

Then we went on to visit the Abbey's milk farm, some ten miles away in real Oregon country; over a rough road, surrounded by thousands of Douglas fir trees — a glorious country.

*August 29, 1952.* Had to give up my plan to fly to Vancouver, B. C., and back the same day because of lack of space on the plane. I wanted to call on Gardiner and Thornton, architects, and see their new church, Saint Anthony's. But they will send me photographs and data.

Called at Pietro Belluschi's office and arranged for photographs of his recent Catholic church, Saint Philip Neri; also three Lutheran churches whose designs are well worth considering in LITURGICAL ARTS.

Lunch with Father Tobin, with a personally conducted tour of his church, All Saints. He gave me several photographs of the new sanctuary and will send others showing the ingenious method of attaching the antependium to the altar. Mr Jacobberger will send me a plan, showing the three successive changes which have resulted in the present layout. It certainly shows what can be achieved with modest means and an intelligent approach to liturgical requirements.

*August 30, 1952.* Spent most of the afternoon with Jack Stanton and arranged for plans and photographs of churches he and Mr Jacobberger erected or altered in the recent past. Then spent the evening at his home, with good conversation with him, Mrs Stanton, and their daughter, Constance.

*August 31, 1952.* Gathering at Mrs Prentis's home for a farewell dinner. We discussed the possibility of a regional meeting in Seattle and perhaps another such day at Portland. This joint meeting could then be called a regional North-Western meeting. Father Tobin thinks this is a good idea. Father Domin heartily agreed. The subject matter for a symposium at these meetings would be developed by local members of the Society and subscribers to the magazine. Then all accompanied me to the airport where I boarded the PAA stratoliner for Honolulu. I certainly was treated royally in Portland, and I hope to get back there in the not too distant future.

*Honolulu, September 1, 1952.* Arrived 7:35 A.M. Honolulu time via PAA stratoliner, after a ten-hour smooth trip, but I find it difficult to sleep sitting up, although

the seats are very comfortable and tilt back. The "downstairs" cocktail lounge was a first experience for me.

Drove to the Halekulani Hotel, recommended by Mr Werner Low (Haley-Lunn Travel Agency) and I can recommend it highly. A central low-roofed building surrounded by many bungalows. As I stepped out of my room, I was right near the ocean. There is no beach immediately facing this hotel, but there is an air of quiet and intimacy about the place. The lawn facing the blue Pacific is dotted with palm trees and the sea is of indescribable beauty; the nearest stretch a cool turquoise, then the deep blue in the distance with whitecaps dancing an incessant fandango. I can't help it if this sounds lyrical. From any spot of this Halekulani lawn you can see the stretch of the famous Waikiki beach where are the more popular and populated hotels, the Royal Hawaiian and the most recent one, the Surfriider.

Jean Charlot came early to the hotel, and through him I was first introduced to the beauties of this bit of paradise on earth, with lunch at the Royal Hawaiian. *En route*, Charlot showed me his fresco in the Waikiki branch of the Bishop National Bank of Hawaii — 900 square feet. The subject matter represents events in the life of Hawaii and the inscription states what must eventually appeal to the visitor: "The Hawaiian race was a polite, loving, and hospitable people. The great law of the Alii [nobility] concerned humility, love, and beautiful thoughts." I was in Honolulu only two days, but it seems that these gracious qualities are in evidence to-day. While looking at Charlot's fresco, I thought it a shame that he has had so few opportunities to work in Catholic churches. The only frescos I know of are in the Peapack, N. J., church and I hope to have good illustrations of them in LITURGICAL ARTS. Because of the simplicity of many church interiors to-day, it would seem that a Charlot mural would be welcome. And Charlot is a great muralist and not merely a painter who produces large canvases; quite a difference! He knows the Christian subject matter. I dream of what Charlot could do with a gigantic sanctuary wall and a subject such as the forty saints in the Canon of the Mass.

Through Charlot I met Father John McDonald, superintendent of schools of the Honolulu Diocese, which comprises these five islands. Father McDonald treated me to a steak dinner at the Canlis charcoal Broiler restaurant. Then

I was invited to attend a parish birthday party in honor of Our Lady (Star of the Sea parish). This was held also in connection with a departure party for Father Edward Donze, the pastor (Marist) who is leaving Honolulu, after six years, to take up another post in Wheeling, West Virginia. Various parish groups entertained us, and one particularly charming event was the hula dancing of two little girls — real trouperers. Father McDonald tells me there is no color or race barrier in the Catholic community, and all worship together without any trouble — Hawaiian, Korean, Chinese, Japanese, Philippino, Portuguese, Porto Rican, and all of the Caucasian group.

