive in such contingent harmonies, save that they seem of a common derivation and return one to the same root even as they confirm one in participation in the world. When solitude

and communion come to be thus conjoined, one might call that 'homecoming', a fulfillment of concern in its twofold character, as one. Its 'whence' and its 'whiterto' are given at once in and for acknowledgment. Claimed from its own root it is claimed into and for relation with the beings proffered it, according to the manner in which they are made present to it--standing forth as revealed in one unisonous evocation.⁹ It is as creatures that beings become eloquent, and in becoming eloquent they are made known as fellow creatures to the covenanted heart. The essence of solitude is the purifying and covenanting of the heart in readiness to receive beings in this fashion, and to respond to them and with them concordantly.

Ever and again divine power has been acknowledged as singling out the human being in such a way as to claim concern wholly and unconditionally, without reservation, into a life of willing service and of shared responsibility in realization of destiny. The words which I have found speaking to me most decisively in attestation of this matter have ever worked on me, I find, through their resonance, and therein through their evocative power. The matter they bespeak carries in the resonance of the speaking so as to call forth the answering acknowledgment, the echoing of the very matter in the hearing-receiving of the words spoken. In the strongest sense, the hearer finds himself addressed through the working of the speech upon him; so it is as if what this speech bespeaks is already "in the heart," reflexively authenticating the truth in the speaking and confirming its address precisely to this hearer, namely oneself. Or: the authority with which the speech is invested corresponds with the authority on which the hearing of it is sponsored. Can there be any other way in which the hearing can confirm the truth of the speaking? The man who speaks out of his existing 'before God' attests the kindred existence of his hearer in words of resonant truth.¹⁰ Not otherwise, it would seem, could his words be spoken in expectation of their carrying. Out of a reflexive 'hearing' informing the heart with the sense of being unconditionally addressed the answering invocation of God becomes

possible, and it becomes imperative not to take that name in vain. Out of having thus 'heard', a speaking to the hearing of another becomes possible. Yet in the hearing of what is spoken the tractability of the listener is tried, even as the tractability of the speaker has been searched in the course of finding his tongue and those words giving destinate shape to his own 'hearing'. The courage to risk oneself in behalf of what may be called for itself attests the way in which one is ultimately called upon and may find it possible to accept such a task. In this sense courage is fundamentally derived in reflexive obedience, from that depth of life in which concern becomes prayerfully engaged and assumes the character of an owning up--in all one's knowing and not knowing--but surely in renunciation of a claimant's stance.

The unfathomable claim upon concern from its own depth both substantiates creatures in their evocation of concern and places one's actual concern with them in question. What may one find oneself called upon to give up? The question becomes most acute and critical--even as to what it may mean--at the center of one's relationship with whatever may be most dear to one. What is ultimately required of one with respect to one's love of beings? --let us put it this way. And so put, one must acknowledge an answer to it with which life is inescapably haunted; namely: some kind of parting. But is parting simply the implacable working of time, as it were? A fatality brooding over existence--and needing no mention to be implicitly grasped? Or can there be a parting more ultimate, in some way, than such an eventuality? Even a willing parting? A parting that may be called for and--somehow--wholeheartedly consented in? But in what sense might such a parting be called for and urged upon us, and how might it be possible? And finally, into what might the parting eventuate?

Let us try to imagine these questions as devolving in the solitude of a man even of consecrated heart and touching on his relationship with one most dear to him. The story in Genesis 22 may speak to such questions with radical simplicity if we

try once again to attend to the force of what is said. And our leading question will be, just what might be the temptation to which Abraham is liable, how is it that God "tempts" him with respect to Isaac?

Clearly, Abraham was singled out in such a way as to acknowledge in a solitude in which he is peculiarly subject to such address an unconditional claim bearing on him and searching him in his concern for Isaac. The possibility posed, and posed as enjoined upon him, is that of the sacrifice of his own most dearly loved son. Therefore it is surely the meaning of the sacrifice in question that the story places at issue. Now sacrifice entails some kind of giving up in consonance with an unconditional claim upon concern, which Abraham is presented as willingly acknowledging and consenting in: He is willing to give up Isaac and is presented as unwavering in this disposition. He does not, therefore, appear as subject to the temptation to 'disobey', that is--to disallow--the ultimate claim upon him in its bearing on his relation with Isaac. In verse 18 it is confirmed: "thou hast obeyed my voice." If the obedience was indeed unwavering, then wherein was Abraham subject to temptation, and wherein was he saved from it? The answer must have had to do with the meaning of sacrifice and the liability of misconstruing what is called for in sacrifice. The story dramatically projects the manner in which Abraham is 'tempted' to misconstrue the matter and the saving emendation of his understanding of his two fold responsibility--in his existence 'before God' and in relation to Isaac. Implicit in his willingness to give up Isaac 'for God's sake', is his willingness to renounce any claim of his own to the possession of what he loves. But to renounce such a claim does not imply putting the being loved out of his life, or putting an end to that being "for God's sake". Initially attended to, as Abraham 'heard' what might be required of him, no less than full-fledged and flatly conceived performance of human sacrifice occurred to him as fleshing out the import of that unconditional claim upon him seizing him at the center of his love for his son. It is as if he had been

