

MYSTICISM, MANNERS, AND THEOLOGICAL EDUCATION

Brian J. Mahan

Introduction

Two essayists and literary critics, Paul Fussell and Joseph Epstein, agree that it is difficult, if not impossible, to escape the gravitational pull of classism, of defining one's own personhood with reference to what Epstein calls "invidious distinctions," distinctions that inevitably lead to various manifestations of "snobbery." Both essayists also have opinions, strong ones, on how religious faith may or may not aid in attempts to extricate ourselves from the near deterministic power of social competition.

My own interest in Epstein and Fussell's writing derives in part from the implications of their thought for theological education. I'll have more to say about that in a moment. But in another sense my appreciation for these authors is disinterested: I simply enjoy how they write and find myself both impressed and grateful for each author's ability to put to words, as a poet might, thoughts and feelings, perceptions of things, which I sometimes share with them but which might, without their intervention, have remained unexamined and unmet. This is also true, in a way, though more subtly, of opinions and experiences I do not share with either author. As skilled essayists, both Epstein and Fussell succeed in drawing me into their respective worlds, encouraging me to entertain their perspectives, even their prejudices, as if they were my own, or

even to discover, through their writing, that they are indeed sometimes my own, despite my claims to the contrary.

The Inevitability of Snobbery and the Emergence of Strategy X

Epstein's essay communicates his sense both of the inevitability of snobbery and also of the failure of religion—or, better, intense religious experience—to free us from this less than ideal human conceit. I have to confess, though, that it is sometimes difficult to tell whether Epstein is truly disappointed that religious experience cannot deliver us from snobbery or whether in fact he is relieved, knowing that he is now free to indulge in his own favored forms of snobbery. But it is also evident that Epstein exhibits a real fascination with the possibility that Christian mystical experience might hold the key, if only there were such a key, to challenging, even transcending, the need to celebrate invidious distinctions at the expense of others.

Central to Epstein's essay is a summary and interpretation of the poet W. H. Auden's experience of a profound religious experience and its ultimate failure to aid the great poet in transcending his own tendency to "invidious distinctions":

W. H. Auden, who thought himself a Christian, claims one warm June in 1933 to have been sitting with three colleagues—fellow teachers at a boys' school, two women and a man—and for the first time in his life he "knew exactly—because thanks to the power, I was doing it—what it means to love one's neighbor as oneself." No alcohol was involved, and no sexual interest among any of the four people. Auden recounts at that moment he, "recalled with shame the many occasions on which I had been spiteful, snobbish, selfish, but the immediate joy was greater than shame, for I knew that so long as I was possessed by this spirit, it would be literally impossible for me deliberately to injure another human being." The heightened feeling, he says, continued for roughly two hours, and lasted, in diminished force, for more than two days. "The memory of the experience has not prevented me from making use of others, grossly and often, but it has made it much more difficult for me to deceive myself about what I am up to when I do."¹

¹ References to Epstein's essay are from Joseph Epstein, *Snobbery, The American Version* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 2002), pp. 241–251.

“What Auden apparently had undergone,” Epstein continues, “is the experience, or vision of ‘agape,’ or Christian love feast, in which one feels a purity of love for all human beings, without invidious distinctions of any kind, the powerfully certain feeling that one’s fellows are worthy of the same respect, sympathy and consideration as one pays oneself. . . . how glorious it must have been to undergo—and as Auden was too honest not to add, all but impossible to maintain.”

Epstein’s essay, while granting a guarded compliment to Christianity, or at least a particular kind of experience he calls “agape love,” as providing a momentary respite from snobbery, ultimately despairs of the ability of such experience to inspire long-term transformation. “Live and let live,” Epstein continues, “remains the most sensible of mottos, and so much less demanding than the Golden Rule. Time for me to adopt it as my own. What I should prefer is to go through the rest of my life snobbery free, looking neither up nor down but calmly off into the distance. I should like to spend the rest of my days without anger or bad feeling and with a fine social indifference, cultivating a kind of objectivity that Schopenhauer thought constituted genius.”

By way of conclusion, Epstein, provides insight into his own sense of why not even mystical experience can finally challenge the social and psychological utility of embracing snobbery:

Snobbery will die on the day when none of us needs reassurance of his or her worth, when society is so well balanced as to eliminate every variety of injustice, when fairness rules, and kindness and generosity, courage and honor are all rightly revered. But until that precise day arrives—please, don’t mark your calendar just yet—snobbery appears here to stay.