*Honolulu, September 2, 1952.* Called on Rothwell and Lester, architects, and arranged for photos, plans, and sketches for a proposed new church here. We all went over to the headquarters building of the ILWU (International Longshoremen's Union) where Pablo O'Higgins (one of the Mexican group of fresco painters) was at work on a stairway mural depicting the sugar cane workers. His handling has a certain brutality of color, due perhaps, to the worker's ideology — as opposed to Charlot's more human and spiritual conception, both in color and subject matter.

Then back to Father McDonald's office. He gave me a copy of Charlot's comments concerning the last document from Rome *re* "modern art," as follows, with his and Charlot's permission. This text did not reach the press bureau of the NCWC, Washington, in time for their release on the subject.

The Instruction was played up in secular papers, and perhaps also in the diocesan press, as a rebuke to those who hope that the Church will not cease, in our time, to sponsor the art of living artists working — as perforce they must — in a contemporary manner. The biased approach of the commentaries gave the impression that the clergy was to use only out-of-date styles (gothic came first to mind) in building and decorating new churches, or in renovating old ones.

Reading the text, I cannot find that this wishful thinking is there at all. On the contrary, the document blasts and damns (if I may use so strong a term) the prevalent low standards of church decoration and design. I quote: "Let them (the ordinaries) severely forbid second rate and stereotyped statues and effigies to be multiplied, and improperly and absurdly exposed . . . on the altars themselves or in the neighboring walls of the chapels."

To observe obediently and fully this recommendation means laying bare the walls of our churches. Let us start there, and art will be better served in these denuded walls than by the regiment of waxworks that supposedly de-

grade them. Also implied is the fact that the Ordinaries in need of statues, pictures, or liturgical objects, should not, from now on, patronize the vitiated sources that have had a commercial monopoly of such things.

Naturally I find this a healthy step and rejoice that it is stated in such clear terms so that no hedging or compromise is possible.

Now how should these unworthy works be replaced? Again I quote from the document: "Works of painting, sculpture, and architecture should be entrusted, for their execution, only to men who are outstanding for their technique and who are capable of expressing sincere faith and piety . . ."

This phrasing strongly suggests individual commissions, rather than machine-made objects cast by the thousands from the same, indifferent mold. It suggests a master dealing honestly with his material; it suggests handmade objects. It also suggests that the objects that are to take the place of the "church goods" merchandise will be of a very different appearance if they are to express sincere faith and piety "instead of the raw commercialism and shameless coquettishness" of their predecessors.

Through decades of history, art was the history of *sacred* art. That classes in the history of art be given in seminaries "by masters who reverence what our ancestors cherished" is devoutly to be wished for. The budding priest should there clearly understand that there is not only one tradition in art, but many. In fact, Catholic art (or art at the service of the Church) can be properly understood to be synonymous with catholic taste in art, as it ranges from the Catacombs to Rouault, whose work was included in the exhibition of sacred art held in Rome in 1950. Indeed, contemporary artists should revere what came before them, and so rich and vast is the tradition of the Church, that there will be, within this hallowed tradition a precedent, not only for most of the forms of contemporary art, but for those of the future as well.

Perhaps a point that the Instructions fail to cover is the question of the genius, as contrasted to the talented artist. Yet the sponsoring of geniuses in the past resulted in great art and for the greater glory of the Church. The Popes would pick their Michelangelos when they were still in their twenties and thrust at them gigantic walls in sacred places, in full consciousness that they were not at all middle-of-the-roads. The tendencies latent, rather than expressed in the Instruction, would make any priest but a Pope fearful of reprimand if a new Michelangelo were given a first change in his parish. Happily enough, genius is, by definition, as rare as quintuplets, and its essence is to break with carefully established molds. The Church surely still has use for genius.

To sum up, the Instruction is revolutionary, not so much in itself, as when it compares its proposed art standard with the utter shamefulness of the more current brand of so-called religious art. It also enjoins the making of good art. Let us hope that obedience will follow.