asked to assist at the death of his son and to bring to the pending instant, at a very particular place, that eventual parting--and by his own hand. But in the course of enduring the prospect of such a symbolic enactment of renunciation, during the preparation and journey and brought to the brink of it, as it were, Abraham is also brought to the sudden realization that not withholding his beloved son from God does not imply the consummation of the parting required of him by his son's death, but only his willingness to accept that death, and so the very life of his son, as 'in God's hands'. The temptation is to misconstrue the renunciation called for in sacrifice. Not the loved being, but the claim to be entitled to the having of the loved being is to be renounced. And the positive correlate of renunciation clarified is the reception of the loved being into one's keeping as given into substantiated concern--a blessing indeed. The blessing extends destinately into all the issue of the covenanted heart. That is the eventuality of the occasion vouchsafed Abraham in the last analysis.

It seems noteworthy that in this story only Abraham is 'in on' what may be at issue. We are to imagine Isaac solely from the standpoint of his questioning of his father as to the provision to be made for the sacrifice; and in that one moment of dialogue between them (Verses 7-8) perhaps the most telling thing lies in the simple address and response: "And Isaac spake unto Abraham his father, and said, My father: and he said, Here am I, my son." Even as in response to the call upon him initiating the issue (Verse 1), Abraham declares himself open to the call upon him in his concern prior to any discernment of what might be called for. It is clear that Abraham is doubly claimed; and the issue in this story is for him to come to an understanding resolution of the twofold way in which he, as the responsible being here in question, is called upon. Therefore the decision with which the story reckons seems essentially a decision in solitude, for all the dramatic configuration of its enactment. Abraham's story is none the less telling if we find ourselves ruminating on it in imagination as if it had been made vivid to us in an ancestral dream, singling

us out in our own solitude. The question here relevant is surely not one of 'deciding the fate of beings we love without consulting them', but rather of discovering where and how we stand in a relation with them as subject to qualification in our concern with them articulated upon what is reflexively at work on us in and out of the very depth of our concern.

In the 'logic' of concern as twofold diremption, contrariety, and dichotomization are ever attendant liabilities. Kierkegaard, with his excruciating sensitivity to being singled out as subject to an unconditional claim upon concern--bound up with one's very being as a self, seems to have been radically tempted to construe the divine claim not only as subordinating all conditional appeals to concern embodied in the beings of the world but as setting one at variance with such appeals as if it had nothing to do with them and simply took precedence over them. His solitude appears to have been subservient to an inwardness in which the singleness of one thus singled out tended into fixation in a 'God-preoccupied separateness', and a renunciation of beings loved for all that one might continue to care for them. Notably absent, as far as I am aware, in his writings, is any celebrative sense of participation in creation, or of the grounding of the claim of creatures as due one's wholehearted attention. He seems quite to miss the mystery of creation in the filling of the world with creatures given voice, even as one is given ears with which to hear them. Of such a heartrending solitude as Kierkegaard's, given his historic situation and his own doubts of himself, indeed one hesitates to speak.

Yet--even as preoccupied attachment to the beings of the world may resist if not estrange one from the summons into solitude, may it not become possible to take up with that summons in the manner of an alternative preoccupation and attachment?