Unlike Epstein, Paul Fussell, in his *Class: A Guide Through the American Status System* (New York: Summit Books, 1983), allows for the possibility of transcending snobbery by opting

out of the class system entirely. Fussell's advice on this matter is, in my opinion, undermined by his tone, often disdainful and petty, though also well crafted. Fussell seems to bear a particular antipathy to working-class sensibilities. There is, also, if I am not mistaken, an undercurrent of angst—Fussell's own, I suspect—permeating the text. When Fussell asks, “What class are we in and what do we think about our entrapment there?” I think he would do better using the first person singular.

Fussell's antipathy toward the working class is disguised by occasional quips at the expense of the middle and upper-middle classes, pointing out their own anxieties about their relative positions within society and their pretentious, if unsuccessful attempts to mimic “upper-class” tastes and sensibilities. Here and there, Fussell also chides the upper-classes themselves, whom he sees as intellectually lazy and without drive or curiosity.

But Fussell is most cruel when about the business of bursting the bubble of those, for instance, who might think earning a college degree is their ticket out of the working class and into middle class respectability: “Having a degree from Amherst or Williams or Harvard or Yale should never be confused with having one from Eastern Kentucky University, or Hawaii Pacific College or Arkansas State, or Bob Jones.”

All in all, Fussell paints a picture of class structure within American society which while allowing for all kinds of fantasies of social mobility, really permits very little. How you dress, where you are from, whether or not you attend church, how you decorate your home or apartment—all these are indicators of who you are and most likely who you will remain for the rest of your life.

In the final chapter, his final essay in what reads like a collection of essays, Fussell attempts to provide a way out. He describes what amounts to an emergent ideal-type, one not

captured or stuck in any single class. These men and women, “X people,” as he calls them, tend, when deciding where to live, to eschew notions of propriety and prestige and choose to live near a delicatessen or a good wine shop instead. The decor of their living space, could not be scored on Fussell’s own social quiz chart, since the X person’s home furnishings may in fact be what Fussell calls a “parody display.” Where in upper-middle-class or even upper-class homes you might expect to see copies of *The New Yorker* or *Vanity Fair*, in an X’s residence you are more likely to find *Mother Jones* or *The Bulletin of Atomic Scientists*.

There are a couple of problems with Fussell’s proposal for escaping the manacles of social stratification. First of all, as David Brooks’s book *Bobos in Paradise*² attests, the recent emergence of a similar social strategy of melding bourgeois comfort with bohemian tastes is not a collective strategy that stands outside the class structure but, rather, the latest manifestation of middle- and upper-middle-class pretension.

More seriously, and harkening back to Epstein’s claim that snobbery and class distinctions are, at a deeper level, a subspecies of the human tendency toward making invidious distinctions at the expense of others, Fussell’s X people certainly have a long way to go. “When an X person, a male or female,” Fussell says, “meets a member of an identifiable class, the costume conveys the message: I am freer and less terrified than you are.”

As for religious faith—Christianity in particular—Fussell, unlike Epstein, not only dismisses, by implication, the possibility that faith could have any role in transcending the deterministic structures of social class, but disqualifies faith entirely from having any place in his idealized image of the X people:

² David Brooks, *Bobos in Paradise: The New Upper Class and How They Got There* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 2000).

Although they may know a great deal about European ecclesiastical architecture and even about the niceties of fifteen centuries of liturgical usage, X people never go to church, except for the odd wedding or funeral. Furthermore, they don't know anyone who does go and the whole idea would strike them as embarrassing.

What is it, then, about these X people that allows them to escape from the social constraints that so limit and define the rest of us? Having turned their backs on faith and class interest, the X strategy is based on superior intelligence, skill, and force of personality. They are smarter than the rest of us who remain caught in the social structures we were born to, and they are stronger, too. People like that, it's easy to understand, need only attend church for the odd wedding or funeral.

Transitional Moment: Enlightened Disagreement

In a moment, I'm going to turn my attention to two other essays, one by William James, the other by Tolstoy, essays that impinge upon a certain issue in theological education that I will address more directly toward the end of this paper.