Last evening dinner and party with the Charlots, graciously presided over by his charming wife, Zohmah. I met an architect, Alfred Preis, who showed me a Korean church he built in Honolulu; also John Kjargaard, part owner of the *Paradise of the Pacific*. For those who want

to know about Hawaii, this *is* the magazine. LITURGICAL ARTS can now claim to be twenty-one years old but *Paradise* . . . has been a Hawaiian monthly since 1888. Also present at this pleasant gathering were Mrs Kjargaard and Miss Alice Lenning, a sculptor, who gave me a photo of her head of Christ.

*Tokyo, September 4, 1952.* We left Honolulu promptly at 2 A.M. on the third but only reached Tokyo on the afternoon of the fourth, having lost a day somewhere over the Pacific. This trip, in the luxurious PAA stratoliner, was in two hops of about nine hours each, with a one-hour stopover at Wake Island, to refuel, etc. A gracious, discreet passenger was the young actress, Margaret O'Brien, now sixteen years old, *en route* to Tokyo to star in a movie here. The usual mob of teen-agers met her at the international airport; Father Leopold Tibesar, M.M., was there to greet me, with less fanfare, but I was certainly glad to see him. So far, I have seen a friendly face every time I stepped from a plane, from Dallas to Tokyo.

Drove directly to the Imperial Hotel, facing the Imperial Palace grounds. I wanted to stay at least a few days at this hotel, amid the splendor of Frank Lloyd Wright's creation. The profusion of ornament, in the soap stone peculiar to Japan, is a striking feature and the combination of this stone with the brickwork produces a rather wierd effect. The place has quite an air of old-time grandeur; the rooms large but not too well ventilated; the bathroom was spacious. But the rates are high — ten dollars a day — and the set-up below the standard of a normal good hotel in the U. S. However, room service is quick; the bell-hop pops up in nothing flat.

Then Father Tibesar took me on a quick tour of a portion of the city. Tokyo is the third largest city in the world, with a population estimated at seven million. After dinner, Father Tibesar gave me an inkling of the complexity of the subject I had come to study in Japan, the evolution of Christian art and architecture. The missionaries hold conflicting views concerning the desirability of adapting old forms of Japanese art or of going frankly along the lines of an international style. This is truly a period of transition here. The period identified with the native-archaeological style typified by the former Catholic University at Peiping, designed by Dom Adalbert Gresnicht, O.S.B., is at an end and the present

tendencies hover between strict "modernism" or a return to the pseudo-bastard European styles, with emphasis on an emasculated gothic, of which Tokyo can boast a few, even recently built. While talking about this with Fathers Tibesar, Roggendorf, S.J., Heuvers, S.J., Freuler, S.M.B., I found their opinions quite divided, but I was surprised to hear that Japanese converts do not want any archaeological reconstructions which remind them of their former pagan affiliations, nor do many respond to the stark simplicity of modern church interiors although in their own homes they show the level of taste and simplicity which typifies their native architecture. Their present taste is at the level of the lowest common European denominator, and I suspect it is really due to the low taste of some of the missionaries who pass on their prejudices to the people and then blame the people for having the same taste. It may be the same old story we have to face everywhere! And this is regrettable in Japan since many elements, at least the spirit which infused their art of the past, could easily be baptized for the renewed beauty of churches in this country. A three week visit can hardly suggest a final solution, but I am convinced that any return to a pseudo-western past can lead only to a dead end — as it does in any country. I'll find out more about this as I go along.

*Tokyo, September 5, 1952.* Attended a meeting of the N.C.C.J. (National Catholic Committee of Japan) at its headquarters, during which a full staff was appointed. Father Tibesar is secretary general. These appointments were confirmed, prior to the meeting, by the Archbishop of Tokyo and the Apostolic Internuncio. They are the first since the change in rules and the reconstruction of the National Catholic Committee set-up; a process which began three years ago. This committee was set up after the war, in 1946. The object was to accomplish for Japan what the NCWC in Washington accomplishes at home. Father Tibesar is the guiding spirit of the entire activity. The National Catholic Committee of Japan is essentially a central office of the hierarchy of Japan. Its function is two fold: (1) to execute on a national scale the policies laid down by the hierarchy, for the guidance of the Church in Japan. (2) to initiate, at the invitation of the hierarchy, such suggestions as to policy as may grow out of the above function.