St. Augustine, too, seems to have suffered the temptation to resolve the tension at work in the twofold way in which he found concern to be claimed by a quelling of affections for the beings of the world he had found appealing as if what were amiss

in these affections were a matter of misplaced attachment. Having tended to love these beings 'instead of God', as he sees it, yet sensitive to his being claimed in an ultimate way in his troubled heart, he tends to entertain and strain for a 'turning' to God, yet still in the mode of attachment, and longing for the security and resting of his soul. The extremity of such a turning tends to force 'God' into a conjuring with an ultimate and absolute, an imperishable object of affection demanding unconditional allegiance and a diremption of concern between 'God and the world', as if in competition for it. Then the 'saving' of concern tends to appear to lie in a change in its direction and a shift in the focus of concerned attention--which, incidentally should yield a referential knowing of 'God' as the ultimate source of concern. It is significant to note Augustine's stress on his prolonged and futile efforts to conceive 'God' in such fashion, in parallel with those prayers in which he at last came to recognize that he had invoked a "phantasm."¹¹

Whatever the ambivalences Augustine may be thought to have suffered in this situation, however, a vein of clear resolution is ever and again brought to strong definition in the course of the Confessions: 'God' is the source of sound affections and of a resolute and governed will. Through the working of the divine power from the very root of concern the beings of the world register in concerned attention to them with that vocative force through which the reflexive acknowledgment of divine power is elicited. In one's aloneness 'before God' one knows oneself to be called forth into the greeting of fellow creatures and participation with them in the realization of a destiny divinely ordained. And the "return" of the covenanted heart into solitude ever and again tries and fortifies participation in the world. Yet there can be no forcing of the issue, it seems. Without profound simplicity, the soul is lost. It is in that vein that our existence comes to be graced.

Footnotes

1. Rainer Maria Rilke: The Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge, trans. by M. D. Herter Norton, New York, W. W. Norton, 1949.
2. Simone Weil: Waiting for God, trans. by Emma Crauford, New York, Capricorn, 1959. See the essay, "The Love of God and Affliction."
3. Cf. Henry Bugbee: The Inward Morning, State College, Bald Eagle Press, Pennsylvania, 1958, pp. 176-193.
4. The thought of my colleague, Professor John Lawry, has profoundly influenced me, even in the turn of expression, on the point I take to be at issue here, namely the peculiarly "determinable" character of our own being in bringing meaning to determinate embodiment.
5. The turn of phrase in speaking of one's fellow human beings as beings "like unto oneself" is indebted to Martin Buber's rendering of Jesus' second commandment, "love your neighbour as one like yourself." See Between Man and Man, trans. by Ronald Gregor Smith, Boston, Beacon, 1955, p. 51.
6. The phrase "most hidden yet most present" is--among all Augustine's invocations of God in Book I of the Confessions--the one which I have found most lastingly arresting.
7. In writing this paper I have frequently returned to two sentences of Paul Tillich's in particular to ponder his way of putting--conceiving--the matter in question, namely: "Only he who is able to have solitude is able to have communion. For in solitude man experiences the dimension of the ultimate, the true basis for communion among those who are alone." (Systematic Theology, Vol. II, Chicago, University of Chicago, 1957, p. 71.) At this juncture in my paper it may be appropriate to acknowledge a strong debt to Tillich here, as elsewhere, for the broad and pointed configuration of his thought, at the same time confessing that I find the phrasing of his thought leaving me groping for a crucial and phenomenologically more apt development of how what his thought suggests might be and might be so.
8. ". . . with parabolic force. . ." For a particularly helpful elucidation of parable bearing on the sense of this expression here, see Robert W. Funk, Language, Hermeneutic and Word of God, New York, Harper and Row, 1966, pp. 14-18.
9. ". . . one unisonous evocation." I have in mind the way in which creatures speak to Augustine, Confessions, Book X, paragraph 9.
10. ". . . resonant truth." I am indebted, once again, to Professor John Lawry, for this expression in the suggestive force it has come to hold for me.

11. See, for example, his characterization of such prayers in Confessions, Book IV, paragraphs 9 and 14.

General Bibliographical Note: In addition to works referred to in the text of the paper and in the footnotes, the following have been much on my mind while preparing it:

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Dante: The Divine Comedy, trans. by John Ciardi, New York, New American Library, 1954, 1957, 1961, respectively for the three parts.

Karen Horney: Neurosis and Human Growth, New York, Norton, 1950.

Ikiru (Japanese Film)

Marcus Aurelius: Meditations, trans. by G. Long, in The Stoic and Epicurean Philosophers, edited by W. J. Oates, New York, Random House, 1940.

Rainer Maria Rilke: Letters to a Young Poet, trans. by M. D. Herter Norton, New York, Norton, 1954.

Antoine de Saint-Exupery: Terre des Hommes, Paris, Gallimard, 1939, pp. 131-189.

H. D. Thoreau: Walden, New York, Modern Library, 1937.

Laurens van der Post: Venture to the Interior, New York, Viking, 1951.

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