Before proceeding to consider these essays, I would take a moment to say again, despite my strong criticism of Fussell, how valuable these essays have proved in helping me to clarify my own thought.

You may remember that several years ago Robert Kegan gave an excellent workshop here at REA, elements of which appeared in his popular book *How the Way We Talk Can Change the Way We Work*, coauthored with Lisa Laskow Lahey.³ In both his presentation and the book, Kegan observes that we are all willing to give voice to what he called our "Column I commitments": our conscious intentional statements of commitment, of what we stand for. As a

³ Robert Kegan and Lisa Laskow Lahey, *How the Way We Talk Can Change the Way We Work* (San Francisco: Jossey-Bass, 2001).

theological educator, for instance, I might say, contra Fussell and Epstein, that “I stand opposed to snobbery, to the knowing putdown, to class distinctions that cause pain, prolong oppression, determine social policy, and are by their very essence opposed to the central Christian vision.” I might also find like-minded authors to assign to students in class, hoping that they will come to adopt, if they have not already, my “Column I commitment” condemning classism.

Kegan’s point here, is that expressing Column I commitments, and seeking out others who might share or come to share these commitments, though fine in and of themselves, can ultimately prove ineffective. We have a tendency, Kegan suggests, to convince ourselves that it is because of those others out there who refuse to accept our virtuous pronouncements and teachings that progress toward the ideals we cherish and champion is stalled, even defeated. Though this may be true in part, Kegan suggests that we also have “Column III commitments,” or what he calls competing commitments usually hidden from ourselves, commitments based on assumptions and often fears—Kegan’s Column IV.⁴ If, for instance, my assumption is that I will be left behind and derided if I do not engage in social competition, if, that is, I think I will end up the loser when invidious distinctions are made, I may surreptitiously engage in the very activities, social competitions, and invidious distinctions I stand consciously opposed to. Kegan’s point, of course, is not to suggest that we’re all hypocrites. As his insights apply to theological education, it means rather that we should continue to teach explicit value statements about issues of social class while simultaneously looking deeper for the counter-commitments we all to some extent embody, even as our culture itself embodies them.

So this would be a good place to confess that despite my dismissal of Fussell’s arguments, for the most part, I found that I identified with many of his attitudes, that I laughed as

⁴ Fussell’s terror of being stuck and Epstein’s more conscious recognition of when none of us needs reassurance of his or her worth

he disparaged especially working-class tastes in clothes and furnishings. Indeed, my treatment of Fussell I think witnesses to my temptation to adopt his viewpoint, or that at some level and to some extent, I already have.

On the other hand, it could be that my antipathy to Fussell, correlates directly with my of my reaction to having come out “high proletarian” on Fussell’s “Living-room scale, because I allow something other than books on my bookshelves.

I think when we cite texts with which we disagree, we are usually, and often mistakenly, employing something like Paul Tillich’s correlational methodology. That is to say, we take essays like Epstein’s and Fussell’s, classify them as products of our culture, most likely of unsavory elements of that culture, and then provide a theological response, with little attention to the degree to which we share in the cultural assumptions of those we criticize.

I find myself in agreement here with David Tracy’s criticism of Tillich’s correlational model,⁵ that if theologians and theological educators truly take culture seriously, they will need to recognize that criticism is a two-way street, that culture, in the person of cultural critics like Epstein and Fussell, also has something to say to theologians.

James and Tolstoy

I freely admit that the next essays, Tolstoy’s *Confessions* and William James’s *What Makes Life Significant*, are more to my liking. Both challenge Epstein’s dismissal of the relation between intense religious experience and personal transformation, each presenting, in my judgment, a more credible account of the possibility of breaking through the fetters of class consciousness than represented by Fussell’s depiction of the X character ideal.

⁵ David Tracy, *Blessed Rage for Order: The New Pluralism in Theology* (New York: Seabury Press, 1975), pp. 45–50.

Epstein and Fussell address similar issues, but neither cites, or to my knowledge is influenced by the other. The case of James and Tolstoy is different. William James was fascinated with Tolstoy writing and cites his novels and essays in numerous places. In *The Varieties of Religious Experience*, for instance, Tolstoy becomes the very archetype of James's "twice born" soul. James's sense of identification with Tolstoy's religious trials and triumphs is indicated by the remarkable fact that James places his own experience of panic fear and near despair next to Tolstoy's own. Attributing his own experience to "a melancholy Frenchman," apparently in order to hide the depths of his own struggles from his readers, James relates the following incident from his own life. The immediate context of James's account is his reaction to seeing a patient in a mental ward in an institution outside of Boston:

He sat there like a sort of sculptured Egyptian cat or Peruvian mummy, moving nothing but his black eyes and looking absolutely non-human. . . . That shape am I, I felt, potentially. Nothing that I possess can defend me against that fate, if the hour for it should strike for me as it struck for him. . . . I mean that the fear was so invasive and powerful that if I had not clung to scripture texts, like, "The eternal God is my refuge, etc.," "come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy burdened, etc.," "I am the resurrection and the life, etc.," I think that I should have grown literally insane.⁶

James's words in this passage only hint at his own "deliverance," his own "twice-bornness," if in fact it is fair to characterize the eminent pragmatist in this way, but speak volumes of his own fears and doubts and why, other than out of mere intellectual curiosity, he finds Tolstoy's pre-conversion writings, especially his autobiographical essays, so compelling.

What James selects from Tolstoy's own account of his conversion in *Varieties* is instructive, in that it tells us something about James's sense of Tolstoy's linking of radical religious experience with social transformation and informs his more or less friendly criticism of Tolstoy in *What Makes Life Significant*:

⁶ William James, *The Varieties of Religious Experience* (New York: Penguin, 1982), p. 160.

“I remember,” he says, “one day early in the spring, I was alone in the forest, lending my ear to its mysterious noises. I listened, and my thought went back to what for these three years it always was busy with—the quest for God. But the idea of him, I said, how did I ever come by the idea?”

“And again there arose in me, with this thought, glad aspirations towards life. Everything in me awoke and received a meaning. . . . Why do I look farther? a voice within me asked. He is there: he, without whom one cannot live. To acknowledge God and to live are one and the same thing. God is what life is. Well, then! live, seek God, and there will be not life without him. . . .

“After this, things cleared up within me and about me better than ever, and the light has never wholly died away.”⁷

Next, James quotes Tolstoy to establish the link between his radical conversion experience and his dismissal of the significance of social distinctions: “I gave up this life of the conventional world, recognizing it to be no life, but a parody of life, which its superfluities simply keep us from comprehending,” adding that “Tolstoy thereupon embraced the life of the peasants and has felt right and happy, or at least relatively so, ever since.”

It is important to add to James’s account that Tolstoy did not attempt to embrace the life of voluntary poverty and emulate the simple faith of the peasants simply as a result of his conversion experience. The influence of the peasants Tolstoy encountered predated his conversion, **and** they were in fact an inspiration to his faith and very probably a prod to his conversion. It is also instructive, looking at Tolstoy’s post-conversion writing, to note the role that an Augustine-like, illuminative experience, provoked by Tolstoy’s reading of Matthew 5:38–45, played in his growing commitment to social transformation. A sentence from the fifth chapter of Mark’s gospel, repeated almost incessantly, mantra-like, by Tolstoy in *My Religion*, is

⁷ James, *Varieties*, p. 185. James is quoting from Tolstoy’s “My Confession” in *The Novels and Other Works of Lyof N. Tolstoy: My Confession, My Religion, The Gospel in Brief* (New York: Charles Scribner Sons, 1923).

“resist not evil.” Indeed Tolstoy’s celebrated notion of “non-violent resistance” itself owes much to his reflections on this one sentence.⁸

William James’s essay “What Makes Life Significant,”⁹ fittingly enough for our context, appears in his collection of essays *Talks to Teachers*. James’s essay is in large part an affirmation of Tolstoy’s vision of the relation of radical conversion to social transformation, though it does also contain and a gentle but telling criticism of Tolstoy’s perspective, one that I think has implications for theological education.

James’s essay begins with an interesting sense of his disaffection for his own social class as symbolized by a description of his brief visit to one of the famous Chautauqua retreats in upstate New York. He speaks of these Chautauqua gatherings as “serious and studious,” as resembling “a first class college in full blast,” and featuring both “a seven hundred voice chorus” and a bevy of “distinguished lecturers.” But upon leaving Chautauqua, James is surprised by his own reaction “when emerging into . . . the dark wicked world again.” Rather than feeling a sense of loss or nostalgia for Chautauqua and all it stands for, James finds himself saying, “What a relief.”

Later in “What Makes Life Significant,” James issues a forthright confession of his own blindness, and the blindness of his social class, to what he has since come to regard as the considerable virtues of the working class. He also relates an incident, a kind of epiphanal revelation that changed his mind, even as it moved his heart to compassion, if not identification. The epiphany occurred as James rode a train through Buffalo, New York, and witnessed laborers

⁸ Leo Tolstoy, “My Religion,” in *The Novels and Other Works of Lyof N. Tolstoy: My Confession, My Religion, The Gospel in Brief* (New York: Charles Scribner Sons, 1923), see especially pp. 83–87.

⁹ William James, “What Makes Life Significant,” in *Talks to Teachers* (New York: W. W. Norton, 1958).

moving intrepidly on a skyscraper then under construction: “As I awoke to all this unidealized heroic life around me, the scales seemed to fall off my eyes and a wave of sympathy greater than anything I had ever before felt, with the common life of common men began to fill my soul.”

Having related his own milder conversion experience, he turns to Tolstoy, expressing empathy for Tolstoy’s radical conversion and praising the fruit it bore in his disinvestment from class privilege and his embrace of voluntary poverty, suggesting as he does that America could well use a prophet of Tolstoy’s stature and power.

James, however, soon qualifies his praise, contending that Tolstoy’s conversion experience has convinced Tolstoy that all social distinctions and pursuits, all achievements and differences of status are meaningless. James for his own part refuses to go that far, commandeering nothing less than the full force of “the common sense of the West” to his cause. James argues that although “the inner joys and virtues are the essential part of life’s business” (as Tolstoy believes they are), “some positive part is played by the adjuncts to the show.” Tolstoy’s vision of life, derived from his mystical deliverance, has, from James’s perspective, a serious flaw. For Tolstoy, “the whole phenomenal world and its facts” are “a cunning fraud.” “But instinctively,” James adds, again speaking of the Western sense of things, “we make a combination of two things in judging the total significance of the human being . . . inner virtue and outer place.”

It is interesting that James criticizes Tolstoy in this way within the essay, since in *Varieties* and elsewhere, he finds himself more often the defender of the importance of immediate religious experience, what he calls “immediate luminousness,” as a legitimate criterion by which we decide the truth and value of religious belief. Two other criteria, “moral

helpfulness,” best understood as akin to what we now call “empowerment,”¹⁰ especially psychological empowerment, and “philosophical reasonableness,”¹¹ akin to what Gadamer calls “preunderstanding” and exemplified by James’s appeal to “the common sense of the West,” also come into play. These three elements together constitute the “full fact” of consciousness for James.

Keeping these three criteria in mind, Tolstoy’s error, from James’s perspective, is an error of inattentiveness: Tolstoy has allowed the power of his mystical vision to annul, to cast a veto, as it were, over the other legitimate voices, those of tradition, manifest in his notion of shared common sense and empowerment.

It is instructive, in this context, to note that like many who have experienced radical conversion, Tolstoy distrusts, perhaps unnecessarily, apparently harmless or even virtuous elements of his former life, particularly his former “pursuit of intellectual excellence” and his stated intention to “strengthen his own will,” as if these personal projects were now rendered meaningless as well.

James’s criticism of Tolstoy represents an indirect indictment of Epstein and Fussell also, though for differing reasons. For Epstein, as with Tolstoy, the expectation is that the leveling of social distinctions and the living out, over time, of this transformed perspective could be the product of intense religious experience alone.¹² Recall that once Epstein saw that Auden’s experience of agape love soon faded and, with it, his momentary deliverance from snobbery and

¹⁰ James’s notion of “moral helpfulness,” represents an element of his thought that both anticipates and influences Erik Erikson’s notion of identity formation. Erikson details his debt to James in the prologue to *Identity, Youth and Culture* (New York: W.W. Norton, 1968).

¹¹ See James, *Varieties*, p. 18 and following.

¹² Though, as I have already indicated, James may not be, probably isn’t, fair to Tolstoy on this count.

the calculus of “invidious distinction,” he quickly turned his back altogether on religion and religious experience as playing a role in the transformation of class consciousness.

Fussell, unlike Epstein, but oddly similar to the preconversion Tolstoy, also relies on the exercise of a keen intellect, as well as on force of personality, to escape the pull of social class, while dismissing the power of faith and religious experience as unworthy of consideration.

Still, I have to wonder if James’s more inclusive approach, based on his three criteria, is really a corrective to Tolstoy’s more single-minded vision. Especially from a pragmatic view of things—and after all, William James all but invented pragmatism—Tolstoy’s mystical vision of nonviolent resistance (despite what would appear to be its tendency to invite disempowerment with its uncritical championing of self-sacrifice and surrender of the will and his sometimes patronizing view of the peasants he sought to emulate) has nonetheless, through his spiritual heirs, especially Gandhi and Martin Luther King, Jr., and many others as well, proved itself to be of unique historical significance.

Conclusion: Chain Reactions

As I suggested at the outset, the essay is especially suited to encourage the free play of thought in a manner that does not come easily for practitioners of traditional scholarly rhetoric. The essayist—the good essayist in any case—invites the reader into a world in which the apparent oppositions yield to the *coincidentia oppositorum* and the militarized borders sharply segregating this thesis statement from that become permeable and sometimes disappear altogether, where finally, familiar alliances falter and new ones are born.

Along those lines I would like to make a suggestion that might, on first take, appear a little surprising. It is this: The attitude among theological educators—I am speaking out of my

own limited experience, of course—often more closely resembles Paul Fussell’s take on things, this despite Fussell’s clearly expressed antipathy to religion, than any of the three other authors under consideration, all of whom take intense religious experience as at least a potentially transformative force.

By stressing as they do, as we do, the sometimes implicitly, sometimes explicitly deployed criteria for evaluating texts and practices—the criteria of intellectual rigor and congruence with the needs and demands of empowerment, both individual and collective—much as Fussell does, the power of immediate religious experience, as covertly present in individual life-stories of both students and teachers, but also as undeniably embedded in so many classic texts of the Christian tradition, is too often excluded from the conversation. This exclusion is, in my opinion tantamount to evaluating poetry without engaging in aesthetic analysis.

I am not suggesting classroom practices for inducing mystical experiences, nor do I favor forced confessions of the date and location of anyone’s radical conversion experience. I am, as a theological educator, speaking primarily of how we read texts, especially texts that impart what Bernard McGinn has described as a sense of “mediated immediacy” to students who read them. It is surely proper to our educational calling to teach students to extract propositional assertions from such texts and judge them on the basis of their cognitive warrants and compatibility with scripture and tradition. Similarly, it is not only legitimate but essential also to read texts with an eye to whether they are likely to empower or disempower the reader, especially with reference to issue of race, gender, and class.

A problem arises only when the conversation regarding these texts, a conversation that otherwise might prove illuminating to students and faculty alike, is limited to these two criteria of evaluation, when a third, “immediate luminousness,” might be allowed into the game as well.

One exceptional example of the scholarly and pedagogical capacity for such criteriological inclusivity comes in the form of a remarkable book with an enticing title: Benedicta Ward's *Harlots of the Desert: A Study of Repentance in Early Monastic Sources*.¹³ Ward combines historical acumen and feminist scholarship with an engaging writing style and an uncompromising insistence that the texts she evaluates be permitted to communicate the transformative emotional power embedded in the written page.

After calling attention to the fact that St. Augustine's conversion was an experience that, of course, brought him to tears, Sr. Ward notes that news of Augustine's conversion also elicited tears of joy from his good friend Ponticianus and, through Ponticianus, from his and Augustine's friends; and finally, of course, news of St. Augustine's conversion brought tears of joy to St. Monica, Augustine's mother, who had prayed so long for her son's deliverance, for his salvation:

When anyone discusses the healing fountains of conversion, it is in some way, through the gift of other people, and the waters of life thus received overflow in their turn into the lives of others, to fructify the deserts of human experience; it becomes a chain reaction not only for those who have them *but for those who read about the event*.¹⁴

As for me, whatever else I do in teaching, and whatever other criteria I may apply to the texts we read in class, I'll tell you this much: I don't want to be the one who interrupts the chain reactions of tears and transformation.

¹³ See Benedicta Ward, S.L.G., *Harlots of the Desert: A Study of Repentance in Early Monastic Sources* (Kalamazoo, Mich.: Cistercian Publications, 1987), pp. 1–9.

¹⁴ Italics mine.